

Freethought.

A LIBERAL JOURNAL.

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FREETHOUGHT.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - JANUARY 5, 1889

THE newspapers continue to announce the early arrival of Colonel Ingersoll at the Hotel Palomares, Pomona. It is safer to wait until something further is ascertained before addressing him at that point.

WHEN Jackson, the dusky pugilist from Australia, overcomes the champion of the Pacific Coast, and fifteen colored converts to the Baptist church are dipped into the Hudson river in winter, who shall say that the African race is not coming to the front in science and religion?

THE Alta-California makes this argument: "Two Chicago clergymen have proved to their own satisfaction that dancing is wrong, because men never dance with men. Yes, and we suppose, by parity of reasoning, that marriage is wrong because men never marry each other."

A JAPANESE newspaper man sets a good example. Being challenged by another editor to fight a duel, he declines on the ground that duelling is a "relic of barbarism" and invites his challenger to continue the discussion of the question at issue. Thus does calm philosophy impose a muzzle on the dogs of war.

THE Washington Territory people are agitating for the admission of the territory among the states. Simultaneously they must adopt a constitution, and it behooves the Secularists to be on deck. Let them see that, in the new constitution, ecclesiastical property is not exempt from equal and impartial taxation. The constitution of California is a good model in this regard.

A SISTER of Charles Sumner, dying at Hyde Park, Mass., made a bequest for the benefit of Spiritualism, and General Butler, on behalf of other legatees, is trying to break the will. The contestants claim that, on account of her belief in Spiritualism, Miss Sumner was not of sound mind. The judge in the case has reserved his decision, but before deciding a belief in Spiritualism to be prima facie evidence of insanity he should consider in what regard such belief differs from belief in any other form of supernaturalism, and whether a testator's belief in Christianity has ever prevented miracle-mongers from getting money bequeathed to them. If a belief in the unknowable were a proof of mental aberration, the majority of people would be subjects for the lunatic asylum.

ENGLISH Radicals do not approve of Gladstone's letter recommending international arbitration on the position of the pope toward Italy and the question of the restoration of his temporal power. Such a proposition would excite ridicule if it came from anybody but Gladstone. It is equivalent to asking other nations to intervene in settling the questions at issue between the United States government and the Mormons. The only sensible attitude for governments to adopt toward the pope is to ignore him and let him paddle his own canoe.

ONE of the most bigoted preachers in Oakland is the Rev. Dr. Horton, Presbyterian. In a recent sermon he made a general attack upon the regents of the California University, none of whom are so unfortunate as to be Calvinists, and upon the Rev. Dr. Stebbins, the Unitarian, in particular. He charged that the whole University was dominated by Unitarianism. The Rev. Dr. Stebbins has replied, denying the allegation and advising Dr. Horton to take a year's schooling in some young ladies' seminary where good manners are made a specialty. One fact is settled, these Christians do love one another!

NEWS AND NOTES.

STELLA, W. T.—There are only two houses at Stella, but it is a rallying-point for the Liberals. They come from the water and from the land. Even if another deluge should appear, my audience would be assured. No orthodox deity can drown them out. Mr. and Mrs. H. Lawson and family, two boys and four girls, gave cordial welcome in the big house, in which there is a splendid hall, dedicated to Freethought and to humanity. Good audiences were present Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon and evening. On Saturday evening, after the lecture, the organ and violin made melody for dancing feet. There is plenty of hospitality in this genial mansion on the banks of the Columbia. On Sunday morning the sunshine came forth in beautiful array over the waters and the distant winding shores. From this point one can look over the vast river for fifteen miles, and a glittering picture is presented when the sun marches forth from the pavilion of clouds. Friend Lawson has been a pioneer in this land for about a quarter of a century, and his strong arm has made the shadowy forest bend, and the light of civilization has advanced. His hearthstone is a cheerful rendezvous for the clans. F. C. Schornhorst, "Uncle Fred" as they call him, joined our company, and, like an old soldier, has much to say of battles fought and won, and the flame of enthusiasm is undimmed. Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Anderson are of the frontier ranks, and gave the sparkle of good fellowship to our camp-fires. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Howard, stalwart Liberals, are building for the glory of the future as well as the present. They have ten children, and in their faces we read that "the thoughts of men will broaden with process of the suns." All the way from Cathlamet come our good friends Sheriff Albert and his wife, Mrs. Lida Albert.

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Wherever they are the torch of Freethought blazes against the night of superstition. From up the river, friends Kettinger and Bonar made advent on Sunday morning. Lawrence Bonar is a veteran of the Mexican war, and has been on the coast since 1851, and many a varying fortune has been his, but brain and heart are still for the flag of freedom. Mr. Kettinger from early days has been a prominent business man on the coast, and has done much to develop its industries. I have received a cordial invitation to visit Cedar Landing, his and Mr. Bonar's home, to lecture, and I hope to do so. All along the banks of the Columbia are the bivouacs of liberty, and nowhere do I find more sturdy supporters. James Jarrel, W. M. Anderson, D. F. Howard, John Sanstrom, H. Lawson, S. S. Parsons, A. Herring, and others whom I met at Stella are of the "good ship's crew," and, storm or sun, "onward we'll go."

Monday was a beautiful day, almost like spring in softness and splendor. With the kindly farewell of my host and companions of this happy fireside, Stella, on the green lowlands, with the wooded heights and columned pinnacles behind, and the shining, commerce-laden ocean-stream in front, is indeed a star—a star of hope for the "good time coming." Marvelously bright were the river, the lands, the sky, the gorgeous clouds, and the blue-white mountain tops in that lovely December day. It was like a palace fair, a dream of enchantment sweeping by, like the jeweled waters, with ever-changing lustres. The boat sped on. Mt. St. Helens and Mt. Flood, in superb magnificence, rivaled the sun with their kingly foreheads, and flashed back its rays with diamond-like effulgence. Amid the balmy air, sweet as "mild September," I watched the wonderful panorama until shining Portland opened its gateways, and its busy and muddy streets made a motley conclusion to the brilliant journey.

I met Friend Nice, of Waterford, near Cathlamet, on board the boat. He is a subscriber of FREETHOUGHT, as also of the Truth Seeker and Investigator, and this is pretty good evidence that he wears our colors like a "captain true."

NORTH YAMHILL.—Immediately on my arrival at this place, where Freethought has ever had a glowing home, I was met by Robert Laughlin, and the first thing he told me was that Rev. J. A. Campbell, of Hillsboro, was on hand to meet me in debate, and that the hall was full awaiting the onset of the adversaries. I was pleased at this announcement, for a debate, conducted in a gentlemanly manner, is certainly a benefit, and this I never refuse. Arrangements were at once made for discussion. I was to lead off the first night with an hour's speech. Mr. Campbell was to follow with an hour's reply, and I was to close with a twenty minutes rejoinder. On the following night Mr. Campbell was to open on the same terms, and I was to reply. So it was fair play all around. The hall was crowded both nights. I opened with the "Nine Demands of Liberalism." I know this was rather hard on my opponent, for he found it difficult to reply, so self-evident was the truth of my propositions even to a Christian's mind, and he wandered several times from the question, as he himself confessed. However, I deemed it good policy to discuss the question of rights as precedent to all questions of belief or non-belief. My opponent was not exactly prepared for this issue. On the following night Mr. Campbell chose his battle-ground, which was "The Divinity of the Bible." Mr. Campbell is a vigorous speaker, and from the standpoint of Christianity makes his points quite effectively. I find the Campbellite theory of inspiration is like that of the Unitarians. In fact, I judge the Campbellite theology to be conservative

Unitarianism, with the rite of baptism added as a necessary formula. Mr. Campbell loudly affirmed that he was not orthodox, and did not care a cent for the "doxies." It was the Bible, "the grand old Bible," that he stood for. He did not defend the orthodox theory of inspiration, namely, that the Bible is the revelation of God. He simply said, "The Bible contains a revelation." There is a radical difference in these theories, which I pointed out in order to demonstrate the heresy of my opponent. To be a revelation and to contain a revelation are affirmations of the Bible widely apart as the poles. If the Bible only contains a revelation, and revelation is that which the unaided human reason cannot discover, then my opponent is logically in total ignorance of the revelation. He cannot find it in the Bible without another revelation or "the infallible pope." In order for the Bible to be of any use as a revelation, it must be in itself a revelation, so that every word is an expression of the divine mind. If it only contains a revelation, which revelation is undiscoverable by human means, the believer is no whit wiser than the skeptic. I urged this point and others which it is impossible to give in these News and Notes. Some of the reverend gentleman's arguments were original. He said that motion is the result of the contact of substance with substance. If so, then God could have no motion unless a substance hit him somewhere in the immensities of space. He said that language comes by hearing. The first man must have heard, or he could not learn to talk. Ergo, he heard God. If so, then God must have human organs. If he has human organs he is subject to the limitations of man. Ergo, he must learn by hearing. Who in the beginning talked to God, and who gave him speech? The first record of talking in the Garden of Eden is the truthful declaration of the "Old Serpent." The devil, then, must have given man "parts of speech" along with other benefits. The debate created great interest in the community. It has set many to thinking, and of the result I have no fear.

North Yamhill has been famous for its liberal element. No revivals have ever flourished here. The parsons have had hard lines in the saving of souls. The school-house is stronger than the church. The Laughlins have penetrated the community with Liberal ideas. The father came in early days, a vigorous representative of American progress. His posterity, children and grandchildren, now number about four hundred. Some have drifted within the church borders, but with a Liberal mind. The ancestral independence is manifested in the descendants of this grand pioneer.

F. Hauswirth and his family are thoroughgoing radicals, and it was a pleasure to meet with these generous friends. Mr. Hauswirth knows all the weak points of orthodoxy, and his keen way of presenting them gives little comfort to the supporters of the faith.

I was pleased also to greet G. R. Higgins and family around the fireside. My friend is always ready to do his level best for Freethought and this world's golden age.

I was sorry that our well-known Liberal comrade, Mr. Lee Laughlin, was obliged to be away on jury duty, but his hearthstone made genial welcome, and Mrs. Lee Laughlin blends the Secular spirit with the noble hospitality of her home.

Geo. Laughlin, Robt. Laughlin, member elect to the legislature, with the record of a Secularist, Ivan Daniel, G. W. Sappington, W. T. Kutch of Carleton, and others, steady-going Liberals, always for square dealing and Freethought, will keep this country on the road of progress, and the outlook will ever be bright.

Mr. Fred. Sappington, Miss Wills, and others, furnished some lively and entertaining music for the meetings, and the arena of debate was softened with the amenities of art. Even the soul of the theologian was made merry by the sprightly notes.

North Yamhill, amidst a stately country, with gardens and orchards, and rich farms and elegant dwellings, and the sunlight of reason so flooding the churches, that even the Christmas tree is loaded with gifts of freedom and humanity—this shall be a pleasant land for memory and hope.

McMINNVILLE.—W. T. Booth, A. J. Gant, and friend Richardson, who came down to the North Yamhill debate, were companions of my journey to their home, McMinnville, now the county seat, with a superb court-house in process of construction, and with every indication of business and educational prosperity. The Baptists have a college here, and the orthodox have thus a good deal of the inside track. But the Liberal element here is not of the kind to surrender. The battle is going on notwithstanding the heavy orthodox guns. The Rev. Mr. Campbell was invited to engage in the debate at McMinnville, and he did so. The intellectual combat was continued on about the same lines as North Yamhill. On the first night the discussion was held at the opera house. A large audience was present. The subject this time was, "The Religious Conspiracy." I could not get my opponent to define his position. He said that he had no fight with the Romish church. He will probably find out some day that the Romish church has a fight with him and his church, even to extermination.

The second evening we debated at the Campbellite church, which was full. The ladies of the place were exercising their privileges of the leap year, and a gorgeous leap year party was in progress at the opera house, and so the Infidel was obliged to deal his blows in the very sanctuary of the Lord. The Infidel did not feel any the worse for the contact. Whether the church will recover is a question of time. I was much struck, as were many others, with the points made in rebuttal by my opponent. He spoke of the "monumental institution" of the Jewish Passover, and that its origin and continued celebration were proof of the divinity of the Bible. I answered that if it were granted that a traditional history of nearly seven hundred years was of any value, the Passover only made memorable the transactions of a cruel and savage deity, abhorrent to all civilized ideas of God. It celebrated the butcheries of a monster. According to the story, thousands of innocent children, the first-born of the Egyptians, were slain ruthlessly by the angel of the Lord, and in order that the angel might have the chance to thus massacre, God hardened Pharaoh's heart so that he would not let the children of Israel go. Was there ever the celebration of a greater crime than this? My opponent answered that God made the children of the Egyptians, and therefore they were his property, and he could slay them at his own sweet will, and no wrong was committed. The father can slay his own offspring! To what logic one is reduced when he undertakes to defend the divinity of the Bible. Besides, said my opponent, God by killing them was taking the "first-born" right up into the abodes of glory, and therefore it was a good thing. They were snatched from a world of sin and suffering to a paradise of bliss. I should like to have the testimony of the "first-born" on this subject, and see if they enjoyed the transit from earth to heaven. According to this, the "destroying angel" beats Moody at soul-saving a hundred to one. Does the Bible anywhere declare that all those whom God slays go to heaven? If so, then there is a host out of every tribe

and nation which no man can number. According to this declaration, the Rev. Mr. Campbell is almost a Universalist.

I cannot note other points. The debate went pleasantly off, and if circumstances are ever favorable will be renewed sometime. So long as clergymen and Christian champions confine themselves to the real issue, and discuss ideas and principles, I consider it a good thing to debate, but have no use for those who resort to personalities. Silent contempt is the only defense against their rottenness. To answer them is to give some notoriety to that which will die of its own filth.

After the lecture I went to the leap year party and enjoyed the music and dancing and lunch, and the "reign of beauty" and "woman's rights," until midnight's solemn hour, when I meandered to the land of dreams, but many of the others did not go home till morning.

Rev. Mr. Campbell subscribed for FREETHOUGHT. He obeys the scriptural injunction, "Be ye wise as serpents."

The fires blaze at McMinnville, and "the morning star is coming." Only a few are at the front, but the world moves with every wind and tide. My friends, the Booths, the Olds, the Fords, Brooks, Wallace, of Amity, Richardson, the Garrisons, etc., give cheer and ardor, with their sympathy and appreciation, and I hope that my wandering way will sometime turn again to these happy firesides and shining fields.

SILVERTON.—Saturday morning I was obliged to be up at six o'clock, and through the trailing mists, and deep down gulfs of mud, pull across the country twelve miles to Ray's Landing; cross the Willamette, whose tumbling billows, from the passing of a steamer, rocked the boat; land on a bank of slime; climb anything but a "golden stair" to reach the station, and then found the car I was to take half a mile off. Finally I started, and the train, by sticking to the rails, which it does not always do, brought me, after many twistings and turnings, to Silverton, where our banners are always glistening in the sun. Silverton is becoming widely known as a battle-point. The debate of eight days, just held, has been an admirable vindication of Secular principles. The Freethought cause is stronger than ever, while the church that started the fight with such a flourish is almost dead. It can't support a minister. Warm greetings are always here, and the friends of my first visit are the same staunch friends to-day. The Freethought temple stands, and the rays of reason go forth. The earnest purpose has won the victory. The Silverton Secular Union still holds its commanding position. I lectured on Saturday and Sunday evenings to good audiences. The Christians stayed away. Scarcely one was present. Silence is their policy now. On Sunday evening a concert was given by the Silverton band, H. L. Allen, leader. The music was excellent. It was a delight to listen to these inspiring strains. Music is ever of the free-born mind. It is the constant aid of progress. Truth is for joy, it is for music and poetry; and Freethought would garland the pathway of man. The Silverton Secular Union transcended all expectations in its gorgeous Christmas festival. I remained to deliver an address and read a poem vindicating the right of Freethinkers to this happy day, for it is not a church festival, but a pagan festival, and celebrates the return of the sun, not the birth of Jesus. It is an astronomical holiday, and was not adopted by the church until some hundreds of years after Jesus's time. It is pre-eminently natural and humanitarian in its origin, and should be accepted by Liberals as a festival day, especially for the sake of the children, who delight in these joyous occasions. Let the fountain flow, but with the sun's bright beams, and not

the tinsel of the church. It was a supreme success. Nearly a hundred children were present. The hall was crowded to overflowing. After the reading of the poem, published on another page, a dozen little girls, dressed in white, tripped upon the platform and sang, with wonderfully entertaining effect, the Christmas song. Then the curtain rose and Santa Claus appeared, with the shaggy face, and glittering snows upon his back, and the three-masted boat of Liberty, laden from stem to stern, and wreathed to topmost spar with glistening gifts. A thousand dollar's worth hung on that radiant ship, flashing o'er the brimming eyes of the children. There were dolls—one as big as a baby—and guns, and carriages, and jewels, and laces, and vases, and books, and albums—one of which, with streamers of red, white and blue, and two starry flags above, floated to the hands of the Freethought Pilgrim, and in FREETHOUGHT's sanctum it shall blaze its crimson glory, to mingle with the blossoms from 'Frisco Bay. It took the united efforts of about a dozen young ladies to distribute these many gifts, and it was a rippling stream of smiles and laughter from beginning to end. There were also songs and recitations by some of the little girls, rendered with delightful skill and effect, and older ones could not do any better or display a brighter intelligence. When these brilliant exercises were over, then the "children of a larger growth" had their fun, and music and dancing and supper lasted until the small hours of the night. The hall should have been twice as large to accommodate all the attendants at the festival. This will be a bright landmark in the annals of the Silverton Union. It is evidence of a grand and growing life.

I spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Mount, and the day was one of enjoyable rest. My friends have thirteen children and are youthful still in feeling and hope. Their ample fireside will indeed keep things lively for years to come, and reason and humanity will always be ahead. I was fortunate to spend a Merry Christmas where father and mother and children, down to the little baby, make such jovial company.

I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Ames. The Christmas tree grows abundantly around this hearthstone of liberty. Mrs. Ames's gift was a deed of house and lot where the family circle gathers. This was a good deed and good Secularism, which makes the wife queen of home. A hundred other friends of this glorious Secular Union give a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year all along the way.

At six o'clock in the morning, Wednesday, I am off for Portland, where I say good-bye to friend Beal, who gets the gold of life spite of all fortune; O. Jeldness, who, I hope, will make the jeweled veins of earth float our victorious banners; my friends the Saunders', Mrs. Seymour, Mrs. Carrie E. Haight and the boys, Mrs. Graham and children, from Los Angeles; and I find that friend Niles received a wondrous Christmas present, a boy weighing ten pounds, born Thursday, Dec. 20, and his name is Harrison. So say the Walla Walla papers. Comrade W. J. Taylor, M. D., and wife also greet me, and give the generous farewell.

Thursday, December 27, I leave Oregon, where the misty air makes promise of green and glorious harvest fields, amidst a day of rare loveliness; resplendent pictures on every side—Mt. Shasta sending down its benediction from silver masses of cloud, the vast forests gorgeous in the mellow December light, the rocky walls gemmed with white cataracts, the tall pinnacles bathed with gold of floating mist, and earth and heaven glittering with the heraldry of the new year that's "coming up the steeps of time."

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

OUR REGARDS.

We send out from the headquarters of FREETHOUGHT a Happy New Year to the many thousand friends who will read this paper.

To all the workers in the field—the lecturers, the writers, those who advance the cause of mental liberty.

To all our Liberal contemporaries—to the Truth Seeker, the Investigator, Secular Thought, the Independent Pulpit, Truth, Lucifer, Liberty, Fair Play, and the Ironclad and Progressive Age.

To our brethren across the water—the Secular Review, the Freethinker, and the National Reformer.

To Colonel R. G. Ingersoll.

To Secretary Stevens and the American Secular Union.

To President Westbrook and Girard college.

To Otto Wettstein and his Freethought Badgepin.

To all the other officers of the Secular Union.

To even the ministers. During 1888 the spread of Freethought has made them unhappy. May 1889 reconcile them to the progress of enlightenment.

To the Great East, greeting.

To the Great West, greeting.

Peace on earth to men of good will.

To all the sons of industry, to all the sons of wealth, to all the toilers of the sea, good health.

To all mankind, to the whole earth, to the universe,

Our regards.

"GIRARD'S WILL AND GIRARD COLLEGE THEOLOGY."

The first thing those should do who contemplate assisting in the fight to restore Girard College to secularism, is to read the work entitled as above. Then their contribution to the cause will be doubled.

The work is by Dr. R. B. Westbrook, president of the American Secular Union, and gives, as its title indicates, the substance of Girard's will, and sets forth how that will has been violated by the introduction of theology into the college which Girard founded. The book may be ordered from this office; price, \$1.

NEW DOCTRINE RESENTED.

The Jews have long borne uncomplainingly the responsibility for the crucifixion of Christ, and have rather appeared to enjoy it. Judging from the actions of some Hebrews in Omaha, Neb., they even resent the offices of any one who would take that responsibility from their shoulders. Last Saturday, it is reported, Rabbi Alexander undertook to prove that the whole story of the crucifixion was a myth, and that Jesus Christ never met the ignominious death described in the New Testament. The report states that at this the congregation were so enraged that they advanced upon the rabbi with violent intent, and that the latter barely saved himself by a hurried exit through the back door. The flock then proceeded to argue the matter among themselves, a general fight ensued, and the church furniture was circulating freely through the air, when an officer entered and placed all he could get hold of under arrest and charged them with disturbing the peace.

We must say that the account reads very much like fiction, but it may not be such. The Jewish race played a far more important part in the scheme of salvation than they are generally accredited with, and may well decline to be cleared of participation in it. If they had been liberally inclined people, tolerant of the belief of others, the plan of redemption would have fallen

through, and become inoperative. It was a part of the plan that Judas should act as betrayer, and that the Jews should be the complainants. Otherwise Christ might have died a natural death, and there would have been no atonement. It was, in old days, regarded by the Jews as a meritorious act to offer something as a sacrifice. It is no wonder, then, that these modern Jews should not wish to have their ancestors robbed of the credit given them by sacred history. On any other theory it would be difficult to account for the extraordinary conduct of Rabbi Alexander's congregation.

NOW FOR THE MEETINGS.

Sunday, January 6, S. P. Putnam will speak at Irving Hall, 129 Post street, at 8 o'clock, P.M., subject, "The Bible and Modern Thought." All are invited.

The list of contributors to the expenses of the meetings has taken on a large increase since last week. It now stands as follows:

A. J. M. Campbell.....	\$10 00	K. Parker.....	\$1 00
W. F. Eddy.....	5 00	John Robinett.....	1 00
O. T. Davis.....	5 00	J. Robertson.....	1 00
Robert Gunther.....	3 00	A friend.....	1 00
Ed. Wegner.....	3 00	Samos Parsons.....	1 00
H. E. Palanca.....	3 00	Henry Kline.....	1 00
L. and R. Kaiser.....	2 00	E. M. Hansson.....	1 00
Wm. Noble.....	2 00	H. F. Evans.....	1 00
Philip Cowen.....	1 00	Mrs. P. Van Hoeter.....	1 00
H. Replogle.....	1 00	A. J. Andersen.....	1 00
A. Derming.....	1 00	Henry Kaiser.....	1 00
Charles Kaiser.....	1 00	A. H. Schou.....	1 00
Mrs. Rebecca Kaiser.....	1 00	B. B. Rockwood.....	1 00
A friend.....	1 00	A. L.....	1 00
Frank Butler.....	1 00	Mrs. R. Palanca.....	1 00
Thos. Lee.....	1 00	Gustave Palanca.....	1 00
A. Imbach.....	1 00	Jacob Makins.....	1 00
Alex. Hauser.....	1 00	J. H. Fritsch.....	1 00
R. Butterfield.....	1 00	A. B. Burns.....	1 00
F. H. Schaedin.....	50	N. D. Goodell.....	1 00
H. Freichler.....	50	Jacob Schmid.....	50
C. S. Zejenwaldt.....	50	A friend.....	50
A friend.....	50	A friend.....	50
Cash.....	50	F. Woodward.....	25
G. Willmunder.....	50		

THE BIBLE AS A SCHOOL BOOK.

President Cook, of the State Convention of Teachers at Sacramento, made the following recommendation in his address:

"Introduce the Bible into the schools in the least objectionable manner as soon as public sentiment and boards of education will allow. Try to live by its best and purest teachings and induce your pupils to do the same."

Concerning this the committee chosen to report upon the address said:

"The committee submits that discussions upon the use of the Bible in the schools have been so bitter, and the opinions of prominent educators are so widely divergent, that we feel it inadvisable to comment or disprove."

The majority of the delegates were less conservative than the committee, and there was no lack of protests against any action of the convention in favor of introducing the Bible in the schools, but they appear to have compromised finally by agreeing to say nothing for or against it. The Bible in the schools question seems to possess a remarkable vitality, and its advocates are irrepressible. Fortunately, the Hebrew-Christian book of mythology is not now used in our schools, and there is little chance that it will be. The Roman Catholics are opposed to it, and so are the Constitution and the Secularists. The situation is, at present, as regards the Bible, quite satisfactory, and any attempt to change it will undoubtedly meet with defeat, as it ought to, but the religious hymns and ceremonies now employed should be dispensed

with. Give the children only secular education at public expense.

"It is because the teachings of the Christian churches of to-day strike no responsive chord in the great bosom of humanity," says Henry George, "that modern Christianity is dying like a vine severed from its root." The correctness of this view depends upon what modern Christianity is. The more liberal Protestant churches strike no responsive chord because they are hypocritical. They preach one thing and profess another—that is, they preach liberal ideas and profess orthodoxy. The Catholic church, however, is as popular as at any time among the ignorant, the superstitious, and the unscrupulous. If this church represents modern Christianity, then modern Christianity is in a fairly prosperous condition. Its rival, the Salvation Army, is the only branch of Protestantism that arouses enthusiasm, and perhaps this army is really best entitled to be called the representative of modern Christianity. It and the Catholic church offer so much more superstition for the same amount of money that all other sects are as good as excluded from the harvest fields of ignorance.

POPE LEO's latest encyclical complains that "the tendency of the age is toward material interests, and that the tendency is strengthened by worldly pride, an evil press and the drama, the demoralization of the arts and the changed education in schools, Materialistic and Atheistic teachings obscuring true notions of right. Secularism, Nihilism, and Communism, it says, are also the outcomes of this addition to material things." Considering that the pope is reaching out his wrinkled and palsied hands to grasp the sceptre of temporal power in Italy, his wail over the tendency of the age toward material things gives his encyclical letter a copious dash of hypocrisy.

THE Protestants of New Jersey are adopting a doubtful method of discouraging Catholic parish schools. The trustees of the Normal College of the state are considering the preparation of an amendment to the state constitution prohibiting the establishment of schools, the purpose of which is to withdraw pupils from the public schools. This means parochial schools, of course. The government prohibits competition in the matter of letter carrying, so that it is possible the prohibition may be made to extend to rivalry in teaching, but it would be a questionable stretch of legal power. The death of Catholic encroachment lies in the Demands of Secularism.

DURING a debate in the French Chamber of Deputies last week a member attacked the government for going to extremes in secularizing the schools. Premier Floquet, in reply, declared his warmest approval of everything that had been done to secularize the schools. The republic, he said, desired to free education from all religious influence. Floquet's speech was received with enthusiastic applause, and a motion to print and placard it throughout France was carried. When shall the enthusiasm of the American people be aroused by the head of the nation advocating the complete secularization of the schools of this country?

SOME pastors, when dismissed by their congregations for ministerial conduct, proceed to organize an independent church. Others sue the trustees for damages, while others, still, express their dissatisfaction by a personal assault upon their accusers. The Rev. Fred Bell, of Columbus, O., adopted the latter method. The character of the pastor being discussed by the congregation in his presence, one Elder Flynn remarked, "Fred Bell, I have

in my pocket evidence that proves you a genuine fraud."— At this the Rev. Mr. Bell suddenly siezed Elder Flynn, and, bearing him down in a pew, choked him until he was black and blue in the face. So, in one way or another, Christianity proceeds upon its triumphant march.

THE Rev. Joseph Sasia, of the Jesuit Order of California, has been lecturing on Galileo, his object being to show that the great astronomer was not persecuted for teaching scientific truth. He clinches the matter with the worn-out assertion that "Galileo was not persecuted for being a good astronomer, but for being a bad theologian." In Galileo's time (1632) to affirm the revolution of the earth was heresy, and no good theologian believed in it. Galileo was therefore prosecuted as a "bad theologian," as any good astronomer was bound to be. Catholics endeavor to draw attention from the main point by quibbling about the *cause* of his persecution, as though the fact that he was a heretic could make his trial and torture before the Inquisition any the less infamous.

BROTHER McCORMICK, of the Catholic Monitor, is just "catching on" to the beauties of alliteration. Behold:

"Intolerance stops at nothing in order to achieve its mischievous and malignant aims, and it is not at all unlikely that the Methodist preachers of Boston, whose brazen throats blared forth blasphemy and bigotry for weeks before the Boston election, taught their female tools the trick of voting for every officer on the ticket, when they were not entitled by law to commit any such crime. Are Methodists proud of their disreputable deeds in this diabolical direction?"

"Diabolical direction" was never equaled by the man who invented this cheap style of rhetoric.

THE freshest joke of the season is made by our occasional correspondent, Mr. C. Severance, of Los Angeles. He is a carpenter, and relates that he has within a week beaten the best six days' record walking for work. Mr. Severance adds: "The thought has struck me several times that if Jesus Christ found it as hard to obtain carpenter work as I have, his going to preaching may have been a necessity on his part instead of a desire to save the world."

THE citizens of Massachusetts, through Senator Hoar, petition Congress to adopt a constitutional amendment prohibiting the interference of any religious sect with the common public school system. There are but two sects that aim at this, the Catholic and the Protestant. The Massachusetts petition is designed to prohibit Catholic interference.

AFTER attending the lecture by B. F. Underwood in Oakland, and making a speech highly complimentary to the lecturer, the Rev. Geo. Sweeney is now engaged in "answering" Mr. Underwood's attacks upon the strongholds of Christianity. Mr. Sweeney is sometimes spoken of as the Talmage of Oakland.

DR. R. P. FELLOWS, whose advertisement appears on another page, will be with us for a year. He has for a long time been before the Liberal public, and we have heard no complaint that he does not do what he promises. A better indorsement could not be written.

OBSERVATIONS of the eclipse at many points were highly successful, and promise important results to science. The obscuration began at 12 M., and by way of a New Year's day reform, the eclipse wore off at 3 P.M.

AN unusual legal proceeding is in the courts of Rondout, N. Y. The action is brought by Rev. Mr. Wolfberger, against Isaac and

Jacob Kingsburg, to recover \$30 for services rendered as rabbi in saying prayers for the repose of the soul of the father of the defendants, who died a few months ago. The defendants claim that the services were of no value; but if no religious services were paid for until their value had been demonstrated, it is to be feared that the clergy would starve to death.

MR. A. F. HOYT, of El Monte, will please accept from us the compliments of the season and our thanks for a New Year's gift of \$4.

B. F. UNDERWOOD's lectures in Stockton were well attended, and reported at length in the Stockton Express.

OBSERVATIONS.

George Macdonald, of FREETHOUGHT, says that it was only a few days ago that he learned there was in this country a German Freethought society called the Turnerbund. Which leads to the thought that he was also oblivious to the existence of the Good Templars.

I take the foregoing from E. C. Walker's Fair Play to illustrate how easy it is to destroy the meaning of a statement by misquoting it. I did not say that it was "only a few days ago that I learned there was in this country a German society called the Turnerbund." I heard of the Turnerbund fifteen years ago. My remark was that I did not know that there existed in this country a large organized body of German Freethinkers, "in whose Declaration of Principles the Nine Demands of Liberalism are embodied." I maintain that it is possible to know of the existence of an organization without knowing what is contained in its Declaration of Principles, especially if the Declaration is printed in a foreign language. The platform and statutes of the Turnerbund embodying the demands was adopted at the National Convention in May, 1888.

A short time ago Mr. Walker misquoted the editor of the Truth Seeker, and had to explain. In the course of the discussion that followed he compared the editor to some Catholic gentleman named O'Flanagan, and now he apologizes for that. If Mr. Walker would be a little more careful about his quotations he would not so frequently be called upon to humiliate himself.

I am in receipt of a postal card from Mr. Moses Hull, of Chicago, upon which he takes occasion to remind me that he is no longer a resident of Des Moines, Iowa, and that his journal, New Thought, is now published in the city distinguished for its generosity toward Anarchists in the matter of rope for artistic hanging purposes. I refer to Chicago, whose methods of eliminating undesirable elements are unsurpassed by any to be found outside of St. Petersburg.

I trust that Moses is prosperous now, but I well remember the time when he was not thus. The card I have just mentioned was written by Mr. Hull himself. The familiar handwriting awoke pleasant memories, and the memories thus awakened proceeded to get up and clothe themselves in the garments of the past. This figure of speech is something I thought up myself. As I said, or was about to say when I interrupted myself, I knew Mr. Hull away back in the era of my type-setting days. He had at that epoch just retired from the editorial alembic of a journal called "Hull's Crucible." It appears that he had put all his money into the Crucible and melted it. At any rate, he went to work at the compositor's case in the Truth Seeker office. He did not at that time present any of the outward and visible signs of prosperity. Reformers do not, as a rule, carry those signs conspicuously displayed. But clothes do not make the man, so it is no disparagement of Mr. Hull to say that his habiliments, at or about the date under consideration, needed renovating. There was an autumnal aspect suggested by them, something like a New England cornfield in November, and his shoes were a pair of corporations without souls. He worked early and late, and did his best, but he was never cut out for a printer. He had an empirical system of punctuating, and dividing, and justifying, that was quite consistent in itself, but it did not harmonize with the theories of the proof-reader. There was a legend among the boys that the mar-

ginal notes on his proof-slips first suggested to Colonel Ingersoll the title of his lecture on the "Mistakes of Moses."

But if Mr. Hull could not set as much type as the rest of us, he knew another game that was worth two of ours. He could make a speech that people were willing to pay for. The "wickedest man in New York" heard of him, and gave him ten dollars a night to conduct the prose portion of his sacred concerts. Moses earned his money. I attended the services myself. The sermon was eloquent, and the concert as sacred as any.

Pretty soon hard times lifted with the subject of this memoir. An orator like Mr. Hull could not be overlooked by the politicians in a presidential campaign. Consequently, our compositor dropped his stick and took to the stump. Somebody said he got a hundred dollars a week. Any way, the next time the boys saw him there had been a transformation. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of Moses—new beaver, new broadcloth, gold watchguard. A coin just out of the mint would look rusty beside him. The slickest dressed parson in New York never wore a whiter tie. The printers who had made humorous remarks about Hully Moses at the case lost popularity, and their jokes went out of circulation.

Since that time, I judge, Mr. Hull has not been afflicted with adversity. I like to think that virtue is rewarded, because that leaves more of an opening for me. If all the good died young I should long since have passed away, and should not now be enjoying so salubrious a climate as that of California. I expect that Mr. Hull's era of prosperity began when he learned that the theories advocated in his Crucible had no indorsement strong enough to support them. He has had a checkered career and has made a record. With one-half his experience, I believe I could write an autobiography that would sell readily at a high price.

I have just read a work by Edward Bellamy entitled "Looking Backward." It is interesting not alone for its ideas, but because its chunks of political economy are strung on a thread of romance. But there is nothing new under the solar eclipse. Every idea in "Looking Backward" is expressed or suggested by "Rational Communism: The Present and the Future Republic of North America," by "A Capitalist," published by the Truth Seeker Company in New York in 1885. "Rational Communism," too, is a greater and bolder work, and enters fields of reform that "Looking Backward" is careful to avoid. Perhaps I take a greater interest in "A Capitalist's" book because I read it several times before it was published, and because I am acquainted with the author. I am sure that the fact that he is a Freethinker and puts the religious reform nearly the first in the list, should make me so. The two books are of the same size and price (fifty cents), but "Rational Communism" contains a considerable excess of reading matter, as it does of fact, argument, and history. A perusal of Bellamy, if it convinces the reader, will make him a Socialist. "A Capitalist" makes him an all-around reformer, and a Socialist or Communist to boot. Thoughtful people will read both books—"Rational Communism," first as a study; "Looking Backward," for recreation. Then, I suppose, they will go on in the same old way, and set both authors down as dreamers. But the people of his day thought that Columbus was a dreamer until America materialized.

I notice that a band of pilgrims are soon to leave New York to visit Palestine. I never hear of this kind of an excursion without wanting to go along. The religious pilgrim to Palestine gets all his ideas of the country from books before he goes, and does not view it with his own eyes. The books and tradition have given the resort a fictitious value. They describe it as a land flowing with milk and honey, and the reader would take it for another Santa Clara Valley if he believed all the liars. About the first veracious writer to visit Palestine was D. M. Bennett, and his account of what he saw there removed considerable of the gloss. But he made the mistake of dropping into the unnatural Biblical style of chronicling his experience in "the land of Yahweh," so that it was never quite satisfactory to me. Many writers who might otherwise have told the truth about Palestine have been hampered by their reverence for holy ground.

They stand on a rock "which possibly has been pressed by the feet of our savior," and their senses leave them. They view their surroundings with the superstitious awe that seizes a Catholic when he sees a piece of the true cross or any bit of wood so described. I am confident that I should not be affected in that way, and so sometime I am going to take a Bible and a sun umbrella and journey to the holy land as a special correspondent of this journal. The letters will be written in my most cheerful vein, and the subscription price of FREETHOUGHT will not be increased. Putnam has his eye on Australia when his ship comes in, but if a sufficient amount of misguided capital ever misses some more deserving person and finds its way into my retentive grasp, my trunk will be checked for Jerusalem. M.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Delegates from all the counties in Washington Territory met at Ellensburg on January 3 to frame a state constitution and memorialize Congress for the speedy admission into the Union. The sentiment of the people is unanimously in favor of admission.—There were 102 deaths in San Francisco last week against 147 for the corresponding week of 1887.—The annual export of coal from Vancouver island mines was 400,000 tons, chiefly to San Francisco.—In spite of the fact that speculation ceased over a year ago, the real-estate sales in Los Angeles county have amounted to over \$60,000,000 since that time; the assessed wealth of the county has increased over fifteen and a half millions, and \$8,000,000 worth of building has been done.—All the judicial recounts that have been in progress in this city have been finished. In the mayoralty contest O'Donnell gained 322 votes. Of these, 190 were taken from Pond and 104 from Story. The Democrats, therefore, says the Examiner, had the advantage of the Republicans in the stealing in the proportion of about nine to five.—It is reported that the vineyardists of California are somewhat alarmed over the prospective dearth of Chinese laborers.—Leong Sing, a Chinaman who murdered his uncle, was hanged at the San Francisco county jail last week. He took death stoically, and the ministers in attendance failed to terrify him concerning his future fate.

The Bristol, one of the finest of the Long Island Sound steamers, burnt at her wharf at Newport, R. I., on the 30th ult. She was valued at \$300,000.—The Anarchists met in Chicago last Sunday and Mrs. Parsons made a speech despite police prohibition.—Fifteen colored imbeciles were baptized in the icy waters of the Hudson river at Nyack, N. Y., last Sunday.—Father Bernard J. Donnelly, assistant pastor of the Catholic church of the Epiphany, New York, has been relieved from his priestly functions, having become insane. He imagines himself to be vicar-general of the diocese.—While a Christmas entertainment was being held in the hall at Last Prospect, Pa., the hall collapsed and 300 people were hurled from the second to the first floor. Fortunately few were injured.—The Methodist ministers of Columbus, O., have passed a protest against the ball with which it is designed to celebrate the inauguration of Harrison.—Father Hecker, at one time associated with Emerson, Hawthorne, and others in the famous Brook Farm experiment, and afterward a Catholic priest, died in New York last week.—The president granted a pardon to the Mormon Bishop A. A. Kimball, convicted in the First District court of Utah of adultery, and sentenced to eight month's imprisonment. The president's action is based upon representations that the prisoner is in an advanced stage of consumption, and would not survive in his present surroundings.—Ten years ago Priest F. C. Jean was removed from the pastorate of a Catholic church in Dubuque, Ia. He now sues his bishop and others for \$30,000 damages, charging conspiracy to injure him.

The emperor of Germany enjoys a salary of \$750,000, besides a big income as king of Prussia. Nevertheless he asks for a raise of \$350,000.—Work on the Panama canal continues, although on some sections labor has been reduced. Altogether, 2,000 men have been discharged within the past two months, owing to disputes between the Canal Company and the contractors. The highest authorities consider the total suspension of work as very improbable. There are now about 9,000 laborers

actually engaged on the works.—The death of General Loris Melikoff, the well-known Russian officer, is reported from Nice.

YULE-TIDE.

The Summer's glory passes into Autumn's weighted sheaves;
The harvest gold is gathered midst the falling of the leaves;
The woods grow bare, the wing of bird dims in the southern sky,
And from the north the icy winds the whitening fields sweep by.

The clouds of gloom, the frost, the rain, make winter's doleful sway,
While in the heavens the circling sun wanes further day by day;
The morning and the evening seem to mingle in the air,
And night's long shadow crouches in the noonday's pallid glare.

No prayers can stay the steady march of that bright sun away;
No God is in the heart of it to give the kindlier ray.
Still to the distant goal it swings—the blind earth weeps in vain;
Not all its thousand altars can one warm sunbeam regain;

But when the utmost bound is reached, and Nature's course is made,
Behold the bright, returning orb through winter's deepening shade;
Though winds may blow, and icy breath the tempest's rack may bring,
Still in the sun's high journey flows the music of the spring.

It is coming nearer, nearer, to caress the eager earth;
In every wandering sunbeam is the sweet bud's happy birth;
The lengthening days begin to dawn with skies of blue and gold,
And from the mount's white pinnacle the streams are sparkling rolled.

The ranks of green are waving fair, the seed is scattered far;
The furrowed lands are smiling to the morn and evening star.
The birds are singing clearly, they sing of summer's crown;
They sing of roses' perfume, and the grasses freshly mown.

Thus the heart of man is gladdened with the Christ that nature gives;
'Tis the earth that is resurgent and with newer glory lives;
'Tis the sun that marches wondrous from the regions of the night;
'Tis the spring, with wings exultant, makes the miracle of light.

The promise to the heart of man is not from one sublime;
The life of all makes beauty in the gathering wealth of time;
Not Jesus is alone the Christ, but every good and fair,
Each baby face gives Christmas to the mother everywhere.

Each birth is music midst the pains that woman bears for love;
Each hearthstone finds in children's joy the star that shines above;
And glorious youth forever is the world's redeeming grace
From death, eternal shining on the pathway of the race.

So this festival is ours, not the church's or the creed's;
It stands for nature's bounty, for sunshine, and good deeds;
It stands for bright fraternity, for childhood linked with age;
It stands for hero's lustre upon truth's immortal page.

It stands for all that life can mean of struggle and of gain;
It stands for earnest purpose, though the darkness may remain;
It stands for help, midst suffering, that kindly hands can give;
't stands for all the worthiness for which a man can live.

Then let the chimes ring merry, through the shadows of the night;
We will change the gloom to glory with the years' melodious flight;
We will look to coming morning, we will hope and work for day;
With the heart of love and brain of light, and the dark shall flee away.

Give the gifts to happy children; in their faces' pure delight
Is the future's sparkling promise of the triumph of the right;
These are angels of our progress, and the music of their mirth
Is the message sounding ever of a paradise on earth.

This joy-day is for union, not the churches' narrow faith
Of one Christ, or one savior, of one martyr's crown of death.
In the world's broad field of battle do a million saviors shine;
All deeds of love, from age to age, declare the Christ divine.

In every mother's heart upflames the martyr's glorious fire—
The sacrifice—surrender to the helpless one's desire;
This is the noblest God of all—the crown amid the thorn;
The crown of joy, the crown of hope, o'er life's unceasing morn.

Man and Nature, mingling forces, make the heaven that we see—
This is the warp and woof of all the pictured tapestry;
Then let us weave, from day to day, the brightest and the best,
And make the world more beautiful, and every hearthstone blest.

Ever onward, is our summons, midst the fortunes of the strife,
Let the snows of age greet spring-time in the bloom of children's life;
Whate'er betide, be youthful still, and when the sun goes down,
In the gathering stars and darkness hail to-morrow's golden crown.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

BEFORE THE TURNVEREIN.

On Wednesday evening, January 9, S. P. Putnam will speak before the San Francisco Turnverein, in the Hall at 323 Turk street. Subject, "The American Republic." Admission free.

CALL FOR A STATE LIBERAL ORGANIZATION.

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall be no longer exempt from just taxation.

2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in state legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and in all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.

3. We demand that all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.

4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.

5. We demand that the appointment, by the president of the United States or by the governors of the various states, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.

6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that the simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.

7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.

8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality, as such, shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.

9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several states, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely Secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

The undersigned citizens of California, realizing that the safety of Republican institutions is imperiled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed by the least interference of the State in matters of religion, and believing, with the Founders of the Republic, that "Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty," hereby invite the Freethinkers and Liberals of California to meet in Convention at Irving Hall, San Francisco, Sunday, January 27, 1889, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of forming an Auxiliary Association of the American Secular Union, to help secure throughout the country practical compliance with the above Demands of Liberalism:

J W North,	E J Chess,	Mary A Atwood,
W F Freeman,	Frank G Chess,	A H Schou,
W H Pepper,	A A Fargo,	C W Broneer,
Abraham Schell,	H L Shaug,	H L Haelke,
Philip Cowen,	C Severance,	Robert Laramore,
H B Loomis,	A K Coward,	Emil S Lemme,
Samos Parsons,	Wm Schroeder,	W P McCord,
William Parsons,	Dr S Morse,	C E Spafford,
J Van Hoeter,	H E Cutting,	C H Gordon,
Thos N Paine,	E M Hansson,	Paul Duering,
S Littlefield,	James Battersby,	Carl Feschner,
W A Chess,	C Applegarth,	Charles Barth,
R T Smith,	Charles Kaiser,	Ernest Brand,
A H Swain,	Lewis Kaiser,	F C Miller,
W H Scribner,	Rosa Kaiser,	G Schwarzman, Jr.,
Bnrnside McCord,	Mrs Rebecca Kaiser,	H Herrmann,
R E Anck,	John Thompson,	William Glindermann,
H A Blodget,	E Goodman,	I K Garrett,
T E Hooding,	J Goodman,	Eugene L Fischer,
John E Bailey,	J Schnee,	Henry Dopman,
A F Storm,	A A Dunn,	C H Symmes,
Martin Schneider,	F S Dunn,	B B Rockwood,
H Meerleek,	J Taylor,	F M Bates,
Fred Gunther,	Chas Taylor,	Elbert Ward,
W Nolden,	John Benton,	Eugene Paris,
H Hainke,	S Rudy,	Robert Gunther,
Louis Schneider,	E A Treas,	H E Quosig,
J W Frank,	M Lovelace,	E G Wannrich,
F I Marks,	L Schieferdecker,	J Ohmann,
H Stieber,	Alonzo Beaver,	W H Webster,
Jos Schweitzer,	J S Frame,	J Benne,
August Walz,	Harry Bull,	W Loheide,
Chas Michle,	Martin Stelzer,	I J Ohmann,
C F Weber,	P A Anderson,	K Schoenstadt,
John R Kaiser,	F Koch,	R Demartina,
Marion Estep,	Ludwig Axt,	Samuel Kaiser,
Joseph Cevasto,	Alexander Rasmussen,	Victoria Kaiser,
John Kaiser,	Henry Samish,	Fredric Kaiser,
T B Misly,	Henry Krall,	Henry Kaiser,
E Parkhurst,	Henry Schmall,	G W Thurston,
	Andrew Bertelson,	Henry J Buner,

W Jordan,
Frank Garrigue,
Arvin Lewis,
Sven Svenson,
H W Faust
Frank Marsailles
Eugene Hough,
Peter Brandt,
D H Vagts,
H G Alberts,
Robert Knudsen,
Geo W Shaw,
George Veit,
F Suerner,
Chas Slater,
John F Bear,
R T Ankerson,
Samuel Lær,
E J Weiber,
E Rosson,
Wm F Lieben,
C K Finnour,
O Hubertz,
F Bernzott,
Charles Himbert,
E Grim'el,
Aug Hagedorn,
Theo Nagel,
Reinhold Sirehlow,
William Schoening,
George Siess,
Jos Castor,
Chas Nielsen,
M Bany,
Daniel Frank,
N M Grosse,
Henry Maret,
Louis Schonpold,
William Eggert,
G Eyssen,
C Schutz,
H Gleisman,
D Davidson,
Wm Kern,
C Flach,
Paul Schutz,
Louis Hinz, Jr.,
George Herrmann,
Louis Rapp,
Theo Planz,
Albert Goldman,
Jos L Schater,
W F Blasanf,
A Kelter,
Fr. Wellenbrink,
Emanuel Stoz,
Alfred Furst,
L Schulkheis,
James Hay,
L T Hallett,
George Frampton,
John Severs,
Landon Bonham,
W W Young,
A Woodin,
John Dollond,
John Goeddel,
H A Smith,
W W Orr,
Sam'l Calhoun,
J A Valder,
H Marteen,
J M Voss,
N Hunt,
G W Doane,
C V Sellards,
O M LeFebvre,
W H Evans,
E A Pullin,
S Littlefield,
Wm H Fink,
A N Henry,
J S Roberts,
S P Bates,
H C Gade,
John Meradeth,
M H Cone,
Thos E Cone,
A J Mason,

Adam T Rice,
J J Hopper,
A E Hendricks,
E B Johnson,
Jos Helmsen,
J Sichel,
N H Mitchell,
John Kuehler,
Fred Crist,
A E White,
S O Lewllyn,
D W Hudson,
Jerry Moltzen,
John Turner,
T A Darling,
H Baldridge,
C H Turner,
G J Turner,
A Pawning,
J R Hare,
L M Laporte,
S G Lewis,
W W Nelson,
L M Carr,
O L Twitchell,
J H Prodder,
Simon Novitzky,
Wm Kohler,
J P Mealeville,
F J Roberts,
G W Dutton,
W A Pope,
V LeDuc,
Henry Hanssen,
J W Griffiths,
Chas S Downes,
J W Lawnt,
John A Perkins,
Richard Stager,
E Lundquist,
Wm Larson,
P H Nordstrom,
H W Walker,
Chs Quinting,
Chas H Mayer,
W H Eastman,
Eli Larson,
Geo E Church,
Andrew D'arming,
Conrad Petsch,
J H Sandkamp,
Geo Ruge,
G H Woerz,
P Skoellin,
Phillip Gretschi,
Joseph Gassner,
Otto Koch,
Earnest Claussen,
Robert Andin,
C F Mictinger,
Jacob Hakius,
Alex Hauser,
J H Fritsch,
L Sinz,
Gus A Einselen,
G Knopf,
D Fried,
S S Schultes,
R Cook,
F Husing,
F Attinger,
Henry Ulbrich,
G Eiennessey,
August Otto,
C H Sagehorn,
J G Seaton,
A H Hogue,
S W Westfall,
Joseph Dick,
T G Hogue,
L L Femmons,
E Femmons,
Mrs D J Broneer,
Mrs M Schou,
J H Mertz,
Thomas Arper,
Frank Johnson,
H L Haelke,
A Haelke,

Laura Haelke,
Clare Haelke,
Joseph E Crane,
C W Poole,
Al McMillan,
N D Phelps,
Fred McMillan,
Jno D Beaur,
G W Bagby,
Neils Esperson,
W L Smith,
N A Oxindine,
A Taylor,
C H Bennett,
G Hansson,
H Gilroy,
L A Manchester,
L Croyiglia,
M Lent,
Wm Atwood,
Mary Atwood,
Oscar Allison,
Jonathan R Davis,
James French,
Philip Boersepe,
M A Misenheimer,
David Clapp,
O H Cambridge,
G S Andersen,
Samos Crossley,
H Roerdon,
William Gross,
H A Russell,
Dr B Hamlin,
Henry Schletter,
M Levy,
S I Kidd,
F R Foster,
Dr L L Moore,
E Moore,
Joel A Fox,
S G Fox,
A H Kidd,
Frank B Fox,
R N Graves,
B K Sweetland,
I H Fox,
Geo S Foster,
W T Burton,
Thos Nelson,
Andy Taylor,
D Brownstone,
A Brownstone,
J W Chisum,
Henry S Ellis,
W F Holser,
Mrs R Palanca,
Gustave Palanca,
A Imbach,
J E Palanca,
J Maines,
T C Geercke,
Henry Dopman,
C Meinecke,
Geo Meinecke,
Fredericke Meinecke,
William McAuslan,
H Friedlander,
John Dobbelt,
Andrew Krogh,
Henry Friedericksen,
I Bulwer,
Theo Wetischy,
C J Thorn,
J G Cooper,
A Werner,
C Tenhert,
Leopold Palmsag,
Oscar Stuber,
Johanna Dopman,
George Hinrichsen,
H C Hinrichsen,
Marie Hinrichsen,
Carl C Mohr,
Jacob Gassner,
D Gross,
F Chas Bocor,
P L Davis,
J W Clark,

Chas Czagln,
Ralph Seward,
J H Breen,
J W Waelzer,
F Wiegmann,
D Bottenstein,
C H King,
I G Price,
A Wolf,
W Vorlewin,
Samuel Levi,
P Braas,
L Blohm,
L Thowges,
A J Forbes,
J B Forbes,
T Petersen,
A Muller,
H Tierny,

W Kraus,
F M Lorenz,
P Lorenz,
Ernst Schober,
Chas Haas,
W G Baimlier,
J T Davis,
P G Sharp,
W T Jones,
Thos T Read,
G C Hyatt,
J C Gage,
C Grattan,
A T Hudson,
Emile Dreyfous,
Jas A Loutent,
Thos J Pope,
John Ebert,
V Heck,

E Phillips,
Harvey Squire,
J E McKenzie,
W S Fowler,
Chas Sperry,
Geo Hogan,
George Knack,
Thos Hill,
Horace Lyon, Jr.,
Horace Lyon, Sr.,
Mrs E L Hanson,
Louis Khut,
Lewis McKelvey,
Dallas McCord,
Jno S Douglas,
H A Jastro,
A Werill,
W Winterhater,
H Stepfons,

Many other names were received too late for publication, and the list will be continued next week.

NEW YORK LETTER.

The collapse of De Lesseps's Panama Canal has set every tongue wagging, "Didn't I tell you so?" There is more truth than poetry here. The belief was undoubtedly general that this old man would ultimately fail, for in no other way can the apathy of the American people over this work be explained. If there ever had been any prospect of success, the Monroe doctrine would have come to the front. There has been no letting down on this distinctively American idea. The stronger we become, the stronger hold this old notion of the elder Adams and Monroe has on us. Every observing man has, for the past two years, seen the handwriting on the wall. De Lesseps has made a plucky fight, but the inevitable was too strong for him. That our government will permit France to complete this work, no one in the East credits. "America for Americans" is a growing, not a fading, sentiment. The resignation of De Lesseps caused for a day some little apprehension in Wall street of financial trouble in Paris. This is possible, but not probable, as the holders of the Panama securities are of the middle classes, scattered all over France. The securities have been paid for, and are held as investment. Panics are caused by big losses falling on a few large operators, or moneyed institutions. In this instance the loss falls on a multitude of people. Such a state of affairs in this country would not cause a ripple of excitement in Wall street. Of course Frenchmen are different from other people, and one never knows just how to take them.

Of late Europe has been drawing on us for millions of gold. The bears in the Street are greatly exercised over it, and are predicting woes unnumbered. We are rich in gold, and can spare a few more millions without doing more than putting the rate of money up to 6 per cent. The continual coining of silver, and the extracting of gold from our mines, have reduced our dependence on Europe. We are as independent of her financially as we are politically. She rather looks to us. The ill-repute of our railroad securities is no reflection on our financial condition. The country is as solid as a rock. Our merchants are conservative, our banks are full of money. There has been no ballooning, except in building railroads into jungles, deserts, and waste places. The tonnage moved shows conclusively that our people are actively engaged in their daily pursuits. The profits may be small, but that matters little so long as every one is busy.

Every man, woman, and child in New York is preparing for Christmas. The stores are made more attractive than ever; foreign marts have been ransacked for novelties to please the eye, and from the rushing of the female portion of Gotham success seems to have been achieved. Macy, as usual, has his holiday show in his Fourteenth-street windows. It is a great attraction to children. Our "gin-mills" are decked outside with festoons of evergreens. Their multitude on some avenues presents an appearance at once grotesque and attractive. If the inside is as festive as the outside is attractive, Christmas will be jolly there.

Some of our cranks are rejoicing over "Mrs. Diss Debar," whose term of imprisonment on Blackwell Island expired on the 17th. Old Luther Marsh is said to be cured of his infatuation. How such frauds exist is a mystery, or, we should rather say, how

a sensible man becomes their dupe is a mystery. Luther R. Marsh for years was one of our brightest lawyers, and the last man to be caught by such a woman. She must be a woman of magnetism, of intellect; nevertheless our courts have branded her a fraud. The Fox sisters have confessed that Spiritualism was a fraud at its birth. This confession ought to end this craze, but it seems to enrage that class of people known as Spiritualists in this part of the East.

Mrs. Diss Debar has asked through her lawyer, John D. Townsend, to see her children. This, Eldridge Gerry, president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, refuses. This seems cruel, it may be just. That she is an adventuress the court, I take it, has settled, but that she is devoid of love for her offspring, I cannot believe. The Society, I think, frequently goes to extremes, and consequently at times is unjust. Gerry inherited a fortune from a miserly uncle. He is a kid-glove philanthropist.

EUDORUS.

New York, Dec. 19, 1888.

A THEOLOGICAL PARADOX.

That a house should seem to stand and the people continue to live in it as though nothing had happened, and this after all of its foundations had been removed—this is the paradox which I have in mind. And it is one of so striking a nature that one will hardly find it true in any other domain except that of theology. So remarkable a sight as this is worth looking at. Let us, therefore, consider it a little and see what lessons it may have for us.

The theological structure which orthodox Christianity has erected is clear-cut in outline, bound part to part, and thoroughly consistent with itself. As now we examine a few of the main features of the "plan of salvation," all this will appear.

1st. This world—a province of God's universal kingdom—is in a state of rebellion. Every man, woman, and child is born into this rebellious condition. The state of nature is one of alienation from God and all good. No matter how good a man may be, in the ordinary sense of the word, he is a rebel; and this fact taints all that he is or does. And until he "throws down the arms of his rebellion," no natural virtues can at all avail to put him in right relations to God.

This is perfectly reasonable on this governmental theory of the world. Sir Harry Vane's virtues did not make him any less a traitor to the king. So it is rational and logical for Mr. Moody to say: "Morality don't touch the question of salvation." Of course not, on the basis of this supposed theory and the supposed facts.

2d. God, against whom this causeless and wicked rebellion has been raised, has a perfect right to choose as to what terms he will require as the condition of forgiveness. Man, who deserves only death, has nothing to say on this subject.

3d. In order to maintain the majesty of his government and the inviolability of his laws, God is under the necessity of making such a public example of his hatred of sin, as well of his love, as will justify in the eyes of his intelligent creation his extending a free pardon to rebellious man. To this end the second person of the Trinity takes on human nature and suffers the penalty of the broken law. This secures the double end of vindicating God's justice and displaying his forgiving love.

4th. Now he is free to pardon all those who accept this offering as made on their behalf. And they have no right to complain if pardon is refused on any other terms.

5th. On this theory the church is made up of those who have accepted these terms. Such persons become the nucleus of a growing army of loyalists. It is their business to fight against whatever tends to continue this rebellion and to do all they can to induce God's enemies to lay down their arms.

9th. Those who become loyal are the willing subjects of God's kingdom, and so entitled to share God's final victory and the blessings of his heaven. Those who remain rebellious are followers and friends of Satan, the leader of God's enemies, and must expect to share his ultimate defeat and the pains and penalties of his prison-house.

This is the general scheme of things on which all the activities of the orthodox church are based.

Now, everybody knows that the entire foundation of this whole theological structure is the story of the garden of Eden and the fall of man. If man has not fallen, then this world is not a rebellious province of God's great kingdom. If man is not fallen, all the talk about providing terms or conditions of forgiveness is uncalled for. If man is not fallen, there is no need of the stupendous miracle of an incarnate and crucified God. If man is not fallen, the radical distinction between the church and the world breaks down. If man is not fallen, the popular dreams of heaven and hell are only dreams and do not accurately represent the future destiny of man and woman.

How stands this question then? Plainly, thus: In no civilized country, to-day, is there a boy or girl of fourteen years of age who has not the means of knowing that the story of the fall of man has no more reasonable basis of belief than have the stories of Hercules. Not only has it no rational support, it is beyond question disproved. That is, another story as to man's origin and nature is so thoroughly established that, but for theological bias, no intelligent person could be found who would think for one moment of questioning it.

Even the biblical support for the story of the Fall is almost wholly confined to the theological discussions of one man, Paul. The older and greater prophets say nothing about it. It appears in the Old Testament only after the contact of the Jews with the Persians, at the time of the captivity. For all competent scholars know that the early parts of Genesis, containing the story, were not composed until the time of or after the captivity. This, then, is a Pagan, Persian legend, and only that. It is a Pagan way of trying to account for the sorrows and evils of life. According to the orthodox theory, Jesus was God coming to earth to save man from the results of the fall, and yet, curiously enough, he does not seem to know anything about it.

But even though the Bible were full of it, from beginning to end, still we know, on other grounds, that it is not true. A belief in the Ascent of man has taken the place of a belief in his Fall in the minds of all free and competent students.

Of course it is to be expected that all those who still believe the story of the Fall should keep on in their endeavors to "save" people after the old methods. But now comes the wonder of our theological paradox. Those who still believe this story are not nearly enough to continue the activities of the churches on their present basis. Thousands of persons who do not believe it at all any longer still help to continue all these old activities just as though nothing had happened. Many among those who do this are ministers; that is, they have seen the entire foundation of their theological house taken out and yet go on living in it, and asking others to come into it for safety, as though they still believed it founded on the everlasting rock. And yet it ought to be plain, to even the feeblest intellect, that if this race of ours is not a fallen one, then—whatever else it may need—it does not need to be "saved from the effects of the Fall."

Let us now note two or three great evils that result from this paradoxical condition of affairs.

1st. It is kept up at a terrible cost of the sincerity of those who are even "silent partners" to what must hereafter be only a pretense, though ever so "pious" a one.

2d. Only less serious than this is another evil. If a physician thinks a patient is ill of a certain disease, of course he will treat him for that. But should he find out that the disease was of entirely another character, what would he do? And what would people be justified in saying if he should keep on doctoring him for the first supposed disease? If the human race has fallen, and the old theory about it is true, then, of course, a certain method of treatment is rational and helpful. But if it has not, and the old theory is not true, then the old treatment is not only injurious, but it stands square in the way of such a course of medicine as might put the patient on his feet. Consider, therefore, the waste of time, of money, of thought, of devotion and enthusiasm, that has been going on for a thousand years. That the world has gradually been improving is no justification of these theories. For, in the first place, it has improved more rapidly by as much as these old beliefs have become less and less influential. And, in the second place, patients often improve in spite of, and not because of, their doctors. And, in the third place,

during the periods of the most rapid improvement, a thousand other agencies have been at work, through the activity of thousands who had rejected the old beliefs.

If only all the intelligence, the time and the money of the civilized world (which are now wasted on the old methods) could be directed to finding and curing the real evils of the world, the long dreamed of "kingdom of God" (the real kingdom of man) might be brought to pass in a single century. In the nature of things there is no reason why this old world should not become a garden, filled with intelligent and happy peoples.

In giving up the dreams and legends of the past, nothing is lost but illusions; and what is found is "the truth that"—in old theological phrase—"is able to make men wise unto salvation." And this salvation is from the real evils that destroy human happiness and human life, and not from shadows.—M. J. SAVAGE, in the Open Court.

A WOLF IN WOOLEN.

The world is kind to ministers and priests as a rule. There are in the United States about one hundred thousand of them who, with their families, are supported by the people. Their churches to the value of about \$700,000,000 pay no taxes, and the people allow themselves to be taxed to make up the deficit caused by the omission to tax this vast amount of property. In return for this the ministers, as a rule, are quiet, peaceable, human: men who do what they can to make death painless and matrimony sweet. They are ready to take money from all sources, and never refuse it because of the opinions of those who give. But in the *reverend* Clark Braden is found a minister who, while he lives upon the social body, vilifies and maligns all that portion of it that does not recognize in him a being sent of God to denounce and destroy all beliefs that do not comport with his own. It is nothing to him that the Constitution of the United States guarantees to all freedom to entertain unmo'ested whatever opinions they may. He arrogantly assumes the right to traduce all men and women who do not confess him and Christ. It is apparent at times that he does not even consider the claims of Jesus upon the sympathies of the world in his vaulting ambition to be considered a divine being himself. Nothing is safe from his vile tongue. Such being the case, it is worth while that the public should know the truth in regard to this man. Having put on the livery of heaven, it is well enough to know that he is using it as a cover under which to serve the devil of his own meanness. In a debate which he recently held with Mr. B. F. Underwood in Oregon his emphasis was always laid upon scurrilous assaults upon men and women who do not accept the Bible as an infallible guide in life. His treatment of his opponent was such as might have been expected from a rough, a bully, or a blackguard. His introduction of his false, malignant, and diabolical attack on R. G. Ingersoll and his daughters into the debate (by attempting to advertise his "Ingersoll pamphlet") was a piece of audacious impudence that could not be excelled by a desperado who should force himself, pistol in hand, into the company of ladies and gentlemen, entirely justifying Mr. Underwood's severe language that the author of that pamphlet was "a mean vilifier and an infamous liar." Mr. Underwood protested against the sale or advertisement of this pamphlet from the platform during the debate, and as soon as the moderators came to understand its character they sustained Mr. Underwood in his "point of order," and Braden was compelled to respect the decision, and he made no further reference to the pamphlet during the debate. His attempts to convert his opponent's introduction of Darwin's doctrine of "Sexual Selection" into obscenity were the low and vicious acts of a guttersnipe. What is he, and why has he thus attempted to smirch better people than himself? Let his own church answer these questions in part. In August, 1876, "The Church of Christ," at Perry, Pike county, Ill., published a letter "To the Christian Brotherhood, wherever scattered, greeting," signed by the five elders of the church—M. B. Chenoweth, B. F. Dorsey, Joseph S. Chenoweth, A. Dorsey, and J. M. Browning. Referring to a tract, charging "our leading preachers as lewd and licentious men," and containing "most false, and slanderous" statements, written by Clark Braden, the church, through its elders, says:

Had we known its character, and that Clark Braden was its author, no letter of commendation would have gained him admission to our fellowship. We claim, therefore, that he imposed upon our ignorance in this matter when he sought and obtained our confidence and fellowship; and that consequently he is not, and never was, rightfully a member of this congregation. Under these circumstances we do not feel at liberty to bring him to an account before the bar of the church, even for wrongs and misdemeanors committed since coming among us, which we deem amply sufficient in themselves to warrant us in withdrawing our fellowship, if it existed, unless he repent of his wrongs.

The letter concludes by saying:

Until Clark Braden disavows the sentiments of the aforesaid pamphlet, acknowledges his wrong for thus slandering the church and the preachers, and sets himself right before the congregation for his conduct here, we must hold him as an enemy of the church and to the cause which we plead, and as wholly unworthy of a place among us, either as a member of the body or a preacher of the blessed gospel.

The Apostolic Times, a Disciple paper, August 3, 1876, said editorially:

We do not hesitate to declare that the author of such a tract deserves to be not only censured but excommunicated by the congregation to which he belongs, and repudiated by the entire brotherhood unless he gives evidence of sincere repentance. . . . If one who has obtained membership wrongfully deports himself wrongfully, and does things worthy of expulsion, as the elders in this case affirm of Mr. Braden, then the reasons for expulsion are multiplied and the right to expel, though not increased, becomes much clearer.

Braden declares that he forced the above-named gentlemen to retract their statement, but one of them, Mr. B. F. Dorsey, was subsequently written to from Salem, O., and from Meaford, Ont., asking if the charges against Braden had been withdrawn. Following is an extract from one of Mr. Dorsey's replies:

You ask if the inclosed charges still hold against Braden? I answer, They do. You then if ask Braden's character is good in this community. I answer, it is *not by any means*.

In the other letter Mr. Dorsey wrote (August 10, 1880):

You ask the question if the five elders of the Christian church in Perry have retracted their statement made by them Aug. 9, 1876, addressed to the Christian Brotherhood in reference to Clark Braden. They have not retracted anything they have published or said concerning Clark Braden.

The original of these letters can, if necessary, be produced.

The Rev. L. L. Luse, of Nebraska, says:

I have had business transactions with a large number of men in a great many different states—men of all characters and professions—but for pure meanness, unlimited trickery, uncalled for and foolish lying, the like of Clark Braden I have never known.

WILBER, NEB., April 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Friday of last week was a cold day for the Rev. Clark Braden. He and the Rev. L. L. Luse have been making Wilber their headquarters for settling a little unpleasantness existing between them for the past two or three years. First, Rev. Luse had Rev. Braden arrested for selling mortgaged property. Then Rev. Braden had Rev. Luse arrested for perjury. Then Rev. Luse, in a civil suit, obtained judgment against Rev. Braden for about \$150, and seized Rev. Braden's grip-sack, or trunk, containing some old clothes, boots, and Braden's lectures, all of which were sold at sheriff's sale. Then Rev. Braden, on the oath of Christian minister, had another warrant issued, and sent the sheriff all the way to Pennsylvania and had Rev. Luse again arrested for perjury. He was tried and acquitted, and at the instance of Rev. Luse, the sheriff seized Braden's overcoat to apply on aforesaid judgment; and Braden failed to prove himself a Christian by not even offering to give his other coat also.

H. KILGORE.

As long ago as 1871 Braden was in trouble with his own brethren. Owing to his malignant denunciation of some of them, it was said that he was "insane." It was then that he wrote to B. F. Underwood advising him how he should proceed to defeat Elder J. S. Sweeney, Braden's clerical brother, in debate. Following is an extract from the letter:

If you have not met Rev. J. S. Sweeney, you will find him weak on history, historic evidences, sciences, the position that the Bible is an outgrowth of pre-existent paganism and was built up like all other books of religion. He is sharp, pert, and declamatory, but superficial in education, not well read, and retails second-hand what he uses. If you will press these points on him and frequently press on him that he does not answer them, you will defeat him. He will fail in what we debated in our first and second propositions also. Review what you have presented on his attention, and you can defeat him. Should you feel like reminding him of our debate, do so FOR ME. This is between us, remember.

Braden's attack on Colonel Ingersoll is so malignant that it defeats itself. No intelligent person can glance through it without being convinced that its object is not to tell the truth, but to

gratify a personal spite. Fortunately the pamphlet itself contains a statement that explains Braden's attitude toward the colonel. On page 5 Braden says: "*In this volume we intend to publish the full text of every lecture as he delivers it.*" That is to say, Braden started out to write a biographical sketch of Colonel Ingersoll, then to steal his lectures, make a "volume" which should serve to advertise "Clark Braden" in connection with "Robert G. Ingersoll," being shekels and fame to the impecunious, disreputable priest, and set him up in business. The object was to steal the fame of the great Freethinker for the name, fame, and profit of the little Christian. But the publisher of Colonel Ingersoll's lectures happened to possess copyrights upon them, and the Rev. Clark Braden found his game blocked. Then he turned in rage and vomited his poverty-stricken bile upon the colonel and his family in this pamphlet, hoping to excite the colonel's anger to such a degree that he would either reply to Braden or kick him, or do something that would bring him before the public in connection with Ingersoll. However, the colonel has never paid the slightest attention to the fellow's filth, the scheme to advertise himself has been a failure, and his pamphlet has proved a poor investment. His attack on the character of Colonel Ingersoll's daughters is vice defiling virtue, sin defaming innocence, hideousness slandering beauty. It could have been produced only by a person whose nature is corrupt, whose heart is that of a hyena, whose tongue is that of a cobra, whose imbecility marks his reptilian tendencies. No man possessed of the remotest instincts of a gentleman would be guilty of such an act, and no gentleman will uphold him in it, even if it were true. But what is his authority? A man in Chicago told a man in Galva, and in the course of time Braden heard of it, and in order to "get even" with Colonel Ingersoll for not allowing him to steal his lectures and make his "volume," his low, ghoulish nature prompts him to publish it in this pamphlet.

Such is the man who is put forward by the Christian churches to defend Christianity against Freethought. But the churches of Oregon will soon learn, as the churches of other states learned long ago, that the caress of this man is worse than his kick. His defense of Christianity is more to be dreaded by the church than the influence of Freethought. The viper will ever sting the hand that warms it.

Braden's "evidence" presented against prominent Liberals is hear-say, gossip, and envious tattle, and it would not be admitted as relevant in any court of justice. But his mean, dastardly course opens the door for the introduction of matter upon the other side, and as Braden is put forward as a Christian minister of good character and standing, it is proper to weigh his attack on Freethinkers by the estimate of those who know him. Such being the case, it can be said that there is better evidence to prove that Braden has been guilty of disgraceful and disreputable conduct in private life than any that Braden produces in his pamphlet to sustain his reptilian attack upon Colonel Ingersoll and his family. There is better evidence to prove that this reverend, Clark Braden, has been known as a petty thief than is any of the testimony introduced into his pamphlet to prove his charges against Colonel Ingersoll.

In the recent debate this "meek and lowly" charged that Colonel Ingersoll had been engaged in returning fugitive slaves, and when asked for his authority said:

"It was old Mr. McGee."

"Where did he live?"

"At a town in Illinois."

"What was his first name?"

"He is dead."

"Oh, he's dead, and you can slander Ingersoll in his name with impunity!" exclaimed Mr. Underwood.

There is positive evidence to prove that this man who slanders innocent young women was disowned and denounced by the Campbellite church in Perry, Illinois, for the publication of a slanderous and lying pamphlet attacking some of his brethren in the church. There is positive evidence to prove that he is often reckless, untruthful, and malicious in his statements. There is positive evidence to prove that he will not pay an honest debt.

Now, therefore, Braden's attack on Colonel Ingersoll and his

estimable daughters, when examined in the light of its author's character, is seen to be the work of a man who, for a quarter of a century, has borne a bad name—a man who has been called a thief, a slanderer, a liar, and a brutal husband. What the statements of such a man are worth the public can readily understand.

OREGON.

INGERSOLL'S REPLY TO CARDINAL MANNING.

From the North American Review.

VIII.

If the real pope is the vicar of Christ, the true shepherd of the sheep, this fact should be known not only to the vicar, but to the sheep. A divinely founded and guarded church ought to know its own shepherd, and yet the Catholic sheep have not always been certain who the shepherd was.

The Council of Pisa, held in 1409, deposed two popes—rivals—Gregory and Benedict—that is to say, deposed the actual vicar of Christ and the pretended. This action was taken because a council, enlightened by the Holy Ghost, could not tell the genuine from the counterfeit. The council then elected another vicar, whose authority was afterwards denied. Alexander V. died, and John XXIII. took his place; Gregory XII. insisted that he was the lawful pope; John resigned, then he was deposed, and afterwards imprisoned; then Gregory XII. resigned, and Martin V. was elected. The whole thing reads like the annals of a South American revolution.

The Council of Constance restored, as the cardinal declares, the unity of the church, and brought back the consolation of the Holy Ghost. Before this great council John Huss appeared and maintained his own tenets. The council declared that the church was not bound to keep its promise with a heretic. Huss was condemned and executed on the 6th of July, 1415. His disciple, Jerome of Prague, recanted, but having relapsed, was put to death, May 30, 1416. This cursed council shed the blood of Huss and Jerome.

The cardinal appeals to the author of "Ecce Homo" for the purpose of showing that Christianity is above nature, and the following passages among others are quoted:

"Who can describe that which unites men? Who has entered into the formation of speech, which is the symbol of their union? Who can describe exhaustively the origin of civil society? He who can do these things can explain the origin of the Christian church."

These passages should not have been quoted by the cardinal. The author of these passages simply says that the origin of the Christian church is no harder to find and describe than that which unites men—than that which has entered into the formation of speech, the symbol of their union—no harder to describe than the origin of civil society—because he says that one who can describe these can describe the other.

Certainly none of these things are above nature. We do not need the assistance of the Holy Ghost in these matters. We know that men are united by common interests, common purposes, common dangers—by race, climate, and education. It is no more wonderful that people live in families, tribes, communities, and nations, than that birds, ants, and bees live in flocks and swarms.

If we know anything, we know that language is natural—that it is a physical science. But if we take the ground occupied by the cardinal, then we insist that everything that cannot be accounted for by man, is supernatural. Let me ask, by what man? What man must we take as the standard? Cosmas or Humboldt, St. Irenæus or Darwin? If everything that we cannot account for is above nature, then ignorance is the test of the supernatural. The man who is mentally honest, stops where his knowledge stops. At that point he says that he does not know. Such a man is a philosopher. Then the theologian steps forward, denounces the modesty of the philosophers as blasphemy, and proceeds to tell what is beyond the horizon of the human intellect.

Could a savage account for the telegraph, or the telephone, by natural causes? How would he account for these wonders? He would account for them precisely as the cardinal accounts for the Catholic church.

Belonging to no rival church, I have not the slightest interest in the primacy of Leo XIII., and yet it is to be regretted that this primacy rests upon such a narrow and insecure foundation.

The cardinal says that "it will appear almost certain that the original Greek of St. Irenæus, *which is unfortunately lost*, contained either the word, or some inflection of one, which signifies primacy."

From this it appears that the primacy of the bishop of Rome rests on some "inflection" of a Greek word—and that this supposed inflection was in a letter supposed to have been written by St. Irenæus, which has certainly been lost. Is it possible that the vast fabric of papal power has this, and only this, for its foundation? To this "inflection" has it come at last?

The cardinal's case depends upon the intelligence and veracity of his witnesses. The fathers of the church were utterly incapable of examining a question of fact. They were all believers in the miraculous. The same is true of the apostles. If St. John was the author of the Apocalypse, he was undoubtedly insane. If Polycarp said the things attributed to him by Catholic writers, he was certainly in the condition of his master. What is the testimony of St. John worth in the light of the following? "Cerinthus, the heretic, was in a bath-house. St. John and another Christian were about to enter. St. John cried out: 'Let us run away, lest the house fall upon us while the enemy of truth is in it.'" Is it possible that St. John thought that God would kill two eminent Christians for the purpose of getting even with one heretic?

Let us see who Polycarp was. He seems to have been a prototype of the Catholic church, as will be seen from the following statement concerning this father: "When any heretical doctrine was spoken in his presence he would stop his ears." After this, there can be no question of his orthodoxy. It is claimed that Polycarp was a martyr—that a spear was run through his body, and that from the wound the soul, in the shape of a bird, flew away. The history of his death is just as true as the history of his life.

Irenæus, another witness, took the ground that there was to be a millennium—a thousand years of enjoyment in which celibacy would not be the highest form of virtue. If he is called as a witness for the purpose of establishing the divine origin of the church, and if one of his "inflections" is the basis of papal supremacy, is the cardinal also willing to take his testimony as to the nature of the millennium?

All the fathers were infinitely credulous. Every one of them believed, not only in the miracles said to have been wrought by Christ, by the apostles, and by other Christians, but every one of them believed in the Pagan miracles. All of these fathers were familiar with wonders and impossibilities. Nothing was so common with them as to work miracles, and on many occasions they not only cured diseases, not only reversed the order of nature, but succeeded in raising the dead.

It is very hard, indeed, to prove what the apostles said, or what the fathers of the church wrote. There were many centuries filled with forgeries—many generations in which the cunning hands of ecclesiastics erased, obliterated, and interpolated the records of the past—during which they invented books, invented authors, and quoted from books that never existed.

The testimony of the "Fathers" is without the slightest value. They believed everything—they examined nothing. They received as a waste-basket receives. Whoever accepts their testimony will exclaim with the cardinal: "Happily men are not saved by logic."

THE FORUM.

The entertainment arranged by the Forum Quartette for the evening of Dec. 12, was a splendid artistic, if not a financial success, and to Mr. Frank Stillman, the organist, and our leader, Mr. Card, are due the thanks of the organization for the creditable programme.

Miss Deal, our former organist, also a very accomplished pianist, who adds delicacy of interpretation to her efforts, kindly assisted, receiving a merited recall. In fact, to abbreviate this notice, I might state that all the numbers were so exceptionally well rendered that they were encored. Prof. Geo. A. Vinton,

director of the Chicago Musical and Dramatic College, and one of our active members, whose inimitable character impersonations are a whole entertainment in themselves, added much to the strength of the programme. Mrs. Emma Ma Dan's solo was rendered with the evenness of quantity, easy phrasing, and melodic grace of a voice naturally true to pitch, possessing sweetness and power. Miss Hattie Allen and Mr. Stillman's difficult piano duo was performed with the masterly dash of a pair of virtuosos, and the young lady admirably sustained her artistic reputation in the solo which followed.

The songs of Messrs. Haverson and Hayes were admirably sung, and brought down the house. The professional lady whistler, Miss Bigelow, was very fine, but it was scarcely necessary to add such expense to so excellent a programme.

The recital of little Florence Segner was a novelty. When her father mounted the platform with an immense easel we were full of expectancy to know what this clever little six-year-old was going to do. It turned out to be an original poetic version of "Mary's Little Lamb," with thirteen large crayon drawings depicting the thrilling situations of the tragic story. Mr. Segner's illustrations and the little lady's recital will be a cherished memory of the altogether pleasing performance.

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

Moses Harman, the much-persecuted editor of Lucifer, occupied the rostrum at the Forum last Sunday, and though the first time he had ever essayed to address a public gathering, delivered a very able lecture from his point of view on the Eighth Demand of Liberalism, entitled "Christian vs. Natural Morality." A very interesting and animated discussion followed, participated in by Judge F. C. Russell, C. S. Darrow, Moses Hull, the celebrated lecturer, Wm. Holmes, H. E. Bartholomew, and the writer.

Chicago.

E. A. STEVENS.

Ingersoll's Contemplated Trip.

From the Examiner.

PONOMA, December 28.—Ex-Senator Stephen W. Dorsey will accompany Col. Robert G. Ingersoll and family on their visit to the Pacific Coast. From Ponoma the party will go to Monterey, and from there to San Jose.

IN OAKLAND.

There will be a lecture in Oakland by S. P. Putnam next Sunday afternoon, January 6, at 3 o'clock, in Odd Fellow's Hall, corner of Eleventh and Franklin streets. Come all. Admission free.

PREMIUMS.

Attention is called to the premiums for new subscribers to FREETHOUGHT offered on another page. A good many of our friends have worked for the paper and done their best, and have refused all offers of reward in the form of a commission. The premium list of books is enticing; we would like to see a thousand readers take advantage of it.

RENEWALS.

This is the season for renewals, and we are reminded of that fact both by the large number sent in and by the large number that have not as yet reached us. We have had a year's trial before a jury of our patrons. The verdict, which will come in the form of renewals, is due. We trust that the jury will be unanimously in favor of giving us another year.

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SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1889.

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FREETHOUGHT.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - JANUARY 12, 1889

THE large choir at the Moody meetings draws well, and a patient public listen to the wearisome twaddle of the revivalist as a penance.

THE colored man continues to distinguish himself in the field of religion, a convention of Catholic negroes having just been held at Washington. It is getting so now that when a chicken is missing there is no way of determining whether it has gone to line the ribs of a Baptist minister or a Catholic priest.

THE Bulgarian monk who is preaching to interested workingmen in the northern part of the state may be a fanatic, but he is sound on some questions. For instance, he denounces the popular churches for begging the hard-earned wages of the poor to build costly edifices and pay high salaries to their preachers. This is worthy the attention of working people.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Catholics have been occupying a public school building for parochial school purposes, but the Protestants raised such a rumpus that the Rev. Mr. Sheedy, the priest in that parish, has decided to vacate. The Catholics should now retaliate by driving Protestantism out of Pittsburgh's public schools. The catechism has as much right in the schools as the Bible.

THE Rev. John Dowie, faith-healer, is trying to make Job out a liar. It will be remembered that the prophet declared that "the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away." For this Mr. Dowie would substitute, "The Lord giveth and the devil taketh away." If somebody will take the Rev. John Dowie away we will give him due credit, whether it is done by the Lord or his great adversary.

NEW JERSEY has a law, passed in 1770, which makes it a crime for any one to attempt to pass himself off on the public as the messiah, and a man has just been arrested for violating it. He refused to give bail and demanded trial, saying that God would be his counsel and defense. Readers of the Bible will recall that a man in Palestine, termed the messiah, once went to trial with similar confidence; and that at the last moment he was moved to exclaim, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

AMONG the claims made for the Catholic church by Cardinal Manning in his discussion with Colonel Ingersoll was the one that the church had abolished demonology. Ingersoll showed that the claim was untrue. Now two Catholic priests of San Francisco tell an Examiner reporter that all priests are at ordination invested by the bishop with the power of exorcism, or casting out devils. It seems, further, that there is still in the Catholic church an order called the Order of Exorcists. The priests explain that Spiritualism is of satanic origin, and that mediums are "possessed."

MRS. MARY H. MCGLYNN, who married Frank McGlynn, a brother of the former coadjutor of Henry George, has sued for a divorce in the San Francisco courts. Frank McGlynn is a well-known and reputable real estate dealer of this city. Mrs. McGlynn, who is a Catholic, charges that her husband scoffs at the pope; ridicules the Jesuits, will not go to church, and has made their home a house of blasphemy. She further avers that he is an Atheist. In view of which she demands an absolute divorce and a division of the estate. If this case were investigated it is probable that a priest would be found back of it who will get a good share of the estate in return for a dispensation permitting a Catholic woman to obtain a divorce.

NEWS AND NOTES.

I thought to strike golden sunshine when I arrived in California. But the skies were misty and the streets muddy in Sacramento in the dim light of Saturday morning, December 29. It had been raining persistently for over a month. The old inhabitants say that this is a remarkably damp season, but that the wet weather gives promise of a big crop. In some places, however, there has been so much rain that seed cannot be planted. The next day after my arrival the skies became clear and brilliant, and it looks now as if the sunny days are ascendant, and if so, all the valleys and hills will be ready for cultivation. Yes, gloriously the sun shines forth on Sunday and on New Year's day, and the mud disappears with marvelous rapidity. It does not stay long upon the soil of California when Apollo rides through the heavens in his unclouded chariot. I spent New Year's at the home of N. D. Goodell, where every season flows along with bright serenity. When the rains descend the fireside is blazing still with cheerful glow. Also I met Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Davis with greetings of the new year, and R. Butterfield and others, who look forward and not backward, and "lend a hand." So the old year passes with happy memories and the new year comes with splendid hope. Looking over the months of labor, and thinking of the many friends and homes along the way from sea to sea, where "mountains kiss high heaven;" where broad rivers flow, plains spread to the blue horizon, harvest-fields ripple like summer's ocean, and orange blossoms mingle with golden fruit—from the varied scene touched with the spirit of progress, where life and thought prevail, rich with

nature's pomp—inspirations come to clearer work in the ever-broadening pathway of mankind. The world is better to-day than it was yesterday, and it will be better and happier to-morrow than it is to-day.

In the wide future there's a golden age,
 Richer than ever gleaned on poet's page;
 Where all that's excellent on earth shall thrive,
 And the pure, generous soul alone shall live;
 Where weakness, misery and narrow thought;
 The stupid pleasures that are sold and bought;
 The heart that's false, the spirit insincere,
 The dark ambition and the soul of fear—
 All these shall vanish in its vivid light,
 And happy homes shall sparkle on the sight.
 Oh, there are prophecies of this bright time,
 In many a burning word and thought sublime;
 We feel them when the gorgeous spring-time flows,
 When summer murmurs to the golden close;
 We feel them in those deep and mystic days
 That flash and gladden in October's haze;
 And winter's pure and sparkling lengths of snow
 Unfold its fairy visions in their glow.
 Thus nature blooms upon the stream of love,
 It's rich with joy below, around, above.
 The universal being flames in all—
 In constellations huge and feathery ball.
 Within, without, to purity, and life,
 The perfect wonder shines above the strife.
 The earnest purpose makes the future bright,
 And paradise is found in doing right.

On New Year's I witnessed the darkening of the sun. The eclipse was nearly total at Sacramento. It was a magnificent spectacle when the sweeping orb left only a little rim of light along the vast firmament. One bright star was visible to the naked eye, shining through the fleecy clouds that floated in the upper heaven. It seemed like a sleepless watcher over the pale couch of the king of day, a maiden fair who would not desert the discrowned monarch, dimmed by the insolent, ungrateful moon, which would never wear its silver jewels save for the smiles of the genial Phœbus. The sun eclipsed by moon! What a story of human life in that majestic symbol—nature repeating the tragedy of genius!

The clouds hung in strange, wild splendor around that desolate scene. A pale brilliance, mingling with deep, dark gulfs, as if there were a sunset in the middle sky, made the view intensely pathetic. There never was a picture more infinitely suggestive. The wandering eye saw masses of color changing like lightning on a sea of darkness. The supreme moment, when the rim of light was tiniest, overshadowed like a pall. Around the defeated sun the clouds rolled in midnight gloom. Then suddenly the light increased, as if by some magic touch, and the ghastly glare turned to golden flame. The mighty sun appears victorious, regains its diadem, and woos once more the earth, and covers it with sparkling robes.

Early on Wednesday morning I seek the Golden Gate. I read of blizzards in the East—of blinding snows—but here are the flowers of spring, the beautiful, verdant swards, and shining waters. It is like New England in June, this January morning in California. The hills are simply dazzling in their bright array. No snow, no ice, but expanses of living green.

Once more voyaging the broad bay, the regal city of the West greets the eye; once more the thronging multitude makes pictures of varying life; once more the music of the superb boat mingles with the flashing tide, then grates against the busy wharf. Once more I am in FREETHOUGHT office, where, twelve months

ago, scarcely a single subscriber was on the books, and now the number is among the thousands.

"The boundless future pours its ample dower
 Upon the toil and struggle of to day."

On Sunday afternoon I meet again the Liberal friends of Oakland. I lecture at Odd Fellow's Hall, on "The Religious Conspiracy." A fair beginning has been made; lectures will be given at the same place for the next two Sunday afternoons. Friend Schou, the "deacon" of our "Big Church," the church of Humanity, the church of Science, was present to carry on the practical business arrangements of the meetings, and he is always ready to do this with the same enthusiasm as when a member of the Methodist church. The prospects are favorable for progressive work in Oakland. Our welcome was all that heart could wish. Considerable interest was awakened by the subjects presented, and the dangers that threatened the Republic, especially the attitude of some of the labor organizations of this country; for instance, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which, by vote at its last national gathering, pledged its support to the Blair Sabbath bill, and therefore to the union of church and state. Labor organizations should not thus allow themselves to be hoodwinked into such ecclesiastical schemes. Sturdy protests are being made against such indorsements of Sabbath legislation, and I hope there will be a thorough agitation among working people on this point, so that they can understand this Sabbath-in-the-state business to be an enemy of the rights of labor.

The clergymen of Oakland are in quite a hubbub over "Robert Elsmere." Sermons have been preached pro and con, and discussion waxes loud, and many side issues have been introduced. The interest justifies a lecture upon "Robert Elsmere," which I shall give next Sunday afternoon. This is a representative book, and although it does not represent Freethought, nevertheless it is a valuable ally, and has given orthodoxy a staggering blow. No wonder the priests are excited over its marvelous popularity. This is a sign of the times, but it does not betoken the "second coming of Christ." I shall endeavor to show the value of this book, and also its limitations.

The meeting in San Francisco on Sunday evening was indicative of success. It was the largest audience I have yet addressed in this city. There is growth. This is all that we can hope for now, but it is a prophecy of what will be "in the long result of time."

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

January 7, 1889.

GOOD DEEDS.

The Silverton Secular Union has contributed, by collection, \$9.20 to the American Sentinel, which is pushing forward the Sunday Remonstrance Petition with untiring determination. In this fight now forced upon the Liberals by the American Sabbath Union and Senator Blair's bill, the Seventh Day Adventists are persistent and courageous allies, and we join hands heartily with them. They have already secured ten thousand signatures in Oakland, and their agents are busily at work throughout the land. Let every subscriber of FREETHOUGHT send for a copy of this Remonstrance and secure names. The supporters of Senator Blair's bill claim fifteen million names upon their petition. The action of the Silverton Secular Union is a good one to follow. This Union, also, by the efforts of its lady members has raised \$50 for a Library fund. The like should be done at every possible point. A Freethought library is a constant and widening influence.

M. J. Kettering, of Ranier, Oregon, has contributed \$1 to the

Hacker fund. We would like to see more of these good gifts for our veteran friend. Many to-day enjoy the fruits of his strenuous toil. In "News and Notes" from Stella, our friend Kettering's name, by a typographical error, has changed to "Kettinger." Perhaps there is nothing in a name, but we desire our generous comrade to be titled as he really is, for he is a well-known citizen of the Northwest. R. Butterfield, of Sacramento, gives \$5 for the Girard will case, with the remark "that there is more in his pocket for the same purpose, when needed." Friend Butterfield is as hopeful now as in his younger days. He is not the kind to get rich, for he has too much philosophy, but if he ever does get a hold upon the golden treasure of this earth it won't go to the making of harps, or the mansions and streets of the New Jerusalem, but to the building of a Freethought hall in the capital of the state.

The Girard will case is of the utmost importance. To understand this thoroughly one should read Dr. Westbrook's book on the subject. Copies are for sale at FREETHOUGHT office, price \$1.

LIBERALISM EAST AND WEST.

The "Truth Seeker Annual for 1889" is a publication of unusual importance. Its illustrations are good; its calendar is most valuable; its review of "Freethought in the United States, 1888," written in thunderous Gladstonian sentences, is complete and comprehensive, if we except its failure to record the birth and growth of a Freethought journal in San Francisco; its symposium on "Liberalism" is the greatest and best addition to Liberal literature made for many years, and the collocation entitled "Ingersoll and Shakspeare" is nothing less than wonderful.

But the chief feature of the Annual is the Symposium. The editor submitted a series of fourteen questions to the leading Freethinkers of the country, and twenty-four replied. The fourteen questions cover a great deal of debatable ground, but perhaps the one the answers to which will be of most interest to the readers of FREETHOUGHT is this:

"Where are the most Liberals, and in what section of the country is the best work for Liberalism being done?"

Colonel Ingersoll answers as follows:

"The most Liberals are in the most intelligent section of the United States. Where people think the most, you will find the most Liberals; where people think the least, you will find the most bigots. Bigotry is produced by feeling; Liberalism, by thinking—that is to say, the one is a prejudice, the other a principle."

James Parton answers none of the questions, but, as he says, merely sends the thought that came into his mind when he read them.

Charles Watts replies that according to his experience, there are most Liberals and best work done in Grand Rapids, Mich.; Chicago, Ill.; Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, Pa., and in Toronto and the Lower Provinces, Canada.

Capt. Robert C. Adams mentions Canada and Boston.

J. D. Shaw finds most Liberals among the reading classes.

J. H. Burnham believes that both the East and the West offer interesting fields.

Mrs. E. D. Slenker names New York and Boston as the best points for Liberalism, though not in proportion to population.

Thus three writers locate the center of Liberalism in the East, and four are non-committal. Now let us quote the seventeen others. They answer the question where the best work is being done for Liberalism in this way:

Helen Gardener: "In the West and Northwest."

S. P. Putnam: "The West."

E. A. Stevens: "In the West."

Parker Pillsbury: "In and west of New York."

F. M. Holland: "In the Northwest."

E. B. Foote, Jr.: "West of the Mississippi."

Lucy N. Colman: "The West."

L. K. Washburn: "In the Western states."

Ella E. Gibson: "In the West."

Susan H. Wixon: "In the West."

John Peck: "The grand prairies of the West."

W. S. Bell: "In the wide West."

E. C. Walker: "The Pacific Coast, the territories, and Texas."

Mattie A. Freeman: "In the West."

Juliet H. Severance, M. D.: "In the West."

John R. Kelso: "I would prefer the Pacific Coast."

G. H. Dawes: "North Central and Pacific states."

Out of twenty writers, therefore, who express an opinion, seventeen agree that the best work for Liberalism is being done in the West. It is certainly high praise to the workers in this section; but a few years ago, before the American Secular Union had sent its secretary through the country to lecture wherever an audience could be found, this verdict would not have been given. Since that time, however, and especially during the past year, there is little doubt that the West has been the scene of the greater activity in Liberal work. The Truth Seeker and the Liberal Club in New York; the Investigator and L. K. Washburn in Boston; E. A. Stevens and the Local Secular Union in Chicago; Charles Watts and Secular Thought in Toronto, Canada; the Pennsylvania Liberals, and others, are doing magnificent service. The lecture and newspaper work in the West has heretofore been done largely by non-residents. Now that this state of affairs is changed, still greater results may be looked for in the future.

TO THE LIBERALS OF CALIFORNIA.

The Call for a convention of the Liberals of this state, and the meetings in the month of January, point to work of vital importance in the growth of the Liberal party. It is hoped that every Liberal in this state will feel an interest and responsibility in this endeavor for a union of Freethought forces. This union is necessary, for, without doubt, a determined effort will be made for larger ecclesiastical authority in state and national legislation. It needs but slight study of the signs of the times to discern a gathering storm. Six million signatures have been attached to a petition in favor of a National Sabbath law, and the Romish church, by the attitude of Cardinal Gibbons, with its seven millions of membership, is committed to this usurpation of rights. There can no longer be indifference. One cannot withdraw from the state. Its strong arm is over all the land. The rich and the poor alike must obey its mandate. No true American can affirm he has nothing at stake in such a crisis. It won't do to say that tyrannical laws will not be passed. Such laws are already on the statute books, and Freethinkers and Christians alike have been imprisoned in consequence. It is the illusion of some that the republic, like the king, can do no wrong. But in a republic there can be despotism and a disregard of justice, and unless every citizen is instant to note and remove all infringements upon personal liberty, there is danger. If Liberals would devote a little time to these matters they would be aroused to most earnest action, and their voice would be heard.

United action is needed against combined ecclesiastical en-

croachments. The State Convention is for this purpose. It is a call for the maintenance of human rights. It is a call to bring the administration of our government to the simple and sublime principles of the Declaration of Independence. Our platform is a platform of rights. It has no creed of belief or non-belief. However important belief and the understanding of the truth and the triumph of knowledge over ignorance may be, first and foremost, beyond the truth or falsehood of any belief, is the right to hold a belief. Rights transcend beliefs. To believe the right is indeed of infinite moment, but the right to believe is even greater than this, for the right to believe is the shining road to every glorious truth.

The summons is not to the defense of any creed, but to the defense of liberty and justice. If it were merely a matter of creed, Liberals might be justified in a do-nothing policy. One might say, I care not what my neighbor believes. It concerns me not whether he prays good Lord or good devil. I am indifferent to the intellectual and moral condition of others. Each must find truth or error in his own way. Thus the free-and-easy Liberal might declare, and if there were no question of rights at issue there would be no urgency of disapproval. But the richest, the most cultured, the most self-reliant Liberal is under the dominion of the state. Unless he becomes a disembodied spirit he cannot escape this universal power. So long as he has houses and bank stock and a body; so long as he desires work and play; so long as he must eat and drink, and clothe himself; so long as he is in this world, a man among men, he is under the control of the state. He is a citizen in the state. He is subject to the laws of the state. His personal liberty is constantly in jeopardy. He may be selfish in regard to creeds. He may not care to make people wiser or better. But he cannot be careless in regard to rights. If he has the spirit of a man he must stand for his rights. He cannot surrender them. No man can. The most indifferent must defend his rights, or suffer personal degradation.

This is the question of to-day: human rights. When liberty is established truth will win the day, but if liberty is destroyed then truth is lost in the shadows of tyranny.

A bold attempt is being made by the Christians of this land to revolutionize the government—to unite church and state—and under the forms of democracy to make one of the greatest despotisms in the world. The principles of the fathers of the republic, of Washington and Jefferson, are to be repudiated, and it is to be declared that this nation is founded upon the Bible, and only believers in its divine revelation can enjoy the privileges of citizenship.

There is no doubt of a wide-spread conspiracy for the establishment of religious authority. A majority of the people are not in favor of this, but a determined and bigoted minority will sometimes overcome a careless and indifferent majority and practically rule. Measures are often adopted which the best part of the people do not desire. They are lobbied through by the pertinacity and secret workings of religious zeal. The existence of the Salvation Army, the power of the Roman church, the numerous revivals, all proclaim that the spirit of superstition is prevalent, and where there is superstition there are the conditions of tyranny. This tyranny has already lifted its head in the councils of the nation, supported by fifteen millions of the adherents of the church.

There should be no delay, but action at once. The Liberals of California should not be backward in this matter. Already there has been a noble response. Many, however, do not see

the necessity of effort. We urge these to a careful consideration of the tendencies of the time, and to realize that, being citizens, they cannot escape the dangers of citizenship—that they cannot be independent of superstition so long as superstition creeps and crawls and hisses, even in the very Senate of the United States, and makes the laws of the land, and imprisons the advocates of liberty.

To those who have shown an interest in this united action; whose names are signed to the Call, and whose generous support has aided the advance of Freethought, we say, do not let your efforts slacken in this important undertaking. The victory will not be won for years to come. It will never be won unless we agitate, and enlighten the people. We must do our best constantly. The battle for human rights will never end until the whole earth is free from the shadow of superstition.

All Liberals of California and the Coast must, therefore, have a vital interest in the success of these January meetings. Success here is success all along the line. It will give a vast impetus to Liberalism throughout the West, and help organize at other favorable places. In this metropolis the heart-beat of reform will create forces of advance in every direction.

In conclusion, friends will realize that this far-reaching work cannot be done without the sinews of war. It is necessary to secure one of the best halls in the city, and to advertise largely. There are thousands of Liberals to be reached, who can only be reached by widely-scattered notices and newspaper reports. There are no half rates for Liberals. We have to pay for all that we get, and full price. We must attract public attention to our work. We hope that generous donations will still come in. The cost of hall and advertising for these January meetings will be about two hundred dollars, not counting the services of individuals who must devote themselves almost exclusively to this undertaking. The liberality already displayed is an earnest of continued supply, and from now on the enterprise will be vigorously pushed. From all parts of the state the names of Liberals give greeting and promise. Let each contribute what he can to this forward movement, and the banners of Freethought will not "pale their ineffectual fires" when the bloody sceptre of orthodoxy would tower over the flag of the republic.

IN OAKLAND.

There will be a lecture in Oakland by S. P. Putnam next Sunday afternoon, January 13, at 3 o'clock, in Odd Fellow's Hall, corner of Eleventh and Franklin streets. Subject: "Robert Elsmere." Come all. Admission free.

PREMIUMS.

Attention is called to the premiums for new subscribers to FREE-THOUGHT offered on another page. A good many of our friends have worked for the paper and done their best, and have refused all offers of reward in the form of a commission. The premium list of books is enticing; we would like to see a thousand readers take advantage of it.

RENEWALS.

This is the season for renewals, and we are reminded of that fact both by the large number sent in and by the large number that have not as yet reached us. We have had a year's trial before a jury of our patrons. The verdict, which will come in the form of renewals, is due. We trust that the jury will be unanimously in favor of giving us another year.

ABOUT this time, when the bigots are agitating for a Sunday law, there should be a large circulation of Harry Hoover's "Sabbath Imposture." Price 10 cents; fifteen for \$1.

THE MEETINGS.

The series of Liberal meetings at Irving Hall, this city, opened most auspiciously last Sunday evening with the Freethought element of San Francisco represented by a large and warmly enthusiastic audience. Contributions to the expenses of the work now amount to \$80.75, donated as follows:

A. J. M. Campbell.....	\$10 00	K. Parker.....	\$1 00
W. F. Eddy.....	5 00	John Robinett.....	1 00
O. T. Davis.....	5 00	J. Robertson.....	1 00
A. Debarry.....	5 00	Eugene Hough.....	1 00
Robert Gunther.....	3 00	A friend.....	1 00
Ed. Wegner.....	3 00	Samos Parsons.....	1 00
H. E. Palanca.....	3 00	Henry Kline.....	1 00
L. and R. Kaiser.....	2 00	E. M. Hansson.....	1 00
Wm. Noble.....	2 00	H. F. Evans.....	1 00
A. Derming.....	2 00	Mrs. P. Van-Hoeter.....	1 00
Philip Cowen.....	1 00	A. J. Andersen.....	1 00
H. Replogle.....	1 00	Henry Kaiser.....	1 00
Charles Kaiser.....	1 00	A. H. Schou.....	1 00
Mrs. Rebecca Kaiser.....	1 00	B. B. Rockwood.....	1 00
A. friend.....	1 00	A. L.....	1 00
Frank Butler.....	1 00	Mrs. R. Palanca.....	1 00
Thos. Lee.....	1 00	Gustave Palanca.....	1 00
A. Imbach.....	1 00	Jacob Makins.....	1 00
Alex. Hauser.....	1 00	J. H. Fritschi.....	1 00
R. Butterfield.....	1 00	A. B. Burns.....	1 00
W. C. Lyon.....	1 00	G. W. Parker.....	1 00
R. W. Barcooft.....	1 00	Herman Fry.....	1 00
F. H. Schaedin.....	50	J. E. Clark.....	1 00
H. Freichler.....	50	N. D. Goodell.....	1 00
C. S. Zejenwaldt.....	50	Jacob Schmid.....	50
A. friend.....	50	A. friend.....	50
Cash.....	50	A. friend.....	50
G. Willmunder.....	50	F. Woodward.....	25

Next Sunday evening, January 13, "Evolution and Creation."

We have recieved many inquiries and some orders for the Ingersoll-Gladstone discussion in book form. The discussion has not yet appeared as a book, but undoubtedly will at an early day, when we shall be able to furnish it and to fill deferred orders.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD's philosophical novel, "Robert Elsmere," which so disturbed the orthodoxy of Mr. Gladstone, and which still continues to give the clergy great uneasiness, may be ordered from this office. Price 50 cents; 665 pp.

It is rather remarkable that the publications in this city calling themselves newspapers should have known nothing about the lecture at Irving Hall last Sunday night. It is explainable only on the theory that reporters who were not at some prize fight were attending the Moody revival.

"ROMAN RULE AND RUIN," the series of articles on the history or the Catholic church, by Z. Shed, which recently appeared in FREETHOUGHT, is now issued in pamphlet form, together with the poem, "Our Father in Heaven," by Charles Stephenson. The price of the pamphlet is ten cents; four for 25 cents; ten for 45 cents; twenty-five for \$1.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK, of New York, secretary of the Vice society, has got himself into hot water. Last week he caused the arrest of a saloon-keeper named Gus Junker, for violating the law against lotteries. Junker had two marine views exposed in his saloon, and was about to raffle them for the benefit of Joseph Sellner, who recently lost two children, whose wife is dying, and who is in destitute circumstances. Junker explained that he would not make a cent by the raffle, but that it was simply an act of charity, but Comstock insisted upon his arrest and that of his barkeeper. Justice Ford paroled the prisoners. The Germans are denouncing Comstock, Junker being president of one of their large societies.

MRS. MATTIE P. KREKEL, of Kansas City, Mo., has entered the Liberal lecture field. Mrs. Krekel is one of the ablest women in this country, and is capable of doing a vast amount of good work. Liberals anywhere who engage her for lectures will have their highest expectations more than fulfilled. Address Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel, 1101 Charlotte street, Kansas City, Mo., for subjects and terms.

THE Greek church in this city, of which our correspondent, Brother Vladimir, is bishop, celebrated last Sunday, the 6th, as Christmas, and next Sunday will be observed as New Year's. Greek Catholics, by retaining the Old Style calendar, are nearly two weeks behind the age, but their Christmas has the same origin as that of other sects. It commemorates the resurrection of Baldur, the Scandinavian sun-god.

MADAM DISS DEBAR, of New York, recently released from prison, whither she was sent for obtaining money under false pretenses, now announces that she will lecture with Archbishop Corrigan as her patron. Her claim to the friendship of the archbishop is denied by Catholics, but it seems unfortunate that so harmonious a combination should be broken. The madam and the prelate are both in the same line of business.

It is charged by Freethinkers that the reason why people remain Christians is because they never reflect upon the subject of their faith. That view is now confirmed by the Rev. Joseph Sasia, of this city. In his sermon last Sunday he stated that Catholics continue faithful because they "do not fall into the pernicious habit of forming their own opinions on theological matters, which habit is the main cause for Infidelity."

GERMAN Freethinkers are active. A Freethinking School Society (Der Freisinnige Schulverein) was organized in Chicago last month. Its object for the present is the establishment of secular schools on Sunday. Discarding the Bible as unfit to be put into the hands of children, it proposes to teach as substitutes history, science, and political economy. Similar organizations are perfecting in New York, Milwaukee, and other points, and are the outcome of a resolution passed at the last annual meeting of the Northwestern Turnerbund.

OBSERVATIONS.

Last Sunday evening I had the pleasure of attending a Freethought lecture where I was not called upon to either pass the hat or to put anything into it. My happiness, therefore, was unshadowed. The lecture was delivered by Putnam, at Irving Hall, before an audience of some three hundred persons—the largest that he has ever addressed in this city, excepting at the Paine celebration. Putnam lectured in Oakland Sunday afternoon. I did not attend, and he is at this time engaged in writing a report of the same in his usual able style, which appears elsewhere. Before entering the hall I spent a few moments gazing pensively upon the large pink posters attached to the bulletin boards, whereon I had previously engrossed the date and hour of the lecture. Then I went in. A gentleman on the stage was drawing a stream of melody from a violin, down which went floating musical bubbles from the piano, played by a lady. Applause greeted the overture. Mr. Schou introduced the orator, and there was more applause, in which I joined to some extent myself. Mr. Putnam spoke on "The Bible and Modern Thought." The audience appeared to be much entertained. Only one man, an old settler, dropped asleep, but when the orator casually referred to the great city of San Francisco, he aroused himself long enough to applaud, and then reposed again as he had previously done.

It would be outside the province of these Observations to report the lecture, except to say that it went off most successfully.

I used to like to hear Putnam lecture years ago in Science Hall, New York, when he first left the pulpit, and since that period he has been adding new features to his oratory, and has picked up many scientific facts that have developed during the intervening time, so that, as a lecturer, he excites my admiration now rather more than he did then. To those who want to hear a good discourse I can conscientiously recommend this young man. The foregoing notice is unsolicited and written without hope or promise of reward. Otherwise, it would be much more glowing.

Not the least attractive part of these meetings is the splendid vocal and instrumental music furnished by Mrs. L. Rutter and Mrs. S. Cook, and Messrs. Priore, Stout, Ely, and Cook.

The lecture was so good and sound, and closed with poetry so grand, that many persons gathered round to grasp the speaker by the hand; who on each one beamed bland and bright, and took occasion to explain that on the following Sunday night he hoped to beam on them again.

A letter has just reached me from a valued subscriber in Salt Lake City, which gives an account of some lectures that have just been delivered there by a man who professes Liberalism; who was engaged by the Liberals of Salt Lake City, last year, to speak for them. He was there last year, and gave general dissatisfaction. On his return recently he came quietly, as though fearful that his footfalls might arouse unpleasant memories. The correspondent writes sadly that the professed Liberal lecturer is the same as at his first visit; that he heaps obloquy and contempt upon those who fail to see beauty in his primitive methods. Nothing pleased him. Not only the churches, but the press and the Liberal element of the city fell under the lash of his vindictive tongue. And in return the churches despised him, the press ridiculed him, the Liberals renounced him, and there was none so poor to do him reverence. In years past I have heard this man spoken of as an able orator, and as a man capable of doing great good for Liberalism, being witty and magnetic, though a trifle coarse and clownish at times. As age fell upon him his wit degenerated to harlequinry, his magnetism dropped from him as a leaf, and now before the public that once admired him he rattles the loosely-articulated skeleton of his former genius. With kindly words his friends admonish him that his glory has departed, but he rejects them and their well-meant services, and in sorrow they leave him to work his own destruction, and their place is filled by the thoughtless and ribald, who, having lost their own respect, have no respect for others. So they come to laugh and jibe at the inanities of the age, the squeak and jibber of senility. The old man hears them and imagines they are laughing with him instead of at him. Egged on by their applause, his eccentricities increase. He descends to coarseness; they laugh louder, and he becomes vulgar. But one of his former traits remains. He still enjoys the clink of coin, and his avarice drives from him the last friend who overlooked all else. In early days a preacher, the intolerance born of bigotry now reappears. Insufferable in his egotism, impatient of criticism, wise in his own conceit, with misdirected zeal he makes enemies of former friends, and makes them the enemies of one another. Illiterate to the verge of ignorance, incapable of a deep thought or a pure one, given to tattling, gossiping, and misrepresentation that amounts to lying, he stands as a sad example of reversion from the higher type of a Liberal to the lower one of an irresponsible ranter. I do not give his name; let that stand for the respect which it once inspired. Let his later days and the ill he seeks to do go into oblivion with the memory of his vanished worth.

There are not many pieces of literary work of rarer value than that performed by the collocutor of the article in the "Truth Seeker Annual" entitled "Ingersoll and Shakspeare." The article is not signed, but I can think of no one likely to be its author except a young man named W. L. Colby, who has been in the Truth Seeker office, off and on, for the past eight or ten years. Colby and I went to school together in Westmoreland, N. H., in the winter of 1874. He was about a dozen years old, and had more devilry in him on week days and more piety on Sunday than any other boy I ever saw. His sanctimonious countenance, as he marched up the road to the white

meeting-house, with a Sunday-school book in his hand, was altogether too angelic for a sinful world like this. It was strange that he should have been suspected of participation in all the cussedness going on in the neighborhood, but such was the fact, as I state with regret. At school he was not the teacher's favorite scholar. He had a faculty of absorbing his lessons at a glance, and when not glancing he cut monkey-shines. He had nothing to do but know as much as the teacher did, and that was too easy. He longed for diversion, and he found it in all the absurd devices known to Satan. Suspicion fell upon him, but never conviction. His face, when the teacher's eye rested upon it, wore a Sunday-school expression, beatific as the divinely illumined countenance of a cherub. He had a big head, a slim neck, loose joints, and dangling arms and hands.

Colby went from Westmoreland to Virginia, where he picked up a little knowledge of type-setting, and then came to the Truth Seeker office. He developed the highest skill as a compositor, investigated proofreading and mastered it, got to be a book worm, and made literature a midnight study. He has many peculiarities; writes "backhanded," with pen pointing toward his left elbow, begins the writing of figures on the line and proceeds upward, wears a seven and three-eighths hat, weighs above two hundred pounds, holds Socialistic views, and carries an encyclopedia of booklore in his head. If he possesses the faculty of utilizing the proceeds of his study, he may enrich our literature with much pleasing and instructive work.

It is the almost unanimous verdict among the contributors to the "Annual" Symposium, that Liberals should organize. It strikes me as strange, though, that no one proposes two organizations—one for the workers and another for the kickers. The latter have been active if not effective. They appear to agree that any organization not run by themselves has no right to exist, and if they are sincere in their convictions they certainly ought to reap what benefit they can from co-operation and united effort. There is one distinguished lecturer who holds that apart from its officers, its members, and its supporters, the Secular Union is a "sham." He should proceed at once to form a society which, without any of these, would still remain a powerful organization. Such a society, having no head, collecting no funds, and doing nothing, would not alone be above reproach, but it would solve the ontological problem of "pure being." Let the kickers organize. The fun would be worth double what the expense would amount to. M.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Moody is in town.—It is said that Mr. Murchison, of Pomona, will go to Washington to attend the inauguration services and be introduced to Mr. Harrison.—Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco officiated in a Paris church last Sunday.—The completion of the branch line called the Oregon and Washington Territory Railroad from the main stem of the Northern Pacific road at Wallula to Walla Walla places the splendid bluestone wheat section of Walla Walla in direct traffic with Puget sound at Tacoma.—The term of Judge Jas. G. Maguire closed on the 5th. Several attorneys who have been practicing in his court gave him a pleasant reception and a handsome gold watch.—The Rev. Andrew Wood, of Los Angeles, is defendant in a divorce suit, his wife charging cruelty and adultery.—It is understood that \$800,000 is to be appropriated for a new post-office site in San Francisco.—Seventy-five delegates attended the state convention at Ellensburg, W. T., Jan. 3. Ex-Governor Watson C. Squire presided. A long petition was adopted praying Congress especially to admit Washington with the Idaho panhandle annexed. The petition sets forth that the people in the territory are fully prepared and willing to shoulder the responsibility of statehood, having a population of 240,000, a gain of 180,000 in eight years.—Last Monday morning at 5 o'clock dynamite was exploded under the house of George Bodayla at Gilman, W. T. Two men stopping in the house, friends of Bodayla, were instantly killed. A little daughter of Bodayla died in an hour from her injuries. Both of Bodayla's legs were broken. Mrs. Bodayla received fatal injuries. At 1:30 P.M. the

criminal was lynched.—The California legislature convened on the 7th.

Mrs. Parsons, the Anarchist, spoke again in Chicago last Sunday, and was not molested.—A circular addressed to the Knights of Labor throughout the country and signed by James L. Wright, R. L. Keen, R. C. McCauley, and Joseph S. Kennedy has just been issued. The signers style themselves the "surviving founders of the secret order of the Knights of Labor," and state that after due deliberation they have come to the conclusion that under the present autocratic form of government the order has departed from the original designs.—Springer of Illinois, in the House last Saturday, introduced a joint resolution proposing a constitutional amendment, authorizing Congress to make a uniform law of marriage and divorce. It was referred to a committee.—The steamboat Paris C. Brown was sunk in the Mississippi on Saturday night and eight lives lost.—Mrs. Delia Parnell, the mother of the Irish agitator, has deeded her home in Bordertown, N. J., to her son.—The Rev. J. U. Sing, a Chinaman, has created a scandal in the Central Congregational church of Brooklyn, N. Y., by marrying a white girl. It is said that he has a Chinese wife.—Clark Silvers fired a charge of buckshot into a band of "White Caps" at Gold Run, Ohio, a few nights ago. His example is regarded as worthy of emulation.—A "fasting girl" humbug has turned up at Lewistown, Me. It is claimed that she has not eaten anything for seven years.—The Rev. F. Israel, pastor of a Unitarian church in Salem, Mass., committed suicide by cutting his throat.—The electric sugar refining scheme turns out to be a gigantic fraud. Sugar men everywhere were swindled.—The Chicago police have sued the Times newspaper for libel. The Times says they have acted as a fence for thieves.—The New York courts have refused Madam Diss Debar the custody of her children.

While Gladstone was in Rome recently he called upon the pope, who, he says, is personally very near to his heart.—Cardinal Manning has prepared an exhaustive paper on the American public school system. He strongly favors parental, as opposed to public school control.—A new Panama canal company is being formed.—The king of the Netherlands is reported to be dying.

ONE DIES EVERY SECOND.

New York Mail and Express.

Here are some interesting facts about the people who compose the population of the world:

There are 3,064 languages in the world, and its inhabitants profess more than 1,000 religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of life is about thirty-three years. One-quarter die previous to the age of seventeen. To every 1,000 persons only one reaches 100 years of life, says the Golden Argosy. To every 100 only six reach the age of sixty-five, and not more than one in 500 lives to eighty years of age.

There are on earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants; of these 33,033,033 die every year; 91,824 every day, 3,730 every hour and 60 every minute, one every second.

The married are longer-lived than the single, and, above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to fifty years of age than men have, but fewer afterward.

The number of marriages is in the proportion of 75 to every 1,000 individuals. Marriages are more frequent after equinoxes—that is, during the months of June and December.

Those born in spring are generally of a more robust constitution than others. Births are more frequent by night than by day, also deaths.

The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.

Fear not in any tongue to call
Upon the Lord—he knoweth all.
But if he answereth my plea
He speaketh one unknown to me.

—AMBROSE BIERCE.

THE PUTNAM-CAMPBELL DISCUSSION.

The discussion between S. P. Putnam and the Rev. J. A. Campbell at this place (North Yamhill, Or.) lasted two nights. The first night Mr. Putnam spoke for an hour on the Nine Demands of Liberalism, showing plainly to any candid mind the gross injustice of the non-taxation of church property, the tyranny of Sabbath laws, the unfairness of putting the Bible in the public schools, of the government employing chaplains in the army, navy, and senate, and the decree for fast and thanksgiving days. The speaker showed in a clear and logical manner that the law is force, and that thus to compel the Freethinkers, Jews, and non-believers to help support these theological institutions is a palpable wrong; that it was in a manner uniting church and state, which is a violation of the Constitution of the United States. The folly of administering the oath in courts and other places was explained.

J. A. Campbell followed, and for nearly an hour leveled his theological gun (a loud-mouthed piece) at the Freethought camp. When the smoke cleared away could be seen the Freethought lines standing out in bold relief, not a line broken nor a life lost. The shot aimed at Colonel Ingersoll went hissing and crashing through the rank and file of the army of the church. Then Mr. Putnam closed with twenty minutes time, in which he spiked the theological gun. There was nothing to do but to reinforce his previous remarks, as his opponent had missed the mark, having wandered from the subject under discussion. The argument was clinched. Freethought gained a victory.

The second night Mr. Campbell led off for an hour in defense of the divinity of the Bible and the Sabbath. He said the Sabbath, the passover, and circumcision were monumental institutions, and attempted to show that Jehovah had the management of the whole affair, and that the Bible is a revelation from God. Then came Mr. Putnam with a reply, showing that of some of the books of the Bible the authors were not known; that none of the books of the Bible were written earlier than eight hundred years before Jesus Christ lived; that Moses lived some fifteen hundred years before Christ; that for the seven hundred years previous to the writing of the books there was nothing but tradition—stories—consequently the Bible cannot be relied upon. He said matter and motion were eternal, that all matter was in motion. History and science did not support the Bible. The four gospels were written so long after the life and death of Christ that there was but little reliance to be placed in them. The Bible contradicts itself; there are two Sabbaths and two modes of being saved. Could any Christian be found who would sell all that he had and give it to the poor? He showed the impropriety of some of Christ's teachings, and demonstrated that the axioms and teachings of Freethought were far superior.

Then followed Mr. Campbell with a reply of twenty minutes, in which he used such words as "false," "ignorance," and other unpleasant expressions. Mr. Putnam used no such language. He acted the perfect gentleman. Mr. Campbell, after using all the time allotted to him in ineffectual argument, stated that he could read page upon page of history corroborating what is said of Christ in the Bible, if he had the time. He evidently said this to mislead, or why did he not read it while he was denying that matter was always in motion? He said that matter was sometimes at rest, which, he said, was called "inertia." Does not the reverend gentleman know also that when matter is in motion, to continue so is called inertia? Does he not know that when Mr. Putnam stated that the stand, the diamond, was in motion he did not mean motion through space, but motion of the particles composing them? Does he not know that matter is constantly changing? Does he not know that this is effected by the moving of particles? What is there that will forever resist the tooth of time?

Large and attentive audiences were present. The writer believes that the discussion, together with the Freethought literature sold, going into many homes where it has not gone before, will be the means of doing much good. One more victory for mental liberty!

G. R. HIGGINS.

North Yamhill Oregon.

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

R. B. WESTBROOK, LL.D., PRESIDENT.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary.....241 Wash. Boulevard, Chicago
OTTO WETSTEIN, Treasurer.....Rochelle, Ill.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com.....120 Lexington ave., New York
MATTIE A. FREEMAN, Chair. Fin. Com., 241 Wash. Boulevard, Chicago.

CALL FOR A STATE LIBERAL ORGANIZATION.

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall be no longer exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in state legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and in all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the president of the United States or by the governors of the various states, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that the simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality, as such, shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several states, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely Secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

The undersigned citizens of California, realizing that the safety of Republican institutions is imperiled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed by the least interference of the State in matters of religion, and believing, with the Founders of the Republic, that "Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty," hereby invite the Freethinkers and Liberals of California to meet in Convention at Irving Hall, San Francisco, Sunday, January 27, 1889, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of forming an Auxiliary Association of the American Secular Union, to help secure throughout the country practical compliance with the above Demands of Liberalism:

[The following 200 names have been received in addition to the 450 published last week.]

N D Goodell,	William Stephens,	H M Welcome,
F H Schardin,	Sam'l Chapman,	John Mayer,
H Freichler,	A Davis,	John Williams,
R Butterfield,	Otto A Bartkalez,	G A Courvoisier,
Jacob Schmid,	G W Parker,	H Taft,
C S Zejenwaldt,	L S Geitner,	Adam Hahn,
F Woodward,	S J Howard,	S Cannon,
A B Burnz,	Mrs Howard,	August Mueller,
G Willmunder,	D L Howard,	Charles Kurtz,
Ed Lemme,	H M Elliott,	A Styger,
Aielmo Schroeder,	Robert Stuart,	Chas Hamf,
Herman Herzog,	Frank G Hawk,	H Bustorf,
Hugo Schroeder,	Mrs H A Williams,	H Nickel,
J C Schroeder,	Charles B Howk,	Wm Strobach,
I F Parker,	Mrs S E Brown,	Hermann Kuerzi,
Herman J Axt,	W P Byler,	Josef Wesely,
Charles Ruthard,	Mrs Mary E Byler,	Adolph Wahl,
J B Dreyer,	Lucie Byler,	Michael Mantel,
J Perroult,	J E Byler,	John Gilcher,
Chas Bittoef,	Jane A Harron,	Ernst Reith,
Carl Brandt,	J J Harron,	August Luetge,
Geo Schroder,	Mrs Anna Maurer,	Ludwick Bobkiewicz,
Bruno Gladewitz,	Mrs M H Brown,	Oscar Bach,
Albert Harriman,	R W S Briggs,	W Neergard,
Julius Harriman,	Capt A A Stout,	John Ness,
John Zens,	Mrs F B Stout,	Henry Zi.b s,
	A P Bouton,	F Brudlewsky,
	Mrs L B Browne,	Ernst Jacob,
	S Byron Welcome,	A Schau,

Max Schau,	P Miller,	C T Taylor,
E Kanein,	F W Gayetty,	Ed Wegner,
Herman Nahl,	C E Shattuck,	Chas Brosin,
John Kuhlke,	H Y Burton,	John Dumbacher,
Herm Hahn,	John McGlashan,	John A Losee,
John Juergensen,	John Mewhinney,	W V Wilson,
Felix Juettnez,	John Leonard,	F Raschess,
Fred Barnewitz,	Dr C Crouch,	O W Brown, Jr.,
J Fetsch,	George Whitehorn,	F Ehrlich,
Thomas N Cowen,	R F Gilmor,	Julias Fochette,
A M Caswell,	Geo H Beck,	R B Lyon,
J H Simpson,	C H Whitten,	L B Lawrence,
J L Baisley,	I D Card,	James A. Albertson,
C B Langdon,	J D Hillman,	Chas A Bonesteel, M.D.
Fred Schmidt,	W S Evans,	Cameron Knight,
F Michelsen,	W K Lucas,	J P Boan,
A H Hoyt,	J W Hendrix,	C G Ferguson,
Henry Stipp,	Geo W Stant,	W C Lyon,
Owen T Davies,	V McClellan,	H L Knight,
Geo E Duden,	E S Arms,	R W Barcroft,
Peter Heseles,	John Henry Schefer,	A W Brooks,
Ben Steinauer,	Jacob Heger,	Wm I Thomas,
H Weale,	Mich Farkas,	L Giles,
M Knubel,	J H Donohoe,	Thos H Branson,
Chas F Weisman,	Wm Proudfoot,	Robert Arthur,
D M Bishop,	J R Johnson,	M S Merino,
John M Davis,	S H Hibbs,	C O Brown,
Samuel H Pugh,	S H Christie,	C A Pierson,
Wm Fey,	I Gobbi,	J B Littlejohn,
W O Davis,	John Eastwood,	Geo Chittenden,
Frank McCormick,	R M Jones,	E F Sylvester,
John Driscoll,	Wm Press,	R H Bliss,
Phillip Miller,	A E Sherwood,	John Wm Smith,
L B Dalliff,	H H Mitchell,	Mrs M E Rich,
R B Maxfield,	A J Seward,	Miss C A Smith,
T L Lewis,	A R Redemyer,	I P Mundy,
A Briggs,	C A Hull,	

ANOTHER SECULAR UNION VICTORY.

Three years ago Samuel P. Putnam, as secretary of the American Secular Union, led a gallant fight against the trustees of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art and Natural History, for the opening of that institution on Sunday, and the interest then awakened has never slumbered; and although the smoke of battle passed away and the enemy's position seemed well-nigh impregnable, time has proved that Putnam's artillery was so well directed that it has finally compelled his opponents to surrender, so far as to allow the museum to be open from 12 to 6 on Sundays. This is a boon for which the toilers of New York should sincerely thank the American Secular Union.

STATISTICS AND CRIME.

As our government goes to the expense of gathering statistics upon which it is presumed legislation may be based, and as the United States census is about to be taken, we hope that some questions may be inserted which will accurately give the influence of theologic training. For instance, that criminals shall answer as to whether they had religious training and of what character. Then it would be easy enough to show that the institutions which furnish pro rata to the population the largest amount of criminals could not well claim exemption from just taxation of their property on the ground of their moral influence. Can't some of our friends move in this matter?

We had a very brilliant lecture Sunday evening from the former principal of the high school, now a young attorney, P. J. O'Shea, and the Herald admits it was the most brilliant defense of that secular institution—the Sunday paper—yet given. The Tribune seems to have given only his most conservative utterances, though none of the papers gave his best, for he went extensively into the question of ecclesiastical persecution and spared none. The Tribune says:

Attorney P. J. O'Shea lectured on the Sunday newspaper at a largely attended meeting of the Secular Union. In course of his remarks the speaker said: "In the publication of a newspaper not only are there copyright fees but the paper is taxed about 33 per cent of its value; those metals that so largely enter into the manufacture of the paper as high as 40 per cent, and the ink with which they are printed 20 per cent of its value. Surely, if an institution like the church escapes the just burdens of taxation, because, as alleged, it teaches men to be moral, what will be said of the Sunday newspaper? The American newspaper—chaste, bold, honest, able, affectionate, impatient of restraint, its myriad hands extending not indeed over our northern continent alone,

and unifying it, but including the whole planet, and even penetrating the abysses of the infinite in its efforts to satisfy the great mind of man. With its stories, its poetry, its humor, bringing gladness wherever it goes. In its criminal department warning us by the experience of others of the dreadful consequences of crime or of ill-advised marriages. In its political department showing the citizen his duty to his country, but in all its pages contributing to the happiness and well-being of society. Its moral teachings have superseded those of the pulpit. It sways the people not indeed with tortures and persecutions and burnings, but through the spirit of rationalism. It instructs the politicians and statesmen, and warns them that 'behind the apparent custodians the real custodians, the people stand, menacing, silent.' I may well say of the Sunday newspaper that he who carefully reads it avoids the saloon, the gambling-house. Surely, then, if any institution in the country should escape its share of the public burden of taxation it is the press. When the question was asked by the Roman governor in reference to Jesus: 'Why, what evil hath he done?' the Jewish ministers cried out the more, saying, 'Let him be destroyed,' and when the question is asked, 'What evil hath the Sunday newspaper done?' the Chicago ministers have no reply to make but 'Away with it; away with it. Let it be destroyed.'

At the conclusion of the lecture resolutions upholding the Sunday newspaper were unanimously adopted.

Chicago.

E. A. STEVENS.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

W C Smith, South Corinth, N. Y.	\$23 00
Samuel D Moore, Adrian, Mich.	20 00
John D Powers, Woodstock, Vt.	15 00
Owen Thomas Davies, Brighton, Cal.	10 00
W H Pepper.	10 00
J D Shaw, by pamphlets, etc.	6 50
A F Neunert, Portland, Or.	6 00
San Jose Secular Union, per Mrs. R H Swartz.	5 00
James Wardwell, Emmetts, Idaho	5 00
A G Church,	5 00
L D Gill,	5 00
Y R Mann,	5 00
John I Merzie,	5 00
Aaron Davis, Frederick, Md.	5 00
T J Conley, Limekiln, Cal.	5 00
B B Rockwood, San Pasqual, Cal.	5 00
Chas de La Baume, Uintah, Utah.	5 00
Joseph Lee, Fresno, Cal.	3 00
Simeon Russell, Volo, Ill.	2 50
Chas Tiffany, Volo, Ill.	2 00
Wm C Howard, Volo, Ill.	1 50
John Corbet, Minneapolis.	2 00
W O Williams, Tooele City, Utah	2 00
Henry McElsander, Eagle Creek, Ore.	2 00
Katie Kehm, Ottumwa, Ia.	1 00
John Jost, Ogden, Utah	1 00
Chas Crane, Kanosh, Utah.	1 00
John Leitch, Mazo Manie, Wis.	1 00
Luke Wm Gallup, Westminster, Cal.	1 00
S Brewer, Ithaca, N Y, \$1; A D Cornwell, Bristol, Wis, \$1; J. A Geeting, McKeesport, Pa, \$1.	

Brother Smith's is the kind of an epistle from a Corinthian we are most happy to receive, believing that it is more worthy to be incorporated in the grand gospels of common sense than both o. Paul's, giving evidence of a gentleman of culture, a student of history on whom the lesson is not lost, and a Liberal of broad ideas of nature and humanity.

My good friend Moore, a sturdy Secularist, whose 76 eventful yet triumphant years have not cooled his ardor for liberty, for his brain is as clear and his heart responds as patriotically as when championing the anti-slavery cause, enrolls among Americans who do not propose to be ruled and duped by myths and dreams. Brother Moore is delighted with the work we are doing and propose to do, and renews his stock in the organization, which in his estimation is completing the true foundation of American freedom.

John D. Powers stands as firm as the granite hills of Vermont for secular liberty, and though surrounded by superstition, can be depended on to keep our banner bright, and did not forget the American Secular Union when sending for his holiday presents to our treasurer-jeweler of Rochelle, Brother Wettstein.

Owen Thos. Davies is another life member who openly maintains his Liberal convictions, and more—much more—sustains them too. Living in that beautiful garden of the world seems to lure men from the solemn absurdities of the past, and they become ardent soldiers under the flag of mental liberty. The name reminds us forcibly of

"Arthur and Merlin of yore,
Of Griffith and Conan and Owen Glendour;"

for it is of decidedly Welsh flavor, and if he possesses the sterling characteristics of that race, we can have no more essential ally.

Brother Pepper has kept his nurseries for thirty years in Petaluma, and the name and occupation are suggestive of buds and blossom, of luxurious flowers and fruit-laden vines, and when to this is added that inimitable climate which we hear so much about, what wonder that the genial spirit of freedom asserts itself where intellect abides.

From the sparkling Southern orator and brave Texan Secularist, J. D. Shaw, of Waco, we have received a contribution of \$5 worth of his able pamphlets: "The Bible—What is it?" "The Divinity of Christ," "Studies in Theology," "A Myth Exposed," and a renewal of our subscription to the Independent Pulpit, which is booming the Secular Campaign as a political movement, and grows brighter every issue. May Brother Shaw live long and prosper is the sincere desire of the secretary.

From Portland friend Neunert sends generous words and practical help. He is a stalwart iconoclast who is ever ready to stand by our colors.

The first contribution from any Union to the present secretary was, I believe, received from San Jose, and we have a tender regard for this active host because of their confidence and esteem.

Emmetts is fortunate, for Jas. Wardell is enthusiastic; has built a fine hall entirely alone, and will donate it to the Liberals if they will organize and make a success. Wish someone would do that for Chicago. He redeems the pledge of these gentlemen made to his friend Putnam. He says he would give \$100 a year to keep a Liberal lecturer, not a "crank," who would organize in his neighborhood. He says a Liberal crank is worse than a preacher crank. To his generous associates we tender our grateful salutations.

In Frederick, Md., it seems there are still those who, like Barbara Fritchie, possess the pluck to shake the flag in the face of ecclesiastical rebels with brave defiance. However, may

"Peace and order and beauty draw
Round the symbol of light and law,"
And ever the stars in love look down
On Aaron Davis of Fredericktown.

Brother Conley is the kind of a man from which heroes are made. He says: "We have a hard fight for our rights. They may take our lives, but our liberty—never!"

A brave standard-bearer is Brother Rockwood of San Pasqual. He is willing to bear the brunt of the battle, and there will be no retreat at that point.

Utah is looming up for mental liberty, and Charles de La Baume is a courageous captain of our struggling band.

Fresno's active Freethinker is Joseph Lee, who does not propose to give up to ministerial dictation.

Brother Howard is the inspiration of the splendid trinity at Volo, Ill., who sent \$6 as a new year's gift for the secretary. They will forgive me if I turn it into the fund, I know. My sincere salutation to this right royal trio.

Friend Corbet is anxiously watching the progress of mental freedom; is a great reader and a deep thinker. He is a true Liberal.

W. O. Williams is enthusiastic for reform, and will keep our secular flag floating.

Henry McElsander, of Eagle Creek, is willing to pull against the stream, whether the current is favorable or not.

Katie Kehm is the brilliant young pagan school "marm" of Iowa, who may soon enter the lecture field, and would be sure to win fame, if not fortune.

Our philosophic friend Jost is our earnest sentinel at Ogden, whose work evidences the higher inspiration—humanity.

The president of the Utah Wool Growers' Association, Chas. Crane, takes no stock in the Lamb's book of life.

Brother Leitch is a worthy worker, who puts his shoulder to the wheel in his Wisconsin community.

Luke Wm. Gallup, another golden state Secularist, sends words of cheer and financial aid.

S. Brewer is a careful student who forwards \$1 for the Girard fund.

A. D. Cornwell, of Bristol, is one we are glad to greet. He is not afraid to express his opinions. An honest man we always welcome.

Brother Geeting's new home is McKeesport. He was our active representative at Washington, Ind.

To all our friends a Happy New Year. E. A. STEVENS.
Chicago, January 1, 1889.

THAT RELIGIOUS AMENDMENT.

Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, says the Chronicle, has presented an amendment to the Federal Constitution, concerning the establishment of a national educational system, the provisions of which are briefly as follows:

Section One provides that no state shall ever make or maintain any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.

Section Two makes it obligatory on every state to establish and maintain a system of free public schools for the education of children "in the common branches of knowledge, and in virtue, morality, and the principles of the Christian religion," but with an inhibition against the teaching of sectarian tenets, beliefs, ceremonies, or observances.

Section Three provides that the United States shall guarantee to every state the support and maintenance of such a system of free schools as is provided for in the previous sections; and Section Four provides that Congress shall enforce the amendment by legislation when necessary.

It will be apparent that the proposed amendment is at variance with the spirit, at least, of the existing First Amendment to the Constitution, which declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion." Undoubtedly the purpose of that amendment was to forbid any such union of church and state as has obtained in Great Britain and other countries, and the Blair amendment does not, in terms, interfere with it; but can it be denied that it seeks to do indirectly what cannot be done directly under the Constitution? Where an article of the organic law provides that a certain thing shall be taught in the common schools of every state in the Union, is it not a mere evasion to say that it is not an establishment of that particular thing by authority of law?

Suppose, for example, that the Constitution forbade the recognition by the state of the laws of mathematics. Would not an amendment which directed that the multiplication table be taught in every common school in the land, at the same time pledging the United States to the support and maintenance of such schools, be a repeal, or at any rate a palpable evasion, of the prohibition against mathematics?

Without seeking to enter upon any polemical discussion, it is beyond controversy that the "principles of the Christian religion" must involve the divinity of Christ; for so far as the purely ethical doctrines are concerned, they are common, to a greater or less degree, to all religions; and may, indeed, be found in certain philosophical systems which lay no claim to being considered religions at all. Senator Blair, then, would have every common school in the United States teach children between the ages of six and sixteen that Christ was divine. But if this be done, how can the conclusion be avoided that the United States has adopted a state religion? and what becomes of the rights of those of her citizens who believe otherwise?

The question is a serious one and it cannot be left for decision solely to those who already believe in the Christian religion. They have, under the law, every right to believe; but their neighbors, who may be fire worshipers, or Mohammedans, or Agnostics, have, under the same law, an equal right to disbelieve; and the question is, whether it is consistent with the idea of a government which has always disavowed any union between church and state to insist that all the children of the nation shall be instructed in the principles of any religion, no matter what its intrinsic value or claims upon the world may be. Virtue and morality are one thing, the principles of the Christian religion another; and it behooves us to pause and reflect before we consent to such an innovation in legislation as the Blair amendment proposes.

NEW YORK LETTER.

There is evidently a race between our papers to print the most pages on Sunday. The Tribune, on Monday morning, claimed that it published the equal of 150 to 155 columns to the World 130; the Times, 104; the Herald, 100; the Sun, 110. Horace Greeley never boasted of the quantity in his paper; his pride was in its strength of ideas, its purity of diction, its cleanness. A lesser man multiplies its columns and dilutes its quality. The elder Bennett would spend thousands of dollars to give his readers the earliest news. In this he was boastful, but he never uttered a word about the size of the Herald. Raymond was careful of the quality of the Times; he never gave a thought about the quantity. To-day we get an increase in quantity at the expense of the quality. When the two Jews came from the West to this city, the one starting the Journal, the other buying the World, they introduced unclean journalism into our papers. The cleanness of our papers has in a great measure departed. The Post and the Times are as clean as a hound's tooth. Thousands of fathers will not allow the Journal, World, or Herald to enter their homes, fearing some nasty tale will meet the eyes of their children. Even "the Tribune, founded by Horace Greeley," is not entirely free from such nastiness. During the divorce suit of Colin Campbell, it printed a letter from Lady Colin to her husband, which was unfit for publication. It was the wounded cry of a girl who found herself wedded to a man whom decency ought to have forbidden to marry. From wife to husband it was proper enough; but to the world it was otherwise—it was filthy. The avidity with which the Journal and World are read by our dudes and sewing-girls is alarming for our morals. We notice you are going to increase the size of FREETHOUGHT; we hope not at the expense of its quality. The glory of our press long since passed away. In place of Horace Greeley we have Whitelaw Reid; in place of William Cullen Bryant we have Godkin and Horace White; in place of Manton Marble and Hurlbut, we have a Hungarian Jew; in place of Raymond, Geo. Jones; in place of James Gordon Bennett, the late Rev. Hepworth. All gone except Charles H. Dana, and with them the strength, potency, and influence of the papers they founded and made powerful.

One of the heroes of the war has just died—Col. Chas. Custer. At the outbreak of the war he entered the Seventh, and with it went to the front as a private. On his return home he was appointed a lieutenant in the regular army, and served through the Peninsular campaign; then Gov. Morgan appointed him colonel of the 134th New York regiment. At the age of 22 he commanded a brigade at Gettysburg. He was as genial as brave, a favorite with all.

Father Hecker—the founder of the Paulist fathers—was one of the best men that ever trod our streets. His goodness was proverbial. He was a brother of the Heckers, the millers. He built up a large church on the west side, and did immense good among the people of his faith. We honor the man, although we do not accept his theology.

Mrs. James Brown Potter is at Palmer's, late Wallack's. A crowded house greeted her. The papers are still hostile to her; they see little merit in her work. They may be right, but thus far they have not been able to convince the public. As an amateur she was pronounced a success. Why, the moment she became a professional, did she lose her cunning? The swells of New York stand by her, and snap their fingers in the faces of the critics.

There has been quite a little spurt in stocks the past few days, based on a rumored settlement of the rate war in the Northwest. The officers of those roads are said to be speculators per se. If they have agreed to stop this fight there will be a further advance in prices.

Christmas Day was a delightful one, as balmy as a day in October.

New York, Dec. 30, 1888.

EUDORUS.

COUNTRY minister—"Little boy, what will your father say to your fishing Sunday?" Little boy—"If you kin wait a minnit he'll tellyou. He's just gone to dig more bait."—Life.

FAITH.

The professed Christian says to the unbeliever, "I have two chances to your one for future life and bliss. If I am right, I gain all, while you lose all. If I am wrong, I lose nothing." Yet according to Paul, "If the dead rise not at all, then are we of all men most miserable." All superstitious people make the same plea. It was made before Christna of India, two thousand years before the Christian Era. The Catholics make it against the Protestants; the Protestants make it against each other, and they all make it against unbelievers. According to Christian doctrine, thieves, libertines, and murderers, by having faith, become blameless and innocent, while the unbeliever is held responsible for all crimes, as though he did commit them, and is consigned to eternal perdition. Crime is indeed the first step into heaven: "The greater the sinner the greater the salvation." Says Martin Luther in "Table Talk," "A man may commit adultery and murder a thousand times a day; if he only has faith enough in the Lord Jesus he shall be saved." "Great is the mystery of godliness (without controversy)."

What is this faith? It is to believe in the Bible as God's infallible word and revelation to mankind through a priesthood. It is to believe that God made everything out of nothing, about six thousand years ago, and that he always was, without anywhere to exist, or without anything to do, until he commenced the work of creation. It is to believe God had a son about eighteen hundred and eighty-eight years ago, who was at least part Jew, and whom fanatics now want to crown king of this republic and the nations of the earth. This son was as old as his father (God), and he became God, and his mother was the mother of God.

It has been proven by practical demonstrations that the Bible does not contain one truth out of a million statements. The churches, instead of making the races of men better, engender sectarian hatred and strife. If there is to be a future state of existence, the Bible nor any other book proves or disproves it. It will be agreeable to laws, conditions, and circumstances, regardless of Bibles, priests, or prophets. L. C. H.

THE WOMAN OF THE WEST,

Rose Eytinge in Belford's Magazine.

The woman born and reared in the West is a grand and goodly type of womanhood. She is strong and keen and comprehensive; she is full of life and grace and freedom; she is quick to feel an injury, and she is quite equal to being her own avenger.

Her eye is keen and her tongue is sharp, but her heart is warm and her hand is open. She is always ready with her sympathy and prompt with her help.

Her business ability and executive talent are of a very high order, as a proof of which is the fact that some of the finest cattle ranches and most extensive and most prosperous sheep runs are owned and managed by women.

I have now in my mind the case of a woman born in Ohio, who, ten years ago, in this city of New York, was earning \$5 or \$6 a week, with which sum she supported her mother and her father's brother, a semi-invalid old man.

At the time I speak of, when this woman was about nineteen years of age, she obtained, after much difficulty and delay, a grant of a quarter section of government land, to which her dead father had become entitled through his services in the rebellion.

The land was located in Oregon. She sent her old uncle out to take up the land, and she pinched and saved and sent to him from time to time, almost dollar by dollar, money with which to hire help to clear a space in the timber and to put up a log house.

As soon as this poor shelter was provided for them she took her mother and went out and lived on the land. As she could, from time to time, she bought stock, and so she crept on, step by step, until now she has a good home and barn, and last year she cleared from the stock she had raised, and from the sale of her crops, several thousand dollars.

And what this woman has done hundreds of women are doing every year.

And if many of these women have not got much education their sons and daughters will have. It is well with the land that breeds such women, and it is well with the men of the land who have such mothers.

MENTAL CONTAGION.

Error, like truth, flourishes in crowds. At the hearth of sympathy each finds a home. The fanatical lead, the saner follow. When a person of nervous temperament, not strongly independent in thought and action, enters a spiritualistic circle, where he is constantly surrounded by confident believers, all eager to have him share their sacred visions and profound revelations, where the atmosphere is replete with miracles, and every chair and table may at any instant be transformed into a proof of the supernatural, is it strange that he soon becomes one of them?—hesitatingly at first, and perhaps yet restorable to his former modes of thought by the fresh air of another and more steadfast mental intercourse, but more and more certainly and ardently convinced the longer he breathes the seance atmosphere. No form of contagion is so insidious in its onset, so difficult to check in its advance, so certain to leave germs that may at any moment reveal their pernicious power, as a mental contagion—the contagion of fear, of panic, of fanaticism, of lawlessness, of superstition. The story of the witchcraft persecutions, were there no similar records to deface the pages of history, would suffice as a standing illustration of the overwhelming power of psychic contagion. To fully illustrate its importance in the production of deception would require an essay in itself. It enters at every stage of the process and in every type of illusion. It has least effect when deception is carried on by external arrangements, by skillful counterfeits of logical inferences; its power is greatest where the subjective factor in deception is greatest, more particularly in such forms of deception as have been last described.—Prof. JOSEPH JASTROW, in the Popular Science Monthly.

SUGGESTIONS.

A correspondent who orders one thousand copies of E. A. Stevens's pamphlet, "God in the State," for distribution, asks the following questions—not for the purpose of criticism, nor necessarily expecting an answer, but merely as suggestions:

Why does not the American Secular Union send this pamphlet ("God in the State") to the president of the United States, to all members of Congress, to judges of the Supreme Court, to all other judges and lawyers, to city councils, to the Vanderbilts, Depews, Goulds, etc.?

Why do they not adopt the distribution of Freethought literature, as the principal method of work, on the plan of missionary societies? The country ought to be fairly flooded with such reading matter.

Why does the A. S. U. not solicit membership and make the conditions known?

Why do they appeal to individuals for the two thousand dollars needed in the Girard case, instead of raising this amount by equal taxation of the members?

Circumstances Alter Cases.

A traveler called at a hut in the vicinity of Denver, Col., and requested some dinner. The lady, her spouse being absent, refused to supply his necessities for money or the love of humanity.

"Very well," said the hungry traveler as he turned his footsteps from the inhospitable abode, "you will want nothing to eat to-morrow."

"Why not?" inquired the woman.

"Because," answered the weary man, "the Indians are digging a tunnel at Devil's Bluff lake, and they are going to turn all the waters of the lake into the valley, and you and all the rest of the people are to be drowned."

Upon this intelligence the old lady hurried off to the priest to inform him that a flood was to overflow the valley, and to ask what was to be done in the sad emergency.

The priest endeavored to quiet her fears by telling her that God had promised that he should never send another flood upon earth.

"But," exclaimed the affrighted woman, "it isn't God that's doing it—it's the cursed Indians."

"In that case," said the priest, "you'd better git." And she got.

Professor Seymour on the Trail.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Our first stopping-place to lecture after leaving your city was Antioch, not the old Bible Antioch, but the new one, in Contra Costa county, Cal. We arrived about midnight at the depot; nearly a mile from the town, and no hack, dray, hotel, or person to be seen. The only alternative was to shoulder our gripsack of books, take our heavy roll of maps and paintings in the other hand, and tramp through the sea of mud to the sleeping "burg" shadowed forth in the distance. I used to like to travel long lonesome roads at "midnight's solemn hour" with bright-eyed "sweethearts," in my younger days; but this ramble, loaded down with radical and Freethought literature, through the muddy lanes of this straggling hamlet, did beat sheol. I found cover at last in the "Palace Hotel," but the "palace" ended where the sign did, for it was a very plain affair. About the only ornament or fine furniture the hotel contained was mine hostess, who weighed a good many pounds over two hundred.

Antioch contains about 500 people, is very finely located, near the confluence of the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers at the head of San Francisco bay. The town is dead, dead, dead; yet it finds life enough to support thirteen saloons, one large distillery, three floss houses (churches), five stores, one newspaper, and three Chinese "washee men." I gave three lectures here in Page's hall to very fair audiences, considering that it rained all the time. Antioch is about like those other ancient towns that Lot had to vacate because there were not enough righteous men in them to save them. There were no Liberals here, and if God should speak from Mount Diablo (near here) saying that if I could not find three Liberals he would let loose that shower of fire and sulphur again, I would shout at the top of my feeble voice, "Let her go, Gallagher," and rapidly perambulate toward the mountains, with (luckily) no wife to be transformed into a "salt lick" for the herds of Contra Costa county. Our Putnam should come here and give the "New God" the and "Glories of Infidelity." It is stony soil, but "one glory" might take root. Antioch is the home of Lois Waisbrooker, who has so long, by tongue and pen, fought the battle for mental liberty; but her fire is almost out; her fearless paper is silent in death—died because planted in such barren soil, with but few to appreciate the grandeur of her ideas, which, if carried out, would do more to save the world in a hundred years than Joseph's boy, born in a manger, has done in two thousand. Lois is most thorough her life's work, but the bread she has cast on so many waters by her lectures, books, and Foundation Principles, will ultimately "help fill the world with joy." Well, I left some copies of FREETHOUGHT where possibly they might stir the muddy pool of orthodoxy and whisky.

Our next stopping-place was Turlock, about one hundred miles south. This is a small but pretty place of 250 inhabitants, and very liberal, many being Spiritualists. We found a most hearty welcome at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchel, who are broad-gauged and liberal in all their views, and refined and highly cultivated people. Mr. Mitchel has several hundred thousand acres here in a body, with water from the Sierra Nevada running over it for irrigation. He has oranges and most of the other fruits, and his wheat fields are too large to ride around in a single day. This is wholesale farming for a certainty—plows with eight horses or mules in January, going in every direction, while the pastures and fields are most beautiful in their green carpeting of waving grass and grain. I could not help thinking, as I looked over this rich domain of nature's wealth, of the thousands of lovely homes this tract would make if divided into ten acres each, and donated to the worthy landless and homeless ones who have fought the battles for wealth and homes, and lost, and now are wanderers with no place to rest or call home.

I did not lecture in Turlock for the reason that Professor Dutton had just finished a course of four lectures; so after a brief visit of twenty-four hours, and greatly enjoying the social treat of a chat on the great questions of the day with Mrs. Mitchel (Mr. Mitchell was away), Mrs. Adams, Miss Gerty Fuller, and many others, I again whistled off-brakes, and rolled on to Visalia, Tulare county, where I now am, among FREETHOUGHT readers and Kaweah colonists. I go to-morrow forty-nine miles into the grand canyons of the Sierra, on the Kaweah river, to the colony's lands, and to take a look at the giant forest. They have trees there forty feet in diameter, and a third of a thousand feet in height. They have a pure marble canyon, and a young Niagara for a water-power, and

scenery that rivals the far-famed Yosemite, of Merced county, of this state. But I will not anticipate. I have found a delightful home here at Visalia, with comrade Watson and wife, who keep the co-operative rendezvous, for all the comers and goers, for the co-operative colony's lands above mentioned. I met here Mr. Kimberly, wife, and babies, just landed from Kansas; Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Christie, and others, all comrades in this little army that is being organized to try to solve the great economic question of homes for all, and plenty for each, with no rich landlords or poor serfs, but all alike entitled to use and enjoy the air, the earth, and the water, which "Mother Nature" certainly intended all her creatures should do. Co-operation evidently must make all equal, if they ever are to become so. I find these people, so far, all Freethinkers and Liberals, jolly, and thoroughly in earnest. It is much better to evolve by co-operation than revolution, and the millions of the wage serfs will watch and wait anxiously for the result. D. C. SEYMOUR.

Visalia, January 3, 1889.

The Deserted Village.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I return Call for State Convention with the lonely signature of "me and myself." Del Mar is busted—gone up the wooden works of the flume, so to speak. I mean the people, not the town. The big hotel and some forty handsome cottages, together with resort, etc., are still here, but the people, that life-giving necessity in towns that aspire to greatness, have "jumped" the town. All that are left, and who daily attend its funeral, are the landlord, express agent, postmaster, and one lonely merchant. Even the "Iron Duke" has taken to the hills, never to return. The "Temple of Learning" still stands majestically on its solid foundations, while the little Presbyterian spook house (which cost \$3,000, but in which no sky-pilot racket has yet aroused the slumbers of a single spook, or echoed the wail of the whangdoodle) stands like a lone sentinel guarding a cemetery—of dead ideas, which it fittingly represents. Don't know who is going to pay the taxes on the thing, and I would be willing to have the taxes knocked off of all churches if they were as dead as this one. If Christ ever buys a ticket over the California Southern railroad, he will not lay over at Del Mar. All of this deadness of which I write is not the result of a "busted" boom; some say the stampede was caused by busted morals, or words to that effect. I do not know the cause of the stillness, but Del Mar is as dead as the Methodist hell. Not even another Infidel besides your wicked scribe is left to "whoop her up." You doubtless begin to "catch on" why it is that I am alone calling for a state convention from these parts. If I fail to attend I will send a proxy in the shape of a greenback, which proxy will exercise more influence than if I were there and left said proxy at home. H. L. SHAUG.

Del Mar, Cal.

Spiritualism.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Professor Philbrook asserts, affirms, and declares that man is only a galvanic battery, and his mind only an electric phenomenon. Accepting this plain and plausible explanation, my "electric phenomenon" impels me to remark that I was somewhat interested in Mr. Ranford Worthing's communication on "Spiritualistic Frauds." He frankly admits these phenomena claimed by Spiritualists actually occur, but denies that the cause which they claim for these manifestations is the correct one. For years their occurrence has been a settled fact with me, and not yet having a better explanation than the spirit theory, that is still accepted. Now if we can get so-called Materialists to admit these strange things do occur, we have taken a long step forward in solving the problem as to their cause. For while they are scoffed at and derided, and some are so conceited as to think their opinion alone can settle the fact that they do occur, little effort will be made to discover the truth or falsity of the spirit theory. H. S. Olcott, a believer for twenty-three years in Spiritualism, now explains some of the spiritualistic phenomena, by saying that the soul of the living medium can, unconsciously to his physical self, ooze out and by its elastic and protean nature take on the image of any deceased person whose image it sees in a visitor's memory. He further claims that in India he has met individuals who, with a knowledge of subtle laws and forces, were able to will the production of phenomena which he once supposed was dependent on spirits. This statement coincides with Mr. Worthing's opinion that electro-magnetism, or some

unknown force, is the basis of all these extraordinary phenomena. Now Mr. Olcott holds that centuries of study and investigation among the Hindoos has placed them in advance of other nations in respect to knowledge of these forces; but as these phenomena have taken place where ignorance reigned supreme regarding these subtle laws, such facts, with me, go to sustain the spirit theory. I have known of mediums for physical manifestations that lacked intellectual brightness, and have sometimes thought the bigger the fool, the better the medium. Now, if such people have a knowledge of these secret forces, which wiser ones are unable to discover, where and how did they gain that knowledge? If, as they invariably claim, they are passive instruments in the control of some intelligent force, who and what is this force if not one or more spirits of deceased mortals? For one, I am ready to accept some other explanation when it can be demonstrated; but the phenomena are undeniable, and nothing is open to doubt but the cause. What is it?

Los Angeles, Cal.

C. SEVERANCE.

The Church and Marriage.

To the Editors of Freethought:

In a recent number of your paper, in speaking with regard to religious teachers performing the marriage ceremony, you say that the state should at least require them to use a ceremony prescribed by the state. That would be an improvement on present conditions, but I would most earnestly suggest that this authority should be taken from the priesthood altogether. The state owes no allegiance to the church. Then why should the state give this authority to the leaders of church societies and not to the leaders of other societies—Old Fellows, Masons, Temperance Societies, etc.?

Marriage is a contract of one man and one woman with the state, and none but state officers, or those who have authority from the state to administer oaths, should be allowed to celebrate, in the name of the state, a marriage of one man and one woman. In view of recent efforts of the church to get control of both the national and state governments, it is high time strong efforts were being made for the complete separation of church and state.

The church, almost from its earliest history, has exerted an evil influence among men; has perverted the powers of nations and led them to cruel wars; has sowed the seeds of enmity and bitterness among societies which resulted in the most revolting persecutions. And in every age of the world, since the church has had an existence, has it hurled its curses against the Infidels, or the men of free thought, the very men to whom they owe the blessings of the liberties they at present enjoy. Yet to-day they would trample us under their feet if they could, and then, when that was done, turn to the persecution of each other again, for the tendency of church influence is unprogressive, is backward to cruel despotisms; consequently, it becomes us, the liberty-loving people of the country, to break the hold the church has on the state to-day. If the church cannot live without state and national aid, let it die.

Clackamas, Or.

WM. PHILLIPS.

Good Prospects.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I have been out in the mountains all the fall prospecting, and am glad to say I have been successful in discovering some fine gold quartz properties. All contain good pay ore, and next year I will make some money. Nor will I forget the last born, good paper—FREETHOUGHT. I greatly admire your journal. I like it for its fullness, its radicalness—it cannot be too radical for me. Regular "Bradlaugh sledgehammers" are needed to down the monster superstition and imposition. You are doing splendid work, and I heartily congratulate you for hitting 'em hard, including the pope in particular. Very respectfully, CHAS. F. BLACKBURN.

Salmon City, Idaho.

A Bible to Sell.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Since reading FREETHOUGHT I have come to the conclusion that the Bible is a put-up job on man, and a doubly put-up job on woman. We'll sell our Bible cheap. I formerly resided in New York and in Brooklyn, and have heard the great man Henry Ward Beecher; also Talmage. Henry Ward Beecher got to disbelieve the Bible; preached no hell, and had he lived until now would have stood side by side with Colonel Ingersoll.

Talmage, no doubt, is the worst fanatic of the age. He says much about obscene literature. Why, then, does he not go for the Bible, the most filthy book published? He now preaches to woman; in short, wants her to save him and his kind. He sees the end, but expects to die before the collapse. The days of Christianity, Talmage and all, are numbered. I hope to be in San Francisco during January. We expect to hear Ingersoll, Putnam, and others. Yours respectfully, H. J. MAY.

San Jacinto, Cal.

Saint Paul on the Marriage Question.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Dr. Murdock's translation of the ancient Syriac version of the New Testament, called the Peshito, published in 1850, has the following rendering of 1 Cor. vii, 36:

"But if any one thinketh that there is reproach, on account of his maiden [daughter], because she hath passed her time, and he hath not presented to her a husband, [and] it be fitting that he present her; let him do what he desireth, he sinneth not; let her be married."

The brackets are Murdock's own, and the Peshito is the more reliable version.

HISTORICUS.

A New Year's Greeting.

To the Editors of Freethought:

With the end of the year terminates also my double subscription to FREETHOUGHT. I am well pleased with Vol. I., and its fifty-two visits have given much pleasure to my wife and myself. We are glad of the assurance that it will come to us as many times more. With this end in view and as an appropriate New Year's greeting and token of goodwill and good wishes, I inclose \$4 to pay for two copies for another year. That FREETHOUGHT may brighten all the weeks of all the coming years is the sincere wish of yours very truly,

W. S. RODGERS.

Boulder Creek, California.

Christmas Tidings.

To the Editors of Freethought:

To-day is Christmas (according to Pope Constantine), and we will celebrate the day by sending you \$2 toward defraying the expenses of the January meetings. Wishing you a grand success, we remain yours for Universal Mental Liberty.

LEWIS AND ROSA KAISER.

Ophir, Cal.

The Work Goes On.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Herewith I hand you \$6—\$3 for the Girard College fight, \$2 to renew my subscription, and another dollar for the meetings in this city.

San Francisco.

A. DERMING.

B. F. UNDERWOOD lectures in Salt Lake City every Sunday evening during January, and Charles Watts every Sunday night in February.

PREACHER—"Attendance falling of somewhat, isn't it, sexton?" Sexton—"Yes, sir; they are all going over to Pastor Down's church." Preacher—"There's evidently got to be something done." Sexton—"Suppose I spread a report about your having kissed a leading member of the flock." Preacher—"Er—some purely fictitious story would—er—do just as well, I think." —Judge.

A NEAT story (says the Bendigo Advertiser) is told of a Catholic priest down South, whose sermons are usually of a practical kind. On entering the pulpit one Sunday morning he took with him a walnut to illustrate the various Christian churches. He told the people "the shell was tasteless, that was the Wesleyan church; the skin was nauseous, disagreeable, and worthless, that was the Presbyterian church." He then said he would show the holy Roman Apostolic church. He cracked the nut, and found it rotten! Then his reverence coughed violently, and pronounced the benediction.

RHUBARB BITTERS impart a delicious flavor to all drinks, cure dyspepsia, promote digestion, and regulate the bowels. Try them. A. G. Wood, 323 Eddy st., S. F.

WATCHFUL WATCH-BUYERS WILL WANT

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WELL GOING, WARRANTED WATCHES AND WATCH WORK.

Unequaled in quality and price. All carefully examined before shipment and accompanied by written guarantee. Order of WETTSTEIN, who has been established in the same town 31 years; who is an expert in his line, and who is not afraid to speak his honest thought.

LATEST IMPROVED AMERICAN STEM-WINDERS.—Three-ounce Silverine case, 7 jewels, \$8; 11 jewels, \$9.50; 15 jewels, \$12.50; do., adjusted, \$16.50. In 3-ounce Coin Silver case, \$11, \$12.50, \$15.50, and \$19.50. In 4-ounce case, \$1 extra, and in 4-oz., dust-proof case, \$2 extra. In best open-face, dust-proof filled Gold case, 7 jewels, \$16; 11 jewels, \$17.50; 15 jewels, \$20.50; do., adjusted, \$24.50; do., hinged back, inside glass cap, \$2 extra; do., gold cap, \$4 extra; extra fine engraved, \$1 and \$2 additional. Hunting cases, Gold cap, 7 jewels, \$23; 11 jewels, \$24.50; 15 jewels, \$27.50; do., adjusted, \$31.50. In special artistic engraved Louis XIV. cases, \$3 to \$10 more. The latter are rarely seen in the best stores. All filled cases guaranteed 20 years. Beware of others!

THE CELEBRATED "OTTO WETTSTEIN" WATCH.—The best in the world for the money; all modern improvements; a perfect watch. In Silverine case, \$19.50; in 3-ounce coin Silver case, \$22.50; 4-ounce, \$23.50; 5-ounce, \$25; 6-ounce, \$27 (no better sold for \$40 elsewhere). In open-face, dust-proof case, filled Gold, \$27; do., hinged, glass inside cap, \$29; do., gold cap, \$31; do., hunting, \$33; do., Louis XIV. style, \$35; in special artistic cases, \$3 to \$10 more; in 14-karat solid Gold cases, \$50, \$60 to \$100.

LADIES' GOLD WATCHES.—All hunting, stem wind; best filled Gold cases, \$18, \$20, \$26; 14-karat solid Gold, \$28, \$30, \$36, \$40, etc., to \$150; latter special fine artistic embossed cases, set with Diamonds and other jewels.

DIAMONDS.—I am an expert in this line, and guarantee my goods at least 20 per cent below lowest market price. Rings, Pins, Eardrops, Studs, etc., worth \$35 for \$25; do., worth \$70, for \$50; do., worth \$100, for \$75; do., worth \$200, for \$150; do., worth \$500, for \$375. Sent subject to approval, and cash refunded if not strictly as represented.

RINGS AND EMBLEMS.—A specialty. A full line of solid Gold and best Plated Jewelry of the latest designs. Select from any catalogue, and I will fill order at lower prices or send better goods.

SUNDRIES.

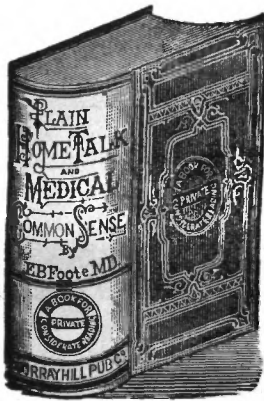
Best Spectacles or Eye-glasses.....	\$1.00	6 Rogers Bros.' tr.-plated Table-spoons..	\$3.40
" Gold do., \$5 and	6.00	Solid coin Silver Spoons, marked, per oz.	1.60
(Send line of finest type you can read		Silver Thimbles.....	.35
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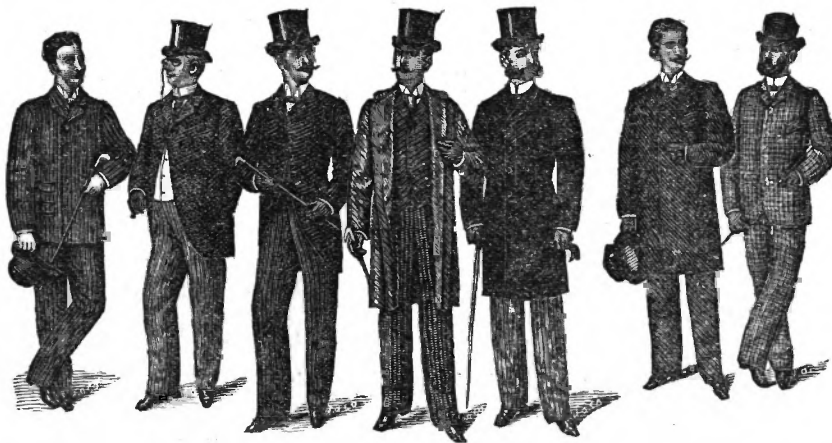
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - JANUARY 19, 1889

If the Freethought meetings at Irving Hall continue to grow in attendance Mr. Moody may have to vacate the Mechanic's Pavilion to satisfy the demands of Liberalism.

In their attempt to organize the German-American citizens of the country into a total abstinence prohibition party, the Chicago Teutons will find themselves unpopular, to say the least. In the true sense of the word, the Germans are among the most temperate people on earth.

WHEN Mr. Moody has worked up the public of San Francisco to a proper state of receptivity toward religious truth, Revivalist Sam Jones will come to the city as his successor. Meanwhile the gathering of the Freethought hosts will go on. The battle may as well be fought here as elsewhere.

MR. SPRINGER, of Illinois, has introduced a bill in Congress providing for a national marriage and divorce law. This is a proper companion of the national Sunday law. With our religion and morals thus placed in the care of the Congress at Washington, local legislatures may as well adjourn *sine die*.

THE progress of evangelical work has been temporarily suspended in Albuquerque, N. M., by the exposure and arrest of the Rev. J. W. Sanders for ministerial conduct toward a girl of sixteen summers. Mr. Sanders declares that it is a case of mistaken identity, but until he shall be able to demonstrate his theory he will remain in jail.

THE state of New Hampshire is revising its constitution in such a manner as not to discriminate against Catholics. Article VI. of the constitution at present empowers "towns, parishes, bodies corporate, or religious societies" to "make adequate provision, at their own expense, for the support and maintenance of public Protestant teachers of piety, religion, and morality." It is now proposed to strike out this article and let the following stand in its place: "Every religious sect or denomination demeaning themselves quietly and as good subjects of the state shall be equally under the protection of the law, and no subordination of any one sect or denomination to another shall ever be established by law."

IN 1886 the Rev. Waldo Messaros, Presbyterian, was tried in Philadelphia for indecent assault on a female member of his congregation, and his ministration there ended in a scandal. Nevertheless he is still thought good enough to preach the gospel, and he has just been installed as pastor of a congregation in New York. If the Rev. Mr. Messaros repeats his Philadelphia experience in New York, he may expect to be made a bishop later on.

ATTEMPTS are being made to stir the Lick trustees into activity. These trustees, it is charged, are in a state of repose except when drawing their salary. The City Hall statuary is not erected, nor are the public baths for which many thousand dollars were bequeathed. There are numerous bathing establishments in this city to which admission is charged, and the Lick trustees will escape the unpleasant suspicion of being in the pay of the proprietors of these institutions if they will proceed to use the funds in their possession for the purpose designed by James Lick.

NEARLY one hundred years ago, that is, April 30, 1789, when George Washington was inaugurated president of the United States, meetings were held in the churches of New York, in which city the inaugural ceremonies took place. The people regarded it as a sort of religious occasion, and the clergy of New York now issue an address to the ministers throughout the country asking that similar incantations may be performed on the one hundredth anniversary of the event. To show how superstition has sunk into the background during the past century it is necessary merely to note that Harrison's inauguration will be celebrated by a ball, and none but a few ministerial fossils are found to protest against it.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The lecture at the Turnverein Hall Wednesday, January 9, was most cordially received. Our German radical friends are entirely in sympathy with the Demands of Liberalism. They are for advanced thought and the separation of church and state. They believe in a sound mind in a sound body, and that fine physical development is necessary to civilization. The hall was full, the music inspiring. Chairman Schroeder introduced the speaker with a ringing speech. He insisted upon the need of action, that in the present condition of affairs Liberals cannot afford to be indifferent. The address of the evening was upon the Nine Demands. The attention and interest of the audience in the matters discussed are evinced by the fact that our energetic ally, Emil S. Lemme, secured in a few minutes a list of over twenty subscribers for FREETHOUGHT. I have not addressed a meeting where more encouragement has been given to the Secular work than here.

On Saturday evening friend Thurston and myself ventured on a pioneer excursion to Ocean View. This is one of the suburbs of San Francisco, formerly known as San Miguel. It is pleasantly situated, although not by any means a busy point. It

seems as if eventually it might be an elegant place of residence. It is only a little way from the city. The ocean views are delightful. The white sails glitter in the distance, and the blue immeasurable expanse stretches from the shore, whose soft declivities are radiant at this season with robes of green. The gardens, too, are ornamented with flowers. They bloom in the sunny atmosphere. If the three-cornered shanty were removed and the electric light substituted, there would be a vast improvement in one's first impression of the place. Col. Geo. Thistleton of the "Jolly Giant" arranged for a lecture at Wolf's Hall. Not a large number were out. By a misunderstanding circulars announcing the meeting were distributed at Coleman, instead of being delivered to the residents of Ocean View. Many of the prominent citizens were not notified of the lecture. The few that were present however, made an appreciative audience. H. L. Heath, Benjamin Rayner, A. M. Fairchild, Miss Julia Caldwell, Frank Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. Woodville, Mrs. Whalen, Mr. Daniel McDonald, Mr. David Hughes, Frank Hale, Wm. Simmons, Max Grace, Mr. Reed, Chas. Henderson, Thomas McDonald, Mr. Baldwin, etc., are among the friends of this suburban post. McDonald and Baldwin still belong to the church, but they are too fair-minded to refuse to grant Freethinkers the same rights they demand for themselves. Mr. Hughes is an old friend from Toronto, a member of the Canadian Secular Union, and a staunch Freethinker. Colonel Thistleton is a Mexican veteran and was also in the late war at the front. He is a born fighter. He enjoys the smoke of battle, whether of the cannon or of the press. He has a cozy little home overlooking the sea, and lives an independent life. His wife is as good a radical as he, and his children, all girls, are in the ranks. Around his fireside was genial entertainment. The inhabitants of Ocean View are largely Roman Catholic. They took pains to have an entertainment of their own at Murphy's Hall, over the way, and thus the faithful were kept within the fold.

Sunday morning was simply gorgeous. Hardly a cloud was in the sky. All the land and sea were shining in the floods of radiance. Over the beautiful bay the editorial staff journeyed to the silver shores of Oakland. Happy refreshment attended the Freethought trio at the home of friend Haelke, where music mingles with the merry feast. After dinner the editors visited the Pacific Press establishment, one of the largest and busiest in the state. Here they run at full steam on Sunday, while the churches carry on business of another sort. The place, however, is silent as the tomb on Saturday. A Sunday law is certainly an interference with the religious rights of these people. They are Biblical Christians—Adventists—and keep the commandment as laid down in the Bible. From force of circumstances, these Christians are strenuous advocates of a secular government, and an invaluable aid to the agitation for the demands of Liberalism. It was quite refreshing to see this big establishment so lively on the Holy Sabbath. May it continue to flourish and be a thorn in the side of orthodoxy. On this very Sunday the Evangelical clergymen of Oakland preached upon the "Holy Sabbath" and petitions were largely signed for a state Sabbath law. Thus the issue is being forced upon the people of California.

Odd Fellows' Hall was nearly full to listen to the lecture upon "Robert Elsmere." An abstract of the lecture is given in another column. The increased attendance and interest are quite encouraging. The new and old friends I greet, the generous support, make the path of labor—if not the path of fortune—a path of rejoicing.

The largest audience yet was present at Irving Hall on Sunday evening. The movement is evidently forward, and the prospects are bright for the State Convention. I believe we shall have one of the largest conventions on the continent for Freethought and Secular government. The enormous activity of the churches at the present time, the Blair Sabbath bill, the American Sabbath Union, the Religious Amendment Association, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, pushing forward the petition for Sabbath laws in California—all these "signs of the times" which point backward, and not forward, must arouse Liberals to the necessity of organization. There must be a State Union to successfully oppose these ecclesiastical encroachments. There could not be a more opportune time for united effort.

A beautiful gift is before me—the Memorial Address on Roscoe Conkling, by Robert G. Ingersoll. The gift is more precious by the inscription on the first page: "To Sam'l P. Putnam, Esq., from his friend, R. G. Ingersoll, Jan. 5, '89."

I have two other gifts from the same generous hand, and they are inscribed, strange to say, as follows: "Rev. Mr. Putnam, from his friend, R. G. Ingersoll."

It can't seem possible that I ever was a "Rev." But I have before me the autograph of Ingersoll to that effect and I must admit it, but what a change in mental horizon between the first gift and the last! I don't think death itself could make a transformation more utterly wonderful. And he whose genius hath given such grace to this life hath put, also, the flower of beauty upon the breast of darkness. Listen to the magnificent peroration: "And as he lived he died. Proudly he entered the darkness, or the dawn, that we call death. Unshrinkingly he passed beyond our horizon; beyond the twilight's purple hills; beyond the utmost reach of human harm or help; to that vast realm of silence, or of joy, where the innumerable dwell, and he has left with us his wealth of thought and deed; the memory of a brave, imperious, honest man who bowed alone to death."

S. P. PUTNAM.

AN UNJUST DECISION.

Old John McGuire, of New York, died some time ago while attending one of Dr. McGlynn's Anti-poverty meetings. He owned a lot in Calvary cemetery, a Catholic burying-ground, but was refused burial there because, being a disciple of McGlynn, he had not died in the faith. His family brought suit to compel the church to give him the right of sepulture, and on January 7 a decision was reached in the supreme court. Judge Beach, presiding, refused to interfere, upheld the action of the church, and dismissed the case. He claims that the matter is not one for judicial interference, but for appeal to the ecclesiastical authorities.

Probably Judge Beach knows the law. No doubt the instrument conveying the burial lot to Mr. McGuire was of such a nature that it could be revoked at the will of the church. Nevertheless the decision is unjust. A man who buys a cemetery lot to be buried in, and pays for it, has a right to be laid there after he is dead. If the law does not secure him in that right it should be changed.

SOME of the names attached to the Call for the State Convention may appear misspelled as printed in FREETHOUGHT. It is hoped that signers will overlook any such errors, as proper names, often written under unfavorable circumstances, furnish the printer with the severest trial incident to his profession.

THE GIRARD COLLEGE THEFT.

Stephen Girard was born near Bordeaux, in France, in the year 1750. At the age of fourteen he left home to be a cabin-boy on a trading-vessel. In 1778 he became a citizen of this country by naturalization, having married a Philadelphia lady the year previous. His wife bore one child, a daughter, who soon died. During the last twenty-five years of her life Mrs. Girard was insane, dying in 1815. Girard's death occurred in 1831, when he was in the eighty-second year of his age. He had amassed an enormous fortune, and by the provisions of his will gave hundreds of thousands of dollars for charitable purposes, besides endowing the college which bears his name with \$2,000,000 and forty-five acres of land in the city of Philadelphia upon which the college stands. The residue of certain portions of his vast estate inure to this college, so that it now has an annual income of more than a half a million dollars. The whole Girard College estate is worth \$20,000,000. The college grounds and buildings are worth \$10,000,000.

What Girard's religious views were, if he had any, nobody will ever know. That he was an admirer of the French Freethinkers is shown by the fact that some of their works were found in his library and that four of his ships were named after Voltaire, Helvetius, Montesquieu, and Rousseau. It may be stated here that Girard's fortune was made in the marine traffic.

The clause in Girard's will over which there has been an endless amount of controversy is as follows:

"I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said college; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purpose of the said college. I desire to keep the tender minds of the orphans, who are to derive advantage from this bequest, free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce; my desire is, that all the instructors and teachers in this college shall take pains to instil into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that on their entrance into active life, they may, from inclination and habit, evince benevolence toward their fellow-creatures and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry, adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer."

Has this provision of the dead philanthropist's last will and testament been carried out?

To begin with, there has been erected in the center of the College grounds a church building called a *chapel*. It is of ecclesiastical architecture, such as characterizes the English or Protestant Episcopal church. Now the style of building recommended by Girard was not ecclesiastical; it was Corinthian, and his college is the finest specimen of Greek architecture in the country. In erecting an ecclesiastical edifice the trustees made their first departure from the design of the great philanthropist, their first breach of trust. The chapel is a sectarian building.

In this building—this chapel, or church—religious exercises are held every *Sunday*. And what is Sunday but a sectarian institution? It is observed by some of the sects, and not observed by others sects. The holding of meetings on Sunday is a recognition of a sectarian day. It is a recognition of Sunday as the Sabbath, the same as the holding of religious services on Saturday would be a recognition of that day as the Sabbath. Here, then, we have a second feature of sectarianism enforced by the trustees of the college. The beneficiaries of Girard's bequest are taught that Sunday is a holy day.

Further in the direction of sectarian instruction is the "Manual for the Chapel of Girard College." This manual should have

been called a ritual. In it are special services for Sundays, Christmas, *Good Friday*, Easter, and other "holy days." By how many of the sects of the Christian and other religions are Good Friday and Easter celebrated? Not by one in ten. They are therefore sectarian days. The observance of them is a sectarian rite. The manual itself is a violation of the will; its liturgy is another. But the rest of the manual is even worse. It contains numerous forms of prayer, nearly, if not all, taken from "The Book of Common Prayer of the Protestant Episcopal Church." They are all orthodox. For instance, the orphans are taught to pray that departing souls may be "cleansed in the blood of Christ." In addition to being sectarian, such a prayer is barbarous. Thus the sectarian doctrine of the vicarious atonement is taught.

The sectarian dogma of a virgin-born savior comes next in a "responsive hymn," thus:

"When thou [meaning Christ] tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst humble thyself to be *born of a virgin*."

The sectarian dogma of the "second coming" is also inculcated:

"We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge."

Next we have inculcated the sectarian incarnation theory, i.e., the dogma that Christ was God:

"The God incarnate! Man divine!"

The sectarian dogma of redemption follows. The explanation of the presence of thousands of children in heaven is given:

"Because the savior shed his blood

To wash away their sins:

Bathed in that pure and precious flood,

Behold them white and clean."

That mathematical absurdity, the trinity, glaringly sectarian, is represented by the lines:

"God in three persons, blessed trinity!"

"Glory to the three in one," etc.

The dogma of a hell is included in this stanza:

"Buried in sorrow and in sin,

At hell's dark door we lay,

But we arise by grace divine

To see a heavenly day."

Everybody knows that the dogmas of cleansing blood, redemption, miraculous conception of Christ, the second coming of Christ, the incarnation of God in man, and, above all, the trinity, are rejected by all the liberal sects and are held only by the orthodox. There is, therefore, as much reason why these doctrines should be combated as inculcated, in a non-sectarian course of teaching.

So much for sectarianism. The whole Sunday exercises reek with it. In fact, all the religion taught there is sectarianism, as is all that is taught anywhere.

Take away sectarianism and you take away religion. Religion that is not sectarian does not exist. Girard knew this. He knew that if he excluded the teaching of sectarian dogmas he would exclude the teaching of all dogmas. This was recognized by Daniel Webster. It was recognized by the heirs of Girard, who endeavored to break his will on the ground that "the foundation of the college upon the principles and exclusions prescribed by the testator is derogatory and hostile to the Christian religion, and so is void, as being against the common law and public policy of Pennsylvania."

That Girard intended to exclude all religion is shown further, not only by the provision that none but the "purest principles of morality" should be instilled, but also by the very preachers who co-operate with the trustees in their fiduciary unfaithfulness. One of these preachers not long ago remarked, in his discourse, that

the founder of the college "never contemplated or intended such a service as then and there engaged their attention!"

Girard was a friend and admirer of Thomas Paine, yet one of these preachers, in a sermon delivered in the chapel, took occasion to ridicule the teachings of Paine, and to designate those who celebrate his birthday as "fanatical long-haired men and short-haired women."

To sum up: the college which Girard endowed for the purpose of educating the destitute youth of Philadelphia, and giving them an education free from superstition, has been turned into a theological seminary for the teaching of the grossest absurdities of the orthodox religion. It is submitted that the first principle of morality is common honesty. The trustees of the college are guilty of gross violation of their sacred trust, and if the institution is ever brought back to the use for which it was intended, the provisions of Girard's will touching the age of pupils should not debar these trustees from the privilege of attending and learning something about the principles of morality, at least as far as they refer to the question of honesty. The trustees are disregarding the will, and they know it.

NOTE.—The foregoing facts concerning the superstitious incantations imposed upon the orphans who receive the benefit of Girard's philanthropy, are drawn from the work entitled "Girard's Will and Girard College Theology," by R. B. Westbrook, LL.D., President of the American Secular Union. Those who desire a full examination of the subject should consult this work. It may be obtained at the FREETHOUGHT office. Price, \$1.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MEETING FUND.

When the Irving Hall gatherings were proposed, it was suggested in FREETHOUGHT that as the meetings were to be free the Liberals throughout the state might wish to pay the expenses of hall rent, etc. The opportunity was embraced, and \$97.25, contributed as follows, has been paid or pledged:

A. J. M. Campbell.....	\$10 00	K. Parker.....	\$1 00
W. F. Eddy.....	5 00	John Robinett.....	1 00
O. T. Davis.....	5 00	J. Robertson.....	1 00
A. Debarry.....	5 00	Eugene Hough.....	1 00
Judge Heydenfeldt.....	5 00	J. Vostrovsky.....	1 00
Hon A Schell.....	5 00	Mrs L P Langley.....	1 00
Robert Gunther.....	3 00	A friend.....	1 00
Ed. Wegner.....	3 00	Samos Parsons.....	1 00
H. E. Palanca.....	3 00	Henry Kline.....	1 00
P A Clark.....	2 00	E. M. Hansson.....	1 00
L. and R. Kaiser.....	2 00	H. F. Evans.....	1 00
Wm. Noble.....	2 00	Mrs. P. Van Hoeter.....	1 00
A. Derming.....	2 00	A. J. Andersen.....	1 00
J. Dumbacher.....	1 50	Henry Kaiser.....	1 00
Philip Cowen.....	1 00	A. H. Schou.....	1 00
H. Replogle.....	1 00	B. B. Rockwood.....	1 00
Charles Kaiser.....	1 00	A. L.....	1 00
Mrs. Rebecca Kaiser.....	1 00	Mrs. R. Palanca.....	1 00
A friend.....	1 00	Gustave Palanca.....	1 00
Frank Butler.....	1 00	Jacob Hakius.....	1 00
Thos. Lee.....	1 00	J. H. Fritsch.....	1 00
A. Imbach.....	1 00	A. B. Burns.....	1 00
Alex. Hauser.....	1 00	G. W. Parker.....	1 00
R. Butterfield.....	1 00	Herman Fry.....	1 00
W. C. Lyon.....	1 00	J. E. Clark.....	1 00
R. W. Barcroft.....	1 00	N. D. Goodell.....	1 00
F. H. Schaedin.....	50	Jacob Schmid.....	50
H. Freichler.....	50	A friend.....	50
C. S. Zejzenwaldt.....	50	E. A. Herman.....	50
A friend.....	50	A friend.....	50
Mrs. Reguin.....	50	G. Willmunder.....	50
Cash.....	50	F. Woodward.....	25

The rent of the hall for the six nights, including the Convention and Paine celebration, is \$112.50. Collections from the audience have amounted to \$34.80, and about \$33.75 has been expended in stationery, advertising, and music, up to date. The Oakland meetings are sustained by the collections taken, but

the speaker has in no instance received anything for his services except the satisfaction of sowing good seed in fertile soil.

GRAND INTERNATIONAL CELEBRATION OF PAINE'S ANNIVERSARY.

It is now decided to have an international celebration of Paine's Anniversary, January 29. This is fitting for one who declared, "The world is my country." Addresses will be made in English, German, Bohemian, French, and Italian. J. Schueneman-Pott will speak in German—one of the most brilliant speakers in that language. Our bright and generous ally of San Jose, J. Vostrovsky, will be asked to represent the Liberals of the land of Huss. Able representatives will be found of the land of Garibaldi and of Voltaire. If Ingersoll is on the coast on this auspicious occasion he will be asked to represent the nationality of Shakespere, Paine, and Lincoln. Patriotic songs will be sung. San Francisco is a cosmopolitan city. It should have a cosmopolitan celebration.

THE ISSUE AT HAND.

The following speaks for itself:

"The California Woman's Christian Temperance Union' has recently prepared a petition to the legislature for the enactment of a Sunday law. This petition is prepared for the signatures of both voters and non-voters in separate columns, and a large number of subscribers has already been obtained. Mrs. M. E. Congdon of this city, who is superintendent of the department of legislation, etc., in the Union, has charge of the circulation and presentation of these petitions. She said yesterday to a Chronicle reporter that party and sectarian lines were ignored, and a strong showing in favor of the object was confidently expected. The working-men were signing the petition very numerously. The Temperance element in the community was nearly unanimous in its favor, and the churches of all denominations but the Seventh-Day Advent would work for it. The women of the Union were in earnest in this matter, and with another month of hard work would be able, she was sure, to roll up a memorial which the legislature would not venture to treat with disrespect. Copies of the petition, she added, had been sent to all the pastors in the state to secure signatures in their congregations and return to her for presentation."

It is no use for the Liberals of California to say that this Sabbath conspiracy will not succeed. It will succeed unless we organize at once and work against it. Every orthodox clergyman in the state is enlisted for this war. In every city and village, and by every wayside, this matter will be pushed. Wherever there is a church spire this petition will find busy supporters. Let the Liberals of California unite. It is folly to do nothing while the churches are putting forth every effort.

THE order of exercises at the Convention will be as follows: The Convention will open at ten o'clock Sunday morning, January 27, with an address, by Samuel P. Putnam, on "Freethought Organization—Its Necessity and its Methods." After the address temporary officers will be chosen—president, secretary, and treasurer, and committees appointed to draft constitution, resolutions, nominate permanent officers, etc. Sunday afternoon and evening addresses may be expected from prominent Liberal speakers. Monday afternoon there will be a business session. Monday evening speeches and business, and Tuesday evening, music, poems, and addresses in memory of Thomas Paine. From ten to twelve o'clock Tuesday evening there will be a sociable and dance. The following are expected to be present and address the Convention: J. Schueneman Pott, Judge J. W. North, Hon. A. Schell, W. F. Freeman, Laura DeForce Gordon, Mrs. R. H. Schwartz, Miss Ada Ballou, B. F. Loomis, Professor Seymour, Prof. A. P. Bouton, Mrs. Scott-Briggs, and others.

If a "special dispatch" to the San Francisco Examiner is to be relied upon, the Canadian Parliament is under the thumb of the pope of Rome. This is the dispatch:

"MONTREAL, January 11.—A sensation has been created in religious and political circles over the assumption by Cardinal Taschereau of precedence in the provincial Parliament over the lieutenant governor. Parliament opened yesterday. Cardinal Taschereau and the clergy had been sent invitations to attend, being assigned to the first seats on the floor. His eminence resented this and writing to the usher of the black rod, demanded a position on the throne, and claimed, as a prince of Rome and according to the rules of the church, precedence over even the representatives of the queen. The speaker of the Senate and Premier Mercier held a hurried consultation, and word was sent to his eminence that what he demanded would be given. A hastily constructed throne was erected on a dais beside the queen's throne, and directly under the royal arms, and this was occupied by Cardinal Taschereau and a bodyguard of prelates yesterday when Parliament opened."

Canada needs a Secular Union, and needs it badly.

"RATIONAL COMMUNISM" is one of the wise books of to-day. It is written by a Freethinker and humanitarian—by one who has had a varied experience of life, who knows the struggle of life and the success of life. It is a beautiful picture of what may be in the evolution of the American Republic. Every Liberal should read this book, not necessarily to agree with all the profound suggestions of the author, but as a stimulus to discover the best practical method to secure the noblest and happiest co-operation of mankind. The generosity of the author is illustrated by the fact that he has made a New Year's gift to FREETHOUGHT of seventy-five copies of this book. Those who want to help FREETHOUGHT and get their money's worth can do no better than purchase this attractive volume. Price per copy, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.

BARON HIRSCH, a wealthy Jew living in Paris, conceives that the messiah for whom the Jewish people have been waiting for untold years has come at last. His notion is that the messiah is not an incarnate person, but a sort of dispensation, said dispensation being the fusion of the Jews with Christians, to be brought about by co-education and intermarriage. Baron Hirsch offers \$20,000,000 to the governments of Russia and Austria for the founding of schools for Jews and Christians alike. The general belief among Jewish theologians is that Baron Hirsch is not a friend of Judaism, and that his plan is impracticable. As one rabbi remarks, Jews and Christians sometimes reach a common belief, but that belief is Freethought.

THE Japanese might be willing to accept Christianity, says the Rev. J. Honda, before the Methodist ministers' meeting, if only one sect of Christianity should present its claims to their attention. Mr. Honda is a missionary, and reports that the quarrelling of the various sects of Christianity in Japan makes the natives suspicious that the whole thing is a humbug; hence Mr. Honda recommends joint effort on the part of all sects. But it won't do. It will be no gain to Protestantism if the Romish church captures Japan, nor any gain to the Romish church if the Protestants convert the whole island. These outposts of missionary effort are prizes to be contended for by the differing sects, and no united effort can be expected. Meanwhile the Japanese are right in setting them all down as humbugs.

THE idea of Evangelist Barnes concerning hell is that it is a crucible, where men's sins are burned away and the soul chastened, and when the inmate of purgatory has been sufficiently punished

Mr. Barnes thinks he will be transported to a seat in heaven. The sufferer's condition may be alleviated while in hell, and Mr. Barnes prays to go there to lighten the burdens of the damned. This is a charitable theory, and is as good as any other that is not true. Mr. Barnes's desire to go to hell is original, and if he can make himself useful there no one will object to his having it gratified.

MEDIUM COLBY's libel suit against the Chronicle has come to an unsatisfactory termination. Mr. Colby has all along assured his friends that he could produce the original Parson Rains who robbed the mail train at Hearne, Texas, and served a term of imprisonment for the crime. When the case came before the commissioners, as reported by the Chronicle, he failed to exhibit the parson, but was himself positively identified by the mail agent and the postmaster at Hearne as the man they had known as Rains and who committed the robbery. Mr. Colby is now out of town.

As examples of the tenacity of religious delusions may be mentioned the almost daily reports of cures performed through prayer. The latest case is that of John Wright, of Pine county, Ga. For three years he has prayed for the restoration of his sight, which he lost in 1885. The other day, so the report says, it came back. The only way to prove that prayer did it is to prove that his sight would not have returned if he had not prayed. As such proof is impossible, the eyes have it, so to speak, and the prayer-cure theory prevails.

"ROMAN RULE AND RUIN" is an excellent and timely pamphlet by Z. Shed. It gives a real history of Romanism. The authorities cited are of the highest order. It is valuable for reference in controverting the claims of the church to "inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things." The poem, "Our Father in Heaven," is a powerful and dramatic production. It is, we might say, "logic on fire." Price per copy, 10 cents; four copies for 25 cents; ten for 45 cents; twenty-five for \$1.

IT appears from the New Year's celebration held in the Russian church last Sunday that the Greek Catholics begin their era with January 13, the anniversary of the day when Christ was circumcised and "received upon his person the mark of the children of Abraham." If somebody will now establish the celebration of the day the son of Joseph was vaccinated, the calendar will be enriched with another red-letter day of transcendent importance.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM will lecture next Sunday afternoon, January 20, at 3 o'clock, in Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Eleventh and Franklin streets, Oakland. Subject: "The Glory of Infidelity." Music will be furnished by Mrs. L. Rutter, Miss Clare Haelke, and Miss Laura Haelke. All are invited. Seats free.

AN attractive feature of the successful meetings at Irving Hall is the music furnished by Mrs. L. Rutter, Mrs. S. Cook, Mrs. Albert Stout, Mr. Ely, and Prof. A. Priore. Their services will be secured for the Convention and Paine Anniversary.

MR. PUTNAM will lecture Sunday evening next, at Irving Hall, on "The Religious Conspiracy." Every Liberal should make an earnest effort to attend and induce others to attend. The subject is of the utmost importance. Seats free.

THE "Sabbath Imposture," a pamphlet by Harry Hoover, 10 cents per copy; six for 50 cents; fifteen for \$1.00.

OBSERVATIONS.

More lectures. A lecture before the Turnverein to enthusiastic Germans, from whom a plea for human liberty calls forth applause like an earthquake. A lecture before a hall full of the elite of Oakland. A lecture at Ocean View that looks out upon the unbounded Pacific. A lecture in Irving hall crowded to the door with San Franciscans. Attendance on these has been my joyful experience since the last issue of FREETHOUGHT lifted its light upon a world groveling in the dust of superstition.

Allow me to get down off this high rhetorical pedestal and remark that these are lively times. I did not get out to Ocean View, but I understand the lecture went all right, though the audience went wrong. Colonel Thistleton explains the absence of the multitude by saying that a lady in the neighborhood met with a severe accident which cast a gloom over the entire community. The lady in question was bottling some beef-tea. The tea was hot, the bottle cold. The latter exploded, and a piece of it carried away a fragment of the lady's nose. The neighbors turned out as one man and one woman to offer their sympathy and to look for the missing fragment of nose, with a view to replacing it where it belonged. The search was without result up to the time of the lecture, and only a few persons, indifferent to the pride a Roman nose, gathered to listen. Such are the unforeseen difficulties which the cause of reform has to contend against at this frontier outpost.

I took much pleasure in visiting Oakland on Sunday. The trip across the ten miles of bay is a sail through a picture gallery. The views on a sunny day are illuminated like those Mr. Reynolds and I used to throw on the screen with a stereopticon, and spectators are permitted to look at them without being obliged to listen to any explanatory remarks. At Odd Fellows' Hall I heard with profit the lecture on "Robert Elsmere." As the orator proceeded to outline his premises, I listened eagerly; as he drew his conclusions, my attention became more marked; but when he reached the climax of his argument, and, soaring still higher upon the silver-tipped pinions of eloquence, announced that a collection of six dollars was necessary to pay the hall rent, my emotion exceeded control, and I broke forth into enthusiastic applause. I am quieter now.

If somebody should observe that the meeting held on the same evening at Irving Hall surpassed anything known in the history of San Francisco, I should see no reason to throw doubt upon the statement. Half an hour before the lecture began Mr. Chess, formerly of Monrovia, entered, cast his eye over the assemblage that filled all the chairs, and said that remarkable phenomena were becoming frequent when there were no good seats to be found at a Liberal lecture in a hall that held a thousand. I met here the striking combination of Mr. Furgason and Mr. Pingree. Mr. Furgason stopped growing when he was six feet and seven inches in height, or seven feet and six inches—I will not risk my veracity upon the assertion that it is not the latter. Mr. Pingree looms to the altitude of five feet. He refers to Mr. Furgason, familiarly, as "Shorty." The twain walking together gives Mr. Pingree the appearance of a tug taking an ocean steamer out through the Gate. Mr. Furgason tells the story that he was one evening upset from a boat into the Missouri river, and that it took him nearly all night to swim ashore. I have never been able to understand why he did not have the presence of mind to wade.

If an author would be famous let him also be incomprehensible. I do not often begin an article in this abrupt manner, but the above thought struck me, and I deemed it best to set it down before I forgot it. Accompanied by the compliments of the author I have just received a pamphlet, with an orange peel cover, entitled, "Facettes of Love: from Browning," by Dr. Daniel G. Brinton. It contains an address delivered "at the opening of the Browning Society of the New Century Club of Philadelphia," and is published by request—that is to say, the author requested the printer to put it in its present form, and the latter complied. The word "facettes" means little faces, as seen, for example, on the surface of a diamond badge pin. "Love" is a term found in the dictionary. Browning is a contemporary English poet, with a yearning for the obscure. Dr. Brinton resides at Media, Pa.,

and is vice-president of the Browning society, hereinbefore mentioned. With this definition of terms, let us proceed. The society meets for the purpose of studying Browning. If any one desires to understand Browning, he has got to be studied, there can be no dispute about that. People read Tennyson, and Ingersoll, and Thomas Paine, and know at once what the authors are talking about, but Browning and the Bible need investigation and commentary, and societies are formed for those purposes. Many people have vague ideas which they are unable to express. They come across expressions like those to be found in Browning's poems, which do not stand for anything in particular. They put their ideas into the poet's words, and are happy. Vagueness is married to obscurity in blissful union.

Browning would never do for a lexicographer. He says of love:

The gem

Centuply angled o'er a diadem.

I do not understand the above. What did the gem angle for, and what luck did it have? What did it expect to catch? Shiners, may be. The gem can have no reference to the letters forming the initials of my name. This extract does not readily yield to study. We pass. Says one of Browning's "lofty women:"

There have been moments, if the sentinel,
Lowering his halbert to salute the queen,
Had flung it brutally and clasped my knees,
I would have stooped and kissed him with my soul.

That is all clear until we read the last line. What the queen might have meant to say was that, if the man had been guilty of the violent conduct described, she "would have stopped and kicked him with her sole." And the verdict of the world would have been that she served him right.

I would like to go through Browning, and breathe new meanings into his poetical compositions, but I have no time. Many of his expressions are objectionable. One heroine says:

Well, if none of these good things came,
What did the failure prove?
The man was my whole world "all the same," etc.

Except for the laws of rhythm, which even Browning sometimes observes, the foregoing would probably have appeared as "all the samee," which belongs to the Dictionary of Slang, and can have no place in these columns except in quotation marks. Browning will not become popular here on the coast until he learns to express himself in plain and chaste language.

In his book, "Looking Backward," Edward Bellamy sets forth that in the year 2000 everybody's house will be connected by telephone with a central music station, and only professionals will perform upon musical instruments. There is a man at my boarding house who, I expect, wishes that year of grace had arrived. Few persons love music more passionately than myself. As Shakspeare has well said, those who have no music in their souls are fit for delinquent subscribers. I have at home a tin flute with which I sometimes while away the hour waiting for breakfast, and I notice that the bell rings earlier now than it did before I inaugurated the practice. The innovation is due to the influence of the man above mentioned. I heard him freeing his mind to the landlady recently. He said that when the calliope that comes with the circus goes whooping through the street he had noticed that dogs with an ear set to music point their snouts into the air and howl. He did not know whether they did thus because they were pleased or otherwise, and he would not say that the music of my flute was wholly disagreeable to him. He only knew that when he heard it he just wanted to sit up and howl. He told the landlady that it was the inexpressible sadness of "The Last Rose of Summer" performed by a man who had had nothing to eat that morning which affected him in this way, and so he hoped she would get breakfast ready as early as she could. This tribute satisfies me that I have obtained the highest power possible to me until I can grasp the harp which awaits me in the Ineffable Hence.

I expect that I am the only person in a position to do so who has never asked Colonel Ingersoll for an indorsement, a preface, an advertisement, or a contribution. I take no credit

for this fact. I merely concede to myself the possession of a certain sapience by which I was enabled to perceive in advance that I would not have got them any way. I never met the colonel but once, and he has probably forgotten the occasion. Nevertheless I have fared well at his hands. I obtained, I believe, the first communication from him ever contributed to the columns of the Truth Seeker. It was a number of years ago. The editor of the Truth Seeker was away on a vacation, and I kept his chair from getting rusty at 33 Clinton place. One evening I took a trip to Long Beach, where Colonel Ingersoll and family spent the hot weather. Putnam happened to be there, and called attention to me. The colonel absorbed my hand in his broad and comprehensive palm, transferred me to the notice of his family, drew me into a big chair beside the one he occupied, and gave me a large and fragrant cigar. He was kind enough to address numerous remarks to me, and as I could see that the little circle gathered around cared more for what he said than anything I could call to mind to discourse about, I allowed him to proceed without interruption. I noted that his conversation was much like his addresses and his printed articles, being full of fine figures and wise sayings. I did not go there to interview him, nor did I solicit anything, as Mr. Putnam will bear me out in saying; but ere I went away an interview was promised me for the Truth Seeker, and the promise was kept. When the editor returned from his vacation I greeted him with the cordiality due from one brother to another who has been absent, but when he asked me what matter I had selected for the succeeding issue, there was a slight trace of hauteur in my manner as I replied that I expected to publish a somewhat extended interview with my friend Mr. Ingersoll, whom I had recently met at the beach. The editor did not club me, but he suppressed my introduction to the interview and published a much better one written by himself.

I hear that there are persons who make the colonel's life burdensome at times—cranks, impostors and beggars. It is not always fortunate to be great and good, and well-fixed financially. These things make a man a target for the malicious, the mendacious, and the impecunious.

The mail brings to this office a memorial volume containing the "Proceedings of the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York, in relation to the Death of ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling, held at the Capitol, May 9, 1888," with the Memorial Address by Robert G. Ingersoll, delivered before the State Legislature. It is an elegant volume; the address is magnificent, and I have read it a half dozen times, but after all I turn to the fly-leaf and read there, the last thing before laying the book aside, the inscription written in a strong, masterly hand, "To George E. Macdonald, Esq., from his friend, R. G. Ingersoll, Jan. 5, '89." We have books for sale at the office of FREETHOUGHT. This one is not in the catalogue. M.

LITERARY NOTES.

CHARLES WATTS's definition and defense of Agnosticism is given in a ten-cent work—"Agnosticism and Christian Theism: Which is the more Reasonable?"

THE "Truth Seeker Annual and Freethinkers' Almanac" for 1889 has already been mentioned in FREETHOUGHT. It may be obtained at this office for 25 cents; by mail, 30 cents.

L. K. WASHBURN's latest published lecture is, "Was Jesus Insane?" issued by the Truth Seeker Company, price 10 cents. His conclusion, supported by many quotations from scripture, is that Christ was more insane than divine.

THERE will always be rebels against the authority of those who seek to make men good by law. Such is Mr. G. A. Lafayette, who prints a 14-page pamphlet on "Personal Rights vs. Prohibition." We are not acquainted with the author's address or the price of the pamphlet.

"WHY I Am an Agnostic", is a manual of Agnosticism written by "Saladin" and Joseph Taylor, and published by W. Stewart & Co., 41 Farrington street, London, E. C. It goes rather deeply into metaphysics, and professes to set forth the Agnostic faith. If we may judge from the writers on the subject, Agnosticism is

coming to be a religion, in which case, we fear, it will fall into disrepute as a term among Freethinkers.

PAUL CARUS, editor of the Open Court, publishes a 26-page pamphlet entitled "The Idea of God." It is an attempt to put the new wine of the author's conception of the universal being into the old bottles used in past ages, and succeeds as well as any we have seen made in that hopeless direction.

"INFIDEL DEATHBEDS," by G. W. Foote, editor of the London Freethinker, is a 98-page pamphlet giving the circumstances surrounding the deaths of some 65 Freethinkers, wherein it is shown that the "idle tales of dying horrors," so far as they relate to unbelievers, are pure fabrications. Price 50 cents.

"CHRISTIANITY: Its Origin, Nature, and Influence," is discussed by Mr. Charles Watts, editor of the Toronto Secular Thought, in a pamphlet of 31 large pages, price 15 cents. Mr. Watts is doing good work in Canada, especially by his pamphlets, which are always sound and argumentative and calculated to convince whoever reads them.

A most valuable little book is Andrew Jacobson's "Bible Inquirer; or, A Key to Bible Investigation." It contains one hundred and fifty propositions from the Bible, all of which are contradicted by other propositions, and gives many thoughtful commentaries on the scriptures. Price 25 cents. Address A. Jacobson, 1209 No. 18th st., Omaha, Neb.

SCIENCE, "a weekly newspaper of all the arts and sciences," published by N. D. C. Hodges, 47 Lafayette Place, New York, begins the new year with twenty pages instead of sixteen, its former number. This paper is gradually working itself into popular favor. Professor Boaz, the map-maker, keeps abreast of modern discovery, and appears to know more about geography than anyone else. The contributed articles are from the highest scientific authorities, as are also the editorials; and the detail work in the form of book reviews, electrical notes, and paragraphs, done by our old friend Henry J. Thomas—the kind of work that counts on the subscription list—all this makes Science the best paper of its class. Subscription price, \$3.50 per year.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

There was a lecture at Irving Hall, this city, last Sunday evening, by S. P. Putnam. The hall holds 800 or 1,000 people and it was full. Mr. Putnam also lectured before the Turnverein on Wednesday evening, Jan. 9. A great crowd and tremendous enthusiasm were in attendance. On Saturday evening Mr. Putnam addressed an intelligent audience at Ocean View, and on Sunday afternoon he discoursed in Odd Fellow's Hall, Oakland, to a full house.—Charles Dudley Warner, one of the editors of Harper's Magazine, will winter at Pomona.—The \$800,000 appropriation for a post-office site in San Francisco has been agreed to.—A man who was injured in the elevator accident in the Brancroft building has sued the company for \$102,500.

The plea of Washington, New Mexico, Montana, and Dakota for admission as states is favorably met by both parties in Congress.—There is a report that Plymouth church in Brooklyn, N. Y., is in a bad way financially, but Dr. Abbott, the present pastor, denies it.—The wife of Jay Gould, the millionaire, died last Sunday in New York.—Powderly asserts that the men who are organizing an opposition to the Knights of Labor offered to sell out to him for \$100.—Many lives were destroyed by cyclones in Reading and Pittsburgh, Pa., last week. Many buildings collapsed and afterward burnt.—There does not appear to be any American ships of any consequence engaged in the world's carrying trade. Statistics of the grain trade during the past year, which William E. Ferguson, the statistician and grain shipper of the Produce Exchange, has collected and tabulated show that of 754 vessels which carried grain from New York during 1888 to feed hungry Europe there were only three which bore the stars and stripes and they were the old steamers Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, owned by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The three American ships carried in five cargoes. Two of them made two trips with a total of 167,335 bushels of grain, during the year. British ships carried during the same time 15,974,492

bushels, and against five American cargoes there were 471 British. —The Mormons will hold a world's convention at St. Joseph, Mo., in April. —Investigation of the New York appraiser's office discloses that many millions have been stolen by officials. —Railroad men report that the Interstate Commerce act has worked beneficially during 1888. —The Illinois State Federation of Labor met on the 9th and appointed a committee to call upon Governor Fifer and ask him to pardon the three Anarchists now in the state penitentiary. —A National German-American Prohibition League was organized in Chicago last week. Its object is to create a sentiment among German-Americans in favor of total abstinence and legal prohibition. —James G. Blaine, Jr., has begun an apprenticeship to learn the machinist's trade in the railroad shops at Waterville, Me. —Judge Tully, of Chicago, has decided, very justly, it appears to us, that the police of that city have no right to interfere with peaceable assemblages, whether of people calling themselves Socialists or Anarchists, or others. If the police had understood this, as they should have understood it, previous to May 4, 1886, the Haymarket tragedy would never have occurred. —President Cleveland has transmitted to Congress an important message on the relations of this country with Germany as regards the usurpation of power by Germany in the Samoan Islands. The warship Trenton is off for the scene of action. —It is now understood that George Chainey—the Orthodox, the Unitarian, the Freethinker, the Spiritualist, the Theosophist, and the Gnostic, in turn—has joined the Christian Scientists in New York. Mr. Chainey appears to be a sort of Wandering Jew in the world of religious thought.

AMONG THE WORKERS.

W. F. JAMIESON has just closed his engagements in Nebraska, and is announced for a week's lectures in Shenandoah, Iowa. He has given lectures in Lowell, Newbold's, Newark, Bloodgood's, and Wilber; with the best attendance at Wilber, where the clergy were thrown into a panic—one of them making a ferocious assault on "Tom Paine" and Infidelity—but none of them with courage enough to meet the "Infidel" in joint debate. Mr. Jamieson can be addressed at Shenandoah, Iowa.

Mrs. MATTIE P. KREKEL (widow of the late Judge Arnold Krekel), of Kansas City, Mo., is prepared to lecture on the following subjects:

1. Evolution of Thought and Progress of Ideas.
2. Religion vs. Theology.
3. The Unity of Ideas.
4. The Brotherhood of Prophets.
5. Religion and Church of the Future.
6. Natural Morality Superior to Theological Restraint as a Safeguard to Society.
7. The Decay of Protestantism.—The Cause.
8. The Ethical Movement.—Culture.
9. Mental Emancipation.
10. Cause and Cure of Crime.
11. Woman's Equality before the Law.
12. Women as a Social Political Factor.
13. Marriage.—The Home.
14. The Divinity of Motherhood and Fatherhood.
15. The Rights of Children.
16. The Relationship of Poverty and Crime.
17. Am I my Brother's Keeper?
18. Religious Amendments to the Constitution.
19. Thomas Paine as a Patriot and Reformer.
20. Thomas Paine, one of the World's Saviors.
21. The Modern Inquisition.

Address, for terms, etc., L. B. Leach (business manager), Wamego, Kan.

PREMIUMS.

Attention is called to the premiums for new subscribers to FREE-THOUGHT offered on another page. A good many of our friends have worked for the paper and done their best, and have refused all offers of reward in the form of a commission. The premium list of books is enticing; we would like to see a thousand readers take advantage of it.

SEND to this office for blank petitions against the proposed national Sabbath law.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Hewitt is out. Grant is in. Has New York lost or gained by the change? This question, later on, will be an interesting one. We are apt to think the ex-mayor's political career is closed. There is a possible career before Mayor Grant, although we doubt it, with his surroundings. The "Bald Eagle of Westchester" got left in his contest for speaker of the Assembly. Cole served last year acceptably to his party, and has been re-elected this. We hear of no measure likely to be introduced at Albany this winter, of any stirring importance, except the Saxton bill of last year. This was passed at the last session and vetoed by Governor Hill. There is a general demand that some safeguard be thrown around the ballot box. This is not confined to either party, but whether such a measure can be made non-partisan is questionable. The usual idiotic bills to suppress intemperance will doubtless be introduced. This is to be expected. Just at the moment politics in this state are as mild as a June morning. Business at the exchanges opens dull with the new year, and prices have receded a little. The feeling is hopeful. The Western railroads have not settled their differences, although they are in process of being adjusted. Money is flowing back into Wall street. The enormous sum received in dividends, etc., has got to be reinvested. Where will it go, into stocks, bonds, real estate, or manufacturing? This was some \$80,000,000—a nice new year's present. There is not much poverty here, is there? Trade with our merchants is dull, as usual, at this time of the year. The unprecedented warm winter has been serious to our retail shops. Your boasted California winters bear no comparison to the last month. I know whereof I speak, for I have lived in your state. I know your climate from Marysville to San Bernardino. Of course we shall pay for these balmy days—cyclones and a late spring. The coming year promises to be one of activity with the legal fraternity. Governor Hill has assigned Judge Daniels to hold a special oyer and terminer in this county. Johnny Fellows can no longer shirk the responsibility of trying the boodle aldermen. The Governor will in a few days name seven of the judges of the Supreme Court to hold an annex Court of Appeals. This court is some three years behind in its work. These two courts ought to clean the docket within the next two years. Our best lawyers have a year of hard work before them. In this town, lawyers, like clothes, are fashionable for a season, and then cast aside. It was only a few years ago that William Fullerton, Robert Sewell, John D. Townsend, John Graham, David Dudley Field, figured in every large case, but to-day no one hears their names in connection with law. Field kept Gould and Fisk out of Sing Sing. John Graham has saved many a poor devil from the hangman's halter. Fullerton was unable to trip up Bessie Turner on the Beecher trial. A new set have come to the front, no more learned in the law, no more skilful in handling a case, no more effective before the jury, but the fashion of the hour. Choate, Colonel Ingersoll, Bourke Cochran, and Elihu Root have the call. They will play their hour on the legal stage, and then be set aside for other new comers. Not one of these can cross-examine a witness as Fullerton can, or argue a point with Dudley Field, or influence a jury by their eloquence as old John Graham has a hundred times. They are simply fashionable—nothing more. It is the same with our doctors. Dr. Fordyce Barker has for years been the physician of our swell families. He is no more skilful than the Flints, father and son, or Gourley, or Crane, or Thomas, or hundreds of other doctors. He is the pet of the Astors, and socially one of the most delightful men in New York. I have ample reason to bless him. He has saved the lives of some of my dearest friends.

Judge Andrews has refused to enjoin the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children," to return to Mrs. Diss Debar her children. The court still holds that she is morally incapable of taking care of her offspring. I understand that her "Serene Highness" has not seen the general since she returned from Blackwell's Island, having been informed by the spirits that one of the Cæsars, who reigned over Rome some nineteen hundred years ago, had divorced her from her so-called husband.

New York, Jan. 6, 1889.

EUDORUS.

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

R. B. WESTBROOK, LL.D., PRESIDENT.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary..... 241 Wash. Boulevard, Chicago
 OTTO WETTSTEIN, Treasurer..... Rochelle, Ill.
 E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com..... 120 Lexington ave., New York
 MATTIE A. FREEMAN, Chair. Fin. Com., 241 Wash. Boulevard, Chicago.

CALL FOR A STATE LIBERAL ORGANIZATION.

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall be no longer exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in state legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and in all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the president of the United States or by the governors of the various states, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that the simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality, as such, shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several states, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely Secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

The undersigned citizens of California, realizing that the safety of Republican institutions is imperiled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed by the least interference of the State in matters of religion, and believing, with the Founders of the Republic, that "Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty," hereby invite the Freethinkers and Liberals of California to meet in Convention at Irving Hall, San Francisco, Sunday, January 27, 1889, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of forming an Auxiliary Association of the American Secular Union, to help secure throughout the country practical compliance with the above Demands of Liberalism:

[The following 126 names have been received in addition to the 650 previously published.]

Ran'rd Worthing,	John E High,	E Lorrenstein,
J M Hartley,	A Moore,	J D Mouser,
L W Stevens,	W E Rowe,	G E Bennett,
W E High,	A S Smith,	L W Young,
Jas H Guion,	John C Westcott,	Louis Strand,
H M Johnson,	T G U Fiske,	Robt Bailey,
N S Lockwood,	N E Worthing,	Wm M Averell,
Henry George,	W L Watkins,	J P Ryan,
J C Holland,	A M Thornburgh,	Isaac D Snedecor,
E W Hulburd,	E L Morse,	A Crane,
T E Fultz,	C S Palmeter,	Z Hayden,
A D Campbell,	Mary A White,	D L Newcomb,
R W Pontius,	John Miller,	A M Huie,
Fred E Lewis,	R H Allen,	M B H Tobey,
S B Marks,	C W Garland,	Geo C Eitershank,
Wm H King,	B F Grust,	H M Landis,
W M Blaine,	Chas Schletweg,	Malcolm Matheson,
C C Zinn,	J L Stern,	Sam Levi,
W Hatch,	J Price,	R Blum,
B M Gildea,	W B Corliss,	L B Lewis,
Thos McAuliffe,	W A Davis,	Thos Boden,
K A Gregory,	I M Kimball,	J N Heiller,
A Clark,	Amos Buckman,	J F Liston,
Thos H Bush,	R E Warner,	Mrs E J McLam,
Lewis Post,	A T Large, Jr.,	Mrs M S Chapman,
Fernando Kies,	J W Brenning,	Lorenzo A Chapman,
Luke D Bechtel,	B D Day,	Mrs L P Langley,
C M Wood,	Valentine Fink,	Capt Sam'l Burtis,
H-W Gould,	Frank F Wright,	Percy W Goodwin,

Albert A Wentworth,	Chas Otter,	P Warkentin,
George M Bidwell,	Chas Doerr,	F Max Lorenz,
Albert B Johnson,	E Schnabel,	Albert Weinert,
Jas Bidwell,	F A Baumgartner,	August Lorenz,
W E Rowe,	A Geoffray,	Bruno Moje,
N S Lockwood,	Jacob Polak,	S Bildhauer,
R S Smith,	B Lenz,	Max Koch,
James P Jones,	L R Titus,	W O Davis,
John F Schwartz,	R O Mayer,	Frank McCormick,
Chas Snider,	Lewis Rothermel,	John Driscoll,
E D French,	Sam'l A Bishop,	Phillip Miller,
A L Doolittle,	M Wiener,	L B Dalliff,
J Vostrovsky,	E A Clark, M. D.,	R B Maxfield.

"ROBERT ELSMERE."

[Abstract of a lecture delivered in Oakland, Sunday, January 13, by Samuel P. Putnam]

This is a representative book. It is a photograph of English literary and religious life. It is not profoundly original. It can lay no claim to genius. It has learning, tact, skill, fine description of character, keen dissection of motive. Its graces of language are abundant. It abounds with the "sweetness and light" of Matthew Arnold. It is permeated with his philosophy. However, it touches no depths, and reaches no grand heights of human experience. In many respects it is superficial and unfair. It has a narrowness of outlook. It is pre-eminently of the "broad church," and not of universal humanity. It is pervaded with the ecclesiastical spirit, but that spirit stripped of its ignorance and barbarity. It is a novel written with a purpose, and such a novel cannot be supremely excellent. Genius writes to please itself, not to convert the world. Genius sees all sides, and is absolutely impartial. It has no favorite dogmas, no favorite personages. It simply reports. It puts no emphasis and indicates no preference. "Robert Elsmere" is a partial book. It has a dogma at the root of it. It is written in the interest of faith. It stands for a particular belief. Still it is an immensely helpful book. To thousands of minds it is a brilliant and beautiful gospel. It is indeed a wonderful story of human thought. It conveys a vast amount of information. It is deeply interesting from beginning to end. It is a book to be read by every one who desires to be conversant with the spirit of the age.

It is an anti-orthodox book. It wields the polished sword of Saladin. It deftly cuts to the very heart of the ancient faith, and inflicts a wound from which it will not recover. It deals with the church, not from the standpoint of science, but of literature and history. The hero is not swayed at all by the spirit of science. He does not study nature, but simply man. He does not reject Christianity because of the unscientific nature of its dogmas, but because of the lack of testimony, because it has really no valid history. This method of attack will influence a greater number than the purely scientific attack. Science is not yet thoroughly popular. Very few are deeply trained in its principles. Very few understand what science really is. The general results of science are accepted by the world, but the process by which these results are reached is hardly known. Robert Elsmere is not a man of science, but a literary critic. It is the new philosophy of history that compels him to abandon Christianity. Admitting that Christianity is a possible religion, and it is a possible religion to the Theist, the question over which Robert Elsmere struggles is this, What evidence is there that this possibility is a fact? His historic acumen declares that there is no evidence at all. Hence he must renounce Christianity, not because its doctrines in themselves are absurd, but because they have no basis of fact. They are not parts of history, but simply myths. This method of attack from the point of history is absolutely necessary to the destruction of Christianity. When intelligent minds realize that the "gospels" are not history, that the witnesses are untrustworthy, that in fact there are no witnesses, but only hearsay, Christianity as a special religion must be surrendered, and only the elements of a universal religion will survive. In this regard "Robert Elsmere" is a potent foe of orthodoxy, and in the lines of Theism will do a most effectual service for mental progress.

"Robert Elsmere" is a radical Unitarian book. It retains simply the humanity of Jesus. It affirms his real existence and transcendent excellence. This is the dogma of Unitarianism and

the dogma of Robert Elsmere, and this dogma is a limitation. The idea is a beautiful and consoling one, and a multitude of minds cannot go beyond it. They can surrender the supernatural divinity of Jesus, but not his real existence. They like to believe that this gentle martyr once lived, the ideal man of the race. But there is no more evidence of a "historic" Jesus than of a "divine" Jesus. To believe in the real existence of Jesus is as much a matter of faith as to believe in his divinity. This is the last fond superstition of Christianity. There is no valid testimony that Jesus ever lived in this world. Not only his miracles, but his very existence, are mythical, and if we accept the records they do not by any means demonstrate the perfection of Jesus. Many harsh and cruel sayings are attributed him, and his teachings are not always in harmony with the highest wisdom. The "New Brotherhood of Christ" according to Elsmere cannot be a universal and permanent fraternity. It is founded upon a sentiment, not reality. It represents a dogma, not simple humanity.

"Robert Elsmere" is a theistic book. It protests as ardently against Atheism as against orthodoxy. Its Theism is of a very impalpable sort. It does not affirm a personal God, but

"One far off-divine event
To which the whole creation moves;"

and it is this "event" that gives Robert Elsmere hope in his strenuous toil. He depends upon something above and beyond humanity. Jesus is to him the expression of this hidden divinity of nature. Elsmere is an optimist, and believes that God, or goodness, is the beginning and end of all things, that goodness is absolute, while evil is relative, and in the long run the ally of goodness.

This is a beautiful belief, but is after all a dogma, a sentimental creed. It is merely assumption, and is not in accordance with facts. To our experience goodness and evil are both relative, and one seems to be as strong as the other. Now one triumphs and then the other, and there is no more assurance of the ultimate triumph of the good than the ultimate triumph of the evil. Poetically we can picture the glorious triumph of the good, but scientifically this cannot be maintained. There is no knowledge or intuition in the matter. We simply do not know, we can only hope.

But all hope and all victory must spring entirely from our humanity. Man is his own providence. He must subdue nature. He cannot trust it. Civilization is the result of eternal combat with nature's force. Nature will not save man. There is no God in nature. As Ingersoll says, the very logic that dethrones the God of the Bible on account of the cruelties ascribed to him, also dethrones the "God of Nature," for the "God of Nature" is as cruel as the "God of the Bible." If we say that infinite goodness cannot command destruction of men, women, and children, even so we must say that infinite goodness cannot do these things which nature is constantly doing. Nature is infinitely destructive. Everywhere there is a field of battle. Man must save himself. There is no God on the throne of a universe in which such horrors occur from day to day. It is as logically consistent to believe in the God of the Bible as to believe in the God of nature. This is the gist of Butler's famous argument. The only answer to Butler's Theology is Atheism, and this will be the answer of man in his highest intellectual career. Science is absolutely non-theistic. The author of "Robert Elsmere" does not approve of Atheism, or Secularism, and her treatment of these is superficial. She seems to think that Atheism is a deformity or a weakness. I regard Atheism as the grandest altitude of the human mind. It accepts the situation frankly. It is not negation. It is an advance in human thought and power. It is self-reliance. It is progress. "The Squire" in "Robert Elsmere" is not by any means a representative of Atheism. He is depicted as all head and no heart, a kind of intellectual monstrosity. But Atheism does not dim the hope of man or make less warm his affection. The skies are as beautiful, the earth as lovely to the Atheist as to the Theist. He recognizes whatever there is of delight and magnificence. He recognizes the nobility of love, the lustre of heroism, the joy of endeavor. The Atheist does not lose heart because he disbelieves in God. He is not necessarily a cynic. The glory of humanity does not depend upon the glory of divinity. Not one virtue of man ever

originated from the virtue of a god. Secularism is essentially humanitarian. It cultivates hopefulness, sympathy, fraternity. It stands for energy, foresight, and all the noblest possibilities of the race. It discards no fact, no truth. It accepts all science, all human faculty, all intellectual power. Theism is a faint, vague hope. It has no evidence any more than Christianity. It does no good. It creates feebleness rather than strength. It gives a false reliance. Whenever God has been depended upon for any result there has been an absolute failure. Amidst the play of cause and effect the deity has been an eternal shadow. Not one event in the history of the world can be traced to a divine mind.

As Ingersoll says, "Robert Elsmere" is a conservative book. It does not go to the root of the matter. It glances by the greatest of problems. It does not plunge into the great sea. It discovers no new world.

It speaks of a new religion. No new religion can be made at this day. Religion is not the offspring of civilization. Civilization needs no religion. It simply tolerates religion. Disraeli in one of his novels declares that all men of sense have the same religion. What religion? inquires one. "Men of sense never tell," is the philosophic reply. The secret is, men of sense have no religion. They want no religion. Charles Sumner said that he never had a particle of religious feeling. Sumner is a representative man. The reformer, the worker, the genuine enthusiast, the poet, the artist, need no religion. Religion has no meaning in the ever advancing world of science. Religion originates in the shadow of barbarism, not in the light of knowledge. It is good and bad, as any passion is good and bad, but it is essentially passion. When it comes, it comes spontaneously. To create a new religion by conscious human effort is impossible. It is the dream of the child, but the man cannot reproduce the dream. He can simply remember it. As well affirm that the race must have a new childhood as to affirm that it must have a new religion. As Santa Claus disappears with childhood, so every religion on the face of the earth must disappear as mankind approaches maturity.

What is Mrs. Ward's remedy for the ills of life, for poverty, for wrong? Simply out-door relief, as Ingersoll says; simply charity. After reading this magnificent book we close it with a sigh, and wonder that it comes to this lame and impotent conclusion. It accepts society as it is. It accepts the riches of the rich and the poverty of the poor. It proposes no change. The rich shall be kind-hearted and patronizing. The poor shall be thankful that the rich are so charitable. This is the new gospel of Elsmere. It is the old church remedy. It is charity, it is not justice. It is not science. It is not liberty. Immense wealth and miserable poverty are to continue. Aristocracy is to continue. Ranks are to continue; splendid mansions are to continue, and the crowded tenement houses. The rich are to aid the poor—gracious ladies are to visit the poor, noble aristocrats are to give gifts to the poor. This is the millennium. It is the same old regime. It is the same old ideal. It is chivalry—but it is not democracy. Feudalism remains. The iron system keeps right on. It is only placed in charge of a few good-natured millionaires, who are to try to run it, if possible, for the benefit of the masses. The masses are to be quietly grateful, but underlings still. "Robert Elsmere" strikes at orthodox religion, but not at the orthodox system of social relations. It does not, like "Looking Backward," and "Rational Communism," grapple with the mightiest problems of life, and point out some adjustment by which there shall be neither riches nor poverty, but happiness for all. The book is not a picture but a photograph. It gives no new perspective. It is a faithful reproduction of actual life to-day in cultivated English circles. It shows the mental struggles that are constantly going on.

It shows how dead orthodoxy is to the intelligent mind, that it has no vital hold upon the world at large. Catherine, with all her noble qualities, is a pitifully ignorant woman. She scarcely reads or thinks. She is much like a machine in her intellectual movement. Her heart is broad and generous, but her brain is like the brain of a child. This is orthodoxy to-day. Only the narrow-minded can believe in its dogmas. The heart of the orthodox believer may be sympathetic. There may be charity

and good works because of a noble temperament, but the brain is paralyzed. It wants no living thought. It dreads inquiry. It dreads discussion. It clings to the past. It turns from the future. It denounces liberty. It abhors progress.

Orthodoxy desires to rule. It brooks no opposition. It has no regard for the rights of a Freethinker. It would chain science and education to its car.

The spirit of to-day, the spirit of literature, of science, is opposed to orthodoxy. These are now its potent enemies; art and genius are no longer with it. The living books of to-day are not orthodox. Orthodoxy finds no response in the popular heart. Who, to-day, of cultivated men and women in the church, or out of it, believes in total depravity, eternal hell-fire, vicarious atonement? Even orthodox clergymen are compelled to preach the simple humanity of Christ, and rely upon that simple humanity for the success of their labors. They let dogmas alone. They won't do for this era of science and humanity. Within the church itself Robert Elsmere will have a vast and beneficial influence. The pulpit may thunder against it, but the pews will welcome it. It comes as Christ came—not to the priests but to the multitude. The priests will crucify it, but the common people will accept it gladly. It is a breath of fresh air, of nature and humanity, amid the cold shadows of the church. If it had been a better book—a deeper book—even its splendid literary excellence might not have made it so popular as it is. It gives the bright sunset colors of Christianity. It retains all the good that is in the venerable religion, while orthodoxy

“Wounded, writhes with pain
And dies among its worshippers.”

It is a book for all to read. The radical Liberal will find its pages full of interest. Unsatisfactory in its results, the processes which it unfolds of mental evolution are intensely dramatic. It is a fascinating book. It is an honest book. It is a book that gives information. It helps to spread the gospel of “sweetness and light.” Thousands will find in its brilliant pages a stimulus to advanced thought, to broader outlook and gentler belief.

A CHESTNUT FROM JERUSALEM.

Profane history is full of lies, but the champion liar is the fabricator of sacred history. For at least ten years past there has appeared in various newspapers a translation of a pretended document said to have been found engraved in Hebrew on a brass plate, in the ruins of an ancient city, in Italy, now called Aquila.

The New York Sun of Nov. 8 reprints the document from the London Tablet, with a certificate of its undoubted authority, both editors apparently unaware that it is a stale and blasted chestnut. It purports to be the death sentence of Jesus Christ, pronounced by Pontius Pilate, and dated “in the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, on the 25th day of the month of March.”

Now, March 25, in the seventeenth year of Tiberius, was Sunday, A. D. 31. Another printed copy says March 24, which was the Jewish Sabbath; and another copy says March 27, which was Tuesday. But the four Evangelists tell us that Christ was crucified on Friday (which from time immemorial was hangman's day), and three of them fix it on the great Passover day, while the fourth says it was the day before. And the fourth gospel is right as to its not being on the Passover, because the Jews never allowed any trial or execution on that holy day, and for some reason they never celebrated the Passover on Friday.

None of the sacred writers tells us on what year the crucifixion took place, but astronomical science assures us that between A. D. 28 and 35 inclusive, the only year in which the Passover could have fallen on Friday was A. D. 30.

And in regard to the day of the month we know that the Passover never occurred earlier than March 26.

Another thing to be noted in regard to this pretended discovery is the discrepancies of date in the printed copies. The Sun has it in 1280; another copy says 1810, another 1820, and still another 1200.

Aquila is situated 58 miles northeast of Rome. It was built on the ruins of an ancient city by the Emperor Frederick II., who reigned from 1215 to 1250. If the discovery was made in 1280

it was thirty years after his death. If it was in 1200 it was fifteen years before he was crowned, and when he was only six years old. Frederick led a crusade to Jerusalem in 1228. The brass plate is said to have been preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians, inclosed in a box of ebony, where it was found by the commissioners of arts in the French army that invaded Italy in 1859. If such a plate really exists it is as contemptible a fraud as the golden plates that Joseph Smith pretended to find in 1827, and whether it was the work of a Carthusian monk or a French savant is quite immaterial; it is a Christian forgery all the same, like all the pretended historical records relating to the death of the late Lord Jesus Christ, in the reign of Tiberius.

HISTORICUS.

MY “MURCHISON” LETTER.

Perhaps the readers of FREETHOUGHT who have been so stirred up over that biblical quotation in Nov. 13th issue—“But if any man thinketh he behaveth unseemly toward his virgin daughter, if she be past the flower of her age, and need so requireth, let him do what he will; he sinneth not; let them marry”—feel they are entitled to some sort of an apology from me for not mentioning that it was taken from the revised pages; all the same I am not going to apologize at all. I incline to think the stirring up has benefited them, inasmuch as they may in the future be more careful to peep into the recesses of such several woods as are before them before jumping to the conclusion that neither one contains the “b'ar telled on.”

The fact is, I thought it unnecessary to notify a reader of FREETHOUGHT that my quotation came from the revised New Testament. I believed such wide-awake students would know such a plain statement could not come from among the ambiguous texts of the Old Book; and rather hoping to set theology agog and give it a chance to deny, I claimed to quote from “the Bible.” I did quote from “the Bible,” did I not? If the Old and New Testaments conjoined form a “Bible,” then I had full authority to say, “The Bible says thus.”

I have no doubt Prof. W. F. Jamieson wrote a very telling letter (as he always does), and it is a pity to have its basis cut away so entirely no eyes save those of FREETHOUGHT's editors had the pleasure of observing the structure thereof previous to its toppling over. I for one sincerely regret its loss—especially the Jesuit part of it. He might work that up by itself, methinks, and serve on a fresh plate. I do not quite agree with him in thinking the last estate of the Bible worse than the first. I like a sentence to express just what it means, with no chance for conjectural disputations, and the new version has tried to clear away the cobweb ambiguity existing throughout the old. There is no doubt that the mooted verse in 1 Corinthians means just the same in the old version as in the new, but it requires the two succeeding verses to undo its vagueness, as witness: 1 Cor., chap. vii, verse 36: “But if any man thinketh that he behaveth himself uncomely toward his virgin, if she pass the flower of her age and need so requireth, let him do what he will, he sinneth not; let them marry.” Verse 37: “Nevertheless, he that standeth steadfast in his heart, having no necessity, but hath power over his own will, and hath so decreed in his heart that he will keep his virgin, he doeth well.”

Verse 38: “So, then, he that giveth her in marriage doeth well; but he that giveth her not in marriage doeth better.” If Paul had meant several masculine connections of the virgin instead of one, the pronoun “he” would have been handled to give the texts the proper distinction; but he does not mean now a lover, now a father, and now a husband, any more than by the “she”—feminine personal—he means “wife” in lieu of “virgin.” No; the masculine pronoun “he” signifies one male individual. What sort of a male individual? Lo! “He that giveth her in marriage doeth well.” Who but a virgin's natural guardian, her father, giveth her in marriage? It is needless to suppose his substitute might on occasion fill the bill, for Paul is not talking of substitutes, he does not even hint at one; he talks of a “man” who “thinketh he behaveth himself uncomely toward his virgin” who has passed the flower of her age, about whose “need” his mind is exercised. Or, baser still, is it the “man's need” the honorable Paul is so solicitous about? Verily, it must be, if the text

means anything, and the feelings of the lady are, as is usual in the "chivalrous" Bible, of no account. She is past "the flower of her age," is an old maid who has done nothing to lift the "curse" off her race; so not being "steadfast in his heart" to consecrate her to God and to "holy deeds," and having no "power over his own will," he, the father, the natural owner of this over-mature virgin—may "do what he will," he may marry her—his own daughter.

So the old version, obscurely disclosing all this, is, to my mind, worse than this new version that comes forth with the law plainly worded. "If any man thinketh he behaveth unseemly toward his virgin daughter, if she be past the flower of her age, and need so requireth, let him do what he will, he sinneth not; let them marry." The plain text, whose meaning cannot be falsified for the entrapping of honest minds, is the Liberal's best ally. All hail to the plainly worded new version! and I wish the "committee" would get out yet another version on the same principle, for the honest translations the sooner good people will have their eyes opened.

Evidently Paul was too anxious to establish his church to meddle with men's vices. He dared give some good advice though, such as, "He that giveth her in marriage doeth well," and "he that hath power over his own will" and "giveth her not in marriage doeth better," or "the unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord that she may be holy both in body and spirit." That last, we understand, is the "doeth better" part of the business; yet if the father concludes *his* "need" is more pressing than the Lord's, "let him do what he will; he sinneth not;" he "doeth well" to marry her. So the difference between "doing well" and "doing better" is before us as clearly defined as Paul could put it. Do as you please and you "do well;" do for the Lord's glory and you "do better." Hell-fire is for heretics. Paul was politic or nothing. He made "holiness" easy by adapting his creed to the inclinations of those whom he hoped to manipulate into paying church-members. Is not that so? What other conclusion can one accept after reading chapters like unto the vii of 1 Corinthians?

Like G. E. M., I am heartily proud of the candid fight which Liberals accord the Bible. However great an enemy it may be, and has been to humanity, it should be met in open field without the prejudice of one untruth; it contains so much of degenerating cant, folly, vice, worldliness, that misrepresentation would appear like becrased superfluity. For my part, I want to see every line of it pulled to pieces, the truths sifted out, and crammed down the universal throat, fact after fact, until all the old superstitious pabulum that has so long kept human brains and human blood afroth with dyspepsia-like morbid taint is thoroughly purged from the system.

M. E. C. FARWELL.

Vineland, N. J., Dec. 11, 1888.

POVERTY AND HENRY GEORGE.

Allow me the use of FREETHOUGHT's columns in giving an opinion for which I have been asked.

We all know that poverty, here and abroad, is largely due to causes which society ought to remove, like saloons, lack of practical education, legal support of monopolies, and belief that poor people ought to be content with the lot to which God has called them. But there are many who are poor because they are idle, intemperate, and extravagant; and to tell them, as is sometimes done in Anti-poverty meetings, that society is to blame for their sufferings, is to do both them and society harm. And it is also to be remembered that we differ very widely in natural fitness of mind and body for making money. For present purposes I will make four classes, though the distance between members of the same class may be greater than that between this class and the next. Class first will contain those people who would have become rich even if they had started poor; class second, those who can support their families in comfort on their earnings alone, but not become wealthy; class third, those who must endure many hardships and privations in order to support their families on their earnings; class fourth, those who cannot do even this. The members of class first and class second make more money than their neighbors because their services are worth more to the

race. Who would dare to ride on a railroad where nobody is employed who has ever before earned a dollar a day? Society is like a steamer where the captain, pilot, engineer, and other officers are paid more than deck-hands, because if these latter were to get all the best places, the vessel would never get into port. It is no more certain that two and two make four than that nearly one-half of every community will always be below the average in strength, skill, common sense, acuteness, energy, and every other gift which has a market value. Raise the average as high as you can, you will always find some below it. Those of us who have less than the average capacity for making money, and no other means of support, are necessarily poor, and our poverty is not going to be agitated out of existence. There is no more possibility of making all men equally comfortable than equally tall. My neighbor makes money faster than I can, because his talents are more useful to our race. To compel him to support me as comfortably as himself, would be to rob him of his just reward; and to prevent him from earning more than I do, would make him a cripple and a slave.

Poverty will never vanish entirely, but it will continue to diminish, as it has done for centuries. Poor people in the United States are taxed much too heavily on their food, clothes, tools, and dwellings. Both parties have proposed plans for altering our tariff, and I should be glad to see some change made in the direction advocated with great brilliancy and glowing philanthropy, in his newspaper, "The Standard," as well as in his book, "Protection or Free Trade," by Henry George. His plan of reducing all taxes, both local and national, to one on land, seems liable to fatal objections, however. Our national revenue could not be raised in that way, for the Constitution declares that direct taxes shall be apportioned according to population, and the states which stand low in average wealth of citizens will not allow themselves to be overtaxed. Local taxes can be laid nowhere more justly than on churches, banks, factories, club-houses, hotels, saloons, and costly mansions. The plan of letting a man spend millions on such structures, and pay no higher taxes than if he had put up a cheap cottage on the same land, does not look like a new gospel for the poor. Is this to be done in order to enable the state to confiscate all the land? Confiscation without compensation is robbery. Is this the only way to save our free soil from being monopolized by individuals? No monopoly of land could be so oppressive as to have it all held by the state, for then the government would have despotic power. I am against reforms which require the sacrifice of individual liberty.

FRED. MAY HOLLAND.

ROBERT THE DEVIL.

Yesterday was the fust time in a week that the editor of Gabe's Horn didn't strike me for a dime when I went into the sanctum for copy, and the reason was 'cos it was pay day, and he didn't have the cheek. But I struck him for seventy cents he owed me, lent to him at ten cents at a time.

Did he see me? Not much, the skin—more'n that, he's a Skinner. What did he do but ask me if I couldn't wait a day or two, as he had got to use all his pay, but would have some more in a day or two when he got a divvy on some stock, he said. I didn't like to, but I said I could wait. You see, I don't wanten git out with him, 'cos I wanten make my dabue in Gabe's Horn some day, and besides, he gives me tickets to moral shows once in a while, when he can't sell 'em, and don't kick hard when he misses cigars and oringes and things, 'cos he dasn't, yer know.

When I said I warn't in no hurry for the spondulix, he smiled like a hippertamus when you chuck him a cabbage, and praised the peces I'd rit, and hoped I would yet rite in a more subdude tone for the delection—or some such thing—of the readers of Gabe's Horn, who would admire my genus, he said, but who crave less exhilaratin' pabalum, or something like that, or words to them effects.

I told him I'd got another literary effort about my clothes, and he ast to see it and I showed it to him. He looked at the name of it, and said I'd oughter have something available for our columns in that pece, and he'd be pleased to examine it, smilin' a twenty-inch smile of gratification and insomnia as he put the pece

in his desk for fucher reference, he said. Then he gimme some copy, and I scooted for the composin' room. As usual, I got the pece back at night, with a ritin' on it sayin' "A remarkable compersishen, but too florid and agnostick for the columns of Gabriel's Horn. The riter will yet be heard from in our columns, when comes the millennium. In the meantime let him effervess in the Devil's Tattoo, a paper devoted to worldly affairs." This is the pece:

THE CAIN AND ABEL AFFARE.

When Mr. Adams was bounced outer the Eden ranch, he went into the farmin' biz; but where he got his plows, and harrers, and rakes, and sythes and things the Lord only knows, and he doesn't tell in his book—forgot it, I s'pose, or thot it warn't of no consequence. In the history of the Adams family at that time—I wonder if the garden of Eden was anywhere near Quincy, Massychoots, where lots of Adamsses live, and where the two presidents of that name come from? In the erly history of the Adamsses Cain and Abel was born, and in two verses of the history they are grown up and farmin' and keepin' sheep, which is makin' mitey quick time!

Cain russled with the soil and rased cabbages, pertaters, and rooty bagers, and things, and Abel, kind of dudish, rased lams and sheeps, cuttin' wool not bein' so hard work as cuttin' hay. In them days the Lord made folks offer burnt sacrifices to him, to show they was square up and up for him and didn't vote for the devil, and 'cos he must a liked the smell of burnt meat. The wust of it was, the Lord allus wanted a good fat sheep roasted, though as long as he didn't eat it, I don't see why cat and dog meat wouldn't a smelt just as well burnin' as sheep meat. But the Lord was perticler, and wouldn't hays no cat and dog meat in his, but must have ram, lam, sheep and mutton or nuth'n.

Well, Abel had lots of sheeps, and one day burnt a lam for to tickle the nostrils of the Lord, who was well pleased when he smelt the burnin' meat, and told Abel he was a daisy, or words to that effect; and Abel went off home with a plume in his hat, so to speak, feelin' proud, yer know, and puttin' on frills.

Then Cain, who didn't have nuthn' but vegetables to offer, bilt a fire and put on 'taters, turnips, and rooty-bagers and things, thinkin' the Lord would like the smell of them and call him a brick. But the smell didn't suit the Lord, and he didn't say, "Bully boy, Cain;" and Cain got on his ear, and he and the Lord had some words about it, and then he scuttled off to find Abel, who was puttin' on more frills than a stud hoss, which made Cain madder 'n a hornet!

Now, I don't blame the Lord for not likin' the smell of burnt cabbages and things—I wouldn't like it myself—but when Cain offered the best he had in his line of business, and things he mite a sold for spot cash, prob'ly, what did the Lord want to crush out his spirit for by showin' he didn't like the smell? Why didn't he say, "Cain, my boy, you are doing the best you can, but between me and you and the lamp post, I ain't fond of the stink of burnt vegetables. Here, my boy, here's a quarter. Go buy a lam of Abel, and then you can do the handsome. But no, he soured on Cain and Cain soured on him, and I don't blame him, for it was enuff to break up any young feller, to be set down on when he tho't he was doing the handsome, as it was.

Cain hadn't oughter slugged Abel, and knocked him cold, that's a fact, 'cos men was scarce then, and come high; but he was mad as thunder, and madder when he saw Abel puttin' on scollops; and there's no knowing how sassy and insultin' Abe mite a been. He mite a called Cain a mudlark, a snoozer, a chump, a damphool, a son of a gun, or any of them gems of sass that gits a feller's back up, and ketched one on the jugler in Cain's outburst of rage. We don't know, and never shall know, what made Cain lose his head, and had oughter let him down easy as we can, 'cos ther's no knowin' when any of us mite strike fatally from the shoulder, when mad clear through.

I allus had a good deal of sympathy for Cain, 'cos I allus tho't that sluggin' match was owin' to the way the Lord had treated Cain, who picked out the best cabbages and things he had for the offerin', no doubt, and if I had been on a jury to try Cain I'd a stuck for a 'quittal, even if the other eleven had been obstinat enuff to vote and stick for conviction. Yes, I allus spoke more insorrer for Cain than in anger, and if any body wants to git up

a monument for him I'll subscribe ten cents any day, and don't care who knows it.

S'posin' a father—not a heavenly father, but an earthly father—had two sons, and one was a lickder dealer, and give the old man a barrel of whiskey, and the other was a shoemaker, and give the old 'un a pair of shoes. And s'posin' the old un should say to the fust one, "Tom, you're a dandy, right after my own heart! You've done the handsome—shake!" And should say to the other, "Dick, you're a chump! You're n. g. Git away to yer cobbler's shop and waxed ends, yer no company for me!" S'pos'n, eh? What would you think of such a father? Would you vote for him for city father—alderman? I'll bet yer wouldn't!

But that's the way the heavenly father served Cain, and I have allus weeped tears of sorrow for Cain whenever I weeped for him at all—honest Injun! I never tho't it was fair, the way the Lord went back on Cain's cabbage offerin', being the best heads he had. I don't know how much teer water I've weeped for Cain, but I'm done weepin' now, bein' struck jes' now with the question: "Who knows if this Cain and Abel affare is true?" And the anser comes back, "Nobody!" and I said, "That's so," and I wiped my weepin' eyes for ever! I shan't come down for no monument to Cain!

Mr. FREETHOUGHT editor, what's 'the reeson, yer 'spose, why the editor of Gabe's Horn wouldn't print this pece? Seems to me its a charitable vue of a case that never was p'r'aps; don't you?

ROBERT THE DEVIL, of Gabe's Horn.

Captain Davis's Word and Deed.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I inclose to you herewith a post-office money order for \$5 on account of FREETHOUGHT for 1889. According to your advertised terms, this entitles me to four copies, which please send to my address. Respectfully,
Lunenburg, Mass. ROBT. DAVIS.

P.S.—Keep the rum and tobacco advertisements out of the paper.

From the Sierras.

To the Editors of Freethought:

As I cannot be present at the coming Convention I herewith send you a little of the "yellow slave" (\$5), dug out of these golden hills, to help roll onward the glorious work. Use it in any manner that you may deem best to help on the good cause. Hopeful for Humanity,
Camptonville, Cal.

R. H. BLISS.

The Coos County Contingent.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Before this year is numbered with the past it behooves us, on its last day, to put on our thinking caps to find if there be anything left undone that should have been done. I have concluded to devote part of the day to that purpose, and, among other things, find that FREETHOUGHT should be remembered.

I delayed my own subscription expecting to see other friends. Please renew subscriptions as per six names inclosed. They all want FREETHOUGHT. Find, also, cash for the same.

I am pleased to find that our Advent friends are sniffing the "dangers ahead," and are taking active steps to avert them if possible. We could ask no more than they are doing, in their petition to Congress against the Blair educational amendment; and what surprises me most is that they are ahead of us in this move. It behooves us now to put our shoulders to the wheel and help all we can. We are working up a Paine celebration at Myrtle Point and expect to make a grand success of it. It is something new for this section, and we expect it will cause some to think and others to talk, and possibly some will blaspheme at us Infidels for taking so much liberty in a Christian country. My best wishes go with you and FREETHOUGHT.

Yours fraternally, J. HENRY SCHROEDER.

Arango, Or.

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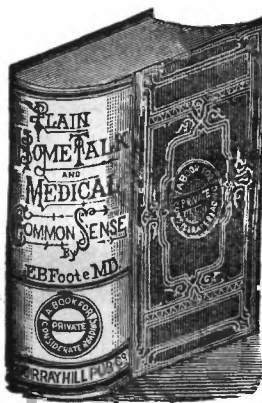
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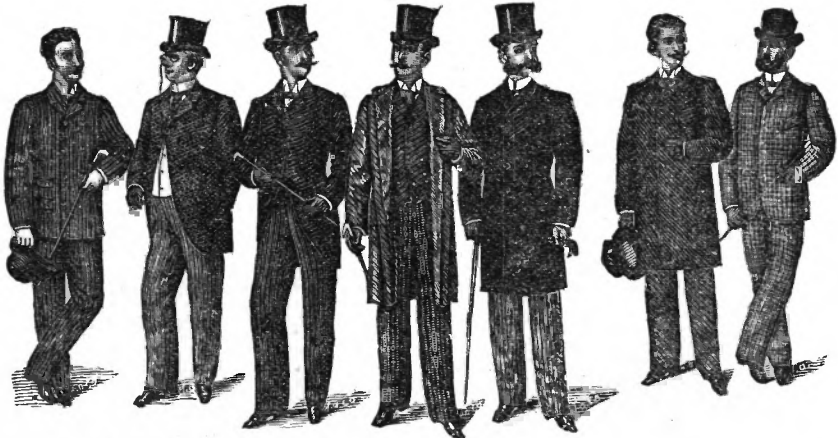
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FREETHOUGHT.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - JANUARY 26, 1889

THE Examiner, the best of the city dailies, got there last Sunday evening, and gave the Freethought meeting at Irving Hall as much space as it devoted to the Moody revival exercises at the Pavilion.

WE beg the religious editor of the Chronicle to give us the name of the "president of a prominent Infidel club in Los Angeles" who has been converted under the revival labors of the Rev. Mr. Cleggett.

MR. MOODY declares that "the man who will not swear in the presence of his wife, but does so outside, has more respect for his family than for his God." In our opinion the man thus described knows exactly where his respect is due.

THERE are more than a hundred Presbyterian ministers in the East who have applied for pulpits in Southern California. Whether this is due to a desire on the part of the ministers to save the country or to let the country save them is uncertain. The climate in the southern part of the state ought to be good for parsonitis.

THE effulgence of "Lewis the Light," a religious crank who cherishes the delusion that he is the messiah, has been shut in from the world by the walls of the insane ward of Bellevue Hospital, New York, whither the courts have committed him. The real name of this nineteenth century savior is Greensdale, and he was formerly a resident of San Francisco. There was no commission *de lunatico inquirendo* down in Judea.

THE French Catholic parochial school at Haverhill, Mass., is in trouble with the city school committee because it does not comply with the law. The law is that the English language must be the vehicle of instruction in all schools, public or private, and that United States History shall form part of the curriculum. In this school, which has two hundred and fifty pupils, two-thirds of the instruction is in French. A French history of Canada takes the place of a history of the United States. The teachers are ignorant of the methods in vogue in the American public schools. The priest in charge has declined to bring his school up to the requirements of the law. The school committee has

ordered the truant officers to carry out the law, that is, to bring into court all parties who send their children to the unlawful school. There seems to be questionable stretch of legal authority in this case. In schools supported by private money parents should certainly be permitted to choose in what language their children shall be instructed.

THE Rev. J. C. Smith, of Otis, Mass., is an ardent sporting man, and has driven the winning horse in several local races. He replies to his scandalized parishioners by saying that he has found worse men in the pulpit than on the sulky, and that horses pay better than preaching. The Rev. Mr. Smith will be commended for his frankness if for nothing else.

A PETITION is in circulation asking that the women of this state be permitted to vote in school elections under the same restrictions imposed upon male citizens. There is a small colored party in this movement. The proposed legislation will give native women a vote, while foreign females must take out naturalization papers. At the first election following the passage of the act the Protestants would have a clean sweep. Nevertheless the bill ought to pass.

THE scheme of removing Professor Woodrow from the Theological department of the University of South Carolina, as the Chronicle observes, has not worked happy results. The professor held that evolution did not conflict with orthodox Christianity. Now the students have taken his part, and the injustice done him has caused a great revival of interest in Darwinism, and Huxley, Tyndal, Wallace, Haeckel, and other writers are eagerly read. The faculty have evidently sowed the dragon's teeth.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Lodi is in "the great watermelon belt of California." Land in the vicinity is worth from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty dollars per acre and is constantly increasing in value. Lodi is about forty miles from Sacramento, and one hundred miles east of San Francisco. The orange-trees, magnolias in blossom, and violets greeting the sun show the mildness of its winter climate. All the semi-tropical fruits can be raised here. The silk industry is successful; cotton and the tea plant flourish. The Mokelumne river, by means of machinery, irrigates vast quantities of land. It is an attractive spot, and is destined to be one of the wealthiest portions of the state.

It was bright, sunny weather during my campaign here of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 16th, 17th, and 18th inst. Not a great many were present at the lectures, but the company I met was so genial and forward-looking that I do not feel discouraged, although I was in hopes of greater results. The battle is not by any means over, and disappointments are often in the way of reform. Mr. and Mrs. John Robinett expect to make Lodi their home, and they are always strong allies. Freethought is to them the enthusiasm of humanity.

Geo. F. Cluff and sons, who edit that lively paper "The Valley Review," don't keep their guns spiked for fear of consequences. They are doing a splendid business.

There are three women who are now admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States, Mrs. Belva Lockwood, Mrs. Laura de Force Gordon, and Mrs. Ada M. Bittenbender. The second of this illustrious trio, Mrs. Gordon, is famous on the Pacific Coast, and has a wide reputation for legal acumen and forensic ability. She is indeed one of the remarkable women of the day—is not only a lawyer of first-rate capacity, but a reformer and thinker of broad and generous mind. She has practical genius and believes in improving the world in every direction. She has done much to develop the agricultural resources of this state. Her house is in the midst of a well-cultivated garden, where nearly every variety of fruit and vegetable has been produced. She and her sister, Mrs. Cluff, are constantly trying experiments, and have demonstrated the almost boundless fertility of the soil; that the wealth of the tropics and the orient can mingle with the best productions of a northern clime. Cotton can grow with the wheat; the silkworm can spin his shiny thread; the orange and lemon and pomegranate can thrive with the walnut and the almond and the olive. The tea plant and cassia and ginger tree will increase alongside the potato and the watermelon.

It was a delightful privilege to be entertained at this home, and to come in contact with this unceasing spirit of reform and progress. It was a pleasure also to meet with Mrs. Powers and her son, Dr. Powers, who are earnest humanitarians. Dr. Powers was the first child born in Virginia City, and the breath of freedom comes by natural inheritance. Mrs. Powers, like D. M. Bennett, was in her early years among the Shakers, and in a certain sense she still regards herself as belonging to the "family." I quite enjoyed studying this remarkable phenomenon of modern religious life. The Shakers are a gentle, quiet, happy, and orderly people. Their superstition is of a very mild sort. They do not believe in the union of church and state. They believe entirely in persuasion. They recognize a natural order and a spiritual order. In the natural order marriage is allowed. In the spiritual order it is freely renounced. There is no compulsion. Those who are brought up in these communities can go out into the world any time they desire. The Shakers believe in the absolute equality of the sexes. Their theology, in the abstract, is something like that of Theodore Parker. They adore both the fatherhood and motherhood of God. They deny the trinity but affirm the duality of the deity. He is masculine and feminine. They discard the "rib-story" and "miraculous conception." The Bible is not infallible, but simply a record of spiritual manifestations. Jesus is not God. Neither is he identical with the Christ. He is only a manifestation of the eternal Christ, as was also Mother Ann Lee. They do not accept vicarious atonement, and heaven and hell are declared to be conditions and states of the soul. They worship with music and dancing. Practically Shakerism is founded upon the phenomena of Spiritism, and Elder Evans declares that among these communities there were phenomena similar to what occurred at Rochester with the Fox sisters, seven years before the "rappings." Mother Ann Lee was evidently a "medium" and all along the history of this sect are manifestations of a power like that of modern Spiritualism. A curious folk the Shakers are—a placid, contented people. There are now eighteen families in the United States, with a membership of ten thousand. In agricultural skill they are unsurpassed. No one works hard. They

have plenty of leisure. There is always something to do, but when one is tired he can rest to his heart's content. The law of attraction prevails. There have never been any law suits in the families. No police officers, no courts are required. Pure good will and frank confession settle every difficulty. All property is common, as with the early Christians. The one who brings ten thousand dollars to the community wealth is no better treated than the one who brings nothing. Here is thorough equality. When one wishes to depart he is given the exact amount he puts in, without interest. The Shakers are quite an inventive people. They originated the drying of sweet corn for food, over fifty years ago. They were the first who instituted the raising, papering, and vending of garden seeds in the present style. They first manufactured medicinal vegetable extracts for market. They were the first to raise and manufacture broom brush into brooms. The first buzz saw was made by the Shakers. They invented the planing and matching machines for dressing flooring and ceiling lumber. They were the inventors of cut nails and metallic pens. The Shakers show a good record in the way of making an earthly paradise.

The three sunny days at Lodi, where the white frost came every night, while the violets and the roses and the marigolds bloomed in the morning radiance—these days of labor have been joyous with bright companionship and the learning of something new about the ever-flowing, ever-changing ocean of humanity, more wonderful than any god ever dreamed of or "revealed" by priest or magician.

Sunday afternoon was somewhat threatening, but a good audience was present at Odd Fellows' Hall, Oakland, and I discoursed on "The Glory of Infidelity." When my friend Schou was posting up the notices, some religious looker on so marveled at the title that he remarked in bewildered tones, "He must be drunk." If this astonished individual had come to the lecture, he might have discovered that Infidelity means the exact opposite of his exclamation. It is the sober second thought of the intelligence of mankind.

Irving Hall was thronged again on Sunday evening, although the rain did come down a bit. I spoke on "The Religious Conspiracy." Everything now points to a most interesting convention. The issue is at hand. It is both state and national. The Liberals must meet it.

IN MEMORIAM.

I was pained beyond measure while at Lodi to receive a telegraphic dispatch from my friend W. S. Rodgers, of Boulder Creek, urging me to be at the funeral of his wife. I could not go. Alas, how death mingles with life, and our most joyous moments are ever in the shadow. I remember the home on the mountain among the great trees, a home of peace and comfort, of quiet, sweet life. It is a lovely picture, the mother and the children, and the father strong in life's battle, for noble affection makes flowers and sunshine for his arduous toil. The bright and beautiful spirit is gone. The home is desolate. The shadow deep has fallen. The heart is breaking, and tears are like rain. Death is remorseless. Humanity, glowing with sympathy, alone can aid in this awful hour. Over land and sea let this broad sympathy extend. Mingling with the memory of the dead let there be the tender consolations of the living.

A copy of the Salt Lake Tribune just received also announces the death of Mrs. Sarah M. Pratt, the wife of the late Mormon apostle Orson Pratt, aged 72, at the residence of her son Arthur Pratt. Mrs. Pratt withdrew from the Mormon church in obedi-

ence to intellectual and moral conviction. She brought up her children to shun the creed of the church. I met her and her family when in Salt Lake City, and found them all in sympathy with broad and liberal ideas. Orson Pratt was one of the brightest intellects in the Mormon church. He was the theologian and the philosopher of that body. Whatever his religion might be, in the world of pure thought he was a keen and brilliant mind. Mrs. Pratt was a woman of great fearlessness and independence, and it was no slight thing for her to break with the Mormon church for the sake of herself and her children. It was a heroic act, and bravely and beautifully did she stand by her womanhood and her conscience. Says the Tribune:

"She voluntarily gave up all that is very dear to many women for a principle. She gave up everything except her womanhood and her children, and chose to walk alone through life, under such a ban as the Mormon chiefs were able to put upon her in the long ago, rather than make a compromise with what she believed wrong. No one not familiar with the methods that prevailed here of old, knows what the course of this woman involved to her. An absolute despot ruled at the time, and he knew that his only hold on power was through the superstitious fears of this people. His word was absolute law, and he was unscrupulous as to the means adopted to execute his edicts. Yet this delicate woman braved his wrath. When every door and window had ears and the very winds seemed to have voices to carry anything like words of revolt against wrong, this woman was wont to gather her children around her in the middle of the room, and in whispers explain to them the falsehood, the shame, the sin, and the disloyalty that had crept into this thing called here a creed, and to beseech them for the love they bore her, and for the sacrifices they owed to duty, never to cease to repudiate the thing. She knew every leader; she knew which were sincere and which were corrupt; she knew that the founder was irrevocably tainted, and she was brave enough to tell what she knew. With a pure woman's clear instincts she instantly detected how much of this creed was good and how much was of the earth earthy; she saw that, tested in any crucible, either of religion, justice, patriotism, or even common sense, the system as practiced here must either be readjusted or abandoned, or it would bring unspeakable sorrow and distress upon this people, and so she denounced it. She did it, too, when hedged about with distresses and terrors, but she never quailed. Surely she has earned her rest, and when Utah, redeemed, shall begin to build monuments in honor of those who were real martyrs for the sake of principle, one of the first to be upreared should be to the memory of Mrs. Sarah M. Pratt."

Thus the roll of the shining dead increases. We recognize the invisible world, the world of thought, the world of hope, the world of aspiration. This world is constantly growing, ever broader, ever higher, ever grander. From hero and martyr, from love and virtue, from all the fountains of the living present, from childhood, youth, and silver age, this world doth ever grow in majesty, in solemn wonder, in constellated glory. It is for the heart of man struggling with a thousand evils. Its "mystic unfathomable song" touches the spirit to earnest and sublime endeavor. Its countless stars from vast centuries of fleeting life pour their mild, inspiring rays on ceaseless toil, and thus more beautiful, more glorious, becomes each appointed task in the glistening fields of time.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

THE PAINE ANNIVERSARY.

An attractive program has been prepared for the Paine Anniversary, consisting of music, short speeches, and recitations. The evening's entertainment will terminate with a sociable, and it is hoped that the attendance will be large. Especially is it desirable to bring out the ladies and the families, and make the sociable a success. Admission to the hall is free. Gentlemen who dance will suffer a tax of twenty-five cents.

The first feature of the Paine celebration will be the address

delivered by Hon. A. Schell Sunday evening, January 27. Mr. Schell is an able speaker and deserves a crowded house.

THE CONVENTION.

The program for the convention has been arranged, as far as possible, to expedite business and to have a full expression of opinion. It must be understood that this convention meets for a definite purpose. It is called to help to carry out the Demands of Liberalism. At this time there is especial need of a union of our forces. There are now pending in Congress two bills known as the "Blair Educational Amendment bill" and the "Blair Sunday Rest bill." The American Sentinel says: "Not less than fifteen millions of names have been presented to Congress as petitioners in favor of the latter bill by the American Sabbath Union. The names consist of about seven or eight millions gathered by the friends of the bill, and the counting of seven million two hundred thousand Roman Catholics, because Cardinal Gibbons signed the petition."

The principal leaders of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and Prohibition party are in favor of this "Sunday Rest bill." The General Assembly of the Knights of Labor have indorsed this bill by unanimous vote. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, in convention assembled, have also indorsed the bill.

It is evident that the nature of this church movement is not understood by the working people, or they would not thus indorse it. Therefore there is necessity for agitation and for enlightenment. The Freethinker must stand by his colors. There never has been any greater danger to liberty than now. The point of co-operation for the ecclesiastical parties is the "Sunday Rest bill." That bill is for the protection of the churches. It is to build up their power. It is to give them absolute control of one day in the week.

The "Sunday Rest bill" is absolute tyranny. It is a degradation to American citizenship. It is a practical union of church and state.

The issue is being forced in our own state. Hundreds of petitions are circulating for a Sabbath law in California.

Liberals can exercise a vast influence if they will act together. Without doubt all will be desirous of harmony at the convention. Outside issues must be avoided. There are many important questions in which we are all deeply interested, but these questions cannot be discussed at the convention. In concentration there is strength. It is by limiting the work to be done that the work is made successful. Good speakers will address the convention. Time forbids lengthy and elaborate lectures. What is needed are speeches that go at once to the point, that will arouse to action, that will kindle enthusiasm for liberty and justice. A bright, strong, harmonious convention will be invaluable aid to our cause. It will give a universal impulse. It will interest thousands.

It is by co-operation that the great work of Liberalism is to be done—co-operation throughout the state. By combining resources public meetings can be held at the most favorable points. If one cannot have lectures in his own vicinity, he can help to sustain lectures at other places in the state. The co-operation of friends has made possible a series of most important meetings in San Francisco during the last month. This could not have been done simply by local aid. The experiment is worth trying elsewhere, at Sacramento, Los Angeles, etc. The friends at these places cannot bear the whole burden, but friends

throughout the state can do so, and in the end all would be benefited.

The Convention will open on Sunday morning with an address on "Organization, Its Necessity and Its Methods." To co-operate effectually it is necessary that we should know one another personally. In order that there may be this acquaintance the meetings on Tuesday night will close with a sociable and dance. The object is not merely a good time, but to cultivate those friendly associations by which reform becomes imbued with the spirit of fraternity.

Our German fellow-citizens are among our strongest allies. In the issue that is being forced upon the country they will be upon the side of Liberty. F. Schueneman-Pott will speak for this great body of coadjutors, at the Paine Anniversary.

THE MEETING FUND.

The following friends have taken advantage of the opportunity offered them to contribute toward the expenses of the meetings at Irving Hall. The amount paid and pledged is \$109.50, or \$3 less than the rent of the hall.

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W. F. Eddy.....	5 00	John Robinett.....	1 00
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Mrs Reguin.....	50	F. Woodward.....	25
Cash.....	50		

LABOR ORGANIZATIONS AND THE SUNDAY BILL.

To the Editors of Freethought:

In the issue of January 12 appears something from which the casual reader might infer that the labor unions are in favor of and indorse the Blair Sabbath bill. As one who is, first of all things, interested in promoting the cause for which labor is fighting, I shall protest against any such sentiment gaining a foothold. The fact is, no organization can be more absolutely Secular than are the various labor unions. Their obligations are simply promises on the honor of the man or woman, with no sort of oath or mention of deity. The discussion, even, of religion is prohibited in all their meetings. They are organized for and pay strict attention to purely Secular business.

Individual members of these unions are much like individual members of other organizations. No doubt there are members who would like to see a Sabbath forced upon all their brothers. This has as little relation to the union as has the stealing of a horse by a Methodist, or the shooting of his business partner by a member of the American Secular Union,

Again, in our ranks are doubtless many with leather heads who, when approached by the leather-tongued disciple of the Sabbath bill, can be stretched on a number 6 block and their names secured on a petition for the bill. Straightway their adherence is paraded in the columns of some such paper as the Advance, and warped into meaning that the labor unions are in favor of an absurd Sabbath law. Now I submit that the Advance is mighty poor authority on labor unions. Probably not one member in ten of any labor organization ever read a line in the Advance in all his life.

After all is said and done, I shall still believe that the disciples of that bill have at present got the cinch on those of us who oppose it. When they approach a man who is working 365 days in the year and show him that this bill gives him every seventh day; that he will no longer be in danger of losing his job if he tells his employer on Saturday night that he shall play with his children on the morrow, they have a powerful argument for winning that man. When the opposition tells him of the danger lying hidden in the measure he thinks it is working in the interest of his his employer who wishes to enslave him every day. If you play the demagogue and tell him he will be the richer at the end of the year by working every day, he will use the knowledge obtained at his Union and show you most conclusively that you are, economically, wrong.

How then, shall he be approached? From my experience with the workman I shall say, offer him something in place of the Sabbath bill that shall have as much attraction for him, and at the same time protect both him and yourself from the subtle dangers of the bill you oppose. He sees something to be obtained from this bill, and the fatal weakness of the opposition lies in its declaration for things as they are.

Oakland, Cal.

EUGENE HOUGH.

It cannot be doubted that Mr. Hough is right in regard to the general sentiment among intelligent working people. They want a Sunday, but they do not want a church day. They do not want a holy day, but a holiday. No just law can be passed forbidding work or play upon Sunday. If one wishes to work on Sunday he has the right to do so. It is simple tyranny to say to any man in this republic that he shall not labor on any particular day of the week. Arrangements for Sundays can be made by employers and employees without resort to ecclesiastical legislation.

It is evident, however, that a large number of workmen are in favor of enforcing the Christian Sabbath, and so are in favor of the union of church and state. They are in favor of tyranny and the subversion of human rights. Such is the position of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. It has placed itself on record as in favor of an ecclesiastical Sabbath. If it is a non-political body then it has most flagrantly violated its fundamental law. It has taken sides upon a political question of vast importance, and, worse than this, it has taken the un-American and the un-democratic side. It has allied itself with superstition and barbarism.

Every Liberal, every Freethinker, who belongs to this Brotherhood should indignantly protest against this hasty and ill-advised action. Are the Brotherhood in favor of a union of church and state? Are they in favor of ecclesiastical tyranny? Are they in favor of religious legislation? Do they wish to subvert the Constitution? Do they wish to place themselves on record as opposed to the Declaration of Independence? Yet this is what the Brotherhood has done. Are the Freethinkers who belong to this organization to tamely submit? Are they to thus allow their dearest rights to be insulted? The Brotherhood has joined hands with the priests of this country to enforce a priestly rule. In the Journal of United Labor, the organ of the Knights of Labor, Nov. 29, it is declared that at the General Assembly of this order, the Blair Sabbath bill was unanimously indorsed. If, as Mr. Hough says, the vast majority of working people are opposed to this bill, why do they not say

so? Why do they allow these indorsements to go forth? The representative of the God-in-the-Constitution party was allowed a two hours' address before the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Knights of Labor. The representatives of the American Secular Union had no chance to express the other side of the question. The church party had it all its own way, and the church party was unanimously indorsed by these labor organizations. A great blunder has been committed. If these organizations ally themselves with the church, their usefulness is over. Never can labor achieve its rights except by a recognition of universal rights. The only way to protect labor is by a most sacred regard of the liberty of all. If these organizations commit themselves to Sabbath tyranny they commit themselves to death and dishonor. Let there be a wide discussion of the matter. Let the working people think about these things and speak out. Private remonstrance will not do. There must be a public reversal of this untimely action. The influence of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and of the Knights of Labor, by a public resolution, is given to the God-in-the-Constitution party; it is given to the political power of the churches and priesthood; it is given to the subversion of American liberty. Will the Liberal members of these organizations thus allow themselves to be led into public approval of a tyranny worthy of the middle ages?

THE volume of the writings of Horace Seaver announced some time ago is at hand. It is published under the title of "Occasional Thoughts," and makes a 12mo book of 230 pages. Mr. L. K. Washburn, the compiler, writes the preface. This volume, if it bore the name of no author, would be of the greatest worth as a fountain of philosophical suggestions and a source of ideas that may be studied and enlarged upon by the reader, to his permanent advantage. But as a volume containing the best thoughts of a man like Horace Seaver, who has stood at the front in a fifty years' battle for Freethought, the book possesses a value which it could not draw from any other circumstance. There is therefore a double reason why this volume should be precious to Freethinkers. They cannot open it without striking some worthy sentiment expressed with clearness and power, and they can never look upon it and not feel a sense of thankfulness toward the man who has done so much to make this country free to believers and unbelievers alike.

THE Oakland clergymen are unable to reach an agreement on the Sunday question. The Rev. Dr. Bothwell takes ground publicly in favor of healthful recreation after divine service, in the parks and suburban gardens, while Rev. M. Clapp, of the East Oakland church, contends that Sunday recreation, as well as labor, is Sabbath-breaking and against the law of God. We can only implore these reverend gentlemen to take the advice of Paul and be fully persuaded in their own minds, and to let all others do the same, without attempting legal interference.

MOODY reports that since his last visit to this coast, ten years ago, he finds the condition of things very much improved; and a correspondent of the Weekly Star inquires if that improvement is because Moody stayed away, and if so why he did not continue the good work by prolonging his absence.

OUR immigration-law tinkers are again at work. There is now a bill in Congress proposing to exclude Anarchists and Socialists—it is a wonder that Atheists were not included. The Ford

Commission reports the bill and has this to say of the excluded classes:

"These persons do not come here to uphold and maintain our form of government. Their object and purpose is to destroy and tear it to pieces. They hold any law in contempt which does not meet with their individual approbation, and believe disobedience to it is perfectly justifiable."

If this were to be applied impartially, what would be done with Roman Catholics? The Catholic "does not come here to uphold and maintain our form of government." His object is to "destroy and tear it to pieces." Why is not the Fenian included in the prohibition? Why are Communists omitted? Why is the Coolie ignored? Is the Ford Commission competent to deal with the question anyway?

It may be truly said that Mr. L. K. Washburn, of Revere, Mass., has filled a long felt want. He has compiled a song or hymn book "of the highest moral sentiment, united with the choicest music," and "perfectly free from all sectarianism." It is called the "Cosmian Hymn Book." It has 258 songs, nearly all accompanied with music. There are Hymns of Nature, of Humanity, and of Freedom; Liberal Hymns, Miscellaneous, Funeral, and Doxologies. Without controversy, this is the best hymn book ever published. It ought to be in the families of Liberals where the children can learn the songs as they grow up, instead of the Sunday-school inanities now sung by the rising generation. The price of the book singly is \$1.50, but in large quantities it may be obtained much cheaper.

SABBATH legislation now threatens not only the nation as a whole, but the state of California in particular. The clergy of the state are circulating petitions asking the legislature to enact a Sunday law, and they are obtaining many signatures. To offset this movement anti-Sunday petitions have been printed and may be obtained at this office. Send for them, circulate them, and return them promptly, so that the legislature may be addressed at once after the Sabbath bill is introduced.

THE Methodist ministers of Cleveland have decided to answer "Robert Elsmere" by ignoring it entirely. This is similar to the ostrich's method of eluding pursuers by burying its head in the sand. It is to be wondered at that nobody has had the wisdom to suggest that "Robert Elsmere" is immoral and therefore a proper object for the attention of Anthony Comstock. He is generally the first resort in cases of this kind.

THE Woman Suffragists are holding a convention at Washington, and Senator Blair, of religious amendment notoriety, is at the front in favor of the movement. He wants the Republican party to make universal suffrage a plank in its platform. The women should fight shy of this man. He is after their votes for his Sunday law.

RENEWALS.

This is the season for renewals, and we are reminded of that fact both by the large number sent in and by the large number that have not as yet reached us. We have had a year's trial before a jury of our patrons. The verdict, which will come in the form of renewals, is due. We trust that the jury will be unanimously in favor of giving us another year.

PREMIUMS.

Attention is called to the premiums for new subscribers to FREETHOUGHT offered on another page. A good many of our friends have worked for the paper and done their best, and have refused all offers of reward in the form of a commission. The premium list of books is enticing; we would like to see a thousand readers take advantage of it.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The San Francisco Post-office bill has been signed by President Cleveland.—This is from the Tulare Register: "Word has reached us of a very exciting scene in one of the churches in Porterville last Sunday. It was at the forenoon service of Reverend Fillingham, a Presbyterian minister, who recently located here. In the midst of his discourse the pastor suddenly ceased and began throwing books and chairs at the congregation, creating the greatest consternation in the house. Several persons rushed forward, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in overpowering and binding the unfortunate man, who had so suddenly become a raving maniac. He was taken to Visalia, where he was pronounced insane. During the struggle in church he informed his captors that if he had his Henry rifle they would not find it so easy to secure him. The eccentric actions of the man have for some time been the subject of comment."—The mortuary report of this city for last week shows that there were 116 deaths, as against 173 for the corresponding week last year. There was one death from smallpox, 22 from phthisis, and 14 from pneumonia.—The adoption of the Australian system of voting is recommended by the Labor organizations of this state.—Mrs. Elsie Reynolds, the medium whose recent trial at San Diego excited so much interest, has returned to that city and is doing a good business.—The recount of the ballots cast in San Francisco is progressing without material results.—Alvan G. Clark, of Cambridge, Mass., the manufacturer of the great lenses for the Lick telescope, is in Los Angeles, to which place he has been summoned by the trustees of the University of Southern California. They wish to consult him regarding the manufacture of a forty-inch lense for a telescope to be erected on Wilson's peak, in the Sierra Madre range, east of Los Angeles.

A bill is before Congress proposing to prohibit the admission into the United States of any idiot, insane, pauper, or one likely to become a public charge, or one who has been legally convicted of crime, or who is a polygamist, Anarchist, or Socialist, or who is afflicted with any loathsome disease, or has entered into a contract, expressed or implied, oral or written, to perform labor or service for any person, firm, company, or corporation in the United States, whose passage has been paid on promise of labor. It also provides that alien labor shall not be admitted to labor for a time with the intention of returning, ministers of the gospel excepted.—Religious differences are disrupting the Knights of Labor. It is stated that the Catholic Knights in the Pittsburg, Pa., district will refuse to pay any more dues, and thus, becoming delinquent, will be dropped from the rolls of the order. The primary cause of their dissatisfaction is that, at an annual meeting of the district assembly last week, the Protestants captured every office.—Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, has sent a circular to all the priests of his diocese forbidding them to give absolution to any who attend the Anti-Poverty meetings of Dr. McGlynn.—There are no new developments in the Samoa affair. United States warships are on their way to the islands, and a collision with German forces is possible.—Another supposed good man is now shown to have gone wrong. The late Henry P. Marshall, of New York, died short in his accounts as the treasurer of the Episcopal Missionary Society for Seamen, \$12,000, and St. George's church, of which he was a trustee, \$40,000 more.—"General" Thomas Moore, late commander of the Salvation Army forces in America, has been removed from office. His financial transactions were irregular.—Lieutenant Zalinski's dynamite gun, designed for the Italian government, was tried at Fort Hamilton Saturday last, and threw two shells, one containing 180 pounds of explosive gelatine and dynamite and the other 500 pounds of the same explosive. The first shot went 950 yards and threw a great column of water 100 feet into the air. The second shot went a distance of 1,400 yards. A large mass of water was raised ten feet and a column of water went more than 100 feet high. Either of these explosions would blow any ship out of the water.—The sheriff of Valencia county, N. M., who was missing, had squandered \$10,000 or \$15,000 of public money.—Deacon Cooper, of the Christian church at Fort Dodge, Ia., has been suspended by his church for illicit liquor dealing.—A bill entitled "An act

to prevent monopolies" is in the New York senate. It is aimed at trusts, and embodies the principles laid down in Judge Barrett's recent decision against the sugar trust.

The new White Star Steamer Teutonic was launched last Saturday morning at Belfast, Ireland. She is the largest vessel afloat, being 582 feet long and of nearly 10,000 tons burthen.—It is reported that the Arabs have broken up the missionary station at Zanzibar and killed the missionaries.—Mme. Ilma di Murska, the once great singer, died in poverty at Munich Jan. 17.

OBSERVATIONS.

Sunday evening, while the howling Salvationist stood in front of the old Adelphi Theatre on California street, with a lantern in one hand and the love of God in the other, and ejaculated froth over the surrounding spectators, I took my way to Irving Hall. I was early, but the crowd was ahead of me, and the best I could do was to take a seat in the back part of the room. Prof. A. Priore was deducing music from the violin, with piano accompaniment, in a way that left the A. Posteriori method without an advocate. Mrs. Rutter sang the "Last Rose of Summer" better than I can play it, and there were vociferous cheers when the orator of the evening took the platform. It was an enthusiastic assemblage. It appeared rather strange to me that there were not more ladies present. There is room for reform in this direction. An audience that is not half women does not represent our great movement. Still we rejoiced in the presence of fifty or a hundred ladies, and submitted to the absence of the others with the best grace possible. An Examiner reporter, present by invitation, gives a brief synopsis of the lecture in another column.

These meetings are growing in interest and profit, as evinced by the increased attendance and the diminished number of plugged nickels found in the collection. An unidentified pool check can be obtained at this office upon delivery of the ten-dollar gold piece for which it was dropped into the hat by mistake. It is a source of recreation to the reflective mind to observe the conduct of persons who attend Freethought meetings and get more thought than they can assimilate. They seem to lack sufficient judgment to stay away, but they can tell when they have enough—and when they get it they go out.

It seems that the legal authorities of Pennsylvania, stimulated by Anthony Comstock, have decided that Sadie Bailey Fowler's romance, "Irene," is unfit for circulation. I wish I had known that before I read the book two or three years ago. I should then have perused it with a greater interest. As it was, I found the narrative rather dry. Mrs. Fowler is not a great novelist. She ranks with Amelie Rives, but her book is not so morbidly immoral as the "Quick or the Dead." The trouble is that Mrs. Fowler's ethical standard is too high for the comprehension of believers in Christian morality.

Years ago Bret Harte wrote a story called "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and took it to a religious publishing house to be put in type. The proprietor of the establishment was a deacon in an orthodox church and of unblemished piety. He objected to Harte's manuscript because, as he claimed, it was unfit for his young lady copy holder to read, and liable to demoralize her. But it afterwards transpired, and became notorious, that this deacon, though a married man, was sustaining ministerial relations with the same young lady copyholder, who had been placed in his charge by her parents in the East. Worse still, he deserted her. Then she exposed him; his wife got a divorce and half his property, and left him. This is about the style of men that join churches and societies for the suppression of vice, and can't sleep nights on account of their solicitude for other people's moral welfare. The chances are greatly in favor of the morality taught in "Irene" being much better than that practiced by any one who favors its suppression.

Last Sunday, while being entertained at the house of Mr. Carl Broneer in Oakland, I looked over an old-fashioned autograph album that had the yellow complexion which age gives to paper.

It appeared to have been the property of Dorcas J. Rice, and contained many quaint sentiments poetically expressed. Under the date of Oct. 9, 1842, I found the following:

ACROSTIC.

Delightful theme as e'er engaged the tongue,
Or more sublime than ever poet sung,
Remote from bigotry and slavish fear,
Conjoined with love and all that men hold dear,
Are modest virtue, pure in every sense;
Sincerity of heart, benevolence,
Justice and kindness join to make the sum,
As all the graces harmonize in one.
Now the result of all is happiness—
E'en bigots here must surely this confess.
Rejoice, then, now that we have found the road,
Immortal bliss in ever doing good;
Contented in its lot, does not repine;
Enrobed in truth the graces ever shine.

Salubria, I. T.

ABNER KNEELAND.

"I. T.," stands for what was Iowa Territory forty-seven years ago. The acrostic was written by Mr. Kneeland, founder of the Boston Investigator, less than two years before his death, and when he was more than seventy years of age. The handwriting is good—much above the average, and underneath the signature is a neat and proper flourish. Dorcas was Abner's daughter, I believe, the mother of Mrs. Broneer. Mr. Kneeland was one indeed who "found the road," and "immortal bliss in ever doing good." That satisfied him, and he departed to the islands of the blessed, to the land of the Hereafter, with honors upon his head which are not dimmed to this day.

It will take me a long time to become reconciled to the way Mr. W. R. Colby, the medium, has disappointed me. I never believed that he could write between slates screwed together without removing the screws, and I never felt more like a wooden-headed idiot than when I was sitting at a table with him waiting for the letter that was sent but never came. He was at the time under suspicion of being a Baptist minister, and I felt for him. He called frequently at the office, and was as agreeable a man as I ever met. A visitor to the city had presented me with a box of cigars that he had got swindled on. He confessed that they made him sick. I gave Mr. Colby one of these, and he never complained; said he always smoked that brand. He confided to me a history of his life, and made it clear to me that he never was in Texas, where Parson Rains had committed his depredations. Furthermore, he assured me that he could produce Parson Rains in proper person. The result of his suit against the Chronicle shows that he is a humbug. He produced Rains sure enough, but Rains was Colby, as two men who had known him in Texas testified. Yet, even now, I do not believe Colby is more than half bad. He was a Union soldier, and his enemies admit that he was courageous in battle and tender-hearted and helpful in caring for the wounded. He enlisted as a private and returned as a lieutenant. He has kept himself poor by giving his money to people in distress—so says the record. He seems to have lacked the ability to resist temptation, drifting with the current of necessity that knows no statute book or moral obligation. The theory of Stephen Pearl Andrews must be true, that men have a double nature—one half good and the other half bad, one conflicting with the other, and each achieving and suffering alternate victories and defeats. Colby's better nature was in the ascendant when I met him, so I find it difficult to think of him as the fraud that his profession made him.

SUNDAY NIGHT'S LECTURE.

From the Examiner.

Samuel P. Putnam addressed an enthusiastic audience at Irving Hall last night on the subject of Freethought. He spoke of a deep-laid plan to make the schools sectarian, and cited the case of Pittsburg, where he said in the public school building a Roman Catholic school was maintained, and other examples to show that there was real danger.

"Christians," said he, "have no more right to introduce the Bible in the schools than Freethinkers have to make a text book of the 'Age of Reason.'"

Senator Blair's Universal Sabbath bill was analyzed and con-

demned. He did not, he said, find fault with the idea of a day of rest, but the religious features and the clauses prohibiting secular amusement or work was an infringement of personal rights. Theology he spoke of as the "science of ignorance." The Religious Amendment party was roundly denounced as desiring a union of church and state. The American Sabbath Union, he said, was allied to this party. The presidents and principal officers of the Women's Christian Temperance Union are vice-presidents of the Religious Amendment organization. This party desires to amend the Constitution of the United States so as to have the laws administered by only Christian officers, in accordance with the principles of the Christian religion. The temperance unions and the Prohibitionists, he said, had his sympathy and approval in their temperance work, but they were ecclesiastical organizations, and so he objected to them.

The Religious Amendment party was not dangerous alone, but the co-operation of the other organizations made it formidable.

In conclusion Mr. Putnam said he did not wish to interfere with any man's belief, but he did not want any one to interfere with his.

He called a meeting of the "Freethinkers' Convention of California" for next Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

EVERY SENSIBLE MAN'S VIEW.

The sheet-anchors of a free republican government are freedom of speech and freedom of the press; but liberty of conscience and liberty of thought would be of but little value if unaccompanied by the liberty of utterance and the freedom of expression. Just what the political doctrine of "Anarchy" may be, or by just what particular mode the Anarchist proposes to accomplish results, we do not understand. Perhaps they are desirable and perhaps they are not; perhaps they are founded in philosophy, high intelligence, humanity, and the most admirable principles of political economy, perhaps they are not. We must permit the leaders of this party and the teachers of this faith to present their views to our intelligence before we condemn them; we cannot permit a judicial or executive censorship to come between Anarchists and intelligent citizens to silence the argument when being made. All we have the right to demand in the name of organized government is, that it shall proceed to no illegal extremities, nor take one unlawful step in an illegal direction. Anarchists who talk and write in reason may be heard; Anarchists who throw bombs must be hanged. We know of no reason why a policeman should have greater authority to prevent an Anarchist band from talking than a Methodist camp-meeting from praying. We do not regard Socialists as any more or less responsible for utterances than Roman Catholics or Mormons, and we would be just as jealous of a church as a political organization if it took a step in the direction of subverting the law, and we would punish with equal impartiality and severity all illegal acts by whomsoever done. Let the Anarchists and Socialists of Chicago know that they are at liberty to advocate any political measure however absurd, but that they cannot perform any illegal act however rational. Hence, we are glad to be informed of the decision of Judge Tuly of the circuit court of Illinois, restraining the Chicago police from improper intermeddling with the meetings of the Arbitr Bund.—Argonaut. M.

AMONG THE WORKERS.

W. S. Bell writes: "I am going to start on a lecture trip to the West next April, and would like to say a word or two to the Liberal brethren who may be interested in my lectures. My line of travel will be via St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Leadville, Salt Lake City, Sacramento, to San Francisco. I would like to have many opportunities to ring my liberty bell, on or near this line of travel, as I shall not, in all probability, return the same way. From San Francisco I shall follow in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessors, Dr. York, S. P. Putnam, C. B. Reynolds, and B. F. Underwood, in my tour through Oregon, Washington territory, and parts of Idaho. I would like to get into correspondence with our Liberal friends on this route from Chicago to Seattle at once, to arrange for lectures. W. S. BELL, Chicago, Ill., 248 State street."

CALL FOR A STATE LIBERAL ORGANIZATION.

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall be no longer exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in state legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and in all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the president of the United States or by the governors of the various states, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that the simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality, as such, shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several states, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely Secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

The undersigned citizens of California, realizing that the safety of Republican institutions is imperiled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed by the least interference of the State in matters of religion, and believing, with the Founders of the Republic, that "Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty," hereby invite the Freethinkers and Liberals of California to meet in Convention at Irving Hall, San Francisco, Sunday, January 27, 1889, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of forming an Auxiliary Association of the American Secular Union, to help secure throughout the country practical compliance with the above Demands of Liberalism:

[The following 113 names have been received in addition to the 800 previously published.]

F H Johnston,	Henry Roehr,	H E Dimock,
Charles Schmitt,	B Long,	T L Parsons,
Charles Oettle,	A R Woodham,	S E Harris,
C M Handel,	Samuel McHenry,	J J Ruyter,
Noble Fisher,	Wm Burgess,	Mrs M S Babcock,
N Schadt,	H M Johnson,	C T Ball,
C Lages,	John Cogan,	H G Turner,
Chas Kleinsorge,	M A Babcock,	H W Talcott,
Wm Landerkin,	G H Parsons,	Robt Bailey,
Chas Schwartz,	J G Rawson,	A D Stocking,
Chas F Wagner,	C B Roberts,	N Rowland,
D Birdingham,	E E Welker,	D P Comandich,
J Rollizon,	J McCollam,	Mara Williams,
Robert Maxwell,	Mrs Emma Reguin,	J C Crenshaw,
George E. Davis,	William Clark,	H S Stafford,
J A VanVolkenburg,	C C Harris,	Z McPoter,
Mrs M F Carner,	P D Vaughn,	John Henninger,
Geo W Bonds,	Chas Hereeman,	Jacob Henninger,
Charles Ward,	B F Fletcher,	J E Raach,
Sam Dennis,	W S Jones,	G U Gilkey,
Edward Dennis,	Robert Owens,	C F Thomas,
L Magenhimer,	Rob't J Gregg,	S B Hawes,
Emma L Harrison,	J B Adams,	Walter J Wheeler,
Alice M Harrison,	H M Roberts,	O F Hart,
Charles Aulman,	Ida F Nolan,	GS Woolsey,
Edwin Davis,	Mrs T C Kelley,	G D Woolsey,
Theodore Lenzen,	Thos C Kelley,	F C Woolsey,
R H Schwartz,	James F Craven,	A J Jenkins,
M Landorf,	Geo A Pleasance,	C W Citerley,
Mrs R H Schwartz,	G H Parsley,	Henry Haryer,
Minnie E Park,	Joseph H Moore,	J A Wise,
H M Cottinger,	Mike Weaver,	Frank P Burgess,
Max B Schunemann,	Webster Freeman,	A L Reinohl,
Karl Prebritz,	Mrs A H Pleasance,	A H M Ahlstrom,
H L Hirsch,	Abner Dimock,	Fred Gruby,
J R Bailey,	P T Griffith,	Peter Jovovich,
E H Swarthout,	Mrs M Jennie Worster,	Spire Vuscovich,
Theodore Rank,	C H Worster,	

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

R. B. WESTBROOK, LL.D., PRESIDENT.

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PRES. WESTBROOK ON GIRARD COLLEGE AFFAIRS.

To the Directors and Members of the American Secular Union:

At the last annual Congress of your association a resolution was adopted asking me to furnish "a brief report on the status of affairs as to Girard College and to suggest if possible a practical method that might be made use of to reform the abuse of Christian domination and to restore this institution to conformity with the expressed purposes and wishes of the founder, Stephen Girard."

I have delayed my answer to this call in order to thoroughly investigate certain preliminary questions regarding the proper remedy and course of procedure in bringing the case before the civil courts. After much hard work, with occasional consultations with eminent lawyers in Philadelphia, I have fully settled this question in my own mind.

It would be manifestly unwise to give aid and comfort to our opponents, and embarrassment to ourselves, by a full disclosure of our case until we are ready to file our papers and to actually open the judicial contest. The case could not fail to become a most "notable" one, involving several important questions which have never been clearly settled by the courts.

My conclusions may be summarized as follows:

1. There is without doubt a good cause of legal action against the trustees of Girard College for the violation of the express conditions of the Will of the founder. The proper policy is not to attempt to set aside the Will, but to enforce a strict conformity to its provisions.

2. Although the subject is primarily a local one, it is a matter of public interest throughout our entire country as involving questions bearing upon similar trusts already created and that may hereafter be established. Philadelphians should undoubtedly, and must necessarily, take the lead in this contest, but there are many reasons why they should ask and receive the countenance and financial aid of all friends of right and justice throughout the entire land. The interest manifested by the American Secular Union is worthy of all commendation, and the offers of pecuniary aid from several of its members and friends are highly appreciated.

3. The success of a law-suit is always contingent. Rufus Choate once said, "Divine prescience itself could not possibly foretell the possible finding of a petit jury." The same is true with regard to judges. We may fail in the first court. We have more hope in the supreme court of Pennsylvania, and still more in the supreme court of the United States. I believe that we should succeed in one of the higher courts. It is worth the effort, and great good could not fail to come out of the full exposure of sectarian fraud and bigotry.

I am happy to say that public opinion is growing rapidly in Philadelphia and all over this country, against the palpable perversion of Girard's Will, and the courts are bound to feel this influence. The Darmouth College decision could not possibly find favor in our supreme court to-day, and Judge Storey, if on the bench now, would be ashamed to make the concessions he made in the Girard Will case forty years ago, on questions not really before the court. While the courts of Massachusetts are wrangling over the Andover theological trust, it is high time that the courts of Pennsylvania were waked up on the Girard College perversion.

4. I have by no means abandoned my purpose to have the trustees of Girard College arraigned at the bar of justice, unless they speedily change their policy in the matter of the moral instruction of the orphan students, but the preparation of the case is not the work of a day. It may take several months to settle the numerous principles of law and practice. No money is needed at the present time beyond what I am willing to pay out of my own pocket. When needed I will not hesitate to ask for

it with the assurance that it will be forthcoming. I find Liberals of all classes, as well as many persons "professing and calling themselves Christians," interested in this matter, not excepting the Jews and Freemasons, of which latter fraternity Girard was a prominent member and a generous benefactor. It would be bad policy to "rush" this case. It will "keep," and our views are growing in public favor every day.

5. There are other matters that are larger and more urgent than the Girard will case, and to these I recommend the American Secular Union to devote its attention for the present. I specially note the joint resolution now pending before the Senate of the United States, introduced by Senator Blair, of New Hampshire. It has just enough sugar coat to make the Jesuitical poison go down palatably. Girard College has only about 1,300 pupils, while there are, or ought to be, more than 13,000,000 children in the public schools of the United States. The sectarian fight between Romanists and Protestants over "religion" in our public schools will have to be settled by Secularists and on the secular principles of our government.

The people of this country, if properly warned, will never establish a religious sect (Christianity) under the thin disguise of not doing it. But "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," so let the American Secular Union labor diligently to increase the number of local auxiliaries and for the present give its best energies to the "Nine Demands," and in every consistent way encourage our Liberal papers and lecturers. Ultimate success is certain, for "ever the truth comes uppermost, and ever is justice done."

Finally, allow me to make a practical suggestion. Progressive Liberals are called iconoclasts—"destructive critics," tearing down without an effort to build up. There is too much truth in this charge. If we object to the present system of moral instruction in Girard College and in our public schools, we are bound to show "a more excellent way." What we want is a carefully prepared scheme and manual for general use in schools, showing how "the purest principles of morality" can be taught, utterly ignoring theological dogma. Why should not the American Secular Union offer a prize of \$1,000 for the best treatise on this subject? I would divide it thus: say \$500 for the best, \$300 for the second best, and \$200 for the third best; the awards to be made by a carefully-selected committee. Such a work is greatly needed, and the copyright would soon pay all expenses of premium and publication. I have the plan thoroughly matured in my own mind, but can only give this hint here. This letter is already too long, and for further information, as to my views, I must refer inquirers to my book, "Girard's Will and Girard College Theology."

R. B. WESTBROOK.

Philadelphia, January 14, 1889.

ATTACKING THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

An attack was made in the circuit court yesterday on St. Mary's Training School for Boys, at Feehanville, and an injunction is sought to prevent the county from making another contract with the school for paying in a certain sum per capita for each dependent boy. The complainants are Edward A. Stevens, secretary of the American Secular Union, and John M. Stiles, taxpayers, who sue on behalf of themselves and any other taxpayers who may choose to share the expenses. They make St. Mary's Training School and its board of directors, the county of Cook, the board of county commissioners, and County Treasurer George R. Davis, defendants.

The complainants proceed on the recent decision of the supreme court in the case which County Attorney Bliss brought against the Chicago Industrial School for Girls, wherein the court held that that institution was sectarian, and that the Constitution prohibits the payment of money to such. They say that the school is an institution under church control within the meaning of Section 3, Article 8, of the Constitution, and that its officers propose to get from the county a contract by which it shall pay \$8 a month for small boys, \$7 a month for large boys, and \$9 a month for cripples, as it has been doing. That the county commissioners are willing to aid and abet this intent, and that the county treasurer intends to pay the money if the board of commissioners make the contract.

Messrs. Stevens and Stiles say that the proposals involve a violation of the public trust reposed in the commissioners and county treasurer, because they are contrary to the constitutional provisions. It is asserted that among the religious denominations of the world the Roman Catholic church, which is the particular church dominating the training school, has particular prominence, is a church of the most elaborate and powerful sort, and is provided with an organization of the most efficient description, and is able to sway its members in the most unqualified manner. It is alleged that in conducting the training school the officers proceed with the object of subserving the interest of the Roman church and that the boys for whose support the county pays are trained in the Catholic form of worship. The complainants say that the present contract with the county expired December 31, and that, though the officers of the school and the county commissioners know the supreme court decision, they will enter into another contract unless restrained by the court. The court is asked to enjoin the defendants from making any contract, and also to restrain the training school from suing the county.—Chicago Tribune, Sunday, January 13.

TWO CREEDS.

When the Athanasian Creed was written no one knows. By whom it was written is equally in doubt. It received its name from Athanasius in the fourth century, not because he wrote it, but because he indorsed it. This creed is still professed by Roman Catholics and by Episcopalians. Those who can read it and preserve their gravity can do nothing less than weep over the Cathartic Creed printed in the adjoining column. The latter possesses the advantage of authenticity, having been written by a young man employed in the New York Truth Seeker office several years ago:

THE CATHOLIC CREED.

1. Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic Faith.
2. Which faith, except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.
3. And the Catholic faith is this: that we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity.

4. Neither confounding the Persons, nor dividing the substance.

5. For there is one Person of the Father, another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost.

6. But the Godhead of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost is all one, the glory equal, the Majesty co-eternal.

7. Such as the Father is, such is the Son, and such is the Holy Ghost.

8. The Father uncreate, the Son uncreate, and the Holy Ghost uncreate.

9. The Father incomprehensible, the Son incomprehensible, and the Holy Ghost incomprehensible.

10. The Father eternal, the Son eternal, and the Holy Ghost eternal.

11. And yet there are not three Eternals, but one eternal.

12. As also there are not Three Incomprehensibles, nor Three Uncreated; but one Uncreated, and one Incomprehensible.

THE CATHARTIC CREED.

1. Whosoever shall be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Cathartic Faith.

2. Which Faith, except every one do keep in a hole or on file, without doubt he shall perish perpetually.

3. And the Cathartic Faith is this: that we conceive of a circular Triangle and a three-cornered Circle.

4. Neither rounding the angles nor dividing the circumference.

5. For there is one angle of the Barrel, one of the Bung, and another of the Bunghole.

6. But the head of the Barrel, of the Bung, and the Bunghole is all one, the hoops within, the staves external.

7. Such as the Barrel is, such is the Bung, and such is the Bunghole.

8. The Barrel is solid, the Bung solid, and the Bunghole solid.

9. The Barrel liquid, the Bung liquid, and the Bunghole liquid.

10. The Barrel gaseous, the Bung gaseous, and the Bunghole gaseous.

11. And yet there are not three gaseous, but one gaseous.

12. As also there are not three liquids nor three solids, but one liquid and one solid.

13. So likewise the Father is Almighty, the Son Almighty, and the Holy Ghost Almighty.

14. And yet they are not three Almighties, but one Almighty.

15. So the Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God.

16. And yet they are not three Gods, but one God.

17. So likewise the Father is Lord, the Son Lord, and the Holy Ghost Lord.

18. And yet not three Lords, but one Lord.

19. For, like as we are compelled by the Christian verity to acknowledge every person by himself to be God and Lord; so are we forbidden by the Catholic religion to say, There be three Gods, or three Lords.

20. The Father is made of none: neither created nor begotten.

21. The Son is of the Father alone; not made, nor created, but begotten.

22. The Holy Ghost is of the Father, and of the Son; neither made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding.

23. So there is one Father, not three Fathers; one Son, not three Sons; one Holy Ghost, not three Holy Ghosts.

24. And in this Trinity none is afore or after other; none is greater or less than another: but the whole Three Persons are co-eternal together, and co-equal.

25. So that in all things, as is aforesaid, the Unity in Trinity, and the Trinity in Unity, is to be worshipped.

26. He therefore that will be saved must thus think of the Trinity.

27. Furthermore, it is necessary to everlasting salvation, that he also believe rightly the Inca nation of our Lord Jesus Christ.

28. For the right faith is, that we believe and confess that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is God and Man.

29. God of the Substance of the Father, begotten before the worlds; and man, of the substance of his mother, born in the world.

30. Perfect God, and perfect man of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting.

31. Equal to the Father, as touching His Godhead: and inferior to the Father, as touching His manhood.

32. Who although He be God

13. So likewise the Barrel is empty, the Bung empty, and the Bunghole empty.

14. And yet there are not three empties, but one half empty.

15. So the Barrel is full, the Bung full, and the Bunghole full.

16. And yet there are not three fulls, but a one little too full.

17. So likewise the Barrel is awful, the Bung very awful, and the Bunghole awfully awful.

18. And yet not three awfals, but one rather queer-looking, nevertheless.

19. For like as we are compelled by geometrical verity to acknowledge every angle by itself to be both Bung and Hole, so are we forbidden by the Cathartic religion to say there be three Bungs or three Holes.

20. The Barrel is made of staves, neither headed nor hooped up.

21. The Bung is of the Barrel alone, neither present nor absent, but forgotten.

22. The Bunghole is of the Barrel and the Bung, neither bored nor cut nor punched, but extracted.

23. So there is one Barrel, not three Barrels; one Bung, not three Bungs; one Bunghole, not three Bungholes.

24. And in this Trinity none is ahead nor astern nor abreast of another; nor as great nor as little as another, but the whole three angles are mysteriously rectilinear and quadrilateral.

25. So that in all things, as is aforesaid, the circular Triangle or the triangular Circle is to be worshipped.

26. He therefore that will be shaved must pay the barber.

27. Furthermore it is necessary to everlasting salvation that he conceive rightly of the tripartite Bung.

28. For the truth is that we believe, or profess to believe, that the Bung is both Plug and Hole.

29. Plug, of the substance of the Barrel, which is within it, and Hole, of the substance of the Bunghole, which it surrounds.

30. Perfect Plug and perfect Hole, of a three-cornered square round shape, on disembodied spirits subsisting.

31. Equal to the Barrel when touching the Barrel-head, and inferior to the Barrel when touching its Bungholiness.

32. And although it be both

and man, yet He is not two, but one Christ.

33. One, not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking of the manhood into God.

34. One altogether, not by confusion of substance, but by unity of Person.

35. For, as the reasonable soul and flesh is one man; so God and man is one Christ.

36. Who suffered for our salvation, descended into hell, rose again the third day from the dead.

37. He ascended into Heaven, He sitteth on the right hand of the Father, God Almighty, from whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

38. At whose coming all men shall rise again with their bodies, and shall give account for their own works.

39. And they that have done good shall go into life everlasting, and they that have done evil into everlasting fire.

40. This is the Catholic faith, which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved.

Plug and Hole, yet it is neither, but a veritable Bung.

33. Made, not by inserting the Barrel into the Bunghole, but by pulling the Bunghole out of the Barrel.

34. Not by desultory and spasmodic jerking, but by a union of persons, and a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together.

35. For as the reasonable cat and dog is one sausage, so Bung and Hole is one Barrel.

36. Which is used as an Ash-Barrel, descends into the cellar, and rises again to the third story.

37. It descends to the sidewalk, sitteth on the thumb-hand side of the lamp-post, whence it shall be dumped when the ash-cart cometh.

38. At whose coming all men shall close their eyes and take no account of the dust.

39. And the cinders shall be sifted and those that are unburnt shall be given to the ash-man's wife, and those that are no good shall be everlastingly fired.

40. This is the Cathartic Faith, which unless a man believe ardently and enthusiastically he cannot be physicked.

Bully for the Barrel, for the Bung, and for the Bunghole; for the hoops are off, the heads are gone, and 'tis a Barrel without ends. Amen. Hooray!

THE BLAIR EDUCATIONAL BILL.

As the United States Constitution now stands, there is a total separation between religion and the state; but when the proposed Amendment shall have been adopted, there will be a union. Which of these shall we favor? is the question before us. The Amendment to which we refer is sometimes called the "Blair Educational Amendment," but it would more properly be called the "Church and State Amendment," or the "Blair Religious Amendment" to the Constitution of the United States, because that is what it really is.

The Amendment is as follows;

ARTICLE.

SECTION 1. No state shall ever make or maintain any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.

SEC. 2. Each state in this Union shall establish and maintain a system of free public schools adequate for the education of all the children living therein, between the ages of six and sixteen years inclusive, in the common branches of knowledge, and in virtue, morality, and the principles of the Christian religion. But no money raised by taxation imposed by law, or any money or other property, or credit belonging to any municipal organization, or to any state, or to the United States, shall ever be appropriated, applied, or given to the use or purposes of any school, institution, corporation, or person, whereby instruction or training shall be given in the doctrines, tenets, belief, ceremonials, or observances peculiar to any sect, denomination, organization or society, being, or claiming to be, religious in its character; nor shall such peculiar doctrines, tenets, belief, ceremonials, or observances, be taught or inculcated in the free public schools.

SEC. 3. To the end that each state, the United States, and all the people thereof, may have and preserve governments republican in form and in substance, the United States shall guaranty to every state, and to the United States, the support and maintenance of such a system of free public schools as is herein provided.

SEC. 4. That Congress shall enforce this Article by legislation when necessary.

This amendment to the national Constitution has been presented by Senator Blair, and is now pending in Congress. It is a singular sort of document, though hardly any more so than was to be expected in the promotion of the purpose which underlies it, *i.e.*, the establishment of a national religion. The proposed Amendment is just about as flatly self-contradictory as any proposition could be. Section 1 reads:

No state shall ever make or maintain any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.

The first sentence of section 2 reads:

Each state in the Union shall establish and maintain a system of free public schools adequate for the education of all the children living therein, between the ages of six and sixteen years inclusive, in the common branches of knowledge, and in virtue, morality, and the principles of the Christian religion.

That is to say, no state shall ever make or maintain a law respecting an establishment of religion; but every state in this Union shall make and maintain laws establishing the principles of the Christian religion. And to make assurance doubly sure, section 3 declares that

The United States shall guaranty to every state, and to the people of every state and of the United States, the support and maintenance of such a system of free public schools as is herein provided.

And that is to say, the United States government pledges itself that every state shall establish and maintain the principles of the Christian religion. This proposed Amendment, therefore, at one stroke, establishes Christianity as the national religion, because it declares that every state shall maintain the principles of the Christian religion in the public schools, and the nation is pledged to see that this is done. Therefore there must be a national decision of some kind declaring just what are the principles of the Christian religion. Then when that decision shall have been made, every state will have to receive from the nation just those principles of religion which the nation shall have declared to be the principles of the Christian religion, and which the nation will have pledged itself shall be taught in the public schools of every state. In other words the people of the United States will then have to receive their religion from the government of the United States and no longer from the Bible, as their own conscience, enlightened by the spirit of God, may dictate. Therefore, if Senator Blair's proposed Amendment to the national Constitution does not provide for the establishment and maintenance of a national religion, then no religion was ever established or maintained in this world.

But how shall this national decision be made as to what are the principles of the Christian religion? It would seem that the second sentence of Section 2 makes provision for this. It declares that no "instruction or training shall be given in the doctrines, tenets, belief, ceremonials, or observances peculiar to any sect, denomination, organization, or society, being, or claiming to be, religious in its character; nor shall such peculiar doctrines, tenets, belief, ceremonials, or observances, be taught or inculcated in the free public schools."

As therefore no religious tenets, doctrines, or beliefs can be taught in the schools, except such as are common to all denominations of the Christian religion, it will follow inevitably that there shall be officially called a national council of the churches to decide what are the principles common to all, and to establish a national creed, which shall be enforced and inculcated by national power in all the public schools in the United States. And that will be the establishment of a national religion. And that is exactly what Senator Blair's Constitutional Amendment assures, so surely as it or anything similar to it shall ever be adopted.

Another important consideration is this: Under this Amendment the teachers in the public schools will have to inculcate the principles of the Christian religion. Who are to compose the examining board that shall pass upon the qualifications and orthodoxy of teachers? Assuredly none but the leading theologians in the churches. This will require that such a board shall be stately convened to deal out what shall have been decided by each successive council to be the principles of the Christian religion.

It was in this way precisely that the thing was worked in the fourth century and onward. Constantine made Christianity the recognized religion of the Roman empire. Then it became at

once necessary that there should be an imperial decision as to what form of Christianity should be the imperial religion. To effect this an imperial council was necessary to formulate that phase of Christianity which was common to all. The Council of Nice was convened by imperial command, and an imperial creed was established, which was enforced by imperial power. That establishment of an imperial religion ended only in the imperious despotism of the papacy.

As surely as the complete establishment of the papacy followed and grew out of that imperial recognition of Christianity in the fourth century, just so surely will the complete establishment of a religious despotism after the living likeness of the papacy, follow and grow out of this national recognition of Christianity provided for in the Constitutional Amendment proposed by Senator Blair, and which is now pending in Congress.—American Sentinel.

SOME OPINIONS ON LIBERALISM.

We take the following article from the Truth Seeker because, on the whole, its suggestions are excellent. It points, we believe, to what must ultimately become the main object of Liberalism: defensive warfare against the church as a political organization, and resistance to ecclesiastical encroachment. In this work we must seek the co-operation of all who favor the Nine Demands of Liberalism:

The general principles of Liberalism are right. They are easily proved. Every fact in nature is a testimony against church dogmas and creeds. As a whole the facts of history furnish evidence against church organization. Yet organized Liberalism makes slow progress. Why?

The church is well equipped for war. Her social and business influence is a thousand times more than a match for our arguments—facts. She makes it a social and financial object for men and women to pay tribute to her. It is in her power to injure those who refuse to do so. Where necessary she uses that power. Against such power and influence right, justice, and truth are of little moment. The majority of people never reason beyond dollars and cents. Church theology and church organization are not the same. We see very few pious or even religiously inclined people, but many who want to be called Christians. Men do not fear the hell of theology, but organized church power they do fear.

The church is constantly doing little things to attract people. It builds up its power by catering to the weakness of human nature. The influence of music, women, and social gatherings are its elements of strength; the preaching is of little or no account. Not one in twenty of the average church-goers discusses the sermon, but nine-tenths of them can remember all the social appointments announced from the pulpit. The best minister of an orthodox church is not the man of great ability and learning, but the one of great social qualities, of whom the ladies will say, "Isn't he lovely!" Efforts made against Christian belief are in a great measure lost; the efforts that count are those directed against the organization. In Liberalism the church has but a feeble opponent. At best it is an unequal fight, but the odds might be reduced. Liberalism has been so long showing up the follies of religion, etc., that it has not found time to criticise itself. A battle cannot be won by simply attacking the weak points of the enemy; our own weak points want to be strengthened. It is important that we look to ourselves, and tell our faults right out "in meetin'." The word Infidel is not a good one; its use is a detriment to the cause. Referring to it in a public address, the writer used about the following language: "I have thought the epithet Infidel might be made popular as the name of the great movement in religion that is to lift the human race from the slums of error, and place it on a basis where knowledge and not belief will guide its destinies; but am now satisfied that the prejudice against 'Infidel' is too deep-rooted to be overcome, and for the good of the cause shall discontinue its use." We can throw this word overboard to the advantage of our cause, and not sacrifice a single principle. Let us avoid its use, and employ the better and more popular term Liberal. Many will acknowledge themselves Liberals who shun the idea of Infidelity.

Many of our Liberal writers do not treat Spiritualism with proper respect. Spiritualists are Liberals. They are progressive, and can always be depended on as anti-church people. We need strength. Lose sight of their theories regarding spirit return; that is not all there is to Spiritology. Extend the hand of Liberal friendship. Do not be guilty of saying, "Thou lunatic," for there is a chance that they may be right. If they are, the great principles of our reform will not be injured thereby.

Unthinking men and women judge of the merits of a cause chiefly by the men who are its leaders or advocates. Thus the church takes great pride in pointing out the good and prosperous leaders in the church. This is not argument, but it has more weight than a thousand sermons on the masses who are not capable of reasoning. Its force is doubled if a comparison fails to show equally substantial men in the Liberal ranks. Now, the church is strong and can stand the strain of a great many drawbacks. She has her dishonest preachers, deacons, etc., and the prayer-meeting always brings out a crop of cranks. But she is not troubled thereby. But among Liberals, few in number, a bad egg spreads its disagreeable odor over us all; and much to our hurt. I remember but one or two Liberals of any prominence who have proved dishonest. Our record is clear in that respect.

Religion develops lunatics and cranks in great numbers, but Liberals do not set them up as representative Christians; while the church always makes a great splurge over an unbalanced Liberal. They make him appear at his worst, and claim him as a representative of the cause. It goes that way among the people much to our reproach.

A word further on this subject. Cranks are generally made by getting one particular idea into their brain and harping on it so much that they lose interest in everything else. Then, also, men often take up some theory which seems so plain to them that they think the world only needs its attention called to it and it will adopt it. They promulgate it; try to reform the world; the world 'doesn't reform, but laughs the reformer to scorn—treats him with derision. His idea is perverted, motive misunderstood, character maligned. He essays to defend himself, talks extravagantly and without judgment, broods over his wrongs, imagines he is a great reformer, begins to adopt all kinds of uncouth theories, and almost before he knows it develops into a modern crank. Now, if such men, as is often the case, make Liberalism a hobby, they do so to its everlasting injury. They prevent many people from joining the ranks. To lose them would be gain. They have the right to advocate their peculiar idea. They can please their fancy with the thought that they are great reformers; but morally they have no right to give the impression that the ideas they have form any part of the great principles of anti-churchism. Liberals should make an effort to keep such men under cover. Make them think they were born "five hundred years too soon," when in fact they belong to the Shakspearean age—anything to keep them quiet—unless they cease to associate their anti-modern theories with advanced Liberalism.

As I have said, we have but little to fear from church creed or Christian belief, but everything to fear from their organization.

We have a great battle to fight with that. We have just one point to assault that promises a victory for us. Our entire force must be concentrated on this one issue. That this issue is presented to us is lucky, because it makes it necessary for Liberals to unite on a single issue—the one thing we need. The Blair bill is a desperate attempt by the church to attach itself to the government. Such a thing never has been attempted in the United States before; and the traditions, the spirit and letter, of our Constitution being radically opposed to it, it hardly seems possible that the bill can become a law. Yet a fight must be made against it; and it is a great opportunity for Liberalism to form an organization that will become popular. Rightly managed, "the flag above the cross" can be made the popular battle-cry the country over.

Organization for some special object, with due regard to social requirements, will accomplish more in one year than ten years of disorganized, hit-and-miss arguments on a thousand different subjects. I do not mean to exclude the minor matters,

but, having a chief object to be attained, keep it as the rallying-point. Now, as a closing summary, I set down the following as necessary for the progress of our cause:

1. The word Infidel must be expunged from our vocabulary.
2. The friendship and co-operation of Spiritualism must be courted.
3. The cranks must be controlled.
4. The creeds of the church must be left to die of their old age, and our efforts directed against the organization.
5. Our organization must be more thorough—with some live issue—some definite object to be attained.

A LIBERAL.

It is So.

To the Editors of Freethought:

A Happy New Year to FREETHOUGHT, and herewith a new subscriber to help assure its prosperity. The increased size has not affected its quality. The success of Liberal papers defines the growth of Liberalism; if we desire to spread our ideas and cause them to be respected and tolerated, we must support and help increase their circulation.

Stockton, Cal.

W. F. FREEMAN.

From the Latter-Day Saints' Rest.

To the Editors of Freethought:

We have hired the Kaysville Hall and arranged for lectures by Mr. Underwood, January 15, and by Mr. Watts, February 5. I have been sending my papers, FREETHOUGHT, broadcast in this county and shall try to get you some new subscribers. I am ready to add my testimony in praise of your paper. It is getting already to seem like the old Truth Seeker—indispensable in the household.

Farmington, Utah.

HECTOR W. HAIGHT.

The Ecclesiastical Conspiracy.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Is it possible that we are powerless and must sit supinely down and let Congress pass that contemptible Blair bill? Is it possible that the people of the nineteenth century are gullible enough to let a stupid pack of imbeciles bind them in fetters? I am a poor talker and no letter-writer, but I'll be damned if I don't think something ought to be done. Sound the alarm! Seven millions of names petitioning Congress to pass a Sunday law, and hardly a dissenting voice! I told a friend to-day that I had my doubts as to the people of the United States being capable of self-government, and if this Blair bill passes Congress I shall say emphatically they are not.

B. B. ROCKWOOD.

San Pasqual, Cal.

A Subscriber in Perpetuity.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Inclosed please find Call for Liberal Convention, signed by seventeen of the Freethinkers of this community. I could have secured many more names than I now have if I had not determined before starting out, to take only the names of those who can and do indorse all the Demands of Liberalism.

I am more than pleased with FREETHOUGHT. It is such a brilliant, and newsy journal that it is eagerly—yes, I might say almost impatiently—waited for each week. It has come to stay "and don't you forget it" (that is, to renew your subscription in time). I expect to be a subscriber until old Gabe blows his horn, and by that time the children will know so much about Liberalism and so little about Sunday-school and fashionable superstition that they will take my place as subscribers.

Hoping that the Convention will be a grand success and that the subscription list to FREETHOUGHT will walk right along up into thousands, I remain,

Oak Dale, Cal.

Yours truly,

J. R. HORSLEY, JR.

A Long List of Signers to the Call.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I herewith return the petition for a Liberal Organization with seventy-five names. I could easily secure five hundred had I been able to make a canvass; but not having the time to spare I have only presented it to those whom I have met in the ordinary routine of business—with the exception of a few days when it was in the hands of Dr. H. M. Johnson, of Alpine, and C. W. Garland.

San Diego has not less than five thousand Liberals of the different sorts, but they are not, as a general rule, aggressive. The leading men and public officers of the city and county are largely Agnostics, but are unwilling to say so by signing the Call, for two reasons: A portion of them, for business reasons, will not take a prominent part in the agitation, and many of them do not indorse *all* of the Nine Demands. These latter vary, but on an average indorse about seven of them, giving a variety of reasons.

I have not had the courage to ask the signers for contributions of money, for we are all land poor here, with no surplus of money. Still the confidence in the future of the town is so great that no one will sell a lot so long as he can borrow, beg, or earn enough to live on until the depression, consequent upon the boom of last year, subsides.

I am in hopes to be present at the meeting Jan. 29, as I am anxious to see the cause forwarded as fast as possible, knowing that the gospel of intelligence versus ignorance and superstition ought to be promulgated on every favorable occasion, and that when religion becomes aggressive it must be met in kind.

RANFORD WORTHING.

San Diego, Cal.

Movements in San Jose.

To the Editors of Freethought:

As you have visited our city on several occasions I believe you will feel interested in some of our movements here. At the time you addressed us considerable interest was awakened, but of late it seemed as if we were all dropping off into a sort of Rip van Winkle sleep; but we have been most thoroughly aroused by the voice of N. F. Ravlin. Mr. Ravlin was for five years the pastor of the Baptist church in this city. During that time the church structure was destroyed by fire, but through his energy was soon rebuilt. In the intervening time the society held their meetings in the California theatre. Large and commodious as this theatre is, it proved too small to hold the crowd that thronged to hear their pastor. Mr. Ravlin continued to grow and grow until the pulpit grew too small for him, so about three years ago he stepped down and out of his prison house into the broad fields of progressive thought. His growth is simply marvelous. Mr. Ravlin is the possessor of strong magnetic powers, combined with a great heart, and a deep earnestness in the uplifting of humanity. His stay with us depends on the support he receives here, and the outlook is most promising. On Sunday evening last the California theatre was filled as in the days of yore, and his lecture listened to most attentively. At times you could have heard a pin fall. His subject was this: "Does the wide-spread development of modern Liberal thought portend good or evil to the human family?" The speaker expressed his pleasure at meeting so many of his old friends, etc., then entered upon his discourse. He said: "The greatest duty of every one is to provide for the development of his own nature. The subject of my discourse this evening," he continued, "will be a consideration whether the spirit of modern Liberalism is beneficial to that development or not. All of you are aware of the changes that have taken place during the last fifty years. Old barriers have been broken, old landmarks swept away; the creeds and dogmas of sectarianism are being laid aside. Men demand a religion as wide as the world, and a love that is as abundant as the air we breathe. The spirit influences the clergy as well as the people. Hundreds of young clergymen are beginning to lay aside their swaddling clothes and are preparing to come out of their cradles. The people, however, have far outgrown the clergy. The power that is to regenerate the world is a power that is to be found outside the organized institutions of the day. It will be just as possible to replace the railroad with the old stage coach as to replace the Liberalism of to-day with the old doctrines. Freedom is in the air and a longing for it in every human heart. Put your ear down to the earth anywhere and you will hear it throbbing with the tramp of the millions of men and women who are pressing forward to the glorious goal of liberty and universal enfranchisement. I have stated the affairs of the age just as they are without comment. I do not know whether you will think these things good or evil. It is to discuss this question that I am here to-night. There is nothing too sacred to be criticised by the spirit of the age; we bring everything to the test of reason; there is a flood of reason rising, and upon it we will be borne on to fortune. The orthodox preachers say the moral man will be sent to hell: this is an insult to every man.

"A friend of mine was lying on a sick bed near unto death. He had

lived a moral life, was a good man. An orthodox minister went to see him, and on coming away told the man's wife that he was sure to die, and sure to go to hell. This is orthodox consolation. Fortunately, the man had a reason and courage, was not afraid, so no harm was done; but consider how terrible such a religion must be to every timorous soul. Be not afraid of this breaking up of old things. If you lose your idols you are not worse off than I am, for I have given up my old faith and I do not regret it. I was on the Pacific Ocean at the time of the eclipse of the sun. I watched the waves as they rose and fell, with the winds tumultuously high. I felt that I would like to control those waves which rose so high, for I feared that the ship I was on would be wrecked; but when I remembered that the ocean rolls from pole to pole and a third of the way around the world, I decided that I would not try to interfere with it. So with you, my friends. You are on the ocean of truth, which is rising with a great tidal wave. The Pacific Ocean is as a dew-drop on the tip of a rose leaf compared to this great ocean of truth. You have nothing to fear; do not be alarmed. It will bear you safely on to wider and nobler havens than you have hitherto seen. Modern Liberalism heralds the coming day when man will be friendly to man, and when all society will be reorganized. It is the animating genius of the soul in this world, and foretells a glorious immortality of progress."

These, and many other good things, were received by us at this lecture. I hope we shall have his brave, ringing words at our State Convention.

San Jose, Cal.

MRS. R. H. SCHWARTZ.

LILIAN'S STORY.

After much solicitation, Miss Andrews has consented to furnish the readers of this journal with a continued or serial story. Announcement of this event was inadvertently omitted from our last, but perhaps an announcement loses none of its attractiveness when accompanied by its fulfilment, as in the present case. If the interest of the readers in this story proves as strong as we anticipate, our facilities for supplying the demand thus created will be severely taxed. We have not read any chapter of the novel except the first, and are not, therefore, prepared to state its moral. Our impression, however, is that Lilian will show, before the narrative closes, that subscribers whose time is out, should hasten to renew. The title of our story is the suggestive one of

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CHAPTER I.

"I don't think one of us ought to go and live with uncle, for when mother died she told us to stay together," said Anita.

There were ten of the Parkers. Their mother and father were dead four years, and they had used all the money that had been left, and their uncle had offered to take one of them to live with him. But they did not want to part. There was Anita, who was the oldest. Bert was next; then came Grace and Ted; then the twins, Bessie and Jessie; then Mabel and Frankie, and Baby Maisy, who was four and a half; and there was their little cousin, who was one and a half. They lived in a little house with five rooms in it. The house was in the woods.

"I don't think one of us ought to go to live with uncle," said Anita.

"We will have to tell him no," said Bert.

Before the next day, when uncle Bert came, they had had a meeting and decided what to tell him.

The next morning their uncle rode up to the door, and said:

"I can't stop a minute."

"Well," replied Anita, "we have decided that——"

(To be Continued.)

DR. ANDREW D. WHITE'S "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science" are to be resumed in the February number of the Popular Science Monthly. Dr. White has devoted several years to the investigation of this subject, and is now in Europe making an exhaustive examination of the libraries there for additional material, which shall enable him to continue his remarkable account of the persistent dominance of delusion in the human mind.

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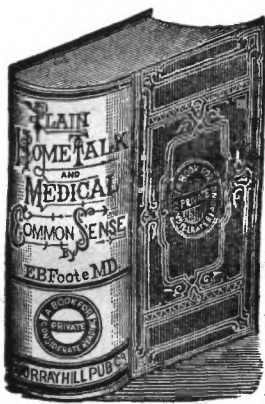
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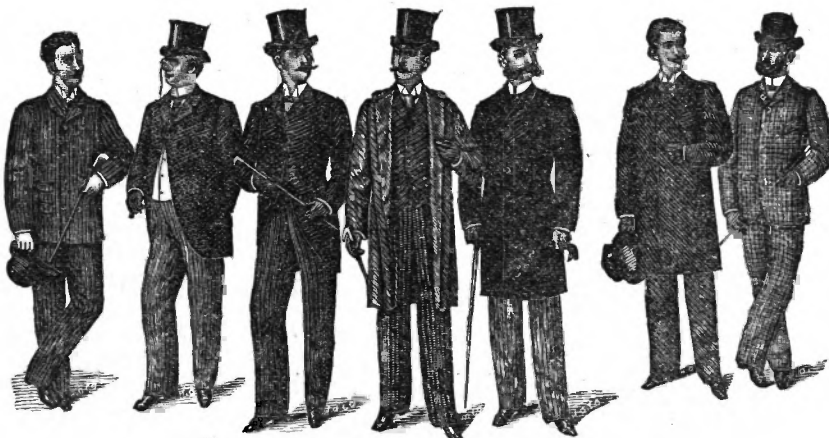
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VOL. II—No. 5.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1889.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - FEBRUARY 2, 1889

THE CALIFORNIA CONVENTION.

There has been a Liberal Convention in the air for the past two months, and last Sunday it materialized at Irving Hall, San Francisco. It opened at 10 o'clock A.M., with some two hundred and fifty persons present, and an amount of enthusiasm that needed only to be gently stirred to manifest itself in vociferous cheers. The delegation from the country was large. Owen T. Davies left his ranch at Brighton to run itself; Mr. John Jones from Inyo county allowed his Round Valley mill to clatter away without his attention; W. H. Pepper, of Petaluma, let his nursery grow or otherwise while he came to the convention; from the Red Mountain vineyard of Stanislaus county the Hon. Abram Schell brought himself and better half; R. F. Grigsby's mine at Calistoga was for a season minus its expert; Messrs. Schou and Haelke and Broneer and Arper and others from Oakland and the outlying districts of Alameda county, crossed the bay in the gorgeous sunshine; and so, with the many not here mentioned, there was a representative gathering. The city, of course, furnished the majority of those present.

The meeting came to order to listen to an address by S. P. Putnam on "Organization: Its Necessity and Its Methods." The speaker defined briefly the meaning of Freethought, its purpose, and its general policy. He spoke substantially as follows, being frequently interrupted by applause:

"Freethought represents the new era of humanity. It stands for the highest civilization, and must take the place of the religions of the world. Its objects are three-fold—moral, intellectual, and political.

"Freethought means truth, all the truth that is possible to the human mind. Freethought also means living truth—truth applied. It is virtue. It is morality. It is social development. It is sweeter, happier homes. It is broad, beautiful human progress.

"Freethought is also political, not in a party sense, but representing the fundamental life of the Republic. All are citizens in the Republic—and therefore the Republic must stand for absolute liberty and justice. There must be a total separation of church and state. The union of these is the greatest tyranny.

"Intellectual and social advance depends mainly on local societies. Each society must have its independent life and work according to its environment. There is no authority in Freethought. Attraction is its law. Spontaneous work is the most successful work. The American Secular

Union must be limited in its objects. It can not embrace all of life; it is essentially a political organization. Intellectual and moral improvement as such must come by other associations. Membership in this organization does not preclude membership in any other organization. There is no belief or non-belief in the articles of agreement. The Union is simply for the defense of rights, and for no other purpose—and there can be no more important purpose than this. The Spiritualist, the Materialist, the Liberal Christian, the Jew, the Agnostic, the Deist, all can work in harmony upon this universal platform.

"The existence of antagonistic organizations, the Religious Amendment party, the American Sabbath Union, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the enormous assumptions of the Romish church compel Liberals to unite for common protection."

At the close of his address, Mr. Putnam read the Anti-Sabbath petition, and urged that everybody should sign it. He then announced that the election of temporary officers was in order, and he would name first, as president, a man who had always been identified with reform, not only on this coast but in the East and North; who would bring to the position the result of years of experience in state and national work. He spoke of Judge J. W. North, of Oleander.

As soon as the name was mentioned it became apparent that the president of the California State Liberal Union was elected. The judge took the chair amid hearty applause. Those who had been at a loss to know who should be the standard bearer of the new movement got over their doubts at once, and placed themselves in an attitude of expectant attention. Judge North is a man above sixty years of age, tall, silver-haired, with dignified bearing and a countenance which kindness and intelligence combine to make unusually attractive. "All my life," said Judge North, in his address, "I have been a reformer, but I never knew a time when work for reform was more necessary than now. Influences against freedom are perpetually at work; at present they have taken on a fresh degree of activity. It is worthy of our attention when six millions of Protestants present a petition to Congress asking for national legislation in favor of a religious Sabbath, and when by the act of a cardinal seven millions of Catholics are enrolled as indorsing the movement. Now," said the judge, "I take pride in saying that I am a Free-thinker. It is a happy and proud confession. We seek to infringe on the rights of no man, woman, or child. We have never sought to curtail the liberties of Christians. The question now before us is, Shall we permit them to curtail ours? It is through the services of Freethinkers that the liberty established by our fathers has been in a measure preserved to us. Let it be our duty to defend that liberty and hand it down to the children that shall come after us. We are proud, therefore, to call ourselves Freethinkers. The word is not always popular, but for myself, I glory in that name. Freethought is the only valuable thought—the only thought that is worth anything. If in any court it can be shown that an act is performed under compulsion, that there was not freedom to act otherwise, then the act becomes null and void. So with a thought; without freedom

it is invalid. It is for the freedom which makes thought valid and genuine that we are laboring.

"Freethought has before it two kinds of work—destructive and constructive; and while upon the latter there cannot be laid too much emphasis, the former is none the less necessary. Somebody must deny falsehoods. Gentler natures, like Whittier's, say no pleadingly; stronger ones must speak their word of dissent positively and aggressively, to arouse the indifferent to the necessity of action. We must say no! The weeds must be pulled, that a better growth may follow. We begin to-day a work that is to last for generations. Not in our day shall we see the realization of all that perfect liberty of thought demands. And if we are few, we have this to encourage us: the enlightened minds of the world are with us; nature is with us; and all history, all experience, and all facts are our faithful allies.

"Before the assault of these superstition will ultimately disappear, but work is necessary. It must be done not only at all place, but at all time—everywhere, every month, every week in the year. Just at the present time the Sunday is given over to the ministers by general consent; they own it, or claim to, and the religious people look with horror upon any service that is not a religious one on that day. It is left for Freethinkers to vindicate the words of Christ, "the Sabbath is made for man, not man for the Sabbath." Each individual is lord of the Sabbath, to deal with it as he will. The nonsense that we must observe it at the dictation of priests is a nonsense that the human mind should get rid of with the least possible delay."

If the amount of satisfaction this address gave to the members of the convention could be measured by the warmth of its reception, it was great. There were fervent responses from different parts of the hall frequently, and applause from all parts constantly.

The next business was the election of a temporary secretary. This officer was found in the person of Mr. Emil S. Lemme, a young man of unlimited enthusiasm and untiring energy as a worker. Mr. Lemme went into office by a unanimous vote.

It seems almost unnecessary to say that the treasurership fell to the lot of Mr. A. H. Schou, of Oakland. Mr. Schou has been financier at all the meetings held here and in Oakland, and he will have charge of the sack of the California State Liberal Union. This by virtue of a unanimous vote.

After the adoption of an order of business as outlined in the bills, Mr. Putnam said he would introduce a feature not included in the program. He proposed a collection for general purposes, which was taken up with most gratifying results.

A pleasing surprise followed in the address of the ex-Rev. J. E. Higgins, who was introduced as an evolved preacher. Mr. Higgins said this was new business for him. It had been some years since his orthodoxy began to desert him, and in those years he had drifted in uncertain waters. The great questions of human duties presented themselves, but he had given up the old solution, and saw no new one until, within a comparatively short time, he found it within the realm of absolute Freethought. Mr. Higgins stated that he was now convinced that man had not only created all Bibles, but also all the authors of all Bibles. Every deity, every book, every bad thought, every good sentiment, all had their origin in the human mind.

The speaker gave no credit to Christianity for the civilization of the world. What we do know is that religion has always impeded progress; what we do not know is how infinitely better off the world would now be but for the retarding influences of Christianity. On the score of cruelty and brutality there is little choice between the two sects. Catholicism has persecuted to the extent of its ability, and the crimes of Protestantism have been bounded only by its power. The Puritans came to this country to establish religious liberty, and were its worst violators. The old Adam and the old serpent is in them all.

Mr. Higgins made an excellent impression. He is still a young man, and ought to do a good deal of work for the cause. He certainly has the ability and the will. At the point occupied by this paragraph the meeting adjourned.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

When the convention came to order in the afternoon the hall was about half filled, and there was another pleasant surprise in

store. The Turnerbunds of this coast were having a convention also, and they sent to the Liberal organization their delegates bearing words of greeting from our German co-workers. The delegates were invited to seats on the platform and introduced by the president. The greeting sent was as follows:

To the Convention of the Liberals of California assembled at Irving Hall:

At the convention of the delegates of the Turners of the Pacific Coast, held this day at the Hall of the San Francisco Turnverein, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we send our greeting and express our sympathy to the Liberals of California in their efforts in behalf of Freethought and personal Liberty, and in their opposition to oppressive and sumptuary legislation; and that we, the Turners of the Pacific Coast, hereby express ourselves to be in full accord with the aims and objects of the Liberals of California.

Resolved, That we will give our aid, by word and deed, to the cause of organizing a branch of the American Secular Union on this coast.

Resolved, That this meeting give three hearty cheers to the Convention of Liberals assembled at Irving Hall.

Signed,

F. ATTINGER,
W. SCHROEDER, } Committee.
ERNEST BRAND,

January 27, 1889.

Anything so handsome as this merited a response. One was therefore prepared by S. P. Putnam and read at once. This is it:

Resolved, That the California State Liberal Union declares its cordial co-operation with the purpose of the Turners of the Pacific Coast, to maintain personal liberty, and in the fraternal greeting of this body to the Union recognize a cheering expression of public sentiment in favor of true we American Republicanism.

Resolved, That the California State Liberal Union extends to the Turners of the Pacific Coast the hand of fellowship as to soldiers of humanity battling for the same great cause of justice and progress; and under the same flag will stand side by side for the Constitution as it is, for equal rights and impartial liberty, in a nation where church and state are to be forever separate.

At this moment there was a good deal of enthusiasm. The greeting was accepted and the response indorsed by a unanimous rising vote, and three rousing cheers, led by the chairman, went up for the Turners and their delegates. Messrs. Schou, Lund, and Putnam were appointed a committee to bear the response to the Turnerbund.

A committee had been previously appointed for drafting articles of organization, the members being N. D. Goodell, J. E. Jones, J. Vostrovsky, John Robinett, and Geo. E. Macdonald. Such of the committee as were present agreed on the following:

PREAMBLE AND CONSTITUTION OF THE CALIFORNIA STATE LIBERAL UNION.

Realizing that the safety of Republican institutions is imperiled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed by the least interference of the state in matters of religion, we hereby organize the California State Liberal Union to help secure, throughout this state and the United States, practical compliance with the principles of the American Secular Union and the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.—The name of this organization shall be the California State Liberal Union.

GENERAL OBJECT.

ART. II.—Total separation of Church and State.

SPECIFIC OBJECTS.

ART. III.—As a means to accomplish the General Object we indorse the following

DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM:

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall be no longer exempt from just taxation.

2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in state legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and in all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.

3. We demand that all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.

4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.

5. We demand that the appointment, by the president of the United States or by the governors of the various states, of all religious festivals and fairs shall wholly cease.

6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that the simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.

7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.

8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality, as such, shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.

9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several states, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely Secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

MODE OF WORK.

ART. IV.—The means employed to secure compliance with the foregoing Demands shall be Lectures, Conventions, and Agitation through the rostrum and Freethought press.

MEMBERSHIP.

ART. V.—All persons indorsing the Demands of Liberalism, and desiring to forward those principles, may become members of this Union by signing these articles.

OFFICERS.

ART. VI.—The officers of the California State Secular Union shall consist of President, Vice-Presidents, Secretary, and Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of nine members, who, together with the President, First Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer, shall constitute a Board of Directors, who shall be intrusted with the general management and control of the Union.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

ART. VII.—The officers shall be elected annually, and shall hold office until their successors are elected.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

ART. VIII.—The duties of officers shall be those generally pertaining to the President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Board of Directors.

Any one can see that there is little new or original in the foregoing production. The Demands of Liberalism, especially, are familiar to all; nevertheless each of the nine paragraphs was cheered, and the Preamble and Constitution were adopted without dissent. Except that a reporter who borrowed the document to copy it put it in his pocket and disappeared, it would doubtless have been numerous signed upon the spot.

Judge North delivered the address of the afternoon. He reviewed the Sunday business thoroughly. Having been in the legislature he knew something about the way the ministers work on the members. He said that the Republicans were humbugged by the clergy into believing that the people of the state were enthusiastic for a Sunday law, but the Republicans did not sanction a religious day. The people, however, understood it to be such, and their delusion was fostered by the Democrats, who made an anti-Sunday issue and carried the state. The speaker thought the Republicans would probably let the question alone after their experience with it, and the Democrats are not likely to change their position.

"If," said the speaker, "I should ask the question where the Sunday observance originated, there are doubtless many, even in this audience, who cannot tell. In a congregation of Christians there would probably be none who know. We know that the Old Testament Sabbath is Saturday. In the New we find that the apostles met on the first day of the week to celebrate the resurrection of Christ, but it was not a Sabbath, and they attached no holiness to it. This originated with Constantine, who appointed the pagan day of the sun as a Sunday for Christians and pagans, as he favored both. Constantine was impartial toward pagans and Christians, and the coins of the realm had Apollo on one side and Christ on the other. The Sunday was as much for one as the other, though Constantine was so much a pagan that when he died the pagans deified him. The early Christians did not keep Sunday. Martin Luther had no reverence for it, and told his congregation to ride on it and dance on it. Christ or the apostles never heard of it.

"There is a longing among Christians for power, Protestants equal to Catholics. They want to put into the Constitution their creed and their God and his son. When this is done every man who swears to uphold the Constitutions wears at the same time to support the Christian religion. This is defended by members of the National Reform party, who openly hold that none but Christians are fit for either office or citizenship. But supposing one creed is true, who shall decide which? As there are at least two hundred creeds taught in this country, we know that one hundred and ninety-nine must be wrong. But only five per cent. of the people of this country profess any creed at all, and these five per

cent. have the audacity and presumption to dictate legislation for ninety-five per cent. Think of the result of putting God and Jesus Christ in the Constitution as rulers of the nation. Of course neither God nor Christ could be expected to administer affairs. The carrying out of their supposed will would be left in the hands of the priests as mouthpieces, and we should have a hierarchy. Our fathers, when they established this government, did the best they could for liberty; but they could not abolish slavery. It cost a million lives to do that. We imagine we have a divorce of church and state, but we have not, and the question is whether we shall bring about a peaceful separation, or whether religious domination, like slavery, shall go down in blood.

"They tell us that if religion is a good thing, we cannot have too much of it in the state. History teaches otherwise. Another thing, Christianity is not based upon sufficient evidence to support its claim. Darwin rejected it for this reason. Mr. Moody will say that all the Bible is true, to the dotting of an *i* and the crossing of a *t*; if not, we should build a monument, heaven high, to Paine and Voltaire! The other evening Mr. Moody made the statement that the gospel of St. Mark was written twelve years after the events occurred which he professed to describe. A dozen educated clergymen, who knew that the statement was false, sat upon the platform, but they made no protest. Are these clergymen honest? These same clergymen know that they are not preaching Christianity as taught by Christ. Draper says that Christianity came from Africa, and that Augustine, a man whom neither Jesus nor the Apostles ever heard of, had more influence in settling the tenets of Christianity than any other person. They know that in the Bible there is no mention of a spiritual fall until Paul invented it. The penalty imposed upon Adam and Eve was physical merely. God threatened Adam and Eve with death as a penalty for disobedience—that is, for becoming wise. Satan assured them that no such penalty would be inflicted upon them; but that, on the other hand, they would become enlightened. The story makes Satan the first champion of knowledge, and God the first champion of ignorance. It also makes Satan a truthful character, as God afterwards admitted when he said that the man and woman had become as gods, knowing good and evil. The penalty upon the man was labor, upon woman pain; not the slightest reference to any such thing as a fall, a dogma now repudiated by the most enlightened clergymen of the present time. The clergy are aware that there is no truth in the miraculous birth and origin of Christ. They know that the genealogies given of him in the New Testament are worthless, as they are contradictory, and at best give merely the genealogy of Joseph, who was not related to Jesus at all. These dogmas with regard to Christ are what the National Reformers wish to incorporate in the Constitution, and every man who swears to support the Constitution will be obliged to take an oath to support these myths and absurdities. It is time for honest men to speak out."

The foregoing is but an imperfect synopsis of Judge North's excellent address. A great many hearty rounds of applause which it evoked must be taken without mention.

Mr. Schell, of Knight's Ferry, speaking briefly on the Sunday petition, said there should be a closer scrutiny of the six million signatures presented to Congress. Nobody heard of this petition until it was suddenly sprung upon the country with this great number of names attached. Mr. Schell said he believed half of them were forgeries, copies from town records, gravestones, and check lists. The matter should be investigated.

Mr. Thomas Arper, of Oakland, thought the movement to put Christ in the Constitution would be opposed by the common sense of the public. Christ is dead, defunct, and long since deceased. If we are to have a king, the people will insist upon putting in a live man.

Mr. Putman made the remark that all present would be given an opportunity to subscribe for FREETHOUGHT.

Mr. Faust suggested that every person should improve the occasion to sign the anti-Sabbath petition.

Prof. W. H. Holmes, who seemed to be a stranger to all present, made a ringing speech, and everybody wanted to know him at once. He said that the history of the church was a struggle for power. At this day intelligent mountebanks Moodyize the people, and seek to incorporate their creed in our fun-

damental law. But this is not a Christian nation. The school-master has been abroad, and one day the teachings of Thomas Paine will supersede those of the crucified Nazarene. It is written on the brains of millions of people that thought shall be free, and this organization is necessary that it may be so.

The convention at this point took a recess until evening.

SUNDAY EVENING.

This was the biggest audience yet assembled. The number in attendance was estimated at nearly one thousand. Every corner was full. Before the regular exercises commenced Mr. Schou introduced the Misses Haelke, of Oakland, for a piano duet. Mr. Putnam read the articles of organization adopted in the afternoon, and invited those who wished to become members to sign them. Eighty-four signatures were put down at once. Mrs. S. Cook and Prof. A. Priore gave an admirable piano and violin duet.

Judge North was too much fatigued by his hard day's work to preside at this meeting, and Mr. Putnam occupied the chair, introducing the Hon. A. Schell, the orator of the evening, who spoke thus on "Thomas Paine:"

"It is said that Justice is one of the attributes of deity, and the people, impressed with the truth of this, all over the land, in this broadest and grandest country the sun has ever shone upon, are at this time in meetings assembled to do justice to the memory of Thomas Paine. Justice may be slow in emerging from the grand center of public opinion, but it is sure to come. It may slumber for nearly a hundred years, but it awakes at last. Galileo was denied burial in consecrated ground, was thrown into prison to rot to death, for asserting an immortal truth, and it was not until long after his death that his friends were permitted to erect a splendid shaft to his honor, in the city of Florence, the home of his brilliant achievements for science. So with Thomas Paine. It is now eighty-one years since his death, and to-day, from all the centers of humanity between the two great oceans the voice of eulogy reverberates through the halls of civilization in commemoration of the anniversary of Thomas Paine.

"Thomas Paine was a potential factor in the dark days of the Revolution, on the side of liberty and freedom. From his lips first fell the magic words, 'Free and Independent States of America'—words that electrified a continent. When Trenton and Princeton were in the hands of the Hessian; when the column of independence which had been so recently erected by our ancestors seemed to totter to its base; when a formidable and victorious fleet of our enemy hovered upon and menaced our sea coast; our women and children butchered and massacred by the merciless savage, stimulated into increased ferocity by a premium on scalps; when gloomy forebodings overshadowed the land like a pall; our soldiers, naked and starving with hunger, and who could be tracked over the frozen ground by the blood from their wounded feet, flying in dismay before a victorious enemy—it was then that the inspiring pen of Thomas Paine wrote the undying and imperishable words that will live in the heart of every American patriot while freedom shall have a friend and tyranny an enemy on earth.

"The cannon of Washington were not more formidable to the British lion, on the field of battle, than the pen of Paine was to the cross of St. George in the palace of the king.

"I must here relate what Colonel Ingersoll said in tribute to his memory. He said that he got a letter from a man living in Pennsylvania whose father was an old Revolutionary soldier of the name of Martin, which stated that an old Presbyterian minister, named Crawford, used to come to his house, and he sat by the fire and got to talking about Thomas Paine, what a wretched and infamous dog he was; and whilst he was in the midst of his conversation this old soldier rose from his seat and walked over to the preacher, and said to him, 'Did you ever see Thomas Paine?' 'No.' 'I have. I saw him at Valley Forge. I heard read at the head of every regiment and company a letter of Thomas Paine. I saw Thomas Paine write on the head of a drum, sitting at the bivouac fire those simple words that inspired every patriot arm; and I want to tell you, Mr. Preacher, that Thomas Paine did more for liberty than ever a priest did that lived in the world.'

"The great crime of Paine was his unbelief in the inspira-

tion and revelation of the Bible, and he wrote his 'Age of Reason,' which, like a dynamite bomb, shattered the claim for the divinity of the Bible into a thousand fragments."

The speaker read many letters written by Paine's compatriots, eulogizing his services. He closed as follows:

"Borrowing my ideas from one of nature's noblest orators, I beg leave to say in conclusion that you all know that a clock ticks second by second, in a dull, patient, humdrum sort of way, till the hand reaches the sixtieth minute, and then it strikes a new hour born. What if each day should be marked at sunrise by a louder striking of a clock to tell us that a more important minute was reached? What if the commencement of a new year should always be told to us by the vibrations of some mighty bell far up in space that sounded only on the first of January, touched then on the hand of omnipotence. And now suppose that when anything very important was about to happen in the world, when a new year of hope and joy for a nation or mankind was to come, a mighty timekeeper away up in the stars should ring out, so that men could hear it and say, 'Hark! a new hour, one of God's hours, has struck in the belfry of the heavens.' This would be grand. But time does mark the great seasons of the world's history by a mighty clock. In fact, every nation is a large dial-plate and behind it are the works, and below it is the pendulum, and every now and then its hands mark a new hour. Our Revolution was such a period, that is the glory of it. The English government had oppressed our fathers. It tried to break their spirit. It was for several years a dark time, like the season before sunrise. But the old-time piece kept ticking and ticking, the wheels kept turning calmly on, until about 1775. Then there was a stir and a busy clatter inside the case; the people couldn't bear it any more. A sixtieth minute came and all of a sudden the clock struck. The world heard the battle of Bunker Hill—one! the Declaration of Independence—two! the surrender of Burgoyne—three! the siege of Yorktown—four! the treaty of Paris—five! the inauguration of Washington—six! and then it was sunrise, and we live in the forenoon of that glorious day.

"Ladies and gentlemen, let us be proud, glad, joyous, and grateful for this opportunity of celebrating the anniversary of Thomas Paine, the man who had so much to do with the ticking and striking of that good old clock in the days of the Revolution. Let us hope that the time-piece will remain unimpaired for centuries to come, and that it may strike many times again to mark the new hours for humanity, for kindness and good will to the memory of Thomas Paine."

At the close of Mr. Schell's remarks, S. P. Putnam essayed a few observations leading up to a collection, but was interrupted by the receipt of a bouquet from some of the ladies. This caused him to lose for the moment the thread of his discourse, but he soon recovered himself and effected the point which he set out to make. Violin and piano music followed, succeeded by a piano and zither duet by the Misses Haelke. The young ladies received an ovation, and gave a zither duet as an encore. Then as a closing feature of the evening's entertainment, Mrs. Rutter led in the National Anthem, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," in which the audience joined with a will.

Adjournment was then had until Monday afternoon.

MONDAY AFTERNOON.

The Monday afternoon session was well attended, and lively beyond all precedent. The meeting opened by the reading of the following resolutions:

1. That this convention affirms the Nine Demands of Liberalism to be the sole basis and platform of the CALIFORNIA STATE LIBERAL UNION, and all persons, without regard to religious belief or non-belief, are invited to become members.
2. That the bills now pending in the National Congress known as the "Blair Educational bill" and the "Blair Sunday Rest bill," contemplate a practical union of church and state, and that their passage would be in direct opposition to the principles of the Constitution, and a violation of the rights of American citizenship.
3. That the effort now being made by the clergy and religious organizations in California to effect, by petitions to the legislature, the passage of a state Sabbath law should be vigilantly opposed by the Liberals of the state, and that petitions against such a law should be circulated for signatures and presented to the legislature.
4. That the Board of Directors of this organization be instructed to

take such steps as in their judgment will prove most effective in preventing the passage of this law, and be prepared to oppose the contemplated Sunday enactment, by argument before the legislature of the state if necessary.

5. That the Liberals of California be solicited to contribute a fund of one thousand dollars (\$1,000), or more, to be used during the coming year for legislative work, for the distribution of documents bearing on the Demands of Liberalism, and for the support of public meetings in the interest of the same general objects at important points.

6. That in furtherance of the foregoing resolution the Board of Directors be instructed to arrange for a series of lectures at Sacramento while the present legislature is in session, in order that public sentiment may be aroused and made effective against any action looking to the passage of a State Sabbath law, or any legislation opposed to the Demands of Liberalism.

7. That this convention condemns past appropriations of public moneys for the support of sectarian institutions, whether Protestant or Catholic, and protests against the appropriation of any further funds for the support of such institutions.

8. That as, in the words of General Grant, religion is for the family altar, the church, and the private school, this convention condemns the introduction of any religious ceremonies in the public schools, either in the form of prayers or hymns; and that it recommends the exclusion of all mention of the Bible as an inspired book, of the deity, or of any deified personage, as such, from the text books used in the public schools of this state.

9. That the success of Liberalism depends on work, both destructive and constructive; on plucking out the weeds of error and planting and cultivating the germs of truth; on not only demolishing the temples of darkness and superstition, but also on the rearing in their places of more beautiful temples of liberty and light.

10. That we urge upon all lovers of true liberty the importance of assembling themselves together for lectures, for reading circles, science classes, and ethical associations, and in every way possible cultivating the intellect and filling the minds of people with correct knowledge.

11. That this convention heartily indorses the present work and methods of the American Secular Union, and pledges moral and pecuniary support to the national organization.

The resolutions were taken up and passed singly until the fifth was reached. Here Mr. W. F. Freeman, of Stockton, supported by a well-worded speech a motion to strike out the words "one thousand dollars." Mr. Freeman's amendment was amended by Mrs. Scott-Briggs, who moved to insert the words "or more" after "one thousand dollars." The resolution was supported in a speech by S. P. Putnam, who explained its purpose, and it passed without dissent as above printed.

The eighth resolution was discussed by Messrs. Freeman and Arper. Mr. Freeman objected to the words "prayers or hymns," as implying that prayers and hymns were used in the schools of the state. He did not believe they were, and objected to being party to an unjust implication.

Mr. Thomas Arper spoke to the resolution as read. He had knowledge of the fact that the Lord's prayer was sung in the state normal school.

Mr. Freeman said if such was the case he would withdraw his objection.

The resolution was thereupon passed unanimously, as were also the three following.

Then came a firebrand in the form of this resolution introduced by Mr. Thomas Curtis:

Resolved, That this convention advocates compulsory education for every child in the state and emphatically denies the right of parents to educate their children in sectarian schools or colleges, thereby training them as willing tools of priestcraft when they attain citizenship. As the state has to bear the responsibility of bad citizenship, that same responsibility entitles the state to see to it that every child shall be fairly educated for good citizenship.

An uncertain quiet succeeded the reading of the above. Mr. Curtis took the floor. He said the community, not the parent, was the custodian of the youthful mind, and therefore should prescribe what education it may receive.

Mr. Arper followed, favoring the resolution.

Mr. G. W. Thurston opposed it, as making a bad matter worse.

Mr. Henry Kline said that all he asked of the state was to let him educate himself. Paine and Voltaire were self-educated men. He opposed all compulsory education, whether religious or secular.

Prof. W. H. Holmes said that he understood that this organization was broader than any mere sectarianism. It was organized for the protection of rights. Let it not narrow itself by opposing the rights of others.

Mr. Curtis spoke again against granting Catholics the privilege of educating their offspring in their own faith.

Mr. Putnam here intervened to say that the discussion was wasting the time of the convention. The Nine Demands could not be stretched to cover this question. It was a side issue. Personally he was in determined opposition to the resolution. It stultified all the declarations previously made by the convention in favor of equal rights and impartial liberty.

Mr. A. Schell moved that the resolution be tabled, which was done with great emphasis.

Next came the election of officers. The committee on nominations reported the following:

President, J. W. North, of Oleander; Secretary, Emil S. Lemme, San Francisco; Treasurer, A. H. Schou, Oakland.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Ranford Worthing, San Diego; W. F. Freeman, Stockton; Philip Cowen, Petaluma; William Schroeder, San Francisco; W. S. Rodgers, Boulder Creek; John Robinett, Nipomo; Mrs. Kate Parker, Anaheim; J. E. Clark, Los Angeles; L. Magenheimer, San Jose.

These nominations were heard with cheers, but the convention received something of a setback when Judge North stated that owing to the infirmities of age and feeble health, he must ask to be excused. His sympathies were entirely with the organization, and from the expressions he had noted he was gratified to observe that he enjoyed the sympathies of those present. He was grateful for the honor, even though he must decline it. The California Liberal Union needed a younger man, one with the vigor to work. Such a man, he knew, was there upon the platform, and he therefore begged leave to nominate, as president of the organization, Mr. Samuel P. Putnam. The nomination was seconded by a dozen voices, and passed unanimously.

Mr. Putnam was rather more surprised than when he received the bouquet on the previous evening. He responded briefly by saying that he accepted the position because he welcomed the work. He would much rather that some one else received the honor, but he would put on the harness and do the work according to the best of his ability.

The officers of the California State Union are therefore:

President, Samuel P. Putnam, San Francisco.

Secretary, Emil S. Lemme, San Francisco.

Treasurer, A. H. Schou, Oakland.

The executive committee was elected as nominated, as were also the following list of vice-presidents:

J W North, Oleander	Mrs E M Hansson, Merced
N D Goodell, Sacramento	A K Coward, Norwalk
F Schueneman-Pott, San Francisco	Laura de Force Gordon, Lodi
A Schell, Knight's Ferry	Mrs R H Schwartz, San Jose
John Riggins, Los Angeles	Charles Rodgers, Boulder Creek
H L Shaug, Del Mar	Charles Haas, Stockton
N Woolsey, Messina	J C Gage, Stockton
Samuel McHenry, National City	L R Titus, San Jose
P A Clark, San Jacinto	Freeman Parker, Petaluma
W H Pepper, Petaluma	Ed Wegner, Sonoma
R F Grigsby, Napa	Theodore Gerner, Livermore
John McGlashan, Ukiah	Alf Burgess, National City
Thos McCowan, Ukiah	E A Denicke, San Francisco
Rufus Butterfield, Sacramento	W S Ray, San Francisco
O T Davies, Brighton	R H Nason, Gilroy
S Littlefield, Anaheim	John Dibble, Santa Clara
Robert Gunther, Eureka	R H Bliss, Camptonville
Mrs L P Langley, Santa Barbara	Mrs Pauline Van Hoeter, Grass Vy
John E Jones, Round Valley	R W Barcroft, Hornitos
H W Faust, San Francisco	J R Horsley, Jr, Oakdale
B B Rockwood, San Pasqual	Samos Parsons, San Jose
H W Walker, San Francisco	T J Conley, Visalia
W A Chess, Monrovia	D W Perkins, San Jacinto
Charles French, Pomona	T W Brooks, Pomona
Mrs D J Broneer, Oakland	J M Voss, Los Angeles
W P McCord, Hannaford	Joel Parker, Orange
H L Haelke, Oakland	C Severance, Los Angeles
D Buckingham, Raymond	Herman C Fry, Nipomo
James Beazell, Livermore	John Mewhinney, Pomo
Leonard Parker, Anaheim	Mrs Scott Briggs, San Francisco
Robert Laramore, Fresno Flats	

An interesting address by Prof. D. C. Seymour ended this session.

MONDAY EVENING.

There was another big gathering. The petitions against the Sabbath laws were read, as were also the articles of organization,

and signatures were attached to both. Mrs. Rutter gave the "Star Spangled Banner" and the audience sang the chorus.

Mr. Low was the first speaker. He observed that the "Star Spangled Banner" suggested to him what the religious people were endeavoring to do under that banner. They are combining to deny to unbelievers the liberties which that banner guarantees to all. Mr. Low did not believe much generally in petitions. He didn't believe in praying to public servants. He would prefer the term used in the platform of the Liberal Union: "We demand." Nevertheless, as there are petitions on one side there must be petitions on the other. Imagine what confusion would ensue from the adoption of the Blair amendment introducing the teaching of the "principles of the Christian religion" in the schools. No two persons fully agree on what those principles are. Supposing one finds that the principles as taught do not harmonize with his views. He puts an injunction on the teacher and takes the matter into court. The teacher is called upon to state the source of the principles which he teaches as those of the Christian religion. He attributes them to God. This at once raises the question of the existence of God and of revelation. Nothing can be proven, and the case must be thrown out of court. It can not be adjudicated upon, and the amendment would not be worth the paper it was printed on. Christianity, said Mr. Low, had nothing to do with morality. So far as salvation is concerned, morality avails a man nothing. If the principles of Christianity included virtue and morality, the mention of them as separate principles would have been unnecessary in the amendment. Mr. Low's address gave great satisfaction.

The next speaker was Miss Ada Ballou, the lady who painted the great picture of Thomas Paine which has adorned the walls of the FREETHOUGHT office during the past year. The picture rested on a stand at the back of the stage. To say that Miss Ballou looked perfectly lovely is to use an expression which will be perfectly understood by all and heartily indorsed by those who saw her. She began her address by referring to two statues which she saw in Australia of Burke and Wilkins, pioneers in that country, who laid down their lives for the land of their adoption. There was a likeness between these men and Thomas Paine, who, though a foreigner, sacrificed much for this country of ours. Paine was not a soldier. The country could find better use for him than to put a musket in his hands. It needed his inspiring words, for not muscle alone wins the battles of the free. Miss Ballou related how on a recent Sunday she stood before the monument reared to the memory of Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner." From this statue her thoughts turned to the man who reared it, and who, while remembering the singer of the "Star Spangled Banner," did not forget the source from which that banner drew its stars. He remembered the music of the spheres, the celestial notes hung upon the bars of night, and through the instrument which he placed on Mount Hamilton we read the song of the heavens.

The speaker said that in the Centennial year, when the celebration was about to take place in San Francisco, a committee of gentleman called upon her and asked her to paint something suitable to display on the line of march. The time was limited, but she painted a portrait of Thomas Paine. The committee were afraid. They thought if it were exhibited on the street it would provoke expressions of disapproval and the picture would be shot at. "I went down in the morning," said Miss Ballou, "and with the help of a friend got the picture in the street. I went to the committee and returned their money, and said, 'This picture is mine now, not yours, is it not?' They answered, 'Yes.' I then waited upon James Lick, who lay gasping on what proved to be his dying bed. I stated my case—that the picture of the man whose motto had been 'The world is my country, and to do good my religion' could have no place on the street that day. He asked me to have it brought up that he might see it. Upon its being brought he, with tears in his eyes, eulogized the patriot of the past, and he himself ordered that the picture be placed where the thousand of people must see it. I need not say it was not fired at, nor did it provoke any expressions of disapproval; and when the procession marched through Montgomery street, those who would not look at this picture of a patriot were obliged to march under it."

Miss Ballou's speech was cheered often during its delivery, and tremendously applauded at its close.

The veteran Freethinker, Thomas Curtis, followed. He related the workings of a Sunday law in Philadelphia years ago. Speaking of the attempt to inaugurate the Puritan Sabbath in California, he said that the price of liberty was eternal vigilance. In a community of thieves the door must not be locked once a year but every night. So in an orthodox community the Christians must be watched all the time. Mr. Curtis told a story of a minister in Ohio who got his pay in rye. This minister one day asked a deacon how the people liked his sermons. The deacon replied that a good many of the parishioners were kicking about the doctrines enunciated. "Well," said the minister, "you just go around the parish and find out what they want, and whatever they want I will preach, for by Jerusalem, I've got to have that rye." Mr. Curtis said the ministers of to-day were like the Ohio dominie, and preached not as they believed but as the pews dictated.

Professor Holmes, a gentleman who was educated as a clergyman in the church of England, spoke on Thomas Paine. The professor has a ringing voice, and a ready fund of facts and arguments, so that when he speaks the air is full of music. His address was brief but pointed and telling.

It was half past ten when the audience was dismissed.

THE PAINE ANNIVERSARY.

If the previous meetings were to be spoken of as a great success, as they were, what shall be said of that held on the 152d anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine? It needed no advertising—the air was full of it, and when eight o'clock on Tuesday evening arrived, there was not a vacant seat in Irving Hall. A few minutes later, extra chairs and camp stools were required.

The Misses Haelke gave a piano duet as an overture. The first number on the programme was a song, "Die Thrane (The Tear)," by the German singing societies. They were a few minutes late, and the interim was occupied by Mrs. Rutter, who led in "The Red, White, and Blue," the vast audience swelling the chorus into a volume of sound that filled all the space overhead. There was still a brief vacancy, and Mr. Putnam improved it with some impromptu remarks. Few, probably, suspected that he was talking against time, though such was the case; and when the singers came none but those aware of the circumstances saw anything remarkable in the way he overleaped a hundred years in the history of the republic, and turned a disquisition on the universal aspect of Freethought into an address of welcome to the choristers of the Turnverein. He did it, however, without a break, and when some forty representatives of the land of Schiller and Goethe gathered upon the platform, it looked as if the whole speech had been prepared to lead up to this event. The singers got an ovation before they sang a note. Then the leader elevated his baton, and one of the most beautiful songs ever written came from two score manly voices with an effect that no orchestra could equal. An encore followed in response to tremendous applause.

The first regular speaker, Mr. F. Schueneman-Pott, delivered an address in German, and those who understood that language testified that it was magnificent. A zither solo by the Misses Haelke, so the musical critics of the daily press state, proved the most enjoyable event of the evening, and was repeated. S. P. Putnam read a poem on Thomas Paine. W. F. Freeman, of Stockton, in the absence of Mrs. Gordon, made an excellent address full of practical suggestions. Mrs. Scott Briggs read a brief paper and a poem written by Captain Scott. A statement of the receipts and expenses of the convention, by S. P. Putnam, showed that financially, as otherwise, the lectures, convention, and celebration had been a success, and the proceedings came to a close with "Auld Lang Syne," sung by the audience. The hall was then cleared for dancing, and for two hours hilarity had the floor. Nearly one hundred couples joined the grand march, and afterwards executed various intricate figures, under the direction of Professor Burdick.

Nobody left the hall without stopping to confide to somebody else the opinion that this was the finest Paine celebration ever known. Mr. F. Schueneman-Pott testified that in all his experi-

ence he had never met such an audience on an occasion of this kind.

It is hoped that the Paine celebrations everywhere were equally successful.

Nearly everything else is crowded out of this issue of *FREETHOUGHT* to make room for the report of the convention and celebration. We do not believe that any complaint will arise from this fact, for since the starting of this paper no event has occurred of greater importance than these Liberal meetings. We only wish that we had more space, so that all the addresses might be printed in full. The amount of resources developed and talent displayed has surprised the old residents. Previous to this convention, few words of encouragement were spoken concerning it. Friends gave their money and their hope and good wishes, and those who could do so came in from various parts of the state. Some came from as far as Oregon.

The three preliminary lectures did much for the success of the convention. The attendance on these lectures increased weekly. The daily press was at first non-committal, and said nothing. Then it fell in line, and the meetings were well reported. Sunday night, the 27th, a thousand were present. At the opening of the convention Sunday morning, three hundred representative Freethinkers met to transact the business of the convention, and there was harmony throughout.

If anything in the outcome of this convention is to be regretted, it is that the health of Judge J. W. North forbade him to accept the position of president. For that office he would have been the unanimous choice. But he chose to leave the responsibility for the shoulders of a younger man, and the convention concurred. If he could not be president, the next best thing was to accept his judgment as to who was best fitted for that position.

The election of secretary and treasurer cannot fail to give satisfaction, and the executive committee is made up of the energetic workers of the state. So also of the list of vice-presidents. Already a long roll of members is obtained, and if all who signed the call for the convention join them, as steps will be taken to give them an opportunity to do, the California Liberal Union will have a membership of more than a thousand. Here is a splendid working force. So far, therefore, as the convention is concerned, the movement is successfully inaugurated, and if the energy hitherto displayed is maintained the result will be correspondingly great.

NEWS AND NOTES.

On Thursday evening, January 24, I had the pleasure of lecturing before the Liberal Spiritual Association of this city. The hall was full and the greeting most fraternal. I spoke on the theme, "Christianity a Failure," and a failure it is indeed—an intellectual, humanitarian, and moral failure. Professing to be a divine revelation, it gives no particle of proof, either of the existence of God or the immortality of the soul. It proclaims the brotherhood of man, and yet is divided into five hundred different sects constantly at war. It promised "peace on earth, good will to men," and yet its pathway is made bloody with the death of millions. The statistics of crime prove that five hundred Christians to one Infidel enter the jails of the land. A most lamentable failure Christianity has been and still is. My Spiritual friends were in entire harmony with my discourse, and show themselves to be good allies in the cause of Secular principles; and on the platform of justice and liberty we join heart and hand. These meetings at 909½ Market street, St. George's Hall,

are held every Thursday night and are conducted with excellent spirit. It is a good place for Liberals to attend. Truth is infinite and there is always something to learn. Our philosophy should embrace the whole universe.

The convention has been a superb success. Friends have come from all parts. Our office has been thronged with genial visitors. We have had a gala time. The speeches have been splendid, the audiences enthusiastic, the attendance large. The business has gone along with just enough sparkle of discussion to make things lively and attractive. There is harmony and Liberals are ready to work.

All this is written down elsewhere, at length. I will only give one of the bright moments of the convention, when the delegates of the Turners of the Pacific Coast sent their committee to give fraternal greeting. There was a glorious and tumultuous applause in honor of these sturdy allies. It was a magnificent expression of comradeship. As member of the committee of response I had the privilege of bearing the resolutions of the California State Liberal Union to the delegates of the Turners. I shall not forget the welcome our committee received from that representative body. The resolutions were greeted with thunderous applause—and the Teutonic cheer, heard on fields afar, like the breakers of the sea, sweeping to victory, made the hall ring with the voice of fellowship. The children of the land of Goethe and Schiller lift up the banners of freedom over the land of Washington and Paine, and, in consecration to Liberty, universal brotherhood is proclaimed. Our German friends will be noble coadjutors in the impending conflict.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

THE SUNDAY LAW PETITION.

The petition which the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the clergy are circulating bears at its head the words:

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work."

Also:

"Hallow my Sabbaths; and they shall be a sign between me and you, that ye may know that I am the Lord your God."

Following is the petition:

"To the Honorable, the Senate and Assembly of the State of California:

"Greeting: We, the undersigned, residents of—, in the county of—, State of California, in view of the dissipation and demoralizing influences arising from the desecration of Sunday in the State, earnestly and respectfully petition your honorable body for the enactment of a Sunday law that shall give laboring men a day of rest; prohibit the carrying on of all unnecessary business; prohibit barbarous, unseemly, and noisy amusements, such as theatres, processions, concerts, games; and also the opening upon Sunday of all places where intoxicating beverages are sold; also providing, by proper legislation, for the enforcement thereof."

On the back of the petition the following argument is printed: CALIFORNIA THE ONLY STATE IN THE UNION WITHOUT A SUNDAY LAW.

[EXCEPT THE STATE OF NEVADA]

We propose to have one; to that end will you kindly see that this is printed in the local papers in your place, and get editorials in favor of it, and distribute the papers with the same largely, and send for Petitions and secure all the signatures possible?

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., December 1, 1888.

Dear Friends:

The repeal of the Sunday law has robbed us in this State of our day of rest—the kindest gift of God to the toilers of earth—the sweetest day of the week to the worker, and every virtuous home.

How long shall we remain in bondage to Sunday desecrations, open saloons, and all the orgies consequent upon these wicked practices on God's holy day?

Let us have one quiet rest day in seven, when all men shall close up their secular business, or such as is not necessary to be carried on during that day.

That each may have a day with their families and worship God in accordance with the dictates of their own consciences, uninterrupted by noisy street parades emanating from open saloons, or where intoxicating drinks may be sold and drank on the sacred Sabbath.

Unless the Sabbath is observed, we are on the way to Spanish bull-fights after the Lord's Supper, and the riot and doom of Gomorrah in the end.

The Sabbath was ordained by God at creation, expressly to minister to man, this noblest being, and his immortal interests.

Let us keep the window of the Sabbath open between earth and heaven, lest earth become the vestibule of hell.

The hand lifted against it is feeling for one of the central pillars that prop the temple of American liberty.

Let the Sabbath be overthrown, and other moral restraints would soon fall with it, and Paris, Babylon, Sodom, would soon finish the story.

Let the American Sabbath, radiant with more than natural sunshine, brighten onward into earth's millennial rest and glory.

If we want to diminish crime, pauperage, and taxation, to lighten the people's burdens and to increase their power to bear them, then stand fast by the American Sabbath. It is the common law of our land; let it be of our hearts also.

That which demoralizes and debauches the people ruin the nation.

The Christian Sabbath has done more for America than all her fertile soil, her fine climate, her rivers, lakes, forests, gold-mines, or coal.

It has civilized and ennobled her men, purified and exalted her women, and taught her children to revere the name of their country next to that of their God.

We appeal to you in behalf of "God and Home and Native Land," to petition the Senate and Assembly of the State of California to grant to the people of this golden land a Sunday Law, that shall give to rich and poor alike a day of rest. A day in which we can serve God according to the dictates of conscience.

By way of examining this argument, let us call attention to the heading, "California the only State in the Union without a Sunday law." Why was that heading placed there, since immediately under it are the words in greatly reduced type "except the state of Nevada?" If Nevada has no Sunday law, then the previous statement loses all force.

"The repeal of the Sunday law has robbed us in this state of our day of rest." How? In what manner? There is no law compelling any one to abstain from resting on Sunday or any other day. There is no law on the subject whatsoever. The statement quoted, therefore, is a falsehood.

The question "How long shall we remain in bondage to Sunday desecrations?" belongs under the same general head. No one is required by law to desecrate Sunday, and there is therefore no bondage. As the American Sentinel says, it is the veriest cant, designed to arouse the sympathy of the legislatures for the poor women of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, who find it impossible to take their much-coveted rest on Sunday because there is no law compelling them to!

There is one way for these women and others who sympathize with them to escape all the evils they fear. Let them go to church on Sunday. The law will protect them in so doing. In the church there are no saloons, no intoxicants except sacramental wine, and no bull-fights.

The absurdity of this Sunday petition is that the signers quote biblical authority for the observance of Saturday as the Sabbath while they ask the legislature to pass a law compelling the people of the state to keep Sunday. God, according to the record, has

hallowed one day. Constantine, the Roman cut-throat, appointed another. These people ask our legislature to ignore God's day and to consecrate the day appointed by a barbarous emperor.

Such is the inconsistency of the movement. The real devilry of it lies in the endeavor to force a holy day when people who do not believe in it.

GUILELESS PAUL.

To the Editors of Freethought:

In the issue of November 10, I observe an error of biblical interpretation into which you have unconsciously fallen, and which appears to be copied from John E. Remsburg. The passage referred to is 2 Cor. xii, 16, "Being crafty I caught you with guile," and is quoted in evidence that Paul practiced untruthfulness and dissimulation, which, for all I know, he may have done; though the charge will have to be sustained, if at all, on grounds extraneous to this verse. The word translated "crafty" is *panourgos*, from *pas*, all or every, and *ergo*, to work. The meaning of the compound *panourgos* is working in every way. The translation "crafty" is used because one of the old meanings of the word was skillful, dextrous; it is allied to the word handicraft. Crafty is now used almost exclusively in an evil sense, but in the time of King James was frequently employed in a good sense. The word "guile" presents no real difficulty when taken in its proper connection with verse 13, "For what is there wherein ye were made inferior to the rest of the churches, except that it be that I myself was not a burden to you? forgive me this wrong." The wrong he had done, if wrong it could be called, was in not giving the churches the privilege of supporting him, whereas he believed that, generally, churches should support their ministers. See 1 Cor. ix, 6-12; Gal. vi, 6. The true exposition of the passage is found to be something like this: "Being handicrafty (for Paul was not only an apostle but a tentmaker also), I succeeded in making converts of you by the guilty method of supporting myself rather than being a burden to you, as the law declares is proper, while I did it." This is a species of guilt to which none can object. C. L. ABBOTT.

Estelline, Dak.

We do not believe that our correspondent's defense of Paul will stand the test of examination. The word "crafty" is used four times in the Bible, always in the sense of cunning, tricky, or deceitful. "Guile" occurs ten times with the same meaning; and both words are passed by the revisers without modification or comment. In this the Bible is supported by the dictionary. Paul may have meant to say that he worked in all ways, as the clergy of to-day pull every string with a convert or a dollar at the end of it, but there is no evidence that in the mechanic arts he was a jack-of-all-trades. After Paul had admitted, in his epistle to the Romans, that he felt justified in lying for the glory of God, there is nothing to be surprised at in his confession that being crafty he caught the people of Corinth with guile.

A COMING INFLECTION.

The Rev. Samuel Jones is conducting a revival at Los Angeles, and as he is shortly to visit San Francisco, it is well to find out, from his record there, what we are to expect when he arrives. The Los Angeles Times and Tribune evidently went into the work of reporting his sermons with a determination to make them read as well as possible; but the reporters appear to have abandoned the attempt, and later on put the revivalist in cold type without giving him the benefit of their superior knowledge of English grammar.

We clip one of Jones's stories from the Times:

I said on one occasion, in the morning after breakfast, Wife said to me: "Husband, I wish you would go down to the home of Virginia Wykell and see her. She is in deep distress, and her child is very ill." I said, "I will go." I walked down to their home, rang the bell, the servant opened the door and carried me in the family room, and there was a

poor, sad, wornout mother, as she sat with a little suffering child in her arms. She was my schoolmate. I was the schoolmate of her husband, then the most dissipated, the worst debauched man I almost ever saw in my life. And when I sat down and began to talk to her, I said, "Virginia, I believe God is going to take this little one, too." He had already carried five little ones from that home to the skies. And she said, with the tears running down her cheeks, "It looks as if it could not live at all." Then I said to her, "Virginia, did it ever occur to you that God was doing his best to save your poor husband?" And the tears ran down her cheeks and spattered on the face of her sick child, and she said, "Oh, if God can by this means save my poor husband, I am willing to give them all up, though it breaks my heart." I knelt and prayed with the mother and the sick child, and then I walked up town and went to her husband's office. He was out, and I started on the hunt for him, and directly I saw him coming across the square. And as he approached me I gave him my hand, and looking him in the face, I said, "John, dear old fellow, we were raised together, and have known each other nearly all our days. I am just from your home. It is the saddest home I ever saw in my life. Your wife is sitting there with that dying child in her arms. O John," I said, "I asked your wife didn't she suppose God was taking your children from you to reform your life. John, in the name of all that manhood prizes, John, look me in the face; won't you surrender your heart to God and lead a better life?" I saw the tears start down his cheeks; he grasped my hand tighter, and said, "Pray for me; I am the frailest man; I want to be good; pray for me." That man to-day is mayor of my city whenever he chooses to be, and the leading member of the Methodist church and one of the most consecrated men in our city.

If any more barbarous character has ever been ascribed to God than this story gives him we have not heard of it. Imagine a heavenly father contemptible enough to sacrifice the lives of five innocent children, through sickness and suffering, in order that a drunkard might reform and join the Methodist church. Why did not God take the man—the guilty party—instead of the children?

Another of this revivalist's gems glitters like this:

"Whenever you see a preacher 'gadding' around, he cannot preach much. Many a preacher's got into trouble by 'boggling' around. If I have a sick member of my congregation, and he ain't any good, I ain't going to see him. I ain't going to pray and ask God to spare his life. If he is a good Christian, I will do anything for him. I once visited a sick brother, and he asked me to pray for him. I said: 'No, I can't pray for you.' He asked why. I told him he never was a good Christian, and I wasn't going to play any pranks on God by offering up a hypocritical prayer for him. I said: 'You neither pray nor pay.' He said: 'Brother Jones, would you like a load of corn.' I said I could use it. 'Well, if I did nothing more, I made a load of corn that morning.'"

The Times gives a report of an evening meeting:

"Mr. Jones, after the opening hymns had been sung, prayer said, and the usual collection taken up, advanced to the front of the platform and, taking off his handsome fur-trimmed overcoat, announced that he would say a few words on the text: 'I will live in the faith.' He then delivered the usual jumble of anecdotes, slang witticisms, appeals to God, and comments on his actions with which he 'revives' the unconverted. As usual, he started away as far as possible from the original text, and fully sustained his reputation for religious buffoonery. He told the following story: 'Now, see here, you ol' fellers, listen. Me and my wife once had an ol' sewing machine sent us in a box, and it got smashed all up to pieces, and I didn't know if it was a sewing machine or a patent harvester, it was so broke up. 'Well,' I says, 'let's wait er while.' By'n'by comes along a little book that tells us how to piece her up again. Why, I tell ye I made her run all night, and my wife she could just sew and tuck and hem and fell and bang—no, by the way, she couldn't bang on it. That's the way with God's work. The little good book comes along and all's right—all's explained.'"

The arguments of unbelief are thus answered:

"I have known men who have been in the church for years and then left it and become Infidels. I had rather be any convict in the penitentiary of any state than an open avowed Infidel."

Mr. Jones will find a much larger number of men of his belief than of Infidels in the penitentiary of any state. But to proceed:

"I put Christianity and Infidelity together here and I say, 'Christianity, what have you done?' 'I have come into the world on a mission of mercy. I have founded orphan asylums. I have brought peace to many a soul.' 'Infidelity, is that true?' 'Yes, that is so.' 'What are you doing, Infidelity?' 'I am fighting Christianity.' 'I had rather be a convict than have a job like that.'"

Let us indeed put Christianity and Infidelity together, and ask them what they have done and are doing. Infidelity has put out the fires of religious persecution and lit the torch of progress. It, too, has founded orphan asylums. It has redeemed men, so far as they are redeemed, from the curse of superstition. What is Christianity doing? It is fighting Infidelity.

Another inspired paragraph:

"Here's Bob Ingersoll sitting on the train of this nineteenth century of progress, and he says, 'I believe I'll pull the cord. I'll get a joke on God; I'll pull it,' and he pulls the cord and before his laugh died out here comes God's lightning express of judgment and eternity crashing into the train and hurls 50,000,000 of souls into perdition."

This would indeed be a railroad accident worth reporting, but it can be averted. Let God put the brakes on his lightning express. Nothing could be simpler.

An elegant definition of Infidelity:

"What is an Infidel?—just a great big old mouth going round talking. Did you ever see a mute that was an Infidel? I defy you to find one. If a man has no mouth he can't be an Infidel, and the only way to argue with an Infidel is to mash his mouth, and then he's done for."

Did Mr. Jones ever hear a pot speak of a kettle as a brunette? Where, let us ask, would Mr. Jones stand as a revivalist without that noisy mouth of his? Since he defies the world to produce a mute who is an Infidel, we shall take pleasure in doing so. If he will apply to this office we will furnish him with the address of a mute Infidel whose silence is more sensible, not to say more eloquent, than all that Mr. Jones has ever said. We give the reverend gentleman the credit of proposing the sole practicable way of answering the Infidel—that is, to "mash his mouth." The gag has always been a favorite argument with the church, and is the only effective one in its possession.

The Los Angeles papers say that on the third night Jones began to repeat himself, and it is presumable that his sermons there will be inflicted upon us here. It is strange that slang and blackguardism should be necessary to the promulgation of the teachings of Jesus Christ. Moody, now with us, is an unlearned man, but he is something of a gentleman. The Rev. Samuel Jones, like Moody, is unlettered, but unlike him he can not be called a gentleman without so extending the scope of that word as to include those who willfully and habitually violate the truth.

ERNST SCHNABEL, of San Jose, one of its most popular business men and liberal minded citizens—a true American and supporter of Secular and Freethought principles—died at his residence, January 25. The San Jose Mercury says: "He was the friend of all worthy enterprises, and assisted greatly the progress of the community. Those who were in need of sympathy or aid never appealed to him in vain. He gave to the poor with a liberal hand and contributed freely to public and private charities. His death will be sincerely mourned by many friends and admirers of his open and Liberal views and principles, but those upon whom the blow falls with a heavy hand are the widow and four children. The latter are Edward, late of Los Angeles, but now here; Emma, wife of George Koenig, and Ernst and Erna, younger children. Mr. Schnabel was a member of Germania Lodge, No. 116, I.O.O.F. of San Francisco, and of the Teutonic Association of that city."

HEAVEN.

How natural it is for children to imitate their parents! and just as naturally the parents copy after their forefathers. Children carefully preserve the broken fragments of chinaware, and on the shady side of the house, or in some big box, set up house-keeping by themselves. It is because they are children and instinctive with apehood. True, they leave off playing with bits of brightly colored china, because they now procure such goods in unbroken form, but they received from their parents certain traditions which were but fragments when their fathers received them from their forefathers, and they have never been able to exchange the old fragmentary bits of tradition for anything better.

Heaven is a highly colored bit of ancient, barbarous tradition. How few people try to think about this glittering bauble in any serious way. Such people are like a child in the first moments of being weaned. There is nothing you can give him in its place. You cannot reason with him or coax him. He is wronged, deeply wronged, and he is going to fight it out on that line. Unfortunately, the order of nature is against him. Our tender-hearted Christian friends are in much the same predicament. To attempt to show them that heaven is a tradition is like robbing them of all they hold dear. The moment you begin to lift the veil from those commonly called sacred subjects, the believer is alarmed, if not offended, and seeks to retire, saying, "Oh, I cannot reason with a man who don't believe in anything."

The idea of heaven is faint and obscure in the believer's mind. "Where is heaven?" He don't know, but he begins to tell you what he believes about it.

The writers of the Old, as well as those of the New Testament, supposed that heaven was very close to the earth, and this nearness of heaven to earth shows the childishness of their thoughts. The Greeks had Mt. Olympus as the residence of their gods, while our heaven is more obscure and less poetic.

While theology teaches that God is everywhere, the Bible represents his home as heaven. The idea we get is that sometime he can diffuse himself infinitely, and as occasion demands can contract or call in his personal outskirts and retire into heaven. Let us take a specimen picture or two from holy writ: "And the Lord came down (from heaven) to see the city and the tower (Babel) which the children of men had builded" (Gen. ii, 5). It would seem from this that while God was not very far away, he could not see just exactly what was going on at the tower of Babel. The good people of that region, or their great-great-grandfathers, had been cheated out of certain claims upon heavenly estates by a flood, and to prevent another flood from robbing them or their posterity from mansions in the skies, they projected a plan of building a tower that would reach up to heaven, and from its top they intended to step over into the New Jerusalem, without even so much as a "by your leave, sir." The idea was a good one, and it seems it would have been crowned with a glorious success if it had not been for the confounding of their languages. Those were times to try men's souls, when heaven was almost within their grasp, but snatched away before their very eyes.

I find another instance much like this in Gen. xviii, 21, where we read: "And the Lord said, Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is grievous, I will go down now and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it, which is come up unto me, and if not I will know."

In this instance the omnipresent is going to a place where he never had been before. The omnipotent had to make an especial effort to see something he had never seen before, and the all-wise must make a short journey down to earth to find out the correctness of some reports that had come to his ears respecting certain irregularities among the Sodom and Gomorrah people.

What we read about Jacob's ladder is as good material as any of the rest of it: "And he (Jacob) dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven, and behold the angels of the Lord ascending and descending on it" (Gen. xxviii, 12). This account may be rejected by some very close critics on account of the angels climbing a ladder, when their proper way of ascending and descending was to fly. But it will

be well not to jump too hastily to conclusions, as it is barely possible that this occurrence may have taken place in the moulting season of the angels, when they could not fly.

While these Bible writers have very much to say about heaven, they have remarkably little information to give us concerning the home of the sacred Santa Claus. We have such phrases as, "And lo! the heavens were opened," and "Lo, a voice from heaven, saying." We have to conclude that either heaven was very near at hand, or the voice must have been thunderous loud, and if the heavens opened, it must have been on self-acting and closing principle.

"For the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door and sat upon it." How did the writer know this? Did he see the he, she, or it (as the angel may have been) roll away the stone? How did he know that it was an angel? How did he know that the angel came from heaven? How could he possibly tell where he, she, or it came from? Heaven may be a bright place and full of light, but the manner in which this writer spreads out the New Jerusalem before us envelopes it in darkness, thick darkness.

We find only a few instances where any attempt is made to give us facts regarding any particulars of heaven that may have been witnessed by mortal man. Yet we have a few such. For instance, Stephen, after he had made a great speech, among other things said: "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the son of man standing on the right hand of God."

The writer of the gospel called Mark gives some other person credit for seeing into heaven: "So then, after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God." It is hardly worth while to call attention to the fact that Stephen saw Jesus standing and the other party saw him sitting. Of course, he could not be expected to remain in either position all the time.

It greatly puzzles us that these writers can write so much about heaven and yet give so little information; and besides, we cannot imagine how they could find out even what they did. They certainly had very long sight. For even if heaven is not far away, yet it was too far away for God to see what was going on at the tower of Babel, or in the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, and I suppose it was just as far from heaven down to Sodom as it was from Jerusalem up to heaven.

I fear that these people let their imaginations run away with them in regard to their ideas and facts about heaven, as they did respecting dreams, visions, trances, miracles, witches, devils, angels, and many other gross superstitions. Heaven and hell must pass away, but mankind must be exalted and glorified.

248 State street, Chicago, Ill.

W. S. BELL.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Some thirty years ago the charity ball was first given for the aid of the "Nursery and Child's Hospital." From that time the fashionable element has taken it under its wing, and given a yearly ball. The last was as monotonous and stupid as public balls are apt to be. The same gilded butterflies in undress were present as a third of a century ago, although they may be the children or grandchildren of the then belles. The same families were represented on both occasions. The same laudable objects in view, to add to the hospital funds, to show their fine feathers. Change has not invaded this conservative festivity. Flowers and decorations are considered personal affairs, as of yore. Decorum is the marshal of the evening; hilarity and real fun the exception. If it is mirth to sit hours in a box, or to move stately through a dance, there is mirth at the charity ball; otherwise not. The Astors, the Cuttings, the Rhinelanders, the Schermerhorns, the Schieffelins, the Beeckmans, the Hoyts, the Lentilhons, the Motts, the Wilmerdings, the Livingstones, the Havemeyers, the Kingslands, the Vanderbilts, the Griswolds were there. It goes without saying that the ladies were as beautiful as fine clothes and Recamier could make them. Financially and socially the ball was a success, but we notice a mixture in the boxes. The grand march was headed by Mrs. William Astor and Elbridge Gerry. The music was furnished by Gilmore's band and Bernstein's orchestra, the former playing for promenading and

the latter for dancing. The women seemed happy, the men bored. Men go this ball to please their wives, to the French ball to please themselves.

The press was simply brutal in its criticisms of Mrs. James Brown Potter's *Cleopatra*. From its tone one would judge there is some hidden motive in its savagery. It bristled all over with bitterness. These same papers commended her as an amateur. Why this change? This question is hourly asked. No one expected to find in her the exquisite pose, the heroic action, the finished technique of Ada Rehan. The public demands fair treatment. This, it has decided, has been denied her, and to emphasize this feeling it crowds Palmer's nightly to see her. This nightly greeting is an earnest of the contempt of the public for our dramatic critics. I think Mrs. Potter can afford to pay them to write her down. These asses know all there is of art, and would like to make their dictum a finality, but unfortunately for them our people know these fellows, and knowing, condemn them.

Lillian Russell contends that she cannot wear tights at the Standard without danger to her health. She is reported assaying that her shapely legs will not stand padding with lambs' wool, as some other legs will. Who can blame the fair star for determining to preserve her beautiful symmetry. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." So she breaks her engagement with Duff, and goes to the Casino. Aronson is willing. Duff objects, hence the courts are appealed to. The opera is a fair success this season. Lord Fauntleroy is still drawing full houses at the Broadway. Daly is as popular as in former years. Such pains to please is taken by no other manager. The reward is success.

The Agricultural Department issued its last report for '88, on the 12th. It makes the crop of corn 1,987,790,000 bushels, valued \$677,561,580, or 34.1 cents per bushel. The crop of wheat 414,868,000 bushels, valued \$384,248,030, or 92.6 cents per bushel against 68.1 last year. On this side of the Rocky Mountains wheat has been pounded down to 100¢ in Chicago. The bears are aggressive. The situation does not look to me bearish. For food and seed we need 340,000,000 bushels; we have already exported 52,000,000 bushels, leaving out of this crop only 22,868,000 bushels to be exported, to go into the next crop as we went into this, with an increase of 1,700,000 in our population. Thus far England has taken no wheat from the Atlantic coast. She has supplied her wants from India and Russia. The former is about barren of wheat, and the ports of the latter are closed by ice. To this country she must look.

New York, Jan. 14, 1889.

EUDORUS.

REASON AND RELIGION.

All truth is reasonable. If any truth is unreasonable it is just like error, and hence the difference cannot be known. If all truth is reasonable, it follows that whatever is unreasonable is untrue. How can we know what is true but by its conformity to facts? Reason, therefore, cannot be dangerous, as without it man would not be worth a groat.

All history, whether in the Bible or out of it, must be tested by its conformity to fact.

If the position I have taken be correct, then reason is the square, the rule, the measure, the scale by which to try everything, religion not excepted. Reason, therefore, is our crucible, and truth, like gold, will not suffer by the crucible.

I now propose to assay Christianity by the crucible of reason and hence I must begin at the foundation. If the foundation be rock the house may stand; if it be sand it may be washed away.

The chief corner-stone of the building is the doctrine that Adam and Eve committed an offense against God by eating fruit that grew on the tree of knowledge, instead of being satisfied with the fruit of ignorance which God preferred they should live on; for the fruit of all the trees of the garden permitted to them would not make them wise above the brutes. The interdiction of God shows that he preferred ignorance to knowledge, for he went and told his companion—probably his wife, as he had said before, Let us make man in our own image, male and female—Behold man has become like one of us, to know good and evil. As if it was a matter of regret or surprise.

Christianity holds that the turpitude of this offense was imputed to all the posterity of man to the end of time. The penalties, to use the words of the Presbyterian confession of faith, are, "Adam and Eve being the root of all mankind, the guilt of this sin was imputed, and the same death in sin and corrupted nature were conveyed to all their posterity; and they were defiled in all faculties and parts of soul and body."

Here arises a question of justice: Whether a mere moral offense of a parent can be charged to a child born a thousand years after the offense was committed. If the ancestor was hung for his crime shall the children through all time be hung for the same offense? Is there a shadow of justice in subjecting little babes of to-day to sickness, pain, and death because Adam and Eve ate an apple from the only tree that bore the fruit of knowledge of right and wrong. And then how hot must the anger have been kindled to damn a whole unoffending race from birth to death, not only in this world but to subject them to eternal pain in some other; and all because Adam and Eve aspired to rise above the dumb animals and ate the fruit of the only knowledge-bearing tree in the garden. Could a debt of five dollars be justly collected from a man now, whose great-great-grandfather had died insolvent to that amount? If our condition of total depravity is what the churches say, we have struck bottom; we can get no lower, for there are no degrees to the word total.

Ask any judge or lawyer whether punishment could be justly inflicted upon a babe for the sin of an ancestor. "The son shall not bear the sin of the father."

But what could God expect now from a totally depraved race? If he got the first soul of them, it must be by main strength.

God tried several ways to restore mankind to a higher condition. On observing that men began to multiply and that good fair daughters were born to them, he sent his sons—for he controlled everything—to take wives of the daughters of men, and the sons of those wives became mighty men in the land and men of renown, and there were giants in the land in those days. But on looking around he saw men were wicked, their thoughts were evil continually—what could he have expected?—and concluded that hybridizing was too slow a process, and the prospect was so discouraging that he became sorry that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him to his heart.

It seems, too, that he was sorry he had made the animals and creeping things, as if he didn't know at the beginning what he was doing or would do. If he had said he was sorry he had cursed man, it would seem to have been a little more consistent. But Noah found grace in the sight of the Lord, and this suggested to him that he might improve the race by evolution, and, therefore, he saved Noah and his family by whom to colonize the world anew. So the world rolled on some four or five hundred years, but the race did not improve as desired; so the Lord made another choice, Abraham and Sarah, both nearly a hundred years old, mature physically and ripe mentally, to secure best results. Isaac was born and in process of time had two sons, Jacob and Esau. But the Lord loved Jacob and hated Esau before they were born—both innocent alike. The Lord then chose Jacob, and from Jacob's four wives sprung the twelve tribes of Israel. When Jacob's family had multiplied to three-score and ten the Lord removed them to Egypt, probably to educate them. He kept them there four hundred and thirty years. And we don't read of his giving any attention to any other people of the world. He meant to make them a success. Then he brought them across the Red Sea and kept them in the wilderness forty years. During that time we read of no schools among them, and from their conduct while on their way to Palestine we judge they had not made much progress in the knowledge of justice.

On their way from the wilderness to Palestine they raised an army of twelve thousand men and pitched into Midian and killed all the men and took the women and little boys captive, and took them to their camp, separated all the young women and girls from their mothers and little brothers. The girls numbered thirty-two thousand. All the mothers and little brothers were killed on the spot. The men killed in battle, and mothers and little boys, must have reached fifty thousand. Were not

those people as much the offspring of God as any people, and he as much their father as he was of any? Was that slaughter the result of infinite love? But farther on they came to Jordan, where were the cities Jericho and Ai. God planned Joshua's battles for him, and Joshua destroyed those cities and people, men, women, children, and babes. And all this to recover a people from a depravity with which God had cursed them. With God's special assistance Joshua passed through the country, killing as he went, to let the people know that there was a God in Israel whose name was in their constitution, and himself president. He gave them their laws, and conducted them for hundreds of years. So much for a people controlled, guided, and governed by infinite power, love, and wisdom. Taking that people as an example of perfect government, I will vote for our own in preference.

But time rolled on, and the kingdom of God was divided and called the kingdoms of Israel and Judah; and a war arose between them, and a battle; many thousands were left dead on the field. Follow out the history of that people and notice the results of an infinitely wise government. God had tried, by hundreds of thousands of sacrifices, to reconcile the people to himself, and sent off their sins into the wilderness on the heads of goats, but all in vain. He saw by this time that something more efficient must be done, and made up his mind to make one more trial with them, not as a people but as individuals. Had he been willing to confess his mistake in cursing a whole race, and rectified it, he might have saved three-fourths, if not more, of mankind. But he thought he would try one more expedient that would exhibit so much love and mercy that all men would be drawn unto him. So he concluded to beget a son and make him the offering. So he took a man's wife and begat a son as the substance of the sacrifice, and that sacrifice was to be made to himself to appease his anger. Anger for what? Could he be angry with a people for being what he made them? He himself had imputed to them a crime they had never committed—that of eating an apple from a knowledge-tree before they were born—and then inflicted upon them all the agonies of this life, and death itself, as though they had been really guilty. Who had the most occasion to be angry? God's anger for that false yet imputed offense had lasted four thousand years.

The second essential stone of the Christian building is redemption. God looked about and found a young married woman and begat a son by her, on purpose to kill him and make people believe that somehow he would make amends to God and rescue mankind from unjust penalties. How could penalties be justly inflicted on persons for an offense committed before they were born? The Roman definition of justice is, "rendering to everyone his due." Can a babe be justly punished for an offense it never committed? If it can, then the Christian religion may be true. To recover mankind from the curse of such a law, Jesus was born and died. It is said he died to vindicate the justice of God's law. Can that law be just that inflicts distress upon a child for the moral offense of its father? How could the death of Christ prove the justice of a law that punished the innocent? All orthodox churches hold that Christ consisted of two whole, perfect, and distinct natures, the godhead and manhood, very God and very man, yet one Christ; and that that Christ died for man. Everybody knows that a very God could neither suffer nor die, and, therefore, it was only the manhood that did die; and could God be appeased by the death of one man? If so, the death of a thousand would have greatly overpaid him. It is evident that thousands have suffered longer and more severely than he did, and died for themselves at last. Where is there a man, woman, or child, who is not suffering, to-day, the curse of the law, although Paul says Christ hath redeemed us from it? If Christ has in fact redeemed us from the curse of the law, and the redemption price paid and receipt acknowledged, should not the prisoners be honorably discharged; and especially babies who have never committed a personal offense? Can a babe be justly held under execution after full payment and satisfaction has been made? If the offense of Adam was imputed to us unto condemnation, ought not the righteousness of Christ to be set to our credit to the full amount—debt and interest with damages? A. B. PIRKARD.

Canyon City, Col.

RELIGIOUS LEGISLATION.

At the concluding meeting of the Christian Ministerial Association of California, held in San Francisco on the 3d instant, "The Lord's Day" was one of the topics discussed. It was subdivided thus: The authority for and proper manner of its observance; The religious value of a day of rest; Are Sunday laws beneficial and desirable? The published report of the meeting says: "R. N. Davis, of Napa, read a carefully prepared paper showing the traditions and customs of the early Christians in the observance of the day. He did not approve of legislating with a view of compelling men to observe Sunday. The Lord's day being a spiritual institution, civil laws have no jurisdiction with reference to the manner of its observance."

In this Mr. Davis has expressed the correct view in regard to Sunday laws. Sunday is a religious institution, and legislation regarding Sunday is religious legislation, no matter by what other name it may be called. A civil law enjoining a religious act is a law concerning religion and regulating its exercise, notwithstanding all that Sunday-law advocates have said to the contrary; and all liberty-loving citizens, of whatever religious belief, do well to oppose such legislation.

But Mr. Davis was scarcely consistent, for "legislation to close saloons on Sundays he considered right, and he believed in legislating to restrain the wicked citizen, and for the preservation of law and order, in order that the preacher might have an opportunity to reach the citizen who is liable to be tempted." So says the report.

We have no word to say in favor of liquor selling; but to single out Sunday and close saloons upon that day simply that men may go to church instead of going to the saloons is entirely beyond the proper sphere of civil government. But the plea may be made that the saloons ought to be closed on Sunday, not on religious grounds but because more men being idle upon that day more men patronize them. Then it ought to be extended to all holidays. The real truth is that men advocate Sunday closing of saloons because of a religious regard for the day, more than because of opposition to liquor selling. And such laws tend far more to the exaltation of Sunday as a religious institution than they do toward the suppression of the liquor traffic.—Signs of the Times.

"GOD BLESS BOB INGERSOLL."

"Every night before I sleep I say, 'God bless Bob Ingersoll,'" said a young lady to a Sun reporter recently. "Why? Well, I'll tell you.

"Everything has been going wrong with me lately. I've been what you would probably call 'playing in hard luck.' I've lost all my money, my income has been stopped, and I've been for the first time in my life thrown on my own resources entirely. I tried everywhere to get employment. I am willing to do anything, but everywhere I have been confronted with the question: 'What experience have you had in this line?' Not having had any, it has been simply impossible for me to get a start even—and it sounds funny to me when I say it—even at tying up bundles. No one knows, no one can realize until she is thrown into the world unexpectedly, how hard, oh, how hard it is for a woman to get employment in this great, big, dear old New York.

"Failing at every turn and getting poorer and poorer, I went to a clergyman whom everybody knows, and whom I had known in prosperity personally. Going around among the stores was bad enough, but this was worse. Still, I had known him, and I was now cordially received until I had made known the object of my call, and then I was informed very sweetly that 'we have so many members of our own congregation to assist, you know, that really I—well—I'll talk it over with the ladies of our society, and will see if we can't recommend you to some place,' etc. And this was about the result with them all.

"By this time I was in actual need, when the thought occurred to me to go to the opposite extreme and see Robert Ingersoll, a total stranger to me. I knew he couldn't kill me, and was sure I would at least be politely treated. I was shown into his private office with my heart beating furiously, my brain in a whirl, and without an idea of what I should say first. We shook hands,

and showing me to a chair opposite to him, he said: 'Sit down, please, and let's see what the trouble is,' with such a kindly, cordial smile that I was at once at ease, and told him plainly just what a predicament I was in. He watched me closely and questioned me shrewdly, and then kept people waiting while he gave me a lot of his precious time and just such friendly, fatherly advice as I have been yearning for. I could have just hugged him, while my eyes were full of tears. I felt already rich with his earnest sympathetic words, but before I left he voluntarily helped me substantially. Then he came way out to the door with me, and, after asking me to let him know how I got along, his last words were, as he shook my hand: 'Good-bye; success to you—and, yes, I'll say God bless you.'

"I think I've got a little start now, and that's why I say every night before I sleep, and a thousand times a day, 'God bless Bob Ingersoll.'"

OUR GOOD WILL RETURNED.

From the New York Truth Seeker.

In sending out its New Year's regards—which the Truth Seeker is happy to receive and more than willing to return—San Francisco FREETHOUGHT converts the benediction of the heavenly host into this: "Peace on earth to men of good will." From a human point of view this paraphrase is an improvement. Men of bad will—mean fellows, the liars, the pharisees, the bigots, the defamers, the hypocrites, those trying to injure their brethren—don't deserve much peace, and, if we ever prayed, we should pray that they didn't get any. California, by the way, is coming along to the front in Liberalism. In San Francisco, this month, and in Oakland across the bay, meetings are being held every Sunday, and the outcome of the 'Frisco gatherings will be the formation of a state organization. Over five hundred Californians have signed a call for that purpose, and on Sunday, the 27th, the largest auxiliary of the American Secular Union in the country will hold its first meeting. The object is to "help secure throughout the country practical compliance with the demands of Liberalism." California is generous, and having forced its own churches to pay taxes proposes to aid its sister states. This activity, we imagine, is due to FREETHOUGHT, which shares the prosperity it has helped create, and comes out enlarged to sixteen pages, printed very neatly, and edited with ability, discrimination, poetic fervor, and humor. George Macdonald is the presiding office genius. Mr. Putnam bubbles all over with poesy, but has a hard, logical side nevertheless, as the ministers he has met on his ten months' lecturing tour, in which he reached as far as New York, can testify. Their paper is a credit to themselves and the cause, and they deserve all the good fortune that has befallen them since the big-hearted California Liberals took them into the family.

GOD AND PROHIBITION.

In spite of all the Bible says in favor of the use of wine and other stimulating beverages, the Prohibitionists believe, or profess to believe, that God belongs to their party. The following exalted sentiments are written by a correspondent of the California Prohibitionist, who seems to be unable to separate a political question from a religious one:

"The past year I shall never forget. It reminds me of old slavery days. Prayers and blood gave us the victory. God heard the cry of all good Christians, and the result was a speedy and terrible answer to our prayers. I am not a bit discouraged concerning the future of Prohibition. Our God is not asleep; neither has he gone on a journey. Oh, how grieved I am at the course of my old California Christian Advocate! It seemed so designing for it to publish on the eve of the election just where all our bishops stood upon the question of voting. Had all our bishops and pastors been conscientious before God, whose servants so boldly they profess to be, may I ask what may have been the result of our last election. I firmly believe Fisk would have been elected. Our M. E. church alone could have carried the day. How can the voters of our church look their Judge in the face? How can they ask him to bless their work, and grant them a blessed outpouring of the spirit on their pas-

tors? All eyes are upon their actions; truly, no eye but God's can look such men into contrition; but unless they do repent, bishops and all, God will not smile upon their labors for him. He will say: 'My sons, I can do without you. I must have holy humanity-loving men to do my work.' I cannot keep these thoughts to myself longer. God, whose I am and serve, help me, his child, to stand out boldly and faithfully for him! Thousands of our W. C. T. U. are hurt and some grieved at such lack of faithful trust in our brothers in Israel. Nevertheless, I believe God will yet give us the victory."

A RHYME OF THOMAS THE DOUBTER.

When the Master had finished the story of the sower and the seed, And had shown his disciples the lesson of rock and wayside and weed, Then up spoke Thomas the Doubter, and his brow was furrowed with thought—

He had seen a darker problem in the lesson that was taught.

"Master," said Thomas the Doubter, "when the seed sown is the word

I can see the meaning right plainly of the lesson we have heard.

"But, Master, say that the sower were God and the seed were men,

And some of them fell by the wayside, what were the lesson then?

"For I see men daily, my brothers, like the seed of which you spoke,

And among the thorns fall many, and the thorns spring up and choke.

"And some of them, good Master, fall where the soil is scant,

And they perish there for the absence of the life for which they pant.

"It is easy," said Thomas the Doubter, "for those on good soil cast,

For they have their joy of living and the harvest at the last:

But those who fall by the wayside, in thorns and on stony ground,

Are they like the seed-grain scattered by a careless hand around?"

But the Master was silent and mournful, and his brow was furrowed with thought,

And there lay on his soul a burden which Thomas the Doubter had wrought.

WILLIAM HERBERT, in the Open Court.

GOOD WORK.

W. F. Jamieson has aroused an interest in Shenandoah, Iowa, which has stirred the city from one end to the other, and the churches all against him, including the college. The Post says:

Shenandoah was a busy town Tuesday evening last. A crowd gathered in the City Hall to form a new building association in this city; at the Congregational church, Rev. Wickersham preached to a good congregation a week of prayer sermon; in the Knights of Labor hall, Prof. W. F. Jamieson spoke on "Objections to Freethought—Met and Refuted," to a good-sized audience; and the Free Methodist church was crowded with a large audience attending the revival there. This would indicate great mental activity in this community.

H. S. Holcomb, a live, earnest, Liberal, wrote to Mr. Jamieson to be sure to give at least a week to the Liberal work in Shenandoah. The Post again speaks of the result:

The mental, moral, and spiritual forces of this community were in a state of violent agitation this week, as they were affected with the week of prayer services and sermons, Prof. Jamieson's Freethought lectures; the stirring revivals in the Christian and Free Methodist churches; and the grandly impressive Odd Fellows Installation services. After all this, we ought to be a very wise and good community.

Mr. Jamieson's address is Shenandoah, Iowa.

B. F. UNDERWOOD will lecture at Denver February 3, and at Leadville from February 5 to 10 inclusive. He has just finished a course of lectures at Salt Lake City, and has spoken also at Provo City, Payson, Kaysville, Murray, Peoa, and Kamas, Utah.

ABOUT this time, when the bigots are agitating for a Sunday law, there should be a large circulation of Harry Hoover's "Sabbath Imposture." Price 10 cents; fifteen for \$1.

FREETHOUGHT, published at San Francisco, Cal., by Macdonald & Putman, seems to be in a prosperous condition. It has just added to its dimensions, put on a new dress, and is filled with first-class Liberal literature. There was a great want for a good Liberal paper on the Pacific coast, and we are pleased to see the want so admirably filled. Every Liberal on the coast should subscribe for it.—Freethinkers' Magazine, Buffalo, New York.

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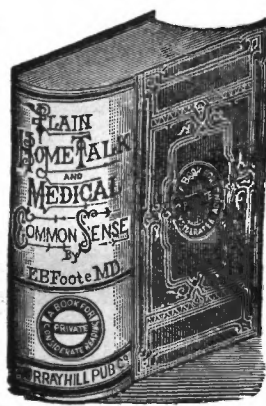
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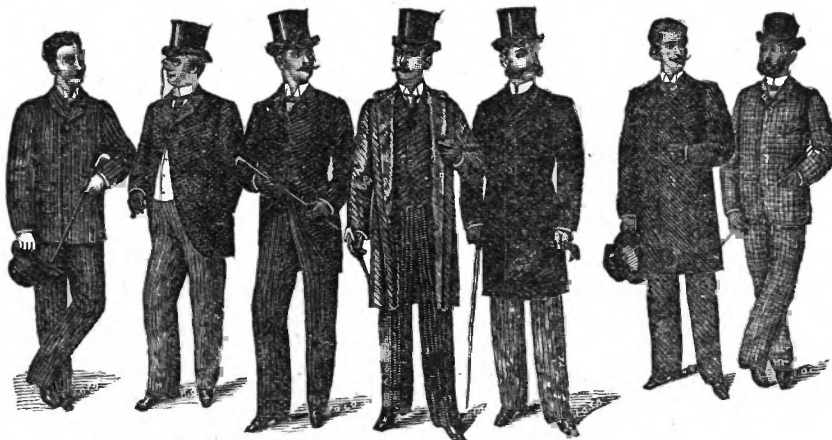
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VOL. II—No. 6.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1889.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - FEBRUARY 9, 1889

F. SCHUENEMANN-POTT and Samuel P. Putnam will address the citizens of Stockton next Sunday evening in regard to the Sabbath question and the union of church and state.

THE Freethinkers of New England held their Paine celebration in Paine Hall, Boston, and for the first time in fifty years Horace Seaver, editor of the Investigator, was unable to be present, by reason of sickness.

NEW YORK has a rebellious priest in Dr. McGlynn, and Detroit has one in Father Kolansinski, who has established an independent church. Kolansinski's congregation go with him, and all are declared excommunicated.

THERE is one consolation for Freethinkers. When the National Reform party and other bigots have put God in the Constitution and crowned Jesus Christ king of this nation, there will be no further petitions for Sunday laws and religious enactments. Then if people want anything of the administration they can consistently do nothing else but go down on their knees and pray for it.

A DAILY paper heads one column "Christ the Savior," being the report of a sermon. In an adjoining column is the caption, "Collins the Lamb," over the report of a court trial. To avoid misapprehension it is proper to state that while Savior and Lamb are one person by a conversion of reasonable human flesh into mutton, yet Christ and Collins cannot be made one individual by any confusion of substantives. This fact should be borne in mind and not permitted to escape the memory.

ONE section of the "Blair Sunday Rest Bill" provides that "no action shall lie for the recovery" of pay for service rendered or labor performed on Sunday," and when so paid, whether in advance or otherwise, the same may be recovered back by whoever shall first sue for the same." That is to say, after this bill shall have become a law, anybody may sue for the recovery back of salaries paid for service rendered on the first day of the week. Here is a chance for somebody to do a good business recovering the salaries of preachers, who render and perform almost their entire services on Sunday.

MR. A. D. CRIDGE lectured Sunday evening before the Single Tax society on "The Bible, the Church, and the Land Question," showing by quotations from the Bible that Henry George's theory is the true one. The fact that Mr. Cridge is a Freethinker does not lessen the force of a biblical argument upon his hearers, but it is rather remarkable for a speaker to attempt to prove a proposition that he believes in by other propositions in which he has no confidence whatever.

THE Examiner pointed out that the Mechanics' Pavilion, where the late revival was held, had not sufficient means of exit in case of fire. This was an underhanded attempt to draw popular attention from the danger from fire in another world, of which it is Mr. Moody's business to warn people. Let the Examiner take notice that if Christianity, which it professes to believe, is true, the subsequent home of the San Franciscan has a very wide entrance, no exits at all, and a most inefficient fire department, although conflagrations are perpetual.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires the origin of the legend "In God we trust," found upon the coins of the country. So far as we are informed, the inscription originated with the God-in-the-Constitution party, and first appeared on the coins in 1866. Under date of January 25, of that year, the Rev. Francis Vinton, writing to the Rev. T. P. Stevenson, secretary of the National Christian Association, said, "It is gratifying to observe the pious acknowledgment of God on the public coins." There was no legal authority for the innovation, except such as was vested in the mint master who struck the coins.

THE CALIFORNIA STATE LIBERAL UNION.

The convention of the Liberals of California was a representative gathering. The numbers and enthusiasm show the growth of advanced ideas. No national Congress has had better attended meetings. Without doubt, the audience at Tuesday evening's celebration was the largest in the country. From twelve to fifteen hundred people were present. At the first Paine celebration in this city, only forty-eight were present. Evidently we have come to a shining land-mark of progress. But the gain will count but little unless we go forward. We must not linger over the past, but strive for the future. With each success the demand becomes greater. The California State Liberal Union is organized to do something, and it is hoped that every Liberal will accomplish what he can. The first thing is to increase the list of membership. Two thousand, at least, should be upon the rolls. Over a thousand names were upon the call. These are practically members of the Union. Arrangements will at once be made to circulate copies of the articles of organization over the state so that signatures can be received at every point.

Arrangements also should be made throughout the state for lectures—especially upon the Sabbath question, which is now

pending before the people and the legislature, and concerning which there should be unceasing agitation. Let every one interested see what can be done in his community. Have one, two, three, or more lectures if possible. By conferring at once, a series of lectures could be arranged throughout the state, so that time and travel might be economized to the best advantage. It costs so much for railroad expenses on a lecture tour embracing so large a territory as that of California that it is necessary it should be known immediately at what places lectures can be given, in order to map out a line of travel embracing the most points.

Where lectures can not be given on account of the fewness of Liberals and local resources, then contributions can be sent to the State Liberal Union to aid the work at important places. There are many places where lectures are not available at present. Let not, however, the Liberals of these places do nothing. Let them mass their forces, and have lectures at one or several strategic points under the auspices of the State Union. Sacramento, for instance, just now is the most important of these points. The State Sabbath bill this session will come before the legislature. It must be met by the power of public sentiment. Large popular meetings held at Sacramento will exert a great influence. Held under the auspices of the Union and representing the Liberal sentiment of the state, these meetings will have a much more than local effect. The Secular movement throughout the country will be advanced.

There will also be need of legislative work and the distribution of documents, and pamphlets treating on the question at issue should be sent to every member of the legislature. This can be done most effectually by the State organization.

The State organization is to exercise no authority whatsoever in regard to local action. That proceeds independently. But for general purposes there must be co-operation. This is the strength of the churches to-day. They join forces. In this matter of a Sabbath law they are joining hands. The Liberals must do the same thing. The alliance of the Turners with the Union is a matter of supreme importance, and through that alliance a great deal can be accomplished for the secularization of the state, and for freedom and progress. If all who are in sympathy with Liberalism will thus heartily unite there is no question of success.

The convention representing this fraternity of advanced thought opens glorious opportunities for work, and consolidation of forces. We look with pride upon the prestige which it gives to Freethought now, but in the growing future we seek the greatest result. A beginning has been made. We have struck hands; we know one another better. We can strike a heavy blow against superstition and tyranny. There is now not one but a thousand hands and hearts for Freethought and victory.

NEWS AND NOTES.

I had the pleasure of a sitting Saturday evening, the 2d inst., with Dr. L. Schlesinger, of the *Carrier Dove*. I wrote off the names of persons living and dead, upon paper. These were rolled up and placed in my hat and passed to the doctor under the table. He selected, out of all the names, the name of the dead person—also by the same process the relationship and the place of death. The operation to me was simply remarkable. I can not explain how it was done. I do not deny the phenomena which the medium declared were present to him, but the line of distinction between fact and opinion is very subtle. The

phenomena are facts, but Spiritualism is still a theory, it is an explanation of facts—and as an explanation to me is not satisfactory. Dr. Schlesinger, however, is an able exponent of the theory and developer of the facts.

I was at Slater's on Sunday night. The hall was crowded. At least fifteen hundred people were present. It was an intelligent audience. How many were believers I don't know. Slater is a vivacious, dramatic, skillful delineator. Like Barnum, he is a clever showman, whatever the truth or falsity of his tests. He makes himself at home with his audience, and mingles amusements with solemnity. Good humor prevails, and as he says, "We come here not to have long faces, but the jolliest times possible." To the outsider the tests were quite astonishing, but possess no scientific value, for nothing was done but what might have been done by purely human means, and so long as I am persuaded that the dexterity of man can do these things I shall not believe that the spirits do them. According to the tenets of science, until the possibilities of all known causes have been exhausted there should be no resort to an absolutely new cause, especially a cause of such magnitude as that of a "world of spirits." Now the possibilities of human cleverness, dexterity, manipulation, magnetism, electricity, mind-reading, have not yet been exhausted, and therefore I shall stick to our living humanity as the source of the phenomena. It has not yet been demonstrated that living man can not do the phenomena ascribed to spirits, and until that demonstration comes there is no logical necessity of a resort to a superhuman cause.

It is a sign of the times that such vast numbers attend these seances. Spiritualism as compared with Christianity is a revolutionary and progressive force. Slaterism is opposed to Moodyism. It does not base itself on authority, but upon one's free judgment concerning facts. There is no appeal to fear. It is a genial enthusiasm. Slater in his lively prelude made a few telling thrusts against orthodox revivalism. Moody's doctrine is that if I don't believe just as he says, I'll be damned. Slater's doctrine is "Go as you please, you'll get there all the same."

S. P. PUTNAM.

RELIGION IN CALIFORNIA SCHOOLS.

California made a good move when it took the printing of school books into its own hands instead of letting some big firm of publishers get rich at the expense of the school children. But in the preparation of matter for text books care should be taken to stick to facts and to exclude statements for which there is no foundation. For instance, in one of the reading books used in this city, we find the following

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

"The aged man forgets his years,
The mirthful heart is doubly gay,
The sad are cheated of their tears,
For Christ the Lord was born to-day."

The wrong of teaching children this kind of fable comes from the fact that Christ is not the Lord, and never was, and that if he ever lived, there is no reason to believe that he was born on the 25th of December.

The introduction of this teaching in the schools is an official declaration by the state of California that Christ is the Lord and that Christmas is his birthday. In other parts of the Reader items of history relative to the state are given, and pupils are left to infer that what is said of Christ is as authentic as the genuine historical matter. In later years he will, of course, learn to separate mythology from history, but the mixing of the two is mis-

chievous and worse than useless. What if the Reader should state that George Washington was born on the Fourth of July, 1776, and that under the administration of James G. Blaine he held the office of postmaster at Milpitas. So far as historical accuracy is concerned, the statement would be as correct as that quoted about Christ, but the pupil would have to unlearn it nevertheless.

We submit that even the state of California is not competent to decide that Christ was divine, or that he was born on the day when his alleged nativity is celebrated.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRY.

We would like to inquire of the authorities by what right the sale of FREETHOUGHT is prohibited upon the streets of San Francisco. Boys with their arms full of other papers are permitted to vend their wares without molestation. Why should the old man whose only income is that derived from the sale of FREETHOUGHT be driven off the sidewalk by every ruffianly policeman he meets?

SAMPLE COPIES.

We send out with this week's paper a large number of sample copies of No. 5 of FREETHOUGHT, containing the report of the convention. If those who receive these samples will kindly subscribe, or distribute them to people likely to do so, our object in circulating them will be accomplished. Per year, \$2.

THE MEETING FUND.

The donations to the expenses of the January meetings were as follows:

A. J. M. Campbell.....	\$10 00	K. Parker.....	\$1 00
H P Stone.....	5 00	John Robinett.....	1 00
W. F. Eddy.....	5 00	R. W. Barcroft.....	1 00
O. T. Davis.....	5 00	J Van Hoeter.....	1 00
A Debarry.....	5 00	W T Jones.....	1 00
Judge Heydenfeldt.....	5 00	Chas Sperry.....	1 00
Hon A Schell.....	5 00	W F Freeman.....	1 00
John McGlashan.....	5 00	Theo Gorner.....	1 00
A Hoyt.....	5 00	Eugene Hough.....	1 00
Robert Gunther.....	3 00	J Vostrovsky.....	1 00
Ed. Wegner.....	3 00	Mrs L P Langley.....	1 00
H. E. Palanca.....	3 00	A friend.....	1 00
P A Clark.....	2 00	Samos Parsons.....	1 00
L. and R. Kaiser.....	2 00	Henry Kline.....	1 00
Wm. Noble.....	2 00	E. M. Hansson.....	1 00
A. Derming.....	2 00	H. F. Ebers.....	1 00
John Kaiser.....	2 00	Mrs. P. Van Hoeter.....	1 00
L R Titus.....	2 00	A. J. Andersen.....	1 00
Geo Svensson.....	2 00	L Magenheimer.....	1 00
John E Jones.....	2 00	J R Kaiser.....	1 00
Cash.....	1 75	Henry Kaiser.....	1 00
J. Robertson.....	1 50	A. H. Schou.....	1 00
D Buckingham.....	1 50	B. B. Rockwood.....	1 00
J Dumbacher.....	1 50	A. L.....	1 00
W Jordan.....	1 00	Mrs. R. Palanca.....	1 00
Philip Cowen.....	1 00	Gustave Palanca.....	1 00
H. Replogle.....	1 00	Jacob Hakius.....	1 00
Charles Kaiser.....	1 00	J. H. Fritsch.....	1 00
Mrs. Rebecca Kaiser.....	1 00	A. B. Burns.....	1 00
A friend.....	1 00	G. W. Parker.....	1 00
Frank Butler.....	1 00	Herman Fry.....	1 00
Thos. Lee.....	1 00	J. E. Clark.....	1 00
A. Imbach.....	1 00	N. D. Goodell.....	1 00
Alex Hauser.....	1 00	Henry Kaiser.....	1 00
R. Butterfield.....	1 00	N Lueders.....	1 00
W. C. Lyon.....	1 00	Jacob Schmid.....	50
F. H. Schaedin.....	50	A friend.....	50
H Freichler.....	50	E A Herman.....	50
C. S Zejenwaldt.....	50	A friend.....	50
A friend.....	50	G. Willmunder.....	50
Mrs Reguin.....	50	F. Woodward.....	25
Cash.....	50		

Collections during the meetings were received by Mr. A. H. Schou and turned over to the fund to the amount of \$138.25.

All bills were paid by Putnam & Macdonald. The following statement was presented to the Executive Committee January 29, the items allowed, and a vote passed that any excess of receipts over the expenditures should pass to FREETHOUGHT for its services in organizing the convention. Following is the statement:

EXPENSES.	
200 copies of Call.....	\$3 00
100 Letterheads.....	75
Envelopes.....	1 00
100 written Letters.....	5 00
Postage on 100 Calls.....	2 00
Distribution of 2500 copies FREETHOUGHT.....	50 00
20 000 Dodgers (printing).....	18 00
Distributing Dodgers.....	2 00
Advertising in S. F. papers.....	8 25
“ “ Oakland papers.....	3 25
Music (vocal and instrumental).....	22 50
Programs and tickets.....	11 25
Expenses of Oakland meetings over receipts.....	7 10
Rent of Irving Hall.....	112 50

Total expenses.....\$246 60

RECEIPTS.

Donations.....	\$134 00
Collections.....	138 25
Dance Tickets.....	20 00

Total receipts.....\$292 25

Total expenses.....246 60

\$45 65

The balance of \$45.65 is Mr. S. P. Putnam's pay for a month's work in this city and Oakland—eight lectures in all. Others have worked hard for little or no reward, and the result in the magnificent meetings held shows what may be accomplished by endeavor on the part of a few and financial co-operation on the part of many.

THE Chronicle's attempt to illustrate the Liberal convention was successful from an artistic point of view, and the pictures were well executed, but the controversy over whom they were intended to represent is not settled to this day.

MR. HASSETT opens his reply to Fred. May Holland on the land question with the assertion that Mr. Holland's opinion is deserving of no respect. In this Mr. Hassett errs. Mr. Holland is a scholar and a thinker, and whatever he says on any subject is worthy of respectful consideration.

CARDINAL GIBBONS preached last Sunday to the 628 prisoners confined in the Maryland penitentiary at Baltimore, about four-fifths of whom, it is estimated, are Catholics. We base this estimate upon figures found in the Municipal Register of the San Francisco House of Correction. Of this institution there were, in 1886-7, 462 inmates—332 Catholics, 127 Protestants, and 3 classed as Infidels (presumably heathens). To carry the gospel to convicts is much like shipping coals to Newcastle.

THE beauties of the argument in favor of the California Sunday law were not all pointed out last week. The signers of the petition set forth that:

“Unless the Sabbath is observed, we [the signers, ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union] are on the way to Spanish bull-fights after the Lord's Supper, and the riot and doom of Gomorrah in the end.”

It is not easy to imagine the Woman's Christian Temperance Union meeting to celebrate the Lord's Supper, and then adjourning to attend a bullfight, but if our legislators think they are likely to do it, they should act in the matter at once. “The riot and doom of Gomorrah” is even worse. Let us inquire what

that riot was. We turn to holy writ, and find that the inhabitants of Gomorrah were guilty of unnamable vices. Are the ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in earnest when they threaten to repeat the offenses of the Sodomites and Gomorrahites, unless the legislature passes a Sunday law? Is there not some sort of moral suasion that will induce them to refrain? If not, our legislators must arouse themselves to the fact that they are confronted by a great issue, and proceed accordingly.

DR. HARCOURT, of the Howard-street Methodist Episcopal church, wants a Sunday law, but no Puritanical Sabbath. He says:

"I do not believe in worshipping the Sabbath. Now, while I hold that it is a good thing for a man to go to church on the Lord's day, I would take away from no man his liberty of choosing his own way of spending this day of rest, while he interferes with no other man in his enjoyments. If he who is shut up six days in the office, the store, the factory, says, 'I love the country, the seaside, the fresh air, and I am going to spend my Sabbath there,' I do not blame him, but in my heart say, 'The Lord go with him.'"

This is exactly the kind of Sunday liberty the state enjoys at present, and Dr. Harcourt's argument entirely disproves his proposition that a Sunday law is needed. There was a pleasing incident in this reverend gentleman's last Sunday exercises. Speaking of the Puritans, he said: "I am glad they lived;" but before the enthusiasm aroused by this utterance had subsided he remarked, "I am also glad they are dead."

THE Pacific Coast agent of the National Sabbath Union is the Rev. Dr. A. J. Nelson, pastor of a Methodist church in this city. He claims fourteen millions of signers to the Sabbath petition. As sympathizers with the movement, the Rev. Mr. Nelson mentions the following persons and organizations:

Cardinal Gibbons,
President-elect Harrison,
National Committee on Education and Labor,
Knights of Labor,
Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers,
National Reform Association,
Woman's Christian Temperance Union,
The Christian Community generally.

There is no way of determining the number of signers to the Sabbath petitions, but the dispatches from Washington state that every Congressman's desk is loaded with them. General Harrison is in a compromising position. He has allowed his name to be used as vice-president of the Sabbath Union, without protest. Meanwhile anti-Sabbath petitions are being numerous signed, but if they prove unavailing with Congress, there is still some hope left that when the proposed amendment comes before the people of the country, it may be defeated. With Sunday laws in all but two states of the Union, however, that hope may be small; for if the people will submit to state Sabbath enactments why should they vote against a national law? Taking one consideration with another, the outlook is uncertain.

RENEWALS.

This is the season for renewals, and we are reminded of that fact both by the large number sent in and by the large number that have not as yet reached us. We have had a year's trial before a jury of our patrons. The verdict, which will come in the form of renewals, is due. We trust that the jury will be unanimously in favor of giving us another year.

THE "Sabbath Imposture," a pamphlet by Harry Hoover, 10 cents per copy; six for 50 cents; fifteen for \$1.00.

OBSERVATIONS.

Life has been worth living, regardless of expense, during the past month. I have attended about a dozen meetings, and heard a good many eloquent addresses from the platform, but the platform addresses, in point of absorbing interest, in some respects fell behind those delivered here in the office. We have had many visitors. The first man to arrive from the country was Captain Campbell, of Marshfield, Oregon. He was at every meeting. Then came Mr. John E. Jones from Round Valley, Inyo county. His hair and beard are white as frost, but he is the picture of bodily and mental vigor. Mr. Jones met here Mr. Owen T. Davies, of Brighton, whom he had lost trace of for thirty-eight years. Both are from Wales; both have been members of the Mormon church; both rebelled against the authority of Brigham Young, and left Utah at the risk of being shot. Each has achieved a competence, and it would be hard to say which is a Freethinker the greater number of hours in the day. Their meeting here was an incident that neither of them will ever care to forget.

N. D. Goodell, of Sacramento, was present for a day. I wish he could have stayed longer. He is a veteran whose services entitle him to a rest, but I don't see how we could spare him from the army. Perhaps he likes the armor, for he keeps it on, and is always ready for a new campaign.

W. F. Freeman, of Stockton, is another old-timer. He sees all the difficulties ahead, but welcomes every new sign of advance. He works so quietly, and does so much without making any noise, that I have to refer to the subscription list to realize that he has sent in a subscriber for nearly every week of the past year.

With due respect to my esteemed partner, I wish Judge J. W. North, of Oleander, had accepted the office of president of the California State Liberal Union. I never knew a man who I thought was better fitted for a president of this or any other Union, whether of individuals or of states. He is one whose counsel is sought by those needing good advice in large affairs. He reminds me of the man whom we used to call the Nes or of Liberalism in the East—Elizur Wright. As first vice-president his wisdom will have much to do with shaping the course of Liberalism in this state.

I thought to make a list of the visitors at the office and to say something about each one, but as I count the list it extends to such length that I have to give it up. Otherwise I would like to outline my impressions of them all. There is Mr. R. F. Grigsby, of Napa, a hearty, jovial man. He was at the dance, and though he did not participate, he purchased two tickets—one so he could see Mr. Putnam dance, and one so that Mrs. Grigsby might enjoy the same spectacle. He says it was the best investment he ever made. Mr. Philip Cowen, of Petaluma, is also on the list. He is a twinkling-eyed philosopher who points every moral with a good story. Also Messrs. Pepper and Parker, of the same place. Mr. Pepper has a philanthropic plan on foot to donate to the state a valuable tract of land for a non-sectarian school for boys. He is quiet and sedate. Mr. Parker is also a worker at all times and places. A staid Vermonter, nothing suits him better than a dance, which he moves through with an accuracy unknown to modern schools. I should say something about Mr. G. W. Thurston, who maintains, with an eloquence which I always applaud, that in no age or country has there ever been produced so great a man as Thomas Paine. Mr. Thurston worked hard for the Convention. He distributed thousands of circulars, and advertised it in the highways and by-ways by word of mouth. There is no estimating the value of his services in a hundred different ways. Though a man of austere self-respect, I have no doubt he would have been willing to make a sandwich of himself and walk the streets bearing a placard before and behind, if such a proceeding were necessary to the success of the meetings. I give great credit to such workers, and all the more freely because it is a kind of honor which I have not the heart to achieve.

There was present through the convention one figure toward which my eyes always turned with sorrowful sympathy. This was W. S. Rodgers, of Boulder Creek. He sat apart and alone most of

the time, thinking, I suppose, of the wife who but a week ago, back among the giant redwoods of Santa Cruz, had lain down to that sleep in which all who find it rest forever undisturbed. Mr. Rodgers told me about the twelve years he and his wife lived together, growing every year into better understanding and a deeper love; watching over their children, and having no misgivings except that one of these children might be taken from them. They never worried about the possibility of either of the parents going first, until the shock came. "Before this," said Mr. Rodgers, "I thought that the world was a good one to live in; that, on the whole, there was more of joy than of sorrow. But now I don't know. A thing like this offsets all the pleasures of life. I am lost and desolate." I could say nothing. I never heard a word spoken that could lessen grief—it wears itself out at length. Belief in a meeting hereafter is no solace. Looking back upon the associations of the past, and forgetting that they cannot be renewed, may furnish momentary relief, but the grave is here, and no man has looked into what is beyond it.

It is hoped that we shall hear often from the Hon. Abraham Schell through the press and platform. His address on Thomas Paine merited the encomiums it received, which were many. There are not enough men like Mr. Schell, wealthy, talented, influential, and at the same time fearless of consequences, and perfectly independent. Those who would like to read Mr. Schell's address will find it in the Carrier Dove of February 2.

There are a number whom circumstances prevented from attending these meetings. We all wanted to see Mr. John McGlashan, of Ukiah, as well as Thomas McCowan of the same place, and John Robinett, of Nipomo. Likewise Mr. Vostrovsky and Samos Parsons and Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz, and the ex-Rev. Ravlin, and others from San Jose. Everybody was inquiring for Ranford Worthing, of San Diego. We should have been glad to see the Parkers, of Anaheim; Alf Burgess, of National City, and H. L. Shaug, of Del Mar. If Robert Gunther had left his island at Eureka and been with us, he would have received a hearty welcome, as would hundreds of others whom I call to mind without mentioning their names.

Somebody who attended the Paine celebration carried away an overcoat that belonged to Dr. Franz Kuckein, of 315 Geary street. Its early return is solicited.

The sonorous voice of Prof. D. C. Seymour being impaired by a cold, the full benefit of his address was not enjoyed except by those near the platform. It is said that when his vocal organs are in good order, he makes the firmament resound. Professor Seymour came all the way from Tulare county to attend the convention.

Members of the clerical profession who indorse the sentiments enunciated in the following memorial should issue it in blank form for circulation:

To the Honorable, the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America:

GREETING AND BENEDICTION: Your Honorable Body (or Bodies) is (or are) doubtless aware that a Bill under the name and title of the "Blair Sunday Rest Bill" is now pending before your Honorable Body (or Bodies) providing for the prohibition of all Secular work upon the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday.

Now we, citizens of the United States, having reached (and some of us passed) the age of discretion, would solemnly move that the said Bill be amended, before passage, by striking out the word "Secular."

And for the following reasons: We, who comprise a large body of citizens (forming a profession), known as priests, preachers, dominies, sky-pilots, and ministers of the gospel, by the provisions of the said Bill, as it now reads, would be wholly deprived of the blessings of the proposed legislation.

It is notorious that we, members of the aforesaid sacred profession, numbering some 80,000, many of us moral, are now, habitually, in a most shameful manner, compelled by our

employers to perform services upon the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, in the way of preaching, praying, and reading hymns, to the utter disregard of the Lord's day, to the total demoralization of the community, and to the manifest peril of our souls.

On that day when all nature sleeps, when rivers forget to run down to the sea, when mankind rest (and womankind if they get a chance), when the gin-mill is accessible only by means of the side entrance, shall we, respectable (and often moral) citizens of this republic, be forced by a tyrannical congregation to work ourselves into a copious perspiration hammering the cover off the word of God? In the name of home and foreign missions, we protest.

Let us have a United States Sabbath, when no citizen under the bright shadow of the Ship of State and the broad ægis of the American fundamagoozlum, shall be compelled to earn the sweat of his brow by labor performed upon the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday.

We are excited and we mean business. Give us a rest, and pray that we may give you one.

In the bowels of Christ, THE CLERGY OF THE U. S.

I made some off-hand remarks a few weeks ago about Moses Hull, editor of New Thought, in which I gave sundry scraps of his history as I knew it. I relied on the charity of Mr. Hull to say nothing about mine, and I am pleased to see that my confidence was not misplaced. Mr. Hull says that he will wait until I am six feet underground before throwing the bright light of publicity upon my career. That suits me, because what is said of a person after the funeral cannot hurt his feelings, but it was a narrow escape; and as the lightning of good luck seldom strikes twice in the same place I am not going to tempt fate any further. Therefore I shall have nothing to say of the way Mr. Putnam and some others danced at the Paine celebration. They might retaliate. He received a bouquet when he was on the platform, and a good deal of applause at one time and another all through the convention; and then, when the dancing came on, he took the belle of the ball for a partner, and got an ovation. There are some people who would take the earth as a matter of course if it should be offered to them. I thought the best dancing was done by Mr. Thurston. He had a stand where he sold books, and when the spirit caught him he came in front of the table and danced a solemn breakdown, afterwards returning to his former position and resuming business. The incident remains in my mind with more distinctness than any other I can now recall.

I have received the following letter:

NEW YORK, January 27, 1889.

DEAR SIR: In the valuable paper you publish I have seen the "Sinaloa Colony Club" mentioned. If it is possible will you be so kind as to let me know something about that organization? What is the object? Are they Liberals? Are they Spiritualists? Yours for truth and Liberalism, 234 East 59th street. GEORGE KORNACHER.

The Sinaloa Colony Club is a body of people residing at or near San Francisco, who feel an interest in the co-operative experiment being made at Topolobampo, state of Sinaloa, Mexico, and who meet once a month to hear news from the colony. The club has some forty or fifty members. H. W. Faust, 618 Harrison street, San Francisco, is president. The members are Freethinkers, many of them being subscribers of FREETHOUGHT. Some are Spiritualists, some Christians; others Anarchists, Socialists, or Communists. Some of the members have faith in the ultimate success of Topolobampo as a co-operative colony; others are not so hopeful, but all are interested in the experiment.

I had the pleasure of attending the meeting of this club last Sunday, at 39 Fourth street. There were about fifty persons present, the majority of whom spoke the German language. The proceedings consisted of reading of letters from Topolobampo and other points; a general discussion of the question of co-operation, and the payment of dues. Before the meeting dispersed it was photographed by Mr. Otto Sinz, with the best-looking people in the center. Mr. Putnam and myself were on the outskirts. Further particulars may be obtained of President Faust, or of John W. Lovell, 14 Vesey street, New York. M.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Joaquin Miller has presented the city of Oakland with fifteen acres of land to be used as a public park.—The Young Men's Christian Association of Petaluma, Cal., after a brief struggle of three or four months, has disbanded and sold its property at auction.—A swindler calling himself J. C. Morris visited Oakland a few days ago and induced a number of ministers to advance him from \$10 to \$25 each for the purchase of cheap clothing. The Oakland ministers thus far known to have been swindled are Revs. Gray, Sturtevant, Atkinson, Chapman, Penny, Merrill, Fleenor, and Hobart. The fellow got the money and never appeared again, but he sent the ministers a few yards of cheap goods in return for their cash.—The opening of the new railroad extension from Ukiah to Cloverdale is promised for March 1. It is now open between Cloverdale and Hopland.—A bill providing for an \$80,000 lighthouse at the mouth of Sinslaw river, Oregon, has been favorably reported to Congress.—There were 114 deaths in San Francisco last week against 146 for the corresponding week in 1888.—The Sharon will case is up again for adjudication in Judge Sullivan's court. There is an injunction on the plaintiffs forbidding them to reopen the case, and all who take part in it are liable to arrest. It is a queer matter as it stands.—A grove of 30,000 orange trees is to be planted near Pomona, says the Chronicle.—Commissioner Wright, of the Department of Labor, at Washington, has submitted a report which relates entirely to the subject, "Working Women in Great Cities." The average weekly earnings by cities shows that women in San Francisco get the highest, with \$6.91, and Richmond, Va., the lowest, \$3.93. The average weekly wages, computing all the cities examined, is \$5.24.—The defunct Archbishop Alemany left \$15,000 worth of property in San Francisco, which he wills to the Dominicans.—The exhibition car, "California on Wheels," now at Chicago, has been visited to date by 73,000 people, and the enterprise is proving so pronounced a success that it has been decided to keep it on the road for six months instead of three. Time will thus be allowed for a very thorough tour through the New England and Southern Atlantic States. Further than this, a proposition will be made at the next meeting of the Executive Committee of the State Board to transfer the exhibit, thoroughly renovated of course, to England, there to make a tour which shall include the rural districts as well as the cities.

It is authoritatively stated that upon retiring from the presidency Mr. Cleveland will practice law in New York, having already associated himself with a firm of lawyers in that city.—The general car-drivers' strike in New York and Brooklyn is attended with collisions between the strikers and the police, and some blood has been shed. On Monday no cars were moving in Brooklyn.—The legislature of Nebraska has agreed to submit to the people of the state a constitutional amendment providing for either high license or total prohibition.—Property worth \$3,000,000 was destroyed by fire in Buffalo, N. Y., February 3.—Pennsylvania is expected soon to vote upon a prohibitory amendment to its constitution.—The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has released John W. Keely, of motor fame, from custody. Keely was some time ago committed by the Court of Common Pleas for contempt in refusing to explain the workings of his motor to experts appointed by the court. Judge Paxson, in discharging Keely, concluded that the order of the court commanding Keely to exhibit and explain his motor was prematurely made because the case was not fairly at issue.

The New York Herald publishes a London edition, and all the newspaper men of the world's metropolis are agitated by the magnitude of American enterprise.—A police inspector was killed at Gweedore, county Donegal, Ireland, last Sunday, while in the act of arresting a priest.—There is but slight danger of war between this country and Germany over the Samoan question. Things have cooled off visibly within the past week.—Crown Prince Rudolph, of Austria, was shot dead last week by a man whose wife he had seduced.—Fourteen persons were killed and fifty injured, fifteen fatally, by a railway accident in Belgium, on Sunday.—It is stated that Sir Julian Paunceforte will be appointed British Minister to the United States.—William

O'Brien, the Irish editor and agitator, was lodged in jail Jan. 31, to undergo his four months' sentence. He refused to remove his clothing and don the prison garb. The wardens did it by force, after a fierce struggle. His beard was shaved off in the same way. The struggle so exhausted him that the wardens thought he was going to die, and summoned a priest.—The Rev. Arthur Cornyn was found dead in his study at Strathboy, Ont., February 1, with a bullet hole in his head. It is not known whether it was an accident or suicide.

THOMAS PAINE.

[A poem read by S. P. Putnam at the Paine Celebration in San Francisco.]

Forward the hero presses to bold strife;
Ready to venture still his dearest life
For that which makes the world most good and fair;
Ready for man and truth to do and dare.

O heroes shining on the ways of time,
Valiant and strong, resplendent and sublime,
How the wide world is lighted with your fame,
Touched by the wonders of your spirit's flame.

'Tis ye that harnessed forces wild and rude;
Before the secret wealth of chaos stood
And wrenched the crown that each and all may wear—
The sovereign glory that the weakest share.

And ye have trod the land of Greece elate,
Fronted the beast and scorned the tyrant's hate;
Built in the glowing air the city's pride,
And o'er the tossing seas new lands descried.

Fair Italy hath been your bounteous home;
Sweet inspirations from its heavenly dome
Have made you strong as the Olympian gods—
Your blood has nourished its immortal sods.

England has been your glory and your woe;
There have ye suffered, quenched your lightnings' glow,
Amid the shadows of the scaffold grim;
There have ye perished with your hope still dim.

O heroes, many are your words and deeds,
Throbbing in sword, in lyre, in bitterest needs
Of cruel war, in artist's fire divine,
In him who flung the plummet and the line.

And in this band, amid the foremost throng,
Worthy the poet's ardor and his song,
In star-like majesty, o'er bigot's bane,
We welcome and we honor Thomas Paine.

O royal soul! O reckless genius grand!
Spurning thy safety, quick to give thy hand
To truth and freedom; where they led the way
Still wouldst thou follow, though all thundered nay.

O beautiful the hope that poured its star
In this new world, across the ocean's bar;
Glittering against the dark of ancient years
Man's way seemed opening into golden spheres.

Yet still the tyrant's chain and minions ruled,
And olden custom the weak heart befuddled,
And Liberty went stumbling, blind, though strong—
Men feared to break the fetters linked so long.

Until the master mind the secret blazed;
Out-rayed the new, and the old structure razed;
Rung the glad word that launched the future's weal;
Flung wide the doors with magical appeal.

O flag we love, that floats upon the air
In constellated glory, ever fair,
With streaks of ruddy dawn and flashing light—
Of human hope the emblem broad and bright—

Tossing and heaving over land and sea
As if the heart of heaven out-bloomed in thee.
O happy flag! the grandest in thee wrought
Was born of Thomas Paine's far-reaching thought.

And when the storm of revolution rolled
O'er wretched France, he was the leader bold
Who, 'mid the tumult, saw the eternal right;
He fought the despot, but with justice' might.

For when the unshackled hand would slay the king,
As if he too were but a senseless thing,
Brave Paine defended him though dungeon's gloom
And death itself appeared his certain doom.

Despot and slave have rights no law can take,
No crime can strip of and no fortune shake;
And for these rights Paine dared to speak, to die,
Not for a friend alone—but enemy.

Still more than this; he saw the deadly hold
Of superstition, and the darkness rolled
Upon the mind of man by holy lies;
The stupid incense rising to the skies.

And though the wisest dared not speak their mind,
So deeply did the cruel fetters bind,
Yet Paine, the bravest, struck the blow that still,
With sweep of ages, hath new power to kill.

He hath been cursed, he will be blest to-day,
For truth and freedom make their conquering way.
Truth may be harsh, but it is joy sublime;
Lie e'en for virtue, and it is a crime.

All honor, then, to him whose faithful pen
Made truth so homely, yet so rich to men.
He would not write like courtier or a slave,
And so the priesthood cursed him to his grave.

But 'tis not ended yet; the battle cry
Is sounding on, the flag floats in the sky.
Falsehood is losing all its charms and power—
Flees with the night and dreads the morning's hour.

Forward we look and greet the happy years
That, garlanded with truth, dispel our fears
And make us patient 'spite the wrongs we see,
For they must vanish, many though they be.

But while we gather hope and fresh delight,
And walk with bounding step to some new height;
While cheering prospects open far and wide,
Melting to glory in the still untried,

Let us think dearly of the wondrous past,
Its life flows with us—with our fate is cast.
It is an impulse most divine and high,
In heart, brain, muscle, skill, and energy.

The past hath gifted us with mighty prize,
Out of its toils, its pains, and agonies,
And as we gaze upon its silent years,
Sinking before the brilliance that appears

From the far quickening bosom of to-day,
Amid its stars that shine with vivid ray,
Flooding our path with still uncounted gain,
Is the heroic, noble, splendid, Paine.

THE SILVERTON CELEBRATION.

Yesterday your correspondent drove twelve miles through the Oregon mud, to the little city of Silverton, to attend the Paine celebration of the Silverton Secular Union. Readers of FREE-THOUGHT will remember that the great "Christian champion," when he was around here last fall, loudly proclaimed the death of this Union, and even went so far as to preach it a funeral sermon in Silverton. But that institution has proved a very lively corpse, having had another "funeral" on Christmas (when their hall failed to hold all the people who came), and another yesterday evening, when some two hundred people were present, notwithstanding the bad condition of the roads.

The exercises consisted of a couple of short addresses, music, recitations, singing, more recitations, and music. They do these matters up in shape in Silverton (at least the Seculars do), and the audience appeared to be duly appreciative.

After exhausting the programme, the president announced that the "obsequies" would be repeated one year hence; and the hall chairs were then moved to one side, and those who chose proceeded to trip the light fantastic. It isn't everybody who can dance at their own "funeral," and keep it up year after year.

The dancing festivities were elegant, refined, and in good style. The music was superb; and altogether the scene as it appeared from the stage (where your correspondent sat, with other old "sinners") was sufficient to have given the average orthodox preacher the horrors.

The Silverton Secular Union is in good shape, and prospering. The result of the Underwood-Braden debate is all that they could reasonably desire, and Liberals all over the country are well pleased. The orthodox will never repeat the experiment here. Their "champion" has departed for pastures new, and

we have only one Christian "bully" left in Oregon. *Sic transit gloria St. Braden.*

Aumsville, Oregon, January 30.

F. S. MATTESON.

ROME AND THE SCHOOLS.

[From an address by Mrs. Scott Briggs at the San Francisco Paine Celebration.]

We are here to-night not so much to honor an individual, as to pay respect to that cause and those principles he so well illustrated, and through and by which the world is better off to-day. The one great principle of his life, illustrated in all his writings, and by his every act, was Liberty; liberty for man, liberty for woman, liberty for child. The personality of our being demands the freest exercise of thought and action in harmony with Liberty. There can be no true liberty with that man or woman who is bound down by a creed. Where patristic authority takes the place of reason, the grandest gift to man; where the priest or the church or the creed binds the consciences of men, they are slaves to that extent. Yet, in his encyclical letter, Leo XIII. has the effrontery to propose that "the state must profess some one religion, and the Catholic being that which alone is true, should be professed, preserved, and protected by the state; and false doctrines should be diligently repressed by public authority." "I anathematize," continues the pope, "all who maintain the liberty of the press, and all advocates of the liberty of speech, which is the liberty of perdition. The absurd and erroneous doctrines, or ravings, in defense of liberty of conscience, are a most pestilential error—a pest of all others most to be dreaded in the state. I anathematize those who assert the liberty of conscience, and of religious worship, and all such as maintain that the church may not employ force."

Is it not time, men and women, that we awaken to the necessity of keeping in our minds the Declaration of Independence, and the principles which the one we meet to honor taught? Would it not be well to have the time that is now occupied reading the Bible in our schools given to teaching our children the principles he set forth? Do you realize the successful endeavor of a Catholic board to Romanize the literature of the public schools of Boston? If so, arouse to action, and with voice and pen, as did Thomas Paine, strike ecclesiasticism blows full in the face. Strike it with all the force and energy engendered by the knowledge that the Jesuits of the Boston school board have driven truthful history out of the public schools of Boston, and substituted in its place false history; they have driven out every standard, authentic, and truthful history of any part of the Christian world, or era of Christian civilization, that is not colored in the interests of the papacy and the church of Rome.

In the history in use by the Boston school board, containing four hundred and twenty-nine pages, thirty lines are devoted to the life of Abraham Lincoln, and forty to Archbishop Hughes; twenty-eight to George Washington, and thirty-seven to Father Peter de Smet. All that is truthful in history, that does not redound to the glory of the Roman church, is suppressed. Rome has let loose its Jesuits upon our common schools, with the deliberate intention of destroying them. Witness the following facts: In the city of Brooklyn, where, thirty years ago, there were only 35 parochial schools, there are now 90. In the city of Manchester, N. H., there are more children attending the parochial schools than the public. In Chicago, one year ago, the schools were closed for Good Friday. These facts indicate clearly the efforts being made throughout the land.

THE LIBERAL SPIRITUALISTS.

The Liberal Spiritualists meet every Thursday evening in Fraternity Hall, 909½ Market street. On Thursday evening, January 24, the exercises were of unusual interest. Our commodious hall was well filled with that class of earnest souls who fully appreciate a live subject and good speaking and singing. The meeting was called to order by our affable chairman Mr. A. A. Stout, and opened with vocal music by a trio consisting of Mrs. Rutter, Mrs. Cook, and Mr. Ely; Mrs. F. B. Stout, pianist. The solo singing by Misses Margie and Nettie Cohn was fully appreciated.

Mr. S. P. Putman delivered an address upon the subject, "Is Christianity a Failure?" Mr. Putman is a clear and logical reasoner, and speaks with earnestness, pathos, and power, eliciting repeated and well-merited applause. The speaker reviewed Christianity from the time of Constantine down through the ages, until the Christian church had been divided and subdivided into nearly five hundred different sects, proving that its pathway had been deluged with human blood. Mr. Putman held the audience spellbound for about one hour, and his closing words were heartily cheered by the audience.

The chairman then called on our well-known friend Mr. C. Fair for a short speech. We regret not having space to report these speeches in full. Every Thursday evening the meetings are held at this hall.—Carrier Dove.

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

R. B. WESTBROOK, LL.D., PRESIDENT.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary..... 241 Wash. Boulevard, Chicago
OTTO WETTSTEIN, Treasurer..... Rochelle, Ill.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com..... 120 Lexington ave., New York
MATTIE A. FREEMAN, Chair. Fin. Com., 241 Wash. Boulevard, Chicago.

A SECULAR REVIVAL IN MINNESOTA.

For some time Brother Marlett, whose duties take him to Minneapolis every week, has been on a still hunt for Liberals to inaugurate a Secular society in that city, and he discovered a number who were finally drawn together and became enthusiastic for organization. Foremost among them was John Maddock, a stalwart Freethinker, physically and intellectually, and who, I heard, held down the ministers of Minneapolis, through the press, occasionally hiring a hall or opera house to reply to some particularly erroneous or malicious sermonizer.

Messrs. Greaves and Lownd, both bright, intelligent business men, took hold of the question with enthusiasm, and their importing and jobbing house, on Nicollet avenue, has been alive with Liberal work. Partners and half brothers, they are one in sympathy with the American Secular Union, and propose to firmly plant the standard of Universal Mental Liberty in the fairest city in Minnesota.

Some preliminary meetings having been held, and Brother Marlett offering to secure my transportation over the Wisconsin Central line, so that I could more thoroughly explain the attitude, purpose, and object of the American Secular Union, an invitation was sent, to which I gladly responded.

Friday night, the 18th, we whirled out of Chicago, and I found to my surprise that the Wisconsin Central can boast of as creditably equipped a road as any in the Northwest, although it has only been in operation two years.

Yesterday afternoon we passed through St. Paul en route to Minneapolis, and the first thing to attract my attention was the fur overcoats in which men were attired, giving them the appearance of perambulating bears, or stuffed buffalo robes out on masquerade. The children, even, wore toboggan suits on the streets.

As it is seldom you obtain a favorable impression of a city from the railway tracks, I charitably kept that fact in mind in reference to St. Paul. High on one promontory could be discerned the palatial residence of some magnate, whose towers, like minarets, ambitiously pointed upward; but looking down, your eyes meet the "flats"—a sort of scooped-out gully—where shanties seem to have been thrown with particular regard to promiscuity. No two stand at the same angle. The inhabitants, I understand, pay \$1 per month for the ground rent, and throw up their own shanties, which appear more like pig-pens than habitations for human beings.

A short ride, and we are in Minneapolis—a modern marvel—a city scarce more than a score of years old—a young suburban stripling, which has far eclipsed in progress its ancient saintly sister, but the saints are generally getting left, so that St. Paul cannot expect to be made an exception.

We had little time to more than take supper and get shaved (as no barber is permitted to compete with the Minneapolis ministers in shaving the public on Sunday), before the business meeting in the handsome parlors of the Eastman block.

Brother Greaves being secretary of an association which meets here, he secured these luxurious quarters for the Liberals. A handsome silk flag was nailed above a gilt cross, signifying the Secular Union motto.

Here, among those assembled, we met an old acquaintance, W. G. H. Smart, formerly of Boston, who has been in a sort of monastic retirement in Dakota for the past four years, one of the ablest writers on economics I have known. Readers of the Index, Investigator, and other Liberal journals will well remember him. He responded to the call for secular workers. Mr. Geo. Davis, author of a new theory on the origin of "Life and Species, and their Distribution," was there to be enrolled.

Dr. and Mrs. Van Damm were active participants in the formation of the society, and are Liberals of a highly intellectual order.

Mr. Curtis, who acted as temporary secretary, is one of the grand old guard of the Liberal League, as is also Mr. Macomber, whose years have impaired neither his health, mind, nor enthusiasm. Years ago he shook up the judges of this city by refusing to swear, and the agitation which followed doubtless resulted in the favorable law which Minnesota has since adopted. Mr. West was formerly a reader of the Truth Seeker, which accounts both for his interest and heresy. I was also introduced to a young Mr. Stevens, who, I hope, will to some extent follow my example.

Mrs. John Maddock is an earnest, cordial, motherly matron, anxious that her two charming daughters—whom I will name Artemis and Aphrodite, as I know no others—shall learn something of the moral lesson of nature, from which there is little fear they will ever backslide. They are brimful of brilliance and vivacity.

By some misapprehension, the committee on whom devolved the duty of reporting a name, constitution, etc., had reported in favor of naming the organization the "Radical Club."

However, after a brief exhortation, showing the demand of a national organization to combat the encroachments of church and state, the committee magnanimously and unanimously withdrew their report, and the Secular Society of Minneapolis, a regularly chartered auxiliary of the American Secular Union, with by-laws and constitution drawn up in accordance therewith, was soon an accomplished fact. The meeting remained to a late hour and listened to the secretary, who, in an informal manner, related what the national organization had accomplished in the past, what it was doing now, and the work it had outlined for the future.

The next day Brothers Maddock, Lownd, Marlett, and the writer dined at the Windsor, where I learned some of the remarkable history of Brother Maddock, which would furnish ample material for a first-class romance, as fact is, after all, stranger than fiction. When a boy in his teens he was on a British transport before Sebastopol, and helped to carry the wounded to and from the hospital at Scutari. After that he was in the British naval service, and has seen nearly every country and every clime on the globe, affording opportunities for personal observation and comparison, which are a rich mine of wealth to the person of active mind. He still believes that truth ever sails to windward.

As an afternoon lecture had been arranged I had the pleasure of greeting Bro. H. C. Draver, whom we appointed as the executive member for Minnesota, and who had come down from Stillwater. Brother Draver is a young man of unusual intellectual attainments, a graduate of the Freethinkers' Academy at Milwaukee, and thoroughly alive to the secular interests. As a clerk in a large manufacturing institution he is doubtful that he can spare the time for the duties, but his desire is good. I had intended to give my lecture on Romanism, but, by request, gave "Reasons in Refutation of a Personal Creator," at which Mr. Maddocks presided. I prefaced my remarks, however, with the attitude of the American Secular Union, and gave those present to understand those were not necessarily the views Secularists were expected to subscribe to, as that organization, outside the Nine Demands, represented no special beliefs, but the rights of all.

The leading paper of Minneapolis, the Tribune, devoted a column to the lecture.

The Tribune's report of the evening lecture was both cordial

and complimentary, and it is evident that one paper in Minneapolis is beyond the pale of bigotry and prejudice; or, I should say, its reporter is.

Quite a number responded to the speaker's invitation to join the Secular Union, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Brockman, the latter of whom I had the pleasure of meeting in Chicago; also, Mr. Corbett, with whom I had corresponded. The audience very generally came forward to sign a protest to the Blair Sunday bill.

Bright and early Monday morning Mr. Maddock drove up to the hotel to show me the glories of Minneapolis, and when Brother Lownd had invested me in a fur-lined overcoat, it was concluded I was like Ajax, ready to defy the elements. It was gray, frosty, and misty, and it required no great stretch of the imagination to conjure up phantoms of Ossian's heroes doing battle in the heavy-hanging snow-clouds, or seeking fir-trees for spears, under the ghostly guidance of some Fingal of the North.

I paid no attention to streets or location as we drove past beautiful temples of superstition, massive marts of trade, the finest hotel (said to be) in this country, and palatial residences where, twenty years ago, the wolves in plenty prowled, and possibly nightly howled. When Mr. Maddock went there nineteen years ago, only a few shanties occupied the splendid main avenue, with a drive as fine as a boulevard. The residences being erected are particularly fine—largely of the castellated order, having towers and turrets, miniature battlements and embrasures.

Can the imagination take in a panoramic generalization from the landing of the persecuted and persecuting Pilgrims on the rock-bound coast of Plymouth—men who fled from death at the gibbet by religious persecution, whose spirits are to-day manifest in this grand marvel of the western world? How little these Pilgrims knew—in spite of blue-laws or witch-burning—that the great broadening continent, stretching out thousands of miles, would, through that great underlying law—necessity—sweep away their tenets as they would have swept out cobwebs. The stroke of the first axe made by willing but unskilled hands foretold the aggressive efforts of man the conqueror. The clearing of the way for this westward empire made man more and more conscious of his powers and capacities.

We halt on one side of the mighty Mississippi, whose voice and motion is very pacific, and my worthy guide endeavors to explain how this great river has been harnessed up to do in never-ending toil the work of these vast flour mills. Another mill-race is being made, so we look into the rocky cavity, which suggests Byron's lines:

"To gaze on the torrent that thundered beneath."

As this was not the great Pillsbury mill, Brother Maddock, who holds the responsible position of purchasing agent of this vast institution, the greatest milling interest in the world, hastened me over the river, to the A mill, claimed to be the eighth wonder of the world, because it grinds about 10,000,000 bushels yearly; has a capacity of 7,000 barrels daily; makes more flour than any two mills on the globe; could feed two cities as large as New York; and that 200 cars are required every day to take wheat into and flour and offal out of the three great mills of Chas. A. Pillsbury & Co., whose combined capacity is daily 10,000 barrels.

I was astounded to learn that wheat ground in this mill goes through 175 different processes. Brother Maddock took me from floor to floor, explained minutely the machinery, but the building itself was so filled with a continuous, monotonous, subdued whirring sound, that I could comprehend little of what was said. He showed me the turbine wheels, the power gearing, the conveyors, separators, cyclone sifters, bolters, and every conceivable device, but when I got through I couldn't tell whether I was a sifter, a conveyor, a separator, or a grinder, or what not, but the whirr, whirr, was omnipresent. Machinery, to my mind, is very much of a muddle.

Out of a trap-door at the roof we went to behold the beautiful city at our feet, but I considerably refrained from concocting any scheme to carry it back to Chicago, and left the whole business untouched for the Minnesotans. They may consider it a narrow escape, especially the owner of a fur-lined coat.

One marvel of the mills I should have mentioned was that everything seems to work automatically. They have an automatic fire-service which will deluge the floors whether any one is in

the building or not. Elevator doors close automatically, machinery fills the sacks and barrels, and the only labor left for hand-work is nailing up the barrel heads, and the way they do it is wonderful. Fast as the eye can follow the hammer, down goes a nail, and one stroke is enough. Great skill and accuracy is attained in this.

I regretfully learned that Fort Snelling was only five miles distant, and as Major Forwood was stationed there, I felt doubly sorry I could not meet one of our vice-presidents.

At 1:15 my train was ready, and though the opera-house was burning down as we passed through the city of the saint, I could not stop to save it, as the Paine anniversary was fast approaching, and various important work was awaiting. Well pleased with my visit, I hope that Minneapolis Liberals will present an unflinching, undaunted front, and that besides the pleasant memories of my sojourn, a grand purpose shall have been given a splendid impetus.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec.

X

THE SINGLE TAX.

An opinion, to be of value, should evidence some familiarity with the subject under discussion. The opinion of Fred. May Holland (FREETHOUGHT, January 12) is lacking in every essential that would entitle it to respect. Mr. Holland can best parallel himself by advocating, under the title of Cleveland's delusion, the right of freedom in trade, using as his own the arguments that swarm thick in Democratic campaign literature, and charging Cleveland with the proposition that "a tariff is not a tax." The fact that he wrote "by request" does not lessen the offense of his exposure.

In a criticism of the theories of Henry George we are led to infer that George is lame, because he overlooked certain notorious facts: that men differ widely in natural fitness of mind and body; that poverty cannot be agitated out of existence; that it is no more possible to make all men equally comfortable than equally tall; that the man whose talents are useful to the race should not be robbed of his just reward for the support of his idle neighbor; that confiscation without compensation is robbery; that government monopoly of land is inadvisable; that there should be no sacrifice of individual liberty. Now these are fundamental propositions with Henry George, as Mr. Holland will confirm after a careful reading of the writings he mentions by name, in which they are repeatedly affirmed, almost word for word.

All wealth is the result of the application of labor upon land. The distribution of this unit, wealth, is to wages and rent. One increases as the other decreases. The landowner, as a landowner, cannot in any sense be considered a producer. He merely forestalls and monopolizes the passive factor in production. In his capacity as landowner he is the idle neighbor who robs of his just reward the man whose talents are useful to the race. He confiscates without compensation the fruits of the useful man's toil, and the word robbery properly characterizes the legalized act.

The product of labor being the source of both wages and rent, an expenditure of rent—confiscated goods—cannot but be detrimental to the community. The action of taking goods from one crowd of laborers and handing them over to another crowd in return for services, virtually compels the first crowd to support the second. Tangible things produced by the second crowd flow not to their real owners in equity—the first crowd—but to the landowners. These tangible things—houses, stores, etc., reflect a value on surrounding land. Ground rent rises; wages decline; an increased number can and do live off rent—live off their fellow laborers—and are employed either in ministering to the luxury of landowners, or in producing things to which the landowners will hold title, and which will further add to land values. Every repetition of effort makes matters worse, and widens the gulf between landowners and laborers.

If the landowners would throw into the sea the slice taken off as rent, and the demand of the first crowd for stores, houses, etc., should determine the direction of the labor of the second crowd, and if—what then? This is only a question.

Everything now tends to the centralization of land into the hands of a few. Every labor-saving invention adds to the num-

ber of idle men. Two men after one job will not result in high wages. One-tenth of the workers in the United States are continually in enforced idleness and competing for work with another tenth employed. All wages are based on the lowest form of labor, grading upwards. One-fourth to one-half of every crop is given up as rent—wasted, as shown. Industry is clogged at every turn by monopoly of the gifts of nature and of the opportunities created by social growth. Suffering men are denied the gratification of their wants through the injustice of a society that permits their birthright and its possibilities to be appropriated by a few, and individual liberty to toil (and retain the full result of exertion) must be sacrificed, and natural rights cannot be restored and a moral wrong corrected by a tax that would compel each man to pay to the community, for its general good, the exact value of all privileges growing out of itself and exclusively used by him because of "a fatal constitutional objection"—because an eighteenth century convention majority knew it all, and we must still be steered "by hands that long ago were dust." Go to! Take a lesson in "amendment" from the friends of God-in-the-Constitution.

But it is when Mr. Holland proposes a partial remedy that he gets right down to brass tacks as an economist: "Poor people are taxed too heavily on food, clothes, tools, and dwellings. . . . Local taxes can be laid nowhere more justly than on churches, banks, factories, clubhouses, hotels, saloons, and costly mansions." When Mr. Holland says: "Raise the average as high as you can, you will always find some below it," the proposition passes as readily as if he had said that six and two are eight. There are certain axioms in the science of political economy that are now accepted without demonstration, and this is the sense of one of them: a tax on the products of human labor tends to restrict production, while the demand remains unchanged. Lessened production and steady demand raise the price until the consumer pays the tax and a profit on the tax. Now, if banks, loans, and mortgages are taxed, the tax is added to the rate of interest or forms an item in the calculation of discount or commission, and is paid by the last user of the money. If factories are taxed, the people who buy food, clothes, and tools will pay the tax. There is no product of human labor free from the element of monopoly on which a tax can be fastened so that it will not be shifted to the user or consumer. A tax on hotels is paid by the boarders. And a tax on any of the things mentioned by Mr. Holland discourages their production, and thereby lessens the demand for labor.

A tax on land values, or on any other monopoly privilege or franchise, cannot be shifted. A tax on land values is simply the taking of a portion of the premium which the landowner compels the tenant to pay for a privilege. He now extorts all that the tenant will pay; an attempt to get more would be ineffectual unless surrounding land went up to his figures, which general advances would merely demonstrate that it was time to increase the tax.

Upon what authority is it stated that the "idle (lazy?), intemperate, and extravagant are told in Anti-poverty meetings that society is to blame for their sufferings?" Archbishop Corrigan couldn't do worse than that.

A few words of warning. It is the arguments of Holland economists that incite men to do murder. In anticipation of another "opinion," it is pertinent and proper to remark that the C. L. James theory of the action of a hen and a half (Truth Seeker, January 5) is not accepted by a certain body of men as an inspired exposition of philosophical Anarchy.

Anaheim, Cal., January 27.

JAMES B. HASSETT.

MAX O'RELL relates this experience in the Forum: On board the steamer we had a party of Americans who passed seven days of the voyage in playing poker. The smoking-room rang from morning to night with the oaths that they uttered every time that they threw a card on the table. They were so fluent with them that they hardly used the same twice in an hour. Their stock seemed inexhaustible. On Sunday, after breakfast, a young lady sat down to the piano, and began playing hymns. What happened then? Our poker party gathered round the young lady, and for two hours sang psalms and holy tunes to the edification of the other occupants of the saloon. I was dumfounded. In

France we have men who swear, and also men who sing hymns. But I believe that the Anglo-Saxon race alone can furnish men who do both with equal facility and gusto.

THE GLORY OF INFIDELITY.

The Infidel is he who is unfaithful. Unfaithful to what? To that which is established, accredited; to that which almost everybody believes to be right. He is the unfashionable thinker; the minority of one. He is the ripple where all else is smooth. He is the out-door man—the *outré* man—the centrifugal force. He goes off like a comet—and then again like a cannon. He is the man who will not be a commodity. He has no market value. He cannot be used, for he will not stand still long enough. He cannot be bought or sold, for nobody knows where to put him. He has no abiding-place. He is a pilgrim and a stranger in the midst of ease and comfort. He is not of the ninety and nine—but is a lost sheep in the wilderness. He is the element of unexpectedness in human affairs, the horror of Mrs. Grundy and the despair of the fashion-plate maker, for he will adopt no style. The world is afraid of him; it tries to get rid of him; it laughs at him; it sneers at him; it trembles at him. It kicks him and cuffs him; knocks off his hat and tears his coat; sets the police upon him, starves him, crucifies him, and then builds him a monument and call him a hero.

We can understand the Infidel still better—for he is a many-sided fellow—by a description of his opposite, the orthodox.

The orthodox is he who stands straight up and down to what is; who knows nothing beyond, sees nothing higher nor better; whatever happens to be the style is his god. He is a brick in the edifice of custom and stays just where he is put. He is static, not dynamic. He has no motion. To stir is to him the greatest of crimes. He has a ramrod of a creed run through him from head to foot, and he cannot bend in the least; if he does, it kills him. He dies of too much air. He catches cold at every fresh breeze; and so sneezes at every new reform, which, in return, like a polite stranger, cries, "God bless you!" The orthodox belongs to the ninety and nine. He has no notion of running away. He cuddles about the fireside. He always sticks where there is good living. He never favors a change of diet, since he lives on beef-steak and plum-pudding. He takes things as they are because he wears broadcloth. His chronometer is a gold watch; and he has no other means of knowing the time. He is not a star-gazer. He never takes an eagle's flight. His feet are planted on the firm soil. He knows that the earth is flat, and he cares not a fig for anything that is beyond the horizon. He will not ride in a palace car until the dust of ages has settled somewhat upon it. He will not use Edison's light or the telephone until they have become antique. I think he would be opposed to fresh butter and eggs if it were possible. He would prefer to eat them old if he could. The only new thing he believes in is the "new birth," and he believes in that because it was foreordained from the foundation of the world, and is therefore as a matter of fact one of the most ancient of occurrences. The orthodox is entirely in favor of monotony. He is thoroughly devoted to the frog-pond. He admires its glassy stillness. Such, he thinks, should be human life.

The Infidel is the exact opposite of all these. He is unfaithful, *infides*, to everything that the orthodox holds sacred. Of course he has to suffer the consequences and be held guilty of all sorts of bad conduct; for the orthodox are in the majority and can tell their story with but little contradiction.

There are two ways in which we can look upon the glory of Infidelity—as a spirit and as a result. The most important use of Infidelity lies in its spirit, and yet it is the *spirit* of Infidelity that is most utterly condemned.

Infidelity in its results oftentimes becomes after a while orthodox; that is—a fixed, up-and-down accepted belief. In that event it is sufficiently glorified by orthodoxy itself—while at the same time the spirit that made such a belief possible is declared to be the spirit of the devil.

Infidelity is history in the making, and is called Satan. After it has become made, then it is called God, and all the world admires its brilliancy.

Orthodoxy can see no glory in the raw material, but it will worship anything that is *made*, even if it is a golden calf.

I purpose first of all to illustrate the glory of Infidelity, not in its results merely as crystallized in popular opinion, but in its method—its constant process by which forevermore the world is kept fresh and beautiful.

It is not simply what Infidelity has given to the world of hard won and accepted truth that constitutes its greatest merit, but the spiritual impulse which it continually puts into human effort.

It is not merely our opinions that are valuable, but the way in which we hold them. It is the mind that is in our opinions which make them of advantage. Opinions are useless unless they are forged from the heat of our own personality, unless they are the direct result of our mental power. A man may wear liberal opinions as one wears a suit of clothes—but for all that, his body, his soul, may be rigidly orthodox. Some people get these opinions as one does a dinner, by ordering from a bill of fare—he simply consults his taste, or perhaps the waiter, alias minister, who serves with immaculate apron and white necktie.

Such opinions may be very nice and after a fashion progressive, but a million of them would not stir the world. The opinions that uplift, that create, that build into the new, are not those that we take in, but those that we pour forth from our own activity.

The spirit of Infidelity makes this sort of opinions possible. It is the spirit of question, of doubt, of denial. It is the spirit that will not allow mankind to be at rest; to take things complacently. It compels orthodoxy, the established, the popular, to hold its own by continual struggle.

Since the world began the orthodox has not enjoyed a comfortable nap. Like St Paul, he has had a thorn in the flesh, and that thorn is the Infidel, who is always on the challenge and waves the red flag, and the orthodox bull is obliged to be mad and prepare for the onset—he cannot wander in green pastures and lie down by the still waters. The Infidel has not allowed anything to be accepted on faith. He has opposed faith wherever he has found it and compelled it to its defense. Upon every iron creed he has written his interrogation mark, and to rub that out has destroyed the creed. It is the Infidel who has kept things agoing. He makes truth a dear possession. It must be held at the point of debate. Even error has had to bestir itself and show some sort of inventive genius; it could not lazily hold its empire. It must fight for it at least, and so the Infidel gives to error whatsoever honest zeal it has.

It is the Infidel that brings the earthquake whence fairer possibilities may arise—in this, at least, that it brings stagnation to an end. It tumbles the frog-pond into a sparkling rivulet.

It is the Infidel with his perpetual denial that gives to truth its infinite value, namely, that it be held by the force of constant intellectual activity. Admitting that the work of the Infidel is simply negative; that he gives the world no new truth, he is yet a blessing in disguise, in this: he puts truth to the test; he makes it a living thing, he compels it to proof, so that they who have it, have it always fresh and beautiful, for it must always manifest itself to be the truth. It cannot rely on any past demonstration, for the questioner is ever present, and will ever insist upon fresh arguments; and so the human intellect is forever on the alert. The Infidel allows it no vacation. It must ceaselessly prove the truth of every iota of truth it holds. Truth would be almost as useless as error if one could hold it without proof. It is the Infidel who compels proof, and so he keeps the old truth ever new, because, like the new, it must continually demonstrate itself.

The Infidel thus benefits even the errorist, by making him some sort of a thinker. If one hugs error to his bosom he must give "some reasons why," and it is better for him to be obliged to give reasons, even if poor ones, than to hold it with blind stupidity. One may show some sparks of intellectual life in the defense of error, and that is infinitely better than nothing. Indeed, it is better to defend error vigorously than to hold the truth inactively. Better draw the sword for error than let it and the soul rust for want of something to do. Action is what the soul wants, and action in support of a mistaken notion is preferable to inaction. If one is so certain of the truth he holds that he needs no intellectual activity to still maintain it, then that truth to him is dead—a dead certainty; and a little

live error would be preferable, as a living ass is better than a dead lion. It is the Infidel who gives a bright uncertainty even to truth itself, and one is never quite sure that he is right, and so is constrained to search and reason and justify. The Infidel keeps him all the time on the lookout. He can't ride along with closed windows. He must see something of the universe, even if he sees it askant.

(To be Continued.)

JAMIESON'S CAMPAIGN.

W. F. Jamieson was engaged to deliver a week's course of lectures in Shenandoah, Iowa. The engagement lengthened into three weeks, including lectures in the vicinity, and a debate with one of Iowa's greatest preachers, Elder D. R. Dungan. The whole country in southwest Iowa was aroused to a high pitch of interest. The marshal remarked that he never saw the opera house so crowded. The Post says:

The great religious controversy between W. F. Jamieson, the Free-thought lecturer, and the Rev. D. R. Dungan, president of the Bible School of the Drake University, of Des Moines, began Monday night last at the Opera House in this city, when an overwhelming audience filled every seat on floor and in gallery and every inch or foot of standing-room in that large auditorium. The moderators agreed upon were Rev. T. W. West, Jerry Brown, and W. G. Makinson, who, with the debaters, promptly appeared upon the stage at the appointed time. As the debaters took their seats they were the observed of all observers, every eye being especially riveted upon Jamieson, who had thus openly the cool hardihood to appear in public and question the generally accepted belief by arguing that "Disbelief in the Bible is a benefit to mankind, and advances civilization," which was the subject of that evening's debate, and which was to constitute the subject of each succeeding debate thereafter until Thursday evening. Mr. Jamieson is a man of medium height, with brown hair, mild dark eyes, and dark brown whiskers. He has good address, is well and deeply read, using plain and forcible language to convey his ideas and thoughts. His voice is gentle, but on occasions, as the thought inspires, rises and swells with great power and volume. He is a keen, caustic reasoner, arguing from his standpoint with a precision, method, and logic which proclaim him an expert in the field of debate. He showed good feeling and good sense when he reproved a part of the audience, Monday night, for applauding a remark of his, saying that he and his opponent did not approve of it or allow it in their debates; that this was not a political meeting.

The Rev. D. R. Dungan, who appeared, like Paul, for the defense of the gospel, is a gentleman apparently about fifty years of age, about the same height as his opponent, but heavier set. He, too, is a self-poised man, armed at every point, and endowed with a command of language capable of reflecting every shade of thought from the purely ridiculous to the grandly sublime. He has a voice of great compass and inflection with which to give expression to the creations of his active brain. Well read in every department of scripture, literature, and science, Mr. Jamieson finds in him "a foeman worthy of his steel." It would be well for all Christians if they could, like him, give as good a reason for the faith that is in them. He is neither ashamed of his Lord and master, nor the glorious cause of evangelizing the world in which he is engaged, and confesses Christ before men with such sacredness of devotion to his cause, as to command the admiration of all who hear him. In this argument he had the negative.

Thursday evening, and for five sessions thereafter, the subject of debate is: "Christianity is true." In this debate Mr. Dungan will have the affirmative and Mr. Jamieson the negative.

The interest in these debates increases as they proceed, and the miserable weather we have been having does not seem to dampen the ardor of the attendants.

Mr. Jamieson afterwards challenged all the clergy of Shenandoah. They were silent, except in their pulpits, where they declared that God, in the judgment day, would accept it and "poke the Bible under his nose!"

Liberals in Iowa, Illinois, and Michigan should write to W. F. Jamieson, Shenandoah, Iowa.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

W. S. Ray's birthday party was enjoyed at his elegant residence, 239 San Jose avenue, Tuesday evening, February 5, by numerous friends. Mr. Ray says this is his sixteenth birthday. No wonder he feels young with such a happy fireside, even if bright children are there to greet him with the rest. Mrs. Ray is a charming hostess. A brilliant company was present. About eleven o'clock, music made welcome entertainment in the moonlight. And the supper was exquisite. The dancing and melody continued till the merry morning. May there be

many returns of the auspicious day. Mr. and Mrs. Ray take fortune at its best, and the ships "come in from Spain" storm or shine. Jovial sea captains were present, and the breath of old Neptune was in the delightful atmosphere. Among them were Captain Jenks and his wife, and Engineer Little of the Alameda, and Mrs. Little, who make FREETHOUGHT fly over the broad Pacific. The occasion was one of heart and hope, with hosts of friends; and though the "Julia Ray" has sunk to the depths, the flag will float again. The ship of home and love is staunch and true, and

Youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.

DEATH OF MRS. W. S. RODGERS.

Mrs. Cleo E. Rodgers, wife of Supervisor W. S. Rodgers, of Boulder Creek, died at that place Thursday morning, after an illness of but six days. Mrs. Rodgers was a highly respected young lady and leaves many friends who mourn her loss, while her husband is almost distracted. Besides her husband, Mrs. Rodgers leaves seven children.

Unusually pathetic and sad were the circumstances of the burial of Mrs. Cleo Rodgers, wife of Supervisor W. S. Rodgers, of Boulder, which took place on Saturday afternoon at I. O. O. F. cemetery. The remains were brought to Boulder from the Rodgers ranch, some distance above, to be placed upon the train for Santa Cruz. Scarcely had the cortege arrived there when word was brought that the infant, only a week old, had died suddenly. The body of the babe was brought to Santa Cruz by carriage, the casket re-opened, the child placed upon its mother's breast, and the two laid to rest together.

At the grave Bart Burke read a selection from Robert Ingersoll, and the choir sang the hymn, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought." Many friends came down by train from Boulder, and many from Santa Cruz also attended the last rites.

Mrs. Rodgers left six motherless little ones, all quite young, a fact which renders all the more severe the crushing blow to an esteemed citizen of our county.—Santa Cruz Courier-Item.

SAUL AND THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

In the days of that more or less recalcitrant monarch, Saul the king of the Jews, there might have been discovered at a certain time, by any one caring to look the matter up, much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the witch circles of Endor and outlying territory.

This was at the time when his royal nibs, tired and fagged out in hunting the sprightly and elusive David, sought relief in the excitement of witch hunting, bagging more dames of accredited supernatural powers to the square acre than all the combined dude fox-hunting clubs of Gotham and vicinity, in their ridiculous hunts, ever bagged of foxes, counting every hunted aniseed bag, a fox.

When his royal nibs raided the nocturnal riders of the fiery, untamed broomsticks, and sweepers of cobwebs from the corners of the moon, that they might have the much-prized ghostly light of Luna as they sped through the circumambient, none of the heretofore favored guild escaped that failed to find secure cover before the royal huntsman and his myrmidons got on to the game, so to speak.

Of those who escaped the cycle of this grand hunt, or round-up, as I may say, was one who has since become famous all through Christendom, owing to the fact that she was sought out by this same royal huntsman for the purpose of a professional tete-a-tete, without malice prepense, or even later on, when he undoubtedly wished she had been bagged in the raid, or that he had not found her at home when he called.

This old dame, and nocturnal rider of the ash or white pine steed, rendered forever famous by that seance with his royal nibs, thereby getting honorable mention in the sacred book, is known to all the Christian world as the "Witch of Endor," previous patronymic unknown, uncalled-for, and uncared-for. As the "Witch of Endor" she will probably go down to as much posterity, if not more, as she has come down to at present, if nothing interferes with the multiplication process, which is honor

enough for any witch of the first water, even; and of this grade she proved herself to be on that ever-memorable occasion.

Now, this old dame, or beldame, if you like; this ancient cowboy of the skies, so to speak, and, from the fact that the wildest broomstick had no terrors, for her; this old prognosticator and prestigitator, if I may be permitted to use the term, had it in solid for Saul, make no mistake; not on her own account, but on general principles, say—on account of his late raid on the sisterhood of witches most bewitching, as understood, reducing the confraternity to a very small quorum, as it were.

To be sure, this very greatly reduced competition made business more remunerative to the few survivors of the hunt, but this wasn't the way she looked at it. She knew that she had escaped the fate that had befallen many of her sisters by a fluke, as it were, and that she would have been numbered with the witches that had been, but were not, had she been taken in the net; and for this, together with the fact that the king had prosecuted her guild, did she have it in for him solid, rejoicing in her heart when he called on her, well-knowing that he came with fair and not with foul intent, as far as she was concerned, at least.

Now this old wrinkled dame, who had told and foretold and performed much and greatly beyond the ken and power of mortals of the regulation stripe, well knew that his royal nibs was in a bad way—in an exceedingly tight place, so to put it, and she meant to give him a roast if it lay in her power; and as the day was more than ordinarily frigid when her powers failed the summons of her will, it was a pretty sure thing that Saul was in for the roast.

When his royal nibs had paid the now advanced fee, thanks to his late raid, in spot cash, saying he wished to see and have an interview with Samuel, the venerable and wrinkled dame laughed inwardly and deeply down, with ghoulish glee—the roast, you see, was *au fait accompli*! See and have a chat with Samuel, eh? Why, of course His Majesty should—why not? The fact that Sam was a defunct of several year's standing was no bar to the interview as desired by his royal nibs, were she around, and she thought she were if she knew herself, and she thought she did, particularly so at that moment, with the enemy of the sisterhood of respectable witches within the charmed and mystic circle of her arts as black as hell—no, this won't do, will it? Hell is a deeply, brightly glowing red. Let me say, as black as Erebus, the original of blackness, and yet, as hell defined by some lexicographers.

You all know the outcome of that visit of Saul to the aged and wrinkled dame of mysterious powers, the interview being set before you in the sacred book in all the cold and naked realism of a stern and rock-bound coast, so to speak, and Comstock moving not upon said nakedness! You have seen, or can see, the stage picture, but how many of you ever went behind the scenes, in imagination even? How many of you ever suspected that this queen, maybe, of midnight revels high in ether, astride her fastest and most fiery broomstick, had it in deep and solid for Saul? Not one of you, for marbles, but gorged the ghostly grill, nor sought to go behind the records, as it were.

Every one of you supposed this dame of destiny devoted to the dizzy dollar, but I am telling you it was vengeance, not lucre, that moved her to bring the erst saintly but now defunct Samuel from his downy couch—down in the mud, you know—to a tete-a-tete with Saul! Not all the silver Saul could swipe from Syria would then have tempted her to serve his royal nibs, foregoing vengeance sweet! No; on vengeance bent was she when first she sighted Saul that evening in her parlor dim, and well she knew that she would have it. Doubt not the power that can raise the dead can e'en control the dead when raised!

The shrewd and skinny dame saw Sam in private, just from his oozy bed, before she showed him up to Saul, and straightway and forthwith commanded him to give it seething hot to Saul! in short, give him to understand that, on the morrow, he and all his sons should sleep the sleep Saul's fathers then were sleeping; she to shape events accordingly. To give it to him thus, was Sam, on pain of her displeasure, failing—and what a dance could she have led the dead-head, Sam, nightly bouncing him from bed and breaking up his rest! But Sam failed not; to tell the truth, he couldn't; she had him psycholog

ically fixed, as it were, or something like, you know; and you all know how the celebrated interview between the dead prophet and live king terminated—of course you do.

Oh, how the ghoulish glee must quick have rolled itself in surging waves within the spare and leathery anatomy of Endor's champion witch, when Saul went sprawling to the floor, and yelled and vomited in very fear! Oh, how? Well, I should smile! You couldn't have bought the old dame out for dollars or doubloons upon a desert piled a hundred deep, for vengeance was hers. She knew the royal duffer's goose was cooked, or would be on the morrow, and better still, she knew he knew it, too! O double vengeance sweet, or vengeance doubly sweet, but none too sweet for Endor's witch, immortalized!

I have always thought it remarkable that Saul, when his craven fit subsided, did not cry out, in littleness of soul, "What ho, there, without, villains! Slay me this caitiff witch!" But he didn't; he went moodily home and made his will, and, on the morrow, before the set of sun, slept peacefully with his fathers; he shuffling off his mortal coil, the tide of battle running all awry with him, by thrusting a sabre into his bowels, harikari fashion! *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

There's a moral here, for kings: When witch hunting, hunt them to the last fell witch, or failing, abdicating at once.

ST SLOKUM.

Who Did It?

To the Editors of Freethought:

Will you, or some one else, through your paper, be kind enough to answer the following?

When, and why, and by what authority, was the inscription, "In God we trust," first placed upon our coins, instead of the old national motto—"E Pluribus Unum?"

It seems to me that the change, by whomsoever made, was little else than an overt act of treason against our government, and that if there is not enough of patriotism and respect for our national Constitution still remaining among the American people, they should see to it, that the odious and treasonable inscription is suspended and the old national motto, "E Pluribus Unum," restored.

Of dangers all, that menace freedom's cause,
"In God we trust" has least respect for laws.
In gold we trust—our faith is common sense,
For gold is truth, and not a vile pretense.

The legend bold, which on our coins appears,
Will be the battle-cry in coming years,
When creeds and craft unite in holy hate,
And pious bigots seize the helm of state.

When constitutions shall protect no more
The rights, for which our fathers fought of yore,
Then priests and princes as before shall reign,
Nor earthly power our liberties regain.

Stockton, January 11, 1889.

J. C. B.

A New Ally.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I address an audience here of more than a thousand persons, every Sunday evening, in the California theatre. In the city where, for nearly five years, I was the honored pastor of the Baptist church, I now stand in the forefront of Freethought, as its exponent and defender. The masses are moved. They hail the rising dawn of liberty of conscience, and freedom from the shackles of ignorance, and the oppression of superstition.

The days of priestly domination are numbered. The evolution of rational thought upheaves and scatters to the winds old obsolete theories. Humanity, burdened and torn and bleeding, is coming to the front at last. Men are coming to recognize that the best and only service they can render to God is by love to serve one another. Fraternally,

San Jose.

N. F. RAVLIN.

Work, and a Suggestion.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Inclosed find \$5 50. I wish to give five dollars toward the expenses of the Liberal meeting held in San Francisco, and for the 50 cents please send me a copy of "Robert Elsmere." I also inclose remonstrance to

any religious legislation by Congress with 69 names attached; the Adventists have already sent up one with 84 names. The Adventists are fully alive to the evils which will result from a union of church and state, and are straining every nerve to defeat the Blair bill and constitutional amendment. The Liberals (here), on the contrary, seem to pooh-pooh the idea of Congress passing such a law. Of course men whose knowledge of history goes no further back than the American Revolution cannot realize the evils likely to result if the church should ever be able to dictate laws, and have the whole power of the government to enforce them.

It appears by the published list in FREETHOUGHT that 913* Liberals signed the call for the meeting in San Francisco. By a little figuring it will be seen how easy it would be for that number to maintain a flourishing auxiliary, without feeling the burden, if each one will give 5 cents a week (\$2.10 a year). That would be a grand total of \$2,373. One cigar a week, or one glass of lager a week *the less*, is all that some would feel it. I shall keep my subscription to FREETHOUGHT paid up so long as it is published.

A. H. HOYT.

El Monte.

*About one hundred additional names to the call were received too late for publication before the convention, so that the total number on the roll is not less than one thousand.—ED.

President Westbrook's Good Word.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I rejoice in what you are doing on the Pacific coast, and bid you "good speed!" I hope you may have a very successful convention. Philadelphia, Pa. Cordially, R. B. WESTBROOK.

From Judge Brewer.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I have just received the first number of volume II. of FREETHOUGHT, which reminds me that my subscription must be up. I have been greatly pleased with the paper the year past.

Hoping you may be abundantly supported in your able and promising efforts to represent our cause on the Pacific slope, I inclose two dollars in currency for renewal, and wish you a prosperous and happy new year.

S. BREWER.

Ithaca, New York.

To the State Convention of California.

Illinois Secularists send glorious greetings to their brethren of the Occident, who have been aroused into enthusiasm by the penetrating rays from that Torch of Reason—FREETHOUGHT. To its editors—Putman and Macdonald—we desire particularly to forward fervent fellowship and gratitude. If the material were as accessible as the spiritual, many of us would be with you, but although a vast continent divides, we (figuratively at least) clasp hands in bonds of friendship, love, and truth.

May the Golden State Secularists become a power for the primal principle of American freedom—the absolute divorce of church and state—and lead the van in the matter of organization, as they have already done in reforming the laws. Sincerely and fraternally,

Chicago, January 22, 1889.

E. A. STEVENS.

Secretary A. S. U.

A Fair Laborer.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I received the anti-Sabbath petitions and the pamphlets in due time, and I am succeeding real well in getting signatures for the petition, and I hope to have a very large list of names.

I sent to R. D. Allen, of Silverton, Oregon, a short time ago, and procured blank petitions for the taxation of church property in this state, and I succeeded in getting 93 signatures for it, right here in our neighborhood. Liberals must be patient, and work step by step for the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

Wishing you great success in the publication of your most valuable paper, I remain yours for U. M. L., MISS ELVA DAVIDSON.
Oswego, Oregon.

RHUBARB BITTERS impart a delicious flavor to all drinks, cure dyspepsia, promote digestion, and regulate the bowels. Try them. A. G. Wood, 323 Eddy st., S. F.

WATCHFUL WATCH-BUYERS WILL WANT

WETTSTEIN'S

WELL GOING, WARRANTED WATCHES AND WATCH WORK.

Unequaled in quality and price. All carefully examined before shipment and accompanied by written guarantee. Order of WETTSTEIN, who has been established in the same town 31 years; who is an expert in his line, and who is not afraid to speak his honest thought.

LATEST IMPROVED AMERICAN STEM-WINDERS.—Three-ounce Silverine case, 7 jewels, \$8; 11 jewels, \$9.50; 15 jewels, \$12.50; do., adjusted, \$16.50. In 3-ounce Coin Silver case, \$11, \$12.50, \$15.50, and \$19.50. In 4-ounce case, \$1 extra, and in 4-oz., dust-proof case, \$2 extra. In best open-face, dust-proof filled Gold case, 7 jewels, \$16; 11 jewels, \$17.50; 15 jewels, \$20.50; do., adjusted, \$24.50; do., hinged back, inside glass cap, \$2 extra; do., gold cap, \$4 extra; extra fine engraved, \$1 and \$2 additional. Hunting cases, Gold cap, 7 jewels, \$23; 11 jewels, \$24.50; 15 jewels, \$27.50; do., adjusted, \$31.50. In special artistic engraved Louis XIV. cases, \$3 to \$10 more. The latter are rarely seen in the best stores. All filled cases guaranteed 20 years. Beware of others!

THE CELEBRATED "OTTO WETTSTEIN" WATCH.—The best in the world for the money; all modern improvements; a perfect watch. In Silverine case, \$19.50; in 3-ounce coin Silver case, \$22.50; 4-ounce, \$23.50; 5-ounce, \$25; 6-ounce, \$27 (no better sold for \$40 elsewhere). In open-face, dust-proof case, filled Gold, \$27; do., hinged, glass inside cap, \$29; do., gold cap, \$31; do., hunting, \$33; do., Louis XIV. style, \$35; in special artistic cases, \$3 to \$10 more; in 14-karat solid Gold cases, \$50, \$60 to \$100.

LADIES' GOLD WATCHES.—All hunting, stem wind; best filled Gold cases, \$18, \$20, \$26; 14-karat solid Gold, \$28, \$30, \$36, \$40, etc., to \$150; latter special fine artistic embossed cases, set with Diamonds and other jewels.

DIAMONDS.—I am an expert in this line, and guarantee my goods at least 20 per cent below lowest market price. Rings, Pins, Eardrops, Studs, etc., worth \$35. for \$25; do., worth \$70, for \$50; do., worth \$100, for \$75; do., worth \$200, for \$150; do., worth \$500, for \$375. Sent subject to approval, and cash refunded if not strictly as represented.

RINGS AND EMBLEMS.—A specialty. A full line of solid Gold and best Plated Jewelry of the latest designs. Select from any catalogue, and I will fill order at lower prices or send better goods.

SUNDRIES.

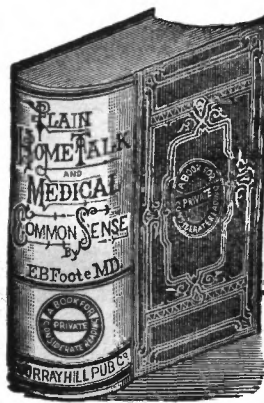
Best Spectacles or Eye-glasses	\$1.00	6 Rogers Bros.' tr.-plated Table-spoons	\$3.40
" Gold do., \$5 and		Silver Thimbles	1.60
(Send line of finest type you can read	6.00	Elegant 8-day Alarm Clock, worth \$6	4.50
14 in. from eyes, and I can fit you.)		4 Best Violin Strings	50
Best Razor (a luxury) \$2; a good one	1.00	6 Guitar Strings	75
6 Rogers Bros' best triple-plated Knives	1.75	Largest Albums, \$1, \$2, \$3, \$4 to	10.00
" Forks	1.75	Opera and Field Glasses, \$5 to	15.00
" Teaspoons	1.70		

All goods guaranteed satisfactory, or money refunded.

Send me your watches for repairs. Best work. Cleaning, \$1; springs, \$1; and returned free; will go a thousand miles as safely as one.

OTTO WETTSTEIN, Rochelle, Ill.

N. B. For prices of FREETHOUGHT BADGES see back numbers of this paper.



"A REMARKABLE BOOK," SAYS DR. EADON, of Edinburgh, Scotland; a graduate of three universities, and retired after 50 years' practice. He writes: "The work is priceless in value, and calculated to regenerate society. It is new, startling, and very instructive." It is the most popular and comprehensive book treating of

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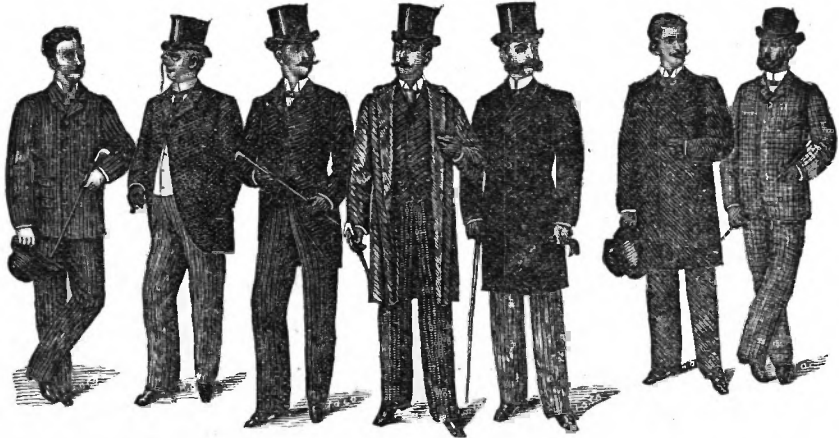
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VOL. II—No. 7.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1889.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - FEBRUARY 16, 1889

THE Rev. Samuel Jones received \$2,500 in cash for his three weeks' services in saving souls at Los Angeles. As the Santa Ana Standard remarks, "it was a big price for the souls, but cheap enough for Sam."

LET us pass the hat for the pope! Last year he received from "Peter's pence" \$1,500,000; from interest on capital invested abroad, \$500,000, and from other sources about \$100,000—besides \$400,000 in cash jubilee gifts. The old man is totally dependent upon the charity of the Christian world!

MR. JAY COWDRY, a faith-healer, while lecturing in West Haven, Conn., last week, illustrated his remarks in a most infelicitous manner. After reading several pages of manuscript he launched forth the assertion that a thorough Christian scientist could defy death at any time. He had no sooner made the remark than he fell back in a swoon and expired in a few minutes.

A PENNSYLVANIA statesman last week introduced a bill into the House prohibiting the custom of treating, and making it a penal offense punishable by a fine for any one to treat another to intoxicating liquors, or to invite another to drink with him. The penalty proposed is a fine of from fifty to one hundred dollars. It is not understood that the bill is aimed at the administration of the sacrament.

THE revival meetings of Mr. Moody here in San Francisco, being free to the public, were attended nightly by four or five thousand people. This fact is pointed to by the Chronicle as a "good answer" to those who assert that Californians care nothing for "religion, art, literature, and culture." A few nights after Moody had vacated the Pavilion that structure was leased for an exhibition by a lot of ruffians called pugilists, and although an admission fee of one dollar was charged, no less than seven thousand persons are said to have been present. This was an audience as large as Moody's, and proves just as much for "religion, art, literature, and culture" as the attendance at the revival did. That is, it proves that San Francisco is a good place for shows.

At a meeting in London to discuss the question of "Artisan Atheism," the bishop of Rochester presiding, a member of the Secular Society offered the reflection that "whereas in early Christian days one person fed five thousand, it now took five thousand to feed one." The bishop, who enjoys a salary of \$15,000 per annum, denounced the remark as "insolent incivility." Nevertheless, it was a good hit.

ACTING, as he claimed, under the command of God, a crank named Reed stabbed Father Ashfield, a Catholic priest, to the heart last Monday morning at Memphis, Tenn. The murderer is evidently insane; and any man who believes that God ever gave commands or commandments to the human race suffers from a species of insanity that the world will not be free from until the last priest is dead. Those who teach that God governs in the affairs of men, and are killed in obedience to a supposed order of God, simply reap what they have sown.

A LECTURE IN OAKLAND.

Miss Ada Ballou will lecture on "Moodyism and Revivals" at Odd Fellows' Hall, Oakland, next Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Admission free; all are invited.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The anti-Sunday Law meeting held at Avon theatre, Stockton, the 10th inst., under the auspices of the Turn Verein Society and the Liberal League, was a success in numbers and influence. There was a large attendance. Addresses were made by Fred Schuenemann-Pott and S. P. Putnam. The former has hosts of friends in Stockton, friends of the East and the West; old Philadelphia friends, some of whom he had joined in the golden bonds of marriage long ago. It was a pleasant reunion. The mists were just rolling away when we arrived in Stockton, at one P. M., and in the shining afternoon, friends Haas and Wagner gave us a drive over the beautiful city, visiting the comrades of my eloquent co-laborer. His speech in the evening was heartily applauded. Our German friends especially were enthusiastic. In their own tongue they heard the ringing words of liberty and reason. Those who could not follow the whole of the admirable discourse could catch its telling points and brilliant oratory. Fred Schuenemann-Pott seems to be still in the prime of life, although he has labored over thirty-five years in this country in the cause of advanced humanity—already having done good work in his native land. He is still vigorous for the work, and ardent as youth for the glorious future of the world's republic. He is a representative man, whose learning, thought, and experience are moulded into polished sentences, whose splendid eloquence is charming even in an unknown language. He is thoroughly radical, sincere, humanitarian, and progressive.

After the meeting, the petitions and the demands of Liberalism and Articles of Organization of the California State Liberal Union were numerous signed.

Later, at the Turn Verein Hall, there were social festivities for an hour or two. Mr. and Mrs. Schou, of Oakland, were with us, and Mr. Holly, of San Francisco. It was a delightful merry-making. Toasts were drank to the Turn Vereins, the Secular Union, the American Republic, to the Freethought women of Stockton, and the honored visitors. Short speeches were made by F. Schuenemann-Pott, W. F. Freeman, Mr. Schou, S. P. Putnam, Mr. Holly, Mr. Hewins of the Stockton Mail, and Mrs. Freeman. Mrs. Freeman, as the only lady orator, made the hit of the evening with her witty rendition of the Liberal faith.

Thus the spirit of fraternity grows bright with happy memories; golden hopes are in the sky. Amid festival hours the heart of humanity grows stronger.

I was surprised to meet my old friend and fellow soldier, Mr. Ryan of the Independent, formerly of the Evansville, Ind., Tribune. He was with me ten years ago when Chainey and I were both Unitarian ministers, and the star of Ingersoll came across our way and made forever impossible any further compromise with the olden faith. Mr. Ryan stood by Chainey through the contest, and was expelled from the Freemasons on account of his active sympathy. It was a pleasure to shake hands with this brave and true comrade. Alas! that Chainey, like a meteor, should wheel around the whole circle and fall again upon the desolate shores of theology. It seems almost like a dream, a fairy tale, when I think of those events of ten years back, for I do know that Chainey was thoroughly sincere when he left the church, and we were heart and soul together in that momentous time.

But the temperament of Chainey is the temperament of the mystic. He is essentially of the faith order. He is a bundle of feeling, and the master feeling sways his destiny. He is absolutely ignorant of science and the methods of science. He is incapable of consecutive thought. Like Hamlet, he is "a wave of the sea." His reconversion to Christianity has no meaning whatever, any more than the changing wishes of a child. He is a kind of typical man, and pictures much of the surface feeling of to-day which has not attached itself to the unchanging results of science.

However, I shall never forget the bright, fresh, glorious feeling and splendid hope with which we turned from the old ecclesiastical walls, to the boundless fields of humanity, ever broadening to me, so that the shadow of deity is forever lost. The forward beaming face of science, looking to golden immeasurable dawns, like the face of Memnon, forever breathes music to a struggling but ever advancing world.

S. P. PUTNAM.

PERSECUTION OF SWEDISH FREETHINKERS.

The persecution of Freethinkers, says the National Reformer, has been going on in Sweden for some past. At the present moment a young man named Viktor Lennstrand, the founder of the Swedish Freethought Society, is lying in prison at Malmo, for the high crime of lecturing against Christianity; and his colleague, Alfred Lindkvist, has only just left the jail, after suffering a month's imprisonment for translating and publishing a Freethought pamphlet.

Lennstrand was condemned to three months' imprisonment, and is likely to receive a second sentence when he faces a second prosecution, already commenced against him. The English Freethinkers are raising a fund to help their Swedish brethren pay the costs of trial, and to furnish the imprisoned man with food.

BOGUS PETITIONS.

The American Sabbath Association has been for some time parading an alleged list of "over fourteen millions" of signers to a petition "praying for the passage of a Sunday-rest law." It has been contended by the opponents of the measure that the claim to so many signers was fraudulent. Now comes the Congressional Record (as quoted by the American Sentinel) giving the exact number of individual signatures to that petition. And what is that number? Is it fourteen millions? No! Is it fourteen thousand? No! Is it fourteen hundred? No! It is precisely four hundred and seven (407).

What is to be thought of the honesty of the members of a body who report fourteen millions of signatures when they have only four hundred and seven? They explain themselves thus:

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, the Home Missionary Society of the Baptist church, the General Assemblies of the Presbyterian church (North and South), and the synod of the Reformed church, five denominations, represent 5,977,693. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers number 20,000. Knights of Labor, 219,000. The Presbyterian General Assembly, North, 722,071. The convention of Christian Workers, 450. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, 185,521. The Roman Catholics, for whom Cardinal Gibbons speaks, 7,200,000.

It now only remains for the Sabbath Association to procure the signature of General Harrison, who is said to favor the bill. His name might stand for the whole people of the United States, and the fraud of claiming sixty-five millions of signers, while no more ingenious than the present fraud of claiming fourteen, would be sufficiently stupendous to excite the admiration of the most indifferent.

NO LOVE LOST.

For fear it might in some way be identified with the Liberal movement inaugurated in San Francisco, the Golden Gate, a local Spiritualist paper, says:

"We have no sympathy with that so-called Liberalism that does nothing but deride and denounce the things which millions of other people are disposed to regard as sacred—the Liberalism which at the same time does nothing itself for the uplifting of the race. The mighty charities of the church, misdirected and sometimes hurtful, as they no doubt are, are vastly more beneficial to those that practice them than is the practice of no charity at all. The church teaches its members to give, and they do it with a lavish hand, as the many costly church edifices of this and every other city bear witness; while Liberalism, with its multitudes of followers, gives nothing but emptiness to the world; and its champions, save and except an occasional mighty genius like Ingersoll, are often obliged to go to bed hungry."

We would say in behalf of Liberalism that it has no sympathy with any doctrine, whether it is called Spiritualism or some other ism, that upholds fraud and superstition simply because they are regarded as sacred. The notion that religious dogmas are sacred and therefore not subject to criticism or ridicule is becoming somewhat effete, not to say played out. It is a hypocritical pretense. If there be a God, if there be a future life, and angels and spirits and hobgoblins, their existence is a scientific fact, and no more sacred than anything else. Since these beings are beyond our reach, they are indeed less sacred to us than earthly things should be. Opinions and beliefs are like persons, they should be respected only when worthy of respect.

The doctrine of promiscuous giving is pernicious. The proper place for money which can not be expended for some worthy

purpose is in the pocket of the man who earned it. Compare the charities of Liberals with the charities of superstition. Which is worth most to mankind, Girard College or the chapel built on the grounds? The Smithsonian Institute, or the Catholic university at Washington? The observatory on Mount Hamilton, or the Maclay theological seminary in Los Angeles county?

Possibly Liberals give less than Christians, but they generally know how to place their money where it will do the most good.

When the Golden Gate asserts that "Liberalism gives nothing but emptiness to the world," we can merely dissent from the statement and pronounce it untrue. Liberalism at least gives the world liberty.

It is nothing against the worthiness of a cause that its champions do not grow rich upon the credulity of the superstitious. The advocates of Liberalism are not sent to jail for obtaining money under false pretenses. They do not exhibit the spirits of the departed, for a price. They are denied this source of revenue. They do not mystify with legerdemain and *hoc est corpus*; and though they may retire at night supperless, they thank fortune for a bed. Many Spiritualists are not wealthy, but some of them are intelligent enough to know that reform is not always profitable, in a pecuniary sense, to the reformer, and do not judge of the value of a doctrine by the amount of money it puts in the pockets of its advocates. Intelligent Spiritualists are Liberals, because they know that but for the influence of Liberalism their mediums would in all likelihood be hanged for witchcraft.

If there are genuine spirit mediums, this criticism does not lie against them. They are not responsible for the fraudulent ones. No attack upon Spiritualism is here intended, but in replying to a general condemnation of Liberalism by a Spiritualist it is in no wise unfair to mention the weaker places in the armor of the attacking party, and to endeavor to turn aside the point of criticism.

CHURCH EXEMPTION IN OREGON.

The petition to the legislature of Oregon, asking that the ecclesiastical property in that state be no longer exempt from just taxation, received about eight hundred signatures, and has been presented, and referred to a committee. Mr. Laughlin, of Yamhill, has prepared a bill covering the ground of the petition.

There is little chance, it is feared, that the bill will pass this session. The legislators know the power of the orthodox, but they have not as yet become acquainted with the strength of the Secular element. Their action will be watched and recorded, and data will be gathered for proceedings at the next election.

AS TO RENEWALS.

We do not desire to be importunate, and would not urge our readers to undue haste in renewing, but business partakes of the nature of business. Some, possibly, cannot afford to renew; others desire a little time; others still may not know when their subscription is out, and others, again, can renew at one time as well as another. We would be glad to hear from all of these, and upon receipt of advices from them will make arrangements satisfactory to all parties concerned.

MANY questions were sent forward to be answered by Mr. Moody at one of his performances in this city last week, among them these two: "What is the unpardonable sin?" and, "Is waltzing immoral?" The first he answered readily; the unpardonable sin was committed by those who accused Christ of having a devil

in him. Concerning the waltz, Mr. Moody said he did not know what a waltz was; he had never seen one. It is astonishing how much information theologians possess about unknowable things, and how unsophisticated they are when everyday matters come under consideration. We are glad to know, however, that we have never committed the unpardonable sin, and that the danger from that source has passed its crisis.

SENATOR BLAIR has reported to the Senate from a Select Committee in favor of the Woman Suffrage bill. The report, after reviewing the history of the Woman's Suffrage movement and making some comments upon the denial of the right of suffrage to women as an injustice equal to that of chattel slavery, concludes as follows:

"Unless this government shall be made and preserved truly republican in form by the enfranchisement of woman, the great reforms which her ballot would accomplish may never be; the demoralization and disintegration now proceeding in the body politic are not likely soon to be arrested. The corruption of the male suffrage is already well-nigh a fatal disease. A republican form of government cannot survive half slave and half free. The ballot is withheld from women because the men are not willing to part with one-half of the sovereign power. There is no other cause for the continued perpetration of this unnatural tyranny. Enfranchise woman or this republic will steadily advance to the same destruction, the same ignoble and tragic catastrophe, which has engulfed all male republics of history."

There is a good deal of "glittering generality" about this report, and the reasons given for according women the ballot are not very sound. They do not touch bed-rock. The reason why women should vote is because it is right and just that they should have a share in governing themselves. Voting by all sorts of people produces a muddled state of affairs at best, and Woman Suffrage might make things worse; but we should do right and take the consequences.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Herald has interviewed Cardinal Manning, of England, on American affairs. In reply to the question whether he could see any harmful results produced by the Sunday newspaper, the cardinal said:

"I certainly can in one respect; that is as regards divorce. In this and other matters of morality I recognize in America a decided tendency to, as I call it, go to seed. I fear that in America freedom of divorce has done much to break up domestic life, and it certainly requires but slight observation to see that in the observance of Sunday you have already drifted far, far away from the usage of your forefathers. Yes, I fear that America morally is going to seed, and her Sunday newspapers must have had something to do with it."

The direct connection between the publishing of a newspaper on Sunday and the freedom of divorce may be apparent to Cardinal Manning, but we doubt if anyone else can see it. The Catholic church, as is well known, makes marriage a prison from which those who are lured into it can escape only through the grave. There is, however, one thing noticeable—the priests are careful to keep out of it.

In answer to an inquiry by Mr. Lyman Smith, of Los Angeles, we would say that the words attributed to Judge North in his address at the late convention: "But five per cent. of the people of this country profess any creed at all," should read, "But five per cent. of the people of this state profess any of the evangelical creeds." Authority for the judge's statement, as corrected, will be found in a work entitled "Our Country," compiled by the Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., and circulated by the American Tract Society. According to this work some twenty per cent. of the

people of the country are members of evangelical or Protestant churches.

LAST Sunday one hundred pious members of the Marion county, Ind., Tippecanoe Club called upon General Harrison and presented him with an expensively bound Bible. A minister made the presentation address, and it is reported that the president-elect was "visibly affected." In reply Mr. Harrison said:

"I shall lean upon you and upon that great company of God-fearing people whom I represent. God bless you, every one. May the consolation of this holy book fill your lives with peace, and make the last the best day of all your honorable lives."

The indications now are that during the next four years this country will sustain the character of a large Sunday-school with the occupant of the White House as its beloved teacher. Give out the Golden Text and let the services proceed.

On February 6 Colonel Ingersoll delivered a funeral address over Mrs. Mary Hewins Fiske, the dramatist and author. The services were held in Scottish Rite Hall, New York, which was crowded to the doors. The dispatch says: "Colonel Ingersoll told in eloquent words the story of a waif adopted by Mrs. Fiske a short time before her death, and which was named by the deceased Philip Herne. The oration closed with the words, 'We pray thee, Mother Nature, that thou wilt take this one and hold her in thine arms as she held and pressed against her generous throbbing heart this abandoned babe. We ask no more.' A quartette from Dockstader's Minstrels assisted in the musical portion of the services."

THESE statistics, claimed to be accurate, are of interest to those who view with misgivings the growing power of the Roman Catholic church: "In the archdiocese of San Francisco there are 93 Catholic churches, 52 stations, 52 chapels, 4 Catholic orphan asylums, in which are kept 1350 children; 26 theological students, 6 colleges, 26 academies, 25 parochial schools, which are attended by 10,000 children, and 178 priests have the care of 200,000 souls." According to the foregoing figures more than half the inhabitants of San Francisco belong to the Catholic fold.

OBSERVATIONS.

I do not know whether I ought to feel gratified or otherwise over the amount of encouragement I have received respecting my proposition to visit Palestine as a correspondent of FREETHOUGHT, and to write a series of cheerful and at the same time veracious letters from the holy land. There are two obverse aspects to the case, or at least one obverse and the other reverse. If those who do not want me to go take that view because they desire a continuation of my services as the editorial crank of this engine of reform, then I have reason to rejoice that my feeble labors have not wholly fallen short of appreciation. If, on the other hand, they do not imagine that I would prove an exalted success as foreign correspondent, wandering among the graves of the prophets and patriarchs, there is less cause for elation on my part. I was in a similar state of uncertainty on a previous occasion when a gentleman in Chicago told me, on my way west, that if I found business on the coast a failure and desired to return, he would send me the means to stay here. Touching the Palestine trip, a man in Oregon writes rather indefinitely. He had previously forwarded twenty-five cents for a book which he failed to receive, and now informs me that I may keep the two-bits and go to Jerusalem or to hell with it; he will not dictate which. Of course, in my position, I must abide by the verdict of the majority. The change of destination is a thing I had not thought of, but I accept the amendment. I shall meet many of my friends there, and hope to see all of them later. So here's

my heart and here's my hand, to share with you that happy lot, where saints clad in asbestos stand and never know that it is hot.

Somebody asked an Eastern editor if he indorsed all the communications printed in his paper, and he replied no, that he did not. He added that he had to stretch a point occasionally to indorse what he wrote himself. I do not often have to dissent from my own remarks, but sometimes I am unable to concur in the conclusions of my partner, Mr. Putnam. Last week Mr. Putnam related his experience with Dr. Louis Schlesinger, and gave it as his opinion that the medium possessed no supernatural powers. Here I demur. Dr. Schlesinger is the business manager and advertising agent of the Carrier Dove, a Spiritualist organ, which, while it may be a more ably conducted paper than FREETHOUGHT, does not enjoy a circulation much if any larger than this journal. Notwithstanding this fact, however, Dr. Schlesinger is able to fill his paper every week with from ten to sixteen pages of advertisements. From my experience, as well as from the experience of others, I am prepared to assert that something outside of ordinary human endeavor is necessary to such a result as that. Furthermore, Dr. Schlesinger runs a printing-office in the old St. Ignatius church on Market street, and within the past week, at his solicitation, I gave him a contract to print some envelopes. He charged \$5 for a job that Mr. Hinton, on Clay street, does habitually for \$2.25. I hold that no man not supernaturally endowed could have collected so much money for so small an item. I am not naturally credulous, and I claim that my mind is to a certain extent devoid of superstition, yet when I am confronted by the stupendous, the miraculous, and the unearthly, I think I am sufficiently candid to admit the fact. Unbelief has its province. It is useful in its place, but it becomes little less than absurd when it sets itself in opposition to the higher capabilities of the human soul.

There is a chaplain in the Senate of California, and it is presumed that he performs his duties with regularity, yet I have never seen but one mention of his efforts. On Tuesday, January 5, as reported by the Examiner, he spoke as follows, his remarks not being addressed to the chair:

O God of wisdom, of truth, and justice, reveal thyself in our midst to-day. Let thy spirit fill every heart and inspire every thought and action; give grace unto these, thy servants, that they may do their whole duty. Give them grace to withstand every temptation to evil; give them wisdom to legislate for the public good, and thy name shall receive the glory forever. Amen.

I am of the opinion that these prayers should be published regularly for promiscuous circulation. They are at present heard only by the persons who happen to be in the senate chamber when they are delivered. The people of the state pay for these prayers, \$5 per prayer, and they have a right to know what they are getting for their money.

From a cursory glance at the prayer quoted I should hardly say it is worth \$5, as prayers go. Its invitation to the deity to accept the liberty of the floor is graceful, but, I believe, unauthorized. The motion should have originated with a member of the Senate. To say that the legislators are servants of God is to ignore a large and intelligent body of residents of California to whom the senators look for their salary. Again, in order to withstand temptations to do evil our lawsmiths are not so much in need of grace as of conscience and common honesty. Furthermore, to pray that they may be given wisdom to legislate for the public good is an implication that they cannot perform their duties without help from extraneous sources; whereas, the supposition is that they knew their business or they would not have been elected.

These defects I note in the prayer under discussion, but maybe the chaplain can do better, possibly worse. I believe that, as before stated, these prayers should be printed regularly. They are official; they are the voice of California addressed to the throne of grace. As a citizen of California I want to know what we are praying for. I will cheerfully give space in this paper for all the prayers delivered in the legislature of the state, if Chaplain Bane will kindly forward me a transcript of his remarks.

Does anybody know an irresponsible imbecile in Anaheim of

the name of Henry Aull? He has addressed a communication to this office in which he improves the opportunity to say that non-religionists have committed the greatest atrocities against human life recorded by history, and that his experience on the road of life corresponds with the following: "Romanists are the most superstitious, ignorant, and honest. The other schools of religionists are more treacherous and dishonest, and more treacherous as they become more Liberal, until the straightout Infidels are reached, who are the most treacherous and unreliable as a class." Mr. Aull closes with the remark that "it would likely be throwing the pearl of metaphysics before swine" for him to "go into details." I would like to inquire what metaphysics has to do with the question? It appears to me to be a simple matter of statistics. Why not introduce the figures? About four years ago the editor of the New York Truth Seeker collected as many Reports of the religious condition of jails, reformatories, penitentiaries, and other "lock-ups" as he could get hold of. The number of convicts given in them was 44,034, of whom 16,431 were "Romanists." The population of the country from which these convicts were drawn was less than one-sixth Catholic, but these one-sixth of Catholics committed more than one-third of the crime. Among the 44,034 prisoners there was one avowed Infidel. I have myself had more or less acquaintance with Roman Catholics. Some of them are ignorant and some are not; some may be honest and trustworthy, but I do not recollect meeting one who was thus. The nominal Protestant, who does not say much on the subject of religion, represents the average of honesty; the Romanist is below him, the Freethinker above. The Sunday-school Protestant, the Y. M. C. A. man, will bear watching every day in the week. He is the man who skips with the funds. I conclude that the matter stands like this: Religious belief makes a person neither honest nor dishonest, but the honest or dishonest person accepts the religion best fitted to him, as water finds its level. An ignorant and unthinking person, with no principle or conscience of his own, makes a good Catholic—that is, Catholicism is adapted to such a person. The same kind of a person makes, also, a good Protestant, because Protestantism is likewise adapted to him. Whether he belong to one church or the other is a matter of education and circumstance. There are more ignorant and dishonest people in the Catholic church than in the Protestant because it began with that kind, and has always discouraged improvement. Besides, the low and vicious are, as a rule, the most prolific, and 999,999 out of every million Catholics are born of Catholic parents. The offspring generally resemble the parents, so that the race perpetuates the religion by producing subjects to which it is adapted.

The church offers the world a code of morals more or less perfect, accompanied by a system of religion. It declares that its religion is of greater necessity to salvation than its ethics; that a man's belief is of more account than his works, and that he must believe anyway and be moral if convenient. Of course those who find it easier to believe than to be moral, accept the religion.

The Freethinker, on the other hand, offers a system of ethics the practice of which, he insists, is necessary to the greatest good of mankind. He calls attention to the various forms of religion, and says, "Believe these things if you choose, but first of all be honest, be charitable, be just." As a consequence he has often been imprisoned for his opinions, but seldom for his acts.

It is plain enough to me, and I hope I make it plain to the readers of these lines, that the advocates of a religion which makes belief of more importance than works will attain greater distinction in piety than in morality; and that a counter-system, represented by Freethinkers, who judge and commend people for what they do instead of what they profess, will serve to make mankind better in fact rather than in theory. The nub of religion is this: Believe or be damned. The kernel of Freethought is as follows: Behave or be condemned. In my opinion there can be but one answer to the question which of these precepts is best calculated to promote good behavior, and that answer is furnished by the statistics already quoted. M.

A new religious sect has made its appearance in New Brunswick, which claims to "aim at diffusing throughout the world

love for one's neighbor and at bridging over the chasm which divides the rich from the poor." It will not prove a success. The religion of the other sort is altogether too popular for the reform to get a foothold.—Sunday Gazetteer.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

There are said to be 6000 idle laborers in Los Angeles.—A labor convention composed of delegates from the trades unions of this city and state met in Metropolitan Hall last Sunday. Socialists were not recognized. The convention meets again next Sunday.—Governor Waterman has approved the bill providing for the proper sanitary condition of factories and workshops and compelling employers in mercantile establishments to supply seats for saleswomen.—Adley H. Cummins will lecture at Irving Hall, Tuesday evenings, February 26, March 12, and 26, on "Among the Gods and Goddesses," "The Semitic Race," and "The History of Liberty."—The Rev. D. M. Canright of Otsego, New York, formerly a prominent Seventh-day Advent preacher, is now lecturing in Healdsburg against the doctrines of that church—the speedy coming of Christ and end of the world, the annihilation of the wicked, the sacredness of the Saturday, feet-washing as a Christian ordinance, like the Lord's Supper, etc.—A dispatch from Pomona states that a remedy has been found for the disease which has been ravaging the grapevines.

The Haverhill school matter, that has attracted so much attention in Boston, was taken up by the Catholic Central Association in Cleveland, Ohio, last Sunday, and will be denounced at a general meeting to be held next Sunday. Bishop Gilmore opposed the action of the Boston Protestants very vigorously in an address in which he said: "I deny the right of the state to come into my house with the presumption or the actual violation of just law. I deny the right of the state to coerce the citizen to educate his child, or to send his child to school. I admit, however, the right of the state to make education a condition for the exercise of the rights of citizenship, but I hold that the citizen is free to prepare himself for that or not, as he pleases."—It is reported that the Knights of Labor are about to return to absolute secrecy, so that members of the organization will be totally unknown.—The New York and Brooklyn car-drivers' strike was a failure.—Somebody has donated \$20,000,000 to found a great Baptist university in New York. The report that John D. Rockefeller, president of the Standard Oil Company, is the donor is denied by Mr. Rockefeller.—Two faith-healers prayed for a sick man at Ireton, Iowa, and he recovered. The healers were arrested for practicing medicine without a license, but the court held that it was no crime to pray for an afflicted person, and the accused were acquitted.—Woman suffrage was defeated in the Dakota House of Representatives by a majority of 4 votes.—A New York theatre manager who advertised to put "Robert Elsmere" on the stage, has concluded not to do so since Mrs. Ward, the author, protests that the public "would not bear to hear the most intimate and sacred speculative problems discussed behind the footlights."—A bill to submit a prohibitory amendment to the people of Massachusetts has passed the House of Representatives by a large majority.—The wife of John L. Sullivan, the pugilist, has joined the Salvation Army.—The Woman Suffrage bill has been favorably reported to Congress from the Select Committee.

During recent political riots in Rome, the mob secured plunder to the value of \$300,000.—The prison authorities having the custody of O'Brien, the Irish editor and agitator, deny *in toto* the charge that he has been subjected to rough treatment.—Pasteur announces that he has found the true germ of diphtheria, but has not as yet discovered the principles that will neutralize the virus.—The New York Catholic News states that Gladstone resigned his contemplated visit to Rome at the express wish of the Italian government. Signor Crispi has brought all the influence he could command to make Gladstone change his mind or return to England without visiting Rome. It was feared that Gladstone might sanction an appeal to the nations and give countenance to the scheme which it is known the pope has in view.—It is said that the government of Canada will put the annexation question to popular vote.

DEATH OF A NOTABLE REFORMER.

I have received two letters informing me of the death of W. Frey, the well-known Russian expounder of the Religion of Humanity and Communism.

Russians abroad who think of some day returning to their native land find themselves much safer working under an assumed name. Under the name of Frey he was well-known in Liberal circles, and in the history of altruistic settlements in this country the name Frey will always be better known than that given by a Russian priest at the christening ceremony.

Frey was an outspoken Liberal, and on all questions held most liberal opinions. Apprehending in his native land the ways and means by which a few captured the bodies and minds of nearly a hundred millions of people; conceiving the order, or rather disorder, which rendered the enslaved a means for the continuation of their own enslavement, as an honest man he openly attacked that system, and, as an educated man, easily discovered that the Christian religion was the cause of his countrymen's sufferings.

The union of church and state in Russia is strong. At one time the church was stronger, and the state did its biddings. Now the adverse is the case. Still the state could not possibly hold on and be despotic as it is had not the church in Russia that influence which the pope of Rome is so anxious to establish for it all over the world. When one knows this he naturally, though mistakenly, concludes that the same power could be directed to good as to evil. If religion has the power to so lowly enslave people, the same power can be brought about to highly elevate them. One might as well use the same logic in regard to despotism. It seems that Frey was in that sense a religionist, that is to say, he had no belief, but considered religion as a means; and for his having selected Positivism with its Religion of Humanity as an appendage in preference to the other thousand religious systems, he forever established for himself the admiration of those who though differing from him yet highly respected him.

The communistic colony in Kansas having failed as such, he for some time absorbed himself in literary works. He contributed articles of advanced character to the Liberal press in Russia and other countries. During that time, his main work on Religion of Humanity first appeared in the Index in this country, and shortly afterwards it attained a large circulation in pamphlet form. In 1882, when thousands of unfortunate Russian Jews came to this country, Frey grasped the opportunity for establishing another communistic settlement. He did not seem to rely much on an individual convert. One in a community, no matter how altruistic he may be, must be crushed to the wall, and always serve as an example of what man should not be; while if the converts all live in a community of their own, altruism benefits everybody alike and serves as an example to other communities as to what man should be. He thus argued with some young Russian Jews who had received a high education, and soon the scheme of colonization was agreed upon. He naturally supposed that these educated young men would be competent to judge as to qualification for memberships in the future from among the thousands of Russians who then had been thickly arriving. And they made the mistake of taking in nearly everybody rather upon the amount of destitution and promise to abide by the regulations of the community, than upon the amount of education and conviction of their belief in Positivism. In this way a lot of trash, some even devoid of common rules of decency, crept in. The settlement was known as New Odessa, and was located in Oregon. For nearly three years it struggled along. The trash one by one left the premises and promises as soon as the outer world afforded them an opportunity to live as their brainless heads liked best. The educated held out to the last, but were finally compelled to disperse as a settlement, came to San Francisco in a body, worked and assisted each other till they secured means enough to leave for New York, where they are at present engaged in a co-operative business, still adhering to Positivism and hoping for its ultimate victory.

Frey lived in New Odessa for some time, and fearing its fall, went to London, England, where a large organization of Posi-

tivists exists, with a view of receiving aid for the settlement. Then and there he delivered a speech which, when published in pamphlet form, bore the title "How Positivism Could Compete with Socialism." It was severely handled by Socialists in this country, and I too had a letter published on the subject in the Denver Labor Enquirer. Frey asked for assistance to enable him to go among the educated Russians and preach Positivism. I thought the Russians were in need of another kind of preaching. He thought that he could establish successfully a colony of Russians with communism, religion, vegetarianism, and a dozen of other isms, all as one code of ethics. I thought, one ism at a time.

In 1883, as assistant secretary of the Portland, Oregon, Auxiliary Liberal League, I was authorized to issue a Call for a state convention with a view of establishing auxiliaries all over the state. I addressed one circular to Frey at New Odessa, and expressed hope that he would endeavor to place the whole settlement as an auxiliary. In reply he expressed sympathy with the movement, and thought that in one sense the colony was an auxiliary already, but that while Liberals and Socialists were trying to change law, he and his adherents were trying to change man, who would subsequently establish the law we were aiming at politically in our Nine Demands.

Whatever difference of opinion there may have existed, Frey was a Freethinker. To the progress of mental liberty he contributed much. His deeds were manly. His god was Reason. His religion was that of Humanity, at the shrine of which he was praying and at the altar of which he was sacrificing most of his years. His death is a great loss to the Liberals of the world, for he had a heart that contained an equal amount of sympathy for every man, woman, and child on earth.

Dudley, Cal.

M. S. WAHRHAFTIG.

CO-OPERATION AND INDIVIDUALITY.

[Abstract of an address before the San Francisco Sinaloa Club, February 3, by Samuel P. Putnam.]

Co-operation is necessary to civilization. The solitary man is the savage man. He is the victim of nature. The solidarity and the continuity of the race are the conditions of conquest. It is by combination of effort, not only of the present with the present, but of the present with the past, which has made and kept the splendid instrumentalities of progress now in the world. The railroad, the telegraph, the steamship, would be impossible without this oneness of purpose in humanity. The highest flights of genius have never been made except by a common impulse. Genius, invention, art, are the direct fruits of the fraternity of the race.

Co-operation will exist in the nature of things among civilized beings. The form of co-operation to-day is mainly for the benefit of the few, and not of all. The blood of millions is drained to make magnificence for a favored class.

The co-operation of the future, of the highest civilization, should be for the benefit of all. The humblest, the weakest, should share in the glowing harvest. But co-operation should not destroy individuality. This is the great problem: to unite the race, not as machines, but as infinitely diversified men and women. Unity attained at the expense of individualism is not a gain. To cut off the wants, desires, and varied aptitudes of men in order to make harmony, is by no means the ideal society. The ideal society is where everyone is himself, expresses himself, chooses his own career, makes his own fortunes, while, at the same time, heart and hand are joined so that the same wealth and joy flow to all.

The problem is infinitely difficult, and must be realized in all its magnitude before any experiments can be successfully made. It is easy enough to unite submissive men and women, to unite those where one is master and the rest slaves, where there is a religious bond that supports authority. It is easy enough to join harmoniously those who have few wants, few desires, few ambitions. But the life of civilization is in the multiplicity of wants, of desires, of ambitions. To combine so that no want, no desire, no passion, no ambition, is sacrificed, but the whole individual is preserved—this is the problem, and this problem has never yet been solved and is far from solution. But the paradise will not

evolve except by its solution. Stephen Pearl Andrews, one of the wisest and best and broadest minds of the century, has done more than any other philosopher to solve the problem, and has given hints of the greatest value. But it never can be solved by pure thought, only by many and manifold experiments, and every experiment, even if a failure, is of priceless value. Everyone who joins a co-operative colony is in a sense a martyr to the world's scientific advancement. He is submitting to an experiment, at cost, frequently, of heart and hope. But the problem must be solved, or the highest life of man is unattainable.

In the heart of the old civilization there is compulsion—compulsion of state, compulsion of society, compulsion of public opinion. There is enormous tyranny. It permeates every sphere. None can escape its power. Very few dare to exercise natural rights. The punishment is too great. Mrs. Grundy is too powerful. The drift of civilization is to destroy individuality. Even the favored few who roll in wealth become dummies, and obey a will not their own.

In the heart of the new civilization there must be freedom, absolute individuality, co-operation, not of suppression but of expression. Society should not be a vast machinery, but an ocean of ever changing life and lustre; each man free, each woman free, not stripped of any passion or power or genius, but every faculty intense and full, and creative of noblest possibilities. This is the ideal society, the new civilization, based on freedom, on individuality, on diversity—yet in diversity manifesting the sublime flower of excellence, all for each, each for all; where the least shall be an inspiration to the greatest, and the greatest shall be bound in love and service to the least.

THE GLORY OF INFIDELITY.

Orthodoxy must thank Infidelity for keeping it a "live corpse." The life of orthodoxy to-day consists not in itself but in its efforts at defense. It shows its greatest activity in refusing to be buried. How ingenious and really interesting are the defenses of Orthodoxy, from Bishop Butler down. Even "Paradise Lost" was written to "vindicate the ways of God to man," and thus answer the Infidel, and surely if it were not for the devil "Paradise Lost" would be a very uninteresting book. We must thank Lucifer for all the poetry there is in it. It is so with most orthodox productions; they are attractive only when fighting the devil. It is the Infidelity they seek to overthrow that gives them lustre. The army of the Lord would be a very dull affair if it were not for the wicked unbelievers that compel it to be in motion and keep its armor bright. It is really an intellectual pleasure to read many of the defenses of popular theology. Their authors ransack heaven and earth and all the fields of philosophy and science and history in order to find arguments. The brightness of Infidelity compels orthodoxy itself to be bright, or it would go by the board; and indeed, so strong have been some of the arguments of the Infidel, so taking and persuasive, that with a sort of daring despair orthodoxy itself has seized upon and turned them to its own support. The sword of Saladin has been wielded by the Christian warrior.

So Infidelity is really a sort of baptism to orthodoxy. It keeps it in motion, and so, to a certain extent, an object of interest. Suppose that all attacks upon Christianity should cease; that it could live simply and solely on what it is in itself and beheld by its adherents as safely and complacently as a government bond, how stale, flat, and unprofitable it would become. The sermons would be duller than ever. Everybody would fall asleep. Like Cain, they would go to the land of Nod, and probably find out how he got his wife. Of course, there would be no need of missionaries, and so there would be no collections; and it must be admitted that a collection is one of the most animating parts of a religious service. How dead many of the churches would be without a collection! Christians would hear the discourse, go home, eat their dinners and be profoundly satisfied. They would not discuss anything, for there would be no need of discussion. Everybody would say yes, and close his eyes in peaceful slumber. There would be no more revivals. The lost sheep having been brought in, all excitement would be over, and the happy hundred would have nothing to bleat about, and so they would lie still, and

the shepherd could shear them to his heart's content. All the bright intellects that now get a living by their replies to the Infidel would have to take a country parish and live on donation visits. Wouldn't they heartily pray that the Infidel might come again that they might cudgel him and live in clover? There's nothing pays better to-day than a brilliant attack on Infidelity. It puts money into the pocket. The more Infidelity there is the fatter some Christians grow, for they earn their bread and butter by saying bright things against the unbeliever. In fact, take Infidelity away, and Christianity would lose its virility; it would become a shadow; it would have nothing to live on except ghosts, and that is mighty poor living even for Christianity. One good stout Infidel is worth them all; and I do say that Ingersoll has given more vitality to Christianity than all its legion of ghosts and clergymen; for he has compelled it to think and put its best foot forward and behave itself, and strip itself of a thousand incongruities, and be decent and respectable. Ingersoll has compelled Christianity to put in a new appearance, and present a more civilized aspect, except when under the patronage of Judge Black, when its ancient blackness reappears, and the old barbarian flouts in his naked deformity. Generally, however, in answer to Ingersoll, Christianity has put on a suit of clothes of the 19th century style, and declared that is not quite so bad as the unbeliever and Bible affirm that it is, and for putting on this respectability and modern finish and decency of apparel, and improved looks generally, it must be obliged to the Infidel, who would not let it successfully remain in its old savage manners and dirt. It has had to be shampooed and shaved, and take a Turkish bath and be rubbed and oiled and combed before it could be in a condition to meet the Infidel in a fair and square fight. Christianity, like a cub, has had to be licked into shape, not by its mother, Ignorance, but by its foe, Skepticism. If the religion of Christianity goes down it must be grateful to Infidelity for compelling it to prepare for a respectable demise. Only think what a miserable affair it would be to-day if it had not been continually polished off by the Infidel; and if there is any gold in Christianity it is the Infidel who will at last release it from its false surroundings, and make it valuable in the progress of the race, for it is the Infidel who compels analysis, discrimination, judgment, and selection.

Thus, in every period of history, it is the Infidel who has kept the world to its best thought. His doubts have come by the million, and like electric batteries have startled the most obtuse. The world may hate the Infidel, it may scoff at him and make him an outcast; it may destroy him, but it must answer him. In a thousand ways his questions present themselves. Immortal as the gods, they will not down. Like the tiny snowflake, they start here and there in the heights of human thought, and the avalanche will follow.

The Infidel is a perpetual disturber, I grant. Without him all would be calm, and orthodoxy would have a lovely time. But in that case the world would perish, for there would be nothing to desire and nothing to search for, and hence no action. Universal dullness would sit upon the throne and decay succeed. Disturbance and change are the conditions of life, and the Infidel is the source of these, and he is thus a supreme necessity. As the ice must melt and break in order that spring may come, so the rigid creeds must ever melt and break in order that new processes may come, that new skies may bend over man's advancing way. It is the Infidel, the unbeliever, the skeptic, who brings the ever-changing breeze and the swift currents by which the old is broken down and its hidden life revealed and made illustrious.

The word of the Infidel is the living word, because it is the questioning word. It is the word that evokes, because it is the word that investigates. It is the denial of the truth that makes the truth most precious; for not to accept truth is the highest life, but to prove that it is the truth. The orthodox asks for no proof—he simply accepts. The Infidel demands proof, and it is this which sets the world's brand on fire, and it is this which constitutes the glory of Infidelity.

So much for the spirit of Infidelity. If nothing but a spirit—a negative force—it has been a wondrous help to progress. Let us now look at its positive results, at what out of its spirit it has contributed to the world's advancement.—(*To be Continued.*)

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

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AGAINST THE BLAIR BILL.

[From the Chicago Tribune, February 4.]

"Christ himself was a Sabbath-breaker," said E. A. Stevens, secretary of the American Secular Union, at Aurora Turner Hall, yesterday afternoon. About 800 persons had gathered at the call of the Aurora Turnverein to raise their voices in a protest against the bills introduced in the United States Senate by Senator Blair, one providing for the enforcement of the Sunday as a day of rest and religious worship, and the other proposing a constitutional amendment adding instruction in the principles of the Christian religion to the curriculum of the public schools.

Petitions were circulated and signatures obtained asking Congress "not to pass any bill in regard to the observance of the Sabbath or Lord's Day, or any other religious or ecclesiastical institution or rite, nor to favor in any way the adoption of any resolution for the amendment of the National Constitution that would in any way give preference to the principles of any one religion above another, but that the total separation between religion and state, assured by our national Constitution as it now is, may for ever remain as our fathers established it."

Copies of a protest already adopted by the Aurora Turnverein were distributed. The document set forth:

The rights of conscience are inherent, inalienable, above and beyond all compacts and statutes. They are not and cannot be subjects of legislation. The right of free thought, speech, and action, on all subjects of belief, limited only by the same right in others, is absolute in every intelligent being. Any abridgment of that right, followed to its logical sequences, will destroy society itself. The great and only object of government is the enforcement, not the abridgment, of personal rights. Religion has only to do with man's conscience. It is entirely beyond the jurisdiction of the state. It does not belong to the state to fix and enforce penal sanctions for the violations of laws and obligations which it did not and cannot create or for which no authority is conferred. The powers of the United States government are purely secular. The Constitution prohibits expressly the right to pass any law respecting the establishment of any form of religion.

The meeting was presided over by Adolph Rhein, first speaker of the Aurora Turnverein. A lengthy address was made by E. A. Stevens. He confined himself to the subject in hand, while those who followed him, Jens L. Christensen and Frederick Engelhardt, the proxy justice from Jefferson, attempted to ridicule religion in general and Christianity in particular. Mr. Stevens gave an account of the recent meeting of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, where the propositions of Senator Blair were advocated by a number of ministers, and opposed by a lawyer in behalf of the Secular Union.

The arguments of the religionists, he said, were mainly secular, dwelling on the necessity of a day of rest. "It is a clear case of false pretenses," he said. "It is an attempt to smuggle through Congress a law abolishing inalienable rights and to subordinate the state to the church."

A Sabbath law was universal, he went on, because that which was right in itself was always right, and that which was wrong in itself was always wrong. It invaded the sanctity of personal rights and the right to make contracts and receive compensation for performing them. The less cautious of the Sabbatarians showed that their real purpose was to drag the state behind the ecclesiastical juggernaut and crush by the law what they could not accomplish by moral suasion or logic. Christ was executed by the Roman law because he demanded the total separation of the secular from the religious government. God was outside of the jurisdiction of the legislature of the United States.

Mr. Stevens submitted the following resolution, which was adopted unanimously:

Whereas, the ecclesiastical party by being exempt from a just share of taxation on their property have grown rich and arrogant through this dangerous discrimination, confirming the assumption that, having been granted this unusual privilege, the state considers them a necessary part of it; and

Whereas, Their ungrateful return is seen in attempts to sap the foundations of our state and national life through the enforcement of their mind-debasing dogmas, and by limiting the citizens' mental liberty, seeking to accomplish by force of law what they have utterly failed to do through the power of reason and logic; therefore,

Resolved, That this mass-meeting hereby demands that the General Assembly of Illinois enforce in matters of religion or irreligion the rule of "privileges for none, justice for all," by so amending the exemption laws as to tax all church property in the state.

Mr. Christensen repeated the criticisms of the Old Testament, and said that even the New Testament was not a fit subject for instruction. Christ himself behaved undutifully towards his parents, and was not a good example to children.

Mr. Engelhardt said that religion was the ally of the privileged classes, and it had been decreed that it should be forced on the toilers even if it had to be done with the policeman's club. The same interests were now back of the present attempt to force religion on the people that burned Huss, made Galileo retract, crucified Christ, and even quite recently brought about the death of seven men who opposed themselves to the process of reducing the masses to ignorance, stupidity, and slavery.

EULOGIZING PAINE.

The one hundred and fifty-second anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine was celebrated last night at Princess Opera House, 558 West Madison street, by the Chicago Secular Union. The hall was handsomely decorated with American flags, and upon the walls a number of selections from Paine's writings were displayed in large type. "The World is My Country. To Do Good is My Religion," "Do Justice, Love Mercy, and Endeavor to Make Our Fellow Creatures Happy," and "Free Thought Will Give Us Truth" were the most prominent.

The program consisted of vocal and instrumental selections, with several brief speeches on the life and character of Thomas Paine. The president of the Secular Union, Mr. E. A. Stevens, said it was fitting that they should celebrate with love and gladness the natal day of the truest friend the people ever had. Paine was a glorious patriot, a statesman whose principle was higher than diplomacy, and whose devotion to justice and freedom was above and beyond all selfishness.

Professor George A. Vinton, of the Chicago Dramatic and Musical College, said Paine spoke like an oracle from heaven. He loved liberty, not only for himself, but for all mankind. He hated bigotry and oppression, both in church and state. Professor Vinton also gave as a recitation the well known poem, "The Queen's Touch."

Mrs. M. A. Freeman also spoke in eulogistic terms of Paine. "He did not believe in hell," she said. "He believed in a heaven here. He did not come to save a few sects, or even a nation, but the whole world. He preached eternal salvation for all."

Musical selections were rendered by J. H. McNab, Frank Pearson, C. P. Thompson, Mrs. Anna Orvis, and Joseph May. Short addresses were also made by William Thompson, B. H. Marlett, and Judge F. C. Russell. Refreshments and dancing followed the formal program.—Chicago Inter-Ocean, Jan. 31.

Among the musical numbers, those worthy of special mention were the charming soprano solo, "Vive l'America," by Mrs. Anna Orvis, who kindly volunteered her services; the splendid rendition of the "Skipper of St. Ives," by the leading bass of the Apollo Club, F. Pearson, Esq., and the creditable piano performance of young Master C. E. Thompson. As a matter of course the director of the Chicago Dramatic College, Prof. Geo. A. Vinton, gave his recital in faultless and effective style.

Of the eulogies, the best were Mrs. Freeman's, Thompson's, and Marlett's, the two latter carrying off equal honors as to quality of composition. The former's delivery was remarkably fine, easy, and unconstrained, which may be attributed to Professor Vinton's tuition. Judge Russell is too metaphysical and philosophical a thinker to be specially felicitous as a eulogistic orator. He has more depth than dash.

Following, is a portion of Mrs. Freeman's oration:

In the old Book it reads: "And I will put a lying spirit into the mouths of my prophets to deceive the people." In one of the editions of the sacred volume are given what purport to be the last words of eminent Freethinkers—their fear and repentance. Among these is a short sketch of Thomas Paine. The misrepresentations embodied in it, the untruthfulness, are evidence that according to the passage quoted from Holy Writ the compilers were true prophets of the Lord.

Among Paine's opponents there were none grand enough to grasp the meaning of his philosophy, to conceive even an outline of his life. "Doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy." That was the man. That was the life he lived. That was the simple faith he died in. Had he need of more? Should his death bed have been one of terror? What phantom wrong could have been

evoked at that last hour? Doing justice? Justice has no Nemesis to torture him who does her will. Loving mercy? The dew from heaven falls not lighter than peace on the white soul of the compassionate man. Endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy? An ambition worthy of a god. He should have died as Socrates died, calmly, sweetly, at peace with all the world. He should have died as a Christ died, forgiving the hands that hurt him. He, too, came to save the world. He did not believe in a hell; he believed in a heaven here. He would not accept eternal torture for one poor, wretched human being.

Paine was a patriot, but the world was his constituency. He did not come to save Ireland, Germany, Russia, or France. He did not come to save a few sects—Methodists, Baptists, or Catholics. He came to save the world. He knew eternal justice demanded that the world should be saved and he refused to accept anything short of eternal salvation for all.

An Englishman by birth, yet the history of America could not be written without his name. He knew no nationality. He came to save the people, the whole people. To save them from poverty, from superstition; to lift from their bowed necks the cruel heels of tyrants, to take from their poor, patient hands the chains of oppression. He hated the tyrant everywhere. He denounced injustice. He scorned the sycophant. With pitiless power he tore the mask from the face of royalty. Reason laughed at the exposure—the poor pretense of "divinely anointed." The head of the king could never more be made to touch the clouds. His glory had departed. He lay prone in the dust, henceforth and for ever, a poor Baal, a priest-made thing at the people's feet, for Thomas Paine had written the "Rights of Man."

He never sacrificed principle for policy. He never stopped to ask, "Is it popular? Does it pay?" He did what was right, assured that the right must ever pay. He spoke what he thought, for he felt that truth only is eternal. And because he did this his name will endure so long as men love justice, and honesty is more admired than hypocrisy. He was never on the popular side. The republic glowed and burnt, an all-consuming fire, alone in that active brain. His great heart held the grand ideal. He bent all the energies of his wonderful will to impart to others a conception of his daring dream: Jefferson, Franklin, Washington, one by one, caught the spirit of his inspiration, and the Revolution was a reality. The people had been born. Washington is called the "Father of his Country." Thomas Paine was the incarnation of its Liberty.

Amid the red glare of the downfall of the Bourbon reign, the intrepid soldier and statesman is found again facing the fearful forces of despotism. The effete monarchies of Europe tremble. Through a thousand centuries Christian civilization has tortured the people, robbed them, beat them with cruel blows into a white heat of fury. Now it looks on dismayed at the madness of the wretched canaille. Even the loving persuasion of Paine was powerless to arouse their reason. The elements would not be stilled; the storm would not be hushed. When the sky cleared the scene was like fair fields laid waste by wind and hail. The grandest and best, as well as the weakest, had gone down. Nature is pitiless in her progress. To give vent to a volcano a continent must tumble into ruins.

The life of Paine is a lesson for all time. It illustrates how great a work can be accomplished by one individual. His dream, it is true, has fallen far short of realization, but it has left its impress upon the ages, for love of liberty must exist so long as the footfall of man is felt on the green earth. The work he began must go on. He did not, he could not accomplish all. A thousand battles are to be fought. Wrong is on every hand. There is not a noble deed of the past but that may be emulated to-day. Tyranny, superstition, monopoly are advancing—terrible forces over the rights of the people. No need to look back and sigh for glory. The Thermopylae is here. See to it, O young American, that you as readily as Spartan hero defend the pass to liberty. No need to long for the days of Valley Forge. A great army is now marching through the land, loyal as yet to the flag—men, women, and little children. Their feet are bare and bleeding; their clothing tattered and torn; they cry for bread, and stretching their hands toward the eternal hills, they beg for coal. This army grows larger year by year. It is becoming a terror. See to it, young American, that you do something for this army of destitute fellows. Its existence is a danger. Sure destruction comes to the land whose people are too wretched to be trusted in its defense. This is a Christian civilization, we are told. Let Christianity have the glory of this wretchedness. The idea of the Freethinker—the humanitarian—has no eternal misery here nor in the hereafter. The greatest happiness to the greatest number; Christianity the greatest misery to the greatest number. In that eternity whose limit is boundless only the few are to be saved, the vast, vast majority to be damned. All Christian civilizations have been modeled on that plan. And when a nation has been made thoroughly Christian the people have been most thoroughly wretched.

To save them—the people—from this wretchedness, is the work of the American Secular Union—the separation of Church and State. To do this is to eventually realize the glorious life-work of Thomas Paine.

Here are a few excerpts from Thompson's tribute:

Paine needs no praise, but if justice were done him we shall write one of the grandest epitaphs dedicated to man. . . In the name of humanity his fervid words in freedom's cause burned deep into the tyrant's heart, and shook the foundation of the bastille of oppression. His "Rights of Man," "Crisis," and "Age of Reason" will hold their kingly throne as long as reason lasts and justice reigns. . . Few of the brilliant phrase-

coiners live up to them, but he who uttered one of the grandest of recorded sentences: "The world is my country, to do good my religion," lived up to it in its broadest sense. To him humanity had no narrow bounds, and no limitation of state, town, or country fettered him like a caged, sweet warbler, or a chained slave. . . Nothing so inspires the soul, which touches the strings of justice, mercy, and love, as the thrill of joy and the tenderness of pity, which gives such an impetus to our higher selves as the contemplation of a life spent in the interests of humanity. A life where chagrin and anguish have been borne with fortitude that a grand purpose may be accomplished. . . Liberty, justice, and equal rights are not yet respectable. Mental freedom is an outcast, is spurned with contempt, and the minds of the majority are still bound and riveted by the shackles of superstition. Mental liberty is below par, and mental slavery is the passport of the day. . . When Paine receives his just deserts then truth will not be dressed in rags, nor liberty hunted round the world.

While the entertainment part of the program, owing to the unavoidable absence of some of the promised talent, was not quite up to our usual standard, the quartette sang, "Tell Me, Flora," with splendid effect, and during the dance intermission, the Le Paige sisters, Ella and Maud, gave their Highland Fling and Sailor's Hornpipe. They performed by special invitation at the actor's benefit at Minneapolis Opera House, a couple of weeks ago, when W. J. Florence made them a present of his special souvenir, his little hatchet, emblematic of his relationship to the historical cherry-tree chopper in the matter of veracity. We never before had a ball where everyone seemed to so thoroughly enjoy themselves, and where such happy abandon and good fellowship prevailed.

E. A. STEVENS.

PAINE ANNIVERSARY IN COOS COUNTY, OREGON.

As is by this time well known by Mr. Putnam, there are staunch and true Liberals in Coos county, Oregon. Chief among these it is fair to mention Hon. H. S. Hazzard of Empire city, J. D. Garfield of Marshfield, E. Bender of Myrtle Point, the five Schroeders of Hall's Prairie, H. B. Nichols of Coquille city, Thomas Lowe of Randolph, and Titus V. Nichols of Bandon.

There was a Paine anniversary celebration held at Myrtle Point on the evening of the 29th of January, 1889. Bender's hall was filled to overflowing by substantial and respected citizens of Coos county, members of the Coquille Secular Union, and others.

That indefatigable and earnest worker in the cause, J. Henry Schroeder, Esq., of Arago, local president of the Secular Union, had as usual attended in the best manner to all arrangements. P. O. Childstrom, formerly of Bandon, now a resident of San Francisco, presided. Hon. H. S. Hazzard delivered the oration, which was a masterly and highly able eulogy and defense of Thomas Paine, occupying about an hour and a quarter's time, and which was most attentively listened to by the large and appreciative audience.

The Myrtle Point brass band, of which Mr. E. Bender is leader, and the numerous Schroeders its chief body, discoursed instrumental music throughout the evening in its usual able, artistic, and pleasing way, and Miss Schroeder, accompanied on the piano by her father, J. Henry Schroeder, rendered a couple of selections of most sweet-voiced song. The evening's entertainment terminated with a sociable, and dancing was kept up by the younger ladies and gentlemen present till early dawn.

All in all, the Paine celebration in Coos county, Oregon, for 1889 was a decided success. The credit for this rests first with J. Henry Schroeder, who, with his usual faithful work, good arranging, and popular manners, brought the people out, and then saw to it that everything went off smoothly and entertainingly. The Liberals of Coos are to be congratulated that the cause is in the hands of such able management, and that it is represented by its principal and foremost worthy and substantial citizens. Brother Putnam may well take considerable credit for the good seed sown here about two years ago and subsequently.

The world moves. Mankind is slowly but surely becoming free.

P. O. C.

Bandon, Coos Co., Oregon, February 1, 1889.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Topolobampo group will be held on Sunday, February 17, at 618 Harrison street, San Francisco, at 10 A. M.

TWO FALSE CLAIMS OF CHRISTIANS.

Asylums for the insane, for the blind, for the inebriate—these and a thousand other good things are the outgrowths of the teaching of Christ. The teachings of Infidelity are guilty of none of these good things.

The above extract is taken from the writings of a minister, and, although it is an old libel on truth, there are many people who take it for granted as a fact. Why? Because it comes from one who has had a call from their God to tell what they suppose is the truth; also, because they read theological literature with theology-dimmed spectacles, whereas if they would take the trouble to examine the claim set up by this so-called holy man and religious books and papers, they would learn that they do not always state facts. The average parson loves to be continually shouting, "Christianity is the mother of morality; Infidelity teaches immorality and crime. Civilization is due to Christianity. Christianity fosters education by building colleges and schools. Science is indebted to Christianity for its advancement." I would like to see just one parson who is honest enough to come out squarely and substantiate one or all of those claims by facts and figures.

Our reverend's claim that asylums, hospitals, and one thousand more good things are the outgrowth of the teachings of Christ—that Infidelity is guilty of none of those things, will not bear the light of investigation. Let us see what are the facts of the case: hundreds of years before Christianity there were asylums for the insane in Egypt and the Indies; Greece had homes for the poor, for the refugees, and she had hospitals for the sick. Hundreds of years before the Christian superstition had sprouted; hundreds of years before the mythical Jesus, an emperor of India established hospitals in every town in his empire. These hospitals existed for hundreds of years. Where were the outgrowths of Christianity at that time? In Mexico and Peru charitable institutions were maintained throughout those countries. Rome always attended to the wants of her poor. Were the corn laws of Caius Gracchus, for the benefit of the poor, the outgrowths of Christianity? Except in a few monasteries, where were your hospitals for fifteen hundred years? Where were your boasted asylums for fifteen hundred years? The first asylum for the insane that we have any record of was built in the seventh century by the Mohammedans. The first asylum built in a Christian country was in Spain, seven hundred years later, built by a monk for the purpose of protecting the poor unfortunates from the insults of their Christian neighbors; so says the historian. Where were your boasted schools for fifteen hundred years? Until Robert Owen, an Infidel, set an example in New Lanark, there was not a school fit to be called a school for children, in England. Colleges and schools, during these fifteen hundred years, were scattered all over Pagan lands. History will tell you that education and sciences were forced into Christian countries at the point of the Pagan lance. The ancients looked upon insanity with awe, and it was considered sacred. They cured their insane with flowers, music, and kindness. How did Christians treat their insane? From the time of the first Christian asylum down to the eighteenth century, the keepers for the insane were chosen for their brutal strength and brutal natures rather than for their moral and intellectual qualities. The asylums were hells of torture. In England the first measure to reform the institution for the insane was made by Dr. Franklin in 1750. He was followed in his good work by Dr. Pinel, in 1792, who liberated 53 patients at the Bicetre, from chains with which they were bound. In 1793 a commission was appointed by the House of Commons, whose investigations revealed a most horrible state of affairs. They revealed the fact that it was the custom, when lunatics were taken to Dublin, to tie them to the back of a cart, and force them to walk the entire distance. About one in five lost an arm by that treatment. It was found that in one asylum, where there were twenty-three patients confined, the building was one room, 16x21 feet, and seven feet high; no window, no means of ventilation; the door opened opposite a pig-sty and dung heap. The room had six cells; three had floors and three had none. The bedsteads were wooden boxes, six feet long by two and a half feet wide, to which the patients were chained, like wild animals, and treated worse. Straw was all they had to lie upon. That straw was not changed often. The commission reported that the patients were so dirty

that a close examination was impossible. How is that for an outgrowth of Christ? How does that compare with Pagan treatment of their insane? How does our Christian parson like the style of treatment of the insane by Christians down to the latter part of the eighteenth century? Are you not proud of your distinctly Christian institution for the insane? We will give the devil his due. Christians are welcome to the glory. Freethought was muzzled in those days. It is a fact that no honest person can deny that Freethought has spread rapidly since the latter part of the eighteenth century, and since that time more regard has been paid to humane treatment of the insane. Out of the one hundred or more institutes for the insane in the United States how many were built by the church? For instance, how many were built and kept up by the Campbellites? The asylums are state, national, and city institutions, and the Infidel pays his proportion of taxes for their maintenance. It is a significant fact that the most Christian countries have the largest per cent. of insane; and another fact, which our parsons do not love to inform their flocks, is this: the insane asylums have a very large quota of Christians crazed by the outgrowths of the teachings of the religion of "believe or be damned." The Moodys, Sankeys, and other emotionalists are furnishing more candidates for the asylums, so that the supply will not run short. Christianity has not built enough asylums in the United States to contain the insane crazed by its teachings.

"The teachings of Infidelity are guilty of none of these good things" (building asylums, hospitals, and a thousand more good things). Let us puncture that theological bubble. An Infidel, Peter Brigham, gave \$3,000,000 for establishing hospitals for the sick in Boston; James Smithson, an Infidel, gave \$500,000 to found the Smithsonian Institute; Stephen Girard, an Infidel, left \$6,000,000 to establish an orphan's college in Philadelphia; James Lick, an Infidel, gave more than \$1,000,000 for benevolent and scientific purposes; John Redmon, an Infidel, gave \$400,000 to supply and keep free beds in the hospital of Boston; Robert Owen, an Infidel, gave \$500,000, and devoted his life to the interest of the poor; Wm. Maclure, an Infidel, gave \$500,000 to help the poor men of Indiana; Peter Cooper, an Infidel, gave a large amount to benefit humanity; Henry Seibert, an Infidel, gave \$500,000 to science and charity; and many other Infidels have given money and time to benefit and make the human family better.

I would like to ask our boastful parsons to inform me if there is any priest or preacher who gives as much to charity as R. G. Ingersoll. "What has Infidelity done for charity?" is a taunt that is unjust and dishonest, emanating from those who are either ignorant or bigoted. This may seem harsh to the sensitive ears of the parsons, but any reader of history can arrive at no other conclusion. Asylums, hospitals, and colleges were established hundreds of years before Christianity. There were no asylums built in Christian countries for fifteen hundred years. The Mohammedans instituted asylums hundreds of years before Christians did. How weak and puerile are the vaporings of priests who endeavor to hide the truth for the mythical Christ's sake! It is curious how some parsons who, outside of their religion, are candid and honest, will wilfully misrepresent facts when their religion is at stake. St. Paul, and some of the early Christian fathers, taught that it was no sin to lie for Christ's sake. Consequently, our parsons have a precedence to pin their bad habit to—a habit that is an outgrowth of a religion that has a license for crime. I would like to see one parson that would give credit when credit is due, and substantiate claims by facts, not fiction.

Hillsboro, Oregon.

W. C. Clow.

THE Golder Gate Bohemian Club held its annual reunion and ball last Saturday evening at Union Square Hall, San Francisco, and through the courtesy of Mr. J. Vostrovsky, of San Jose, who always attends, the occupants of the editorial chairs of FREETHOUGHT were enabled to be present. The Bohemians are not numerous, but they make a select company. The Korbel Brothers, and Mr. Baloun, and Dr. Proshek, and many others, are representative citizens. Mr. and Mrs. Vostrovsky enjoy a wide acquaintance among their countrymen, and there was none present among the ladies more popular than their vivacious daughter. The music was good; the happy little children had no end of fun; and with all the handsome men and pretty

women in bright dresses, and flags and banners, and patriotic airs, and sociability, nobody could help enjoying himself, and nobody wanted to.

ITEMS WRITTEN WITH THE SCISSORS.

It is easier for a camel to get through the eye of a needle than for the savage to get through his need for an idol.—Puck.

ON the 1st of January, FREETHOUGHT, published by Messrs. Putnam & Macdonald in San Francisco, was enlarged from twelve to sixteen pages. We are glad to see this evidence of success on the part of our friends on the Pacific coast.—Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

THE Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York, who favors high license, has been formally denounced by a prohibition convention as "a traitor to his church, his God, and his country." This leaves nothing to be said, except that his clothes don't fit him.—Ex.

"WE deem it most unjust," says the editor of the Hastings, Mich., Plaindealer, "that the laborer shall be prohibited from earning wealth on the Sabbath to pay interest, and at the same time capital be allowed to work on that day." The editor of the Plaindealer therefore prays that the legislature may so amend the Sunday law that mortgages and other interest obligations shall not draw interest on the first day of the week.

FORTUNE-TELLERS are punished with some six-months' or two years' imprisonment. How is it the law allows schemers to found a "Lord's treasury" by promising immortality to the geese who bring their money to it? It looks as if in America, as in England, swindling may be practiced with impunity in the name of religion. One meets with just as many cases of the adroit blending of the worship of God and mammon.—Max O'Rell.

B. F. UNDERWOOD has spent the month of January lecturing in Utah. He concluded his engagements in the territory with a lecture on "Radicalism and Conservatism" in the Opera House in this city, Sunday evening. His lectures here have been of a high order, and his work has done much to undo the bad impression created for "Liberalism" by most of the rant that has been given here of late under that name. As a clear, calm, logical, candid, broad-minded reasoner, Mr. Underwood has made a marked impression upon his hearers in Salt Lake, and when he comes this way again he will doubtless receive a hearty welcome. His lecture of Sunday evening was highly enjoyed by a large and enthusiastic audience.—Salt Lake Tribune.

REGARDING the expunging of the word Infidel from our vocabulary, as proposed by "A Liberal," I consider his view erroneous. It reminds me of the struggles of the Campbellites to "expunge" that, to them, objectionable appellation. The more they kicked the tighter it stuck, and their success has always been conspicuous for its absence. Let us not repeat their follies. "Infidel" is derivative of *fides*, faith; the prefix *in* signifying without—without faith. And I am pleased to know that Liberals are very generally without faith in the dogmas of Christianity, and are therefore Infidel to that doctrine. And I, for one, am not ashamed of the name. So far as orthodoxy is concerned, I am an Infidel with a big I. Let the orthodox make the most of it.—F. S. MATTESON.

A SOMEWHAT eccentric parson in southern Virginia was intending to preach from the text, "And the spirit of the Holy Ghost descended like a dove." It occurred to him that it would illustrate the text forcibly to have a dove let down with a string from the ventilator above the pulpit just as he uttered the words. So an old negro servant was brought to the church on Saturday and sent up in the garret to rehearse letting down the dove. It worked to perfection, and on Sabbath morning the old darkey was again sent to the garret before the opening hymn. The preacher reached the words, "And the spirit of the Holy Ghost descended like a dove," but the dove didn't descend. The text was repeated, and still no dove appeared. A third time the parson repeated the words, and then glanced up at the ventilator to see what was wrong. Slowly the ventilator opened, and in the space appeared a woolly head. "Say, massa!" said the darkey, "Ise 'fraid de

Holy Gose can't show up to-day. Ole cat's bin up yar an' chawed his whole dam head off."—Investigator.

How does the Roman Catholic church stand now in the Dominion? It is owner of five million acres of land—making it the biggest landed proprietor on the American continent—with 900 parish churches and 300 convents, and an annual revenue of something like \$12,000,000; paying no taxes, making the laws, compelling the courts of the Dominion to do its will, yea, standing as it does on the statute books above the law, blindly obeyed by more than three-fourths of the inhabitants of the province of Quebec, you can easily understand what a power for good or evil is this institution. It will infallibly destroy all vestige of liberty in this country unless wise legislation be speedily instituted to curtail its special privileges.—Alastor, in Toronto Secular Thought.

No; the United States don't want to annex Quebec. New England has enough of Canadian Catholics within her borders to-day. They have driven the New Englander out of his woods, the shoemaker from his shop, the Massachusetts girl from her loom, and the honest Yankee laborer from the farm. They are given over to religion and rum, to horse-trading and wife-beating. They have none of the virtues of the French Frenchman, but all his vices. The men are thoroughly bad; the women worse, and the boys and girls are a little smarter in evil-doing than their parents, readily assimilating the cuter wickedness of the Yankee. We have seen these Canucks in all their glory in New England towns, and it is this race in Quebec who make it possible for Cardinal Taschereau with his "bodyguard of prelates" to insult by his preposterous claims every decent man in the neighborhood. The politicians are afraid of the priests because the latter own the majority of voters body and soul.—The Truth Seeker.

IN commenting upon the late address of the pope before the Sacred college, America, a Chicago paper, remarks that "this address of Leo XIII. possesses the deepest interest for Americans. It is a notification to the 7,200,000 Roman Catholics in the United States that their supreme allegiance is due, not to the Republic, but to the pontificate. If this claim were merely the garrulous utterance of an old man, jealous of the authority and the prestige that has departed from his office, Americans could afford to dismiss it with a smile. But it is the expression of the pivotal dogma upon which revolves the mighty system of Roman supremacy over its children among the children of the earth. It is the doctrine subscribed to by over eight thousand priests, and preached by them to over ten thousand congregations, to over seven million American citizens. Worse than this, it is the un-American theory inculcated by alien teachers in 2,700 parochial schools to over five hundred and thirty-seven thousand American children."

A GENTLEMAN who "has been through all the various stages of what is called charity work," assures the Churchman that "there is no fraction of any percentage of meritorious mendicancy in New York." In other words, there are no beggars who deserve help. "Yet," adds the Sun, "the charitable societies are competing with each other in the creation and encouragement of pauperism, while in many cases the really deserving and self-respecting poor endure distress in silence, so that charity must search to find them out. There is something radically wrong about this whole business, and it has its origin in the multiplication of the professional philanthropists. They are the men and women who make a living out of dispensing other people's alms, and who seek to magnify their office by collecting and distributing as much money as possible." These private societies of professional ecclesiastical reformers ought all to be done away. Let the state take care of those who cannot or will not work, and not turn them over to men whose interest lies in making paupers who are to be used as levers to pry cash out of the pockets of good-hearted people. The state might find a way to make those who will not work reconsider their determination, but the incentives of the charitable societies are all in the other direction. Honest destitution should be aided tenderly; wilful wretchedness should be treated as a crime. It is undoubtedly true that professional philanthropy encourages pauperism more than it relieves actual distress.—The Truth Seeker.

WHEN Robert Ingersoll presents himself at the gate of paradise, and St. Peter sees that good, open face, radiant with happiness, the doors will be thrown wide open to let him pass, and the saint will say:

"Come, Robert, come in. Thy happy face pleases me. We have just let in a cargo of long-faced folk—Presbyterians, I'll be bound, and it does one good to look at thee. Thou hast done thy utmost to stifle the hydra-headed monster Superstition, and to destroy the infamies which are in circulation on the subject of the Lord. Come in, friend, thou hast loved, thou hast been beloved, thou hast preached concord, mercy, peace, love, and happiness; come, take thy place amongst the benefactors of the human race."—Max O'Rell.

THE antiquity of the different versions of the Golden Rule stands thus: Golden Rule by Confucius, 500 B.C.: "Do unto another what you would have him do unto you, and do not to another what you would not have him do unto you. Thou needest this law alone. It is the foundation of all the rest." Golden Rule by Aristotle, 385 B.C.: "We should conduct ourselves towards others as we would have others act towards us." Golden Rule by Pittacus, 650 B.C.: "Do not to your neighbor what you would take ill from him." Golden Rule by Thales, 464 B.C.: "Avoid doing what you would blame others for doing." Golden Rule by Isocrates, 338 B.C.: "Act towards others as you desire them to act towards you." Golden Rule by Aristippus, 365 B.C.: "Cherish reciprocal benevolence, which will make you as anxious for another's welfare as your own." Golden Rule by Sextus, a Pythagorean, 406 B.C.: "What you wish your neighbors to be to you, such be also to them." Golden Rule by Hillel, 50 B.C.: "Do not to others what you would not like others to do to you."—The Agnostic Journal.

Believe In Man.

Believe in man, nor turn away.
Lo! man advances year by year;
Time bears him upward, and his sphere
Of life must broaden day by day.
Believe in man with large belief,
The garnered grain each harvest time
Hath promise, roundness and full prime
For all the empty chaff and sheaf.
Believe in man with proud belief,
Truth keeps the bottom of her well,
And when the thief peeps down, the thief
Peeps back at him, perpetual.
Faint not that this or that man fell;
For one that falls, a thousand rise
To lift white Progress to the skies;
Truth keeps the bottom of her well.
Fear not for man, nor cease to delve
For cool, sweet truth, with large belief.
Lo! Christ himself chose only twelve,
Yet one of these turned out a thief.

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

A Biblical Opinion of Man.

Wife—The Bible says much in favor of women, John. I thought that the Israelites kept their women in the background, but if they did, the Bible, which is their history, doesn't.

Husband—Humph! The Israelites did well by keeping their women in the background; that's where women should be.

Wife—But still the Bible says that—

Husband—Oh, I know there are a few women mentioned in the Bible—there was Jezebel, she was a woman.

Wife—Yes; and there was Ahab; he was a man. And there was—

Husband—It is no use talking, Mary. The Bible is a history of men. Women are mentioned only incidentally as they had influence on the actions of men. The book says little about women compared to what it does about men.

Wife (musingly)—You may be right, John, now when I

come to think of it. There is one thing, at any rate, it says about men that it does not say about women.

Husband (smilingly)—I thought you would come to your senses, Mary. What is it the book says about men that it does not say about women?

Wife (placidly)—It says all men are liars.

Then the husband arose and put on his hat and went to see what kind of a night it was.—London Tid Bits.

Peculiarity of Our Climate.

The cool, dry summers and delightful winters of the Pacific Coast are found to be peculiarly favorable for mediumistic development and spiritual unfoldment. All returning spirits bear witness to this fact.—Golden Gate.

A WOMAN'S CATECHISM.

The following questions and answers are from the Woman's Journal:

Who inculcate purity of heart, and yet are so confined to the sentiment of sex that they decide from the shape of the body, instead of attributes of the soul, in admitting candidates for the ministry? Ans.—Clergymen.

Who are so obstinate in their self-conceit, and so fond of doing all the talking, that they will not allow a word from any representative of the majority of the church? Ans.—Clergymen.

Who require women to promise obedience in the marriage service? Ans.—Clergymen (except among the Methodists).

Who point the way of humility, courtesy, and self-denial to women, but refuse to lead the march? Ans.—Clergymen.

Who love the topmost seats in every place? Ans.—Clergymen.

CONSTANTINE'S SUNDAY.

The National Reformers have a great deal to say about American institutions, the American Sunday, etc.; but the fact is, the movement is wholly un-American. In a speech the other day, the editor of FREETHOUGHT made the following point, which we think is exceedingly well taken:

"Constantine, the Roman emperor, who lived over three hundred years after Christ, first instituted the observance of Sunday as the sacred day—the Sabbath; and we of the nineteenth century are compelled to adjourn the celebration of our national anniversary, the Fourth of July, when it comes upon a Sunday, in recognition of Constantine's Sabbath; and every time we do so, our flag is trailed in the dust before the edict of a Roman emperor."

The whole National Reform movement is but an effort to Romanize America. There is only one error in the above, and that is, that Constantine instituted the observance of Sunday as a sacred day. Although he issued the first law that ever existed in regard to Sunday, its observance as a sacred day was unknown till long after Constantine's time. His law was like the one the National Reformers want; it was not designed to make men very religious, only to make some of them appear so outwardly.—American Sentinel.

OLD BUT ALWAYS GOOD.

Not many years ago Professor Huxley had a little tilt with Samuel Wilberforce, bishop of Oxford, who blandly asked him, in the presence of a large audience, "Is the learned gentleman willing to have it go forth to the world that he believes himself to be descended from a monkey?" Professor Huxley arose and replied in his quiet manner: "It seems to me that the learned bishop hardly appreciates our position and duty as men of science. We are not here to inquire what we would prefer, but what is true. The progress of science from the beginning has been a conflict with old prejudices. The true origin of man is not a question of likes and dislikes, to be settled by consulting the feelings, but it is a question of evidence, to be settled by strict scientific investigation. But as the learned bishop is curious to know my state of feelings upon the subject, I have no hesitation in saying that, were it a matter of choice with me (which clearly

it is not) whether I should be descended from a respectable monkey or from a bishop of the English church, who can put his brains to no better use than to ridicule science and misrepresent its cultivators, I would certainly choose the monkey!"

MRS. GLADSTONE is quoted as saying that her husband considers it one of his most sacred duties to do his utmost to check the flood of Infidelity that is sweeping over England.

THE clergymen who have been praying free for the Indiana legislature have refused to continue unless they get \$5 per prayer.

LILIAN'S STORY.

We apologize hysterically for keeping our readers in suspense by allowing the continuation of Lilian's narrative to remain unprinted for two weeks. It now proceeds:

PARKER & CO.

BY A. LILIAN ANDREWS, AUTHOR OF "ONE PENNY," "NELLIE'S MONKEY," AND OTHER TALES.

CHAPTER II.

"None of us will go to live with you; we do not want to part." "Oh! you don't, eh? Well, you don't hear of me again." With that, Uncle Bert road away.

Anita stood looking after Uncle Bert. Then she went into the house and told the others all about it.

CHAPTER III.

The next day Anita called a meeting to decide what they would do to earn a living. Bert said, "Take in sewing."

"No, that wouldn't be nice," said Grace.

"I know how to earn a living, teep a tandy store and sell tandy," said Baby Maisy.

"That would be just the thing; we know how to make candy, and we could sell it to Mr. S. Steward.

(To be Continued.)

A Veteran In Need.

To the Freethought and Liberal Friends everywhere:

I have just received a letter from Professor J. H. Cook, of Columbus, Kansas, stating that he is 74 years old, helpless with a lingering incurable disease, in a lone house and no money; has been living on 5 cents a day all winter, with no friends or relatives to appeal to, and too sensitive to apply to the authorities. I have known Brother Cook well and long. He is a life-long worker for our glorious cause of driving out superstition from the minds of humanity. He has lectured and written much, but is now old and feeble and in pressing want. Will not the friends of Humanity and old wornout lecturers send him something to help him along? He is worthy and noble, and should not be forgotten in his time of age and great need. Let each and all do what they can.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

Always With Us.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I have been absent from home most of the time during the past three months, and too busy to take a hand in the convention, which I hoped to be able to do, but I wish to have you put me down as a member of the Society, and inclose my mite towards paying expenses. I also inclose five dollars to renew my subscription to FREETHOUGHT and keep alive a few others that I sent in last year, until I can have further time to see if the parties become voluntary subscribers. There must be fifteen or twenty of them in all, and I may be able to continue them all or send you as many new ones during the present year.

I was much disappointed that my little scheme for securing one thousand subscribers at full rates failed so entirely of the response I expected it would receive, for I believe in co-operation, and while it would come heavy on one or two to give any real material help by themselves, a hundred men could do so easily, without its being burdensome at all to any of them.

I do not suppose it would be worth while to renew the proposition, but if any one else will make one as good, requiring the expenditure of no greater amount of money, they can put me down as one of the number to join the club. I suppose the paper in its enlarged form will be as

much in need of help as ever, and I certainly feel that it is more deserving of support than it was at the beginning. Truly, H. P. STONE.
Oakland, Cal.

For a Free Sunday.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I feel like writing a few lines for the good of the cause and your encouragement. Yesterday I received FREETHOUGHT of January 26. It is the best copy yet; glad you are getting enthused on the Sunday question. That is right. We have a great work to do, and I shall expect much from FREETHOUGHT. Through my instrumentality we had a meeting at the school-house last Sunday. There was a general turnout and much interest. We had the Blair bill read and discussed; there was not one to defend it. We are nearly unanimous here for a free Sunday, though occasionally I run across a bigot. Outside of our valley it is different. In Escondido, eight miles away, which is our trading-point, there are six churches and many bigots, though the churches have few, and some no attendants, and base-ball is the principal attraction. My man told me that there were more at the base-ball ground last Sunday than at all the churches, and many went from church to the ball grounds. Petitions have gone up from there, both to the state legislature and Congress, for the Sunday law. I have been circulating the remonstrance, and find no trouble in getting an overwhelming majority, but it takes more time than I have to spare, and it is so little understood, and so little being done in other states, that it looks as though the people will not realize what is being done until they are bound hand and foot.

It is astonishing to see the ignorance manifest on the subject. The churches have worked so secretly that the outside world is perfectly ignorant of what they are doing, and our best men are surprised that any one is so simple as to think that there is any possible chance of the Blair bill passing Congress.

I asked one of our best men to sign the remonstrance. He laughed at me; said it was absurd to think Congress would pass the bill; said there was no possible danger; said he had not heard a word of it, and thought it strange, if there was danger, that there was not a paper to warn the people. I told him that as sure as he sat supinely down and stuck to it the bill would pass, and for him to remember my words.

But I think it is our duty to warn the people, and if the worst comes we can not blame ourselves. I am circulating Harry Hoover's "Sabbath Imposture" and the American Sentinel. Last Sunday I subscribed five dollars for ten copies for circulation (six months), and am going to do as much for FREETHOUGHT. So please send me as many copies every week as you can afford, for six months, for five dollars, and I will try to place them where they will do the most good. Send also another dollar's worth of "Sabbath Imposture," and one copy of FREETHOUGHT to the subscriber whose name is inclosed. You may think it is rather reckless in me to offer FREETHOUGHT as a gift to all Christians who will read it, but at the present rate it will take a long while to discourage me, though I am pretty well satisfied you will have some of them as permanent subscribers at the end of the year.

I see by the papers that a great number of preachers want to come to California. Now, if there can be one good one found that would preach Liberalism, at a moderate salary at first, we could keep one employed in this county. Can you send us one? A prophet is not without honor save in his own country, you know; we will have to import one, I suppose.

I like FREETHOUGHT better than any other Liberal paper published, for I can circulate it among my Christian neighbors without offense to them. They can none of them find much fault with it. I wish you much success in your laudable undertaking. B. B. ROCKWOOD.

San Pasqual, Cal.

THORJUS RINDEN, a miner by trade, but who is willing to turn his hand to anything, would like a situation to work in a sawmill, lumber yard, wine or warehouse. References given. Address Thorjus Rinden, 1925 Bush street, San Francisco.

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THE CELEBRATED "OTTO WETTSTEIN" WATCH.—The best in the world for the money; all modern improvements; a perfect watch. In Silverine case, \$19.50; in 3-ounce coin Silver case, \$22.50; 4-ounce, \$23.50; 5-ounce, \$25; 6-ounce, \$27 (no better sold for \$40 elsewhere). In open-face, dust-proof case, filled Gold, \$27; do., hinged, glass inside cap, \$29; do., gold cap, \$31; do., hunting, \$33; do., Louis XIV. style, \$35; in special artistic cases, \$3 to \$10 more; in 14-karat solid Gold cases, \$50, \$60 to \$100.

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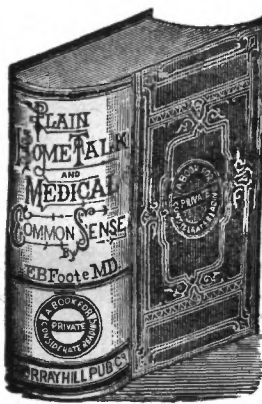
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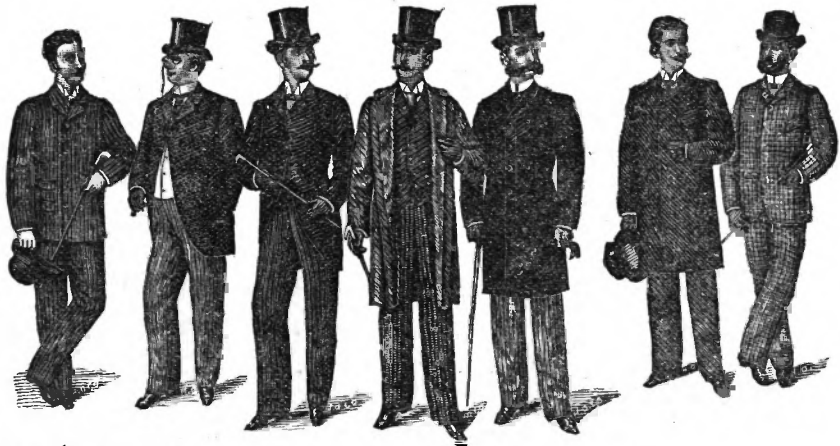
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - FEBRUARY 23, 1889

THE police of San Francisco are suppressing the bands of religious exhorters who draw crowds on Sunday in the vicinity of the ferry. Sabbath-breaking has got to go down, law or no law.

JUDGE MAGUIRE'S book, "Ireland and the Pope," should now jump into a large circulation. It has fallen under the papal ban, been duly damned by Leo XIII., and placed in the *Index Expurgatorius*.

THE readers of the London Saturday Journal have decided by a vote of four hundred thousand that the Hon. W. E. Gladstone is "the greatest living Englishman." Curiously enough, the same voters express the opinion by a majority of thirty thousand that Irving the actor is a greater man than Spurgeon the preacher.

THE latest religious canard is that Colonel Ingersoll has been blackballed by the Player's Club, an organization of New York actors. The truth is that Colonel Ingersoll has not applied for membership in the club and therefore there was no blackballing. No man stands higher than he in the estimation of the histrionic fraternity.

POPE LEO has rushed into print with another allocution, in which he recommends that the powers of Europe should make common cause with the church of Rome. He reports that his negotiations with Russia are progressing toward a satisfactory conclusion. Russia and Rome are adapted to each other like the jaws of a wild beast, and when properly hinged by a treaty it will be a dark day for anyone who gets between them.

A BRIEF telegram from Panama tells of the death, at that place, of Dr. H. J. Purdy, of Seneca Falls, N. Y. Dr. Purdy was a regularly graduated physician, and went to Panama to practice his profession, but at the instigation of rivals he was arrested as a quack and thrown into jail. His friends at home were notified, and proof of his good standing was furnished the proper authorities at Washington, but before the diplomatic red tape could be unwound, Dr. Purdy was dead. If we are correct in our surmise, Dr. Purdy was a long-time subscriber to the Truth Seeker. We met him in the office of that paper shortly before he left for Panama. This outrage on an American citizen comes directly

from the absurd and unjust laws by which one school of physicians, called regulars, are able to suppress another school whom they call quacks. Dr. Purdy was not a quack, but if he had been the action of the authorities at Panama would be none the less execrable. There is a good deal of quackery in medicine, but it is as nothing compared to the quackery in law.

THE order of the Pennsylvania railroad company that no freight except that of a perishable character shall be transported on Sunday is a satire on the custom of calling Sunday the Lord's day. If Sunday were the Lord's, and if he had any respect for it, he would be likely to see to it that no loss came from its observance. It is by the working of the laws of nature that perishable things decay, and if the Lord objects to Sunday labor he might reasonably be expected to let nature off at twelve o'clock on Saturday night.

THE finger of the priest is in every department of the municipal government of New York. At the request of Archbishop Corrigan, the commissioners of charities and corrections have resolved to institute an inquisition into the religious belief of all the sick who go to the public hospitals for medical treatment, and brand a cross upon the coffins of all who die Catholics. A portion of the potter's field has been "blessed" by the archbishop, and metropolitan paupers will hereafter have their obsequies attended to by the firm of Corrigan & New York, undertakers.

NEWS AND NOTES.

I have been to hear Sam Jones. Mr. and Mrs. Schou, of Oakland, and N. D. Goodell and family, of Sacramento, were with me, and I felt that I should not be so carried away with the merriment of the occasion as to be brought forward to the anxious seat.

Sam Jones is a unique character. There never was anything like him, and never will be again. Nature broke her mould in forming him. The combination is a rare one. There have been comedians in the pulpit, but never such a minstrel show as Sam Jones. He plays the "end man" to perfection. His jokes are "chestnuts," but he has a wonderful cute way of cracking them. As comedy, Sam Jones is a supreme success. No one can deny that. His hits are palpable, and so is his accent. If Sam Jones were on the stage with the tambourine I should enjoy him without dissent. But the idea of combining his jokes and slang with the solemn, awful, tremendous doctrine of orthodoxy and eternal damnation is something that one could not realize without an actual experience. The idea of cracking a joke with Calvin and St. Paul, and heaven and hell and the great white throne as a background, is simply inconceivable. I have no doubt that when Sam Jones passes the golden gates he will chuck St. Peter under the chin and say, "How are you, old feller?" and he will give Gabriel a poke in the ribs, and sauntering to the central throne will say to the archangels, "I will see you later;" and if he should

happen to meet Lucifer no doubt will announce, "You make me tired." Sam Jones caricaturizes. He can't help it; but that Christians should accept the caricature for the reality is somewhat strange. Outside of pure comedy Sam Jones is a fool. He don't know anything. He has no theology, no philosophy. His religion is simply feeling. He is without thought or logic. He is absolutely unworthy of intellectual respect. He is a show and nothing more.

Sunday afternoon I addressed the Progressive Spiritualist Society at Washington Hall. Judge Collins presides here, and he is one of our remarkable men. He is a thoroughgoing reformer, and has original plans for the amelioration of society which are worthy of consideration. He thinks that the state as it now is should institute methods of co-operation, and loan money and give lands for that purpose. He is opposed to what he calls "the invisible brigandage," where the strong, shrewd mind overcomes by superior mentality the lesser gifted. He claims that this mental brigandage is as bad as the same reckless use of physical force to gain advantage; and I think that in the finer civilization of the race the idea of Judge Collins will be paramount. To use the strong mind without conscience will be considered as bad as to use the strong arm without conscience.

Judge Collins is a Spiritualist, and fifty-two years ago, before the Fox sisters were at all known, had ample evidence to his own mind of what he calls the spirit world. I do not accept the theory, but the facts are nevertheless remarkable.

I took occasion in my address to emphasize the anti-theological work and its absolute necessity to the advance of all reform. That no method of reform can be successful without intelligent men and women to carry it out, and the highest intelligence is impossible without the rejection of theology. An ex-priest who has had some rough experiences in the church of Rome, and since in his battles with its adherents, Mr. Houbert, also spoke burning words for liberty. He is a radical Spiritualist. Judge Swift then entertained the audience with bright, witty, and earnest remarks. The judge is also a Spiritualist, but he has a mighty deal of common sense mixed with his mystical faith, and he made a rattling good plea for reform and downright work for humanity. Mr. Johnson took up the cudgels for the church. He seemed to feel sorry that he had left it, and evidently felt like a lost sheep. He was not satisfied with Spiritualism except as it was tacked on to Christianity. Mr. Johnston is what I call an orthodox Spiritualist. He wants the new wine in the old musty bottles. He had better take a few lessons of the reformer Jesus, not of the "Christ Jesus." There is a world-wide difference between the two. Dr. Mead closed the discussion with an announcement of his clear-cut Infidel views. "It is time," he said, "to declare that orthodox Christianity is a fraud and in the way of progress." This was received with applause.

The Spiritualists are good Freethinkers, and as we differ in regard to the quantity of life, and not the quality, there is no profound discord. We have the same ideas of virtue, justice, humanity, and these ideas don't change in the hereafter. The man who lives forever cannot be different morally from one who lives for a day. The length of being does not change the nature of well being. Therefore so long as we are in the body, we can shake hands with the Spiritualist, and go ahead, and if death is a door we won't stop going ahead when we get there.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

WASHBURN'S "Cosmian Hymn-Book" is advertised in this issue. Orders should be sent to the author.

MISSION WORK IN CHINA.

There are, says the North China News, no less than forty Protestant bodies competing for converts in the Chinese empire, and not long since, in Hankow, one Protestant church accused another of stealing its converts. Dr. Williamson states the case thus:

"First. To begin with, we have the church of England with her Thirty-nine Articles, her Prayer Book and her formularies, all translated, and she is striving and hoping to impose them in all their entirety upon China. Again, we have the Presbyterians with the Westminster Confession, their longer and shorter catechisms, their system of church government also translated, equally zealous and sanguine in their endeavor to lead the Chinese to adopt their system. Further, we have the Methodists with their elaborate organizations, the Congregationalists with their form of government, the Baptists with theirs, the Lutheran church seeking to produce in China a fac-simile of itself, nothing less or more, the American Episcopal church with a like aim. And so with other denominations. What a spectacle to thoughtful Chinamen! And there are many such. No wonder they say to us: 'Agree among yourselves, and then we may listen to you.'

"But this is not the worst of our divisions. We have three branches of the Episcopal church, eight different sects of Presbyterians, six sets of Methodists, two Congregationalists, two Baptists, besides several other minor bodies, all acting independently of each other, and in addition to all we have the Inland Mission, many of whose members belong to our own denomination, but the bulk of whom disclaim creeds and systems; and unless the leaders of that mission receive special guidance from God it will become neither more nor less than another sect."

The News comments: "But to come to details. We need not recapitulate the forty various missions, from the oldest in China, the London Missionary Society, which dates from 1807, to the latest, the Church of England Zenana Mission Society, which only appeared on the scene last year. It must seem strange to a Chinaman who takes the trouble to inquire at all to know that while thirty-nine missions tell him that Sunday is the Lord's day there is one, the Seventh Day Baptist, founded for the express purpose of promoting the observance of Saturday. What is an inquirer to do too, if he proposes to judge by results? For we cannot expect him to be able to dissect creeds and formularies, and of course each missionary will tell him that his own is the desirable church. He will find the largest society.

"And another disheartening point is that the work done does not increase with the number of workers. Even if the number of missionaries did not increase at all from year to year their converts ought to, for every year the shepherds ought to know their work better, and the sheep that they gather into the fold ought to remain in it and attract others to it. But the proportion of sheep to shepherds decreases with the increase in the latter. In December, 1887, there were 1030 foreign missionaries with 32,260 communicants, or an average of 31.3 communicants a head; while in December, 1888, there were 1123 foreign missionaries, with 34,555 communicants, or an average of something under 30.8 ahead; and it is probable that the returns are more complete in the latter year. The schools have nearly kept pace with the increase of missionaries, for there were nearly 13.3 scholars to each missionary in December, 1887, and nearly 13.2 in December, 1888."

This shows indeed a remarkable state of affairs—the more missionaries, the fewer converts. To these figures let us append the admission of the New York Observer (Presbyterian), and submit the case to the Christian world without comment. The Observer says: "We are compelled to believe by the stern array of facts and figures that at the end of this boasted century of

missions, while not three million, nominal and real, have been won to Christianity, in pagandom, heathen and Mohammedan, are 200,000,000 more than there were at the beginning of the century. Thus the votaries of these faiths increase seventy times faster than the followers of Christ. The church is outstripped on its own methods. They evince in these modern days a propagandism and aggressiveness far superior. The necessity in the foreign field cannot be overtaken on the present line of church work."

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We send out this week intimations to those whose subscription to FREETHOUGHT has expired, and ask that recipients give the matter their immediate attention.

To those who want the paper continued, but are not at present prepared to remit, we will send it for a while on credit if they will communicate with us setting forth the state of affairs.

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Those who do not intend to renew should notify their postmaster to that effect, and cease taking the paper from the post-office or carrier. There is a law under which pay for a paper may be collected for the time it is received by the subscriber. We do not believe in a law of that kind, and shall not take advantage of it. The man who does not intend to pay for his paper, but continues to receive it, is not an acquisition to the cause worth having. He should stop the paper at once, and cease his professions of Liberalism and honesty. When notified of his delinquency he no longer has an excuse for allowing it to continue.

In a reasonable length of time after this notice, we shall be obliged to remove from our list the names of those who fail to remit or to communicate with us.

We ask each subscriber to do what he considers right in this matter.

BLIND AND VICIOUS LEADERS.

The "Knights of Labor," a paper published at Chicago, is, we presume, a representative organ of the body of workingmen from which it derives its name. As such its utterances are to be taken as in a measure official. Otherwise no self-respecting Freethinker would pay the slightest attention to what the "Knights of Labor" has to say about the American Secular Union and the Blair Sunday bill. We quote from the "Knights of Labor" of February 9. Speaking of the members of the American Secular Union it says:

1. "They delight in calling themselves Freethinkers and claim to be organized for the purpose of propagating the principles of free thought. As if there was any restraint upon free thought, or that people were prevented from thinking as they please or even expressing their thoughts so long as they do it with a proper regard for their neighbors.

2. "In order to incite the opposition of that class of small fry and narrow intellects who go into spasms at the mention of the name of the despised Nazarene the members of this so-called free thought brigade substitute the 'Lord's Day' wherever Sunday is mentioned in the bill.

3. "To mystify the workingman they say the bill provides that the employer need not pay for work done on Sunday.

4. "These so-called free thinkers are terribly afraid if the Blair bill is passed it will compel them to read the Bible. The bill won't have any such effect, but what if it did? Are their intellects so terribly weak that they are afraid they will become unbalanced if they are compelled to read of the struggles of humanity in its attempt to attain the infinite? These individuals who sleep with a copy of the 'Police News' or the 'Days Doings' under their pillow are afraid their morals will become

corrupted by reading the poetry of Solomon's songs. Will the story of Jesus, whose broad humanity, magnificent individuality, and heroic self-sacrifice has no parallel in the history of worlds, damage the intellect of these free thinkers if they should be compelled to read it?

* 5. "Mr. Blair's bill is for the purpose of giving a day of rest, recreation, and proper enjoyment of one day in seven to fifteen or twenty millions of overburdened and overworked people, for the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. A careful study of its provisions will convince any one with as much brains as a chippy that it will not interfere with anybody's 'personal rights.'"

The foregoing comprises about half of the article in question, and it is the less abusive half. Blackguardism and idiotic misrepresentation can reach a depth where reply can not be made except in kind, and it is not our purpose to touch that level. We have numbered the statements of the "Knights of Labor" for convenience in replying.

1. It is claimed that the members of the American Secular Union delight in calling themselves Freethinkers, "as if there was any restraint upon free thought." Supposing there is no restraint upon free thought, is that any reason why people should not be Freethinkers? There is no law forbidding a person to be a Knight of Labor, yet many delight to call themselves such. The Knights of Labor are in favor of resting upon Sunday, yet there is no law compelling them to work.

2. The American Secular Union does not substitute the "Lord's day" wherever Sunday is mentioned in the Blair bill. The Blair bill itself is entitled "A bill to secure to the people the enjoyment of *the Lord's Day* commonly known as Sunday, as a day of rest, and to protect its observance as a day of religious worship." The protest circulated by the Secular Union is against "any bill in regard to the observance of the Sabbath, or Lord's day." The brief quotations, without comment, prove either that the editor of the "Knights of Labor" has not read the Blair bill, or that he is a deliberate liar.

3. Section 5 of the Blair bill performs the same service for the editor as the previous quotations. The section reads, "That it shall be unlawful to pay or to receive payment or wages in any manner for service rendered, or for labor performed, or for the transportation of persons or of property in violation of the provisions of this act, nor shall any action lie for the recovery thereof, and when so paid, whether in advance or otherwise, the same may be recovered back by whoever shall first sue for the same." If this does not "provide that the employer need not pay for work done on Sunday," what does it mean?

4. The Freethinkers have no such fear as regards the Blair Sunday bill. The editor has confounded this bill with the Educational Amendment bill. "But what if it did" compel them to read the Bible? Well, it would be a legal outrage—that is all. Between the Bible and the Police Gazette or the "Knights of Labor" every citizen must be protected in the right to choose for himself. If he likes the Gazette best it is nobody's business but his own, and need not, indeed, excite much surprise. These Freethinkers know as much about Christ as their critic, and we leave it to any candid judge to say whose intellect has suffered most damage from that or other source.

5. There is a bald untruth in the statement that the Blair bill is to give anyone recreation. "Recreation" is expressly mentioned in the bill and prohibited. The words are, "nor shall any person engage in any play, game, amusement, or recreation." True, the qualifying words, "to the disturbance of others," are added, but they might as well have been left off, as there are now laws regulating public disturbances every day in the week.

The object of the Blair bill is, as its title distinctly states, to

make Sunday a day of religious observance. Workingmen will have the same chance to rest then as now, no more and no less; but on the other hand they will be deprived of the liberty to work on Sunday if they wish to. They will gain nothing, but they will lose their liberty. Like the dog in the fable, they will wear the marks of the collar, but, unlike the dog, they will get neither food nor care in return.

The case has been stated over and over again, but how long will it take to make the dupes of the priests and demagogues understand that without any Sunday law they are at liberty to work or rest as they choose, and the government protects them in doing either? To force a man to work on Sunday is tyranny, and to force him to rest is equal tyranny. Let him alone!

We have expressed surprise that the Knights of Labor should indorse this Blair Sunday bill, but if their leaders are all as wooden-headed and as maliciously dishonest as the editor whose statements we have shown to be falsehoods, there is no longer cause for astonishment. When the blind lead the blind both may be expected to wallow in the same gutter.

THE GOOD WORK SHOULD GO ON.

The large meetings of San Francisco Liberals, the successful Convention, and the organization of a California State Liberal Union, with practically one thousand members, have drawn the attention of Liberals everywhere to this coast. Rejoicings and congratulations reach us from all directions.

With the eyes of the whole country upon us, therefore, it behooves us to do something. It is one thing to organize; and another thing to promote the objects of the organization; one thing to pass resolutions, and another thing to keep them. The fifth resolution passed at the Convention is as follows:

"Resolved, That the Liberals of California be solicited to contribute a fund of one thousand dollars (\$1,000), or more, to be used during the coming year for legislative work, for the distribution of documents bearing on the Demands of Liberalism, and for the support of public meetings in the interest of the same general objects at important points."

Upon the carrying out of this resolution depends at least the beginning of a movement to practicalize all the others. During the present year the president of the California Liberal Union will make a lecture tour throughout the state. Going upon his own responsibility he can touch only at places where traveling expenses are assured; other points, where the field has not been opened, must necessarily be passed. If, however, the Liberals of California should decide to have the state thoroughly canvassed, and that the present is the best time for the work, a portion of the thousand dollars might be devoted to that purpose. Distances in a state like California, covering an area seven hundred miles long and two hundred wide, are necessarily great, and traveling expenses are a large item. With these expenses assured by a state fund, lectures could be given in every county.

In collecting the fund of one thousand dollars there should be no delay and little outlay of money. The Liberals understand that it is to be raised if possible, and they should not wait to be personally solicited, or put the organization to the labor and cost of addressing each one separately by mail. Another thing, the fund is to be used, according to the resolution, *during the coming year*. It should therefore be raised at once. As a method for this end, we suggest that the representative Liberals in every locality procure from the secretary the blank form (mentioned elsewhere under the heading of "Membership in the California Liberal Union"), procure signatures, and solicit contributions.

The fund might be raised in this way without anybody paying more than one dollar.

As before remarked, we have an organization and an object. If the object is to be attained the organization must be enlarged and supported and invested with life. Every member ought to give it something, if no more than a nickel. If he can't give that, he can at least talk about it to his neighbor.

PROFITABLE CHURCH PROPERTY.

The Protestant Episcopal church of St. Thomas, in New York, is one of the wealthiest corporations of that city, and every pew is owned by some rich person. No strangers are admitted, and such as find their way there by mistake are ordered out. That is the way the matter is explained by one of the managers in an interview with a Sun reporter. It seems to entirely do away with the plea that churches are for the public good, upon which plea they are exempt from taxation in New York.

The most remarkable disclosure made in the interview, however, is that many of the pews in St. Thomas's church are the property of certain persons and their heirs in perpetuity. These are leased to other persons for a certain sum per year, and people who never attend the church get from \$12,000 to \$15,000 annually for the rent of their pews. The thing has been going on for over thirty years, and nobody could complain except for the fraud by which this valuable property is exempt from public burdens. The wealthy people have a right to their club-house, but it is meaner than smuggling for them to dodge their taxes on the ground that the club is a religious one.

THE LECTURE TOUR IN CALIFORNIA.

It is not possible at present to make out a definite list of appointments, but the following is about the route and dates for Mr. Putnam's lectures. Friends will please note, and those who desire his services write at their earliest possible convenience:

Feb. 24, Sacramento. Feb. 26, 27, 28, Auburn.
March 2, 3, Livermore. March 5, 6, 7, Grass Valley.
March 10 to 17, Sacramento and vicinity. March 24, Pomona, Los Angeles, and vicinity. March 31 to April 14, San Diego, National City, San Pasqual, San Jacinto, and vicinity.
April 21, Anaheim and vicinity. April 28, Oleander and vicinity.
May 5 to 12, Raymond, Grub Gulch, Fresno Flats, and vicinity. May 19 to June 2, San Francisco, Calistoga, New Sanel, Boulder Creek, San Jose, and vicinity.

MEMBERSHIP IN THE CALIFORNIA LIBERAL UNION.

The secretary is prepared to send out, to all parts of the state, forms for the signatures of those wishing to become members of the California State Liberal Union. It is a blank sheet with Preamble and Constitution printed at the top, and anyone may become a member by signing it. About one thousand signed the Call for the Convention, and the same signatures should be obtained to the Constitution. Address Emil S. Lemme, office of FREETHOUGHT, 504 Kearny street, San Francisco. Inclose 4 cents in stamps when practicable.

SHALL THERE BE A LOCAL UNION?

A series of meetings preliminary to the formation of a local Secular Union will be inaugurated on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, March 3, in St. George's Hall, 909½ Market street, San Francisco. Prof. Herbert Miller will deliver a discourse on the "Old and New."

AT SACRAMENTO.

S. P. Putnam speaks at Pioneer Hall, Sacramento, next Sunday night, the 24th. The lecture will be a review of the Rev. Sam. Jones.

THE death of Mrs. Amy Post, of Rochester, N.Y., calls one of the good old mothers in Israel to her final rest or reward. She has earned both. Says New Thought: "She had been a life-long reformer, beginning as an abolitionist and an underground railroad station keeper. She kept in her house, for more than a dozen years, an average of one hundred and fifty runaway slaves each year. She boasted to her last that she never turned a tramp or any other person hungry from her door. Her house was a rendezvous for reformers of every school. She was an abolitionist; and we believe was turned out of the orthodox Quaker church because of her abolition principles; she was a woman suffragist; she belonged to the American Peace Society and was a Spiritualist through and through. The last time we saw Amy Post was at the Bennett reception in New York, at the time D. M. Bennett was released from the Albany Penitentiary, where he had been unjustly sentenced. She then spoke a few eloquent and truthful words." Mrs. Post was eighty-six years of age.

"If I could only know that the Christian religion is true, how glad I would be," says many a soul who is struggling in the quagmire of sin and unbelief. But we may know this. Jesus gives an infallible, yet simple test, which all may put to the proof. It is this: "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."—Signs of the Times.

Our Adventist contemporary's test is not so simple as it looks. On the contrary, it is vague and indefinite. The simplest and most straightforward test given in the Bible is found in Mark xvi, 17-18: "And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." Try this experiment, poor doubting sinner. If you succeed you may be certain you have struck the combination.

WE acknowledge the receipt of a photograph of the Bailey monument at Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Nashville, Tenn. This monument marks the last resting-place of "William Shreeve Bailey, born February 10, 1806; died February 20, 1886, aged 80 years and 10 days. One of the bravest pioneers of abolitionism for chattel slavery, and of Freethought for mental slavery. Though often outraged and martyred for his principles, he was never conquered, suppressed, nor discouraged. He rests in the peace and honor so nobly won." Mr. Bailey was, in his later years, editor of a little Freethought paper, published in Nashville, called the "Liberal." The stone which thus briefly tells the story of his life has been erected by "his Hellenic friend, Photius Fisk." It is well that the memory of these old heroes should be perpetuated in the land they have helped to make free.

WE have three little leaflets that will do good by circulation. They are: 1. "Nameless," a poem by Voltairine de Cleyre; 2. "Two Creeds," the Catholic and the Cathartic, the latter creed being an amusing parody on the former; 3. "The Theft of Girard College," setting forth briefly the provisions of Girard's will touching sectarian teaching, and showing how those provisions have been violated. Any of these leaflets, 10 cents per dozen; 50 cents per hundred.

THE Rev. Dr. Sprecher, formerly of San Francisco, woke up the ministers of Cleveland, Ohio, the other day by giving them a sharp talk on evolution. "The attitude of the clergy," he said, "was antagonistic to the results of scientific research, particularly in regard to the theory of evolution now commonly accepted; and in arraying itself against what are considered established scientific results the church loses its hold upon a large proportion of all the people." This was given to the clergy at a ministers' meeting, and an effort was made to choke off the speaker, but he held his own and came out with flying colors.

It is becoming quite the popular thing nowadays for Liberals to wear the Wettstein Freethought Badge-pin. Reference to our advertising columns will give the various prices and styles of this attractive ornament, any of which may be ordered from this office.

THE Rev. Num Sang, a Chinese Methodist minister of San Jose, is in trouble for running a fan-tan game on his premises. There is much regret in Chinese religious circles.

THE Agnostic Journal, London, is republishing "Roman Rule and Ruin" from the columns of FREETHOUGHT.

THE GLORY OF INFIDELITY.

In the realms of truth, of morality, and of art we shall find that Infidelity has been a most noble power.

Many a new truth has been discovered by the inquiring spirit of Infidelity, truth which could have been discovered only by disputing the established belief. That which is cannot always be a basis of that which is to be. One must oftentimes be unfaithful to the past in order to be faithful to the future, as in the old Hindoo mythology, there must be the destroyer as well as the creator and redeemer, and the first is as divine as the last; as beautiful and as godlike. Infidelity has been but another form of fidelity, not to the actually attained but to the infinitely possible. All great reformers have been Infidels. No man has made this world better without, in the eyes of some, making it worse. He has had to be disreputable; to be the dregs and offscourings; to go to the bottom of things, in order to lift them up. One cannot revolutionize society from the top; there is where the conservative floats in assured triumph. The upheaval must come from the roots. The true prophet is not a fashionable preacher. He must plunge into the wilderness and flout the holy of holies in the well-built temple, beneath the golden roof. But the wilderness becomes the seat of a new temple and a more glorious empire. How often the Infidel builds better than even he himself knows! What unexpected truths are revealed by his searching spirit! What undreamed of progress made! The Buddhas and the Christs of human history, what builders they were out of their mighty unbelief! How valiantly they fought and destroyed the ancient gods and put new ones in their place, to be in their turn destroyed by nobler Infidels still; but the gods they made were an improvement on the old gods, they were wiser and gentler, they demanded less blood and sacrifice.

Every new thought has had to win its way against custom. It has had to go naked and have no place to lay its head. It has been born in a manger and traveled to the cross. Every new thought has been a tragedy. Only the Infidel would receive it, and give it room to grow. Many a forlorn band of unbelievers has held the world's best hope. Miserable outcasts, they have borne the ark of man's coming glory. Curses are heaped upon him who brings the rough gold of the future's wealth. He is pelted with

mud; yet the gold is made into shining temples. Infidelity has ever been the door to progress; it may grate harsh thunder, but that thunder swells into the music of man's noblest growth. The Infidel may be a beggar, but he wears the crown of all the ages to come. He may be an outcast, but he carries the infinite treasury of the new. He may die in poverty, but he leaves behind in the invisible air the riches of his dauntless spirit. He may be tossed about, like a shell upon the sea-shore, by careless hands and feet, but, like that shell, he bears within his bosom the music of the endless sea of time. Not only does he keep the world's brain on fire by his constant questionings, but he turns that fire into new and beautiful shapes by which humanity is guided into vaster realms. His skepticism has been the beginning of philosophy and hung its fresh and golden fruit over the sepulchres of the past. The face of Infidelity has ever been set towards the dawn; it has never turned to the midnight and sought consolation there, like faith. It has not yearned for the setting sun of yester eve however beautiful; it has not dreamed of a golden age in the dim past; it has not looked back to Eden; it has ever looked to the front; it has pressed on amidst darkness and difficulty; it has borne the banner of eternal progress. It has climbed the hills; it has hailed the morning; it has pointed the first finger to new and splendid hopes. Faith has cherished the past, but doubt has conquered the future. Faith has sat in the quiet shadow of remote achievement, but doubt, with restless foot, has leaped to perilous victory. Faith dreams, but doubt acts; faith broods, but doubt discovers; faith prays, but doubt builds. It rolls back the ancient heaven; it constructs the infinite world of Copernicus, templated with constellations and torched by countless suns.

Such is the work of Infidelity is the realm of truth. Behold, also, its achievements in the field of man's moral endeavor. It is generally thought that even if Infidelity enlightens the head it does so at the expense of conduct, and is liable to create a moral interregnum, if no worse. Infidelity is looked upon by many as a sort of knowledge that overturns the foundations of society and lets the devil of human passion go free. It is admitted that Infidels are wise, but it is denied that they are good. Infidels are supposed to be Lucifers—light-bearers—who are above obeying the commandments. They give up the customary and the fixed, and being free in mind are loose in character. But I affirm that Infidelity has ever been a moral as well as intellectual protest.

It has been for the conscience as well as for the brain. I affirm that all along the path of progress man's moral nature has been the greatest of Infidels, it has been the most sturdy in its unbelief. There has been denial, not simply for mental liberty but for moral advancement. Of course Infidels have been called sinners, and have borne the label because their opponents have been in the majority and could call names and make a dictionary to suit themselves, but they, the Infidels, have been sinners after the fashion of Emerson. Some body said he was going to hell. "Don't whisper it then," said Father Taylor, "for if you do, you will turn the tide of emigration that way." Infidels have ever been the best of company. They are always good neighbors and ready to lend a hand. As a general thing one had rather trust an Infidel than a church member. The former will pay without a note—from a sense of honor—but the latter not always. When the latter thinks that only God is a witness he will cheat like the devil. It does seem to help a man's manhood to deny deity, the less he depends on him the more he

depends on himself. When he loses faith in divinity then he has a greater faith in humanity.

Now it is preached, even by some Freethinkers, that the orthodox is moral. He may be dull, but he is admitted to be pious. Therefore, some Freethinkers support the church, because it's a good institution, it keeps people straight. Intellectually they deny, but practically they conform. They support the minister because they think that he sets a good example. He wears a white necktie, and therefore his character is stainless. He is a guide-post and it pays to keep him whitewashed and in good order. I consider this shallow spectacular morality of mighty little value. No matter how nice it looks upon the outside, it is too often a whited sepulchre full of dead men's bones. Infidelity, however rough its appearance, carries within its breast the jewel of a finer morality. It is the nurse of a better living. It has been the eternal baptism and regeneration of the race to higher, grander modes of conduct.

There are two ways of considering morality, one as a system of rules and regulations, the other as an ever-growing life.

The one is the mere shell of morality, ever breaking and ever forming; while the other is the very soul of morality.

Now the orthodox is the one who is devoted to the mere shell. He obeys certain rules and regulations. Duty, to him, is like the counting of so many beads. It is a formula and a task; it is a ceremony and a routine. The orthodox does what is right, like a horse in a treadmill. It is the same everlasting round. There's nothing new. It's the same liturgy from day to day; like the old deacon's prayer—the same each morning, of interminable length, beginning with the creation of the world and ending with the judgment scene. One of his little boys, after listening, a hot summer's day, about half an hour, became tired and was anxious for the close and asked his brother, near by, if "father wasn't most through." "Oh, no," was the reply, "he hasn't got to the Jews yet." Orthodox morality is very much like this prayer, it is a lingo of the past. According to the orthodox, the highest duty of a man is to set an example. He must always be on dress parade. He must study his good looks, he must be careful of appearances, and think of what people will say.

(To be Continued.)

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

A large procession of unemployed workingmen paraded the streets of Los Angeles on Sunday.—News from Samoa is chiefly of the manufactured sort. There are but slight indications of war over Samoan affairs.—San Francisco has a new revivalist in the person of the Rev. A. J. Bell, who has been doing evangelical work in the state for some time. He lacks the clap-trap style necessary to great success in his line of business.—Judge O'Connor, of San Jose, has donated \$50,000 to the Catholic University at Washington.—Adolph Sutro closed the gates of his park at the Cliff House last Sunday, and placed the ladies of the Pioneer Kindergarten Association in charge, with the right to ask an admission fee of 50 cents for adults and 25 cents for children. There were some two thousand visitors.—The Rev. J. D. Flenner, late pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Boise, I. T., who was found guilty by the Boise Methodist Episcopal conference of falsehood, misappropriation of church funds, and improper intimacy with two lady members his church, one of whom was a married woman, has appealed to a higher tribunal. This body, called the "Trier of Appeals," consisting of twenty-one ministers from three neighboring conferences and presided over by Bishop Warren, of Denver, Col., has been in session at Portland, Or., and sustained the action of the Idaho conference and deposed Mr. Flenner from the minis-

try. He has always been considered a good minister, but appears to have been utterly incapable of understanding what the rights of others were in regard to money or anything else.—The city council of Tacoma, W. T., has raised the liquor license to \$1,000.—There appears to be need of an investigation of the prison management at San Quentin. Very damaging facts against Warden McComb have gained publicity.—The legislature of California will send counsel to Washington to defend the Scott Exclusion act before the Supreme Court.—A fund is to be raised for the purpose of erecting a monument to Robert Burns in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

Preacher John Elmsler, of Elizabeth, W. Va., went home drunk on the 15th inst., killed his wife with a heavy poker, and then brained his two daughters and the hired girl.—A Catholic pilgrimage to Rome and Jerusalem starts from Jersey City, N. J., February 21.—A girl ran a bicycle 624 miles in six days at the contest in New York last week.—A thousand Catholics held an indignation meeting at Cleveland, Ohio, last Sunday and denounced the action of the Harverhill, Mass., public school authorities who have interfered with the rights of Catholics in the matter of education.—The Salvation Army were rotten-egged, and otherwise shamefully ill-treated at Helena, Mont., last week.—Two Scandinavian sisters who were going to Salt Lake to marry the Mormon elder who converted them left him at Cheyenne, Wyo., on Sunday, and he was thrashed by their brother.—It is reported that many wealthy women are joining the Salvation Army in New York.—The Mormons were defeated in the recent election in Ogden, Utah, and the city passes under gentile rule.—Orders have been issued on the Pennsylvania railroad that no freight except perishables shall run out on Sunday.

Ernst Nechen, the German geologist, died at Berlin, February 16, aged 88.—Dispatches from Central America report a violent earthquake in Costa Rica, with the destruction of the city of San Jose, and the loss of 200 lives.

OBSERVATIONS.

There are many American citizens who believe in what they call a "strong foreign policy." They want the flag "respected," and if a foreigner puts a bullet through the mainsail of some old scow whose owner hails from the United States, they are in favor of declaring war immediately with the nation under whose flag the said foreigner is sailing at the time, and unless such a step is taken they begin at once to abuse the administration. These citizens are patriots. They stand upon the shore with a chip on their shoulder, looking out to sea and waiting for a shot from some foreign man-of-war to knock the chip off. Such spare funds as they have to devote to the cause of freedom they send to Ireland to promote the cause of home rule. Meanwhile, the native of Ireland slips ashore at Castle Garden, selects the office best suited to his choice, and immediately begins to conduct the affairs of the country. He inaugurates his career by getting appointed to the "force," and in the city of San Francisco he distinguishes himself by suppressing the sale of a paper that opposes the alien religion which he brings with him. During this time the patriot's eyes are cast seaward, and his brow is wrinkled with regret that we have not a stronger foreign policy. It seems to me that what is more necessary just now is a vigorous domestic policy that will protect the rights of citizens at home as well as abroad.

Uncle Samos Parsons, from San Jose, came in to see us one day last week. He said he had called to blow us all up. There must be a reform in the get-up and editorial policy of FREETHOUGHT, or he would knock the props out from under the office, and drop the whole business into the cellar. First, the paper should be printed in bigger type so he could read it. He was eighty-five years old day before yesterday, and his eyes had begun to fail him. Second, the pressman should be instructed to use more ink, and jam it on harder. Third, there must be a black line between the columns, so he would not read clear across the page. Fourth, print clear to the edge of the paper, and don't waste so much space in margins. Fifth, get cheaper

paper. It was a waste of good material to print such slush as Putnam and I wrote on forty-eight pound stock. Sixth, and most decidedly, stop grumbling and finding fault with your friends. If anything doesn't suit you, let it pass. Direct your criticisms toward the enemy.

I have not received so much good advice before since I entered journalism, and it is not the less gratefully accepted because I see no way to act upon it. Mr. Parsons is one of the grand old veterans in the cause. He carries the accumulated burdens of eighty-five years with as light a step as most men of sixty. He enjoys an annuity, which he draws regularly and distributes, or "sprinkles," as he terms it, among the workers for Freethought. So he lives only for the cause. A thousand men like him would keep the flower of Liberalism in perennial bloom.

A short time ago I made reference to my habit of performing upon a tin flute every morning before breakfast, with the effect of noticeably hastening the preparation of the morning meal; the receipt of the following card is my excuse for recurring to the subject now:

OFFICE OF THE MURRAY HILL PUBLISHING CO.,
No. 129 E. 28TH STREET, NEW YORK, January 29, 1889.

I send by this mail a tooter that may be new to you. Try it on your boarding-house. It will give all hands an appetite for an early breakfast. Try it and send me a testimonial. Give it as a premium with your paper if it works well.

E. B. FOOTE, JR.

The article referred to as a "tooter" has arrived. It is a pink wooden tube, with a diaphragm in it. The inventor calls it a Kazoo. The performer, if he does not value his life, puts one end of the tube in his mouth and "hums" in it, as children do through a comb folded in paper. The sound is distressing, and altogether too solemn for this joyous world. It might be appropriate at a Chinese funeral, except that there would be a danger of its waking the corpse. I have prepared a reply to Dr. Foote reading thus:

"DEAR SIR: Your favor has come to hand—and mouth. I have used the tooter according to your directions. The result is all that I expected, and even more. You may forward me one gross. I want them for delinquent subscribers. The people at the house are preparing a testimonial for you. The testimonial is composed mainly of dynamite, and is so arranged that when received by you it will explode and lift the roof off your domicile. I remain yours in hope."

This is a strange city. I suppose that in proportion to its size it has more Roman Catholics in it than any other city in America. It also has more Chinamen, more prostitutes, more dives, and more vice generally. In some blocks every house is occupied by fallen women, who blazon their names on their doors, and who loll head and shoulders out of windows, and talk with one another across the street. Underneath business houses the city is catacombed by dives, the walls of which are hung with obscene pictures; where obscene songs and jests are retailed from the stage, and where drunken men and tipsy women mingle their debaucheries in the thinnest shadow of concealment. Almost in sight of this office, near the centre of the city, is a huge assignation house, the proprietor of which publishes a paper to advertise his business, and the paper is hawked and sold openly upon the streets. The police are blinded with bribes and see none of this iniquity.

All of which I should prefer not to mention, for to name these things is to soil good paper; but I wish to call attention to the strange fact that while, with the tacit consent of the authorities, every abomination is permitted the freedom of the city, there is *not* freedom for the sale of this paper, FREETHOUGHT. It has but one salesman on the street, an old gentleman of the name of Ketchum, and he has been repeatedly driven from the sidewalks and public squares, and threatened with arrest, by the Roman Catholic ruffians who wear the uniform of police officers. Naturally he does not desire to be arrested. Few persons do. He has no money to pay fines, and Mr. Putnam and myself have none to invest in that way for him. I would not like to be arrested myself, and Mr. Putnam thinks he would prefer his mattress on the floor of the office to the hard beds and active vermin

of the station house. It is a case where we have to submit. The old man must conceal his copies of FREETHOUGHT under his coat and dodge the policeman. But I am prepared to say, after due reflection, that I protest.

Listening, a few days since, to the reading of an article which covered a score of pages of foolscap, and which was at its close offered for publication in this journal, I was led to recall the way I once saw D. M. Bennett retaliate on a manuscript fiend. It was while Mr. Bennett was conducting his discussion with the Rev. G. H. Humphrey through the Truth Seeker that the man brought his manuscript in, and insisted upon reading it. He was permitted to do so, and Mr. Bennett listened patiently, though I do not think he remained awake during the hour required for its delivery. Those who knew Mr. Bennett will remember that he had a habit of dropping asleep frequently at his desk while writing or reading, and it was the recuperation thus gained that enabled him to work about eighteen hours out of twenty-four. When the paper was finished, the writer wanted the listener's opinion of its availability for his columns, but instead of replying Mr. Bennett took down from its pigeon-hole a bundle of "copy" that would have filled a small wheelbarrow, and remarking that he had just written something which he thought would interest his visitor, began reading it aloud, pausing now and then to make a correction, or to insert some new thought that struck him. The day was Sunday, and Eighth street was quiet. At first the visitor leaned forward and listened with a show of eagerness, responding occasionally by an expression of approval; but gradually, as page after page was read and turned over on the growing pile, his attention relaxed. He took an easier position in his chair, and assumed an attitude of deep thought. Finally, a restful expression stole over his countenance, and he slumbered. Mr. Bennett read on and on, till, stopping to write a longer addendum than usual, he, too, grew drowsy.

The sun shone warm through the window, the flies hummed, in the sanctum; the pencil dropped from the writer's hand, and reader and listener slept. The editor woke first, picked up his pencil, finished his addendum, and read on, unconscious of the other's somnolent state. The visitor, thus aroused, glanced appealingly at the oblivious reader, then at me anxiously, consulted his watch, thrust his manuscript in his pocket, and stole away just as Mr. Bennett was about to yield himself once more to sleep. I made some remark about the patentable character of that method of standing-off ambitious writers, but Mr. Bennett did not seem to appreciate the joke. He merely observed that it would be a good while before that man would get anything published in the Truth Seeker.

"THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM."

This is not exactly a novel. It is not constituted with a plot. It is a series of sketches and an essay. It has neither beginning, middle, nor end, like the ideal novel—like that of a Fielding—where every character and incident goes to the making of the denouement. It is a transcript of life, after the fashion of Homer's Iliad. There is no selection of material for bright effects. We come into the traveled road. We go along a certain way. Many faces and incidents appear. Then we leave the road, and the panorama passes. Such is "The Story of an African Farm." It is a book of revelations. It is not for the market. It is not a sermon. It is not a lecture. It is an outpouring. It is terribly sincere. Nothing is kept back. It is the confessions of a noble heart, inexpressibly sad, and inexpressibly comforting to those who have had a like experience. It is a book that many have longed to read, an absolutely earnest, deep, radical, far-reaching book, compared to which a book like "The Quick or the Dead" is mere foam on the river. It is like the sea itself, of which the author says:

"It is not like the sky and stars that talk of what has no beginning and no end; but it is so human; of all the things I have ever seen only the sea is like a human being; the sky is not, nor the earth. But the sea is always moving, always something deep in itself is stirring it. I can hear it in the day and in the night; the white foam breakers are saying that which I think. I walk

alone with them when there is no one to see me. I lie down and watch them with my eyes half shut. The sky is better, but it is so high above our heads; I love the sea."

This is a woman's book, and the author is a woman of genius like De Stael, George Sand, Mary Woolstonecraft, and like Sappho and Hypatia. Compared to this "Robert Elsmere" "is as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine." In "Robert Elsmere" the author seems to stand outside of the characters, and to dissect them with marvelous skill—the skill of the potter, but not of the creator; the skill of a Bulwer, but not of a Shakespere. "The Story of an African Farm" is intensely personal; the heart of its author quivers in its lines, in its words, in its pictures, its portraiture. "Robert Elsmere" is a building—a temple of exquisite beauty. This story is a river, a sea, a stream of fire.

Yet the author can individualize and depict characters with the felicity of a Dickens. Old Otto, Bonaparte Blenkins, Gregory Rose, Tant' Sannie, Piet, Vander Walt, are exquisitely sketched. The painting is to life, with the realism of a Zola. Every stroke tells; the subtle irony and humor are infinitely amusing.

Waldo, the two strangers, Lyndall, are not characters, rather portraiture, or masks—vague, changing faces, behind which the authoress lurks, and, with but little effort at concealment, speaks. It is rather incongruous, but the effect is charming. There is no description, no revealing of characteristics, but a swell of pent-up thought, a bursting forth of uncompromising feeling. The author throws the characters aside with reckless audacity and takes their place with the unique expression of her own genius. Like the author, we let the contradiction go; and enjoy the discourse without any repugnance to the fate of the characters who are thus incontinently translated into the author's self.

In Lyndall the tragedy of woman's life is expressed; of the high, the noble, the aspiring woman, who longs for freedom and for purity—to be herself—-independent yet affectionate, so that every act is her womanhood's most holy choice.

"Can man be free while woman is a slave?"

Yet to strive for freedom is infinite suffering. It is martyrdom; it is death. In Lyndall there is the cry of the woman whose chains cut deep, who feels there is no escape, that beauty is but a curse, and wisdom folly. Love lies bleeding, indeed, in the heart of this tortured girl. Therein is the deepest tragedy of existence—the tragedy of man and of woman—for when woman suffers and is debased man suffers and is debased also. Man's love cannot be free and highest until woman's love is equally so.

The descriptive portions of this book are wrought out with the fidelity of a Dutch painting. Nature itself is pictured; not an imitation. Things are not smoothed over. The actual homeliness is displayed, and so the actual beauty, the light and color, are of the real scene—of the African farm itself. The imagination is employed not to invent, but to report. The following is an unfolding of the gospel of Nature, of science, as compared with the "gospel" of theology, of the supernatural. It is one of the finest pieces of description in the English language. Every word is a gem. It gives the key-note of the whole book:

And now we turn to Nature. All these years we have lived beside her, and we have never seen her; now we open our eyes and look at her.

The rocks have been to us a blur of brown; we bend over them, and the disorganized masses dissolve into a many-colored, many-shaped, carefully-arranged form of existence. Here masses of rainbow-tinted crystals, half-fused together; there bands of smooth gray and red, methodically overlying each other. This rock here is covered with a delicate silver tracery, in some mineral, resembling leaves and branches; there on the flat stone, on which we so often have sat to weep and pray, we look down, and see it covered with the fossil foot-prints of great birds, and the beautiful skeleton of a fish. We have often tried to picture in our mind what the fossilized remains of creatures must be like, and all the while we sat on them. We have been so blinded by thinking and feeling that we have never seen the world.

The flat plain has been to us a reach of monotonous red. We look at it, and every handful of sand starts into life. That wonderful people, the ants, we learn to know; see them make war and peace, play and work, and build their huge palaces. And that smaller people we make acquaintance with, who live in the flowers. The bitto flower has been for us a mere blur of yellow; we find its heart composed of a hundred perfect flowers, the homes of the tiny black people with red stripes, who move in and out in that little yellow city. Every bluebell has its inhabitant. Every day the karroo shows us a new wonder sleeping in its teeming bosom. On our way to work we pause and stand to see the ground-spider make

its trap, bury itself in the sand, and then wait for the falling-in of its enemy. Further on walks a horned beetle, and near him starts open the door of a spider, who peeps out carefully, and quickly pulls it down again. On a karroo bush a green fly is laying her silver eggs. We carry them home and see the shells pierced, the spotted grub come out, turn to a green fly, and flit away. We are not satisfied with what Nature shows us, and will see something for ourselves. Under the white hen we put a dozen eggs, and break one daily, to see the white spot wax into the chicken. We are not excited or enthusiastic about it; but a man is not to lay his throat open; he must think of something. So we plant seeds in rows on our dam wall, and pull one up daily to see how it goes with them. Alladeen buried her wonderful stone, and a golden palace sprung up at her feet. We do far more. We put a brown seed in the earth, and a living thing starts out—starts upward—why, no more than Alladeen can we say—starts upward, and does not desist till it is higher than our heads, sparkling with dew in the early morning, glittering with yellow blossoms, shaking brown seeds with little embryo souls on to the ground. We look at it solemnly, from the time it consists of two leaves peeping above the ground and a soft white root, till we have to raise our faces to look at it; but we find no reason for that upward starting.

We look into dead ducks and lambs. In the evening we carry them home, spread newspapers on the floor, and lie working with them till midnight. With a startled feeling, near akin to ecstasy, we open the lump of flesh called a heart, and find little doors and strings inside. We feel them, and put the heart away, but every now and then return to look and to feel them again. Why we like them so we can hardly tell.

A gander drowns itself in our dam. We take it out and open it on the bank, and kneel, looking at it. Above are the organs divided by delicate tissues; below are the intestines artistically curved in a spiral form, and each tier covered by a delicate net-work of blood-vessels standing out red against the faint blue background. Each branch of the blood-vessels is comprised of a trunk, bifurcating and rebifurcating into the most delicate hair-like threads, symmetrically arranged. We are struck with its singular beauty. And, moreover—and here we drop from our kneeling into a sitting posture—this also we remark: of that same exact shape and outline is our thorn tree seen against the sky in midwinter: of that shape also is delicate metallic tracery between our rocks; in that exact path does our water flow when without a furrow we lead it from the dam; so shaped are the antlers of the horned beetle. How are these things related that such deep union should exist between them all? Is it chance? Or, are they not all the fine branches of one trunk, whose sap flows through us all? That would explain it. We nod over the gander's inside.

This thing we call existence; is it not a something which has its roots far down below in the dark, and its branches stretching out into the immensely above, which we among the branches cannot see? Not a chance jumble; a living thing, a *One*. The thought gives us intense satisfaction, we cannot tell why.

We nod over the gander; then start up suddenly, look into the blue sky, throw the dead gander and the refuse into the dam, and go to work again.

And so it comes to pass, in time, that the earth ceases for us to be a weltering chaos. We walk in the great hall of life, looking up and round reverentially. Nothing is despicable—all is meaning full; nothing is small—all is part of a whole, whose beginning and end we know not. The life that throbs in us is a pulsation from it; too mighty for our comprehension, not too small.

And so it comes to pass at last that whereas the sky was at first a small blue rag stretched out over us, and so low that our hands might touch it, pressing down on us, it raises itself into an immeasurable blue arch over our heads, and we begin to live again.

This is a Freethought book. It accepts no particle of theology. It stands by fact and experience. It does not try to make things better than they are. It is called a pessimistic book. This does not make it any the less helpful. It is simply a brave book because it will not declare that all is lovely, here or hereafter; because it will not say all is well when to say so is a lie and a fraud. All is not well. But not the less nobly are we to live—not the less strenuously, not the less courageously. Always there is beauty, splendor, attainment for the daring soul. We need not be wretched; though God is dead, the good survives. For him who learns to "labor and to wait," as our author happily says, "there will always be something worth living for while there are shimmery afternoons." Again, "Ah, life is delicious; well to live long, and see the darkness breaking and the day coming. The day when soul shall not thrust back the soul that would come to it; when men shall not be driven to seek solitude because of the crying out of love and sympathy. Well to live long and see the new light breaking."

"The Story of an African Farm" is a companion book to "Robert Elsmere," because, like "Robert Elsmere," it tells what is going on in the vast realms of to-day's thought. It is a book of history, not merely of imagination. It is a living part of the nineteenth century. It is taken out of its throbbing heart and

brain. It is not "made up;" it is the storm and whirlwind, and sunshine and repose, of veritable existence. S. P. P.

THE STOCKTON MEETING.

From the Daily Independent.

The meeting was open by President Freeman of the Liberal League, who said the object was to counteract the influence of religion in politics, the tendency of which was to abridge liberty. He made but few remarks, and those to the same point, closing by offering a preamble and resolutions which, he said, had been approved by the Liberal League and the Turn Verein:

Whereas, Liberals of all shades are jealous of any interference with the civil and secular liberties of the citizen by any legislation on the subject of religion; and,

Whereas, There is an earnest movement on foot in this state, having for its purpose the securing from the state legislature now in session the passage of a Sunday law which, if passed, would seriously affect the freedom and well-being of the citizen and the whole people, besides being productive of religious and political discord, and would be the stepping-stone to future legislation in the direction of the practical union of church and state; therefore, as liberty seems to be the most precious jewel of our political world it must, like all other precious things, be ever watchfully guarded. Be it therefore

Resolved, That we are unqualifiedly opposed to the passage of any Sunday law bill, believing that all law having for its purpose the well-being of the people should be made upon a strictly secular basis, like the laws of Nature, knowing no Sunday, no fast days, nor other holy days of the religious calendar. In conclusion, be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our county representatives at Sacramento, requesting of them a careful consideration of the subject when it is brought before their several legislative bodies, and that these resolutions be attested by the secretaries of the societies of the Turn Verein and of the Liberal League of the city of Stockton.

W. T. Jones moved their adoption and the motion prevailed without opposition.

President Freeman then introduced Schuenemann-Pott, of San Francisco, who spoke in German. He prefaced his speech by saying he should confine himself to one principal point, the God idea in government. The present movement was one to mobilize the Liberal forces in opposition to those who would impose their opinions upon others by legislative acts. This idea, he said, had already gained too much ground even in the Federal government, which had stamped it upon the coins of the country even down to the nickel, to wit: "In God We Trust." He considered this idea in nearly all of its bearings, in a vein of keen satire, with many sentences as forcible as Ingersoll's, but less abrupt, and awakened a great deal of applause and laughter at his sallies, some of which would shock the orthodox believer and might subject the speaker to the penalty of blasphemy if, as Ingersoll says, the geography had not been in his favor. He could understand the God idea in monarchies, where the monarch depends upon bayonets to maintain his divine right to rule, and where church and state are united. There they permitted no dogmas to be questioned, yet no one would accept them if they were not so well backed by the police. There it was "God with Us," and here it is "In God We Trust," and what was enforced yonder these "God-we-trust" people would enforce here if they dared. That it was contrary to the genius and spirit of our institutions did not count with those zealots who pursued the idea. They would reverse even mathematical axioms and make us believe that three times one are but one. He sketched the many and various deities from remotest mythology to the present, and asked, "Which god?" The God of the Jews and the Christian God he described as the bachelor God, and God with a family, and Jesus, the crown prince, and asked which of these. Then there was the Protestant God and the Catholic God. The first was an autocrat, and the other had a vast cabinet to help him, yet the autocrat had to content himself with the assistance of a few angels singing hallelujahs! In which of these gods do we trust? Who were included in that we? The Liberals? No, by no means, and here the speaker employed a word that showed how closely a remnant of the religious habit clung to him. "Bewahre," he cried, an exclamation that usually appears: "Gott bewahre" or "God forbid."

If we were to have a national "God we trust" or a godly trust, he insisted that the chief monopolist of this trust should be duly

elected, or rather chosen after a sufficient competitive examination *a la* civil service. The phrase was a lie, hypocritical cant. Where did they get the authority to stamp this lie upon the coin of the republic? As an emblem of our faith it was no nearer truth than would be "Whisky we drink," or "Poker we play."

Another view of it was the "trust" part. How did we trust God? We didn't loan him anything, give him a credit on our books, or deposit our money with him. Perhaps it is the coin that trusts. Trusts what? That it may not be clipped, sweated, counterfeited, or stolen, perhaps. The idea was the height of absurdity. This republic does not trust in God. It does not depend upon any god. It is grounded on the sovereignty of man; on the manliness of its men. A republic and a church did not and could not endure or tolerate each other. The God idea is a monarchical idea. Thrones on earth are but the mirrored reflections of the throne above. The republic has none of it; wants none of it; will tolerate none of it.

Mr. Pott closed his speech, which was couched in the choicest of German, with a poetical peroration that awakened great enthusiasm, and earned for him very hearty applause.

From the Stockton Express.

Mr. Putnam's lecture, being in English, was more generally understood, and contrary to general expectation, it was not an anti-religious discourse. Had a stranger been there, and not understood the exact state of affairs, he would have come to the conclusion that Mr. Putnam was simply a dissatisfied Christian, who was fighting against an innovation. He did not ask for evidence of the Trinity. He made no war on the mother's prayer. He razed no sacred pile. He fagoted no man who dared to think different from him. But, in language that never once reached vociferation, he made a fervent plea to be allowed the privilege of thinking for himself. While according religious rights and liberties to all men, he was loth to submit to guardianship. He was not willing that any person but himself should do the reasoning for Samuel P. Putnam.

In substance he said that the question is not one of belief or of unbelief, but interests the Christian and the Infidel alike.

The only challenge made by Mr Putnam was with regard to the Mosaic Sabbath being a day of worship, he claiming that the account as written by Moses indicates that the day was a fete day, a celebration, something akin to the Fourth of July, a day of commemoration, and not a time set apart for gloom and repentance, and that it applied to strange gods as much as to the Jewish deity.

"The Sabbath is the rich man's day," he said, "for the passing of the Sunday law would stop the street cars, and the excursion boats, and not the coaches of the aristocracy. It would stop the Sunday newspaper and the Sunday train, and compel the patrons of the latter to lie over at inconvenient points. It is the law for tramps, by which they may, under certain conditions, sue for wages that have been earned and paid to honest men."

The lecturer created quite a burst of laughter in reading the petition of the W. C. T. U. to the California legislature. While the import of the document was plain, the phraseology was imperfect, and in one flight of rhetoric the collective word "we" indicated that if not legally restrained, the signers—the W. C. T. U.—would take in the sacrament and a Spanish bull fight during the same day.

The speaker called attention to the California State Liberal Union, claiming that the organization had neither creed nor unbelief, but that it was open to Spiritualist and Deist, to the Jew and to the Materialist. Its Nine Demands were but the demands of justice, he said, and they asked for the abolition of the chaplain, an officer who received \$1 a minute for a five minutes' prayer. They asked for the non-exemption of church property from paying taxes. They asked for the doing away of the judicial oath, but not lessening the penalty attached to making false statements before the courts. They asked for justice only, but justice in its fullest sense.

The speaker concluded his address by the rendition of "Men of Thought and Men of Action, Clear the Way." He was at home with his subject, and did not break when, from time to time, the pro-Sunday law portion of his audience would get up and leave

the room. One of his finest characteristics, and a trait which the gentleman himself has, perhaps, never given a second thought, is that he never yells at his audience as if they were deaf, but holds them by logic, keeps them clinging to his softly-spoken words, in wait to hear what is coming next.

ANOTHER OPINION OF HENRY GEORGE.

After reading the opinion held by Fred. May Holland, of "Poverty and Henry George," for which, he says, he has been asked, I am impelled to ask space for an answer to the gentleman's arguments, for which I have *not* been asked. To begin: after ascribing numerous undoubted reasons (or rather causes) for the poverty which exists, the gentleman makes use of the following words: "But there are many who are poor because they are idle, intemperate, or extravagant, and to tell them, as is sometimes done at Anti-Poverty meetings, that society is to blame for their sufferings, is to do both them and society harm." The gentleman is mistaken in supposing that the idle or the intemperate are ever told by the advocates of the single tax that society is to blame for any portion of the misfortune or misery which falls upon them as a necessary result of addiction to those vices. The poverty and misery which we claim as the fruits of bad and illogical social laws are the involuntary poverty and its attendant misery which those who are not idle, nor intemperate, nor extravagant, are forced to suffer in consequence of the fact that natural opportunities, which are the common birthright of all, are allowed to become the property in fee simple of a few, upon whose terms these opportunities must be used, if used at all. This, we claim, is the cause of involuntary poverty, and the only cause which compels men who are able and anxious to work to tramp the streets in vain search for employment which is not to be had, even at a price which would be insufficient to maintain them in the county almshouse. In regard to poverty which results from idleness and intemperance, it may be said that while we are sorry that there are so many belonging to this class, we recognize the fact that such vices are largely engendered by the difficulty of finding work, which enforces idle periods during which men lose ambition, and fall into intemperance, frequently from the discouragement arising from their knowledge of their friendless and helpless condition. The gentleman thinks that it is entirely owing to superior ability that some get more than others for their services, which leaves out of the question entirely the fact that thousands who are just as capable as those who succeed fail to get an opportunity to prove what is in them, because opportunities are restricted by being held out of use by those who, like dogs in the manger, will not use them themselves nor allow others to do so, except on their terms.

Society, the gentleman says, is like a steamer, on which the captain, pilot, and engineer are paid more than deck hands, because they are worth more; which is not to say that the natural capabilities of the captain, pilot, and engineer are necessarily superior to those with which the deck hands are endowed. If the deck hand had been afforded the same opportunities which the captain enjoyed, from the cradle up, he might have become commodore of a fleet. This is one of the results which ensue from treating land as private property. Some are born with absolutely no right to a foothold in the country of their birth, because some are allowed by the laws to hold that which is the common heritage of the race. This fact handicaps those who start with only their natural abilities, because in order to get an opportunity to display and render effective those gifts they must get some world-owner to employ them.

If taxation were assessed only on land values, the inducement to hold land idle for speculative purposes would be largely diminished, and if that tax took for the people the entire value which accrues to land by the mere presence of the people, no one would find profit in seizing more ground than he could use. This elimination of speculation would open up natural opportunities which are now closed, and give everybody a chance to employ himself, thus relieving him from the necessity of finding an employer, as a condition precedent to going to work. This method, when fully in operation, would give the laborer the full results of his labor, which would shortly put all but the impotent and the lazy

in the position to educate themselves and their children, and then people would select suitable occupations more frequently than now, because it is now not so much the question what a boy is best fitted to do as it is of what can he get to do. He has no time to waste hunting some special occupation, for his necessities compel him to take the first thing which offers, for fear that before another chance comes he will have starved to death.

The gentleman seems to misunderstand the meaning of the assertion that all men are born free and equal, for he appears to think that those who advance that proposition intend to convey the idea that all men are born with the same stature and strength, and with the same amount of grey matter in the brain. Equality, as used in the phrase quoted, applies simply to natural rights. "We hold these things to be self-evident, that all men are born free and equal, and with the same right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," is about the phraseology of a well-known document not entirely unknown to Americans. Now, how can one have the same right to his life, his liberty, etc., unless he has also the same right to that which alone is capable of supporting life, to wit, the land? If he must make terms with some landowner previous to starting in the pursuit of wealth, it seems clear that he is living on the landholder's terms, in other words, he is paying some one who has no greater right to any given opportunity than he himself has, for the privilege of living at all. What kind of liberty would you call that?

The gentleman is evidently in error also in regard to the object aimed at by Mr. George's single tax scheme, for he says: "My neighbor makes money faster than I can, because his talents are more useful to the race. To compel him to support me would be to rob him of his just reward; and to prevent him from earning more than I earn would make him a cripple and a slave."

The gentleman should have formed some clear conception of what Mr. George advocates previous to an attempt at criticism. His method smacks too strongly of the system pursued by theologians, when dealing with that ornament of his race and time, Thomas Paine. Scarcely one of them considers it necessary, as a preliminary, to read what Mr. Paine wrote. The gentleman seems to have thought knowledge of what Mr. George wrote equally superfluous. Mr. George does not advocate the imposition of any restriction upon what any one can make by the use of superior talents; he simply holds that no one should be allowed to make themselves wealthy by holding the land idle. He does not entertain the idea that any one should be forced, or expected, to support anybody, or that any should be restricted, or prevented, from earning as much as, or more than, any one else. He merely demands that no one shall, by the monopolization of the element from the products of which all must live, obtain any portion of the earnings of another, except he renders an equivalent, which quid pro quo, we claim, we do not get, for that portion of the product of our labor which we are forced, by existing laws, to give to the landholder for the use of a privilege which belongs, ethically, to him, only in the same proportion that it belongs to us.

Poverty, the gentleman thinks, will never vanish entirely, but will continue to diminish, as it has for centuries. What authority has he for supposing that poverty is, or has been, decreasing? Does not the existence of the ubiquitous tramp argue that poverty is increasing and not diminishing? Why! the word which denominates that product of modern civilization has not got into the dictionaries yet, except, perhaps, in the supplement. Poverty is not decreasing.

The gentleman thinks that Mr. George's plan of levying taxation on land values (not on land, as the gentleman says) is open to fatal objections, one of which he thinks is that states which stand low in average wealth would not allow themselves to be overtaxed. Suppose that the law-making power should decree that taxation for the support of the general government shall be derived by taxing the several states directly, in proportion to the population, what possible redress would any recalcitrant state possess? Of course, the representatives of any state could, and possibly would, oppose, to the extent of their power, any change in methods of taxation which they considered detrimental to the interests of the most influential of their constituents, but the measure, once it became law, would have to be submitted to. It is not states which pay taxes, it is the people that pay them, and

the land-value tax would fall upon the poor very lightly, and upon the rich with correspondingly increased weight; the rich would recalcitrate, of course; they always do when any project is on foot to compel them to pay in proportion to their ability, but why would direct taxation cause any more opposition when levied for national than for state or local purposes?

The gentleman thinks that taxes can be laid nowhere so justly as on churches, banks, factories, saloons, hotels, and costly mansions, and thinks that the plan which would allow a man to spend millions upon such structures, with no greater charge for taxes than if he had erected a cheap cottage on the same land, is not in consonance with common sense, and cannot be considered as being, to any great extent, like a new gospel to the poor. Let us see. It is to the interest of the poor that every inducement should be offered for the promotion of building, because much building makes increased work for them, and their wages are likely to be more, when the demand for their services is great, than it would be if the demand were small. Therefore, to remove taxation from those things which the poor produce, such as churches and various other structures mentioned by the gentleman, is but another term for promoting the industries from which the poor derive their support. And to tax them, what is that but a fine and a penalty put upon those who use their capital in productive enterprises, and a direct premium offered them to induce them to use their means in investments that cannot be reached by taxation (unless they choose to reveal them to the assessors, which, by the way, very few of them do)? If a man is such a ninny as to occupy a valuable site, which is suitable for a large bank, hotel, or a costly mansion, with a cheap cottage, he should pay as much in the one case as in the other, because he has the privilege of putting the ground to better use, and if he cannot, from lack of pecuniary resources, do so, he has no use for such valuable land, and should seek humbler quarters, just as a man who cannot stand the strain of paying for a superior suite of apartments at a crack hotel should seek accommodations more in accordance with his means. The cases are identical. The hotel proprietor could not be expected to allow his impecunious guest to remain for what he could afford to pay, when he could rent the apartments for their value to others; and the holder of valuable ground should pay the value that opportunity would bring the community if it were put to its highest possible use. I would inform the gentleman that the single tax would not enable the state to confiscate all the land, any more than the present system enables it to confiscate all the houses, or other objects on which taxation is imposed. If the people choose to shift taxation from many things to one thing, how can that be called confiscation?

In conclusion, I would like to inform the gentleman that the single tax men are quite as firmly opposed to any "reform" which requires the "sacrifice of individual liberty" as he can possibly be. The single tax would require no such sacrifice, but would, on the contrary, reinvest the individual with all the rights of which he has been deprived, and place him in a position to make his bargains in the wage market, on equal terms with his employer, a position he has not occupied for many years.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

E.-O. Roscoe.

THE real point at issue is, not whether Zola's books are decent or indecent, but whether a government has a right to suppress indecent literature. And here I must state my conviction that they have no right whatever to say a word in the matter. No man should be restricted in his right to publish whatever he pleases; no publisher should be forbidden to sell (if he can) any book. Legislation against vice is folly, and has been proved so since the beginning of laws. It is never successful; on the contrary, it always promotes what it seeks to suppress. The innocence of ignorance is impossible in this world; the only possible innocence is that of knowledge and volition. . . . And my conclusion is, that corrupt freedom is better than enforced virtue—if so absurd a contradiction in terms can be admitted.—Julian Hawthorne, in America.

THE "Sabbath Imposture," a pamphlet by Harry Hoover, 10 cents per copy; six for 50 cents; fifteen for \$1.00.

ITEMS WRITTEN WITH THE SCISSORS.

THE most finicky ass that has ever appeared in Los Angeles is Sam Jones.—Los Angeles Herald.

THE Roman Catholic Directory for 1889 reports 8,157,676 members in the United States. There are reported 8,118 priests and 7,353 churches.

FREETHOUGHT is now a 16-page weekly, and every number is filled to the brim with sparkling and useful matter. The Pacific Coast Liberals are fortunate in having such a medium of Liberal thought among them.—Independent Pulpit, Waco, Texas.

THE new National Academy of Theology, in New York, is designed "to advance the study of theology as a science." We cannot have too much light: let some good soul set up a National Academy of Natural History to advance the study of the sheep as a fish.—Ambrose Bierce.

"SAY, Patrick," whispered Jacobson to his Hibernian friend; "I vonder vot sort of man dot is at de odder end of de loonch-counter?" "Begob," returned Pat, eyeing the stranger, "he musht be wan av thim new-fangled ducks called Eggnostics. A man that will ate bacon on a Froiday is nayther Jew nor Christian!"

NEWLY ARRIVED Spirit (wandering aimlessly about)—"What place is this? Can I come in?" St. Peter—"Where are you from?" Spirit—"San Francisco." St. Peter—"Always lived there?" Spirit—"Yes. Born there." St. Peter (compassionately)—"No wonder you never heard of this place, my poor friend. You never had a chance. Come in."—Chicago Tribune.

MR. LAWLER, of Illinois, has introduced in the House of Representatives at Washington a concurrent resolution directing the public printer hereafter to drop the letters "ue" at the end of such words as "epilogue," and the letters "me" at the end of such words as "programme;" the letter "e" at the end of such words as "hypocrite;" the letters "te" at the end of such words as "coquette," and to substitute "f" for "ph" in such words as "phantom."

AFTER forty years of gratuitous and earnest labor in this blessed [temperance] cause, I am solemnly convinced that if it was left to the tender mercies of partisan politicians, it would be assassinated! God never ordained that conflicts with gigantic sins should be waged with carnal weapons alone, or under the command of Cæsar! I am also convinced that if all the time, money, and effort that have been expended on political movements had been expended in direct moral efforts to check the drinking usages, and educate the conscience and conduct, and teach to the young, lessons of abstinence, and make public sentiment against the diabolical and deadly drink-traffic, then our reform would be a hundred-fold stronger to-day.—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

THE editor of the Garden City, Kan., Herald has received an invitation to attend the inauguration ceremonies at Washington, but is obliged to send his regrets. He says: "One thing that prevents us from going to the inauguration is a want of transportation, as well as the wherewithal with which to purchase it. A man can stand off the local dealer in groceries, but a story about a lame leg or a recent robbery in a lonely and sequestered spot on a cloudy and moonless night won't go with a railroad or post-office. We want Mr. Harrison and his wife, too, to understand that we had no unkind feelings toward them, and that we think the crowd that will gather at Washington will be ordinarily respectable, and that we are not absenting ourselves for any reason for which they are in any manner responsible. If we were to attend we should want to take in the ball and perchance shassey around with the girls in the mazy dance, whatever that is, but we should not look well in a linen duster and bare hands, yet, we are sorry to say, those things constitute a large portion of our wardrobe at the present writing. We trust our absence will not in any manner interfere with any of the proceedings. We sincerely hope that Mr. Harrison will not omit his address because we cannot be present to hear it. It is our desire that the ball should go on just as if we were to be there. Let nothing be omitted from the program. The committee have our thanks, and also the positive assurance that we will not be there."

MUCH of the wild and irreconcilable chronology of the Bible may be attributable to the fact that the "holy men of God" were not adepts in the writing down of numericals, and that they thereby bungled and stultified the facts with which the Holy Ghost "inspired" them. The non-arithmetical plight of the sacred scribes may be illustrated by the following episode in the experience of a certain Hibernian undertaker, who once got a job to make a coffin, the job to include painting the inscription on the lid. This he was too illiterate to do, but did not like to confess as much. By dint of following the written copy given him, he managed to get as far as "Michael O'Rafferty, aged—;" but, try as he would, he could not imitate the "28." At last he remembered that he could write "7," and that four 7's made 28. So he finished the inscription, aged 7777. When they came to bury Michael the coffin stood at the grave side, and the priest spoke somewhat as follows: "Ah, he was a fine lad, and he's lying there so still; taken away in the very prime of loife. Young, too, he was, only—" and here the priest looked down at the coffin plate to see how old Michael was. "He was only," said his reverence again, and put his glasses on and went nearer to see how old he really was. "He was only—" he continued; "he was seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven. Tare and ages! how did he escape the flood?"—Agnostic Journal.

THE Express of Saturday evening contained some interviews with "several" city pastors, promising in the headline, "Striking Evidences of the Good Work at the Pavilion." The Rev. Mr. Reed has the nerve to say that he does not approve of Mr. Jones's methods; for which he has the thanks of those Christians to whom it is gall and wormwood to have the sacredness of their religion dragged in the gutter; or, as the Herald has it, hawked about for the personal benefit of Sam Jones. Dr. Fay is reported as sharply criticising the clerical mountebank. But most affecting are the remarks of Dr. Cantine. Truly, evil communications corrupt good manners! Recognizing the efficacy of the Jones style, Dr. Cantine tells us that "for seventeen years he has had religion in his head, his heart, his hands, and his feet." He also says that he is "glad the emissaries of the devil are mad." Now, could not he emulate his friend still more and speak out—tell us to whom he refers as the "emissaries of the devil?" Also, will he please tell just how many times he has gone down into the congregation asking men if they were Christians, and got the reply "none of your damn business?" If he were only "at liberty to do so" he could tell us wonderful tales. Truly 'tis a pity the converted gamblers, saloon-keepers, and others of that ilk, should be so ashamed of their reformation! He speaks of these gentry in the plural; now if he will point out a few saloons that have been closed by the consciences of the proprietors it will be much more to the point. If he will give the address of some of those lachrymose gamblers we would like to interview them. Perhaps they have concluded, like another reformed gambler, that preaching will pay better, and we shall have competition in the revivalist field.—M. D., in the Los Angeles Times.

The Missionary Woman.

She went 'round and asked subscriptions
For the black Egyptians
And the Terra del Fuegians,
She did;
For the tribes 'round Athabasca,
And the men of Madagascar,
And the poor souls of Alaska,
So she did;
She longed, she said, to buy
Jelly cake and jam and pie
For the Anthropophagi,
So she did.

How she loved the cold Norwegian,
And the poor, half-melted Feejian,
And the dear Malacca islander!

She did;
She sent tins of red tomato
To the tribes beyond the equator,
But her husband ate potato,

So he did;
The poor, helpless, hopeless thing
(My voice falters as I sing)
Tied his clothes up with a string,
Yes he did.

—Exchange.

A STATE convention of the Liberals of California met in this city January 27, and completed its work in three sessions. "Liberals" are what used to be "Infidels" in Abner Kneeland's and Thomas Paine's time, and the name of "Infidel" was considered by most people disgraceful, just as in orthodox communities the name of "Universalist" and "Unitarian" was. Now, however, there are quite respected and respectable people who openly say that they are Agnostics, that is, that they do not know whether revealed religion is true or not. Agnostics now would have been blacklisted as Infidels fifty years ago. "Liberals" are little more than Agnostics; for the furthest that it is logically safe for a man to go is, to say that about revelation and a future state he does not know. If he asserts that he does know that there isn't any, he is as bad as the Christian who asserts that he does know that there is. There are a great many persons in California who are in sympathy with this organization. And a great many more who may not accept all of their views, not even all of the "Nine Points," will at least be in favor of their enjoyment, on the same terms with other citizens, of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.—San Francisco Weekly Star.

AN EXPLANATION.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Your comment of February 9.—I have read after Fred. May Holland with pleasure and profit. My expressed disrespect for his opinions was confined exclusively to the one on single tax matters. If I had made a special study of astronomy, I should not be expected to respect an opinion regarding planetary motions if it contained evidence of being formed after a cursory reading of Genesis and the occasional observation of a single star.

If I hold in my hand a small book, I have no respect for an opinion that it is eleven feet thick. When Mr. Holland wrote, he had no more respect for my opinion than I had for his. Perhaps I am making fine distinctions, but they are not new ones. If this will not go as an explanation, call it an apology.

Anaheim, Cal., Feb. 10.

JAMES B. HASSETT.

On the Trail.

To the Editors of Freethought:

After penning my last letter from Visalia, I took "Halstead's Express" up the "Canyon of the Kaweah," to the lands of the colony. The Trail was a rough one. For about ten miles we rode along among the beautiful oak groves, fine orchards and vineyards, and across numerous water ditches, by immense farms, and across a very level country. After this we entered this wonderful mountain gorge of the Kaweah, which is a small stream, but with a fall of several hundred feet to the mile, which makes it one continual rushing torrent among the mighty boulders it has cut from these mountains of rock and granite. The scenery is most grand and sublime; ever changing as the traveler winds his way, sometimes along a narrow sandy bottom, often in a trail cut along high up the mountain side, but ever with the sound of the rushing, tumbling water of the merry river making weird but welcome music, to cheer him along this weary journey. There is, now here, now there, a little farm, hid away in these solitudes, that is like an oasis in the desert, a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

The best fruit in California is raised in the mountains. Cattle ranging up the rugged gorges and over the peaks who live all the year round without being fed, while the bees gather in the nectar of the gods. Verily, Kaweah is the land where milk and honey, beef and apples, and jolly co-operators may be found. We arrived at Mr. Halstead's ranch, consisting of between 800 and 900 acres, about sun down, and were kindly invited to stay with the happy old bachelor over-night, and sleep amid his bearskins, and by a roaring log fire, and see for once if "it is not good for man to live alone." Here we found the thriftiest looking orchard I have seen in the state, consisting of apples, peaches, mulberries, figs, and nuts of different kinds. After a rousing supper, plenty of stories and card playing and singing, we retired to dream of wildcats, mountain lions, cinnamon bears, and the future of this little but thoroughly in earnest colony that is being built up to prove the practicability of socialism or true co-operation. Here at comrade Halstead's ranch is the beginning of the road to the colony lands which reach from this point, cut along the sides of these often precipitous mountains, to

the Giant Forests, some twenty miles away, up and up, some 7000 or 8000 feet, nearly to the snowy peaks where the big Redwoods grow. These sturdy, energetic Socialists, very few in number, commenced this road nearly three years ago, which engineers estimated would cost half a million, almost without a dollar, and now the mammoth trees are almost reached. A few weeks more and the long tiresome work of building roads, winding around rocky-mountain sides, will be over. Then for the mills that will soon be humming, away up in these almost inaccessible heights where wheeled vehicle has never rolled, and man but seldom trod. Then the long flume, of near forty miles, must be built to carry off the product of the mills, and water the gardens and orchards that will soon be planted in the little nooks and rich coves all along the line.

Early the next day we resumed our trip up this winding trail until we came to the tent city of Advance, where we found the most of these toilers for a better industrial system than competition can give or ever has given. I found all doing their "level best" to make the colony a success, undergoing many privations and hardships, often ragged and with little to encourage them that final success would dawn upon them. All seemed happy and jolly, healthy and true. Some of these brave and true fellows have never been out of the canyon since the work began two and a half years ago. Most of the men are leading a wild bachelor life. There is quite a number of finely educated and handsome young women (and room for a hundred more); also middle aged and elderly ladies, living here in their tents alone, drawing their time checks for labor done, the same as their male companions, and keeping "bachelor's hall" in true feminine style, with pictures and flowers, carpets and rugs, musical instruments, bright ribbons, and brighter eyes all around. Here these folks have lived for two years, far removed from the haunts of men, winter and summer, working and waiting for the good time coming. A more hearty welcome I never met than from the splendid families of J. H. Redstone, J. J. Martin, Mr. Evans, Mr. E. C. Miles, H. T. Taylor, Mr. Reed, A. W. Green, Mrs. Jennie Sturdevant, Mrs. Egli, Mr. Rodell, Mr. Weitnecht, and many single comrades, both men and women, whose names I fail to remember. Nearly all of these people were formerly residents of your city, but tired of the ceaseless strife, of cut-throat competition and bitter disappointments, have come away up among the crags of the Kaweah to carve out a home together for their old age. There is no creed here, no God worshiped, no religion but the religion of Humanity.

Advance city is some 200 feet above the river, but a water wheel sets in the rushing torrent and is attached to a force pump that sends the water up through iron pipes, all among the canvas houses, on the heights above, irrigating their flowers and gardens, etc. Deer and bear are often killed here; love is made, school sustained, children borne, theatricals occur, and life goes on, like the merry river far below and the perpetual sunshine above, telling that this natural life is nearer to the designs of nature than what is called civilization. There is room for hundreds more here, and all interested should write to E. C. Miles, treasurer, Three Rivers, Tulare county, or J. J. Martin, secretary, Visalia, California. I remained here two weeks, and could spend a lifetime here, among these true brothers and sisters, this gorgeous scenery, magnificent mountain water from melted snows, and clear sunshine. This climate is far better than in the valleys or near the sea.

Visalia, February 1, 1889.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

A Leader Wanted in Oregon.

To the Editors of Freethought:

DEAR BRETHREN: As my year's subscription is about up, I inclose money order for \$2.25 for FREETHOUGHT and "Freethinkers' Annual." I congratulate the Freethinkers of California for their success throughout the state, which success is mainly due to FREETHOUGHT and its enterprising managers and editors. The California Liberal Union, with Putnam as president, will be a blazing meteor in the heaven of Freethought; and may it never lose its lustre and its shining glory. I wish Oregon was in the hands and under the control of a Putnam for a while. According to "News and Notes," we have good material here, but lack a leader. With success to FREETHOUGHT, I am yours for U. M. L.

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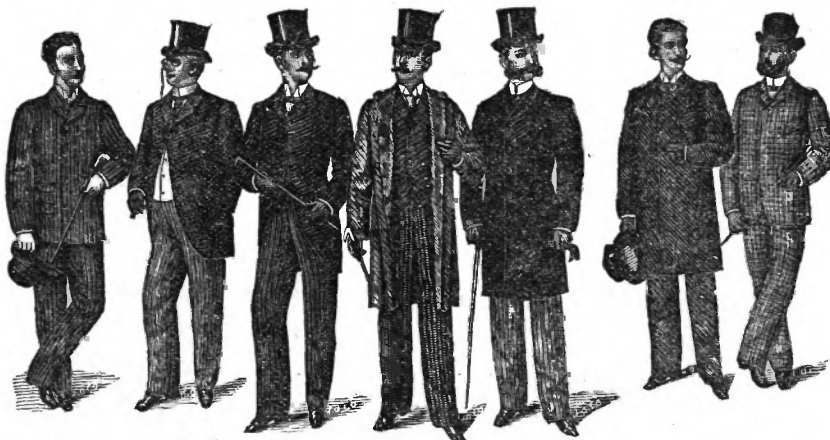
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Freethought.

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SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1889.

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FREETHOUGHT.

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GEO. E. MACDONALD, } EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - MARCH 2, 1889

THE apostolic benediction comes high, and Judge O'Connor, of San Jose, is probably the only lay citizen of California who has one in the house. It cost him a \$50,000 donation to the Catholic University at Washington.

OUR president-elect, General Harrison, has been "visibly affected" again, this time by the last Sunday sermon of his Indianapolis pastor, who feelingly alluded to Mr. Harrison's departure for Washington. The whole congregation, as in duty bound, overflowed its banks and wept moistly.

MR. CHARLES WATTS, of Toronto, has been lecturing in Salt Lake City to large audiences. The religious scamp Braden was in the city at the same time, and we are somewhat surprised to learn from the Tribune of February 19 that the two have engaged in a debate. Braden is such an unscrupulous and habitual liar that discussion with him is totally worthless.

THE clerical profession has received a new recruit lately in the person of "Billy" Frasier, a somewhat noted light-weight pugilist. There is no doubt of his success. The notoriety of Sam Jones, Sam Small, Dwyer, Sawyer, Gough, and other converted ruffians, shows that for effectiveness in revival work a bad reputation is of more value than a long and arduous term in a theological seminary.

A SPECIAL report prepared by Commissioner Wright of the department of labor shows that throughout the country, in the past twenty years, marriage has been a failure in 328,716 cases, that being the number of divorces granted. If some statistics could be obtained as to the number of cases in which the single state has proved unsuccessful, there would be some chance of getting at the real value of marriage as a modifier of human misery.

SOME of the wealthy New York churches having excluded strangers and poor people from the sanctuary, the Rev. Wong Jock San, priest of a Chinese joss house on Mott street, throws open the doors of his temple and invites all wayfarers to enter. He has given the following to the press: "You can just say that if the Christian churches don't allow them to pray or praise the

Lord in their sanctuaries they can come right into this temple of 'Joss' here. It is built with much wealth and is kept as neat as we know how. They can come here and worship as long as they please and at any time they choose, and pray as loud as they want to to any God they have a fancy for, all free of cost. We have no castes here nor any religious differences. Every one, so long as he or she is a human being, regardless of their condition of life, is welcome. Religion is about the cheapest thing we have among us. Why should we deny it to anybody?"

At the Methodist pastors' meeting last week the Rev. C. F. Eltzholtz read a paper on "Our Foreign Element and What to Do with It," in the course of which he said that "a Philadelphia judge had the good sense to refuse to naturalize a man who was a professed Atheist, and said truly that there were already too many of that class in the country." It is evident that if the Protestant clergy could have their way they would exclude from citizenship all foreigners who show themselves to be impervious to evangelistic influences.

NEXT SUNDAY'S MEETING.

Prof. Herbert Miller will inaugurate a series of Liberal meetings in St. George's Hall, 909½ Market street, beginning next Sunday, March 3, at 3 o'clock. The subject of the first lecture is the "Old and New."

It is hoped that these meetings will be well attended and supported. If successful, the outcome will be the organization of a Local Liberal Club.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The campaign at Sacramento has opened with excellent promise. Pioneer Hall was filled to overflowing, and nearly as many went away for want of standing room as remained. About four hundred were present. It is hoped that a larger hall can be procured for the next lecture. The interest in the work of the Liberal Union is evidently growing. My subject at this first meeting was, "The Rev. Sam Jones Reviewed." I presume the subject drew some curiosity hunters. If Sam Jones were "Sam Jones" and nothing more, he would not be worthy of review. But since he is indorsed by the church and clergymen with scarcely an exception, his methods and ideas become the methods and ideas of the popular religion, and are to be criticised as such. Sam Jones's theology is of an entirely new order. In all my studies I have never come across the like. He says that God loves the meanest man in Sacramento as well as he loves the best man, and perhaps a little better. Who the meanest man may be it is difficult to tell. It is possible that he may be one of the largest contributors to the coffers of the Rev. Sam Jones. In that case, it is no wonder that the God of the Rev. Sam Jones loves the meanest man with surpassing affection, but the God of Jones is not the god of this universe. God is goodness, and goodness cannot love meanness. It hates it always and every-

where. Love can only love the lovable, the noble, and the beautiful. But the noble and the beautiful are not always in outward adornments and respectability. The true saint, the true nobility, is not inside the churches any more than outside, and according to the old legend, the strolling player is apt to be the noblest saint, though he might never utter a single prayer or claim a single virtue, but does good unconsciously, "without making any fuss about it," as Charles Dickens says. The noblest virtue is that virtue which never plumes itself as virtue.

The Rev. Sam Jones declares "love cannot save." This is a new theology. Human love cannot always save because it is always limited in power, but God is not limited, and therefore he can save. Thomas Paine gives about the best definition of deity there is: "The Deity is a being whose power is equal to his will." If man's power were equal to his will, then man would be a god. Whatever God wills he can do. If therefore he loves the meanest man, then his love will make the meanest man the best man; he will not leave him in his meanness. If, as Sam Jones says, God loves the sinner in hell as well as the angel in heaven, then he will save the sinner in hell. Infinite love and infinite power must in the end make nothing but goodness and beauty. It will not love the evil, but will destroy it.

The Rev. Sam Jones says he would rather be the worst criminal in the state-prisons of the land than an open, avowed Infidel; that is, he would rather be a robber, a thief, a murderer, a ravisher, than an honest man who dares to speak his mind; rather be a human fiend than Thomas Paine, whose genius first set the stars of glory in the flag of our Republic; than Jefferson, who penned the Declaration of Independence; than Humboldt, who read the secrets of the universe for the benefit of all; than Darwin, who has revolutionized modern thought; than Ingersoll, whose words and life have given hope and courage to thousands. Sam Jones is either a fool or a knave, and no Christian who has a spark of intelligence can indorse his outrageous statement, for every Christian knows that the honest, outspoken Infidel is a trustworthy and honorable citizen, and that the world is filled with the glory of his deeds. The Infidel does not fight anything good in Christianity, its humanity. It fights only its inhumanity, its cruelty, its evil, its error, and its superstition. Let Christianity or the Bible or the church declare anything that is really good, really for the happiness and beauty of this world, for civilization and progress, and the Infidel will most cordially accept it. The Rev. Sam Jones's definitions of Christianity and Infidelity are as false as it is possible for charlatany and ignorance to give. It is astonishing that intelligent Christians will indorse this man who seems so familiar with the slum and nothing else. He says there is more swearing in the city of Sacramento than in any other city. How does Sam Jones know this? With whom does he associate. I have heard but very little swearing in Sacramento. Had I been with Sam Jones I might, however, have heard a good deal more, as he evidently has. He seems to have a wonderful capacity for seeing how bad the word is. I would commend to his notice the words of his Master, "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

I shall be at Livermore next Sunday. The friends there are quite active. The community is Liberal, and I believe Livermore will be one of the best points along the line.

I shall be at Sacramento again Sunday, March 10, to discuss the Sabbath law, now pending in Congress and in the California legislature. The proposed law in California makes it a crime to buy a ticket to a theatre or any place of amusement. Is California

ready for such an iron despotism as that? It was intended, without doubt, to put the bill through without debate. It is well for Liberals to be on the lookout.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Sacramento, February 25, 1889.

THE QUESTION.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Inclosed please find Remonstrance against the Blair Sunday bill, signed to the margin by workingmen. All these are men, citizens of California, and voters who work at manual labor for their living. Some of them are compelled to work seven days in the week in order to "hold down their jobs." They recognize the iniquity and the danger lying in the proposed law, hence give their names in remonstrance. All of them desire, aye, yearn for a day for rest and recreation. They don't care whether it is Sunday or Wednesday, but they want one day in seven for their own—a relief from the grind of toil for maintenance. What are you going to do towards aiding them to secure this just end? Are you going to content yourselves by threatening them with the hell of an enforced observance of the Sabbath?

EUGENE HOUGH.

Oakland, Cal., Feb. 17, 1889.

Mr. Hough's question is one worthy of consideration, but, as we view the case, it must be considered apart from the question of securing by law a day of religious observance and enforced idleness. The right of a man to work upon Sunday is as good as his right to work upon any of the other days of the week, and his right to rest upon that day or any other must also be recognized. It is a thing to be arranged, not by the state, but between himself and his employer. The state must merely see to it that no forcible compulsion is used. How to secure one day of rest and recreation in seven is a question of ways and means with the workingman, but we do not profess to see far enough into the labor problem to outline the method by which this is to be done in all cases. Many men are glad to work an extra day for the sake of the increased pay, or to make up for time they may have lost, from choice or otherwise, during the week. A Sabbath law, if enforced, prevents them from doing so, and their rights are violated.

But the particular Sunday bill that we are objecting to now is the Blair bill, which is aimed more specially at Sunday recreation than at Sunday work. It is therefore not to be wondered at that the workingmen who want a day of recreation fill the remonstrance petition to the margin with their signatures.

THE CALIFORNIA SUNDAY LAW.

A bill has been introduced in the California Senate and Assembly entitled "An Act to add three new sections to the Penal Code, to be known as Sections 299, 300, and 301, respectively, relative to Sunday amusements where liquors are sold, and keeping open places of business on Sunday." Both the Senate and Assembly referred the bill to a Committee on Public Morals. Here are its provisions:

"299. Every person who on Sunday gets up, exhibits, opens, or maintains, or aids in getting up, exhibiting, opening, or maintaining any bull, bear, cock, or prize fight, horse-race, circus, gambling-house, or saloon, or any barbarous and noisy amusement, or who keeps, conducts or exhibits any theatre, melodeon, dance-cellar, or other place of musical, theatrical, or operatic performance, spectacle, or representation, where any wines, liquors, or intoxicating drinks are bought, sold, used, drank, or given away, or who purchases any ticket of admission, or directly or indirectly pays any admission fee to or for the purpose of witnessing or attending any such place, amusement, spectacle, performance, or representation, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

"300. Every person who keeps open on Sunday any store, workshop, bar, saloon, banking-house, or other place of business, for the purpose of transacting business therein, is punishable by fine not less than twenty nor more than one hundred dollars.

"301. The provisions of section three hundred do not apply to persons who on Sunday keep open hotels, boarding-houses, barber shops, baths, markets, restaurants, taverns, livery stables, or retail drug stores, for the legitimate business of each, or such manufacturing establishments as are usually kept in continued operation."

It will be seen that section 299 aims at a separation of music and beer on Sunday—that is, it forbids all sorts of entertainments where intoxicating drinks are sold. The word "where" is not very definite. It does not indicate whether these entertainments are prohibited in states, towns, localities, streets, buildings, or rooms *where* intoxicating fluids are dispensed, and it might be construed to mean either.

The same section makes it a misdemeanor to buy a ticket to the theatre on Sunday. The idiot who inserted that provision ought to be canonized.

Section 300 would shut up all the stores—that is to say, it would allow the Roman cutthroat Constantine, who established Sunday as the Sabbath, to lock the doors of every mercantile house in this state once a week. An act of that kind bears absurdity on the face of it.

The third section, by exempting taverns, would give rise to the same fraud that was practiced in New York, a few years ago. Every saloon keeper will put the word *HOTEL*, in small letters, on his door, and go on as before. Then our wise men at Sacramento will have to decide the great question how many beds it takes to constitute a hotel. All of which absurd and ridiculous travesty upon legislation come from the efforts of fanatics to make a distinction between Sunday morality and week-day morality.

FREETHOUGHT AND THE LABOR QUESTION.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I can distinctly remember the time when, like yourselves, I considered priestcraft and other forms of sky-piloting a cause; but of late years some closer observations have completely convinced me that they are an effect. Nothing that I have seen of late comes as near conveying my idea in a nutshell as those few lines contained in your paper, and contributed by my personal friend Severance, of this city, viz.: that "if Jesus Christ found it as difficult to make a living at the carpenter trade" as he does, "it is quite as likely that he went to preaching the gospel of necessity as through a desire to save the world." I mean to say that if we had our natural rights, all could make their living without resorting to any such devilish means as to impose on and profit by the superstitions of the people. And again, were it not for poverty, or the fear of poverty, which is the most dreadful fear we know of, pious knaves could not get a hearing, and consequently would soon look around for some honest way of making a living. All religions are based on and fortified by fear. By disposing of this greatest of all causes of fear, therefore, the foundation of the whole business is gone, and the remainder would shrivel like a tree with the earth removed from around its roots.

You may say it is out of your line to deal with the question of poverty. If so, that settles affairs between you and me. While I have never, personally, suffered real poverty, and don't expect to in the future, yet I deem the industrial question, or the social problem, *the* problem before us, the one which is of such dimensions as to include all others; and when you get ready to edit your paper somewhat on the plan of the *Standard*, by Henry George, the *Twentieth Century*, by Hugh O. Pentecost, or the *London Democrat*, by Wm. Saunders, you may count on my subscription. Los Angeles, Cal. Very respectfully, S. BYRON WELCOME.

The foregoing letter will serve as well as any of the many we have received for the text of a few remarks on the division of labor. It is an accepted maxim that the jack-of-all-trades is the master of none, and the principle holds just as good in the domain of reform as in that of industry. No man can learn all trades; no journal can be the organ of all trades; likewise no editor can be an all-round reformer, and no paper can advocate

all reforms and do justice to any of them. The chosen work of *FREETHOUGHT* is for religious liberty, and the papers mentioned by our correspondent choose to advocate a certain theory as to land tenure. This is a most proper division of labor, for the reason that the editors of *FREETHOUGHT* profess to be familiar with the subjects they are called upon to discuss, while they do not claim to be experts on the land problem. On the other hand, Mr. Henry George seems to have a reason for the faith that is in him on the question of a single tax, but so far as we are aware, in all his writings and addresses, the God-in-the-state issue is assiduously dodged. Mr. George evaded expressing himself on the Nine Demands of Liberalism during his campaign in New York city when the editor of the *Truth Seeker* pressed him for a reply, and we have personally heard him defend Sunday legislation.

Our friend Welcome thinks that the single-tax and associated questions involve all others. We do not see it so. It is not clear to us how the shifting of taxes from house values to land values would materially modify the desire of fanatics to enact Sunday laws and put God in the Constitution, or how it would guard our common schools against the attacks of Rome. Instead, it appears more reasonable that to lift the burden of taxation from the poor man's garden patch and impose it on the several hundred millions worth of church property in the country might temporarily draw the attention of religionists from other people's affairs to their own.

If Henry George were to emphasize the Nine Demands of Liberalism, and transform the *Standard* into an organ of the American Secular Union, he would probably lose about one-half of his support, and for us to become an advocate of the single-tax theory would be equally disastrous to *FREETHOUGHT*. We might gain a Welcome at Los Angeles, but we would soon wear out our welcome elsewhere. The industrial question is a mighty big one, and Henry George represents but one phase of it. His rivals are the advocates of competition under the present system, besides the Socialists, the Communists, the Anarchists, the Knights of Labor, and numerous Labor parties. He may be mistaken. We do not know. We certainly have not confidence enough in his theories to give up the advocacy of Freethought for the sake of promulgating them.

If our correspondent holds that there is no need of the advocacy of Freethought and Secularism, he is justified in declining to read this paper. If, however, he believes in agitating the question of religious liberty, he should not refuse to support it simply because it does not attempt to expound the universe editorially.

THE LECTURE TOUR IN CALIFORNIA.

It is not possible at present to make out a definite list of appointments, but the following is about the route and dates for Mr. Putnam's lectures. Friends will please note, and those who desire his services write at their earliest possible convenience:

March 2, 3, Livermore. March 5, 6, 7, Grass Valley.
March 10 to 17, Sacramento and vicinity. March 24, Pomona, Los Angeles, and vicinity. March 31 to April 14, San Diego, National City, San Pasqual, San Jacinto, and vicinity.
April 21, Anaheim and vicinity. April 28, Oleander and vicinity.
May 5 to 12, Raymond, Grub Gulch, Fresno Flats, and vicinity. May 19 to June 2, San Francisco, Calistoga, New Sanel, Boulder Creek, San Jose, and vicinity.

On the 21st inst. Representative O'Donnell presented in the House of Representatives an enormous petition against the Blair Sunday bill, bearing the signatures of 230,000 people, chiefly

Seventh-day Adventists. On the same day Senator Stockbridge, of Michigan, presented to the Senate an immense package of petitions in favor of the law; number of signatures not specified. If this latter petition suffers from analysis as badly as the "fourteen million" which were reduced to 407 actual signers, it may turn out to be one part petition and ninety-nine parts religious literature or some other variety of waste paper.

THE New York Evening Sun claims to have evidence that Grover Cleveland is a Spiritualist. There are many able men against whom a similar charge could be made, and who would not care to deny it.

MR. BLAINE, of Maine, by way of providing for the future, has purchased a pew in the new Presbyterian church at Washington. Mr. Harrison has a slip in the same church. We are entering upon an era of national piety.

PETER ECKLER, of New York, has just published the "Confession of Faith of a Savoyard Vicar," translated from the French of Jean Jacques Rousseau, to which is added "A Search for Truth," by Olive Schreiner. The two make a 128-page book, selling in cloth for 50 cents; paper, 25 cents. It is a very handsome publication.

THE only oral debate ever engaged in by Colonel Ingersoll is published in the New York Truth Seeker of February 16. His opponents were the Hon. Frederick H. Coudert, a Roman Catholic, and Gov. Stewart L. Woodford, a Protestant. The debate, in pamphlet form, under the title of "The Limits of Toleration," is sold by the Truth Seeker Co. at 10 cents per copy.

THE Rev. W. C. Bowen, principal of the Bordentown, N. J., Female College, has nearly emptied his school by talking too plainly to the girls on the subject of morality; and the institution is likely to be closed. The Rev. Mr. Bowen now probably sees his mistake. If he had merely been accused of ministerial conduct toward one or more of his young lady pupils his school might be the most flourishing seminary in New Jersey.

SOME LITTLE MATTERS OF BUSINESS.

HORACE SEAVER's book, "Occasional Thoughts," is for sale by Putnam & Macdonald. Price, \$1.

OBSERVE Mr. L. K. Washburn's announcement of the "Cosmian Hymn Book" on page 144 of this paper.

THE "Sabbath Imposture," a pamphlet by Harry Hoover, 10 cents per copy; six for 50 cents; fifteen for \$1.00.

BEAR in mind that we club FREETHOUGHT with the Independent Pulpit and send the two papers to one address for \$3 per year.

FINE photographs of Colonel Ingersoll, obtainable at FREETHOUGHT office, are sent postpaid for 40 cents; likenesses of Paine, 25 cents; Putnam, 25 cents.

WE have for sale three pamphlets by J. D. Shaw, editor of the Independent Pulpit, namely, "The Bible—What is It?" 25 cents; "The Divinity of Christ," 15 cents; and "Studies in Theology," 10 cents.

THE American Sentinel is a paper devoted wholly to advocating the separation of church and state. It is published weekly at \$1 per year. For sample copies address the Pacific Press, Oakland, Cal. Subscriptions taken at this office.

ALL other things being equal, Liberals should patronize Liberals in business. Lawyer Chilstrom, whose card appears in our advertising columns, is a gentleman of superior ability and a trustworthy attorney. Those who have to go to law, or need legal advice, will find him a powerful advocate.

THE GLORY OF INFIDELITY.

The Infidel, of course, has very little regard for this kind of morality. He considers it a theatrical display, as a seeking for applause, as ending in mere stage effect. It only lasts until the curtain is rung down.

Respectability may, to a certain extent, be morality, but morality in itself is something infinitely more.

In its essence it is life, an ever-flowing current of sublime endeavor; it is an aiming for the largest; it is the soul seeking its loftiest expression. It transcends all rules and regulations and breaks them with impunity when the life so demands. It cares not for example, but for harmony; not for convention, but for progress; not for commandment, but for impulse. In other words, morality is motion, it is not crystallization. Now by the very nature of his being, by the power of his unbelief, the Infidel is committed to a constant moral endeavor. This is the purpose of his Infidelity. He seeks freedom because he seeks life. He seeks the new because the new gives life. It is very seldom that one bears the pains and burdens of a declared Infidelity unless he is animated by this moral desire. The merely intellectual Infidel too often keeps things to himself in order to enjoy the comforts he may have. The world is full of such Infidels. They are in the churches—not in the pews only, but the pulpit. These are they who love the loaves and fishes, and who pat orthodoxy with an approving smile. Thousands of Infidels do this because only their intellect is touched, but the very moment the moral nature is aroused this conformity becomes impossible. Then the Infidel must speak his burning thought. Then he must give up his nice conventionality. I affirm that it is one's moral nature that makes him an out-and-out Infidel, and the expressed Infidelity of the world is the result, almost always, of intensity of conviction—it is the laboring for an ideal. I resent the imputation that one is ever an Infidel for the sake of license, because one can have more license if he is orthodox, for with the orthodox

"Long as the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return."

One can act like the devil all his lifetime and go to glory from the scaffold. If I wanted a free-and-easy time I should certainly be orthodox. I'd join the church and say my prayer. I should have more bread and butter, more beefsteak and plum pudding, more wine and cake. The orthodox minister has a jolly time of it. He has the best spring chicken, both "new and old," killed for his especial benefit. And now the chickens have found this out. Recently in Arkansas a preacher made a call upon one of his parishioners. As he entered the door a chicken flew up on to the rafters and knocked down a musket. The musket went off and killed the preacher. The papers reported that it was clearly a case of self-defense.

Surely there's no temptation to be an Infidel to the mere pleasure-seeker. Infidelity commits one to hard work, to sacrifice. It's no child's play. It isn't a pastime or a picnic. It's labor, it's struggle, it's plain living. If mere animal satisfaction is sought, the church will give one a bed of roses; not only heaven in the next world; but plenty of patronage and gold in this.

As in the case of one of the Indian chiefs who was dying, and a Spanish priest was sent for to administer consolation. The writer was asked to interpret between them, and thus describes the conversation:

Chief.—"To what sort of a country do the Christians go after death?"

Priest.—“Into a noble country.”

Chief.—“Is there sufficient pasture for all cattle?”

Priest.—“There is plenty.”

Chief.—“Have they plenty of guano and of ostriches there?”

Priest.—“Any amount.”

Chief.—“Are there lions in that place?”

Priest.—“Yes, millions.”

Chief.—“Are they able to hunt and catch the lions?”

Priest.—“Only those who die good Christians can catch the lions.”

Chief (stooping down to the visitor, in a very low voice).—“Have they got brandy there?”

Priest.—“Brandy! yes, without any end.”

Chief (falling back on his pillow).—“I die a Christian!”

It is one's conscience that compels him to be an Infidel!—the best within him. He cannot choose. Like Luther he must go though a thousand devils were in the way. He must go because in Infidelity he sees the brightest hopes of man; the gospel of the future; the religion of humanity; the moral perfection of the race. It is a question not of logic only, but of manhood.

Furthermore, out of unfaith have come some of the grandest forms of art. It seems as if here the Infidel could be of no service, for art is assumed to be the expression of faith. It is said to feed upon the past, to cling to what is; and this, in a sense, is profoundly true. Art abhors disturbance; it dreads chaos; it delights in association; it flings its roots to the primal life of man. Therefore there is a natural spirit in art that turns from innovation, for beauty is so dear a thing, dearer even than the truth, that when we once have attained it, we hardly dare venture its loss for the sake of something better.

So we could hardly expect to find the Infidel in the realm of art. And yet we do, and protests against old forms of beauty come from the art instinct itself. Art revels in order, but many a genius sees in the new a sublimer order than what is built up in the old, and so they are Infidel to the old, not for the sake of truth only, but for the sake of beauty. They are lured on by visions of delight.

Such an Infidel was Lucretius, who produced the most magnificent poem in the Latin language, whose greatness is not yet appreciated because it was the expression of such advanced ideas. Such an Infidel was Voltaire, who was even more revolutionary in literature than in theology, and along with him Hugo, who revolted against the old classical school of France, the formalities of Racine and Corneille, and made possible the new French literature of the romantic school, where human passion is seen in such breadth of light and color, and such a wealth of genius is revealed, which would not be possible under the old regime.

Lessing, also, was an Infidel. How sternly he battled against the literary orthodoxy of his day, and upset favorite rules, and made way for Goethe and Schiller, who poured undreamed-of music from the heart of man. Goethe was the prophet of the new, because he saw in the new more glorious forms of beauty than in the old. Shakespeare, also, was the outcome of Infidelity, for only by the violation of established rules were his plays possible. If Shakespeare had written according to the orthodox canons of his day, how much of his genius would have been sacrificed. He was true to nature, but in being true to nature he was untrue to orthodox art. In the beginning of the present century, what was it that gave new splendor to English literature? It was the revolutionary spirit. Byron's poetry was simply destructive, yet what a power it was, what a regeneration! It

heaved with fierce disturbance, it beat with the storm. But even more profound than Byron's unfaith was Shelley's, who carried the art of poetry to its loftiest expression. His music is simply marvelous, his light and color unequalled. Shelley was the poet of Infidelity. He was a declared Atheist. He despised faith. He hurled his anathemas against God. He, the most passionate, the most tender, the most delicate spirit that ever came upon this planet clothed with brilliant genius—he was an Infidel, not by the cold dictates of his head, but with the warm impulses of his heart. It was grand and lovely visions that made him an unbeliever. He penetrated the secret of the restless heart of man. He knew what he yearned for in his troubled soul—something more beautiful than had ever yet touched his toiling spirit. He had faith in man in all his wanderings and changes. And so he could bravely sing:

“We know not where we go or what sweet dream
May pilot us through caverns, strange and fair,
Of far and pathless passion, while the stream
Of life our bark doth on its whirlpools bear,
Spreading swift wings as sails to the dim air;
Nor should we seek to know, since the devotion
Of love and gentle thoughts are heard still there
Louder and louder from the utmost ocean
Of universal life, attuning its commotion.”

Such another poet is Walt Whitman, voicing the mighty life and music of this new world, in forms of art that seem chaos to the worshiper of the old standard. It is he who cries,

“We must not stop here,
However sweet these laid up stores, however convenient this dwelling,
we cannot remain here;
However sheltered this port, and however calm these waters, we must
not anchor here.
We will sail pathless and wild seas,
We will go where winds blow and waves dash and the Yankee clipper
speeds under full sail.”

And like the poetry of Byron, Shelley, and Whitman is the music of Wagner. How it has had to fight its way, and what a victory it has achieved! We would not give up the sublime symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven, but what a new glory we find in Wagner! What a sweep of melody! What harmonies never listened to before! And this new world of music has come by a noble scorn of established dogmas.

Thus Infidelity, by its spirit, is a lasting benefit to man, and we see its splendid results in truth, in morality, and in art. Its fruits are many and manifold.

The Infidel loses his life to-day, but he finds it to-morrow. The world's outcasts become in the hereafter its mightiest gods.

They who serve the present flout at him who serves the future, but the Infidel will not curse them in return. All he asks is the privilege to think and to give to their children the benefits of his earnest toil.

The true Infidel is he who accepts no finality. He will always inquire, for he will always believe that there is a new and better way. Infidelity, therefore, is not a passing phase of humanity, but a permanent necessity. There must be eternal search and eternal questioning. We cannot be wound up like a clock and set agoing right every morning, however nice such an operation might be. We must guess our way and forever make mistakes and forever rectify with new and vaster outlooks.

No matter how good or true our opinions may be to-day, we must hold them in the spirit of inquiry. We must hold them as living and not as dead; if living, then we must hold them as subject to change, for change is one of the laws of life. If we live

not then we change not, if we change not then we live not; and if our opinions change not then are they lifeless, and if lifeless let them be buried. That which changes not is already in its grave-clothes. Somebody blamed a philosopher for changing his mind. "Why," said he, "that is the difference between a man and a jackass." A jackass can't change his mind, but a man can. It is a human privilege.

If the time ever comes when the opinions we set forth to-day are formulated into a creed to be imposed, without questioning, on humanity, then I hope some glorious Infidel in the far future will come along and smash them to pieces. We wish the opinions we express to be forever questioned. In that way only will their real worth be forever illustrious. I always expect to be an Infidel, because I always expect to ask questions.

I rejoice in the empire that has been won by the perpetual doubts of man.

The old Roman, when he looked upon his country's magnificent conquest and majestic power, was proud indeed to say, "I am a Roman citizen."

And when I look upon the empire of Infidelity, blazing along the track of human progress, revealing new continents with fresh and golden fruits, fountains of joy and heights of splendor, then indeed am I proud to say, "I am an Infidel." S. P. PUTNAM.

OBSERVATIONS.

The California flea will never cease to be the subject of the poet's pen. He will also for some time, it is probable, continue to form the subject of the ordinary citizen's profane speech. There is a good deal of Atheism in this state, and in my opinion the flea is responsible for the greater part of it. No man or woman of sense can feel one of these little devils skating about upon the epidermis, and occasionally digging in his heels, and still believe in the existence of a benevolent ruler of the universe. Many a beautiful thought of mine has taken wings, never to return, when I have been obliged to pause in some poetic flight to partially disrobe and interrupt the progress of a flea which was making its way into my vitals.

The appended poem was written and handed to me for publication by a man who was once a clergyman. He was graduated at an Eastern theological seminary, and came West with the word of God in his mouth. How beautiful upon the mountains were his feet as he sped forward to convey the glad tidings to those who sat in the darkness of occidental Agnosticism. The fact that this clergyman made an anti-religious address at the Convention in San Francisco last month, and intends shortly to go into the Freethought lecture field, tells the rest of the story. With the exception of a belief in future retribution expressed in the closing line of the poem printed below, he has renounced the last tenet of orthodoxy and is the blankest kind of a blankity-blank Atheist.

PULEX IRRITANS

There's a little ubiquitous cuss
That delights on my carcass to nuss.
Oh, my! how I wish I might catch him;
But of all of the insects or bugs
That ramble at will o'er our mugs,
Or cause us most numerous shrugs,
Not one in alertness can match him.
Forever eluding my grasp,
He leaves me impatient to rasp,
With the nail on the end of my finger,
The spot where he got in his work
(At which I am sure he's no shirk),
Inserting his dagger or dirk,
Or whatever he has for a stinger.
To-day, on the back of my hand,
As if he were lord of the land,
One sat in serene contemplation;
He just took no notice of me,
That galloptious, voluptuous flea;
And not in the least did he see
His risky, exposed situation.

In the meantime, expecting a bite,
I raised 'tother hand for to smite,
Just thinking how sure I would swat him;
None the less, notwithstanding, although,
The force of my lightning-like blow
Was enough to have smashed him, I know,
When it got there he wasn't, Dod rot him!

As I saw by that fellow so bold
Myself had been mightily sold,
I sat for a moment quite solemn;
But soon in my spirit grew vexed,
Harrassed, and annoyed, and perplexed,
Reflecting that probably next,
That elastic, rantankerous cuss
Would be vexing my spirits much wuss,
Staking claims on my vertebral column.

If ever the critter I catch,
My brain I will conjure, to hatch
Some plan for his extermination.
Just what it will be, I don't know.
On the whole, I had best let him go
To his chances of getting below,
In the orthodox scheme of salvation.

I have read about a traveler in the holy land, visiting the city of Damascus, and trying to find the house where Simon, the tanner lived. He was guided by St. Paul, who put it on record that Simon resided on the street which is called "Straight." The traveler, whose name was Twain, found the street remarkably crooked. He therefore concluded that the term "straight" was used ironically, and credited St. Paul with the only humorous remark to be found in the Bible. This is a mistake. We have all read about the man who looked into the muzzle of a gun, and the result of whose experiment is briefly related in the words, "His funeral was numerously attended." That joke is not found in the Bible, but there is one in 2 Chronicles xvi, 12, 13, just like it. It refers to Asa, and says, tersely, "In his disease he sought the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers." St. Paul or any other modern humorist has not been able to improve on the delicate sarcasm of that remark.

A ROMANCE OF THE INEFFABLE YET-TO-BE.

When Etheldina Perkins entered this life her mother departed it. Etheldina was too young to realize the gravity of the situation when they held her up to receive the mother's last glance of affection and to hear her last words, which were as follows: "*In heaven I shall meet my babe again.*"

So the old lady passed, and Etheldina picked up her hand and played it. At the age of eighteen she accepted her first offer of marriage. The young man was not robust, nor prepossessing, but he had an affection for her, was a Sunday-school teacher, and was not hearty enough to be bad. Besides, Etheldina dreaded to become an old maid, and thought it best not to take any risks on everlasting things. So they were joined economically, but securely, in the bonds of wedlock. Marriage did not diminish the husband's affection, but his health failed rapidly, and almost before the bloom was off his wedding clothes, and while his wife was still an interesting curiosity to him, he slipped his wind and passed on. His last words were: "*In heaven I shall meet my blooming bride again.*"

But Etheldina's husband had not lived in vain, and ere he lay many months in a coffin, the same minister who performed the wedding ceremony was called upon to christen his posthumous son. It is not our province to give an autobiography of the son or of Etheldina. We would only say that she clung to life tenaciously, and outlived her boy, who died at the age of sixty, and crossed the Jordan. He had loved his mother dearly, and this was his last utterance: "*In heaven I shall see her aged and angel face once more.*"

Twenty years later. The scene changes. We are now in heaven. Waiting just inside the pearly gates are three persons. The first is a young woman; the second is a young man, and the third is a gray-haired patriarch of sixty. They are Etheldina's mother, husband, and son, but as neither knew either of the others on earth, they are not aware of their relationship. Yet they enter into conversation. The white-haired son of Etheldina addresses Etheldina's maternal parent, who is his grandmother, and says:

"My daughter, whom await you?" And she replies:

"A baby girl, too sweet for anything."

"And you, my son," he asks of the young man, who, he is unaware, is his father, "what denizen of the earth would you greet, if you could?" The young man, Etheldina's consumptive husband, answers:

"My blooming bride, and the babe she bore me after my body was dead."

Ting-a-ling! ding-dong! whang-bang! crash! The gates fly open to the sound of trumpets and the dulcet strains of celestial kazoos. A saint has come to her reward and to join the loved ones gone before. All eyes upon the gateway hang. The figure of an old woman draws near. It is Etheldina, aged ninety-nine. She approaches the trio whom we have described; her eye rests upon the man of sixty, and she totters to his breast, crying, "My son, my son!" He holds her at arms' length, and muses: "I had a mother who looked like her, but she was not so old, so wrinkled, so decrepit. Well," addressing the ancient female, "you may be my mother, but I am somewhat disappointed in your appearance."

Etheldina, the aged, turned to the young man, and would have clasped his neck, saying, "Greet me, my husband!" but he pushed her withered arms away, and said, "I do not recognize you. Your countenance is unfamiliar. I had a bride, but she was young and blooming. I have waited all these years for her and cannot accept the substitute."

The old man looked on, and murmured, "Well, I'll be shot! If the old lady's eyes do not deceive her that youngster is my father. I object."

So Etheldina sought the young woman, and pleaded: "There is none to welcome me among my kindred; will not you, a stranger, at least give me your sympathy?" Then her tone changed to one of surprise. "On earth," she remarked, "I cherished a miniature of my angel mother who died when I was born. It was the living likeness of yourself. Tell me, is your name Perkins?"

"It is," responded the young woman. "It is Rachel Perkins, and I resided at Molunkus, Maine, United States of America."

"Then you are," cried Etheldina, "you are the mother who gave her life for me." And she made a break for the maternal bosom.

But Rachel, too, drew away. "No," she said, "the daughter whom I await was a beautiful babe, too sweet for anything. You are a healthy looking orphan."

And the old man ejaculated: "I am blowed! This kittenish creature, who calls herself Rachel, is my grandmother!"

And the young man said, "Rachel is my mother-in-law. I lived happily on earth without a mother-in-law, and among the improved conditions of this locality I will try to exist a while longer without taking one on board."

Thus the four people who were bound on earth by the ties of affection met in heaven as strangers. The young man swore by the sacred river that he did not propose to have a wife old enough to be his great grandmother. He would, of the two, prefer the mother-in-law.

The young woman said it would be a fine commentary on her age to introduce to her friends a daughter turned ninety-nine.

The old man declared with emphasis that no boy of twenty-five could pass himself off on *him* as his father, and set himself up over his elders—not if he knew it. As for Rachel, his grandmother, when he felt like adopting a female child to bring up he might think of her.

The aged Etheldina, for want of consolation, wished she were dead, and then, when she remembered that she *was* dead, grieved that she had ever been born. Said she: "I was comparatively happy on earth, despite its grief and death. I never knew my mother, so I did not weep for her. When my husband died I wore the widow's weeds, and my sorrow wore out with them. My son was with me three score years ere he passed on, yet time reconciled me to losing him, and I was glad to live and contented to die. Life is like everything else, one may have too much of it. This heavenly addition is what I call a superfluity."

Here Etheldina wept outright; Rachel joined her, and both men used language unbecoming angels.

"Move on, move on!" said an archangel in brass buttons, "you are obstructing the thoroughfare." So with tears and execrations they passed along to join the great host of the disappointed. And on all sides of them there was the sound of wailing and gnashing of teeth. Everywhere other Rachels were weeping for their children, and would not be comforted. M.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The coinage of all the U. S. mints last year amounted to \$65,318,615.—Mrs. Cleveland has written to Mrs. Anna Kendall, of Pomona, that a box of oranges Mrs. Kendall sent her were the finest she ever saw.—Moody is at Santa Cruz, endeavoring to work up a revival.—The seven weeks' drought in this state was broken last Saturday by copious rains.—Henry Holmes, a member of the Salvation Army in Sacramento, was arrested February 22, on a charge of rape upon his nine-year old daughter. Holmes's wife is the complainant. Other complications add to the horrible nature of the crime. Holmes admits his guilt.—Judge O'Connor, of San Jose, who gave \$50,000 to the Catholic University at Washington, has been blessed by the pope with the apostolic benediction.—A Southern Pacific train was robbed by highwaymen last Friday, near Pixley station. The robbers blew open the express car and shot one passenger dead.—An item of \$250,000 for dynamite guns for San Francisco harbor will be inserted in the army appropriation bill.—Says the Examiner of Feb. 22: An unconventionally dressed man named Rev. E. N. Experidein, who says that he was born at Jerusalem, and is a Bulgarian monk, arrived at Oakland with a horse, buggy, and tent yesterday. He is a man of remarkable powers of endurance, a cosmopolitan, and a man of vast erudition. He purposes to speak on the streets.—James C. Flood, the California millionaire, died at Heidelberg, Germany, February 21, of Bright's disease of the kidneys. He was 62 years old.—Governor Waterman recommends the destruction of the seals which inhabit the rocks in front of the Cliff House, and Adolph Sutro has written him a protest. The seals are certainly an attractive feature of the cliffs.—Dr. Bliss, Garfield's physician, died February 21.—The Chinatown police squad was arrested the other day for bribery. The corruption in this quarter has long been the subject of scandal.—The town of Guerneville, Sonoma county, was almost entirely destroyed by fire on the 20th. Loss, \$250,000.

Four new states have been admitted to the Union, North and South Dakota, Washington, and Montana.—Mormon missionaries have been flogged and nearly murdered in Dubois county, Ind.—General Harrison has gone to Washington to prepare for his inauguration as president.—The body of the twenty-third victim of the recent hotel fire at Hartford, Conn., has been removed from the ruins.—The "White Caps" have broken out again in Indiana. Their last infamous exploit was to tar and feather a woman.—The East has had another cold snap. The thermometer went from 20 to 40 below zero in New York last Saturday.—Senators Blackburn, of Kentucky, and Chandler, of New Hampshire, had an altercation in the Senate one day last week, and Blackburn pulled Chandler out of his seat by the ear.—A Catholic priest of Baltimore is accused of marrying one woman to another. The object of such a proceeding is unknown.

Four German ironclads have been ordered to Samoa, but it will take them three months to get there.—Prince Rupert, eldest son of Prince Ludwig, of Bavaria, heir to the Bavarian throne, is insane.—The American base ball teams played before the nobility of Rome last Saturday.—Chile has passed a law excluding Chinese, but will welcome all other foreigners.—Cardinal Gibbons has made public the text of his letter of February 11 to the Pope, on behalf of the Catholic hierarchy of the United States. It is full of expressions of sympathy with him in his loss of temporal power and the restrictions placed upon him by the Italian government, and the latter is roughly denounced.

W. F. JAMIESON is lecturing and debating in Iowa. He invites the clergy everywhere to debate. He may be addressed, Irwin, Iowa.

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

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ON IMPARTIAL TAXATION.

President Westbrook, of the American Secular Union, has addressed the following letter to the members of the Pennsylvania legislature:

The subject of a new revenue law is soon to come before your honorable body, and I venture to call your attention to a few points bearing upon this subject.

Thirty-eight years ago the commissioners of the county of Philadelphia, aided by the city solicitor, presented to our state legislature a memorial upon the subject of the laws exempting certain property from taxation. The amount of property then exempt in this county, at a very low nominal valuation, was set down at \$10,586,415. According to well-known figures, found in official reports of the United States, regarding the average annual increase of the value of church property, these figures would now probably reach \$50,000,000 or more. The amount of property now exempt from taxation in our entire state probably exceeds \$200,000,000, and might reach \$300,000,000. I have no official figures on this subject from our commonwealth, but I notice that in New York the State Board of Assessors estimate the amount of property in that state exempt from taxation as exceeding \$500,000,000, and in Pennsylvania the figures cannot be very much less.

Allow me, gentlemen, to call your attention to the following suggestions:

I. Our existing laws exempting church property from taxation undoubtedly conflict with the third section of our bill of rights, which provides that "no man can of right be compelled to attend, erect, or support any place of worship, or to maintain any ministry against his consent."

The exemption of church property from taxation virtually compels tax-payers to support, against their consent, all places of religious worship so exempt. True, this is done indirectly, but the result is the same as if the tax-payer were compelled by direct legislation to support churches with which he may have no sympathy and whose dogmas he may abhor. He is compelled to contribute to church support just as much as his own tax is increased in consequence of the exemption of church property from taxation. If these unjust tax-laws are continued, tax-payers should carry their grievances to the courts for judicial relief, and sooner or later it will be done.

II. Our present laws exempting certain property from taxation are unjust and oppressive, and should be repealed. They impose a tax on the many for the benefit of the few, and practically, in some instances, on the poor for the benefit of the rich. It is said that property exempted from taxation is public property devoted to the public good. This is only in part true. Moreover, multitudes of tax-payers not only do not believe that the dominant churches teach a sound morality, but instead certain dogmas of the dark ages which logically have an immoral tendency.

The Rev. Dr. Wayland, in his Political Economy, well says:

All that religious societies have to ask of the civil government is the same privileges for transacting their own affairs which societies of every other sort possess. This they have a right to demand, not because they are religious societies, but because the exercise of religion is an innocent mode of pursuing happiness. If it happen accidentally that others are benefited, it does not follow that they are obliged to pay for this benefit. It cannot be proved that the Christian religion needs the support of civil government, since it has existed and flourished when entirely deprived of this support.

If the old American axiom be true, that "where there is no representation there should be no taxation," it is equally true that property exempted from taxation is not entitled to protection. As has been shown, tax-payers are not only "compelled" to "support" institutions and societies which pay not a dime for the maintenance of municipal and state authorities for preserving life and property, but they are liable to a further special tax to pay to exempt property-holders for property destroyed or injured by

a mob or riot. Of this injustice Philadelphia and Pittsburg have had more than one example.

No system can be just based upon a principle of injustice. A religion that is true does not need pecuniary aid from the state, directly or indirectly. The church would grow in public esteem if it would voluntarily practice justice and right and refuse to accept state aid through tax laws which violate every principle of equity and honesty.

Senators and representatives of this great commonwealth, the question of the taxation of church property has got to be met soon, and you might as well deal with it now while you are wrestling with the important subject of taxation. President Grant, in his message (1875), thus treated this subject:

In connection with this important question, I would also call your attention to the importance of correcting an evil that, if permitted to continue, will probably cause great trouble in our land before the close of the nineteenth century. It is the acquisition of vast amounts of untaxed church property. In 1850, I believe, the church property of the United States, which paid no tax, municipal or state, amounted to \$87,000,000. In 1860 the amount had doubled. In 1870 it was \$354,483,587. By 1900, without a check, it is safe to say, this property will reach a sum exceeding \$3,000,000,000. So vast a sum, receiving all the protection and benefits of government, without bearing its proportion of the burdens and expenses of the same, will not be looked upon acquiescently by those who have to pay the taxes. In a growing country, where real estate enhances so rapidly with time as in the United States, there is scarcely a limit to the wealth that may be acquired by corporations, religious or otherwise, if allowed to retain real estate without taxation. The contemplation of so vast a property as here alluded to, without taxation, may lead to sequestration without constitutional authority, and through blood. I would suggest the taxation of all property equally.

President Garfield put on record a similar voice of warning. In Congress, June 22, 1874, he said:

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

The old Democratic party, true to the principles of Thomas Jefferson, declared in its national conventions of 1876, 1880, and 1884 against everything looking to a virtual union of church and state, and the Republican party has explicitly and repeatedly done the same thing. Will not our statesmen of all political parties in our grand old Keystone commonwealth examine this subject of impartial taxation and promptly wipe out the public wrong of the exemption of church property from equal taxation with other property? The people are ready for such a reform, and if not voluntarily made by our legislature the *vox populi* will soon be heard in no uncertain tones.

RICHARD BRODHEAD WESTBROOK.

Philadelphia, February 12, 1889.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL CASE.

Judge Horton decided this morning that no injunction could issue restraining the Board of County Commissioners from executing a contract with St. Mary's Training School for the care of dependent boys. The suit was begun by Edward A. Stevens, as a taxpayer, who claimed that the school was a sectarian institution under the control of the Catholic church, and to pay such an institution public money, for any purpose, was in contravention of the constitution of Illinois. The school presented a bill of \$2343 to the county, and also solicited a renewal of the contract for another year by which the county would pay it \$7 a head for each boy per month. The judge said that the averment that the school was such that the payments of public funds would be in violation of the constitution was made in the bill, but that was not sufficient to sustain an injunction. There was no averment that any warrant had been drawn on the county treasurer, or any appropriation made by the county board which he might pay if disposed, and the court had no power to enjoin the board from exercising the authority and discretion vested in it by the constitution. Nor could the court, on the complainant's allegation that they believed the board would do so and so, and assume or presume that the board, in the exercise of such authority and discretion, would do an illegal act. The county board was a co-ordinate branch of government, and the court could not interfere to divest or control its action in the future. Neither was there any reason why the court should restrain the school from presenting a claim to the board whether it was sectarian or not. It would have to assume that the board was about to do an illegal act, and it could not do that. There was no averment that any warrant had been drawn against the county treasurer, and hence to enjoin him again involved the same assumption, viz., that the county board would do an illegal act. The court said the bill was prematurely filed and dismissed it. He

intimated that payment to the school could only be enjoined after payment was ordered by the county board. The complainants appealed.—Chicago Evening Journal.

HORTON "HAD TO."

I was informed that when Judge Tuthill made his silly decision a year ago in a similar case, a friend in the legal fraternity was so surprised that he inquired why in the world he had made such a fool of himself. He testily answered, "I had to," and broke away from his questioner. The Romish church works in such mysterious ways its wonders to perform, and Horton "had to." If this decision was any criterion of the court's legal acumen we should think he did not know enough to "pound sand in rat holes," as it were. Horton assumes the injunction was premature, as the court had not acted upon the bill; had not a chance to exercise its discretion. Yet they have contracted with the Feehanville school for years, and this bill was for the payment of the last quarter of 1888, accruing under a contract for that year, and before the temporary injunction was issued the county board had instructed their attorney to draft a new contract for 1889. This wise and noble judge pretends to assume that the county treasurer has a right to exercise judicial power—to refuse payment on a bill passed by the board if it is illegal. He has no more right to refuse to pay a bill properly audited than the man in the moon.

We have taken an appeal to the appellate court, where we can reasonably look for a similar bluff, owing to the personnel of the court, but Judge Russell proposes to earn a solid and substantial victory in the Supreme Court of Illinois, and they will have to reverse their own decision, if we do not.

One thing makes me sure the Romanists are feeling somewhat shaky is the fact that the grand jury were solicited to visit Feehanville (or St. Mary's Training School), for the first time on record, and make a column of a whitewashing report as to the excellence of the accommodations of the institution, which was duly printed in all the papers. While there is, I believe, two sides to that story of their accommodations, that is not the question at issue. It is whether there is any binding force in the constitution of the state of Illinois or not.

E. A. STEVENS.

ROBERT INGERSOLL THE BUILDER.

In a recent number of the North American Review, under the title of "The Combatants," the threadbare view of this unique personality is again set forth.

"He does not build." "Destruction is not needful." "The destroyer is not useful to his fellow man"—and all that follows in the train of propositions such as these.

That pulling down is both useful and necessary, as a part of progress, is too evident to need further elaboration than can be furnished by every thoughtful brain the moment the statement is made; but of Robert Ingersoll the iconoclast much has been written; of Robert Ingersoll the builder, little. I propose to consider him—what the world owes him, what he has given the world.

This view of his character and work was presented anew to my mind by the death of Courtlandt Palmer and the glowing funeral oration over his dead friend by this most brilliant of living orators.

It recalled the last time I had seen the two men together, when Courtlandt Palmer was so happy and so proud that, at last, he was able to introduce to the Nineteenth Century Club this matchless orator, his revered friend, in the hope that the club might learn to comprehend the mental and moral grandeur of the man.

In his introductory remarks, Mr. Palmer spoke of the fact that France had come to know the value of her three Freethinker stars, and had recorded in imperishable form their names and fame.

To these three names, Rousseau, Voltaire, and Hugo, now held by France as benefactors of the human race, Mr. Palmer added that of Robert Ingersoll.

This so aroused the ire of one of the debaters who was to follow (and who, by the way, was the same who wrote the article in the Review, just spoken of) that his already inflamed professional jealousy—for he is a member of the bar of which Robert Ingersoll is so conspicuous an ornament—that he forgot to discuss the subject of the evening, and made a personal onslaught that

degraded the debate from the high plane upon which Courtlandt Palmer had planned, and Colonel Ingersoll had opened it, to one of personality and invective.

And he, a Roman Catholic, in order to do full justice to his jealousy and fear of Colonel Ingersoll, was forced into the rather ludicrous position of praising Voltaire.

Voltaire—the man who spent his entire life in fighting what he called "l'Infame"—Roman Catholicism! The man who gave to that faith its death wound in France. The desperation of this his Catholic eulogist can be estimated from this outlook only. He asserted then, and bases his article on the same idea, that Colonel Ingersoll builds nothing, has done nothing, will leave nothing of worth to the world.

I was reminded of all this at Courtlandt Palmer's funeral, where all Christian creeds alike were shamed to silence, where Ingersoll stood uttering the noblest sentiments and most inspiring, helpful, brave, and tender words, of which the clergyman who followed him was forced to say, "nothing can be added."

I wondered then if Mr. Coudert and others who repeat, parrot-like, that Ingersoll "tears down, but builds nothing;" that he is simply an iconoclast, and that iconoclasts, at best, can do no good—I wondered then if it were nothing to free the human mind from fear at such a time as this; if it were nothing to give a man so truly to himself that he could meet and bravely face the ills of life, the mystery of death, with the calmness, the philosophy, and the hopefulness with which Courtlandt Palmer died.

And I realized that this is just what Robert Ingersoll has done for thousands of us.

There are thousands of good men and women, in America alone, who owe to him a mental freedom from the lash of fear and doubt, and terrors of a future life, that none who have it would sell for all the wealth of all the worlds in space.

Is this "nothing of worth" to do for his fellow men?

But for the faith of such as Ingersoll no man who had a heart within his breast, and loved the dead, could stand by Courtlandt Palmer's grave and keep his reason.

There is no Christian creed on earth that leaves one single ray of hope for such a man as Courtlandt Palmer was. Not one.

The "consolations of the Christian faith" are endless pain and anguish for such as he.

His life was helpful, brave, and gentle; but since his brain rejected all that could have saved his soul from endless hell if Christian creeds are true, where is the consolation? Where the blessing?

Is it nothing of worth to free the human mind from monstrous creeds like this? From dogmas that a fiend alone could fully comprehend and not go mad?

Another debt we owe to Robert Ingersoll the builder is this:

He has enriched the English language by his matchless eloquence, and placed where they can never fade the sparks from freedom's brain.

By the simple force of his ever-varied, ever-glowing forms of speech, he has compelled a hostile audience to hang with eagerness upon his every word, and forced a world to listen and assent to nobler thoughts and braver, truer words than anything the church can comprehend.

He has extorted from the believer the reluctant recognition and confession that a good and noble life does not depend on religion; that morals are independent of belief, and above it, and by his own example, and his matchless family life, has laid that ancient lie forever in the grave.

That is, he has compelled a recognition of worth for worth's own sake and forced the old fictitious standards completely to the wall.

This fact was never so fully illustrated as in the public comments on the life and worth and death of so outspoken and active a Freethinker as was Courtlandt Palmer.

Before Robert Ingersoll had broken the chain, and, by the irresistible ability of his own rich nature, compelled respectful attention, an honest expression of opinion on so-called sacred subjects, the comments on the life and death of unbelievers took quite a different tone.

The change is simply marvelous. It is due to Robert Ingersoll.

The minds of all who come within the influence of this man's tongue or pen or life (and who does not at first or second hand?) are freed from chains that held them to the little narrow paths of thought and sympathy laid out by mental pigmies, who, clinging still to all the blunders made in the morning of the world, follow the direction of the designing and the cruel, who know their source of power. It is nothing to have done this?

He has made intellectual honesty and an exchange of thought possible, wherever a basis of mental integrity existed to build upon; and he has given to liberty of thought a new meaning and to personal honor and dignity a crown of gems.

He has laid the foundation and erected the palace of a beautiful character on worth and not on faith; he has taken the fear of hell from the human heart; he has destroyed devils; he has depopulated heaven of its vindictive gods and its canting hypocrites, and left the dead in the arms of love and mercy.

Is it nothing to have done this?

Is it not a building fair to see?

He has given the final blow to impudent authority, clothed in the purple of pretense, with stolen jewels in its cruel hands, and has erected a throne for personal dignity of character and individual development on the highest plane of reason and of love.

He has taught that to make others happy is to redeem one's self.

He has made the cruelty of abused power look so hideous that even the Catholic church shrinks from a glimpse of her own portrait, and is forced to engage new counsel to defend the character she has given her God—or to invent for her a new and better one.

He has planted firmly in the breasts of men the fact that tenderness is not weakness; that justice cannot exist without liberty; that love is the highest law, and that the golden rule was never so little understood and practiced as by those who impudently profess to be its originators.

This in his capacity of ethical teacher and leader; but as a great lawyer he has taught his profession certain much-needed lessons as well.

First, that professional jealousy may go the lengths of slander and detraction, it may even enlist the cruel power of organized superstition, and still fail of the highest worldly success as against a generous, lofty, honorable, and outspoken rival, who owns his own brain and will not sell his mental freedom to purchase a clientele.

He has shown that pretense is not necessary to success; that, in spite of creed and dogma, people who want an honest and able lawyer do not necessarily look for him in the vestry, and that they are eager to place their affairs in the hands of a man who frankly says he does not believe in hell and is not restrained from misappropriating their money or selling out their case by a desire to escape damnation.

His Catholic critic said in my hearing that this is all that keeps him honest, and that he would commit murder freely if this fear were not within him.

Let us hope that he is better than he thinks he is.

Robert Ingersoll the builder has laid a firm foundation upon which his profession can build with the knowledge that it is not necessary, then, to lie about their belief in—nor even by silence seem to sanction—a popular superstition, in order to succeed even in the overcrowded, jealous, merciless conditions of life in New York, where the struggle for fame and money makes merchandise of the heart's best blood and sells to the highest bidder many a noble aspiration—wringing the heart of love to pay the debt of Shylock.

He has proven by his own life, to all, that a life of integrity, generosity, tenderness, and love are not dependent upon the shifting sands of religious belief; but are the high-tide marks of character.

That, and that alone, is a building invaluable to the world, and places its architect not only as a possible fourth in the galaxy of stars spoken of by Mr. Palmer, but as high above them all as his personal life, and the joy and love he has given his family and his friends, is above that of the other three.

To the cause of Liberty and Love he has brought not only the precepts of his predecessors, but the example of a matchless life,

as free from the ascetic barrenness against which their lapses from virtue were an unwholesome protest, as it is from the lapses themselves. The value of such a life, in such a teacher, is beyond computation, not only for the present, but for the future generations, who must fight to the end the battle against the authority of organized superstition in its tireless effort to keep shackles on the human brain.

To have a brilliant intellectual leader is fortunate; but to have that leader a personal example, above reproach, is to have our bible illustrated by the brush of genius, our score interpreted by a Wagner.

Voltaire and Rousseau, with all their ability and splendid intellectual achievements, failed to gain a victory over themselves.

Their greatest admirers cannot defend, with pleasure, some of their acts as showing an exalted sense of justice toward others and of moral obligation to be true.

Hugo lacked tenderness and generosity, and his personal egotism was painful; but Ingersoll's faults—and even those who love him and know his splendid nature are not blind to these—are never tinged with hardness toward the less gifted nor with a disregard of the rights of others.

Not only his wonderful brain, but his marvelous heart, is a heritage to the world.

To compare his public work with that of the three stars of France would take time and discrimination, however much the estimates may differ; but to compare his life with theirs, to weigh his personality, would leave the French trinity a long way below, no matter who held the scales.

What Ingersoll is, as well as what he says, is a part of the building he will leave to the world; and if history can produce his peer, taking both his brain and heart, his home life and his public work into the estimate, it has not yet written the record of the man.

No Buddha, no Christ of any country, not even a matchless Shakespeare, can enter such a contest.

He stands alone in history a peerless example of the results of his own precepts that Reason, Liberty, and Love are the highest law, the only torches that lead to exalted character.

This is the building that Robert Ingersoll will leave the world. Match it who can.

HELEN H. GARDENER.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE.

The funeral of Mrs. Mary H. Fiske, a talented journalist and dramatic author, took place in New York, the 7th instant. It was attended by hundreds of actors, actresses, artists, and journalists. The services were simple and impressive. Dockstader's Quartette sang "The Lost Chord," and Mme. Julia de Ruyther—"Never Again," after which Col. Ingersoll delivered the following tribute to the deceased lady:

MY FRIENDS: In the presence of the two great mysteries, life and death, we are met to say, above this still, unconscious house of clay, a few words of kindness, of regret, of love and hope.

In this presence let us speak of the goodness, the charity, the generosity, and the genius of the dead.

Only flowers should be laid upon the tomb. In life's last pillow there should be no thorns.

Mary Fiske was like herself. She patterned after none. She was a genius, and put her soul in all she did and wrote. She cared nothing for roads, nothing for beaten paths, nothing for the footsteps of others—she went across the fields and through the woods and by the winding streams and down the vales and over the crags, wherever fancy led.

She wrote lines that leaped with laughter and words that were wet with tears. She gave us quaint thoughts and sayings filled with the "pert and nimble spirit of mirth." Her pages were flecked with sunshine and shadow, and in every word were the pulse and breath of life.

Her heart went out to all the wretched in this weary world, and yet she seemed as joyous as though grief and death were naught but words. She wept where others wept, but in her own misfortunes found the food of hope. She cared for the to-morrow of others, but not for her own. She lived for to-day.

Some hearts are like a waveless pool, satisfied to hold the image

of a wondrous star—but hers was full of motion, life, and storm.

She longed for freedom. Every limitation was a prison's wall. Rules were shackles, and forms were made for serfs and slaves.

She gave her utmost thought. She praised all generous deeds, applauded the struggling, and even those who failed.

She pitied the poor, the forsaken, the friendless. No one could fall below her pity, no one could wander beyond the circumference of her sympathy. To her there were no outcasts—they were victims. She knew that the inhabitants of palaces and penitentiaries might change places without adding to the injustice of the world.

She knew that circumstances and conditions determine character; that the lowest and worst of our race were children once, as pure as light, whose cheeks dimpled with smiles beneath the heaven of a mother's eyes. She thought of the road they had traveled, of the thorns that had pierced their feet, of the deserts they had crossed; and so, instead of words of scorn she gave the eager hand of help.

No one appealed to her in vain. She listened to the story of the poor, and all she had she gave. A god could do no more.

The destitute and suffering turned naturally to her; the maimed and hurt sought for her door, and the helpless put their hands in hers. She shielded the weak, she attacked the strong.

Her heart was open as the gates of day. She shed kindness as the sun sheds light.

If all her good deeds were flowers the air would be faint with perfume. If all her charities could be changed to melodies a symphony would fill the sky.

Mary Fiske had within her brain the divine fire called genius, and in her heart the "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin."

She wrote as a stream runs that winds and babbles through the shadowy fields, that falls in foam of flight and waste, and laughing joins the sea.

A little while ago a babe was found—one that had been abandoned by the mother, left as legacy to chance or fate.

The warm heart of Mary Fiske, now cold in death, was touched.

She took the waif and held it lovingly to her breast, and made the child her own.

We pray thee, Mother Nature, that thou wilt take this woman and hold her as tenderly in thy arms as she held and pressed against her generous throbbing heart the abandoned babe. We ask no more.

In this presence let us remember our faults, our frailties, and the generous, helpful, self-denying, loving deeds of Mary Fiske.

THE INFIDEL'S HOPE.

Does he then indulge in a hope? What is that hope? Not that of the criminal who, with the noose about his neck, expects to be turned into an angel of God, as one of your own poets hath said, "In the jerk of a lamb's tail," at the same time his victim is where the climate is the same all the year round, and no storm doth "sweep the wintry sky." The Infidel does not hope to skin into the Elysian Fields on some other man's good behavior; nor because he believes in three Gods, or a million of Gods; nor because God had to perform the somewhat extraordinary feat of killing part of himself in order to calm his angry passions, which had been aroused because his first adventure in manufacturing did not pay good dividends. Neither does the Infidel hope to have his joy inexpressibly heightened by the great spectacular exhibition of God's love, namely, millions broiling and sputtering on the great gridiron down below. He does not expect to stand in line with the angelic hosts on the battlemented heights, and sweeping with his spy-glass the vast fiery expanse, suddenly exclaim, with rapture in his eye, "Holy Jesus, there's my wife," and then, giving his harp an extra twang, "God knew what was best for wifey." The unspeakable joy of such heavenly bliss the Infidel relinquishes to the Rev. Jonathan Edwards and others like him. The Infidel would not be contented in heaven while any body else was suffering down there; not even his mother-in-law. He would not be in heaven a minute, before he would pass his hat for a collection to send a barrel of lemonade to hell; and next he would suggest to God to despatch a Sun-

day train to hell to take the folks out on a pic-nic; and he would not rest till he had made the infernal, howling wilderness such a desirable place that the angels would all swap their harps for town lots.

What does the Infidel hope for? He hopes to cast from the attic chamber of his inmost being the owls and bats and wasps' nests of orthodox belief; to drive away the nightmare of error, the mists of superstition, and let the light of intellectual and moral liberty awaken his soul to a new and glorious sunlit splendor; to kill out the baneful weeds in the mental garden, that the seeds of love and peace and every germ of good may have room to sprout, and grow, and blossom, and ripen the fruit of fair humanity. He hopes to help clear the way of the obstacles that block the wheels of progress; and to cast up the highway on which the car of science shall speed her way, bringing rich gifts to the world. He hopes to hasten the day when the vast amounts of time, labor, and capital now expended in nursing superstition shall be made to support every art and device by which this world shall become a happier home for man. While cherishing this hope, he need deny no hope beyond the grave that is worth the hoping, and if the dream of individual immortality has a basis in reality, the hopes and aspirations above named can be no hindrance, but helps to enjoy the companionship of any being or beings worthy of human recognition beyond the veil.

J. E. H.

THE BIBLE IN FAVOR OF DEBATE.

I.

A promise made some time ago I now fulfil—to write a series of articles to show that the Christian's book requires debate.

It has already been shown in my pamphlet, "Is Controversy Dangerous?" that no truth has ever been injured by freedom of speech. What men have supposed was truth has suffered when, through controversy, it was shown to be counterfeit, so closely resembling truth as to require very close scrutiny to detect its falsity. If mankind would examine doctrines, theories, hypotheses, opinions, as carefully as they do bank bills, "it would fra many a blunder free us."

Our Christian friends, who everywhere claim the Bible as their "chief witness" in the path of duty, may hardly be prepared for the overwhelming testimony which it gives in favor of debate. Indeed, some have unwittingly opposed debate as contrary to Bible teachings. They have not carefully read their own Bible, else they never could make so serious a mistake. Let us then grapple with the subject at once. "Come now, and let us reason together, said the Lord" (Isaiah 1, 18).

Is there any doubt that this text is an encouragement of debate? Does this talking on the part of one mean a submissive silence on the part of the other?

"Let us reason together." Compare thought with thought, think, analyze, speak. This is the advice of the text, is it not? I know that all preachers have not looked at the matter in this light. But they are not always right. They will tell you so themselves. I hope I may satisfy their minds in this brochure that as sure as they make the Bible their guide, they are under as much obligation to debate as to preach.

Said that distinguished Christian and scientist, Lieutenant Maury, "In my investigation of natural science, I have always found that whenever I can meet with anything in the Bible, on any subject, it always affords me a fine platform on which to stand."

"The Bible is our only guide." "Whatever is taught in the scriptures is to be believed; whatever is there enjoined is to be obeyed."—Watchman and Reflector.

Taking the Bible, then, as a platform, let us determine whether or not it teaches that we humans down here in this world are expected to converse with each other, to argue, to debate, to controvert, to overthrow each other's errors, and help one another to clearer views of truth.

I feel sure that the Bible does demand debate at our hands.

If I succeed in convincing you, my Christian brother, or sister, that this is a fact, then what is your duty? If you believe, with the religious journal just quoted, that the Bible is your guide; whatever it teaches is to be believed; whatever it enjoins is to be

obeyed—this is what the Christian believes—what, then is your duty in reference to debate? Let us look at both sides.

I have known some ministers to represent the Bible as opposed to debate, quoting such passages as Isaiah, lviii, 4: "Behold, ye fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness."

To argue from that text that the Bible is against debate is as unreasonable as to claim that it is against fasting. "Is it such a fast that I have chosen?" (v. 5.) Debate, like fasting, like speech itself, may be corrupted; but who thinks, therefore, that there should be no more fasts, and that speech should be interdicted? A debate, accompanied with strife and "smiting with the fist of wickedness," ought to be condemned by every man who loves the well-being of society. Debate is not quarrelling, although some short-sighted mortals rarely express a difference of opinion without creating an "unpleasantness"—impressing hearers with the conviction that "such" a "debater" conceives it to be his duty to engender mere strife, to smite an opponent with the "fist of wickedness." Such a one has mistaken his calling, the arena of debate is not the ring of the pugilist—a pity that some so-called debaters have not learned this lesson; and because they have not, superficial observers have had their minds poisoned against debate. It is a part of my pleasant task to rescue it from the odium, unmerited, with which, in some quarters, it is surrounded.

W. F. JAMIESON.

WAS JOHN A ROMANCER?

One of Ingersoll's strongest arguments, to my mind, and one which had a great influence in "converting" me, was that every nation and race of people made their religion, hereafter, and God according to their own habits, customs, and surroundings, and of course their God granted them favors and each was his chosen people. Even in the United States, though all profess to believe in the same Being, each religion endows him with different attributes, and all worship differently, thus making their own views the views of God.

The fortune-tellers of old, commonly called prophets, were much like their brethren of to-day in that respect. They flattered and cajoled, and if the money did not come in fast enough they hurled denunciations of woe upon their superstitious hearers.

But in all their predictions we cannot find any mention of things unknown to them at that time. A true prophet who had never heard of China or seen a Chinaman, but who claimed to be in a trance and see the Chinese, should be able to describe their habits and appearance correctly to prove his prophecy afterwards correct.

In the "inspired" Revelations we have a wonderful account from John of what is to take place when this little planet comes to a full stop. He says he was in the spirit or in a trance, and the Son of Man appeared and unfolded what was to come like a panorama. Certainly John had a good memory to remember it all.

But when we analyze all these predictions we find that John was simply giving a rehash of what he saw in his every-day surroundings, perhaps colored by a Jules Verne's imagination.

Nothing in the hot climate of Palestine was so precious as rivers or pools of water; nothing so good to eat as young lamb; nothing that killed so well as a two-edged sword, or protected from as a shield or armor; their priests dressed in long robes of pure white, and had seven large candlesticks upon their altars; their kings sat upon white thrones; the trumpet blew the Jews to battle; their cities had large high walls around, and of course had to have great gates and keys; their public documents were written upon parchment and were closed with large seals; gold and diamonds and precious stones were their chief means of barter and ornamentation; their principal musical instrument was the harp, and the Jews always played them, waved palms, and sang hosannas at their religious festivals.

All these John saw in every-day life, so we find them all in heaven.

If John were alive to-day, and being possessed of the Spirit, were to go to Goat Island in San Francisco, or Staten Island in New York harbor, no doubt his heavenly ideal would be different. He would probably see angels fighting with Krupp guns in vari-

ous uniforms and ships of war; instead of candles, electric lights would be substituted; the Heavenly Gazette would take the place of sealed parchment documents; the telegraph and railroads would be there, and perhaps a Spring Valley Water Company supplying water at high rates, and instead of angels going about thinly clad in white, John would probably dress them in Prince Albert suits and ulster overcoats.

But I never could understand why it is that in such an honest place as heaven is supposed to be they require keys to lock things up and have to seal their documents from prying eyes.

And then their warfare! The Jews fought, so of course the angels must. In one chapter of Revelations we have a vivid account of the agony the poor devils were in for want of water, and how piteously they called upon the rocks to fall upon and kill them. Of no use, they could not die twice.

Then we get an account of the devils getting into heaven, and after a lively tussle with swords the devils were finally ejected and old Satan chained up.

Will any divine explain why they fought with swords when they could not kill?—neither angel nor devil could die twice. Was it a mimic warfare, or were they fighting for amusement? Like plays and novels, of course the angels win and the arch villain is foiled; but as so few enter the kingdom of heaven, a person would naturally suppose that the devils, being in a large majority, would soon get away with the angels.

It reminds me very much of a Spiritualistic circle I attended, when the medium, also in a trance, gave us a graphic description of the wonders of spirit land. Amongst other things she saw a heavenly Mississippi steamboat sailing along, when all at once it burst up, blowing passengers and all into fragments. Her audience were thrilled. I, however, being a little skeptical, asked, "But how can spirits, having no substance, be hurt or killed—they cannot die twice." "Oh," answered she, apparently non-plused, "their spiritual bodies came together again and then the steamer went on its way!" In that case I would not mind being blown up every day; nor, if a devil, would I care how often I had a set-to with the angels to vary the monotony.

I really think John had larger imaginative powers than Jules Verne or the prophet Joe Smith. But as to the accuracy of his statements, I quite coincide with Martin Luther, who, on the authority of Davidson, said that he did not consider Revelations prophetic nor apostolic and thought it was almost on a level with the fourth book of Esdras, which last he proposed to throw into the river Elbe. There was no objection to anyone believing it to have been written by the Apostle John who desired to do so. As for himself (Martin Luther) he did not believe it, but considered it a dumb prophecy. And Martin Luther placed Hebrews, James, Jude, and Revelation in an appendix to his New Testament as of inferior authority.

SINCLAIR TRIMBLE.

San Francisco, February, 1889.

On the Trail.

To the Editors of Freethought:

After the meeting of the State Convention of Liberals at San Francisco, I took the steamer, Mary Garratt, up the bay and river to Stockton, then out by rail to this place in Stanislaus county. Oakdale is finely situated on or near the Stanislaus river, in a beautiful grove of live-oak trees, and contains some fifteen or sixteen thousand population. The land is very sandy, but rich, and will produce anything if irrigated. This is a quiet town and seems to have a very intelligent people, with many fine and cozy homes scattered around among the trees. I soon engaged the Union church, the largest and finest in the town, and scattered my handbills everywhere, which resulted in giving a full house the first night.

My course here consisted of ten lectures, and nearly all were greeted by a full house. There are three churches, but these intelligent people are ready for evolution and science, Freethought and Liberalism. I met here Mr. Baker, editor of the Oakdale Graphic, Sunday-school superintendent, etc., who is a true rustler and live worker in any cause that interests him. His help and influence were much appreciated by your humble correspondent. Mr. Baker has a very interesting family of grown sons and daughters that are earnest workers for the good time coming and a good time now. The Rodden brothers and families, merchants, also gave me a hearty welcome, and worked for our success right royally. Mr. Crawford and wife gave us their hearty approval.

Mr. Woods and wife, mine hosts of the White House hotel, are broad-gauged Liberals whose religion is "One world at a time" and ever do your level best. Mr. Woods and lady know how to make a pleasant home for the tired traveler, and I shall not soon forget all their good will offerings to me and mine. May their shadows never grow less for a hundred years. I also made acquaintance with the Ames family, who live just out of town—a mother and three sons who are all true Free-thinkers and grand workers for the "cause that lacks assistance, for the wrongs that need resistance and the good that they can do." Mrs. Ames and sons are lately all the way from Maine and are building up a beautiful home here among the evergreen oaks of this fine valley. I also made friends with Mr. Ackers and daughter, who are not on the ship of Zion, but paddle their own canoe along the river of life, trusting to Mother Nature to land them aright on the other side of Jordan. Friend Ackers is a full team, a great worker, and enjoys life well enough to want to live a thousand years, and believes in a good time now. His accomplished daughter received the most votes, as the most popular young lady, for the fine volume I offered, entitled "Heads and Faces, How to Read Them." Mrs. Ackers I did not have the pleasure of meeting. Mr. Sprouls and Mrs. Sprouls, who keep the restaurant (and finely kept it is too) where this unworthy worm of the dust, your correspondent, took his hash, with their two refined and highly educated and attractive daughters, were among the many who gave us a cordial welcome to Oakdale; Mr. Perry, also, of the White House, and very many others, both in town and country, whose names we have forgotten. The lectures were a success and all invited me to soon return.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

Oakdale, Cal.

Casting Out Devils.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Our Campbellite Christian minister, J. T. Sharard, has for a few Sundays been treating us to comments on the miracles of Christian healing and casting out devils. A few Sundays since he gave us a thrilling account of a crowd and rush that followed Christ into a house, until the jam caused suffocation, so that one invalid being brought on a bed could not possibly find entrance. Notwithstanding, his bearers were not to be foiled. Seeing a step-ladder by the wall of the house they ascended to the house top. He described the flat roof composed of rafters, brush, straw, and dirt, through which an excavation was made (of course tumbling dirt, sticks, and straw on to the heads of the crowd below), and the bed let down by ropes at the four corners, upon the heads of the crowd.

It occurred to me, here was an opening for considerable labor saving. As those four men came tugging their load over the plains through the scorching sun, why did it become necessary for so much work to be performed to render this man's faith effectual? Could he not have been healed while on the way and sent home rejoicing, instead of scrambling up the wall and being dumped on the heads of the crowd? But the grandest feat of all was casting out the legion of devils from the "man of the tombs," who could not be bound with chains. This devil must have been possessed of Herculean power, probably equivalent to that of a locomotive.

Mr. Sharard did not inform us whether the patient had been subjected to medical treatment or not, but it is fair to presume emetics and cathartics had all failed. Otherwise he would Jonah like have heaved the monster up; although it might have been at the sacrifice of all the hogs on the ranch. Therefore, it may be he concluded on this stroke of policy, rather than run the risk of being minus pork, for a year or two, the better policy would be to intrust his case to a regular expert and thereby save his bacon.

The speaker, in his usual happy and fluent style, gave a quite extended history of the belief of the ancients in the immortality of the soul and in its progress in the hereafter, through the endless ages of eternity. After death, the souls of great men or great heroes take up their abode in correspondingly heroic animals, such as the lion and other favorite animals; then with a correspondingly downward descent through the lesser esteemed animals, as the hog, dog, coyote, and on down to fleas and mosquitoes; thus illustrating the doctrine of transmigration, or metempsychosis.

Except speaking a little disparagingly of the flea and mosquito department, the speaker left us to infer he indorsed the transmigration

doctrine right through. Notwithstanding, this demonology, or doctrine of devils, is to me a profound mystery; therefore I should be obliged to adopt the language of Paul when speaking of godliness, namely, Great is the mystery of devilism.

T. McC.

P. S.—How did the "man of the tombs" hold his grip while the legion was being dragged out of him by locomotive power, and what became of the devils after the swine were choked to death?

Mc C.

Ukiah, Cal.

Jamieson's Campaign.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I should have acknowledged the receipt of sample copies of your paper long ago. If I could find one word that would express the compound and concentrated praise of all who have so justly commented it, I would write that word and then underscore it thrice. There is an inadequacy in language sometimes to represent our meaning; so here, in trying to represent the excellence of FREETHOUGHT, I find that it is like strapping a ton weight on one poor little don—no, broncho. Perhaps you have noticed that a certain humorist in a late issue of that excellent journal, the Truth Seeker, wishes to know who J. K. P. Baker is, and where Irwin, U. S. A., is. Well, Prof. W. F. Jamieson has succeeded in making the discovery, and can now give said humorist a satisfactory answer. He gave the first lecture of his course, "Objections to Infidelity Met and Refuted," last Wednesday evening in the town hall to a large and appreciative audience.

At its conclusion, another was announced for Thursday evening; but it was so stormy that we thought the audience would be too small to justify a lecture, and so the professor remained my guest, two miles from the little village. It was a mistake on our part, for a large audience, much larger than the previous one, gathered in the hall and remained till after eight o'clock, eager to hear him. Considering that a revival meeting is now in progress, and a great effort being made to build another church, also that there is no Liberal organization here, the lecture success is something phenomenal.

J. K. P. BAKER.

Irwin, Iowa.

True and Poetical.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Be kind and be just,
And ne'er in God trust;
If you do you will bust.

Snohomish, Wash.

Yours for the right, J. S. MARTIN.

The Crafty Paul.

To the Editors of Freethought:

The passage in 2 Cor. xii, 16, "Being crafty I caught you with guile," is the same in the Douay version, save one word, viz., "took" for "caught." And in the Peshito, or ancient Syriac version, it is translated by Dr. Murdock, "Like a cunning man, I filched from you by craftiness." The Syriac is doubtless the most correct version. HISTORICUS.

Why the Sale of "Freethought" is Suppressed.

To the Editors of Freethought:

The pop's Irish who interfere with your newsman are only the minions of church and state. They want blazes knocked out of them.

Frisno, California.

GIDEON BOWDISH.

DR. ANDREW D. WHITE will conclude, in the March "Popular Science Monthly," the subject of "Demoniacal Possession and Insanity," which forms one of his "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," now publishing in that magazine. The forthcoming article will tell how the Roman Catholic, Lutheran, and Calvinistic clergy vied with each other in exorcising and persecuting the unhappy victims of insanity, and how medical science slowly introduced more humane treatment and finally drove back superstition from this part of the great battle-field.

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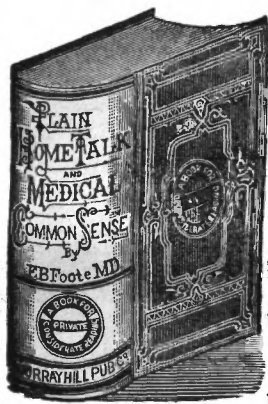
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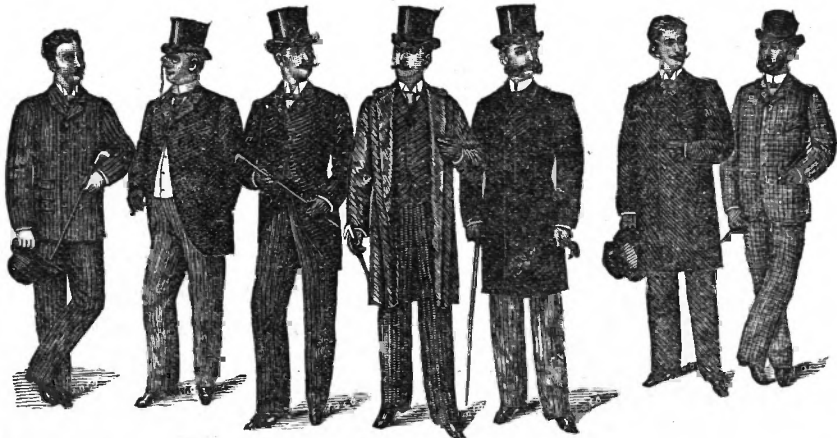
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - MARCH 9, 1889

THE opponents of the Sunday law bill in California did not work in vain. The bill was refused a second reading and dropped dead in the Senate.

It is feared that Queen Victoria did not carefully read Ingersoll's reply to Cardinal Manning. The Paris Figaro alleges that she is a convert to the Romish faith.

WHEN the new post-office is built, it is hoped that the delivery of mail will be accelerated. Something over five days is now required for FREETHOUGHT to go from the post-office to Montgomery and Washington streets, a distance of one and a half blocks.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, the author of "Robert Elsmere," has written another book. We have not learned its title or its motive, but if she cures Robert Elsmere of the intellectual rheumatism that struck him when he got as far as Unitarianism, and makes a Freethinker of him, her second book will be more valuable than the first.

THE Blair Sunday Rest bill was referred by Congress to the Committee on Education and Labor. The California legislature put the state Sunday bill in the hands of a Committee on Public Morals. This shows that our lawsmiths are not clear in their minds where such a bill belongs. The Committee on Public Nuisances ought to have a chance at it.

LAST week the Examiner had a report of a sermon by Father Fasanotti, under a startling heading to the effect that heathen may be saved, and that even Protestants may indulge a faint hope of ultimate salvation. The Rev. Father Fasanotti hastens to correct the erroneous statement, and says: "It remains always a fact and a doctrine of the church that 'out of the church there is positively no salvation.'"

OLD man Pecci, the Italian impostor who does business as Pope Leo XIII., celebrated the seventy-ninth anniversary of his birth on March 2. In response to the congratulations of the cardinal his alleged holiness made a grumbling speech in which he complained that his loss of temporal power made it impossible for him to perform his full duty as head of the church. The pope occupies the position of a man with opportunities to do a

a great deal of good, yet who is doing the cause of progress and liberty more harm than any other man in the world.

THE dispatches say that during the closing hours of Congress, that is, on Sunday night, Senator Blair presented a petition from Philadelphia for a constitutional amendment against religious or sectarian education in public schools. This is a queer business for Mr. Blair to be engaged in. We had supposed that his hobby was the bill for instruction "in the principles of the Christian religion."

CATHOLICS multiply like the fishes in the sea. The Boston Pilot says: "Hoffman's Directory gives the total of American Catholics at 8,157,676, but says that in every diocese there are parishes that fail to report. We believe that the estimate made recently by a careful Catholic writer in the New York Sun, and which reckons the Catholics of the United States at a scant 12,000,000, touches the true figure more nearly than the other estimate given above." The total number of parochial schools is 3,070, and the attendance 585,965.

THE complaints regarding the prevalence of immorality in Alaska come chiefly from the missionaries there, and Governor Swineford says that two or three of these are responsible for all the vile slanders upon the white people of Alaska which have been sent broadcast through the country. The governor has reported to Congress upon the matter, and concerning one missionary he says: "I can but express the earnest hope that either the government or the Board of Home Missions may be able very soon to find a field far remote from Alaska, in which the peculiar talents and altogether questionable methods of Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson can be more profitably employed."

NEWS AND NOTES.

Auburn bears out the poetic significance given to it by Goldsmith. It is a beautiful village, not upon the plains like Goldsmith's Auburn, but among the foot-hills, and the scenery about it, of wooded heights and deep ravines and shining orchards, is lovely. Deep down in the canyon is seen the winding American river, and far off against the horizon flashes the Sacramento, and the snow-capped mountains are in the blue distance over the lofty hills. The climate is unsurpassed. June days are in the bosom of winter. The skies are luminous, the roses bloom, the grass glitters as on summer's breast, and the almond-trees dance to the wind with silvery blossoms. One can sit in the warm, refreshing atmosphere and look upon fairy pictures.

Auburn is one of the oldest mining towns in the state, and its former picturesqueness has not disappeared. The streets are irregular and the business portion of the place has still the frontier look. But the village spreads out capaciously, and elegant dwellings and lawns and beautiful gardens appear, and almost in a moment the mining town becomes like an elegant suburban city.

A few years ago Auburn had almost ceased to grow, for the mining industries had waned, but of late it has begun to increase owing to the fertility of the soil, and the healthfulness of the climate. The once vacant spaces between Auburn station and the "old town" are now being filled up with handsome dwellings and business houses, and the "two ends" are one city of about three thousand inhabitants.

There is abundance of water for house, irrigation, fire, sewer, and manufacturing purposes. All kinds of fruits and berries flourish. It is the home of the orange, olive, and vine.

The Sierra Normal College and Business Institute is established here. It is liberally conducted and flourishing. Auburn is the county seat of Placer county. It is 36 miles from Sacramento, 126 miles from San Francisco, and at an elevation of 1300 feet. At the State fair, 1886, Placer county carried off the first prize for the best quality and greatest variety of deciduous fruit, and at the citrus fair held at Sacramento a year ago, its exhibitors received premiums for the best oranges.

Placer county is named from its rich placer mines. When these became exhausted many miners remained and engaged in the growing of fruits, with the raising of cattle and sheep. Lands near the railroad are held at from \$30 to \$100 an acre, and at a distance of eight or ten miles from \$15 to \$30 an acre.

The lectures were not very successful in point of numbers, but a beginning has been made, and I am sure of a much larger attendance next time. Many difficulties were in the way as usual in towns where Freethought lectures are given for the first time. In spite of all I have found good friends and much encouragement.

My persistent ally, O. D. Storrs, needed the "seven leagued" boots for the work that he has done. He has walked and talked almost without end to get the people out. He is heart and, as he says, "sole" in the cause. I don't think anybody has put more shoe leather and grit into it than he has, and notwithstanding all unfavorable surroundings he "made the raffle." He is a Grand Army man, and can lead the forlorn hope. A better soldier never was, and it will be "forward march" so long as he has a breath of life. Not only will he foot the highways and byways, but also the bills, with the same generous enthusiasm.

The Kaiser boys, Lewis and Henry, are already known for valuable work, and it was a pleasure to meet these fearless supporters. Through thick and thin they stand by the colors, and will always keep things lively for Freethought. To them, "The dream of youth is manhood's noble fire."

I found a cordial and delightful friend in Dr. J. C. Hawver, who is widely informed, and amid professional cares enjoys the "sweets of divine philosophy." He is not iconoclastic—is a builder, but doesn't see that the church is the friend of progress. He believes thoroughly with Ingersoll that "every demonstrated fact drives a superstition from the brain and a ghost from the sky."

A. Keller showed me his magnificent collection of minerals, for which he has received several medals. The enthusiasm of his life is to discover these beautiful treasures, every one of which is a testimony against the Bible with "crystal clearness" and "rainbow tint." No one better understands than Mr. Keller the nature of our soil and its varied capabilities.

O. V. Newton is an original philosopher. He doesn't believe in civilization, but in nature, in which view there is much truth, for about three-fourths of our present civilization is artifice. Friend Newton is a believer in the spiritual powers, and that by

their influences hereafter we shall have a better chance to be ourselves. I have no objection to these spirits that are on the side of nature and against theology.

Mr. A. Radcliff is also an ardent Spiritualist, but also a Liberal, and he was one of my most cheerful coadjutors. He has a clear insight into the situation and is an unflinching opponent of ecclesiastical authority in the state.

Freeman of Freeman's Hotel is a jolly landlord and knows how to make his guests comfortable. Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Mikesell of the Arlington are genial entertainers, and believe in making this world as happy as possible. Their religion is to give to the traveler the best they have.

Mr. and Mrs. Butterfield, Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Newton, are among the agreeable acquaintances made in this sunny land, and so, with the kind friends here, the work, although not as yet popular in its results, is of such promise that I shall rejoice to visit again this field of fruits and flowers and transparent skies.

Our friends at Livermore are now well-known for their liberality and progressive spirit. There is no better place in the world for the growth of Freethought. Nature smiles here in her sweetest attire, and one can't think much of a "world beyond" when the present world is so enchanting. Livermore is in the heart of a broad valley which just now has its garniture of bursting green; and mingling with the verdant landscape are the orchards and vineyards which display signs of abundant harvest, if only the rain will fall.

My honorable friend, Jas. Beazell, was on hand to greet me as I landed from the cars, and I found comfortable welcome at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jordan, whose fireside knows no shadow of superstition. Hovering around is the bright little Ada, six years old, a picture of perpetual motion, whose childish fancies are woven by fairy fingers, and not by dark theology. Happy childhood! how beautiful it is, flowing untouched by the sombre shadows of the church.

The hall was full on Saturday evening. Hon. Jas. Beazell presided. It always does me good to look at this man, for it seems as if he could bear the weight of the world on his broad shoulders, and his kindly nature makes every one feel at home, and so the meetings were conducted in the spirit of neighborly hospitality. I gave my lecture on "The Religious Conspiracy." At the close our almost four-score-old philosopher, whose age is still bright with the spirit of youth, M. S. Palmer, recited that beautiful poem, "Nameless," which was received with universal applause. The burning thought of the ballad was fitly rendered with grace and skill.

Sunday morning—a perfectly lovely morning, the skies and earth shining with burnished beauty as if I were in the chamber of some mighty palace of gold and silver—friend Jordan drove me out to the noble residence of Mr. and Mrs. N. Lueders. This farm is one of the best in the valley—six hundred broad acres, as neatly kept as a garden. The horses and cattle revel in big barns and ample yards and sunny pastures, and the grain is just putting forth its million verdant spires; and round the house the roses and violets bloom and the orchards wave with snowy clouds. Amidst these elegant surroundings Freethought finds no gloom of ignorance and fear.

From thence we traveled to the "house on the hill" where our comrade, C. H. Symmes and wife, and four bright children, live amid an ever-varying picture of delight. One can look over the whole valley from this lofty eminence. Pleasanton is glittering,

just against the swell of hills, and beyond the mountains tower in magnificent array, Diablo crowning the glittering spaces. Sweeping backward the eye catches Livermore glancing among the trees and smooth declivities. A glorious panorama on every side, of industry, of art, of wealth, of nature, of splendid sky, of teeming field, makes the heart of the observer thrill with delight.

In the afternoon of Sunday there was a meeting of those who are in favor of organization. Enough were present to give promise of a good strong society, and a committee was appointed to arrange for future work. I believe that an excellent Liberal Union can be formed here. I had a crowded house in the evening, and spoke upon "The Sunday and the Sabbath." The audience represented the best portion of the community, and its attention and appreciation were indeed an inspiration for the cause. A large number of ladies were present, and their support and intelligence will certainly give moral and social prestige to the Liberal Union.

I feel highly encouraged with the generous and numerous friends I find here—so many that I cannot name them in "News and Notes." But they are in my memory and make hope for arduous toil.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

AGAINST PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The attitude of the Catholic church toward the American common school does not change. At the dedication of a parochial school building in Pittsburg, Pa., last Sunday, Bishop Kane, of Wheeling, said:

"The great problem that confronts us to-day is the same as that which confronted the people in apostolic times. There were schools then, but they were pagan schools, and the only way to counteract their effect was to establish Christian schools. That is what the Catholic church is trying to do in America now."

There is no legal objection to Catholics founding "Christian" schools. They may have one or more in every town in the country if they wish, so long as they support them by private and voluntary contributions. The infamy of the Catholic movement is that it seeks to use the public school fund for the propagation of Roman superstition.

THE BLAIR SUNDAY BUSINESS.

Every time there is a lull in the proceedings of Congress, somebody presents a petition for the Sunday Rest bill. Last Saturday night Senator Cameron brought such a petition into the Senate, but it was accompanied by one against the measure. The presiding officer himself contributed a petition from the citizens of Kansas protesting against the passage of any bill for the observance of Sunday.

The California Senate has set the national body a good example by refusing to listen to the second reading of a Sunday bill. The Senate at Washington should follow that example if the matter comes up at the next session.

RELIGION AND MARRIAGE.

A sad example of what religion can do toward wrecking human happiness was afforded by a recent tragedy in this city. A shop-girl named Emma Bennett, a Christian, for some time associated with Emanuel Davis, a Hebrew. They expected to marry each other, but it turned out that Davis's parents would not permit the young man to marry a "gentile," and he so informed Miss Bennett. The girl brooded over the matter for a short time, and then procured a pistol with which she attempted Davis's life, and afterward took her own.

The case has excited a great deal of remark. Nearly all the clergymen insist that religious differences should be observed in contracting marriage, but it is generally admitted that the more religious member of the family is apt to make the most trouble. The devout Protestant, Jew, or Catholic does not hate a co-religionist any the less for being such, but he hates those of another religion more.

A GENEROUS PROMISE KEPT.

To the Editors of Freethought:

It now gives me much pleasure to redeem our promise made some time ago, of co-operating with Mr. Stone in his unselfish efforts to establish FREETHOUGHT on a self-sustaining basis. Inclosed is cash for ten full yearly subscriptions to be sent to the friends whose names are inclosed.

I am exceedingly sorry to see, by your editorial notice to subscribers, that many are neglecting to renew as promptly as they should. One would think every Liberal would be glad to give at least two dollars per year towards popularizing the rational ethics of Freethought; and what more practical way can be found than to build up our Liberal press? This carelessness of the necessities of the hour is another emphasis of the utter indifference of the many, and should spur the few who are interested on to redoubled efforts for the success of this movement now so well begun.

My noble wife was by my side when this promise, which I now redeem, was made, and was with me heart and mind in all our little efforts to increase the circulation of FREETHOUGHT. Its success and our promise are doubly sacred on this account. Consider it as much from her as myself, and believe me,

Boulder Creek, Cal. Yours always, W. S. RODGERS.

THE Rev. Samuel Jones, now in San Francisco, continues to give utterance to the enlightened sentiments previously noted in FREETHOUGHT. In his sermon Sunday morning he said: "God is no respecter of persons in his love, but loves one man as much as another. God loves the worst man in San Francisco as much as the best; the most wicked sinner as much as the most saintly. Sometimes I think that if there's any difference God loves the sinner better'n the Christian." Another gem—it is old but it should be kept before the people: "Yes, I would sooner be a convict than one of these men who declare themselves Infidels." According to Christian theology, Mr. Jones is right, as convicts generally go from the gallows to glory, while honest Infidelity is the highway to hell.

CONGRESS has adjourned without doing anything about the new post-office site in San Francisco except to appropriate \$800,000 to pay for it. This is quite agreeable to us. The present post-office is but a few blocks distant, while any new site likely to be chosen will be located a mile or two from our office. This fact should be taken into consideration by the commission, though it probably will not.

MRS. ANNIE BESANT is doing a great work for the poor children who come under her charge as member of the school-board. In a recent number of the National Reformer she says: "I have some 2,900 small creatures now eating away merrily every week, and there will be over 3,000 pairs of jaws going next week. I peeped in at one of the 'dinner centres' the other day, and a right pleasant sight it was to see a second relay of over a hundred mites munching away at good pea soup, with bread and jam to

follow. Some were hatless, and their clothes were thin enough, but they will face the cold better with their poor little stomachs full of warm food instead of aching with emptiness. And there are people who would let them ache, because their parents are improvident."

THE officious Henry C. Bowen, editor of the New York Independent, attended the inauguration ceremonies at Washington, carrying with him the Bible on which Washington was sworn when he first took the oath of office as president, and wanted General Harrison to use it. The general, however, had an old Bible that he carried through the war in his saddlebags, and used that; over which circumstance the religious people indulge in the usual amount of twaddle. It would have been in much better taste if the president had left his fetich at home, and had simply affirmed upon the honor of an American citizen that he would perform the duties of his office to the best of his ability.

OUR legislature has just passed a law making it a misdemeanor for any person to obtain any food or accommodation at an inn or boarding-house without paying therefor, with the intent to defraud the proprietor or manager thereof, or to obtain credit at an inn or boarding-house by the use of any false pretense, and after obtaining credit or accommodation at any inn or boarding-house, to abscond and surreptitiously remove his baggage therefrom without paying for his food or accommodations. This looks like a reversion toward the custom of imprisoning for debt.

SAN JOSE, we believe, has the first Church of Humanity in the state. It was organized last Sunday with the following officers: President, O. F. Alley; vice-president, J. W. Miller; secretary, Mrs. R. H. Schwartz; treasurer, Dr. Bentley. The pastor of this church, of course, is N. F. Ravlin, a clergyman who recently drifted from his orthodox moorings at San Diego, and who now preaches the gospel of Liberalism as revealed through common sense. The Church of Humanity starts with a membership of two hundred, and with every prospect of success.

PROF. J. H. COOK, of Columbus, Kan., writes to thank Professor Seymour for his kind and sympathetic words, but says that he is not in want, and does not at present require financial assistance. He suffers, he says, from conditions that money cannot remedy.

SAMOS PARSONS has forwarded \$10; Henry Kaiser, \$1; L. R. Titus, \$2; A. Derming, \$1, and Frank Butler, \$1, to start a fund for propaganda work through the California Liberal Union.

THE LECTURE TOUR IN CALIFORNIA.

It is not possible at present to make out a definite list of appointments, but the following is about the route and dates for Mr. Putnam's lectures. Friends will please note, and those who desire his services write at their earliest possible convenience:

March 10 to 17, Sacramento and vicinity. March 24, Pomona, Los Angeles, and vicinity. March 31 to April 14, San Diego, National City, San Pasqual, San Jacinto, and vicinity.
April 21, Anaheim and vicinity. April 28, Oleander and vicinity.
May 5 to 12, Raymond, Grub Gulch, Fresno Flats, and vicinity. May 19 to June 2, San Francisco, Calistoga, New Sanel, Boulder Creek, San Jose, and vicinity.

FINE photographs of Colonel Ingersoll, obtainable at FREE-THOUGHT office, are sent postpaid for 40 cents; likenesses of Paine, 25 cents; Putnam, 25 cents.

OBSERVATIONS.

Mr. Ketchum, who earns his daily bread by selling copies of this paper on the street, has no end of trouble. The other night, when he went home, some unknown person assaulted him, hit him behind the ear with a club or other weapon, again in the face, on the forehead, and in the ribs, and left him in a bruised and battered condition. No policeman was in sight, his story told at the station house aroused no interest, and his stock of papers were sprinkled with gore so profusely as to be unsalable. The victim thinks that the universe is conspiring to take his life, but he accepts things philosophically. A skilful doctor I sent him to pronounced his injuries not necessarily fatal, and gave him a prescription for application to his contused parts. When he found that the prescription would cost a dollar and a half, he concluded he could get more comfort out of the money if he invested it in Voltaire's Romances. He had more faith in that than in medicines. I let him have the volume at reduced rates, and he went home to read and await developments. The philosophy of the book pleased him, but he found that his injured side would not admit of his laughing at its witticisms, and he had to postpone its perusal. He thought a police surgeon might help him, and visited one. The official sawbones, in his examination, hurt him so much worse than his original assailant that he got no place there, and left in disgust. Then he thought of vengeance, and consulted Attorney Chilstrom. He has never seen his assailant, to his knowledge, but has his suspicions; also his assailant's hat. Suspicions and a hat are so poor material to open a case with that the lawyer does not see his way clear to a conviction, and the professor is so fearful of accusing some innocent party that he hesitates to swear out a warrant for anybody's arrest. That is the way the matter now stands. A sympathizing friend, whose name is not disclosed to me, has placed funds at Mr. Ketchum's disposal to pay the cost of such legal proceedings as may be necessary, but it is not probable that any will be begun. Mr. Ketchum is one of those eccentric persons called cranks by an unappreciative world, and, as is well known, cranks have no rights that other cranks are bound to respect. Being something of a crank myself, I can see how hopeless his case is.

A week or two ago I prepared and printed a petition, to be signed by the clergy, offering such an amendment to the Blair Sunday Rest bill as will free ministers and priests from the burden of Sunday toil, by striking out the word "secular" from the bill. The petition has been extensively copied and reprinted in the secular press, but I am disappointed that the religious papers and the clergy themselves do not take hold of it with a stronger hand. If that bill passes and becomes a general law, sixty or seventy millions of people will be allowed to sit around idle on Sunday, while eighty thousand preachers do all the work. Under the circumstances, how would it do to pass a supplementary law that no clergyman shall perform any religious services during the week? If there is to be enforced Sunday rest for the world's people, it is no more than fair to enforce week-day rest on God's people. A lop-sided bill like Blair's condemns itself.

The Liberal lecture by Professor Miller, last Sunday, was not largely attended, but those who came were quite satisfied with the discourse. Mr. Miller is still a young man, probably under thirty-five. He is a student of Herbert Spencer, and a scholar and thinker. He ought to be encouraged while his enthusiasm is warm. New York, Chicago, and other cities have their ethical and Liberal societies, and yet they do not need them any more than San Francisco does. It will not be to our credit if we allow the East to get ahead of us from an ethical point of view. I cannot imagine anything more desirable in the way of a regular weekly meeting than can be had by keeping Professor Miller on the platform, supplemented with singing from the Cosmian Hymn Book, and a collection by Mr. Schou to pay running expenses.

The appended synopsis of Professor Miller's last Sunday discourse gives an insight into the instructive nature of his remarks:

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Man is a very old creature. Fifty years ago the average educated intelligence of our race assented to the chronology of Archbishop Usher,

itself based upon the middle-age scholarship of Scaliger and others, which was engrafted upon King James's translation of the Bible, and ascribed an antiquity to man of four thousand years. But the science of these fifty years has shown this antiquity to be comparative youth. Geology and archaeology have removed man's genesis unknown centuries of centuries into the mists of the past. Relics of his art upon reindeer bones found in the caves of Southern France declare his existence there in a pre-glacial epoch, and an antiquity of 250,000 years. Even then his physical development was perfect, and he had made considerable mental advance, as much as many savage tribes of to-day. Our own discovery has infinitely enlarged the horizon of man's action in time, and the law of evolution indicates that the stage of humanity was preceded by untold ages of development out of lower species. We have been compelled to readjust and enlarge all the standards of our history and growth under the guidance of a new law which explains with reason and consistency the development of the universe. The Usherian chronology, which made the creation of the world coeval with that of man, has shriveled into feeble contempt when compared with the magnificent æons which geology and evolution show have passed since the solar system began to pass from homogeneous star dust into planets and suns. The stage of time has been so stretched out as to become a large part of eternity, and almost wearies the intelligence which has explored it to retain a comprehensive grasp upon its extent.

The primitive man, whom we faintly see far down the lengthening corridor of antiquity, has left some records of himself in his rude stone tools, in the bones of animals that bear his marks, in his own bones preserved in earth's paleologic strata. He was homogeneous in the simplicity of his occupations, his government, his knowledge and his beliefs, but he held within himself the promise and the potency of the future, the power of intellectual growth. If he may fairly be represented by the lowest savages of our day, the Australian and the Terra del Fuegian, the distance he has climbed the mountain of intelligence is plainly shown by the physical increase of the great organ of intelligence in the most highly developed modern races. The brain of the modern Aryan (European or American) is farther removed in weight, quantity, and complexity from the brain of the Hottentot and Australian than is theirs from the brain of the chimpanzee, one of the highest anthropoid apes. The difference between the highly developed modern and the primitive man is legible in his body, as well as in the vast differentiations of employment, polity, science, art, social organization, religion. To track out man's history in each of these great departments of thought and action is a delightful and inexhaustible task. To know at least their outlines is necessary to approximately understand ourselves; but it is the last of these which touches us most nearly in its relation to Freethought and the objects of Liberal organization.

The religion of the primitive man was derived from his dreams and his imagination. It was entirely simple and natural in its origin, and was only a belief that the common forces of nature, the sun, wind, fire, rain, etc., had a personality like his own, though more powerful, to be propitiated for its favors, and feared for its injuries. As men organized into tribes and nations, religion was organized into mythologies. As man increased in understanding and reflective power polytheism became monotheism, which has long been the religion of the leading Aryan and Semitic nations, yet among great masses of these peoples, still tinged with ancient polytheism. Each nation has pictured its own personality in its ideas of its Gods, and monotheism has been no exception to that tendency.

The Supreme Ruler has been and is yet to the majority a highly idealized human intelligence. Only in the last crucible of philosophical analysis is it found that the nature of the supreme power must in its eternity and infinity be unknowable to man, and no terms or qualities of the one can be ascribed to the other. Yet this exception may be made, that that portion of the infinite and eternal that has become known by the mind in the time and space that it has conquered, are knowable, and so far infinity and eternity are knowable, as are the parts of a whole, but the whole is of necessity unknowable by the finite.

With the fading away of faith in a revelation, proof of immortality has become impossible. This has filled many men with sadness, some with bitterness and despair. Evil has seemed to them to preponderate and the forces of the world they have declared pessimistic.

But the last word is not spoken. The growth of human intelligence has not ceased. It may go as far beyond its present attainments as those attainments exceed its beginnings. The average of life has been increased; it may be lengthened indefinitely. Many secret doors of nature are yet unopened. Death may become intelligible, or avoided till welcome. And though life is cruel and has daily tragedies, it has many joys and satisfied appetites. Though the old faiths and the certainty of a future life have faded, the great human virtues remain—fatherhood, motherhood, brotherhood, patriotism; the desire and delight of knowledge, of work, of giving, remain to inspire and strengthen. It is better to face the truth than to go backward with falsehood; for though the air in which she walks be keen, man's accumulated experience assures him that it is wholesome.

The speaker closed with an appeal to Liberals to consider not only the destructive attitude they must take towards false thought, but the much larger constructive work they have to accomplish by substituting the laws and system of science and nature, in the

place of the mistaken religious and social systems, against which they contend.

Mr. Schou arose to say that there was apparent need of greater encouragement than this first meeting had received. Remarks on that subject would be to the point.

Mr. Thomas Curtis and Mrs. Scott Briggs gave their impressions, and Mr. John Beaumont moved the appointment of a committee to visit local Liberals and see what they would do. Mr. Schou, Professor Miller, and Mr. Beaumont were thereupon named as the above committee for rustling purposes. They will make personal calls at or about this date, and friends are requested to receive them cordially. The next meeting will be duly announced in these columns.

Has anybody ever remarked the disparity between what dentists advertise to do and what they actually accomplish? I have, or had, a molar tooth that has caused me trouble and expense ever since I became of age. Ten years ago I requested a New York dentist to extract it. He looked at it, hammered it with the butt end of an iron crochet hook, said it appeared to be a pretty firm tooth, and thought it ought to be filled. I let him fill it. Two days later another dentist unfilled it, touched it with carbolic acid, and said it would probably never trouble me more. A large majority of the doctors of dental surgery doing business in New York afterwards had an introduction to that tooth. They filled it with gold, zinc, amalgam, sludge acid, and slickin's. It always ached. I dosed it with the essential oil of all the aromatic spices, with all toothache drops, anodynes, and ready reliefs. Still it ached. The other day going up Market street I saw an advertisement of Dr. Onion's electric method of extracting teeth without pain. I applied. The doctor assured me blandly that his method was so painless as to be a positive luxury. He examined the tooth, probed it, hammered it, stuffed it with cotton, and then inquired if it "ached" me. At that moment I could not say whether it ached or not. Galvanic pains shot through every bone in my head, and I said I didn't know, but I would like to have him apply his painless process and extract the tooth. "You better have it filled and save it," he suggested. I wouldn't do it. Then while I reposed, thinking he was getting his battery ready, he introduced his forceps, crushed the tooth to atoms, and dropped some fragments on the stand. He then came back for the rest, and proceeded to strew the office with comminuted particles of my osseous system. At the end of the seance I took occasion to inquire if the method just exemplified was the one advertised as painless. Dr. Onion replied that the electric apparatus was a little out of order and that I owed him one dollar and four bits. I was relieved to find I was in his debt. I had feared he owed me something, which I would not be able to collect, for contributing enough of my remains to start an anatomical museum with. The method of Dr. Onion might do for people with powerful nerves, but I shall not submit to it again so long as I can find a hammer and cold-chisel and good strong men to manipulate them.

Re my proposed trip to Palestine, or elsewhere, I have received a communication from my friend A. C. Nicolaides, of Spokane Falls, Wash. Let me here say that I got the word *re* from the English papers. It is used interchangeably with *anent*, and I do not know what it means. Mr. Nicolaides writes thus ornately:

If you will accept my preponderance, I will vote for you to go to — I as opposed to the holy land. The divines of this locality have consigned me to the fiery pit, and I would like to have some truthful person precede me and write a veracious description of the place, so that I may prepare myself for my father's mansions. The clergy pretend to tell what kind of a place it is, but between you and me, I believe they are uninformed if not untruthful. To whichever place you conclude to go, I will help to give you a good send-off.

Thus the encouragement augments. A great destiny is before us. As from Mount Pisgah's lofty height we view the future as a dream, we see a band of spirits bright climb from the waves of Jordan's stream. We see them shiver on the banks, in moistened clothes without a drier, while further on are ranks on ranks of parsons gathered round the fire. We hear no hallelujahs sung, celestial anthems fail to swell; the pilgrims cry, as with one

tongue, "If this is heaven, what is —?" But I anticipate. I am at present unprepared for the contemplated trip, not having as yet been measured for my asbestos ulster. M.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

C. R. Bennett, secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, has arrested a man at Portland, Or., named Isaac E. Bories, upon a charge of sending vile matter through the mails, violating section 356 of the postal laws and regulations. Young Bories was examined before United States Commissioner Deady, and held to answer with bail fixed in the sum of \$3000.—The O'Connor-Gaudaur boatrace at Alameda was a fizzle. Gaudaur rowed a quarter of a mile and then quit.—The Rev. Father Bixie, pastor of the Santa Clara College, died suddenly of heart disease, at San Jose, March 2.—There were 129 deaths in San Francisco last week.—White Caps have broken out at Arroyo Grande.—Judge Terry's sentence for contempt of court has expired, and he has given bail to answer to half a dozen other charges.—The supervisors of San Francisco have reduced Spring Valley's water rates. The company has suspended improvements on its reservoirs, and will appeal to the courts.—Goat Island, in San Francisco bay, will be used for a government torpedo station.—A conductor on a street car having refused a 3-cent piece and two 1-cent pieces, in lieu of a nickel, for a passenger's fare, the Superior Court will be called upon to decide whether these coins are legal tender in San Francisco.—The monthly report of Chief Crowley shows that 1878 arrests were made in this city during February. Of these 748 were charged with being drunk, 59 were common drunkards, while 143 were charged with visiting and taking part in Chinese lottery games.—E. S. Bentley, one of the passengers shot by the train robbers near Pixley, on the 22d instant, died March 1.—Oregon has a new medical law, aimed at irregulars, which gives three examiners power to take a physician's diploma from him for unprofessional conduct, but there is no provision which says what such conduct shall consist of.—The negro, Frank Hart, won the six days' walking match last week, making over 525 miles.

Harrison was inaugurated on the 4th, with large public display. The following is his cabinet: James G. Blaine, of Maine, Secretary of State; William Windom, of Minnesota, Secretary of the Treasury; Redfield Proctor, of Vermont, Secretary of War; Benjamin F. Tracy, of New York, Secretary of the Navy; John W. Noble, of Missouri, Secretary of the Interior; John Wannamaker, of Pennsylvania, Postmaster-General; W. H. H. Miller, of Indiana, Attorney General; Jeremiah Rusk, of Wisconsin, Secretary of Agriculture.

Congress has adjourned sine die.—A party of fifteen Mormons passed through Atlanta, Ga., March 3, on their way to Utah. They came from Southern Georgia, and were in charge of two missionaries.—Riddleburger, senator from Virginia, was ejected from the Senate Chamber the other evening for being drunk and refusing to come to order.—The admission of Utah to the Union is favored by a majority of the committee on territories.—In the Senate, March 2, Blair asked unanimous consent to take up the joint resolution proposing a liquor prohibition amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Harris objected. Blair said the matter had been pending for fourteen years, and all he asked now was to have a vote upon it without debate. He moved to proceed to its consideration. The motion was defeated.—General Rosecrans has been placed on the retired list of army officers.—Governor Ross, of New Mexico, has issued an address to the people of that territory, asking them to call meetings, formulate memorials, and in every way appeal to Congress to give New Mexico a school law that will save her from ignorance and barbarism. It is charged that some of the "teachers" now employed in New Mexico can neither read nor write.—At Harrison's inauguration, last Monday, a Mrs. Spofford, of Massachusetts, was present, having with her the first American flag ever used. Mrs. Spofford has refused \$1,000 for the flag.—The Mormons of Ogden, Utah, are somewhat excited over a movement, inaugurated in the City Council, tending to wrest the so-called Tabernacle square, one of the finest blocks

in the town, from the grasp of the church, which has been holding it.

The case of the London Times against Parnell has fallen through by the principal witness, Pigott, confessing himself a forger, and committing suicide when arrested.—It is reported that the czar of Russia is scandalized by the irregular life of his brothers, and has ordered the Grand Duke Vladimir to resign his commandship of the Guards.

BOOK REVIEW.

YONE SANTO: A Child of Japan. By E. H. House. Price, 50 cents.

This is the book which the Missionary Society tried to suppress, but didn't. It should be widely read. It is entirely different from "Robert Elsmere," or "The Story of an African Farm," but in its way it is a most powerful attack on Christianity. It is written from the standpoint of free or universal religion. Its spirit is that of Thomas Paine—"The world is my country, to do good my religion." It shows that religion in all races and all beliefs is equally as good in the one as in the other. There is really no need of any change of heart or of creed to be morally better. Yone Santo is just as good, just as noble, as a pagan as she would be as a Christian. The author recognizes the universal element in Christianity, but he seems to disregard as of little value its special elements. The missionary work is shown in its true colors—simply as an absolute failure. His criticisms, without doubt, are founded in truth, and that is why they cut so deep. No wonder that the Missionary Society endeavored to keep the book out of print; but it is a sad commentary upon the independence of the American public that a great publishing house was obliged to go back on its contract in order to placate the inquisition of the Missionary Society. The book, however, is published, and is the ally of Freethought.

The literary quality of the book is of the first order. The character of the "Child of Japan" is beautifully drawn. It is a flower of genius—delicate and lovely. The story is absorbing. The knowledge shown of human nature is deep. The old doctor is a sort of radical Puritan—a man of the world—but with noble conscience.

The book does not contain the observations of the ordinary traveler in Japan, but the results of the almost life-long residence of a keen philosopher and brilliant story teller. Of this book Helen H. Gardener says:

It is a plea and a protest so strong, so simple, so tender, and withal so gentle, that, although it claims to be but the story of one little maid in a distant land, it is the story of many little maids in every land. This American gentleman, this gentle American, has done a brave thing, a good thing, and a much broader thing in its scope than I believe he himself has fully understood, and he has done it so well that I for one feel that he has extended to me a personal favor. In the person of his sweet little heroine he has fought for us all—for every woman of every country. It is the new chivalry, and we are to be congratulated that the knight who breaks the lance for progress and fair play is so well equipped for the battle. I would not have it inferred from what I say that the book is either a theological treatise or an equal-rights argument. It is simply and solely, so far as its rank goes, a story. It is no more an argument than was "Adam Bede," or "Bleak House." It is no more a theological treatise than the "Scarlet Letter," but the missionary board took exception to it as it appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, and found means to frighten Houghton, Mifflin & Co. into submission to their desires to see the book suppressed. But the story of this outrage is told most effectively by its gifted author in a postscript to the book itself, and a most striking commentary it is upon free speech and free press in this country.

GOD AND MAN; a Philosophical Inquiry into the Principles of Religion. By the Rev. Henry Truro Bray, M. A., B. D., LL.D., Rector of Christ Church, Booneville, Mo.

This is a brave book and a learned book. It is worth reading for the quotations it contains, especially from ancient authors, pertinent to the subjects discussed. It is seldom that a clergyman is so clear and candid. He does not seem to be afraid of facts.

His belief, however, is founded, not upon the facts, but upon sentiment. And this he willingly confesses. He takes the only reasonable position which the theologian can take to-day, namely, that he believes in God and immortality simply because these beliefs are not yet actually disproved by the reason of man. He

gives up the demonstration of them. He believes simply because he wants to believe; because there is no absolute evidence against believing, and so he is at liberty to follow his desire. The attitude of modern theology is thus different from ancient theology. Formerly the theologian undertook to prove the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. Modern theology wisely refrains from this task, as our author does. His argument is about this. Almost all men believe in God. It is a pleasant belief; it has some moral motive. Seeing therefore that science does not peremptorily forbid the belief, but allows "the deep heart of man" to disport itself somewhat at will in the realms of the unknown, is it not therefore a valid belief? The author is not always conscious of this mode of reasoning, but that is about what the book means. He looks at all the unfavorable facts in the history of the Bible, the church, the world, but declares that so long as there is no actual disproof of his beloved dogmas he will cling to them. If one reasons this way consciously his belief really amounts to nothing, for God and immortality cease to be realities the moment one clearly perceives that the foundation for the belief is only in the sentiments, and that the intellect gives no voucher. Our author is so strongly theistic in the very temperament of his being, that he can confront any array of unfavorable facts without much unsettling of his faith. He can afford to be candid simply because his feeling is his voucher, and not his intellect. This book is worth reading by the Freethinker on account of the admissions which it makes and the wealth of knowledge which it displays. Coming from the source it does it is a somewhat surprising book. It shows about the position of advanced minds in the churches to-day, but the multitude of believers generally will look upon it as heretical. However, the position is the position of every enlightened Christian who knows that there is not one particle of evidence in favor of God and immortality; that the only evidence of his belief is the universality and earnestness of the belief; that it is the result of inherited associations and sentiments. The pure intellect is absolutely dumb upon the question. The only hope of theology to-day is in the agnosticism of science. So long as science says "I do not know," so long will the human heart leap the barriers and build its air castles in the unknown. Dr. Bray is a born theologian, but he is also a gentleman and a scholar. S. P. P.

"THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM" is for sale at this office. Price, 20 cents.

SOMEbody has kindly mailed us a copy of an address delivered in Paine Hall, January 24, 1884, by the Hon. A. Schell, on "The Will of Stephen Girard," published by J. P. Mendum. It is an eloquent and stirring defense of the non-religious provisions of the document which forms its subject.

J. M. WHEELER, of London, England, is preparing and publishing in parts a "Biographical Dictionary of Freethinkers of All Ages and Nations." Part I., containing thirty-two pages, is at hand. It goes as far as *Bauer* (Bruno), the German biblical critic. When completed the work will be of the greatest value as a book of reference.

LOUIS WAISBROOKER holds that usury and land monopoly must go, or all freedom must go, and she sets forth her reasons therefor in a ten-cent pamphlet with the title "Facts and Figures for Workingmen." That interest is a severe burden to borrowers is quite plain, but how borrowers can be persuaded to cease paying it, is a question not easy to answer.

MR. SINGLETON W. DAVIS, of San Diego, offers the world a new religion in a 64-page pamphlet called "Sketches of the Scientific Dispensation of a New Religion." The title signifies, according to the author's definition, "the superseding of mysticism by scientific method, and of chaotic superstition by a rational system of utilitarian religion." Mr. Singleton desires to bring about a coalition between science and religion, so that the benefits of both may be utilized. He has our best wishes for his success. The author prints and publishes his pamphlet and sells it for 25 cents. His address is 916 Third street, San Diego.

THE NEW IDEAL COMPANY, of Boston, are publishing some excellent pamphlets under the running title of "The Modern Essayist," issued monthly. No. 1 of the series is an essay on

"Herbert Spencer; His Life, Writings, and Philosophy," by Daniel Greenleaf Thompson. Mr. Thompson is the successor of the late Courtlandt Palmer as president of the Nineteenth Century Club. He is an able and pleasing writer. No. 2 of the "Modern Essayist" deals with "Solar and Planetary Evolution," by Garrett P. Serviss; No. 3, "Charles Robert Darwin; His Life, Works, and Influence," by John W. Chadwick. These pamphlets are handsomely printed and sell for 10 cents per copy.

PROGRESS AND POVERTY.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I am sorry to see that a man cannot criticise "Progress and Poverty" without being told that his opinions incite men to murder, and are not entitled to respect. Is such language the fruit by which we may judge the book? Its title, by the way, and the statement in the introductory (pages 8 and 9), that "the tendency of what we call material progress is to still further depress the condition of the lowest class," show that Mr. George has not taken much notice of the real causes of poverty. That he also fails to recognize the right of owners of land to compensation is plain enough from every page of the chapter devoted to denying their claim (chapter III of book VII). How can any one consistently take any other ground who holds, like both Mr. George and Mr. Hassett, that private ownership of land is robbery? I have only to add that the gentleman to whose speech at an anti-poverty meeting in Boston I referred, was invited to lecture there again, and also to stump New York in co-operation with Mr. George. I do not feel bound to bring his name into a controversy which has taken this form. FRED. MAY HOLLAND.

Concord, Mass., Feb. 15, 1889.

A WOMAN REMONSTRANT IN THE FIELD.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Pursuant to the call for action in the matter of remonstrances to Congress against the Blair Sunday bill, Mrs. Mary A. White, of San Diego, has entered the field, and in addition to circulating a petition—to which she has hundreds of signers—has commenced to lecture. She spoke here March 3 in the Louis Opera House on "Constitutional Liberty versus Sunday Laws." The lecture was a good one, and well attended considering the short notice. Mrs. White has a commanding presence, is fine looking and a good speaker, with an analytical and logical mind. She writes well, and in a tour through the state, which she proposes to make, will do yeoman service for the cause.

San Diego.

RANFORD WORTHING.

The Demands of Liberalism.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in state legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and in all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the president of the United States or by the governors of the various states, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that the simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality, as such, shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several states, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely Secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

R. B. WESTBROOK, LL.D., PRESIDENT.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary..... 241 Wash. Boulevard, Chicago
 OTTO WETTSTEIN, Treasurer..... Rochelle, Ill.
 E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com..... 120 Lexington ave., New York
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THE ROLL OF HONOR.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE WORK OF THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

E. B. Foote, Sr., New York city.....	\$100
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A VALENTINE'S VISIT.

In the third century a priest of Rome wanted to interfere too much with the secular pleasures of the pagans, for which, it is asserted, he was beaten with clubs and then beheaded. His martyrdom secured canonization, and the day of "solemn remembrance" of his terrible death has, through the perversity of human frolic and passions, been turned to produce the very mirth-provoking propensities which this saint was trying to suppress. Alas for human irreverence! To think a monk's bones merely develop more monkery must be excruciating to the saints.

Wanting a couple of days' vacation I dropped in to Rochelle, Ill., and discovered our worthy Materialistic philosopher, whose admirable articles are such severe specimens of logical reasoning, perusing—just think of it—a valentine! While about to tell him of my willingness to enter into a solemn covenant not to mention the matter to Mrs. W., he took me into his confidence, as I will my readers, and gave the whole matter away. It is as creditable to the recipient as to the sender, and being something of a paraphrase on the Paley argument, will be read with profit and pleasure by the FREETHOUGHT family:

MY WATCH.

TO OTTO WETTSTEIN, ROCHELLE, ILL. BY JOSEPH HAIGH.

Twelve months ago I bought a watch
 From Wettstein of Rochelle,
 And ever since it's pegged away
 And kept time very well.

Ten thousand pulse-beats every hour
 Ring through its tiny veins,
 And are so accurately made
 It neither lags nor gains.

The case is made of purest gold,
 The front is French plate glass,
 The springs are of elastic steel,
 The wheels of finest brass.

In heat or cold, by day or night,
 No moment does it miss;
 There is no man or living thing
 Can run as true as this!

A Freethought badge is on the chain,
 The chain is on the stem,
 The watch is like a thing of life,
 The "charm" a little gem.

One well may ask which greatest is,
 The watch, or man who made it?

The man needs food to make him go,
 The watch no thing to aid it.

Man made the watch and God made man—
 That's what the preachers say—
 Two wonderful machines they are,
 As all their parts display.

But which machine is most perfect?
 We'll let the experts tell
 Which best admits of skilled treatment,
 When sick, to be made well.

If man could be withdrawn apart,
 Repaired, and rendered clean,
 'Twould be a grand improvement on
 God's wonderful machine.

Till we can separate man's parts,
 To clean and then attach,
 The preference, in fairness, must
 Be given to the watch.

Chebanse, Ill., St. Valentine's Day, 1889.

At his residence I received a hearty welcome from his charming and accomplished wife, a cordial salute from Mr. Frank (who, being in the local bank, acts as deputy treasurer of the American Secular Union), the same from Otto, junior, and his pretty sister, Olivia. Their delightful home abounds in gems of literature and the *recherche* in art, for art is another of Brother Wettstein's weaknesses.

Next noon Brother James A. Greenhill, of Clinton, Iowa, a life member, who has been on a European tour, was passing through Rochelle, homeward bound, and was prevailed on to partake of the good cheer at the Wettstein home and un-reel some of the rich reminiscences he had recently acquired in the land of his birth—of Burns's birth place; of his visit to Abottsford; his week in London, and his pilgrimage to the tombs of Darwin, Dickens, and others in Westminster, and to other places of intense interest. As his friends at Clinton had prepared a reception, we had to bid him good-bye on the next train.

Brother Wettstein's store is filled with a finer and costlier assortment of diamonds and jewelry than is found in an ordinary country jeweler's, but, as he is now entirely dependent on Liberal patronage of the entire country, he has to carry a large assortment, the local trade—though he has lived here over thirty years, has largely assisted in the town's development, and possesses an unblemished reputation—having abandoned him because he could not be coerced into hypocrisy and thus into the church. This proves how they love their neighbors as themselves. Before leaving I exchanged my Freethought badge-pin for a fac-simile in a scarf adornment—something that can be seen. Wish that more would thus show their colors, and on our travels many enjoyable acquaintances might be acquired.

THE BLAIR BILL AGITATION.

Last Sunday afternoon I spoke, at two Turner societies, on the Blair bill. Notwithstanding there was not the slightest mention of Anarchy or Socialism, many of the vile sheets of Chicago have determined to dub all the Blair bill meetings as Anarchistic assemblages. We are getting signatures to the protest. At each of these mass meetings my resolution was adopted demanding the adoption of a law taxing all church property. E. A. STEVENS.

SECULARISM IN SALT LAKE CITY.

Secularism has just scored a great and, we believe, a lasting triumph in this city, far exceeding the expectations of its most sanguine adherents. The quiet, dignified, and scholarly way in which it has been presented by Messrs. Underwood and Watts has inspired almost universal respect, and the impression that had hitherto prevailed among some classes that our representative men were superficial and inclined to treat the important questions at issue in a flippant and undignified manner has certainly been dissipated. Many persons of education and refinement outside of our faith have in the most earnest and cordial way spoken of these two worthy representatives of modern thought in very flattering terms.

Mr. Underwood gave four scientific lectures in the Opera House in January, which would have been a brilliant success but for the parsimony of the proprietors in trying to economize on fuel at the expense of the comfort and health of the audiences.

The place was so uncomfortable that it was found necessary to adjourn to the Federal Court room, where the lectures have since been given.

Mr. Charles Watts followed with four lectures also, and from the first had large and enthusiastic audiences. He has a strong, pleasant voice, and his evident training for the stage has added a charm to his oratory that places him amongst the foremost in his profession. His language is lucid and logical, and he never fails in impressing his audiences with his earnestness and candor. He is gentlemanly and dignified in his deportment, and he always commands the respect of his auditors, although many may differ with him on the questions at issue.

Mr. Watts has just finished a four night's debate with the notorious Clark Braden, which resulted in an overwhelming defeat of Braden and the church militant. The religious element of this city did not seem to be acquainted with Clark Braden or his antecedents, neither were they willing to be enlightened by one not of their faith, but were determined to indorse him as their representative. This they made one of the necessary conditions of the debate.

Although Mr. Watts was ready to meet any respectable and honest opponent, he at first objected to have anything to do with Braden on account of his previous history and conduct. After much solicitation upon our part, however, Mr. Watts consented to debate upon the written understanding that he was discussing with the representative of the Christians of this city, and that Braden should retract, also in writing, a false and malicious statement that he had two years ago caused to be printed and circulated about Mr. Watts. Both these conditions were complied with. Braden had in his plausible way related to the various ministers of the city how he had pulverized the anatomy of every Liberal lecturer in the field; that the scalp of Underwood was now hanging from his belt, that he had driven Putnam from the field, that Ingersoll did not dare to meet him, and that time and opportunity were all that was needed to chain Charles Watts to his chariot wheels. This was quite enough; he must indeed be a man sent of God to be able thus to wipe out Infidelity from amongst our people.

The presiding ministers of the Presbyterian and Methodist churches sent our society a challenge for Mr. Watts to debate "Christianity vs. Secularism" with their champion. Arrangements being completed, the discussion commenced on February 19 and lasted four nights. Each speaker had two speeches of thirty minutes every evening.

The first two evenings Braden affirmed, and used manuscript that surely must have been written for some other proposition than the one under consideration, as many portions of it were irrelevant and not at all suited to the question under discussion. It was evident throughout the debate that Braden was no match for his opponent, although some of the church members seemed at first sanguine. This feeling, however, was of short duration. One very noticeable feature of the matter was the fact that while at a meeting of all the ministers of the orthodox churches in the city Braden was unanimously indorsed by that body, but very few indorsed him by their presence after the first night. Their every action from that time indicated that they were not proud of their champion. It was really pitiable to hear him repeat, evade, and dodge the questions at issue. He is an "artful dodger," and that is all that can be said for him. As one paper stated, "The debate was finished last night, but Braden was finished the first night." A very good illustration of the estimation in which he is held by the church people here can be shown by referring to a lecture given by him in the church where the debate was held, the night following its close, on "The Fallacies of Infidelity." There were present twenty-two persons, including the writer. The lecture was tame, consisting of the most exaggerated assertions regarding the character and teachings of Secularism and Secularists, and laudations of the great ability and wonderful attainments of Clark Braden.

We wish to state that the ministers who arranged the debate for Braden have the thanks of our society for the spirit of fairness and cordiality with which they conducted their part of the program; there was not the slightest ill feeling exhibited, and everything went off in the most harmonious manner. They kindly

offered us the choice of churches in which to hold the debate, and the Methodist was accepted. Mr. Watts was congratulated by the ministers for the masterly way in which he presented his side. Good feeling prevailed, and we have no doubt that beneficial results to Secularism will follow. Full houses greeted the disputants each night, and great interest was manifested throughout.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

MR. WENTWORTH DISCOURSES.

The people of San Pasqual recently held a meeting in the schoolhouse for the purpose of discussing the Blair Sunday Rest bill. Mr. Hiram Wentworth, of Escondido, was one of the speakers, and the following is a portion of the language which he used on that occasion:

Now for these Christians. They promised to give us their reasons, drawn from the Bible, for believing the Blair bill must become a part of our national law; but they have only proved to us what we already knew—that hunting for reason in the Bible is like fishing for trout in a swill-barrel. They have gone back to barbaric times and explored the dreary wastes of chaotic prophecy till they have found an old superannuated nightmare, which they have driven by divine strategy into the invisible corral of faith, where she is now being groomed by Senator Blair, and will, we are told, after she has received the sacred rite of extreme unction, be put into the Constitution of the United States. The venerable old beasts of the Bible have been put to the torture. We have seen their tails twisted and we have heard them prophesy. Our benighted minds have been enlightened in regard to the future of the Blair bill by a gorgeous display of prophetic moonshine. These supernatural idiots are trying to shift the responsibility of the Blair kid from the arch traitor who begot it to the God whom they profess to love—which I regard as a very fair specimen of Christian consistency. Compared with eating the flesh and drinking the blood of their redeemer, this foul crime is shorn of its enormity and almost ranks as a virtue. The present outlook seems to justify the prediction that the Advents will leave no stone unturned to make themselves appear criminally pious and stupidly ridiculous while opposing the Blair bill; therefore I cheerfully give the devil his due in advance by admitting, as a foregone conclusion, that this mountain of stupidity will labor persistently and unwittingly to establish the almighty disgrace of dog spelt backward, till it brings forth its inevitable mouse. The desperate folly and sublime stupidity of these Bible students forcibly remind me of the old blind negro who was found with an extinguished lamp in his hand hunting in a dark cellar at midnight for a black cat that wasn't there. They take Bible nonsense and palm it off for divine, infallible prophecy with as much brazen assurance as the Irishman who picked up a government blanket: "Och, this is moine, sure. U. for Patrick, and S. for McCarthy. I've found my blanket at last."

To a man with long hair, the position which these bobtailed Christians assume concerning the Blair bill seems not only ridiculously absurd, but in flat contradiction to their religious professions. If there is an Almighty God, and the Bible is God Almighty's word, and in God's word it is predicted that the Blair bill must become a part of our national law; then it logically follows that whoever tries to defeat the Blair bill, tries to make God out a liar, and that is just what these bobtailed Christians are trying to do. Hypocrisy! thy name is Christian. Inconsistency! thy name is Advent. Thou art opposed to the Blair bill. Whatsoever ye ask, in Christ's name, shall be given. Why not ask for the head of Senator Blair on a charger. It makes an Infidel tired to hear you whine about the Blair bill when you could have both the treachery and the traitor destroyed just by asking for their destruction.

It is not the style of a good orator to tear his subject all to pieces the moment he gets hold of it; but I have no time to-day to amuse you by playing with my victims as cats often do with mice before devouring them. At some future time I propose to dissect for your amusement and instruction some of the whited sepulchres in our midst who set themselves up as public moral

teachers, but who would consider it much less disgrace to be guilty of theft, adultery, or rape, than to appear before an audience in shabby attire. A man who prefers dishonorable deeds to honorable rags, is eminently qualified for the kingdom of heaven. God promises to forgive every species of crime which men are guilty of, except that of sinning against the Holy Ghost—which appears to consist in disobeying the imperial mandates of fashion. The thief on the cross was unconditionally forgiven and immediately snatched up to glory. The man who attended the marriage supper, without having on a wedding garment, was bound hand and foot, and cast into outer darkness, to weep and wail, and gnash his teeth. He had committed the unpardonable sin!

As I was about to bid Mr. R—an affectionate farewell, something over a year ago, he told me confidentially, before his family, at the dinner table, that I had the most cheek of any man he ever saw. Knowing him to be good authority on cheek, and a man above suspicion of flattery, I could but regard his unsolicited and impassioned confession as highly complimentary to myself, and at once wrote it plainly on the tablet of my memory, where it will always remain. But it must be borne in mind that there are several kinds of cheek, and that while I have an inexhaustible supply of that variety which prompts a man to speak or write his thoughts plainly and fearlessly whenever occasion requires, I am conspicuously destitute of that kind which preaches the stupid guesswork of ignorant barbarians as the inspired word of an all-wise God, and am filled with painful disgust at the cheek which prompts a man to stand and grin at an audience for half an hour, like a cat eating cheese, without saying anything. That is stupidity trying to identify itself.

One man is overstocked with ideas, but has no way of getting them to market. Another man has every facility for conveying ideas, but, unfortunately, has none to convey. Some men who have no ideas of their own, and are incapable of originating ideas, appropriate the mental coin of other people by the U. for Patrick, and S. for McCarthy process, and having inscribed the trade-mark of a thief upon it, pass it off as their own. One enterprising genius imagines he has a talent for reading, and persistently insists on putting his victims either to sleep or to flight by reading to them in a slovenly manner what no one but B—is anxious to hear. One man in 60,000,000 has an unlimited supply of original ideas, and has first-class facilities for conveying them. His name is Ingersoll. I don't know whether he has more than four fathers or not; but in all probability one of his forefathers was Demosthenes. There has been a great improvement in oratory, however, since the time of Demosthenes; consequently, Ingersoll does not find it necessary to fill his mouth with cobblestones before making a speech. An orator who has a poor memory should always read his piece, instead of speaking it. By this plan he will avoid the necessity of stopping at short intervals to use a stomach pump in consequence of having swallowed the wrong sentence. A good policy for one who is afflicted with a painful constipation of ideas and a chronic diarrhoea of words, is to speak only when he is spoken to. By observing this rule he will avoid making his ignorance known to all men, as comparatively few will ever speak to him. But a man who has an abundance of ideas and is perfectly at home with "Webster under the bridge," can speak whenever he pleases, and take the confectionary of applause wherever he goes.

We have three little leaflets that will do good by circulation. They are: 1. "Nameless," a poem by Voltairine de Cleyre; 2. "Two Creeds," the Catholic and the Cathartic, the latter creed being an amusing parody on the former; 3. "The Theft of Girard College," setting forth briefly the provisions of Girard's will touching sectarian teaching, and showing how those provisions have been violated. Any of these leaflets, 10 cents per dozen; 50 cents per hundred.

We have for sale three pamphlets by J. D. Shaw, editor of the Independent Pulpit, namely, "The Bible—What is It?" 25 cents; "The Divinity of Christ," 15 cents; and "Studies in Theology," 10 cents.

THE "Sabbath Imposture," a pamphlet by Harry Hoyer, 10 cents per copy; six for 50 cents; fifteen for \$1.00.

ITEMS WRITTEN WITH THE SCISSORS.

THE pessimistic Saltus is accumulating a large amount of notoriety. His latest audacious *mot* was this: when asked what character in fiction he most admired, he replied, "God."—Ex.

THE National Sunday Law men are industrious, if nothing else. We have received probably a dozen petitions from them, requesting us to sign them and use the influence of New Thought to boom that work. Gents, we are "ferminst ye."—New Thought.

UNCLE RASTUS—"Why does dey put 'In God we all trust' on a two-cent piece, and doesn't put it on dese ere ten-dollar bills, Sambo—does yer know?" Sambo—"I dunno, chile; but I 'spects its because you don' hab to ask no one fer trus' when yer hab ten dollars."

"ADELF, have you seen those lovely prayer rugs at the downtown store?" "Yes, I have one myself." "Oh! how nice." "Yes; I told papa that I wouldn't pray any more unless I had one, and that fetched him. Papa is quite pious at home, you know."—Chicago Herald.

MR. ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE acknowledges the article which I have written at his request on "Humanity's Gain from Unbelief." It is expected to appear in the next issue of the North American Review, and it will then be republished in these columns.—Chas. Bradlaugh, in National Reformer.

A WOMAN who went out to Burmah as a missionary, converted a native as soon as she arrived, and then married him. When the next batch of female missionaries arrived the male natives took to the woods—again illustrating the axiom that self-preservation is the first law of nature.—Norristown Herald.

THE Catholic Mirror announces that "his eminence Cardinal Gibbons has been invited to address the convention of the National Teachers' Association, at Nashville, Tenn." How fitting that the representatives of the public schools of America should be addressed by the representative of that power which is doing its utmost to overthrow them!—American Sentinel.

PUT down a long mark to the credit of Arkansas. Its legislature has passed a memorial to Congress, asking the defeat of the Blair Sunday Rest bill. The memorial was passed by a large majority in both houses. We are glad that Arkansas has done this much toward redeeming herself from the disgrace of her Sunday law of a few years ago.—American Sentinel.

DEAN BURGON on a certain occasion, not long ago, was expatiating on the nature of man. He pointed out that one great distinction between human beings and the lower animals consisted in the capacity for progress. "Man," exclaimed the dean, warming to his theme, "is a progressive being; other creatures are stationary. Think, for example, of the ass! Always and everywhere the same creature, and you never saw a more perfect ass than you see at the present moment."—Argonaut.

OMAHA DAME.—"How many chaplains are there in the United States army?" Army man.—"Thirty-four." "The army is very small, I suppose?" "There are about 25,000 soldiers." "What! Only thirty-four chaplains for 25,000 soldiers? That's terrible!" "Madam, a soldier's first duty is to accept things as he finds them. We have all learned discipline, and we would not rebel against the government even if we did not hear a sermon once in three months—no indeed, madam."—Omaha World.

THE portrait of Miss Olive Shreiner, the author of "The Story of an African Farm," in the February number of the Book Buyer, is the first that has been printed. Miss Schreiner contributes some interesting autobiographical notes, which we reprint: "My father was a German, born in Wurtemberg. He studied at Basel, and went to South Africa as a missionary. My mother is English, the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, and for generations my ancestors have been strict Puritans. I was born in the heart of South Africa, on a solitary mission station. I was many years old before I saw a town. My father died many years ago. My mother has become a Roman Catholic, and is living in a convent in South Africa. I came to England for the first time seven years ago, and then published the 'African Farm,' which I had written in Africa. The first English edition was published in 1882.

I have made stories ever since I could remember; long before I could write I used to scribble on sheets of paper imagining that I was writing them. I began 'An African Farm' when I was almost a child, but left it for some years before I finished it."—Argonaut.

A STORY without much of a moral comes from Hungary. It seems that at a village dance the pastor of one of the churches was dancing with a comely young woman, and at the conclusion of the waltz he bent over and kissed her pretty lips. But the fair dancer had a lover who saw the affair, which, by the way, was entirely in public, and he thereupon knocked the indiscreet clergyman down. A friend of the latter at once struck the angry lover on the head with a stick and dropped him dead on the spot. There is a moral in this story somewhere, but it would require too much time to point it out.

It is sad to think that when Col. Robert G. Ingersoll leaves this "mysterious life to enter the equally mysterious hereafter," there will be no one in this world, which he loves so well, who can be called upon to speak at his grave with the same profound eloquence with which he has so often moved people to tears. Colonel Ingersoll's funeral oration at the bier of Mary Fiske was a garland of beautiful words wrought with an eloquence that was of the music of angels. It charmed the ear while it moved to tears many who have stood beside graves time and again without giving vent even to a sigh.—Telegram.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for a public discussion in Cleveland, Ohio, March 21, 22, and 23, between B. F. Underwood and Dr. C. S. Bates, rector of the Euclid avenue Episcopal church of that city. Dr. Bates is one of the most popular clergymen of Cleveland, and the discussion promises to be one of much interest. The propositions which will form the basis of the debate are the following: 1. "Some of the teachings of Christianity are detrimental to the welfare of mankind." Underwood affirms. 2. "The Bible contains special revelations from God to man." Bates affirms. 3. "The miraculous is both possible and probable." Bates affirms.

THE Power of Religious Emotion.—The sun had already sunk in the west when the convict returned to his native village. During the many years of his confinement he had harbored but one idea—that of revenge. As he neared the old school house (which, by the way, he had made up his mind to fire) a bell from a distant spire began its slow and solemn peal. A feeling which the convict had not felt for many years filled his breast. He stood rooted to the spot, and tears, hot tears, moistened his cheeks. When the bell had ceased its tolling, he hastily wiped his eyes with the back of his calloused hand and exclaimed: "My heart is softened; I will not shed blood to-night—I will rob instead!"—Life.

THE following dispatch shows that the ecclesiastical tyrants are determined to exercise whatever power the present state of the law gives them, and that Liberals will recognize none too soon the fact that there is yet a tough battle for freedom to fight: "MINNEAPOLIS, Jan. 29.—Axel Paulson and Rudolph Goetz, who skated a twenty-mile race on Sunday afternoon, were to-day arrested, and, with W. W. Wettelson, manager of the affair, fined \$50 for violation of the Sunday ordinance. Several newspaper reporters were also arrested, but secured a suspension of sentence. This is the beginning of a war on Sunday amusements. The word has gone out that the theatres will be closed next Sunday."—Secular Thought.

POLYGAMY starts with the great advantage of the support of Revelation. For whereas (as all searchers of the scriptures are aware) the practice of polygamy is frequently recommended in the sacred writings, it is nowhere condemned, except (and then more by way of caution than of prohibition) in the single case of bishops, who, being usually elderly (and in those days invariably poor) men, were advised to content themselves with one wife. In fact, I take it, upon a calm and dispassionate view of the subject, that monogamy must be regarded as a politic concession made by the early Christianized Jews to the Pagan Romans. It was, in fact, a sort of give-and-take, or compromise. The Pagan Roman found himself with many gods but only one wife. The

Christianized Jew had many wives but only one God. They "split the difference," as Artemus Ward would have said, and the result was "Christian marriage."—London Truth.

IMAGINE a popular preacher in a London pulpit, with a grave old gentleman sitting at the foot of it, waiting as it were, with a landing net for plagiarisms, and informing the congregation whenever he caught one. "That is Shylock's," he said at the third sentence; at the seventh, "That is Tillotson's." The preacher, who knew that there were plenty more to come, was in a pretty state; if he did it again he made up his mind to speak to the man. "That is Blair's," came out at the tenth sentence. "Fellow," said the preacher, leaning over the pulpit, "if you interrupt again you shall be turned out." The old gentleman looked round on the congregation with the same calm confidence of recognition as before, and, without moving a muscle of his countenance, observed, "That's his own."

AN interesting and instructive portrayal of an unsatisfied life was given at Boston last Sunday, in a lecture by George Chainey (formerly of San Francisco), from the text: "For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Relating his religious experience, Mr. Chainey said he was first a Methodist minister, but becoming full of doubt he broadened his views and entered the Unitarian ministry. Soon he came to the point of Infidelity, and then went through Spiritualism, Theosophy, Rosicrucianism, hermetic philosophy, and esoteric culture, but the further he went in these lines the more unhappy he became, and his search for a new faith and peace brought him finally back to the good old way, and in his joyous relief he exclaimed, "I will go unto all the world and preach this gospel."—Palmer, Mass., Journal.

THE city of Jerusalem is growing in size and population at a remarkable rate. Its growth is all the more surprising because neither its situation nor its trade is favorable to an increase; it lies among a not very fertile group of mountains; it has next to no commerce, and it has no manufactures. Nevertheless, new buildings are rising daily; churches, gardens, and institutes of various kinds are filling up the formerly desolate neighborhood to the distance of half an hour's walk beyond the limits of the city. The Hebrews are to the front as builders. Their houses spring out of the ground like mushrooms—uniform, ugly, one-storied, plentifully supplied with windows, but with no manner of adornment. The Rothschilds have completed a new hospital. Close beside it there is a new Abyssinian church. The Russians are also great builders. They have erected a new church, consulate, lodging-houses for pilgrims of the orthodox national churches, and a hospital. Near to the Russian group stands the "German House," for German Roman Catholics, from the top of which the German and the papal flags float side by side. The Russians have also built a high tower upon the Mount of Olives, from whose summit the Mediterranean and the Dead seas can both be seen. The Greeks and Armenians are also busy builders, but they provide for the bodily rather than the religious demands of the pilgrims. The former build cafes and bazars, the latter set up shops.—Washington Post.

IN what other country than America could such an anecdote as the following be told? It is the most typically American story I heard in the United States, says Max O'Rell. It came from Chauncey Depew, it is said. But, for that matter, when a good story goes the round of the states, it is always put down to Mr. Depew, Mark Twain, or the late Artemus Ward. A new minister had been appointed in a little Kentucky town. No sooner had he taken possession of his cure than he set about ornamenting the church with stained-glass windows of gorgeous hues. This proceeding aroused the suspicions of several parishioners, who imagined that their new pastor was inclined to lead them to Rome. A meeting was called, and it was decided to send a deputation to the minister to ask him to explain his conduct and beg him to have the offending windows removed. The head of the deputation was an old man of Presbyterian proclivities, whose austerity was well known in the town. He opened fire by addressing the reverend gentleman thus: "We have waited upon you, sir, to beg that you will remove those painted windows from

our church as soon as possible. We are simple folks, God's own light is good enough for us, and we don't want to have it shut out by all those images——" The worthy man had prepared a fine harangue and was going to give the minister the benefit of it all; but the latter, losing patience, thus interrupted him: "Excuse me, you seem to be taking high ground; who are you, may I ask?" "Who am I?" repeated the good old spoke man, "I am a meek and humble follower of Jesus, that's what I am, and —— you, who are you?"

THE STATUE TO GIORDANO BRUNO AT ROME.

A noble life-sized statue of Giordano Bruno is to be erected in May next in the Campo de Fiori at Rome, on the very spot where he was burnt alive by the order of the papal Inquisition on the 16th of February, 1600.

The completion of this undertaking, which has had the general support of the Liberals of Europe, has been delayed for several years by local opposition in Italy, but finally the consent of the Roman municipality has been obtained by an overwhelming majority, and the monument to the great proto-martyr of Freethought, modern science, and philosophy will be inaugurated in May with a becoming celebration.

We have been appointed for the United States of America upon the International Committee, and requested to assist in raising funds to secure this noble act of historic justice. Already \$400 have been contributed through this Committee by Liberal Americans, but we desire to send a much larger sum, and have promised at least \$1,000, which will be about one-tenth of the total cost.

The Committee will be pleased to have the number of subscribers as numerous as possible, so that subscriptions of \$1 will be appropriate, though larger sums will be gladly received. All contributions will be publicly acknowledged and forwarded. The time is short, and necessity of immediate action is urged by the committee at Rome.

Please to subscribe and send at once to our treasurer, T. B. Wakeman, 93 Nassau street, New York city.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL,
T. B. WAKEMAN,
DANIEL G. THOMPSON,
THOMAS DAVIDSON, } Committee.

STATEMENT OF THE U. S. MINISTER AT ROME ON THE LAST LETTER FROM THE BRUNO COMMITTEE THERE.

"As stated in the foregoing letter, the Common Council of Rome has granted permission to erect a statue of Giordano Bruno in the Campo de Fiori. J. B. STALLO.

"Rome, Jan. 12, 1889."

COLONEL INGERSOLL OPENS THE NEW SUBSCRIPTION.

LAW OFFICE
ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, } New York, Feb. 8, 1889.
40 WALL STREET,
T. B. WAKEMAN, ESQ., Treas., Bruno Monument Committee:
My Dear Sir: It gives me great pleasure to inclose my check for one hundred dollars (\$100).

I shall never be quite satisfied until there is a monument to Bruno higher than the dome of St. Peter's.

Yours very truly, R. G. INGERSOLL.

The following compilation of facts and figures will interest those who are curious about the odd things of the old book. The Bible contains 66 books, 1889 chapters, 33,173 verses, 773,692 words, and 3,586,489 letters. The word "and" occurs 46,287 times, the word "Lord" 1855 times, "reverend" but once, "girl" but once—in the third chapter and third verse of Joel; the words "everlasting fire" but twice, and "everlasting punishment" but once. The middle verse is the eighth verse of the one hundred and eighteenth Psalm. The twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra contains all the letters in the alphabet except the letter "j." The nineteenth chapter of Second Kings and the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah are alike. The longest verse is the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther. The shortest is

the thirty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of St. John, viz.: "Jesus wept." The eighth, fifteenth, twenty-first, and thirty-first verses of the one hundred and seventh Psalm are alike. There are no words of more than six syllables.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Liberalism on Coos Bay.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Thinking a few words from this out-of-the-way place would be of interest to your readers, I take this opportunity to write you. Since I wrote to FREETHOUGHT last summer some advancement has been made in the cause. Paul A. Smith stopped with us during the month of October; his lectures were well attended; he is a good speaker and a man of advanced ideas; he is a Spiritualist, but a rational one, taking no stock in orthodoxy of to-day.

This town has a Universalist church which Brother Smith dedicated to the use of humanity; eleven years before, while he was a preacher of that denomination. Many of his old associates are still living here; two or three have grown out of the old faith and have become Liberal; the others are standing just as he left them eleven years before. I had all I could do to get consent for him to occupy the church. It was crowded. Many said they came to see if he had changed in his views much. That lecture fixed it; he was accused of blasphemy and the church refused him for future use. So Masonic Hall was occupied. He always had good houses; spoke to places on the river and on Coos Bay, to full houses, and we hope he will come again.

The Liberals are looking anxiously for the coming of S. P. Putnam this coming summer. Many names have been added to our list since he was here last summer. I well remember his coming down the river in a small boat with the rain pouring down "like suds;" yet we had a good time, many coming in small boats in the rain. It is a hard rain that keeps a genuine Liberal from a meeting of that kind.

I will not give you a description of our Thomas Paine celebration held at Myrtle Point, as Brother P. O. Chilstrom has done that, only it was a good turn-out and a success.

I see by last FREETHOUGHT that the cause of Freethought has a new ally in N. F. Ravlin. I listened to Mr. Ravlin in San Diego over a year, nearly every Sunday. He is a Spiritualist, but also a rational one, taking no stock in frauds or the isms that have fastened themselves to so many Spiritualistic societies of California.

Your paper FREETHOUGHT grows better day by day. Although I am a Spiritualist, and have been for eighteen years, I like your paper for its rational views, its work for humanity, comprehensive and so easily understood. When the Golden Gate started I hoped that we would have a representative paper on this coast, but have been doomed to disappointment. It in no way compares with FREETHOUGHT. Fully two thirds of it is given up to "ads" of fraudulent mediums, talks on reincarnation, theosophy, obsession, faith cure, and "Oriental Band of Sun Angel Order of Light by Sadie," all of which benefit no man, but serve to disgust the inquirer.

HENRY H. NICHOLS.

Coquille City, Oregon.

Some Criticisms.

To the Editors of Freethought:

DEAR SIR: A friend has recently sent me several numbers of FREETHOUGHT, and I like it so well I want to express my appreciation; but I also want to find a little fault. The paper is alive all the way through, and Mr. Putnam's jottings are the brightest, breeziest ones I ever saw.

The paper is also, generally speaking, liberal, in the best sense of the word, though not liberal (or thoughtful) enough to extend its New Year's greetings to its Spiritualistic co-laborers and exchanges, some of which are certainly as truly liberal as itself.

As an individual Spiritualist I also want to protest against the idea of being patted on the back and taken into any "Secular" or other "Union" or on to any platform that is not "Liberal" and strong and broad enough to give a hearing to all the "cranks" in the world. I say if they are visionary or "imagine" they are "great reformers" when they are not, by all means invite them onto our platforms and give them a hearing in our publications, and then from the plenitude of our wisdom show them wherein they are wrong, and if we cannot do it alone let us invite the churches to come up and help.

They will be just as likely to help as they will be now to come out and

hear us, for when they see us fighting all the "cranks" and irrepressible men and women who "imagine they are reformers," they will be sure to think we are on their side (I wouldn't like to say what I should think about it) and they will come out to help, and then we shall get them sure.

As to the word Infidel being "expunged from our vocabulary," I don't see any necessity for it. It hasn't meant anything for a long time past more than a disposition to give the poor bread instead of tracts.

I don't see what kind of people "Liberal" can have been among to have found the word Infidel so unpopular. I have found it a great deal more popular than Liberal, principally, as I think, because it has a little backbone in it, and isn't so afraid of not being "respectable."

However, it makes little difference to me what name the organization in which I work carries. It is the thing itself, and not the name, of which I am proud or ashamed; and I readily admit as a Spiritualist that we are not a success as an organization, and if the Secular Union or any other organization can show us how to be a success in that particular, as we are in others, or can "extend the hand of fellowship" in such a way as to put us on an equal footing with themselves, without any sneers regarding us as a people, or regarding our "theories" (facts), I for one should be glad to co-operate with them, but I am quite certain that the mass of Spiritualists are too Liberal to co-operate successfully with such illiberal liberals as "A Liberal" unless he can extend the dimensions of his platform, which I for one will be happy to have him do. Cordially and sincerely yours,

MARY E. PRESTON.

Maquoketa, Ia.

Unfairness Toward Spiritualists.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Many of our Liberal papers (or rather Materialistic) do not treat our Spiritualistic friends with fairness and due respect. Whenever they have occasion to mention Spiritualism or its philosophy it is done with a sneer and overwise knowledge, ridicule, and sarcasm. Fools, lunatics, ghost-hunters, sky-pilots, etc., may sound smart and wise to some folks, but it will never help to spread Freethought, nor liberate the minds of the people. So-called cranky and loony Spiritualism has done more in the last thirty years to free the people from priestcraft and its domination than all other theories or systems of thought combined. Many of our best scholars and thinkers of the age are its adherents. Spiritualism is not and cannot be a religion, nor simply a belief, but a scientific truth in harmony with natural law and the eternal order of things. Yours,

Brodhead, Wis.

E. P. HASSINGER.

From Oregon.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Permit me to express my great satisfaction at the cheering condition of the Liberal cause, as shown by the organization of the California State Liberal Union. No one but a lonely resident in an orthodox neighborhood can realize the far-spreading influence of these Secular organizations. The Silverton Secular Union has cooled the fires of hell around me very much, and now comes another cool stream of salvation from away off in California, and the tone of the local church bigots is very sensibly modified. "Gloria in excelsis."

I should be very sorry, however, to believe that Mr. Thomas Curtis's "compulsory education" resolution was any more than a "josh" run on the Union to see how Liberals stood on the question. And I cannot believe that any well informed Liberal would be in earnest in so "stultifying all the declarations previously made by the convention in favor of equal rights and impartial liberty." I prefer to think that Messrs Curtis and Arper were "just a funnin'." I am also pleased that Mr. Putnam was made president.

We had a little joke on Mr. Putnam when he was first here, that will bear telling, although it should have been seen to be appreciated.

While at Stayton Mr. Putnam and half a dozen others, including yours, etc., were in the hotel parlor, and there came in a long characteristic specimen of a Campbellite preacher, evidently on hostile mission bent. Argument soon grew promiscuous and lively. To the evident surprise of the "divine," the "Infidel" did not wither away before the august majesty of his presence, and presently, as his kind are wont to do, the preacher made some idiotic remark, and Putnam laughed. "Humph!" snorted the preacher, "any fool can laugh;" and then we all laughed except the preacher.

A little Secularism is being gotten in before the people here through the debating clubs. The ever ubiquitous "whisky question" furnishes occasional opportunity; and last Saturday night the question, "Resolved, That the signs of the times indicate the downfall of the government," gave yours, etc., a chance to show, as well as he could in ten minutes, the danger of such downfall through the operations of the "God-in-the-Constitution" party and its allies. The people listened with great attention, and the opponent speakers ventured hardly a criticism; and I took two orders for Paine's "Age of Reason" that night. Another result will probably accrue, which is, that yours, etc., will be booked to debate against the crowd, at a neighboring club, the question, "Resolved, That church property should be exempt from taxation." I am to take the negative, of course, and have I don't know how many opponents. Perhaps there is a big job on hand, but I will do as the boy said by the nest of hornets, if I can't "take" them I'll "devil 'em awhile anyhow." Respectfully.

F. S. MATTESON.

Aumsville, Or.

Braden in Boise City.

To the Editors of Freethought:

The champion of free grace and hell-fire has been here, the spirit of inquiry is extinct, the questioner has been silenced, and orthodoxy is triumphant! Oh, yes! We're cast adrift in a very small boat, without sail or rudder; the captain has been killed, the first and second mates are in irons, the log-book is overboard; we are surrounded by soul-hungry sharks and the old gospel tub is almost out of sight, with sails spread for the kingdom.

We have heard fanatics talk on their pet subject before, but Braden takes the cake. He can utter more lies to the square inch of manuscript than could Munchausen to the square mile of territory, and it is very apparent to the observer that the churl knows he is a liar from the vindictiveness of his assertions. He endeavors to overcome opposition by calling his opponents hard names and answers the inquirer by epithets and abuse. For example, he asserted that the "Infidel was either a keeper or a frequenter of bagnios, a gambler, or the proprietor of gambling halls." This is contrary to what all parties assert who know anything of the matter. If the statistics could be taken it would be found that gamblers are the most superstitious class on earth, even going so far as to induce some old hag to get a handful of earth (at midnight) from some new-made grave in order to "hoodoo" their opponents at the card table. It was amusing to hear Braden's assertion in this town, where there are more than one of the depraved class of women who, in order to secure a quasi-respectability, have united with the church; and, do not forget it, their money is just as acceptable to Yahveh as was the sacrifice of virgin purity to him or his brutal soldiers in ancient days. If the church wants to be vindicated and win over sensible people to its support, it should send forth a champion imbued with some of the instincts of a gentleman.

He read a question (which he claims to have received from some one in this town) in regard to the mother of Christ. It is my firm belief that said question is some of his stock-in-trade, to be produced on any and all occasions. It was an indecent question, and it took an indecent man to read it to a congregation of average men and women. I shall not believe the question was received by him at this or any other place on his unsupported say so. He asserted that Infidels search the "holy scriptures" only to gather up the filth—buzzards gathering carrion—while the "Christian" was a beautiful humming-bird gathering honey! Why is the filth and the carrion and all the rot and abomination there, O champion of a pure deity? I am afraid you might be shot for an ungainly dodo which could neither run nor fly, and which is extinct, as your species is also rapidly becoming. Humming-bird Braden! O immaculate conception! When he is making some of his wildest assertions he will halt to inform the audience, "I've held the chair in this college," "I've been principal of that school," "I've had thirty years' experience," and I'm somebody, and that does settle it. Well, the bigots of the town drank in his sewage as if it were nectar—that is, some of them; but with the best church people I am inclined to think he rather overdid his side of the question. With some I know such to be the case, and I find more Freethinkers since he was here than before. At least they are more outspoken. The Adventists went with him swimmingly until he abused them most outrageously on the Sunday question.

Boise City, Idaho.

A. G. NOSTIC.

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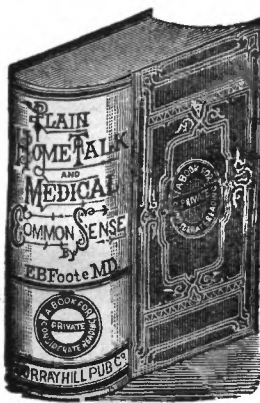
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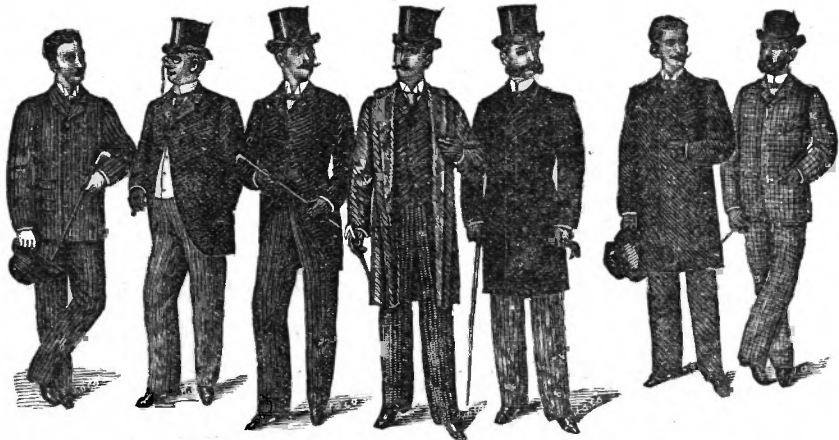
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VOL. II—No. 11.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1889.

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FREETHOUGHT.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - MARCH 16, 1889

"If Freethought hasn't run into free love in New England, then I don't know what I'm talking about."—Rev. Samuel Jones.

That is just it, Mr. Jones. You don't know what you are talking about; and what is worse, your ignorance is invincible.

THE Presbyterians of Carpenteria, Los Angeles county, are raising a building fund for a chapel. One method adopted is to give to it the money received for eggs laid on one Sabbath in each month. The projectors of this scheme are not troubled with the question whether or not the laying of eggs on Sunday is a desecration of the day. They rest in the comfortable assurance that if there is any sin connected with it, the responsibility is on the hen.

WE should judge that the new Unitarian church at Spokane Falls, Wash., under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. Wheelock, has wide doors. According to its declaration, it recognizes "no Atheism but rascality and no Infidelity but the violation of the golden rule." It regards divine providence as identical with the order of the universe and welcomes to its fellowship all who desire to associate for the promotion of moral culture and the well-being of mankind.

THE new president has laid down a strict rule that there shall be no Sunday business transacted at the White House. He inaugurated family worship last Sunday. His postmaster-general, John Wanamaker, who is also a Presbyterian, conducted a Sunday-school and Bible class in Philadelphia. From the outlook now, if the Blair Sunday bill ever reaches the president he will sign it with both hands. Meanwhile Mr. Wanamaker will make it sultry for Freethought literature in the mails if he ever gets a chance.

THE article in this issue by W. S. Bush, Esq., is timely and will be of interest to many readers, especially those of Washington. The constitutional election of that coming state will be held in May. It is a fitting time to cast aside partisanship, and vote only for men who are friends of equal rights, of equal taxation, of a Secular constitution; friends of labor, and men who can neither be bought nor bribed by corporations. Mr. Bush, now of Seattle, was formerly in the law office of Colonel Ingersoll at Washington, D. C.

THIS is the latest reported utterance of the Rev. Samuel Jones, now doing his master's work in San Francisco. "Ingersoll is a blatant, blab-tongued fool. Why, a fly can sit on his nose and kick him in both eyes and he wouldn't know it. Bob has no brains, for he can see through a gimlet hole with both eyes at once. Agnostics an' fools—if they want to be so, let 'em set and fan themselves with their ears." It is really becoming necessary that some one should throw a shovelful of ashes over Mr. Jones, and carry him out on two chips.

"RELIGION and the drama may be becoming intertwined, but Christianity and the drama are not and never can. The drama is part and parcel of the world, and the Christian is commanded to 'love not the world, neither the things that are in the world; if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.'"—Religious Exchange.

We read in holy writ that God himself so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son for it, and the son so loved the world that he gave his life to redeem it. We are, furthermore, enjoined to be perfect as the father in heaven is perfect. If man is to be as God, and if God loves the world, how can man leave the world outside his affections? Is it possible that there can be inconsistencies in religion?

NEWS AND NOTES.

Grass Valley is a prosperous mining town of old standing. The country round about is rich in ore, and the deeper the hammer penetrates the earth the more wealth is discovered. There are extensive mills, and the iron machineries crush the quartz with giant hands, ever busy and pounding with the relentlessness of fate. Enormous quantities of gold have been taken from the yellow bosom of the hills, and still the glittering stream rolls on. There is also a good farming country near Grass Valley and fertile fruit lands. Beautiful sceneries stretch away, pine groves, rocky mounds, verdant vales, and, beyond, the snowy Sierras. The city has the air of active growth.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Hoeter are among our first generous allies at this place. They placed "Van's Opera House" at the service of the lecturer, and so the flag will fly, storm or shine. These friends do not place their light under a bushel. It shines for all, and in their happy home on the hill the Secular Pilgrim has a royal welcome.

Taking all things into consideration, the attendance at the lectures was favorable. There is a large orthodox element in Grass Valley. There is a Catholic institution which receives ten thousand dollars a year from the state. The Cornishmen at the mines are mostly of the Methodist persuasion and very religious. However, the mountain air breathes liberty, and there are enough to give vital power to Freethought.

Quite a number of signatures were received for the State Liberal Union, and thus a nucleus is formed for permanent work.

Wednesday morning—glittering sun and sapphire skies being

the order of the day—Henry Hanssen, with his snug little team and cheery presence, helped me to spend the day "visiting," as we used to call it "down in New England." The first home we struck, redolent of flowers, and carpets of green and budding trees, was Thos. Lee's, with his bright Infidel wife and children, and boys all in the pioneer ranks, learning in the school of nature the sweetest lessons of life. Round the circling hills, in a broad winding valley, we next arrive at the cosy cottage of Mr. and Mrs. Russel, where the little baby of three months is lord of all he surveys. The last time I was here Mr. Russel was on a sick-bed, but now he greets the sun with the music of health. A pleasant hour I spent with these Liberal friends. Then, bowling away over the intricate roads, we came to Hanssen's own ranch close by the Idaho mine, where my comrade works, puts in his leisure time on his homestead, and when the spirit moves, takes the pen in hand and expresses the music and philosophy of life. Thus, with his children about him, he mingles the darkness below with the sunshine above.

We stop at the New Eureka, where Mr. Weldon is working, with fair prospects of a rich vein. He is working, I believe, under the guidance of the spirits, but for all that, his "faith" has an element of common sense.

Striking across country, we reach the vineyards of our rightly-named veteran, Thomas Paine, who has the spirit of the glorious hero in his advancing age. He was chairman of my lectures. Though over seventy years of age, he retains the fire of youth, and is ready for frontier service still.

Our stalwart Liberal, H. G. Leeman, was hard at work when we found him. With unflinching toil he wins the life of independence, and has no favors to ask of king or priest.

The golden sunshine was over all the hills when our day's journey was ended, but it was a journey that would give inspiration for labor and for hope.

All the way from Chicago via England and "round the world," I find Geo. A. Gymer a strenuous and broad Freethinker and Spiritualist. In reply to misleading statements, he has written some excellent articles on Freethinking in the Grass Valley "Evening Telegram." He intends to make Grass Valley his home, and will be a valuable supporter hereafter.

George A. Cooper and others came from beyond Nevada City and gave good cheer to my labors.

Mr. Cossler L. Horton, whom friend McCowen of Ukiah will recognize as a soldier of Freethought, H. C. Zahlf, and others are of the guard that will never fall back.

Mrs. Brady and professor Adams furnished excellent music for the lectures, for which they have the thanks of our Liberal friends.

Grass Valley is not all that I wish, but there is light and warmth amidst its difficulties, and so the promise shines and the welcome glows, and I expect to again do battle along these freighted hills. The gold of Freethought will shine forth only by patience and hard blows.

The flag floats at Sacramento rain or shine. With such good friends as N. D. Goodell, R. Butterfield, P. Haseler, Thos. Owen Davies, there will always be

"A midnight darkness changing into gray."

The rain simply poured on Sunday evening, but it was such a good thing that we had no complaints to make. About a hundred were out, and so I am not discouraged. "The Sunday and the Sabbath" was the subject of my discourse. The Turners

here are helping the cause of Freethought, and heartily join hands. Mr. Butterfield addressed their meeting Wednesday last and was received with warm congratulations, and substantial aid was given. This union of our forces is of the highest importance, and will exert a splendid influence for Secular government.

I went on Sunday morning to the Unitarian church. Rev. Mr. Massey is doing good, strong work here, and I rejoice that this Liberal form of religion is laboring so effectively for broad and generous ideas of man and his destiny. Mr. Massey gave a Temperance discourse, and it was full of sound sense. He does not believe much in legislation, although he recognizes its value when not the result of fanaticism. He is more in favor of regulation than prohibition. He recognizes that the use of alcohol is not altogether injurious, but has its medical benefits. To drink is not in itself a sin, as St. Paul declares. Saloons are not a cause, but effect. The cause of so much misery is deeper, the ignorance of the people, and mainly the desire to have the advantages of life without doing honest work to attain them. Sumptuary laws are unwise and any interference with personal liberty is unjustifiable. The strongest instrumentality against intemperance is education, knowledge, and the bracing atmosphere of cultivated faculties. If all those in favor of temperance would take the position of Mr. Massey, much more would be accomplished for genuine reform. Mr. Massey is a man of earnest convictions, of learning and literary power, and his work in Sacramento is of the highest order.

I had the pleasure after Sunday evening's lecture of attending a session of the Critic Club at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Judge Armstrong, where there was indeed a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." Mrs. Armstrong is a delightful hostess, and the vivacity of her nature leaves no one an excuse for dullness. The Critic Club is composed of choice spirits, and art, literature, philosophy, and science scintillate in a brilliant social atmosphere. The Capital of California does not lack for elegance and culture.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

LOCAL LIBERAL SOCIETIES.

The following resolutions were passed unanimously at the late convention of the California State Liberal Union:

"The success of Liberalism depends on work, both destructive and constructive; on plucking out the weeds of error, and planting and cultivating the germs of truth; on not only demolishing the temples of darkness and superstition, but also on the rearing in their places of more beautiful temples of liberty and light.

"We urge upon all lovers of true liberty the importance of assembling themselves together for lectures, for reading, science classes, and ethical associations, and in every way possible cultivating the intellect and filling the minds of the people with correct knowledge."

All great movements, religious, political, or social, have won success by thorough organization. This is in accord with a law of nature. Nature is structural. For the permanence and healthful efficiency of the California State Liberal Union, local societies must be organized and maintained. These local organizations will bring together men and women of Liberal thought in every community. These are more than are now suspected, but they are unassociated, and, so far, ineffectual. Association will encourage the timid, restrain the violent, harmonize extremes, and develop wisdom.

The watchwords of Freethought are liberty, reason, science; liberty our protection; reason our course; science the ship on which we voyage. These watchwords proclaim clearly to the world our purposes. "I have taken all learning for my province,"

said Lord Bacon nobly; and no less must be the aim of the Liberal movement. It is a reaction against the falsity of the old. It must embrace the whole truth of the new to succeed and endure. We cry out against the inanities and falsities of the churches, and we have something to substitute.

Man is a many-sided creature, and on the more sides we touch him strongly, the more strongly we shall hold him. He loves philosophy, politics, science, art, work, pleasure, all in turn, or, when possible, in combination. He is a social creature, and likes to get his knowledge and his pleasures in company with his fellows.

Liberal societies having these purposes in view have then to consider methods:

1. NAME.—It may be an Ethical Society, as that of Felix Adler, in New York, or William Salter, in Chicago, or a Church of Humanity, or a Liberal Society, or Club. The name does not so much matter if the purpose is clear.

2. OFFICERS.—The usual President, Secretary, and Treasurer, of course; a Board of Directors or Trustees, and always, when practicable, a Chief Lecturer or Teacher, a man of ability and education, who shall give his whole time and energy to the work, and be liberally supported in it. This is essential to permanent success. Liberalism rejects the churches. It must substitute something equally strong and stronger than their methods to attract and hold humanity. In every community the church has its paid representatives to maintain its teachings and manage its affairs. Liberalism must do the same if it would compete successfully with the church. That is a plain business principle. Continuity of supervision and incessant attention to detail is essential to the success of any enterprise. There is no danger that this Chief Teacher will confine right liberty of thought or bar the wheels of progress. He will not be appointed by divine ordination, but elected by human suffrage, which can always determine the benefit of his services.

3. MEETINGS.—Sunday is our day of greatest leisure. We want it hampered by no Sunday laws of enforced observances and prohibitions of enjoyment, but by common present and probably future consent, ordinary business will be then wholly or partially suspended. It seems the most convenient day for public meeting in some hall or appropriate place. The exercises should be popular, attractive, and interesting: music, the best procurable, instrumental and vocal; readings or recitations from the great thinkers, poets, writers; an address on some topic, religious, moral, social, literary, scientific, by the chief teacher or an invited lecturer. Such might be a program that would instruct the intellect and please the sense. The meetings would also occasion mutual knowledge, pleasant friendships, common action, beneficent to the individual and to the community. They should be weekly, when practicable, for the sake of continuity of impression upon the community. In connection with them classes might be organized for the instruction of children and young people in the true history of religion and the principles of liberal thought and moral action.

4. GENERAL WORK.—Whatever affects the welfare of the community. With organized classes for literary, scientific, or artistic instruction, debating clubs, etc., the society can bring its force to bear most strongly upon the educational and intellectual broadening of its members, and it undoubtedly will. Organized sub-societies of men and women may study and act upon the social and moral questions of the day—poverty, disease, vice, labor, household living, charity, the innumerable social questions which

daily demand intelligent adjustment. Other activities better experience will suggest.

It may be said that this proposed plan of organization and method closely follows that of the church, and that is largely true. By carefully studying the wants of humanity the church learned for a time to satisfy them. An organization that purposes to take her place has a perfect right to profit by her experience. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*—it is well to learn even of an enemy. "To know the best thoughts of the best minds," said Matthew Arnold, "is the best education." To use the best methods of the past, with the intelligence of the present, will insure a successful future.

Now for the application of these remarks. The Liberals of San Francisco and vicinity have at present an opportunity to organize a society after the methods above outlined. Of course the first necessity is a speaker and worker who will devote his time and strength to the building up of the organization. Fortunately such a one is at hand in the person of Prof. Herbert Miller, a young man of the broadest education, of liberal mind, and with an earnest enthusiasm for the new movement. Like many other reformers, Professor Miller has passed from orthodoxy to so-called liberal Christianity, or Unitarianism, and thence to science and Freethought. If his experience as an Episcopal preacher was of no value to him mentally, it gave him at least a thorough knowledge of the methods of organization, and that knowledge he is anxious to apply where it will do good instead of harm.

The time to improve an opportunity is when it presents itself. A meeting is called next Sunday evening, March 17, at Crusaders' Hall, 909½ Market street, at 7.30 o'clock, to consider the important question of a permanent Liberal organization, and all friends of the movement are asked to attend.

A FOOL AND HIS POLLY.

The Chronicle one day last week remarked, referring to the Rev. Samuel Jones:

"It is gratifying to observe that the tendency is not very strong in San Francisco to mistake slang and bad grammar for religion. The general impression of the outside world favors the idea that society in our city is underdone, not to say raw; but the ill success of those who try to pass off noise and rowdiness for something better seems to point conclusively to the existence of a more correct tone and better taste than some of our censors can boast."

If would be gratifying if the implication of the Chronicle were correct—that the people of San Francisco do not patronize the Rev. Samuel Jones—but the fact is that two or three thousand persons listen to him daily, and applaud his vicious, untruthful, and often idiotic utterances. Why should any sensible or intelligent human being clap his hands when such a statement as the following is made? It is from Mr. Jones's last Sunday sermon:

"Man is not a sinner because he is an Infidel, but he is an Infidel because he is a sinner. If he will quit sinning he will quit doubting as naturally as a man eats."

As nearly as we can gather from Mr. Jones's rambling discourse, he uses sin as a synonym for immorality, dishonesty, and intemperance, and therefore the words quoted are equivalent to saying that all unbelievers are immoral, dishonest, or intemperate—which is a lie on the face of it.

The next sentence declares that when a man quits sinning he quits doubting. How would that statement apply to the great Freethinkers of the world? How would it apply to Colonel Ingersoll? How to Ralph Waldo Emerson, to Theodore Parker,

to James Parton, or Herbert Spencer—men who have exemplified all the virtues known to the purest code of morals, and yet have rejected Christianity as untruthful? Compare the lives of these men with the lives of Christians, of preachers, of priests, bishops, and popes.

It is evident that Mr. Jones gets his "facts" from his brother preachers and repeats them without pausing to think whether there is any foundation for them or not. But there is little to be gained by replying to "Sam" Jones—much less by abusing him. As the psalmist observed, "though thou bray a fool in a mortar yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

A PREACHER ON CHURCH, STATE, AND DIVORCE.

When a minister talks sense we take pleasure in quoting him, and are therefore pleased to lay before our readers the words of the Rev. Dr. Harcourt as reported by the Chronicle from his last Sunday sermon. Said Mr. Harcourt: "The laws of the church and the laws of the state are not co-ordinate or identical, and I do not believe as some do that facility of divorce, especially when accompanied by the liberty of remarriage, will tend to lower the moral tone of society. I believe as John Milton said, that 'honest liberty is the greatest foe of dishonest license.' The state, therefore, does well to make provision for the well being of its subjects."

After speaking of the dangers and the degradations that grow out of a united church and state, he dwelt at length upon the causes for which a divorce may and should be granted: "Adultery, extreme cruelty, willful desertion, willful neglect, habitual intemperance, and conviction of felony. The popular cry is heard on all sides of the great evils of divorce. It is about time for us to look at the many evils of the other side. There is a bondage that is often worse than death. Emancipation from this is godlike. What I am astonished at is not that so many married people get along so poorly, but that under all the circumstances they get along so well."

Mr. Harcourt is evidently one of those preachers who, while not always right, are still willing to admit that the majority of questions have two sides.

THE LECTURE TOUR.

Following are the dates of S. P. Putnam's lectures as at present determined:

Sacramento, March 17	Pomona, April 16, 17, 18,
Lemoore, March 19, 20, 21,	Los Angeles, April 21,
San Jacinto and vicinity, March 24,	Norwalk, April 23, 24,
25, 26, 27,	Anaheim, April 25, 26,
San Diego, March 31,	Santa Ana, April 28,
San Pasqual, April 2, 3, 4,	Oleander and vicinity, May 1, 2, 3,
San Diego, April 7,	San Francisco, May 5,
National City, April 8, 9, 10,	Boulder Creek, May 7, 8, 9,
San Diego, April 14,	San Frisco, vicinity, May 12, 19, 26.

Mr. Putnam will be at Fresno Flats, Grub Gulch, and vicinity the first week in June. About the middle of June he will begin his Oregon trip, taking in Silverton, Canby, Molalla, Hillsboro, Shed's, etc. About the third week in July he will be in Coos county, Or.

Those desiring lectures will please write at their earliest convenience, addressing this office.

A CANADIAN legislator has offered a novel method of settling the question of annexation of the dominion to the United States. He has given notice that he will, at the earliest opportunity, move the adoption of resolutions by the Dominion Parliament looking

to the annexation of the New England states to the Dominion of Canada. His resolution recites that the experiment of a republican government has proved a failure, and that there are strong indications that a dissolution of the Union is imminent, to be followed by the spread of Anarchy in the United States, and therefore that Canada will welcome such of the New England states as wish to return to their allegiance to the crown of Great Britain. With the Eastern states annexed to the dominion the capitulation of the rest of the country can be only a matter of time; but when New England joins Canada we may expect to see China annex California.

In some respects Japan sets this country an example worthy of emulation. Viscount Mori, the minister of education, declared, not long ago, his disbelief in the national gods, and forbade the teachings of religion in public schools. Meanwhile the Congress of the United States has just been asked to so amend our Constitution as to provide for the teaching of the principles of the Christian religion. It is true that Mori was assassinated by a Shintoo fanatic, but he died a brave man's death. America should call upon some representative man to invoke a similar immortality by denying our national fetich and opposing superstition in the schools. It is safe to say, however, that our politicians are not that kind of men.

FIRE by religious enthusiasm, Mrs. Pauline King, a middle-aged colored woman, of Springfield, Ill., has just finished a forty-days' fast. She had a vision in the latter part of January, during which she was ordered by the Almighty to abstain from food for two-score days. Now that the fast is ended Mrs. King says she is going forth as an evangelist, to which work she has received a "call." Providence should now have the presence of mind to give Mrs. King another vision and impose upon her about forty years of silence. But things of that kind never happen. The mouths of fanatics are invariably "opened."

THERE are about half a dozen religious "charitable" institutions in the District of Columbia supported by public appropriations. Inquiry has recently been made as to the drawing of the color line by these institutions, and it is found that some of them refuse to receive colored orphans. Here is a good chance for the state to assert itself. The government knows no distinctions based upon "race, color, or previous condition of servitude," and neither should any institution which it supports. The state should settle the matter by withdrawing its support. The institutions would then be at liberty to receive or reject anyone they chose.

THE Freethinkers' Magazine for March contains excellent likenesses of the Board of Directors of the American Secular Union—Judge R. B. Westbrook, president; E. A. Stevens, secretary; Otto Wettstein, treasurer; Mrs. M. A. Freeman, chairman of the Finance Committee, and E. B. Foote, Jr., of the Executive Committee. The magazine contains a large amount of valuable reading matter. Mr. Green has placed a number of copies on sale at this office at 25 cents each.

WE have three little leaflets that will do good by circulation. They are: 1. "Nameless," a poem by Voltairine de Cleyre; 2. "Two Creeds," the Catholic and the Cathartic, the latter creed being an amusing parody on the former; 3. "The Theft of Girard College," setting forth briefly the provisions of Girard's will touching sectarian teaching, and showing how those provisions have been violated. Any of these leaflets, 10 cents per dozen; 50 cents per hundred.

OBSERVATIONS.

Advices from the interior of the state inform me that Professor Seymour is making himself unpopular in religious circles. The professor carries with him a variety of skulls and other human remains, along with charts showing the effect of tobacco and red-eye on the popular anatomy, and when he spreads these out before the multitude and dilates upon them in a deep bass voice, his hearers are visibly affected. The professor has likewise made some phrenological observations and is a physiognomist to a great extent. He gives character readings at his lectures, and says that when he gets his hands on a man's head or smells his breath, he knows about how much truth it is safe to tell about him. The cause of phrenological accuracy is often damaged by some bad man coming to the anxious seat to have his head felt of. In such cases if the professor sticks to science he is in danger of being shot at. If he doesn't tell the truth the subject is likely to denounce him as a fraud, and he therefore has to go ahead in a general way, using words which arouse the subject's admiration, though they may not get home on the intellect. His favorite victim is the local preacher, or pious citizen, and he hasn't any consideration for the weaknesses of either. I am daily expecting to hear complaints from them, but if they let him have their churches to talk Freethought and science in, under the thin disguise of phrenology and temperance, it seems to me that the joke is on them.

I derived much pleasure last Sunday evening from attending a meeting of the San Francisco Turn Verein, of which I am a member. The occasion was a "Schau-turnen," or exhibition, by the active boys, girls, and young men belonging to the organization. The reason why I take so much interest in the Turners is because they are all Freethinkers. They represent the idea of a sound mind in a sound body. About thirty-five boys, the oldest possibly fourteen, every one of them as straight as a picket, as they say in New England, gave an exhibition of juvenile activity that awoke my admiration at once. The little shavers posed, inverted themselves, pyramided, and evolved like professionals. Even the little tots of girls swung light clubs with the rhythm of a song. I could not help comparing this exhibition with the ordinary Sunday-school, where the children learn the old lies, and repeat like parrots the twaddle about Joseph and Jesus and the holy old sinners of Bible days.

The young men vaulted and tumbled, and put heavy weights about with metrical precision, and sang noble songs, Conrad Flach, the instructor in gymnastics, looking on the while with justifiable pride. Secretary Lemme, of the State Liberal Union, wore the badge of committee, as did also Mr. Schroeder, Henry Maret, and Joseph Schweitzer, whose names mingle in the subscription list of FREETHOUGHT. And every Turner had a wife or mother, or sister, or schatz present, who gave the kind of applause that is worth winning. The affair ended, of course, with a grand ball. The best performers of the evening received prizes, and will go to Cincinnati to compete in the games of the North American Turnerbund.

Eminence as a musician is a precarious thing. More than sixty years ago, when the Marquis de Lafayette revisited America, a boy named Charles Snyder sang before him and astonished that patriot with his wonderful voice. Many years later the Marquis heard the same singer at the Royal Opera House in Paris, and gave him a lyre set with diamonds. From Paris Snyder went to Milan, Naples, Venice, Florence, and Rome, singing under the stage name of Henry Ashton, and achieving wealth and fame. An American manager heard of him, and went to Europe to listen to his voice, the result of which was that Ashton came to America under a three years' contract. Here he sang for a long time with Jenny Lind the Swedish Nightingale, but suddenly he disappeared from the stage and was heard of no more.

The other day an old man of three score and fifteen came into FREETHOUGHT office, and when he had recovered his breath said that he was Charles Snyder, of Oakland. Somebody had kindly sent FREETHOUGHT to him during the past year. He admired it greatly, though unable to pay for it, and he wanted it continued

while he lived, which he did not expect would be many months. Old age was pulling him down, and asthmatic consumption helping it along. Mr. Snyder observed that the time had been when he had more money than he knew what to do with. He earned it fast and banked it. This led to the story that he was Henry Ashton, Jenny Lind's great tenor. "I had forty thousand dollars in the bank," said the old man, "but the bank broke and I lost it all. I had a voice like a silver bell, so clear and strong that I often surprised myself with my own music. A cold contracted at Cincinnati grew into typhoid pneumonia, and neither my health nor my voice ever came back to me."

Mr. Snyder was also a good pianist, but a sore on the inside of his hand left that member contracted and half useless, so that he could not play at all. Except for a pair of bright eyes shining from a face drawn sharp with consumption, there are small remnants of life left in his once active body. However, his mind is clear and his speech intelligent, though his voice is muffled and limbs feeble. He lives in an attic room of the Sunnyside House, in Oakland, and subsists on the offerings of charity.

I gave Mr. Snyder a cup of coffee from the *café* concealed under the editorial desk, and he ate with fortitude a small cake which our novelist Lilian had learned to make at the cooking school. He then went upon his way refreshed and cheered. In years to come, when my performances upon the flute are forgotten, I may need a kindly hand myself, and I like to cast my bread upon the waters.

I have just received from Brother H. L. Green, editor of the Freethinkers' Magazine, a cordial invitation to forward a good photograph of myself for publication in his monthly. There are reasons why I cannot accede to this request. Though born of poor but respectable parents—whose qualities, particularly the former, I have inherited in a marked degree—I was gifted at birth with great personal beauty, my only consolation for not having been born wealthy. It was not my choice to be created thus, but the selection was made for me, and it is too late now to go behind the decision of the electors. I do not like the notion of entrusting the portrayal of my countenance to the hands of an engraver. No camera has ever been able to do me full justice, and the highest effort of the photographer has produced at best but a mere "study," as it were. The engraver cannot finish the portrait. For the completed work the great public must refer back to the original, to be found at 504 Kearny street, top floor, a young man with red whiskers, smoking a short pipe, and giving his best thought to the world for a salary of one dollar per diem.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Abundant rains have assured good crops in California.—John F. Swift, of this state, will represent the present administration in Japan.—The Citizen's ticket won in Oakland last Monday, and Glascock was elected mayor.—San Diego and Los Angeles, according to reports, have been half depopulated by the rush to the Santa Clara gold fields in Lower California, but the rush has collapsed, and the deluded gold seekers are already returning.—Salvationist Holmes, in jail at Sacramento for the crime of incest, is said to be trying to starve himself to death. There is little hope that he will succeed in the laudable endeavor.—There is so much dissension in the ranks of the patriotic Irishmen of San Francisco, that St. Patrick's day will be celebrated by three different divisions of Hibernians.—If all the appropriation bills passed by the California legislature are signed by the governor the citizens of this state will be taxed some \$5,000,000 in the next two years, exclusive of school tax.—Four men are under arrest at Bakersfield, under suspicion of being the Pixley train robbers.

The queen has approved the appointment of Sir Julian Pauncefote to be British minister to the United States in place of Lord Sackville West, recalled.—The estate of the late Isaiah Williamson, of Philadelphia, amounts to between \$8,000,000 and \$9,000,000, exclusive of the \$2,500,000 for a mechanical school. The money is willed to the decedent's relatives.—Chinese residents of Milwaukee, Wis., have been mobbed, and if the charges

against them are true hanging is too good for them. The mongolian wretches are accused of debauching boys and girls.—The forty-second annual report of the board of emigration commissioners shows in substance that during the year 1888 the total number of passengers from all foreign ports landed in Castle Garden, New York, was 370,822 (237,856 males and 132,966 females). The nationalities chiefly represented were: Irish, 44,300; English, 38,355; German, 78,145; Russian, 33,052; Swedish, 37,934; Italian, 43,927.—John Ericsson, the great naval inventor, died at New York last week, in his 86th year.—Six thousand weavers struck for higher wages at Fall River, Massachusetts, last Monday.—The prison officials of New York are experimenting with electric methods for the execution of criminals.—An attempt was made on Sunday to burn out a party of thirty Italian laborers employed at the West Troy, N.Y., arsenal.—Robert Garrett, the demented railroad millionaire, is on his way to Mexico with much improved health.—A lot of new war ships are to be built for the American navy.—Congressman Townshend, of Illinois, died last week.

It is not safe to believe any of the war "news" from Samoa. There is no reason to believe that any fighting has been done between American and German men-of-war, and the Nipsic still floats.—A German paper has been suppressed at Bremen for attacking Bismarck.—Henry George is in England, meeting with enthusiastic receptions.—Several French legislators will be prosecuted for their connection with the patriotic league.—The warfare between the peasantry and landlords of Ireland was reopened March 11 with bloody results. While Creach, a county Clare landlord, and his sister, were driving to church, they were ambushed and fired upon by unknown persons. Both were badly wounded.

SAFEGUARDS OF THE SUFFRAGE.

Washington Gladden discusses, in the February Century, the above topic. He says the first question is to "determine who shall vote." That the first condition of popular government is education. That as a large proportion of the foreigners who emigrate here are ignorant of the country and its laws, the number of ignorant voters is increasing. That they, and the millions of ignorant negroes who vote, have reduced the average capacity of the voter, so that "the average American citizen is not a proper person to exercise the suffrage." Tested by the same rule of thumb, the average morals of the American citizen might be said to be lowered, so that he is not a proper person to belong to a church. Or, if the morals of Christian ministers is to be scaled by a similar rule, the average might raise some doubt as to their capacity for political rights. For years, in many of the states, ministers were debarred from office because of their unfitness to deal with political matters. The serious question is whether their admission to active politics has not reduced the intelligence of the average voter.

Mr. Gladden then turns to the suppression of the negro vote in the South, and considers it "one of the natural consequences of extending the suffrage to people who are unfit to vote." He brushes aside the results of the war so far as they were in favor of human freedom. When it closed, the rebel element refused to vote or hold office in the Southern states, because the colored man was held their equal in rights, and they hated the rule of the northern man who recognized that principle of law and worked in good faith to build up free states in the South. In the reconstruction of the Southern States, provision was made for free public schools. Northern aid was also generously tendered to educate the southern colored people. When the ultra Southern element determined to control the state governments they secured power by intimidation and fraud. The Liberal reconstruction legislation was repealed. Northern men have been discriminated against. Force and violence have been as effective to suppress the white vote as it was to suppress the colored vote. They are determined in no event to allow their opponents to control. Such men oppose an educational test. They know, too, that the fourteenth amendment forbids it, and that the moment they enforced such an enactment they would lose a proportionate representation in Congress.

Mr. Gladden deplores bribery, and yet he must know that the

bribers and their agents would pass the educational test for voters. So would the officers who make false returns. If the heavy hand of government is to fall upon any citizen, it should be on the educated voter, who considers everything fair in politics, and justifies fraud, bribery, and violence, so that his party may win the election. What is needed is more virtue in the educated voter—more honesty, more courage, more manliness. If ministers take an active part in politics, let them denounce those who perpetrate election frauds, instead of justifying them on the plea that the voters were ignorant. Let them follow the example of Theodore Parker in the days of the fugitive slave law. Or, in a more recent case, when the Supreme Court of the United States struck down the civil rights law, and the lawyers and statesmen acquiesced almost without a murmur. Robert G. Ingersoll reviewed the decision in a bold and masterly address, which was unanswerable.

The opponents of equal suffrage for all adult citizens would deny others the same political rights which they claim for themselves. Some claim that the test should be educational; others that it should be the payment of a property tax, on the ground that those who pay the taxes alone shall say how they shall be expended; others would discriminate between native and foreign-born citizens, giving the preference to the former; still others would base it on sex, irrespective of the personal or property rights of women, or of the laws which regard the wife's personality as merged in that of the husband, or of those which declare that the husband and wife shall be equal in their property and family rights.

Mr. Gladden, however, disposes of the whole question of suffrage by the assertion that suffrage "is not a natural right which can be justly withheld from no man. But this is a popular superstition. Suffrage is not a natural right. . . . Natural rights are not subject to restriction and limitation." In this territory, one of the grave charges brought against woman suffrage was that they used it too effectively in connection with their services as jurors, to put down liquor selling, gambling, and licentiousness. Hence the vicious element combined to take it away, and they took it away on account of this intermeddling with the vices of men. If the suffrage of preachers is not a natural right, but simply a privilege granted by the party in power, they cannot complain if the vicious element hereafter takes it away. If suffrage is not a natural right, the party in power may so restrict it that only a very few of the so-called wisest and best can vote or hold office at all.

"Natural rights are not subject to restriction and limitation." Hence as suffrage is so subject, it is not a natural right. This rule of Mr. Gladden's will cut down natural rights to a very small list. The right to do business, to acquire and hold lands, to convey them, is subject to restrictions and limitations of various kinds. Is it not a natural right? These limitations are based on the principle that one person should not use his rights to property in such a manner as to injure another. Society has fixed the age of majority as the period when the citizen, male or female, is considered capable of making and enforcing contracts. The same rule is adopted in regard to voters. It is a proper regulation of a natural right in each case.

The fundamental principle on which our government is founded is that the civil and political rights of all adult citizens are equal, and that both are natural rights which belong to every citizen of adult age. The professional man who denies this shows that he is ignorant of the fundamental principles of our government. He, at least, should not decry the intelligence of the patriot who is driven out of the despotisms of Europe. The education of such ministers has not educated; nor has their study of theology taught them justice. Prejudice has warped or deadened their sense of right. The republic is in danger from the sophistries of such men, who force themselves to the front as the leaders of thought, quite as much, if not more, than it is from the ignorance of the colored voter, from the vote of the foreigner who speaks broken English, from the patriot who comes here to escape the despotisms of Europe.

The principal opponents of municipal suffrage for women, in Massachusetts, were the editor of the Congregationalist, of Boston, and another minister. They concede to women the right

to obey their husbands, to fear God, and to serve the church and the priesthood by acts of benevolence and charity. As a recompense, they will be entitled to eternal happiness hereafter.

Of course it is the duty of women to visit the slums, to erect hospitals and asylums for the victims of the lust of men, and society will vote them thanks as ministering angels. If, however, they demand the right to vote, so that honest and fearless men may be elected to office, and the tide of violence, poverty, and crime may be stemmed, the keepers of the slums, and the self-styled pillars of society, including many of the priesthood, are shocked at the impropriety of women mingling in politics.

Fortunately, the emancipation of women from authority is progressing. They are fast learning to think for themselves in matters of religion, and in duty to themselves, in spite of clerical influences. In the recent school election in Boston they voted almost unanimously for Rabbi Schindler for school trustee, although he is a radical in religion. In the school elections in Great Britain Mrs. Ashton Dilke and Mrs. Annie Besant were elected members of the school board by large majorities.

Irrespective of the question of how women have voted in this territory heretofore, or how they may vote hereafter, I am in favor of giving them equal political rights with men. If a woman has a right to sell liquor under the same terms as those required of men, she has the same right to protect her business by the ballot a man has. On the other hand, the wife of a drunkard, who spends the joint earnings of himself and wife in saloons, and makes himself and family a charge upon private benevolence or public charity, has a right to help regulate the liquor traffic, so that it may not produce such results. This includes the right to vote for men who will pass proper laws and for men who will enforce them.

In the selection of men for delegates to the constitutional convention, those only should be selected who are pronounced friends of equal rights, and are in favor of equal taxation of all property except public property, who are pledged to the absolute separation of church and state, and to protection of labor against capital.

W. S. BUSH.

Seattle, Wash., Feb. 27, 1889.

LILIAN'S STORY.

We continue this week the publication of Lilian's thrilling romance.

PARKER & CO.

By A. LILIAN ANDREWS, AUTHOR OF "ONE PENNY," "NELLIE'S MONKEY," AND OTHER TALES.

CHAPTER IV.

"What will we call ourselves? 'Parker & Company' is a good name," said Grace.

Just then Tom came in.

"I guess we had better keep a shop of our own, Anita," said he.

Anita: "Yes that would be better."

Tom: "I looked at a real nice little store"

Anita: "How much rent?"

Tom: "\$5 per month."

"Cheap enough."

"Yes, we will have it. But I have a good plan," said Anita. "You know father's hotel. Mr. Parker had kept a hotel in the woods. It was near the cottage. Well I was thinking of having summer boarders."

"Yes, yes," said all the others.

"All right, I will tell you more. There is a large hall down stairs, and I can keep a cooking school." Anita's plan was settled upon, and she was selected to appoint every one and give him his work. "Tom, Grace, and I will keep the hotel. Evenings I will teach cooking. Grace, Tom, and Ted will make candy. Ted will tend store. Bessie, Jessie, and Mabel will make beds, Frankie will go with Ted and do errands, and Maisey will help Bessie, Jessie, and Mabel."

"The baby, what will she do?"

"She'll be taken care of."

(To be Continued.)

OUR UNITARIAN FRIEND.

The Rev. Eli Fay, of Unity church, Los Angeles, on February 10 made a brief reply to the question, "Is the creation of man a failure?" Any but the gentlest criticism of his sermon would be unkind. If the preachers would all talk like Mr. Fay, and practice what they preach, the life of the American Secular Union would be shorter than that of a snowball in the red-hot hands of Satan.

The fabled fall of Adam and Eve is exposed to a smooth contempt. The childishness of the story is shown to be equaled only by its cruelty. Encouraged by a being created by their God, they gratified their natural desires, and for this offense "they were cursed above all cattle and above every beast of the field." "Every human being to be born into the world fell under the concentrated wrath and curse of God. Never was a military campaign planned and entered upon that proved so overwhelmingly disastrous as was God's first encounter with the devil. Not a vestige of the original plan remained; the entire field was swept bare; Paradise was an appalling ruin." . . . "With profound reverence for God, . . . it may be said that dealing with one man and one woman who stood as the federal head of unnumbered thousands of millions whose eternal destiny for weal or woe would be determined by a single word or deed—as it were by the turn of their hand, God was bound, without the slightest hesitation I declare, God was bound to succeed—by all the ineffable glories of heaven, and all the hopeless agony, the black despair of hell, morally, *morally* bound to succeed." . . . "The great creeds of the orthodox church assume that he did not succeed."

And then to make amends what a trivial scheme was adopted, what an infinitesimal effort of an infinite God, and that after 4000 years of contemplation of his error. "He went to the cross in the person of Jesus Christ as his only means of recovering what he lost through his own want of foresight and care—lost through the surprising cunning of his great enemy against whom he had erected not the slightest fortification or stationed a single picket."

"Gladly we turn from this whole system of theology, which in its drafts upon the imagination, its assumption of the incredible, surpasses all heathen mythology; and we begin with the postulate that there is one God; the life of all life; the soul of all souls; the source of all things." . . . "Those who listen to me know that I am not at all in sympathy with the views of Robert Ingersoll, . . . who holds that . . . at death we drop into absolute nonentity." As to matters of this life the expressed views of Mr. Fay are in all essentials exactly in accord with those of Mr. Ingersoll. The disagreement of views respecting a future life is plain enough, but it cannot be the disagreement that Mr. Fay has in mind, because Ingersoll's views have been misstated. Ingersoll confesses his lack of knowledge and owns his incompetency to discover differences in synonyms. To him the assumptions of credulous orthodoxy and the postulations of the Deist are of equal value. He knows the limits of his knowledge, and neither affirms nor denies the existence of a God, and nowhere does he claim that "at death we drop into absolute nonentity." The drop is to him a mystery, and the constitution of his mind is such that the addition of another mystery, or God mystery, to the list merely adds confusion to ignorance and is in no way satisfactory or convincing. What he has said in substance a thousand times is this: "We do not know, we cannot say whether death is a wall or a door, the folding forever of wings or the spreading of pinions to soar." A postulate—"a thing assumed without proof"—of a God cannot successfully controvert what Ingersoll does not assert, nor does it in any manner tend to establish the existence of an infinite intelligence.

Mr. Fay holds that "Agnosticism empties the heart of all grand inspiration; makes impossible the eager, onward, upward gaze that carries us over many of the rough places of the world, destroys all high and sacred incentive, and dissipates the delightful, waking dream that our manifold and marvelous development, and all of our exquisite sensibilities here, are prophetic." Of what? Immortality? A postulation of the obscure and indistinct leads to a waking dream, and the dream becomes a prophecy of an incoherent and indefinite hope! What's the matter with

the naked hope unhandicapped of an assortment of specially manufactured illusions? Agnosticism is not necessarily devoid of a hope of immortality, and the hope is just as vigorous as a tramp in the unknown as it would be riding around in elegance under a white parasol on a creature drafted from the imagination. Is a knowledge of the limits of knowledge less inspiring or less elevating than a faith in what we cannot comprehend? Paraphrasing Mr. Fay, "the more we positively know, the worse we become!" Is that logic?

Cardinal Newman is held up as one of the horrible examples of a belief in the orthodox God: "A face the saddest, the most anxious, the most care-plowed I ever saw, indicating that all true inspiration, all buoyant hope, all natural brightness and joy long since departed from his heart, says: 'Nature is out of joint with the purposes of God.' Is it wonderful that he is sad?" Perhaps not. But as the opposite of this description fits Ingersoll, I fail to see where it adds force to Mr. Fay's argument.

Mr. Fay is satisfied with the nebular hypothesis and subscribes to the theory of evolution, but he places a God before both. Is it not a childish idea of God that "he may be trusted to finish the work so quietly begun, and so unostentatiously and yet so successfully prosecuted?" That is, he must practice before he can become perfect, and after awhile, with man's assistance, he will be able to produce a man that is a real man; and as man is progressing towards perfection his "creation" is not a failure.

There are times when Mr. Fay forgets about God, and talks about man just as an Infidel would talk. And his religion is not that of the club and the fagot. His sermon is published in pamphlet form for free distribution, and those who read Robert Elsmere literature will find it worth perusal.

Anaheim, Cal., Feb. 25.

JAMES B. HASSETT.

IS THERE NO EVIDENCE?

The clergy of San Francisco have been invited and pressed to present the evidences of their faith, in a tangible form, before the best minds in our city, and in the presence of opposing counsel, to object, to rule out, and to show its inefficiency. The form suggested is highly practical, and well calculated to illustrate and enforce each point. It is that of a court, with counsel on each side, and a learned judge to rule out whatever is not in order, not admissible, or does not make a sufficient proof.

No acceptance has been received. The clergy decline the ordeal. They doubt their ability. They doubt the aid of God or the holy ghost. They doubt their own ability to attain a triumph. They manifestly doubt the facts of the case, and dare not lay them before the people. At a meeting of one of their conferences they seem to give all away, and to admit that in such an examination they have nothing to show, nothing to say, no hope of making out a case for their religion. One of them, in a recent conference, said in relation to this matter: "The Christian religion has no such evidence to offer. It is a religion of authority and emotion. It speaks to be believed, felt, obeyed, and not examined. They who hesitate are lost. They who examine are never satisfied. Those who require proof only go farther and farther away. Hell is yawning for all. The church offers a free pass to heaven, to those who come and ask no questions. But it has nothing for the doubter who must have a reason, who questions the authority of those who offer him an estate for nothing."

Very good. If such is the attitude of the church, then the Salvation Army is the only open door. It requires no knowledge, no proof, no demonstration that it is true. It is simply an alarm, like an alarm of fire in your house; you must get up and run, and find out after whether he who cries fire is honest and truthful or not.

But this attitude for religion will not suit the republic and the coming century. We have discarded all authority for truth. The Constitution of the United States declares that all men are free and equal, and each must think for himself. There can no longer be religion by imperial edict, act of parliament, or papal letter. All must rest on such broad evidence as will speak to the general mind. This emotional religion is akin to emotional insanity. It is not favored in our courts, or among our people.

Those who yield to it are not regarded as safe, reliable persons. Even in a fire, to run and scream, regardless of the facts in the case, and jump out of the window when you might as well go by the door, is the act of an insane rather than a sound mind. And if we are to take religion on the jump, as it were, without examination or facts, we are confronted with another difficulty— which to take. If emotion, and not reason, must decide, how shall we select or resolve whether Christ or Mohammed or Confucius shall be our guide? The emotions of all speak for their own side, and on this basis all men shall follow forever the religion of their fathers. But this cannot be. For the first time in this world all the nations of the earth confront each other with their forms of government, religions, and domestic modes and manners. Mankind will select the best of all from each, and sometimes make a new pattern contrived from several or all.

In government, without any common understanding, man has evolved to monarchy, as a rule. It is the first form of organization for human society. But time has evolved better patterns, and the whole world is bound to gravitate to the better plan.

Slavery followed monarchy. It was a little varied in different states, but the rule in all. Yet it must disappear. Justice and reason have condemned it to oblivion, and it must die. In a thousand years it will be a relic of the barbarous past. Religion has followed the same role. It was a natural product of the human mind, and in all climes, all races, and all conditions it has reached pretty much the same essence. These are the simple elements of all the religions of the world:

God is a father, king, despot, who must be implicitly obeyed. The priest is his agent, with his authority, and must be believed.

God will bless those who believe and obey, and curse those who do not.

Beyond this world there is a hell for unbelievers and rebels, and a heaven for those the church approves.

If you want heaven, and would avoid hell, believe and obey, and honor and pay the preacher.

Here Jehovah is God, and Christ the great priest. There Allah is God, and Mohammed is his prophet. In other places the names and forms and observances are all changed, but the simple principles above set out are never changed. They are common to all the religions of the world that have ever been connected with the state. Not before, as a rule. Christ taught no such doctrine. It was only when the Christian religion was wedded to the Roman empire that it took on all the ingredients of a perfected state religion. Now, like the monarchy and slavery, this form of state religion must cease. It will do so slowly, as the human mind reaches up to a higher plane. But there will be no going back. There can be none. Our fathers, in their Constitution, utterly excluded all these elements of state religion, and in express terms declared them untrue. It is written there as plainly as word could say: God is not a despot or king, but only the father in heaven. He has not appointed any man to be his agent or mouth-piece. God will bless all those who do right, the brave and the free, and curse none, only with the consequences of their own acts. All men shall think for themselves, and seek their own happiness in their own way. There is no need to believe any man. Obey no man. And pay and honor no man only as you believe him to deserve them. Every American citizen shall believe as seems to him best, and no opinion shall be a crime.

Compare this with the elements of religion above set out, and you find a flat contradiction of every line. And our people are being educated up to the Constitution of their fathers. As monarchy is dead among us by their act, so will this effete religion of the past die out. It is not rational, and it will soon cease to be emotional. We have no emotional monarchists now. But France has thousands who are crazy for a king. Germany has those who worship the Brandenburgers, and Russia regards the czar as God's anointed. But all this must pass away. Emotions that are irrational cannot rule mankind much longer. All must be swept into the waste-basket, monarchy, slavery, and religion that will not bear investigation. It is idle to imagine any other course. And indeed the process is well on its way in the United States. The churches do not break, but bend gracefully before public opinion. No one ventures to teach the hard-shell

dogmas of a hundred years ago. They are all simply dropped, one by one, and they must all go. The church of the republic must harmonize with the republic. We can no longer keep apart. Truth is not a contagious pestilence to be quarantined against. There is no truth that is dangerous and injurious to mankind, and there is no error that can be salutary. There can be no religion of value that will not bear investigation. If men cannot believe it after a close inspection, the assent of the ignorant and emotional is of no value.

If, after a well ordered trial of all the allegations in court, it could be said that religion had made out its case, and there was ground for a rational belief in it, what a source of pride it would be to our churches, and in all future time what a book of reference the record would become!

If it should be found to be utterly groundless, as many very sensible people now hold, can the clergy learn it too soon? Would it not guide them to such changes as the age demands?

Should they decline this opportunity, what are we to think of them? Do they believe that the religion of God cannot stand the strain of public debate? Alas, what weakness! Rather is that the true light that knocks at the doors of the churches and is kept out by orthodox adherence to antiquated error. There is no danger that error should prevail. "Who ever knew truth put to the rout in a fair and open encounter?"

We hope to see our clergy enter the arena with all their power and zeal. Organize your defense with your best men and your best material and forms. The enemy is at hand, well armed and confident. And this consolation will remain above all, that the exploding of one religion is only to lay the foundation of a better. Human history has no record of a people abandoning a good religion to take on a worse. All our changes have been for the better. Let us not leave for the next century what should be done in this. H. L. K.

THE CHURCH OF HUMANITY.

At the dedication of the New Church of Humanity at San Jose, March 3, M. N. F. Ravlin thus explained the object of the organization:

The Church of Humanity is organized as a living rebuke to the narrow, uncharitable exclusiveness of sectarianism. How much of the Christ-spirit, and to what extent does sympathy for humanity in its abyssal depths dwell in the various "isms" of the day? Who sways the scepter of power, Jesus Christ or Mammon, the god of this world?

How many people in San Jose possess the spirit, keep the commandments, and daily follow the example of Jesus? I fear not one. Jesus said unless a man forsook all that he had he could not be his disciple. Of whom is this true to-day? He says, "If a man come to him and hate not his father and mother, his wife and children, his brothers and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be his disciple." Who meets the requirement, taking the scripture just as it reads? Jesus says: If you have two coats give one of them to him who has none. Who does it? He commands you to love your enemies and to love your neighbor as yourself. Do you know any one who does either? He says that unless you deny yourself, take up your cross and follow him daily, you cannot be his disciple. Now the whole requirements which Jesus Christ himself lays down are sufficient refutation of the modern idea of salvation by faith alone.

It is a well-known, undeniable fact that these conditions of discipleship are not met. Vast numbers of people calling themselves Christians live in self-indulgence, deny themselves nothing they have the means to obtain, follow their own whims and notions, and pay no heed whatever to the commandments and teachings of Jesus. People who come so far short of meeting the requirements of him whose name they have assumed should cultivate a more charitable spirit toward others, and be more sparing in the use of opprobrious epithets.

The Church of Humanity is organized in the defense of Free-thought, of private judgment, of personal liberty, of free speech, of equal rights, of impartial justice, of the equality of the sexes before the law, and of the claims of suffering humanity through-

out the world. It is organized to defend no dogmas, to spread abroad no theories of religious belief, to formulate no creed, and to establish no sect. Yet, in the spirit of a broad charity, it accords to all people everywhere the right to any form of belief, to any creed or system of doctrine that they may think proper to adopt, and that they should be protected therein so long as they do not infringe upon the rights of others.

The church of Humanity is organized to labor for the betterment of the condition of the masses, to lighten the burdens of the "heavy laden," to comfort such as mourn, to give bread to the hungry, clothing to the naked, and, as far as possible, find employment for the unemployed. Its mission is to inculcate the vital principles of right living in this world in conformity with the ethics of the "Golden Rule." "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." This is the very quintessence of true theosophy and of true Christianity as well. Had no other doctrine ever been inculcated the world had long since been redeemed, and never would human blood have been shed by reason of any differences of opinion in religious matters. Humanity, everywhere over the whole earth, would welcome the religion of the Golden Rule. There is no race so barbarous, so benighted, that its application would not elevate, educate, civilize, and redeem. Were the Christless, soulless formalities of religious belief now dominant in Europe to be supplanted by the simple, pure, guileless religion of the Golden Rule, not a nation but what would disarm at once and universal peace and prosperity would be assured for all time to come. The starving millions of earth would be fed. Her countless thousands of unemployed men and women would have remunerative employment. The constantly increasing army of mental, moral, and physical wrecks would rapidly diminish, and the insane asylums, poor-houses, and prisons would be converted into industrial schools or manufacturing establishments.

This plain, simple, unvarnished religion is what humanity needs, and it is the only idea or type of religion that can ever be made world-wide and of universal application. It is the great essential of all religions. Everything else in the line of dogmas and isms could be sacrificed and the world lose nothing—absolutely nothing. It is on non-essentials that the so-called Christian world split and divide, and over which they have so long wrangled. It is the height of folly to suppose that the great world of mankind can ever be brought to embrace a religion whose votaries agree not among themselves, and whose views of truth are irrational and conflicting. To think, speak, and act right toward all people in every relation in life is all the religion this world needs. It is exactly what Christ taught and illustrated by his example. It is a religion which we preach and which the Church of Humanity is organized to promulgate. It is not a religious belief, but practice. Are other churches laboring to elevate humanity? So are we. Do they seek to save men from sin? So do we. Are they interested in the cause of temperance? So are we. Are they in the love of truth and good? So are we. Do they preach charity? We try to practice it. Do they delight in love and wisdom? So do we. Wherein lies the difference?—in external forms and ceremonies, and in speculative theories concerning God and Christ and man's existence in the eternal world. The old theology we reject. It is useless to fill the old bottles of dogmatic belief with the new wine of spiritual truth. The bottles have neither the strength nor capacity to hold the wine. Send them to some junk-shop of theological relics and put the wine into new bottles, new modes of thought and new forms of expression. In so far as the Bible teaches spiritual truth, in harmony with science and reason, we accept it. But we do not regard it as a book of infallible authority, nor do we believe the holy spirit of truth had anything to do with dictating or inspiring all that it contains. The idea is absurd that a book should be called a revelation from God to man, and yet the chief excellence of that revelation lie in the fact that man cannot comprehend it, and as far as it is understood it becomes worthless as a revelation, and when fully known is to be thrown away as good for nothing. Strange logic. We have no use for a revelation that can never be understood or comprehended. We may know the truth, and as we know be correspondingly free. We do know and fully comprehend the ethical teachings of Jesus.

We lay no claim to superior knowledge, but we do believe in eternal progress. The man who never changes his views upon any subject never progresses, and never adds to his very limited stock of knowledge. No man, four or five hundred years ago, could look upon truth from the standpoint we now occupy. What revelations and what discoveries since John Calvin's day! He considered it impious foolishness to talk of the earth being globular in form and revolving upon its axis, as we now know it does. Who would think now of quoting Calvin as standard authority in astronomical science? And why regard him as authority in religious matters? If he was so far from the truth in his conceptions of the earth and its movements, what reason is there to suppose that he is any nearer the truth in his conceptions of God, of eternity, and of heaven and hell? Yet "Calvin's Institutes" are standard authority in many a theological seminary to-day. He is honored as the founder of Presbyterianism, and students for the ministry imbibe his teachings and go forth to retail them to the world as the truth. Election, predestination, and foreordination, the unalterable eternal, decrees of an omnipotent personal God. Cling to Calvinism, ye who will. Abide in the cemetery of the dead if you must. Become fossilized automatons if that be your highest ideal of a man. But lay not the flattering unction to your soul that you can fether the lightning bolts of thought, retard the wheels of progress, or impede the "grand march" of destiny. Humanity, invited to come up higher, shakes off the bondage of her past oppressions, and in her might stands forth appareled in her royal vestments of liberty and freedom for evermore. Woe betide whatever stands in the way of her upward movement. Nations will be convulsed, thrones will topple into ruins; scepters, broken in twain, shall pass away, and the very foundations of the earth be moved, but humanity, long crushed and bleeding humanity, her day of deliverance has dawned at last, and ere the present cycle of evolutionary progress ends, she shall in all her kindred, nations, and people be eternally free.

THE BIBLE IN FAVOR OF DEBATE.

II.

Why, says one, I supposed the Bible is unqualifiedly against debate. Romans i, 29, 30, 31, classes it among wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful."

Yes, and I read further, that they which do "such things are worthy of death." Romans i, 32.

Now, does any one suppose that the penalty of death ought to be passed upon a man who debates? The victims would be few, perhaps, during an "off year," but in a regular presidential campaign the "slaughter of the innocents" would be immense. Even religious disputants are safe, for the book, it is seen, teaches no such thing. When debate is spoken of on its own merits alone, like truth, love, wisdom, the testimony is just the reverse. It favors debate, and does so in the strongest language. Now read that chapter, Romans i, every paragraph, and you will discover, what perhaps has escaped your notice, that even truth itself was perverted by the people against whom Paul aimed his criticism; love, truth, natural affection were all perverted by them.

From such texts as, "Lest there be debates, envyings, wraths, strifes, backbitings, whisperings, swellings, tumults" (2 Cor. xii, 20) many Bible readers have drawn their conclusion that debate is frowned upon by the Bible.

In America, every four years, there are "debates, envyings, wraths, strifes, backbitings, swellings, tumults." If you think there is not, get nominated for an office, and you will learn that all your relations that were not hanged died in the poorhouse.

But, notwithstanding these evil associations, who is willing to exchange American liberty for Russian despotism? Where would religious and political freedom be, had it not been for debate in Congress, and throughout the United States?

What would have become of Martin Luther's Reformation if

the opponents of religious debate had succeeded in placing the gag on free speech? The glory of America is her freedom of debate, glorious in spite of abuses and evil associations, and when the same freedom permeates the churches, "the world will be the better for it." Shall we abandon truth because it is intermixed with error? Shall we give up any good thing because it may be put to a bad use? If so we will surrender our stomachs!

It will be a surprise to many of my readers when they discover, as they follow me through these pages, with what unanimity the Bible writers were committed, unreservedly, to freedom of debate. King Solomon, reputed to have been the wisest man that ever lived, urged it in these words: "Debate thy cause with thy neighbor." Proverbs xxv, 9.

Isaiah was so fond of discussion, and so sure that he would be victorious, that he said, "The Lord God will help me; therefore shall I not be confounded; therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed. He is near that justifieth me; who will contend with me?" Isaiah i, 7, 8.

Some of my Christian brethren remark that there is nothing in the way of anybody contending for the truth. They insist that those who wish to controvert what the ministers of Christianity teach are at liberty to do so—can hire a hall for that purpose. They are confident that it was never meant by the Bible that debates should be brought into the church. Why not? Is it not the prime object of debate to elicit the truth? Can there be a more sacred pursuit than truth seeking? Is there any spot on earth too good to find whatever is true? The old prophet, just quoted, says, "Let us stand together;" not one in yonder church and another in this hall. "Who is mine adversary," says Isaiah, "let him come near to me."

I have heard the objection that it is not the place of a minister of the gospel to step down from the pulpit into the arena of debate. Why not? Any reason for that? Any Bible for it? I think not. The minister is only a man, liable to err in judgment, as we all are. But would it be proper for preachers of the gospel to argue with the multitude? To debate with men whose standing is not equal to theirs? If they are superior, better educated than the mass of the people, which I admit, in what way does their culture excuse them from debating? Their lord and master was not above controversies with the "common people." Among the old prophets and teachers a rule was, "They that forsake the law praise the wicked; but such as keep the law contend with them." Proverbs xxviii, 4. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion." (v. 1).

Job believed it proper to debate with God himself. "I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments. I would know the words which he would answer me." "The righteous might dispute with him." Job xxiii, 4, 5, 7. "How forcible are right words! but what doth your arguing reprove?" Job vi, 25.

W. F. JAMIESON.

SLAIN BY A FANATIC.

The Japan Mail of the 18th of February contained the following details of the assassination of Viscount Mori, formerly so well known in this country.

Viscount Mori died at the comparatively early age of forty-one. The son of a gentleman of Satsuma, he received an excellent education, and while acting as charge d'affaires at Washington, he was fortunate enough to arrange the postal convention between his country and the United States, for which service he received considerable credit. He afterwards served as minister plenipotentiary in Peking and in London, and while in the latter city, his close friendship with Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, and other leaders of modern thought permanently impressed his character, and completely broke down his faith in the ancient creeds of the Orient.

He neither felt nor could simulate any respect for the supernatural elements of religion, and on a visit to the shrines of Ise two years ago he allowed his mood to become conspicuous by entering the principal shrine without removing his boots and by raising a sacred curtain with his cane. In the eyes of many Japanese Shintoism and imperialism are synonymous. They hold that the emperor derives his divine right to rule from the Shinto

deities, his ancestors, and any semblance of disrespect to the latter constitutes, in their eyes, a direct menace to the sovereignty of the Tenno. Among such zealots Nishino Buntaro, the deceased minister's assassin, was conspicuous. Highly educated, gifted with considerable intelligence, and, though small of stature and weakly built, capable of strong effort when under the influence of excitement, his passionate reverence for everything appertaining to the imperial house was constantly noticed by his companions. At what time he came to a knowledge of the story of Viscount Mori's doings at Ise we cannot certainly tell. Last autumn he paid a visit to Ise himself, and it is conjectured that his object in doing so was to obtain confirmation or contradiction of the tale.

Returning to Tokio, he lodged with several compatriots in Imagawa-koji, but none of them appear to have suspected his design until after it was accomplished. There is no difficulty in understanding how a man of Nishino's temperament may have been roused to frenzy by the thought that a prominent minister of state had openly showed his contempt for the holiest shrine in Japan, and may have thought that the day appointed for the emperor to voluntarily divest himself of a portion of his divinely endowed power was precisely the time to proclaim by some signal and shocking act that the ancient faith remained as inviolate and as inviolable as ever. It is said that after Viscount Mori was struck down, the only words he uttered were a reproof to those who killed his assassin.

The minister when stabbed grappled with his assailant, and the guard running forward at the moment of the struggle, and imagining that Nishino was even then endeavoring to do the viscount an injury, thrust him in the back and then nearly severed his head from his body as he fell.

Later papers say that the body of the murderer was given by the police authorities to a couple of outcasts, who proceeded to bury it after disfiguring it beyond recognition.

INFIDELITY AND CHARITY.

From the Examiner.

Mr. Sam Jones, preacher—SIR: In making your comparison Sunday afternoon between Infidelity and Christianity, you tried to depict all Infidels as destroyers, tearers down and non-supporters of good institutions, such as orphan asylums, etc.

Did you ever hear of a man named Stephen Girard? He was an Infidel, and did more towards helping poor and friendless orphans than you have done or ever will do. He founded an orphan institute, and rightfully forbade the entrance or interference of any preachers or priests in the management of the orphans; knowing that, if trained up to a mature age with unwarped minds, they would be above religious superstition; and we do not hear of this institute turning out any worse men than any of the church-founded colleges.

James Lick was an Infidel, and contributed more to the progress of science, that great iconoclast, that destroyer of religious superstition, than any so-called Christian of California.

Colonel Ingersoll is an Infidel, and a kinder husband and father and a greater giver to charitable purposes I dare say Mr. Sam Jones himself is not. He is no reformed drunkard. Neither has Mr. Jones been able to answer the masterly arguments of Mr. Ingersoll. The United States is full of Infidels. What would the world be without them? We have tried religion in past years, and we know what it is. You Christians are behind the age. Thomas Paine was an Infidel, and the day will come when his name will be honored by all true Americans, even when Mr. Jones's name is heard no more.

Why you should apply names of disrespect to Infidels I do not know. Probably, you either try to mislead the people, or trust to their ignorance in these matters, as a great many of them are. A priest in one of the churches of San Francisco a few Sundays ago said that members of all churches—the Protestant, Mohammedan, pagan, etc.—could enter heaven if they were conscientious in their belief.

If that is so, we Infidels trust to get there by conscientious disbelief. But I don't believe there is any such place.

You said also that God loves us mortals even in hell. If that

is so, and he can look and see Infidels burn when he has the power to prevent it, I don't care for his love, and would prefer to burn in hell than be an occupant in heaven with such a tyrant. I don't think you preachers believe such stuff either.

C. J. WOODFIN.

AN EXPLANATION.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Your reply to the attack on the Union by the "Knights of Labor" came near being my first intimation of its publication, for in this community it is scarce ever heard of, and you are wasting valuable time refuting what no one has read. The paper is kept up for political blackmailing purposes, and its attacks are considered compliments in this community. When a member of the K. of L., this whilom editor was expelled to my knowledge from one assembly and shortly after barely escaped serving this state in a suit more suggestive than fashionable for swindling operations.

In my speeches at mass meetings on the Blair bill I did not fail to refer to the fact that this attempt at religious tyranny was indorsed by Powderly, and Powderly was indorsed by Cardinal Gibbons, and Cardinal Gibbons wore the bloody insignia of Rome. From this article, it looks as though I hit about right.

E. A. STEVENS.

Dr. Matteson's Debate.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Yesterday evening your correspondent went, as per arrangement, to Oak Ridge school-house, to debate, against that society's speakers, the question, "Resolved, That the property of religious associations should be exempt from taxation," your correspondent having the negative. Arrived at the seat of operations, I learned that there were to be religious services at a church-house a mile or two off, where a new preacher was expected, and per consequence some of the club's speakers, and a goodly portion of the audience, were not expected to materialize at the school-house. The debaters available were young and inexperienced, uninformed on the subject, but game, and agreed to "give the old man the best they had." A fair audience of the young people of the neighborhood assembled in the school-house (boys become voters, husbands, and fathers; and girls become housewives and mothers, in the near future), and the "services" began. The first speaker argued that religious associations were beneficial to the community, but were poor and "could scarcely pay their preachers now," and therefore could not pay their taxes. This was, of course, readily answered. The next speaker regretted the absence of their "main speaker," who would have "floored me directly; but there was no help for it now." He argued that church property was public property, the same as state houses, school-houses, etc., and being built and used for the benefit of the public, should be exempt. Another easy reply.

The third speaker said that he had heard me speak at Silverton at the S. S. U. meeting, and wanted to know what I was doing, "going around the county making Infidel speeches." Said that I did not believe in God, the Bible, nor religion. Anyone can believe what they like if they only try hard enough. Churches are dedicated to God, and government therefore had no right to tax them. Wanted to know who these people were who demanded that church property be taxed. Some people would argue anything. "Men will argue that the world is flat, and where do they get their argument from, I would like to know." Thought it right that Catholic-church property be taxed, but not others.

Of course all this was easy to reply to. The term Infidel was explained, and the distinction between Infidel and Secular shown. In explanation of my religious belief, I stated that of Thomas Paine, my Agnostic position, and defined the term. I also explained that I accepted whatever, in the Bible, appeared to my mind to be reasonable and good, but rejected the claim of its being the "Word of God," or in any sense anything superhuman. I rejected the doctrine of "original sin;" of "total depravity;" "the fall of man;" the deluge, Jonah and the whale, the overshadowing of the ghost and the story of Christ generally, and the doctrine of "believe or be damned;" asserting that no one had any control over their own belief, but must believe or not, as reason and information dictate. My opponent then asked that I prove that. I replied by asking him if he could believe himself a negro, if he only tried

hard enough. This brought down the house with laughter. (To cause laughter is as good as argument sometimes.) The young man replied that he thought he could, upon a pinch, if it became necessary. I then asked him if he thought that by trying hard enough he could convince himself that he was a woman. Uproarious laughter followed, and the young man surrendered. I then said that I did not believe, if he would stand and face a looking-glass, he could even convince himself that he was good-looking, if he had any confidence in the glass. Again the negative had the laugh, if not the argument. As the preacher at Stayton said to Mr. Putnam, when the latter laughed at his remark, "any fool can laugh."

The debate over, I went home with one of my opponents and remained over the rest of the night. He is a genial man, has a charming wife and four nice little ones, and my visit was pleasant if not profitable. But some seed is sown. Those young people heard a little of the new gospel of humanity and progress, and some of them will think and inquire. The procession moves steadily on, and its ranks increase.

I learned next morning that the expected preacher failed to show up at the church-house, and so the effect was simply to lessen the attendance at the debate. It is said to be "an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Aumsville, Or., March 3.

F. S. M.

On the Trail.

To the Editors of Freethought:

After two weeks' hard work on the rostrum at Oakdale, I bade the many friends I found there adieu. We arrived a little late for dinner at the old quaint town of Knight's Ferry, one of the oldest mining towns in the state, and at one time said to contain 10,000 inhabitants, but now not numbering over four to five hundred people. The bed of the river, the bottom lands, the bluffs and hills all around, have all been dug over and every spoonful of dirt carefully washed for the "filthy lucre." Many a fortune has been made and lost here in days gone by. Away up 500 to 1,000 feet high upon the sides of these Red mountains I found a fine water ditch, carrying to its full capacity the precious fluid, around the precipitous rocky cliffs, often across yawning gulches and deep wide canons, being carried over in flumes and troughs that make one dizzy to look at. Verily the limpid water is the god of this country, for without it the glittering gold could never have been separated from the earth, and now the still more golden orange that is to be seen on many a hillside (and they grow here to perfection), could not be raised except for the water that is poured down to the heavily-laden trees from the ditch far above. These oranges are said to be the finest in the state, being entirely free from rust and smut, and the flavor cannot be excelled even at Riverside. The "forty-niner" little dreamed, as he toiled here for the bright gold dust, that forty years later the orange and the fig, the almond and the raisin, would grow on the ruin he had made—even a better fortune than the one he had delved for. I found a splendid home at the fine hotel kept by Mr. and Mrs. McLoughlin, called the "Ferry House." Mr. McLoughlin is an old miner of Scotch descent, and has spent most of his life in California. He has made and lost much by Dame Fortune's fickle moods, but yet works these shining sands occasionally for the glittering pelf. Mac and his wife know how to entertain the tired and hungry pilgrim, and with their three bright and winsome babies, their home is indeed a "traveler's rest." I gave here three lectures in the little brown church under the hill to very good audiences, and everything went smooth as a marriage bell. A Miss Rose Voght, the school teacher, gave us some delightful music on the organ. After the second lecture was over a Mr. Duncan was called for, for a character reading. I found him away above the average biped in mental calibre, in fact, a royal head, or, as I read it off to the audience, a magnificent knowledge box, capable of delivering an oration on any occasion; a man that would make and lose many a fortune and die poor. I found Mr. Duncan had a big flat place on the top of his head and thus declared him to be the worst skeptic in town, one who would wear his trousers out everywhere else sooner than on the knees—which was declared to be all correct. I found here a poor demented creature, living alone in an old deserted hotel, a Mr. Smith, who spends his time making life-size models out of clay and other material. They are terrible-looking things, yet he names them Cleopatra, Apollo, etc. I paid a visit to the fine orange grove of Kaspar Voght, the finest in this part of the state. Mr. Voght showed me trees, eighteen years old, that raised him 2,000 oranges to the tree. These, at two cents each, give

an income of \$40 per tree. I saw trees, not three feet high, full of big navel oranges that sell readily at five cents each. Mr. Voght's trees are still pretty well filled with the golden beauties, although he has been picking fruit for the last two months. Two acres of trees, twelve to twenty years of age, well taken care of, would support any ordinary family in comfort and style. It is a business that requires constant attendance and a large amount of water in the dry season. I think I have never seen a more beautiful sight than a large orange grove full of the ripe fruit, and all in blossom for the new crop. It beats by far an orthodox heaven for artistic beauty. Its aroma, its evergreen shade, its luscious bunches of golden fruits—there is nothing finer. We made a stop here of only four days, when that royal good fellow, Freethinker, and subscriber to FREETHOUGHT, H. Ackers, drove up from Oakdale, and took us in his coach and four, and whirled us away further towards the snowy peaks to new fields of labor.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

"Robert Ingersoll the Builder."

To the Editors of Freethought:

I have just received No. 9, volume II., of FREETHOUGHT, and am well pleased with it. Allow me to express my approbation of the article "Robert Ingersoll the Builder."

If I were where I could speak to the lady who has written such true and noble words of him I could do nothing less than take off my hat and thank her. I appreciate what she has written. Perhaps not fully, but my heart grows big while reading her article much the same as when I read his writings. I am one of the thousands who thank him from the fullness of my heart when I read his "matchless" thoughts. I hate a lie because of its meanness. I love the truth because of its goodness. And I suppose that is about why I love Robert G. Ingersoll, and hate some traits of my own character. But it is not of myself that I would write. There is an attraction, an intellectual satisfaction, a solid human comfort, received from the thoughts of Mr. Ingersoll that outranks anything that has ever been painted in words. Many people have said some things well. He has said and done many things very well. Yes, Miss Gardener, he is a builder. He has destroyed forests of superstition and built in their places magnificent temples of Freethought. But, in speaking of him, I would not detract from the goodness of others. There are many who are doing good work in life. There are many more who could do much better if they were free from the superstitious fear that enslaves them mentally. It restricts their thoughts, and circumscribes their opportunities. They live and act in a narrower sphere than is due their humanity, and our heroic builder constructs most excellent public highways, beaming with love and hope and light, along which we may travel without fear. Thanks to the lady who has the courage of her convictions.

J. C. WEYBRIGHT.

A Young Lady Worker.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Inclosed I return you the anti-Sabbath petitions with 143 signatures attached. About two-thirds of the people to whom I presented the petition were in favor of it. The people here in general are quite Liberal minded, though there are very few outspoken Infidels.

Any one that is in favor of a Sunday law is either tyrannical or ignorant of the injustice there would be in such a barbaric, superstitious law. If the national Sabbath bill passes, America is doomed.

My friend Miss Orlie F. Saunders, of Portland, gave me quite a number of FREETHOUGHTS to disseminate, and when I was procuring signatures for the anti-Sabbath petition, I took them and other Freethought publications with me, viz., the "Boston Investigator," "Truth Seeker," "Ironclad Age," "Lucifer," and "Fair Play," and left a copy of some Liberal paper in nearly every house that I visited, and I hope that by so doing I have helped to advance the "light of reason" in this vicinity.

The pamphlets that I obtained from you, entitled "Sabbath Imposition" and "Self-Contradictions of the Bible," are just splendid, and should be read by everyone. I wish I was able to order one hundred copies of them to disseminate in this locality. Yours most respectfully,
Oswego, Oregon.

ELVA E. DAVIDSON.

RHUBARB BITTERS impart a delicious flavor to all drinks, cure dyspepsia, promote digestion, and regulate the bowels. Try them. A. G. Wood, 323 Eddy st., S. F.

JONAH.—A Serio-Comic Tank Drama.*Dramatis Personæ:*

JAHVEH, Lord of Blissville.

JONAH, a chump and sorehead.

SAILORS, on shipboard.

THE WHALE, or "prepared big fish."

THE GOULD, a remarkable specimen of the genus *Legenaria*.

THE WORM that brought the gourd to grief.

*Scene: Asia Minor or Major, or contiguous territory.***ACT I.****SCENE 1.**—Half-way House on the road to Joppa, a seaport. Jonah on the lee porch of the tavern smoking a pipe.

[Enter Jahveh peering about.]

JAH. Ah, Jonah, just the man I'm looking for.

JONAH (unshipping his pipe). 'S that so? Al-lus find me here at the tavern, Milord. Beats cañiel tendin' all to thunder! What's up, Milord?

JAH. Great Nineveh is up against me, Jonah, And unto that great city thou must go And warn the people that they surely must Stop monkeying with their brass gods, and stop Their high jinks generally, or the devil Will be to pay—on them I'll jump and make It hot for every mother's son. Give them Fair warning, Jonah.

JON. Warnin' nothin', Milord. I'd warn 'em, not warn 'em, right on the jump. Burn up the city and give them the grand roast!

JAH. Go to, Jonah; go slow and draw it mild For yet awhile. I feel in gracious mood At present, and would give them fair a chance. Given fair warning, and perchance they'll melt And run their brass gods up into some form Of household goods, as andirons and such, And we be happy yet. Arise now, Jonah, And get thee into Nineveh at once.

JON. (sotto voce). Not much. Catch me. I'll put for Joppa and ship for Tarshish. Warn them duffers at Nineveh? Not I, b'gosh!

JAH. Well, Jonah, art thou going?

JON. Yes, Milord.

JAH. Then it were well that thou went quickly.

JON. Yes, Milord. I'm off.

[Disappears behind the tavern and scoots along the back road to Joppa, Jahveh looking dumfounded, but holding his peace and making no sign.]

ACT II.**SCENE 1.**—Gale at sea. Ship in distress. Jonah in the bilge sleeping the sleep of the just.

Though run the seas full mountains high, he dreams of the sweet by and by.

[Enter the mate and cook and captain bold, the bosen tight and midshipmite, and crew of the Nancy brig.]

CAP. Avast there, ye land lubber! Open your glims, shake out the reefs in your gabber and call on your God to save the ship, if he can. Hustle lively, my lad, or we'll all go down to Davy Jones's locker!

JON. (sitting up and rubbing his eyes). Hello! What's the racket? Thunder! What's the matter with the shallop? She's pitchin' and plungin' like a mad heifer.

CAP. Matter enough, ye landlubber. Who be ye, anyhow? And what d'ye come aboard for? Draw lots, lads, for overboard. That'll tell who the Jonah is.

JON. Ha! how'd you know my name?

BOSEN TIGHT. Lot falls on him, cap'n. (How strange!—Dramatist.)

CAP. Serves him right. Over with him.

JON. Yes, I'm a poor orphan. Chuck me over. But it will be all right, for the Lord will preserve me. The sea will go down, and I can swim ashore. I love and fear the Lord (the cheek of him, after scooting away as he did), and he sent this tempest because I skipped out and didn't obey orders. Chuck. I trust in the Lord.

CAP. Over with the duffer!

[He is thrown overboard, the sea immediately falling flat, everything then being lovely and the goose hanging high.]

SCENE 2.—The whale's interior. Pitch darkness.

Jonah sloshing about in lamp oil up to his knees.

JON. Whew! What an infernal stink. This room never's been aired since it was built, and I'll bet on't. Gosh! how dark tis here. Dark! that aint no name for't. It's blacker'n black cats in black cellars at black midnight. Blacker'n the character of a feller's political rival. Thunder! what's that? It shakes this old hoss mackerel from stem to stern. Oh, I know—he's blowin' off. If he'd only blow me off; I'm dryer'n a religious weekly. Whew! I wonder how long I've got to paddle round in this lamp oil? The good Lord might 'a had a lantern here.

'Spose the blackness of darkness of this stinkin' oil tank is to punish me for skippin' out and not goin' to Nineveh. Well, they'd ought to be roasted there, as Sodom was. Gosh! I've struck ile here; if I could only scull the critter ashore, high and dry. Ha! I'd supply all Joppa with oil, and set up a tavern of my own, with lashin's of grog. Wonder how long I'm in for't, anyhow? Where'm I goin' to sleep—whew! Can't lay down on the floor, I should be drowned in oil.

Thunder, but it's hell here! How she rolls. I'm gittin' sea-sick, too. O Lord, send this big fish ashore—high and dry, 'cos I'd like to scoop in the oil—and I'll go to Nineveh by fast express (limited), and warn the galoots there of comin' wrath. They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy. That isn't me, O Lord! Let me out of this and I'll make Nineveh howl—that is, I'll tell 'em you will if they don't rally round our flag, O Lord! Oh! phew! faugh! but this is the father of all stinks and blackness! If this fish doesn't cast me up soon I shall cast up myself and become of the fish fishy! Whew! but this beats the worst dive in the slums of Joppa, and I know where the worst of 'em is. O Lord, let me see daylight and smell fresh air once more and I'll cry against Nineveh even as the soft-shell clam man cries out—I will, O Lord, sure pop! Ha! what's this? It seems to be a sort of hammock of whalebone. O Lord, thy mercy can't be measured in a quart cup. Here goes for a snooze. Watch over me, O Lord, and let the quality of this stink be strained to my nostrils, or I shall asphyxiate.

[Gets into the hammock and sleeps the sleep of just men made perfect.]

SCENE 3.—The Joppa coast, three days later.

A whale appears on the beach and vomits forth a man. It is Jonah, who, with tears in his eyes, watches the whale as it scuttles off into deep water. That tavern becomes a thing of the invisible Beyond. Jonah squats on the sand to reckon upon his losses, by reason of losing the whale. Nineveh recedes, as does the tavern that was to be, and Jonah begins to sigh for the delights of the tavern that is, but a large voice brings him up with a round turn, as it were.

[Enter Jahveh, with a stern rock-bound expression of countenance.]

JAH. Why sit ye there cross-legged like a Turk, And mooning, Jonah? Up and unto the Great city, Nineveh, and preach ye there The preaching that I bid thee.

JON. (Hustling to his feet, and bowing deferentially). Yes, Milord. I was just a-goin' to start—soon's I'd got a breath of fresh air. It was awful in that oil tank!

JAH. Better than feeding fishes in the sea, Eh, Jonah—better far than sinking in The soup!

JON. Gosh! Yes, Milord. It beat bein' in the salty soup; but that stinkin' oil, knee deep, warn't no slouch of a soup—faugh! But thanks, awfully, as the girls say. Shall I start for Nineveh now, or go home and change my togs, Milord?

JAH. (suspicious of him). Get thee out at once. I will remove the smell thy raiment from, That on thy journey hence may not offend Olfactories fastidious. Get hence, And go thee unto Nineveh, and fail Me not, lest it go hard with thee.

JON. Yes, Milord, I'm goin' now—this minute. Good day, Milord.

[Exeunt on the road to Nineveh.]

ACT III.**SCENE 1.**—Nineveh. Jonah shouting like a house afire (if the comparison be allowed) to the inhabitants. Warning them of the wrath to come in forty days, unless a new leaf is turned over.Much to Jonah's disgust, he wishing to witness a barbecue on a grand scale, the new leaf was at once turned, every one in the city, from king to cowboy, turning for all he was worth. A fast was proclaimed, and all, including cows, camels, sheep, geese, etc., went into a heavy state of sackcloth and ashes, the king wallowing in the ashes of sandal wood to the queen's taste, and vice versa, probably. Yes, Nineveh fasted and, in sackcloth, wallowed in the ashes! It was a tremendous come down for the Ninevins, but it was better, they thought, than "going up," as understood. For the time being, it was *sic transit gloria mundi* with them, and sick transit and rapid with the disgusted Jonah for the country beyond the walls. No barbecue, no torch!**SCENE 2.**—Open country outside the walls of Nineveh.

[Enter Jonah, sore-headed as a bear shot in the ear.]

JON. The idea of the Lord repentin' of the evil he said he would do unto them duffers! He'd oughter socked it to 'em, that's what he'd oughter done. He makes me tired. I'd better die than live. If he'd only give that city a roast, it would be something worth livin' for to see. But no, he repents, bah! (Applies a pocket pistol to his lips and lies down in the sand and goes to sleep, to be rid of his troubles. Awakes in the morning, and lo and behold, a luxuriant gourd, grown up at his back, waves its foliage over, and protects him from the fearful blaze of the sun.)

Jonah is "exceeding glad of the gourd," he forgets or purposely omits—probably the latter—to thank the Lord for it; for he has a notion of staying there to watch the city, hoping the Lord might change his mind and sock it to Nineveh. While he was trailing up the vine, to get the most good out of it, an unfortunate calamity occurred which put a stop to his labor of love. A monster and many-jointed worm, with a mouth on him like a Connecticut pie-biter, and teeth like those of a buzz saw, attacked the gourd near the earth, and the growth of the night went down in the breath of the morning, withering like a pie in an overheated oven. This unexpected calamity broke Jonah all up, and he wept as the wog wog weeps for its young, and wanted to die—it is supposed that he cursed somewhat, from what occurred later on.

[Enter Jahveh, looking benignantly on Jonah.]

JAH. Dost thou do well to get thee on thine ear For this the gourd, eh, Jonah?

JON. Yes, I do well to get me on mine ear for this the gourd, Milord!

JAH. Hast pity for the gourd which cost thee naught,

Which thou didst not e'en cause to grow, but which

Came up at night and perished in the morn?

JON. Yes, because it was a bully gourd, Milord—blast that worm!—and better than an umbrella to keep the sun off—whew! it's blasted hot here—because I didn't have to hold it.

JAH. Thou wouldst have spared the gourd, eh, Jonah?

JON. You bet, I would.

JAH. Then Jonah, should I not spare Nineveh, The city great wherein are more than six Score thousand persons who do not know B From a bull's foot, in matters righteous; Also much cattle?

Reader, this is the end of this more or less interesting tank drama. Abrupt, I am aware, but then the Holy Queer thus abruptly saws off the interview between the two principal characters in real life, and for the writer to prolong the agony by drawing on his imagination for extension, would be nothing less than impious.

How Jahveh and Jonah parted, whether in love or in anger, and what became of the hero of that

insufferable oil tank, the H. Q. should have told a curious posterity, I think. In my humble opinion, whatever that may be worth, Jahveh calmly but firmly soured on Jonah and left him very suddenly and severely alone; at all events, that last interview was very suddenly and severely sawed off by the H. Q., and what became of Jonah will never be known. The probability is, that he went back to that tavern on the Joppa

road, and there, with the dregs of society and of demijohns, ended a life soured by disappointment and lees of wine. It doesn't matter, anyhow. For one, I don't care what became of him. He was no company for me. Selah! SFS:OKUM.

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THE CELEBRATED "OTTO WETTSTEIN" WATCH.—The best in the world for the money; all modern improvements; a perfect watch. In Silverine case, \$19.50; in 3-ounce coin Silver case, \$22.50; 4-ounce, \$23.50; 5-ounce, \$25; 6-ounce, \$27 (no better sold for \$40 elsewhere). In open-face, dust-proof case, filled Gold, \$27; do., hinged, glass inside cap, \$29; do., gold cap, \$31; do., hunting, \$33; do., Louis XIV. style, \$35; in special artistic cases, \$3 to \$10 more; in 14-karat solid Gold cases, \$50, \$60 to \$100.

LADIES' GOLD WATCHES.—All hunting, stem wind; best filled Gold cases, \$18, \$20, \$26; 14-karat solid Gold, \$28, \$30, \$36, \$40, etc., to \$150; latter special fine artistic embossed cases, set with Diamonds and other jewels.

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(Send line of finest type you can read		Silver Thimbles	.35
14 in. from eyes, and I can fit you.)		Elegant 8-day Alarm Clock, worth \$6	4.50
Best Razor (a luxury) \$2; a good one	1.00	4 Best Violin Strings	.50
6 Rogers Bros.' best triple-plated Knives	1.75	6 Guitar Strings	.75
" Forks	1.75	Largest Albums, \$1, \$2, \$3, \$4 to	10.00
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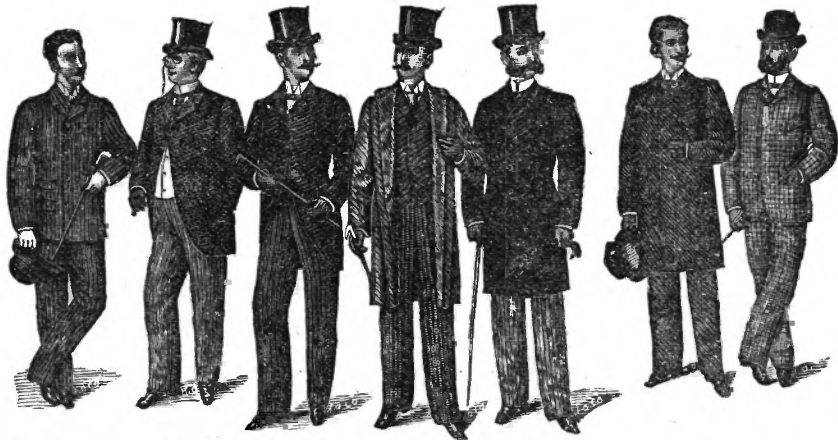
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FREETHOUGHT.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - MARCH 23, 1889

THE California Legislature has adjourned and left the capitol. The people, who suffer from the raids on the treasury are now looking around to see if anything else is left worth mentioning.

THE priest at Ixmiquelpom has excommunicated *El Pensamiento*, a newspaper of Zimapan, state of Hidalgo, Mexico. The excommunication even applies to the animals owned by its editors. This is the Christianity of our sister Republic.

"THE way to get the best of an Infidel," says the Rev. Samuel Jones, "is to close his mouth. Don't listen to him. If you can stop his talking, you've got him." We can recommend Mr. Jones's advice as worthy the acceptance of all evangelizers. You may "get" an Infidel by keeping him quiet; but one thing is certain, if you let him talk he's got you.

POPE LEO has "specially" blessed Miss Caldwell, who endowed the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., with a gift of \$800,000. Judge O'Connor, of San Jose, gave the same institution \$50,000, and received therefor only a plain, every-day apostolic benediction. Orders for blessings in every style are taken at the Vatican from \$10 upward. The patronage of fools who desire to be parted from their money is especially solicited.

Two members of the British Parliament are severely attacked by the London Times for joining with the Radical clubs in the welcome to Henry George. The Times says: "George's doctrines come as near spoliation as anything that has been proposed by a man with a character to lose, since the French revolution." We are interested to know what opinion of Mr. George will be expressed by Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, the Freethinking member of Parliament.

THE Rev. Mr. Curtis, pastor of a Presbyterian church in this city, scored a good point last Sunday against the inconsistency of Sabbatarians who would suppress all Sunday labor, yet who "go to church with their car fare in one hand and a hymn-book in the other." Mr. Curtis says that the necessity of Sunday cars and boats could be obviated by people going to some church nearer home. The right of Christians to dictate to the public how it shall travel on Sunday seems to be taken for granted by our enlightened clergymen.

FROM the Chronicle's report of the Rev. Samuel Jones's sermon, Sunday last: "Mr. Jones was particularly severe on soldiers. He said that any soldier who would swear would steal a sheep, then he would steal a bee-gum, and then— But what he would do then, according to Mr. Jones, cannot be told in a newspaper." Where, then, was C. R. Bennett, Anthony Comstock's agent for this coast? If obscenity is to be suppressed, why not begin with its most popular exponent?

THE New York Citizens' Committee to aid the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Austin, Tex., has engaged Col. R. G. Ingersoll to deliver a lecture, for the benefit of the fund, at the Academy of Music next Sunday. The committee is in receipt of the following communication from Admiral Porter:

"The Confederate veterans are, as of yore, our fellow-countrymen and, in regard to any hostile feeling between northern and southern soldiers, the latter have long since forgotten it. Out of the conflict sprang many good qualities which we might otherwise have not possessed—humanity, sympathy, and magnanimity of feeling for those who warred against the Union. The North is full of prosperity, and the South, under the new order of things, is rapidly following in her footsteps. The stars shine brightly for us all, and, having secured a perpetuation of the Union, it behooves us of the North to assist those who are now overwhelmed with adversity. This is the best way to make a united country. There should be no North, no South, but one nation, over which the stars and stripes should wave forever."

If the soldiers who fought in the war have forgotten the animosities which it engendered, it is, perhaps, time that the politicians should become reconciled.

NEWS AND NOTES.

ROCKLIN.—Rocklin not a very large place, but the breath of improvement comes with the rattle of the locomotive and the beautiful and fertile country in the vicinity. There is a round-house here, and so the otherwise quiet village has a busy and somewhat tumultuous appearance, for the railroader is always on the "go" whether at work or at home.

The bounteous rains came down, and everybody was rejoicing. It was a pleasure to watch the broad and cloudy skies, ever changing; now with white, fleecy masses, and depths of blue intermingling; and then rolling into mountainous crags and precipitous glooms belching forth torrents of rain; or again, vast mists seem floating over field and wood and dropping showers like gentle tears; or at night the shimmering moonlight sweeps in glistening floods, and the streets are sheeny, in the dim glare, with spreading waters. Day after day the stormy march rolls on, with wondrous music on the window pane and roof and battling trees, with glittering pennons of sun-glints here and there, and great masses of gold and rainbow colors which the storm king seems to fling forth as pledges of the brilliant harvest lurking in his pavilion of gloom. These have been grand days, picturesque days, days of majesty and power, for each threatening cloud brings hope, and the earth grows radiant with every tempestuous

stroke. When the sun does come forth, what royal garniture will greet his way! How the hills will flash their green heads, and the plains wave their verdant splendor!

So I cared not if there were but few at the lectures. I wanted it to rain, rain, rain, as everybody else did, for there were "millions in it" for the farmers of California; more than in all the gold of the hills. However, I had good audiences, and appreciative audiences, and I have enjoyed my work and sojourn in this lively little hamlet. There are some staunch Liberals here, men and women both, few, but enough to give a noble encouragement for future efforts.

Especially have I been delighted with meeting the Kaiser family, who are heart and soul for freedom, and generous and open as the day. Every evening they were at the lectures, coming six and seven miles through the pouring rain, and, besides, bearing the brunt of the expenses for the lectures. They make a regiment in themselves, almost. There is the father and seven boys, and it does one's heart good to associate with these jovial and valiant comrades. The father, John Kaiser, came from Switzerland in 1837, with the breath of those glorious mountains of liberty in his heart and hope; although, at first, he was a devoted Methodist. He was in Ohio and Missouri for a number of years, and finally, twenty-two years ago, came to this country and took up land and began to cultivate it—two thousand dollars in debt at the time, he says. After eight years he had secured a comfortable home and paid his debts, but one night all his houses and household goods were swept away by fire—five thousand dollars' worth; but he began again, and to-day he looks over a broad expanse of two hundred and eighty acres, all his own, ornamented with vineyards, wheat field, orchards, amidst pastures and woodlands, every inch of it worth a hundred dollars an acre. It is in the centre of the recently organized citrus colony, the object of which colony is to combine for irrigating and improvement purposes. Oranges, lemons, and limes of superior quality can be raised in this section, and really there is no country in the world that can surpass this in beauty and fertility. Mr. Kaiser has been one of the foremost pioneers in developing its splendid resources. I had the pleasure on Wednesday of visiting his home, a charming place amidst fruitful hills and vales. His wine-cellar is fire proof. The product of his vintage is of the finest flavor and has taken several premiums. His farm is capable of raising almost every kind of fruit, vegetable, and grain. He has horses, cattle, and sheep. He has demonstrated that this soil, once considered almost worthless, is capable of varied cultivation and use.

His four sons, John, Charles, Henry, and Lewis, whom I met, and who with their father were at the lectures every night, keep up the spirit of work and progress. Henry flings art into his arduous out-door employments and is a painter of no mean skill, and will achieve something in the future. I felt thoroughly at home among these loyal spirits, who have not a particle of superstition left, but are bright, progressive, and earnest. The other brothers, Sam, Fred, and Jake, and Miss Mary, the daughter, who lives at Carson City, I did not see, but I expect that all have the same bright inheritance from the land of Tell, of lofty and liberty-loving humanity.

Thus the fellowship of Freethought is broadening and deepening. Thus we begin to know each other better, and power increases. The veterans of our cause have had to work alone, many of them, while the churches have been united. But now the forces are gathering for the new and brighter era. Through

wide lands the spirit of fraternity prevails, and many firesides mingle light and glory for the advancement of the human race. I have found a comfortable resting-place at the Western Home Hotel, Rocklin, and Frank Tall, the proprietor, always takes good care of his guests, and so the stormy days have passed with genial surroundings.

Nature is a very whimsical providence. She comes in the "nick of time" but stays too long. A universal vote, I think, would declare that there had been plenty of rain, and that fair weather was in order; and it rolled off so beautifully on Saturday afternoon, and the spanking north wind drove on so delightfully, and the masses of white cloud melted into such gorgeous depths of blue, that it did seem that Sunday night would be all that one could wish in the way of moonlight and starlight and clear heavens; but alas! to the far-seeing prophet the signs were unfavorable—the storm rolled off against the sun, and when morning came the sun pushed before it the vast and lowering mists, and by evening the rain and winds were roaring; and I did not expect a baker's dozen at the lecture. But Pioneer Hall was nearly full. I was happily disappointed. The appreciative audience gave hope and courage. There is a large element of Liberalism in this capital city, and it gradually increases in power and prominence. With the stalwart friends always ready to aid, the future here is for Freethought and victory. The series of lectures has opened the field for larger and more fruitful work, and I go to other parts of the advancing line with heart warmed with beams of undying promise.

Saturday night I viewed the closing scenes of the California legislature. There was a vast hubbub, and what was going on it was pretty difficult for the outsider to detect. There was a rush of business and presentation speeches. A gold watch and gold-headed cane and diamond ear-rings formed a part of the brilliant display. It gave an air of social festivity to the august assembly. On the whole, they are a pretty good-looking set of men, and as honest as the average of humanity. I do not believe in these charges of corruption. I believe that all, the governor included, are trying to do the best they can in the midst of a big muddle. The very nature of politics, as now conducted, is confusion. How can there be wise legislation when such haste is necessary? Nearly a thousand bills were introduced this session. Who can judge what is right or wrong in all these? One thing seems plain to me—that there should be no legislature at all and the people be left to look after themselves, as in the old mining days; or the legislature should be in session almost constantly, and its members be paid, not by the day, but by the year—and well paid, and so be expected to do their duty faithfully. As it is now the work is but half done. How can the manifold interests of the state of California be properly looked after in a session of sixty days? It is simply an impossibility. No member can properly inform himself concerning the questions presented, and much of his legislative action must be guesswork, or the result of the dictation of committees or newspapers. The fault is not that legislators or office holders are dishonest. They are fair representative men and reflect the general conscience and intelligence of the community. The system is wrong. If we must have a legislature, pay its members well, and for a year's service, if need be, and let what work is done be well done. If any railroad, steamboat, or other business and private corporation were run in the same fashion that state affairs are run, such corporation would be bankrupt in six months. Democratic government is

still an experiment, and it will take some centuries to make it a successful experiment; and as one can't do everything in a lifetime, the Demands of Liberalism make the choice battle-ground for to-day.

I had a short visit Saturday afternoon with my friend Avery, who keeps the Unitarian Sunday-school on its bright and vigorous way. It is really a pleasant gathering, and the children get at the musical and sunny side of things, and obtain from kindly associations the power to do good with pleasure, and not with fear and trembling. Friend Avery can put deep philosophy into cheerful labors.

I also, under the pilotage of friend Butterfield, wandered into the weird curiosity-shop of Dr. Light, who has a genius for almost everything. He has ransacked the bosom of the earth and sea, and his treasures are indeed beautiful and remarkable. They show the wonderfulness of nature and the long history of man, whose footsteps are still found in the dusty chambers of the gathering soil of ages. Amidst these relics of physical life are strewn bits of philosophy, and the following struck my fancy as containing the gist of all the commandments. On the walls of his office the doctor keeps these lines:

"The Lord helps every man who helps himself:

But the Lord help the man who is caught helping himself here."

That is what I should call much in little.

The doctor is an old-timer, and has had many an adventure upon the frontier, and his "shooting cane" has done effectual service. This is a cane which, apparently harmless, is loaded like a gun, and can be discharged to the very great surprise of one's assailant. It is a convenient walking-stick in a new country. Telling some of his encounters to a company of preachers, one of them solemnly asked the doctor if "he thought of his soul when he was face to face with death." He answered, "No, I didn't think of my soul then, and I haven't thought of it since. And," continued the doctor, "if I had stopped to pray to God to help me I should have been a dead man."

I have two little sparkling coins before me, one-dollar gold pieces of date 1849 and 1851. These were given me by Thomas Paine, of Grass Valley, as mementos of old days. I shall carry them with me on my pilgrimage, and so always have a dollar or two for the blows of fate. As long as these two "angels" are with me I shall never be "dead broke," and their face shall always be a reminder of my good friend of to-day, and of the star of the Revolution.

Thus treasures gather all along the way for heart and hope, and I leave Sacramento and the faithful allies here with memory of happy toils that point to a splendid future.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

"ONE of the pleasures of living under a government like that of Austria," says an exchange, "was illustrated shortly after the death of Prince Rudolph. A printer's apprentice, who had heard considerable of the unpublished gossip about the affair, was so careless as to repeat some of the stories in the hearing of a person who was so ineffably contemptible as to report the matter to the authorities. As a result the boy is now serving a sentence of six months' imprisonment at hard labor for having dared to whisper aught against the royal family." This ruling would condemn the subjects of the greater majority of royal families to absolute silence, unless such subjects were hypocrites. The character of royalty is generally of the kind that will not admit of any but adverse mention.

THE LOCAL SOCIETY.

All the Liberals in the vicinity are asked to attend the meeting next Sunday evening, March 24, at the hall of the San Francisco Turn Verein, 323 Turk street, at 7:30 o'clock. Professor Miller will deliver an address and a permanent organization will be formed.

OUR PIOUS ADMINISTRATION.

We are entering upon four years of National Piety. The president and his secretary of state have secured pews in a Presbyterian church at Washington; orders have gone forth that no business is to be transacted at the White House on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday; Postmaster-general Wanamaker will visit Philadelphia once a week to take charge of his Sunday-school; and Mr. Procter, secretary of the war department, it is reported, has abolished the Sunday dress parade of the boys in blue.

It will be a most edifying spectacle for the people of this country to behold their representatives bowing themselves down before the contemporary fetich, and participating in the incantations of Presbyterian superstition-mongers. We shall all take pride in knowing that our state buildings are locked every seventh day by the Roman hypocrite and cut-throat who made Sunday the Sabbath fifteen hundred years ago. Likewise shall we be glad to know that the same barbarian assumes command of our army on that day. The people of Washington who have enjoyed listening to the band on Sunday will gladly forego that pleasure when they come to realize that the musicians' souls are taken out of jeopardy by the new order. The Washington Post hints that the arrangement is directly in the interest of the liquor traffic, because when the soldiers are off duty they will imbibe more than when they have to drill or mount guard.

But Postmaster-general Wanamaker's position will be the most critical. Every Sunday he will be found at church endeavoring to teach morality from a book which, under a fair construction of the postal laws, would be condemned as unmailable by the department of which he is the head.

Fortunately we are able to say that these men do not represent the sentiment of the American people. There are a lot of devout old women who admire piety, but the average citizen does not, to use his own expression, care a "damn" for it. Society—the snobs, the dudes, and the dead-beats—go to church, and the ignorant and the imitative follow their example. Public men, in our day as in all other days, simply conform to the popular error.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES.

Gen. W. T. Sherman, in the North American Review for March, gives some most interesting reminiscences of early times in this state. He says:

"In 1846 the United States declared war to exist with Mexico, and I, as a lieutenant of C. Q. Tompkins's company of the Third Artillery, was sent in the U. S. storeship Lexington to California, around Cape Horn, 198 days buffeting with the winds and waves, yet arriving, January 29, 1847, at Monterey, the most speedy and convenient route possible at that day. There was no city of San Francisco then. Our orders were to occupy and hold Monterey, the capital of Alta, or Upper California."

"In 1847, only forty-two years ago, there was no such thing as a mail in California. Letters came straggling by chance ships from China, Valparaiso, Callao, and the Sandwich Islands. The adjutant-general of the army, afterwards from Washington, sent across land, by Kit Carson, F. X. Aubrey, and Roubideau, a few official letters once a year by way

of Fort Leavenworth, Santa Fe, Los Angeles, etc., starting usually in September of each year and reaching our headquarters at Monterey in May of the following year. That was the surest and most expeditious way we in California could receive letters from our Eastern friends in 1847, 1848, and part of 1849."

In the days spoken of by General Sherman, San Francisco was known as Yerba Buena. Captain Folsom was quartered here, and established a semi-monthly mail between Yerba Buena and San Diego, with three intermediate stations—Monterey, "Dana's" (Nipomo), and Los Angeles. This was the first mail-route ever established on the Pacific coast.

"California, from 1848 to 1888," says General Sherman, "passed through all the phases of civilization which England did in the past thousand years. In 1846 it was an outlying Mexican province. At that time there was not a shod horse in California, not a tavern, hotel, or a common wagon road. We traveled by trails, on horseback, sleeping by the roadside, eating jerked meat, or game shot with our rifles; and now California has better hotels, better markets, more convenient appurtenances for travel, than London, Paris, or Vienna, and as good stores, factories, and machine shops. When I first rode into Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, in 1847, I could not command a roof, a common meal, or even buy oats, barley, or hay for my tired horse. Now anybody can obtain a good carriage, hotel, and room as luxurious as can be found in the world."

Old San Franciscans will read with pleasure and pride these resuscitated memories of an era that preceded by many moons the time when the water came up to Montgomery street.

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?

Freethinkers are often criticised for using the phrase "the Christian superstition" when referring to what is commonly known as the Christian religion. But what is the difference, except, as has been said, that religion is superstition in fashion, and superstition is religion out of fashion? The Christian religion has gone out of fashion so far as Freethinkers are concerned, and it is therefore quite proper, under the definition, to refer to it as superstition.

But can Christian scholars themselves distinguish between the two? To show that they cannot so distinguish, note the various translations of Acts xvii, 22. The common version has it:

"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too *superstitious*."

The Unitarian version gives this rendering:

"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that ye are exceedingly addicted to the *worship of demons*."

Archbishop Newcomb thought it should read thus:

"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are somewhat too *religious*."

And the eminent theologian, Dr. Lardner, translates the text as follows:

"Paul, therefore, standing up in the midst of the Areopagus, said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that ye are in all things *very religious*."

If Paul's language was as indefinite as the translations of it, it is no wonder that the men of Athens did not understand him and told him they would see him later. As Robert Taylor observed, "these various translators discovered more than they meant to, namely, that religion and superstition are convertible terms."

THE "Sabbath Imposture," a pamphlet by Harry Hoover, 10 cents per copy; six for 50 cents; fifteen for \$1.

THERE is a law on the statute books of this state which forbids church corporations to hold land, except such as is occupied by buildings used for religious purposes. The Catholic church evades the law by putting its real estate in the hands of the archbishop. The church, in the name of P. W. Riordan (archbishop), has for a long time held a tract of land at the corner of Sixteenth and Dolores streets, this city, part of which is a burying ground, and has hitherto prevented the opening of Sixteenth street. Two years ago the Board of Health got the best of the church by condemning the property as a nuisance and enforcing its sale, which has just been recorded, the city being the purchaser. The remains of some five hundred persons will have to be exhumed. People owing burial lots are powerless to protest, and cannot recover. But the church is all right. It was paid for the property in lots, and now it gets the money for the entire tract.

SECULAR THOUGHT, of Toronto, Canada, a most excellent Secular journal, has a Sustaining Fund to meet the financial deficiencies incident to its publication. The Independent Pulpit, another good Freethought periodical, published at Waco, Texas, has an Extension Fund for general purposes, and the Rev. or ex-Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost's Twentieth Century derives much of its circulation from gift subscriptions. We are pleased at these evidences of co-operation everywhere among reformers, and for the encouragement of the patrons of other Liberal journals, we propose shortly to publish a few communications from our friends in the West and East to show how the readers of FREETHOUGHT stand ready to see it through any difficulties it may encounter. The encouragement extended is almost as surprising as gratifying.

THE Rev. Joseph Bloom, a young Englishman who recently resigned the pastorate of the Free Will Baptist church at Oswego Falls, N. Y., because of some difference with his congregation, and joined the Close Communion Baptists, has been arrested for stealing a horse and sleigh from a livery stable keeper at Oneida. He denied the charge, but, nevertheless, was taken to Oswego, where he had sold the animal, and was fully identified. He was held in \$1,000 bail to answer. When events of this kind occur it is appropriate to sing that good old hymn:

"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the lamb,
And shall I fear to steal a horse
Or blush to ride the same?"

THE press gives the Seventh-day Adventists credit for 250,000 signatures to the remonstrance petition against the Blair Sunday Rest bill. This in the face of the fact that the Seventh-day Adventists of the whole country do not number more than 25,000 all told. These Adventists have been wonderfully active in the matter, but it is doubtful if any of them secured any more signatures than Mr. John W. Abbott, of New Cambria, Kan., who forwarded a petition bearing the names of one thousand voters.

THE Independent Pulpit, published by J. D. Shaw, at Waco, Texas, enters upon its seventh volume. It has a new title letter in six-line pica Hogarth style, and offers inducements to subscribers which should give it a wide circulation.

ONE result of the recent storm was the blowing down of a school-house in San Diego. The dispatch relates that the teacher and one of her pupils, the latter a daughter of our friend Ranford Worthing, were severely hurt.

NEW YORK for one year—during the mayoralty of Abram S. Hewitt—enjoyed the luxury of freedom from Irish control, Mr. Hewitt having declared that while he held the position of mayor none but the American flag should be raised on public buildings. Last fall Mr. Hewitt ran for a second term, but was rejected. A Romanist succeeded him, and on Monday, St. Patrick's day, the Catholic rag waved again over the city hall.

"A YOUNG man named Varnham, who has been an Infidel lecturer, has been quite successful as a revivalist recently in Lincoln, Placer county, and is an applicant for licensure by the Bay Congregational Association. At his examination he stated that he had never studied theology and did not think he ever should."—Chronicle.

Varnham—Varnham! The name is unfamiliar to us. Does anybody know this distinguished iconoclast?

THE German government suppresses about one newspaper per week. Last week it was a Bremen journal which had attacked Bismarck. This week it is the *Volke*, a Socialist organ, published in Berlin. Bismarck may tinker with the rights of man for a few years, but they will outlive him and assert themselves when he is remembered only for his brutal abuse of power.

THE applications for places in the consular service reveal the fact that there are a great many clergymen in the country who want to go to Jerusalem at government expense. The salary is good, the duties are light, and the surroundings are "sacred." We move that all clerical applicants for the position of consul to Jerusalem be given the portfolio in perpetuity.

OBSERVATIONS.

About forty people threaded the intricacies of the entrance to Crusaders' Hall, on Market street, last Sunday evening, to attend the meeting called to organize a local Liberal Union. There were some things to prevent a larger attendance. In the first place, it rained hard and the streets were muddy. In the next place, none but a natural-born discoverer could find the particular hall where the meeting was held. Crusaders' Hall is one of a dozen or more in the same building, and is approached through a long series of ante-rooms, where a visitor might get tangled up and turned around, and unless he had a good deal of confidence in himself he would in a short time be glad to find the door he came in at, and escape through it. Mr. Derming acted as pilot for awhile, but got lost, and a man who went to look for him did not reappear. A third trouble arose from the numerous other meetings held simultaneously in the various halls. Mr. Walker, who went from the cellar of the building to the roof before he found a familiar face, reported that overhead a large assemblage of Japanese people were celebrating some sort of heathen rite. In another room a spiritual test medium held forth, and her audience sang the "Sweet By and By" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee," most of the evening. From still another direction could be heard the voice of the single tax advocate, setting forth with fervid eloquence the theory that gold should be exempt from the burdens of wealth, but that the hole which it came out of should be taxed. How many meetings were scattered about elsewhere I did not learn.

At 8 o'clock it was decided that all who intended to be present had either arrived or been lost, or that some other meeting had absorbed them, and Mr. Schou called the audience into the front seats and introduced it to Professor Miller. The professor gave a thirty-minutes' address on the subject of organization, and read an editorial on "Local Liberal Societies" from last week's FREETHOUGHT. At the close of Professor Miller's remarks the question of organization was raised, and deferred until such time as the weather would permit more ladies to attend. Only two were present, and a unanimous sentiment prevailed that the number was too small. Mr. Schou spoke briefly, and appeared inclined to take up a collection, but was restrained, and abandoned the

project gloomily. Adjournment was had early to give the people a chance to join in social converse, which they did. Everybody had a good time looking at Mr. Furgason, of Oakland, who is so tall that no one would be surprised to see him reach up and gather in a handful of stars on a clear night. Mr. Pingree was there too, so that the occasion was a success. The next meeting will be held at the Turners' Hall, 323 Turk street, on Sunday evening, March 24, and no excuse will be accepted from those who fail to attend.

1 "We have to record," says the London Freethinker of February 24, "the death of Tom Mead, the well-known Shaksperian actor. Mr. Mead died on Sunday at Islington. He was a histrion of the old school. He played leading parts with Phelps at Sadler's Wells, and gained a high reputation for intelligence and conscientiousness. Latterly, he served under Irving. Mr. Mead was an earnest Freethinker who always avowed his heresy. He had many friends, but we fancy not a single enemy."

I used to see Mr. Mead occasionally in New York. He attended one of the festive occasions of the Liberal Club, and gave us the best recitation I ever heard—except that of Mr. Watts, entitled the "Maniac"—his subject being Shakspeare's "Seven Ages of Man." Some critics thought Mead as great as Irving. Theatrical managers are known by the company they keep, and certainly Irving must have realized this when he retained Tom Mead.

This Palestine pilgrimage is really taking a serious form. I cull the appended expressions from the New York Truth Seeker of March 9. The editor thus says:

"This is a pleasant resolution to receive concerning a well-beloved brother:

LONGMONT, COL., Feb. 22, 289.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKER: In compliance with a resolution of the Longmont Secular Union, we address through you the Liberals of the United States and Canada. We do this for the purpose of inaugurating, if possible, some plan by which that rising light of Liberalism, George E. Macdonald, the spicy associate editor of FREETHOUGHT, may, in the interest of our cause, be sent around the world, as was D. M. Bennett, a few years ago, to make and to publish in book form the observations of the journey; the books to be furnished at cost to the parties who subscribe the funds necessary to the carrying out of this undertaking.

We, therefore, invite all who are interested in this matter to correspond in regard to it with us and each other through your columns.

JOHN R. KELSO,
Committee. {
GEORGIANA RICE,
ETTA D. KELSO.

"There are several leagues of territory intervening between this office and the generous person of our only brother, but still we feel that he is nearer than he would be if he were wandering around the streets of Jerusalem, turning over ash barrels and peering into dark corners looking for signs of our risen Lord, and we cannot say that we indorse this scheme very heartily. That his book, or books, would be worth several times the cost we willingly grant. The "Innocents Abroad" would be nothing to them. But the effects of such a trip are too far-reaching. After his explorations the Sunday-school maps would all have to be changed and another committee appointed to revise the New Testament. The economy of the theological world would be disturbed, and the old gentlemen up here in the Bible House might get excited. It wouldn't do to unsettle their geographical and historical convictions on biblical subjects. The lunatic asylums are not numerous enough. Better let George stay where he is, though if it is determined to send him out of the country, we know a few good people who ought to be willing to contribute heavily."

The Longmont brethren and sisters awaken within me a most lively sense of gratitude, for I am not one of those suspicious persons who would detect in their pleasantly-worded communication a covert scheme to get me out of the country. I calmly await the decision of the public appealed to. Let the agitation proceed, but the fact should not be overlooked that the people of Palestine and other sterile precincts of the occident may deserve to be considered in connection with the enterprise. Who knows what sort of a reception a man wearing a Wettstein badge-pin would get from the uncircumcised and unspeakable bar-

barians of Asia Minor? Some good Mohammedan might set me down for a new kind of Jower (I speak phonetically, meaning Giaour), and eviscerate me with his cimeter. Of course, in such case, the joke would be on the Mussulman, but that would not obtund the grief of my surviving relatives. And then who, in that arid land, would see that my grave was kept perennially verdant? These contingencies are to be provided for, as I do not wish to do anything to strain the diplomatic relations between the United States and Judea. All the members of our new administration are sprouting wings for angels, and trouble with the birth-place of the savior might retard their development. Far be it from me to do this, because the sooner these men are angels the sooner will they be truly happy.

The following poem by Richard Realf under the title of "Indirection," has occupied the columns of the paper for the past half-dozen years and perhaps more—I have known it for that length of time. Now it has been forwarded anonymously for publication in FREETHOUGHT:

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt, lies the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed, is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives, thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where
those shine,

Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

I put the poem in here at a venture. I can generally tell when anything is adapted to our columns, but I do not feel very confident about the foregoing. It has a good jingle and the heading fits it. "Indirection" gives no clue to the meaning of the poem, and the poem does not furnish a definition of its title. I do not deny that I admire the work. I have no doubt that it was written to amuse, or instruct, or, more indefinitely, to "edify." It seems to be composed of a series of declarative sentences. The reader gets a good grip on the first part of each line, but the last part dematerializes, and leaves him nothing to hang on to. He wobbles along back to the beginning of the next verse, and then slides off again into space.

I would like to have some authority on poems tell what department of verse this poem belongs to. It starts off in a pastoral way that has gained it admission into some of the agricultural journals, but does not sustain that character throughout. It is slightly epic, somewhat tragic, and eminently elegaic. Yet it is neither epic, nor tragic, nor elegaic, but esthetic. It seems further to be pervaded, more or less, with theosophy and metaphysics. It may be a cryptogram, a study of which would reveal that the Lord's Prayer was written by Dr. Monroe, of the Iron-clad Age. Perhaps it is a bugle call to the conflict, and may be some action is necessary at once. Perchance it demands a reply. If it is an attack on our climate, I will take the responsibility of casting back its aspersions in the teeth of the maligner of innocence. Again, has it any reference to the delinquent subscriber in his relations with the editor? As thus:

—Back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

These lines shadow forth vaguely that sometime the writer has published a paper, and has felt the intoxicating joy of opening a communication from a backward member in a doubtful district, and finding inclosed payment in full of all arrearages and one year in advance. I have sometimes had my nerves worked upon in this way, and have found a series of saltant excursions over chairs,

tables, counters, and other occupants of the room, the only sedative that would diminish the preternaturally increased action of the liver and restore me to a fit condition for further literary effort. M.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

It is understood that a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association is to be established adjacent to the State University at Berkeley, for the "benefit" of the students.—Railroad blockades on the Oregon line caused by the recent rains necessitate the carrying of mails for Oregon and Washington by way of Ogden.—The Socialists of San Francisco celebrated, on March 18, the anniversary of the Paris Commune of 1871. Addresses were made by P. Ross Martin, Messrs. Rudinger, White, and others. About 300 people were present.—Judge Hoadley, as counsel for Chae Chang Ping, has filed with the clerk of the United States Supreme Court his brief in the suit brought to test the validity of the Chinese Exclusion act.—Professor Hilgard, of the California University, is mentioned as the probable assistant secretary of the national department of agriculture.—The government of China has, for the first time, been compelled to make an appeal to the citizens of America for aid in relieving the suffering of her subjects from floods and famine. It is expected that the sum of \$20,000 will be contributed by the Chinese of this city.—Harry Holmes, the Salvationist in jail at Sacramento for the crime of incest committed upon his seven-year-old daughter, committed suicide by starving himself, and was found dead in his cell March 16.—Peter L. Wimmer and Cornelia Tracy, of Valley Center, San Diego Co., were married March 8, without the services of priest or judge. The contract which made them husband and wife reads as follows: "Recognizing the eternal laws of mateship and the natural need of the right relation between the sexes, we, Peter L. Wimmer, Jr., and Cornelia Tracy, by these presents make known to the world that we hereby bind ourselves to each other as man and wife, and mutually pledge to each other love and fidelity for life."—The exodus from San Diego to the Santa Clara mines has not wholly ceased, although the "rush" is ended. Late reports from the gold fields are not of a cheering nature.

Ex-President Cleveland has gone on an excursion to Cuba.—George Francis Train again announces his retirement from active participation in the affairs of this world.—Great damage has been done by storms on the New Jersey coast.—United States senators think their salaries should be raised from \$5,000 to \$10,000 per annum.—Six hundred men were thrown out of work by the recent fire in the Anaconda mines near Helena, Mont.—Beecher's country home at Peekskill, N. Y., has been sold for \$75,000.—The Rev. Justin D. Fulton, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was recently denied the use of a Baptist church in Richmond, Va., on account of his utterances in favor of race equality and the obliteration of the color line.—The Rev. Mr. Cunningham has been conducting a revival in the neighborhood of Braxton Courthouse, W. Va. He started a crusade against some unpopular people in the vicinity, with the result that a gang of his converts tore down eight dwelling houses and drove the inmates away. Twenty-five of the fervent Christians are under bail to await the action of the grand jury.—The legislature of Arizona has enacted a Sunday Closing law.

William O'Brien, the Irish editor and agitator, now in jail, is offered his liberty if he will promise not to agitate any more, but refuses to accept freedom unless it is unconditional.—Boulangier has made an address in self-defense, denying that his party contemplates a monarchy, and explaining that the goal toward which they are marching is a non-parliamentary republic, which shall be a protector to the weak and lowly and be preoccupied with the interests of the people, respecting the liberty of individuals, and above all the liberty of conscience.—New Zealand settlers, living in the neighborhood of Poverty bay, have had a great scare lately over the threatened uprising of Te Kooti, a Maori fanatic. The man claimed to be the savior of his people, and was at the head of a considerable force of natives, when the government troops prevented his advance.—The missionaries captured by the native insurgents at Zanzibar have been released

upon the payment of \$3,000. In addition to the ransom money the Germans surrendered twenty-two slaves which had fallen into their hands.

HUMANITY'S GAIN FROM UNBELIEF.

Charles Bradlaugh, M. P., in the North American Review.

As an unbeliever, I ask leave to plead that humanity has been a real gainer from skepticism, and that the gradual and growing rejection of Christianity—like the rejection of the faiths which preceded it—has, in fact, added, and will add, to man's happiness and well-being. I maintain that, in physics, science is the outcome of skepticism, and that general progress is impossible without skepticism on matters of religion. I mean by religion, every form of belief which accepts or asserts the supernatural. I write as a Monist, and use the word "nature" as meaning all phenomena, every phenomenon, all that is necessary for the happening of any and every phenomenon. Every religion is constantly changing, and at any given time is the measure of the civilization attained by what Guizot described as the *juste milieu* of those who profess it. Each religion is slowly, but certainly, modified in its dogma and practice by the gradual development of the peoples among whom it is professed. Each discovery destroys in whole or part some theretofore-cherished belief. No religion is suddenly rejected by any people; it is, rather, gradually outgrown. None see a religion die; dead religions are like dead languages and obsolete customs; the decay is long, and, like the glacier-march, is only perceptible to the careful watcher by comparisons extending over long periods. A superseded religion may often be traced in the festivals, ceremonies, and dogmas of the religion which has replaced it. Traces of obsolete religions may often be found in popular customs, in old-wives' stories, and in children's tales.

It is necessary, in order that my plea should be understood, that I should explain what I mean by Christianity; and in the very attempt at this explanation there will, I think, be found strong illustration of the value of unbelief. Christianity in practice may be gathered from its more ancient forms represented by the Roman Catholic and the Greek churches; or from the various churches which have grown up in the last few centuries. Each of these churches calls itself Christian. Some of them deny the right of the others to use the word Christian. Some Christian churches treat, or have treated, other Christian churches as heretics or unbelievers. The Roman Catholics and the Protestants in Great Britain and Ireland have, in turn, been terribly cruel one to the other, and the ferocious laws of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries enacted by the English Protestants against English and Irish Papists are a disgrace to civilization. These penal laws, enduring longest in Ireland, still bear fruit in much of the political mischief and agrarian crime of to-day. It is only the tolerant indifference of skepticism that has repealed, one after the other, most of the laws directed by the Established Christian Church against Papists and Dissenters, and also against Jews and heretics. Church-of-England clergymen have in the past gone to great lengths in denouncing non-conformity; and even in the present day an effective example of such denunciatory bigotry may be found in a sort of orthodox catechism written by the Rev. F. A. Grace, of Great Barling, Essex, the popularity of which is vouched for by the fact that it has gone through ten editions. This catechism for little children teaches that "dissent is a great sin" and that Dissenters "worship God according to their own evil and corrupt imaginations, and not according to his revealed will, and therefore their worship is idolatrous." Church-of-England Christians and dissenting Christians, when fraternizing amongst themselves, often publicly draw the line at Unitarians, and positively deny that these have any sort of right to call themselves Christians.

In the first half of the seventeenth century, Quakers were flogged and imprisoned in England as blasphemers, and the early Christian settlers in New England, escaping from the persecution of old-world Christians, showed scant mercy to the followers of Fox and Penn. It is customary, in controversy, for those advocating the claims of Christianity to include all good done by men in nominally Christian countries, as if such good were the result of Christianity, while they contend that the evil which exists

prevails in spite of Christianity. I shall try to make out that the ameliorating march of the last few centuries has been initiated by the heretics of each age, though I quite concede that the men and women denounced and persecuted as Infidels by the pious of one century are frequently classed as saints by the pious of a later generation.

What, then, is Christianity? As a system or scheme of doctrine, Christianity may, I submit, not unfairly be gathered from the Old and New Testaments. It is true that some Christians to-day desire to escape from submission to part, at any rate, of the Old Testament; but this very tendency seems to me to be part of the result of the beneficial heresy for which I am pleading. Man's humanity has revolted against Old Testament barbarism, and, therefore, he has attempted to dissociate the Old Testament from Christianity. Unless Old and New Testaments are accepted as God's revelation to man, Christianity has no higher claim than any other of the world's many religions—if no such claim can be made out for it apart from the Bible. And though it is quite true that some who deem themselves Christians put the Old Testament completely in the background, this is, I allege, because they are outgrowing their Christianity. Without the doctrine of the atoning sacrifice of Jesus, Christianity as a religion is naught; but unless the story of Adam's fall is accepted, the redemption from the consequences of that fall cannot be believed. Both in Great Britain and in the United States the Old and New Testaments are forced upon the people as part of Christianity, for it is blasphemy at common law to deny the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be of divine authority, and such denial is punishable with fine and imprisonment, or even worse. The rejection of Christianity intended throughout this paper is, therefore, the rejection of the Old and New Testaments as being of divine revelation. It is the rejection alike of the authorized teachings of the Church of Rome and of the Church of England, as these may be found in the Bible; the creeds, the encyclicals, the prayer-book, the canons, and the homilies of either or both of these churches. It is the rejection of the Christianity of Luther, of Calvin, and of Wesley.

A ground frequently taken by Christian theologians is that the progress and civilization of the world are due to Christianity, and the discussion is complicated by the fact that many eminent servants of humanity have been nominal Christians of one or other of the sects. My allegation will be that the special service rendered to human progress by these exceptional men has not been in consequence of their adhesion to Christianity, but in spite of it; and that the specific points of advantage to human kind have been in ratio of their direct opposition to precise Biblical enactments. Take one clear gain to humanity consequent on unbelief—*i. e.*, the abolition of slavery in some countries, the abolition of the slave trade in most civilized countries, and the tendency to its total abolition. I am unaware of any religion in the world which in the past forbade slavery. The professors of Christianity for ages supported it; the Old Testament repeatedly sanctioned it by special laws; the New Testament has no repealing declaration. Though we are at the close of the nineteenth century of the Christian era, it is only during the past three-quarters of a century that the battle for freedom has been gradually won. It is scarcely a quarter of a century since the famous emancipation amendment was carried to the United States Constitution; and it is impossible for any well-informed Christian to deny that the abolition movement in North America was most steadily and bitterly opposed by the religious bodies in the various states. Henry Wilson, in his "Rise and Fall of the Slave-Power in America;" Samuel J. May, in his "Recollections of the Anti-Slavery Conflict," and J. Greenleaf Whittier, in his poems, alike are witnesses that the Bible and pulpit, the church and its great influence, were used against abolition and in favor of the slave-owner. I know that Christians in the present day often declare that Christianity had a large share in bringing about the abolition of slavery, and this because men professing Christianity were Abolitionists. I plead that those so-called Christian Abolitionists were men and women whose humanity—recognizing freedom for all—was, in this, in direct conflict with Christianity. It is not yet fifty years since the European Christian Powers jointly agreed to abolish the slave trade. What of the

effect of Christianity on these Powers in the centuries which had preceded? The heretic Condorcet pleaded powerfully for freedom, while Christian France was still slave-holding. For many centuries Christian Spain and Christian Portugal held slaves. Porto Rico freedom is not of long date, and Cuban emancipation is even yet newer. It was a Christian king, Charles V., and a Christian friar, who founded in Spanish America the slave-trade between the Old World and the New. For some 1,800 years almost all Christians kept slaves, bought slaves, bred slaves, sold slaves, stole slaves. Pious Bristol and godly Liverpool, less than one hundred years ago, openly grew rich on the traffic. During the ninth century Greek Christians sold slaves to the Saracens. In the eleventh century prostitutes were publicly sold in Rome as slaves, and the profit went to the church.

It is said that William Wilberforce was a Christian, but, at any rate, his Christianity was strongly diluted with unbelief. As an Abolitionist, he did not believe Leviticus xxv, 44-46; he must have rejected Exodus xxi, 2-6; he could not have accepted the many permissions and injunctions by the Bible deity to his chosen people to capture and hold slaves. In the House of Commons on the 18th of February, 1796, Wilberforce reminded that Christian assembly that Infidel and anarchic France had given liberty to the Africans, whilst Christian and monarchic England was "obstinately continuing a system of cruelty and injustice." Wilberforce, whilst advocating the abolition of slavery, found the whole influence of the English court and the great weight of the Episcopal bench against him. George III., a most Christian king, regarded abolition theories with abhorrence, and the Christian House of Lords was utterly opposed to granting freedom to the slave. When Christian missionaries, some sixty-two years ago, preached to Demerara negroes under the rule of Christian England, they were treated by Christian judges, holding commission from Christian England, as criminals for so preaching. A Christian commissioned officer, member of the Established Church of England, signed the auction notices for the sale of slaves as late as the year 1824. In the evidence before a Christian court-martial a missionary is charged with having tended to make the negroes dissatisfied with their condition as slaves, and with having promoted discontent and dissatisfaction among the slaves against their lawful masters. For this the Christian judges sentenced the Demerara Abolitionist missionary to be hanged by the neck till he was dead. The judges belonged to the Established Church; the missionary was a Methodist. In this the Church-of-England Christians in Demerara were no worse than Christians of other sects. Their Roman Catholic Christian brethren in St. Domingo fiercely attacked the Jesuits as criminals, because they treated the negroes as though they were men and women, in encouraging "two slaves to separate their interest and safety from that of the gang," whilst orthodox Christians let them couple promiscuously and breed for the benefit of the owners, like any other of their plantation cattle. In 1823 the Royal Gazette (Christian) of Demerara said: "We shall not suffer you to enlighten our slaves, who are by law our property, till you can demonstrate that, when they are made religious and knowing, they will continue to be our slaves."

When William Lloyd Garrison, the pure-minded and most earnest Abolitionist, delivered his first antislavery address in Boston, Massachusetts, the only building he could obtain in which to speak was the Infidel hall owned by Abner Kneeland, the "Infidel" editor of the Boston Investigator, who had been sent to jail for blasphemy. All the Christian sects had, in turn, refused Mr. Lloyd Garrison the use of the buildings they severally controlled. Lloyd Garrison told me himself how honored deacons of a Christian church joined in an actual attempt to hang him. When abolition was advocated in the United States in 1790, the representative from South Carolina was able to plead that the Southern clergy "did not condemn either slavery or the slave-trade," and Mr. Jackson, the representative from Georgia, pleaded that "from Genesis to Revelation" the current was favorable to slavery. Elias Hicks, the brave Abolitionist Quaker, was denounced as an Atheist, and less than twenty years ago a Hicksite Quaker was expelled from one of the Southern American legislatures because of the reputed irreligion of these Abolitionist "Friends." When the Fugitive-Slave law was under discus-

sion in North America, large numbers of clergymen, of nearly every denomination, were found ready to defend this infamous act. Samuel James May, the famous Abolitionist, was driven from the pulpit as irreligious, solely because of his attacks on slave-holding. Northern clergymen tried to induce "silver-tongued" Wendell Phillips to abandon his advocacy of abolition. Southern pulpits rang with praises for the murderous attack on Charles Sumner. The slayers of Elijah Lovejoy were highly-reputed Christian men.

Guizot, notwithstanding that he tries to claim that the church exerted its influence to restrain slavery, says ("European Civilization," Vol. I., p. 110):

"It has often been repeated that the abolition of slavery among modern people is entirely due to Christians. That, I think, is saying too much. Slavery existed for a long period in the heart of Christian society, without its being particularly astonished or irritated. A multitude of causes, and a great development in other ideas and principles of civilization, were necessary for the abolition of this iniquity of all iniquities."

And my contention is that this "development in other ideas and principles of civilization" was long retarded by governments in which the Christian church was dominant. The men who advocated liberty were imprisoned, racked, and burned, so long as the church was strong enough to be merciless. The Rev. Francis Minton, Rector of Middlewich, in his recent earnest volume on the struggles of labor, admits that "a few centuries ago slavery was acknowledged throughout Christendom to have the divine sanction. . . . Neither the exact cause nor the precise time of the decline of the belief in the righteousness of slavery can be defined. It was, doubtless, due to a combination of causes, one probably being as indirect as the recognition of the greater economy of free labor. With the decline of the belief, the abolition of slavery took place." The institution of slavery was actually existent in Christian Scotland in the seventeenth century, where the white coal-workers and salt-workers of East Lothian were chattels, as were their negro brethren in the Southern States thirty years since, and "went to those who succeeded to the property of the works, and they could be sold, bartered, or pawned." There is, says J. M. Robertson, "no trace that the Protestant clergy of Scotland ever raised a voice against the slavery which grew up before their eyes. And it was not until 1799, after Republican and irreligious France had set the example, that it was legally abolished."

(To be Concluded.)

THEORY AND PRACTICE.*

Nothing, perhaps, shows so plainly as the history of Christianity how little theory and practice harmonize in human life; how little pains is taken, even by those whose calling it is to uphold established doctrines, to apply their natural consequences to practical life. The Christian religion, no doubt, as well as the Buddhist, when stripped of all dogmatic and fabulous nonsense, contains an admirable human kernel, and precisely that human portion of Christian teaching—in the best sense social-democratic—which preaches the equality of all men before God, the loving of your neighbor as yourself, love in general in the noblest sense, a fellow-feeling with the poor and wretched, and so forth—precisely those truly human sides of the Christian doctrine are so natural, so noble, so pure, that we unhesitatingly adopt them into the moral doctrine of our monistic natural religion. Nay, the social instincts of the higher animals on which we found this religion (for instance, the marvelous sense of duty of ants, etc.) are in this best sense strictly Christian.

And what—we may ask—what have the professed supporters, the "learned divines," of this religion of love done? Their deeds are written in letters of blood in the history of the civilization of mankind during the last eighteen hundred years. All else that differing church-religions have accomplished for the forcible extension of their doctrines and for the extirpation of heretics of other creeds, all that the Jews have been guilty of towards the heathen, the Roman emperors towards the Christians, the Mo-

*From "Freedom in Science and Teaching," by Ernst Haeckel, Humboldt Library, No. 105.

hammadans towards Christians and Jews alike—all this is outdone by the hecatombs of human victims which Christianity has demanded for the spread of her doctrines. And these were Christians against Christians—orthodox Christians against heterodox Christians! Think only of the Inquisition in the Middle Ages, of the inconceivable and inhuman barbarities committed by the “most Christian kings” of Spain, by their worthy colleagues in Frankfort, in Italy, and elsewhere. Hundreds of thousands then died that most horrible death by fire, simply because they would not bend their reason to pass under the yoke of the grossest superstition, and because their loyalty to their convictions forbade them to deny the natural truth that they clearly discerned. There are no deeds more hideous, base, and inhuman than those that at that time were committed—nay, are still committed—in the name and on account of “true Christianity.”

And finally, how do matters stand with regard to the morality of the priests who announce themselves as the ministers of God's Word, and whose duty is therefore above all others to carry out the saving doctrines of Christianity in their own lives? The long, unbroken, and horrible series of crimes of every kind which is offered by the history of the Roman popes is the best answer to this question. And just as these “vicars of God on earth” did, so did their subordinates and accomplices, so, too, have the orthodox priests of the other sects done; never failing to set the practice of their own course of life in the strongest possible contrast to those noble doctrines of Christian love which were constantly on their lips.

The Shipman's Tale.

Listen, my masters! I speak naught but truth.
From dawn to dawn they drifted on and on,
Not knowing whither nor to what dark end.
Now the North froze them, now the hot South scorched.
Some called to God, and found great comfort so;
Some gnashed their teeth with curses, and some laughed
An empty laughter, seeing they yet lived,
So sweet was breath between their foolish lips.
Day after day the same relentless sun,
Night after night the same un pitying stars.
At intervals fierce lightnings tore the clouds,
Showing vast hollow spaces, and the sleet
Hissed, and the torrents of the sky were loosed.
From time to time a hand relaxed its grip,
And some pale wretch slid down into the dark
With stifled moan, and transient horror seized
The rest who waited, knowing what must be.
At every turn strange shapes reached up and clutched
The whirling wreck, held on awhile, and then
Slipt back into that blackness whence they came.
Ah! hapless folk, to be so tost and torn,
So racked by hunger, fever, fire and wave,
And swept at last into the nameless void—
Frail girls, strong men, and mothers with their babes!
And were none saved?

My masters, not a soul!
O shipman, woful, woful, is thy tale!
Our hearts are heavy and our eyes are dimmed.
What ship is this that suffered such ill fate?
What ship, my masters? Know ye not?—The World!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in Harper's Magazine for March.

CORRECTLY STATED.

It is a poor commentary on the intelligence of San Francisco people that the Mechanics' Pavilion should be crowded by thousands eager to listen to the talk of the revivalist mountebank, Sam Jones. This man's motives may be of the best, but his narrow-minded bigotry, his sectional prejudices, and his coarse language are a disgrace to the sacred profession to which he claims to belong. He surpassed himself yesterday in his abuse of Californians, his sweeping charges against San Francisco morality, and his bitter attacks on New England. His statement that Freethought in Boston had ended in free-love was as foul a lie as his statement that every other place in San Francisco was a saloon or an assignation house. San Francisco does not lay any great claim to superior virtue or morality, but it is free from the vices of cant, hypocrisy, and false-witness against its neighbors, of which Sam Jones convicts himself every time he opens his mouth.—Chronicle.

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

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THE ROLL OF HONOR.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE WORK OF THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

A. D. Swan, Kent, Ohio	\$25 00
Capt. Robt. Davis, Lunenburg, Mass.....	10 00
R. F. Grigsby, Napa City, Cal.....	10 00
Alliance (Ohio) Secular Union.....	10 00
Molalla (Or.) Secular Union.....	10 00
G. H. Hauschild, Victoria, Texas.....	5 00
Mrs. M. J. Olds, McMinnville, Or.....	5 00
Charter, Pine River (Col) Union.....	5 00
Jas. A. Greenhill, Clinton, Iowa.....	3 00
F. H. Nicholes, Medaryville, Ind.....	2 00
Jacob Zimm, West Brighton, N. Y.....	1 00

Received at the Truth Seeker office:

Alex Hardy.....	\$1 75
Susan Reicherter.....	1 00
W. Wilcox.....	1 00
Capt. Smith.....	1 00
H. Merrick.....	1 00
C. Rogers.....	1 00 6 75

A. D. Swan heads the list of last month's contributors with a life passage fee. Brother Swan is a studious reader and deep thinker, possessing ability also as a writer, and is brave enough to express his earnest convictions, even though unpalatable to some who, in his view, are too positive on matters purely speculative. Not regarding rashness of expression as the only demonstration of radical Liberalism, he believes a little more modesty would better become the philosophical inquirer. Severely practical, his secular principles are therefore of the most robust order, for believing in our rights he takes pleasure in sustaining them. Brother Swan is a “promoter” of scientific inventions, and as a recent illustration of his status where best known, he had just thirty days to organize a company of \$50,000 to manufacture a combination lock for general purposes, requiring no key. Brother Swan has had a remarkably varied life and has been an extensive traveler. He takes great comfort with his violin. We imagine that a couple of years ago friend Swan mistook the writer for a loud and aggressive advocate of violence and disorder. He has got over that.

Capt. Robt. Davis is one of the benefactors of the Liberal cause. “One of the most generous men I ever met,” a friend informs me, and a man of culture. We are happy to learn that the work of the Union has won his confidence and support, and we hope he will yet have reason to be proud of his connection with the movement, to which we heartily welcome him. His letter says: “Inclosed find money order for \$10, which please accept as a slight token of my appreciation of your recent and present labors in the cause of Freethought, as well as an encouragement to persevere in the good work.”

R. F. Grigsby had just returned, full of enthusiasm, from the grand convention in San Francisco, when he wrote Brother Wettstein for some jewelry, and considerably inclosed an X. Brother Grigsby rejoices over the wonderful results FREETHOUGHT has accomplished on the coast, and says “Samuel P. Putnam is a good, whole-souled worker, and is doing a grand work in waking up the people.”

Alliance is an important Liberal centre, and R. G. Smith, a thorough-going worker, is the man at the helm in that community. He forwards the amount pledged by their delegates at the last Congress, and reports the Union in splendid working order. At their Paine ball they had ninety-four couples, and a handsome surplus is now in the treasury. In one-set danced the venerable Mrs. Bailly, a life-long Liberal of ninety years, her daughter, granddaughter, and great-granddaughter. Quite a unique quartette. Brother Smith is now busily engaged in defending Paine's memory in the local press. *Alles Alliance!*

Reuben Wright, secretary, forwards \$10 for Mollala Secular Union, in far-off Oregon. This band of brothers was the first to respond to my appeal for funds after accepting the secretary.

ship, and consequently I hold it in grateful remembrance. Their secretary hopes the good cause may be pushed forward as far in the present year as it was in the past." We'll try. Reuben is "all right" on secular matters.

G. H. Hauschild is the worthy host of the Herman House, at Victoria, Texas, and we sincerely hope his generosity to the Union will be the means of his making many valued friends among the Secularists of the South. His can be a pleasant "propaganda by deed."

Mrs. Olds, one of our lady vice-presidents, is a ceaseless worker for the Secular cause, and a most generous helper. She sent me \$5, which I think was to be credited to others, but having mislaid the letter cannot give credit where she desired it. Mrs. Olds has our hearty thanks, and we have the money.

Clarence Hensley is waking up his community in Colorado, and organized the Pine River Secular Union. Bravo Hensley. Now, Denver next?

Brother Greenhill, a life-member, did not forget the Union on account of his foreign tour, and before reaching home left a donation. As he is quite an astronomer let him find out whether Taurus is not the solar biological sign of Senator Blair and whether the "Bull" is on the ascending or descending node.

F. H. Nichols forwards an annual membership, and sends for some of the pamphlets of Judge Waite.

Brother Zimmer desires to be enrolled among those who comprehend the baneful influence of our time, and are working to remedy this state of things.

The only one of those who forwarded their donation to the Truth Seeker, I am acquainted with, is Mrs. Reicherter, of Valley Falls, Kansas, a most energetic and intelligent worker in the Freethought vineyard. To the rest of the friends we tender our sincere thanks.

E. A. STEVENS.

MISSIONARIES NOT WANTED.

The following is from the Choya Shimbun, a Japanese newspaper:

The Christian people of Europe and America seem to hold the silly idea that there is nothing so perfect and free from blemish as Christianity, and that all other creeds are absurd and heretical. They believe Christianity to have been mainly instrumental in elevating mankind to the present pinnacle of civilization, and that its aid is all that is required to lift any people from the deepest mire of barbarism to the same dizzy height. They despatch missionaries at great expense to all parts of the world, with the idea that this will insure them special favors from the Almighty in a future life, and also with the benevolent intention of enabling others to enjoy similar benefits. In this respect their unselfishness is a most laudable quality, and compares very favorably with their usual proneness to the worship of self-interest. But this subject calls for thorough discussion, not for mere superficial treatment. It may not seem that this country can suffer loss, however numerous may be our missionary visitors, but the matter is not merely one of profit or loss. The question of honor is also concerned. European and American missionaries are sent here because a belief is entertained that Japan is a miserable, uncivilized region, still under the baneful influence of paganism; and in welcoming the missionaries with gratitude our countrymen undoubtedly encourage this idea. Could any more insulting estimate be formed of Japan? Could anything be imagined more despicable than such servility on the part of Japanese? Would they accept from a foreign power, a sum of money in commiseration of their poverty-stricken condition? The sending of missionaries to this country is but slightly different, and yet they are accepted without shame! If the Japanese do not make some return for this kindness, they are ungrateful; if they do, then the interests of this empire come into the question. However viewed, the dilemma is a difficult one. Some say that if we accept Christianity, the adherents of that religion in Europe and America will reward us by establishing schools and hospitals here, and in other ways conferring benefits on us. But surely Japan is not so poor that she is unable to attend to her own educational and sanitary affairs. If any one doubts that the sending of missionaries to this country

is a flagrant insult to it, let him imagine the result if the German people were to send missionaries to England, France, or the United States. Their presence would certainly not be tolerated. In the very nature of things, therefore, missionaries are essentially despatched by civilized to uncivilized nations. We do not advocate the rejection of the missionaries; we understand and appreciate the kind intentions of our European and American Christian friends, but we hope that while rendering such appreciation the Japanese will not forget what is due to the honor and interests of their country.

THE LECTURE TOUR.

Following are the dates of S. P. Putnam's lectures as at present determined:

San Jacinto and vicinity, March 24,	Los Angeles, April 21,
25, 26, 27;	Norwalk, April 23, 24,
San Diego, March 31,	Anaheim, April 25, 26,
San Pasqual, April 2, 3, 4,	Santa Ana, April 28,
San Diego, April 7,	Oleander and vicinity, May 1, 2, 3,
National City, April 8, 9, 10,	San Francisco, May 5,
San Diego, April 14,	Boulder Creek, May 7, 8, 9,
Pomona, April 16, 17, 18,	San Francisco, vicinity, May 12, 19, 26.

Mr. Putnam will be at Fresno Flats, Grub Gulch, and vicinity the first week in June. About the middle of June he will begin his Oregon trip, taking in Silverton, Canby, Molalla, Hillsboro, Shed's, etc. About the third week in July he will be in Coos county, Or.

Those desiring lectures will please write at their earliest convenience, addressing this office.

AN UNRELIABLE HISTORIAN.

Ever since last summer the religious press has been circulating a story purporting to be an account of a meeting between Colonel Ingersoll and Jo Cook at a summer hotel. The story as given by the religious editors is an absolute falsehood, but it has Cook's indorsement, and enables us therefore to measure that fellow's regard for truth. This is the latest shape the traveler's tale has taken:

A statement is in the papers to the effect that Joseph Cook and Robert G. Ingersoll recently met at a hotel near Lake George, and that the latter used profane and indecent language. Particulars are given, and there is little room to doubt the substantial accuracy of the report, and the world thus sees a side of this blasphemer's character which is not often on exhibition. He is evidently capable of using the most ungentlemanly and brutal language. He even threatened Mr. Cook in these words: "You are a—liar and a dirty dog, and I have a half a mind to give you a licking." Mr. Cook stepped up to him at once and said: "You will never have a better chance than now. Put your fingers on me and I will have you arrested in three minutes." The coarse Infidel then slunk away, still muttering vulgar and profane words.—New York Advocate.

When we read the above, we clipped it and sent it to Mr. Cook to know the truth of the statement; to which we received the following reply: "Entirely correct. The quotation of Ingersoll's is only one small part. You are safe in using it (this extract).—W. J. SHELDON, secretary to Joseph Cook."

As the story is given here by the Advocate it is a lie pure and simple, and Cook in indorsing it makes himself a liar without mitigating circumstances. In the Truth Seeker of October 27, 1888, we printed the truthful version of the incident upon which Cook bases his lie. Cook had been trying to meet Colonel Ingersoll, and at last found a gentleman—he hotel manager, we believe—who offered to introduce him. When the two approached Colonel Ingersoll, the latter turned away and said he did not desire to know Mr. Cook. Thereupon Joseph bellowed out in his coarse manner that as Colonel Ingersoll had been so badly defeated by Mr. Gladstone, he probably felt sore toward Christians. Colonel Ingersoll paused long enough to say that that was not the reason, but that he declined to know Mr. Cook because that individual was a liar. One witness of the meeting reports that the colonel added, "and a coward." He then walked away, leaving Cook very much embarrassed.

That is all there is to the story. Neither party uttered an oath, and no further conversation ensued. In indorsing the

Advocate's account as "entirely correct," Cook has revealed his own dishonesty. His word cannot be taken, and his indecency of statement is very good evidence that Colonel Ingersoll was quite right in declining to permit him to be introduced.—The Truth Seeker.

ITEMS WRITTEN WITH THE SCISSORS.

"I have been in a country," said a Nebraska preacher, "where the hand of man has never set foot."—Exchange.

A BRONZE statue to Rousseau has been erected on the Place du Pantheon, Paris. An elegy on the author of "Emile" was pronounced by M. Jules Simon.

ACCORDING to an estimate given at the opening of a Jewish Young Man's Club in Glasgow, the number of Jews in the world is about 6,000,000.

MINISTER (from the pulpit)—"As the air of the church seems chilly, I would ask the sexton if he will kindly close the front doors and windows of the building. The collection will now be taken up."—Harper's Bazar.

EDITOR (to gentleman just arrived)—"We don't want any poetry." Gentleman—"No?" Editor—"Nor prose." Gentleman—"No?" Editor—"Nor blank verse." Gentleman—"How would a \$2 bill suit you for a year's subscription in advance?" Editor—"Why, my dear sir, why didn't you say so at first?" (To office boy) "James, give the gentleman a couple of chairs and the floor to spit on."

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

A CERTAIN politician holding office now in Washington comes from Gilead, —, and he is proud of his native town. It is told of him that on one occasion a visiting clergyman preached in the village church, and during the course of his remarks, he exclaimed: "Is there no balm in Gilead?" Mr. Blank jumped to his feet at once. "Of course there is," he sung out, to the horror of the congregation, "but you can't get it on Sunday."—Washington Critic.

FIFTEEN years ago, Berlin had but 800,000 inhabitants, and church accommodations for only 25,000 persons. Since that time the population has doubled, and yet but one church has been built. In one district of the city, there is but one church to every 70,000 people, and in another, there is but one church to 140,000 people. And although each of these churches has a pastor, with several assistants, the deficiency in the pastoral provision and care of the people is correspondingly great. This state of affairs the Lutheran Observer attributes to general Sunday desecration.

I HEAR a rattling good story that occurred in one of the best known hat establishments of this city. Enter a well-known man-about-town, who hands his hat to an attendant to be ironed. While standing bareheaded at the counter, in comes Bishop Potter. The latter, mistaking the club-man for one of the shop-walkers, gives him his hat, with the inquiry: "Have you a hat like this?" The club-man in the coolest possible manner takes the hat, turns it over, examines it closely, looks at it inside and out; then in slow and measured tones remarks: "No, I have not," and he adds, reflectively, "if I had, I am d——d if I would wear it."—New York Truth.

SENATOR BLAIR doesn't want government employees to be required to work on Sunday, and he is a very active worker for the passage of a law which will make it a misdemeanor for anybody to work on that day. But he evidently knows that where no law is there is no transgression, and so until his bill becomes a law he is free to use Sunday for business. This is shown by the

fact that he was in his place in the Senate during its session March 3, and in a lull in the business proceedings presented another petition in favor of his Religious Amendment bill. Sunday must be observed by everybody, if its advocates have to work all day Sunday to accomplish their object.—Ex.

THE Christian Statesman of January 24, 1889, says that Free Masonry always boasts of its "historical descent from the Eleusinian mysteries and the sun-worship of ancient times." Will the Statesman kindly inform the public where Sunday laws, which it so much favors, came from, except from the sun-worship of ancient times? Does not the Statesman know that the first Sunday law that ever was, was to enforce the observance of "the venerable day of the sun," and that it was issued by a downright sun-worshiper? If it does not know this, or does not believe it, will it please tell us what other historical descent Sunday laws have than from the sun-worship of ancient times?—American Sentinel.

NOTWITHSTANDING repeated denials, the Christians are still circulating the story that Colonel Ingersoll's daughter Eva visited the Catholic cathedral, and was so impressed with its magnificence that she at once became a Christian. After circulating for fifteen or sixteen hundred years a gospel which is entirely false, we cannot be surprised that the lovers of the Christian religion should push along a little lie like this, but it is surprising that any Freethinker should hear "with half-believing ear this slander of a foe," and think a denial necessary. Liberals should have more confidence in each other's integrity of purpose and mind, and especially should yarns about Colonel Ingersoll and his family be taken with a large amount of salt. It is safe to deny instantly and point-blank any story to their discredit, from whatever source it may emanate.—The Truth Seeker.

FIVE weeks more and three men must stand at the bar of the United States Court in Topeka and fight for their liberty because a paper, with which they were then more or less directly connected, nearly three years ago, contained a letter from a correspondent, a letter in which the correspondent told of a most horrible case of rape, and vigorously denounced the foul wrong. And this is America in 1889! Suppose these innocent men are fined, imprisoned, their business destroyed, their mothers, companions, children, heart-wrung—what then? What cares this mighty government, with right hand strong to torture the man of thought and humanity, with left hand weak in the defense of the oppressed, and the restraint of the ruthless wrong-doer? What care those who sit in the seats of power? What care the inquisitors who live, vampire-like, upon the blood of their victims? Who dare expect justice in this age?—Fair Play, Valley Falls, Kansas.

THE house where Paine was born has been in my memory entirely renovated, the front having been cased with white bricks, and a vinery erected at the back. Early in the year 1888 the whole was razed to the ground, and the site is now occupied by a shrubbery, inclosed with iron palisading, and entered by a pair of iron gates, leading to a gentleman's house recently built. The shrubbery would afford to the admirers of Paine an excellent site for the erection of a lasting monument to the memory of the great man. At present the pious inhabitants of Thetford would scout the idea as a flagrant impropriety; but perhaps a future generation may some day see fit to do him justice. The school where he was educated still remains upon the old foundations, and during the last ten years has undergone complete renovation. And after more than twenty years misappropriation of the funds, a new scheme was established, under which there appear some signs of prosperity. About thirty scholars are now being educated. As to Paine's ex-military teacher Knowles, I can give no information, further than that he was the appointed teacher at that time. Nor can I give any information as to his mother, Frances Cocke, who is said to be the daughter of a solicitor of that name. No trace of such a family remains.—S. OLDMAN, Thetford, Eng., in the National Reformer.

THE "Story of an African Farm" may be ordered from this office. Price 25 cents.

THE BIBLE IN FAVOR OF DEBATE.

III.

I think it was the Rev. Dr. Buck, author of "Buck's Theological Dictionary," who said, "the divine writings, many of them, are controversial, the Book of Job, and Paul's Epistles especially. The ministry of our Lord was a perpetual controversy, and the apostles came at the truth by much disputing." This is the language of a Christian scholar. When we turn to the New Testament we find his declaration well sustained. Paul was one of the greatest debaters of his time. It is said of him (Acts ix, 29) that he "spoke boldly in the name of the Lord Jesus."

Still, there are some, having entertained the opinion that the Bible does not encourage debate, an opinion which they probably obtain from listening to teachers who ought to have studied the subject better, and misled the people less, who will maintain that the clergyman in his pulpit speaks "boldly," like Paul, "in the name of the Lord Jesus," and that is probably what is meant by the writer of Acts in Paul's case, preaching sermons, not engaging in disputation. But this will not avail; for in the same text it is said, "Paul disputed against the Grecians," even when he knew "they went about to slay him." He was ready for disputation at the risk of his life. Free speech has become more widespread since that time, and, in this country at least, a man or woman can dispute against the popular religion without much risk of the death penalty.

In his arguments Paul did not always have his audience in his favor; frequently against him, it would seem. Speaking of his opponent, "Alexander the coppersmith," he told Timothy "he hath greatly withstood our words" (2 Tim. iv, 15).

To show that he had a regular debate, speech-about, I quote the next verses, where Paul says, "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me." "Notwithstanding (and every religious teacher should take special notice of this) the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me."

The smiths were naturally enough opposed to Paul—their business was liable to be overthrown, ruined, if Paul succeeded. Hence, by the very "law of self-preservation," a powerful instinct in man and beast, they assailed Paul. Their uppermost thought, seemingly, was not what is true, but what is dangerous!

"Demetrius, a silversmith," was another of Paul's opponents. As related in Acts 19, "There arose no small stir about that way," "Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people;" an "uproar;" the smiths exclaiming, "Our craft is in danger;" (Acts xix, 27) a rush with Paul's traveling companions into a theatre, "the whole city was filled with confusion;" the debate went on; some "cried one thing and some another." They needed "Rules of Debate," and a board of moderators. The town-clerk made a speech, and a very sensible one it was. Read the nineteenth chapter of Acts. More orderly than that theatre-assembly are the debates of our time, thanks to the growing enlightenment diffused by education, and science, and debate.

An objection is sometimes made to debate, that it stirs up the people.

Let us always admit the truth, when it is seen. This is true. But anything almost is better than "intellectual death," as Tyn-dall uniquely expresses it. This profound thinker and scientist further remarked, "A thinking being ought to scorn such base repose."

The early disciples never hesitated to oppose the popular religion of their day through fear that the sea of ignorance would be lashed into a foam by the winds of controversy. Paul's religious opponents also "stirred up the people" (Acts xvii, 13). And his associates were charged with having "turned the world upside down" (Acts xvii, 6).

To the credit of the Jews it appears that Paul was allowed to speak in their synagogues, and he "reasoned with them out of the scriptures" (Acts 17, 2). When he visited Ephesus "he went into the synagogue, and spake boldly for the space of three months, disputing, and persuading the things concerning the kingdom of God." "Disputing daily in the school of one Tyrannus. And this continued by the space of two years" (Acts xix, viii; 9, 10).

Why should not all the Christian churches be as free as those

synagogues? Why should not their doors be thrown wide open to debate? Would the truth suffer?

I cheerfully acknowledge that, in a few instances, I have been invited to debate in churches—Congregational, Baptist, Disciple, Universalist, Methodist, Presbyterian. I bear my Christian opponents no ill-will because they do not think as I think. I respect an honest, earnest Christian who antagonizes my Freethought; but I do like to have him do so openly, manfully. If the time ever comes when I can see that Christianity has the truth, I will work for it. But my conviction is the other way. Twice in my life-time, I have, through debate, modified my views, and hope to never live long enough to be ashamed to change a false opinion for the truth. It was not weakness in Paul to change his religion. It is weakness to embrace a weak doctrine in early youth and cling to it all through life.

This same Paul said, "We can do nothing against the truth." If, therefore, you say that truth will be injured by debate you set yourself in direct opposition to the Bible.

I want to take away the last prop of an objection against debating even in synagogues and churches. It is this: when Paul "reasoned with them" it was the same as the clergyman does who reasons with his congregation in the form of a sermon, not by disputing or debating. I will kill the objection at once, "Therefore disputed he in the synagogue with the Jews, and with the devout persons" (Acts xvii, 17). He did not confine his efforts to synagogues; but disputed in the market daily with them that met with him." In the Thessalonica synagogue he reasoned with the Jews "three Sabbath days" (Acts xvii, 1, 2). "Certain philosophers of the Epicureans, and of the Stoics, encountered him" in his daily market-place debates. According to the report, his opponent employed very weak arguments; for, calling a man a "babbling," as some did Paul; "a setter forth of strange gods," was no answer to anything he said. "Some mocked." Such argument lacks logic. Others charged him with being guilty of "new doctrine," a weighty objection with the superficial; "thou bringest certain strange things to our ears." Paul kept right on, from city to city, "and he reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath, and persuaded the "Jews and the Greeks" (Acts xviii, 4). Debate, then, does change people's views. He persuaded some. Those who said, "We will hear thee again on this matter" (Acts xvii, 32) exhibited a truth-seeking disposition; and as a further result of the debate, "certain men clave unto him, and believed."

W. F. JAMIESON.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has written a racy reply to certain criticisms of Agnosticism made at the Church Congress of 1888, and to a recent deliverance by Frederic Harrison, who attempts to prophesy on this subject. The article contains an account of how the name Agnostic originated, and explains why Agnosticism, as Professor Huxley conceives it, can not have a creed. It will be published in the April "Popular Science Monthly."

The Rev. George Chainey.

To the Editors of Freethought:

A clipping which appeared in your columns relative to George Chainey served to illustrate some of the peculiarities of human nature. The changes and conditions through which Chainey has passed are as numerous as they are remarkable; and now we behold him again at the foot of the cross with the eye of faith fixed upon the throne of grace. Once more the imaginary joys of an orthodox heaven give peace to his soul, and his troubled spirit finds rest in the bosom of the church, where doubt is discouraged because of the comfort derived from a faith that has no connection with facts. Hope has been characterized by Ingersoll as an inveterate liar; and blind faith, which is simply a pleasant delusion, is cherished by many with the same tenacity with which a man clings to hope when under sentence of death. A man with Chainey's emotional nature, and his weakness for sympathy and approval, was never intended for an iconoclast or a rugged pioneer in the search for truth. His natural place is in the pulpit, back to which he has drifted after buffeting the waves of hardship and facing the storms of contention. There he can find pleasure, profit, and popularity, by dispensing the flowers of rhetoric and dealing out fancy, gilt-edged platitudes that mean nothing and offend nobody. It is the parson's legitimate province to please his hearers, and strengthen their belief in accepted doctrines, regardless of science or of

truth; for the "dead calm of ignorance and faith" is what fills their souls with peace and makes life satisfactory. It is much easier to find success financially where one preaches to please instead of to reveal the truth; and as Chainey has never found such a sinecure as the pulpit during his mental mutations, it is not surprising if the law of necessity had something to do with causing him to retrace his wandering steps. However, he has got back, and now let us hope that between the blessed consolation derived from faith in Christianity, and the afternoon pastoral visits, the unsatisfied yearnings of his soul may be fully and completely relieved.

Los Angeles, Cal.

C. SEVERANCE.

On the Trail.

To the Editors of Freethought:

We left Knight's Ferry, with its beautiful slopes, orange groves, and deserted mines, and journeyed on over mountain and valley, by fine ranches and over wild stretches of waste and rocks, until we came to Chinese Camp, another old mining town on a hill, and consisting of quite a village, once evidently a thriving city, as there were many brick blocks and buildings and fine residences, the most of which now are deserted and falling into ruins. We found, however, a finely-kept hotel and took dinner accordingly. We passed on through another old deserted ruins of a once fine town, called Montezuma, and arrived at "Jintown" after dark, and soon, being thoroughly tired out with the ride over these rough mountain roads, were snoring the bazoo of the righteous, dreaming of what might have been if these "diggins" had only held out till our arrival, for this country has all been dug over, and left nearly deserted. We found "Jintown" very largely Catholic, and mostly a mass of ruins, that told of the "mighty past," when the search for gold was at its height. The town is finely located in a little valley all surrounded by green and rolling hills. Every foot of the valley has been dug over and over again, sifted and washed until the glittering ore has all been found. We arrived at Sonora, the county seat of Tuolumne county, in time to give a lecture at the M. E. church to a fair audience. Many members of the church were very badly shocked at our "awful" over and under dressed life-size-colored paintings showing humanity inside and out, in health and disease; also, the big medicine man and Ashantee women and the gorillas. Why, it was just awful to thus desecrate the "temple of the Lord" by turning it into a show.

The next day being Sunday, only two dozen came to church for fear of those "orful" things hanging on the wall, but I had the permit from the pastor to put them up and keep them there until I got through. I found the reverend gentleman a young man of 23, lately from Pennsylvania, and a very intelligent young man and well educated. He gave me the use of the church free, and did all he could to make my stay pleasant and remunerative. By invitation from him, I occupied the pulpit Sunday evening, in his place, and gave my lecture, "The Evidences of Immortality, What are They, Scientifically Examined?" I think I never saw an audience so quiet and still for an hour, afraid, evidently, I was going to tear into pieces their idol of worship. I realized I was close to a slumbering volcano, so I was careful of the language I used, but I gave them evolution pure and unadulterated.

After I was through, the pastor, who occupied the seat in the pulpit with me, gave a short speech, praising very highly my humble effort, hoping the audience had been benefited as much as he had been by the lecture. I gave only three lectures in Sonora, and passed on to pastures more green. Sonora is a place of 2,500 people, situated in a little narrow valley, beautifully surrounded by the mountains. It has but one principal street, and that is very narrow and crooked, perhaps a mile long. Water is brought here some 70 miles for mining and family use. The soil here seems to be of a red formation, and looks like brick dust. There are holes here in all parts of the city running out into the hills, made to find gold. Here is located the famous Bonanza mine, called the richest mine in California, perhaps in the world. Out of this mine one day lately there was taken \$85,000. One day while we remained they took out \$30,000. In removing an old post or prop a short time ago, \$12,000 in crude gold was found under the post within an inch or two of the bottom of the post, and yet it had stood there many years. The gold is found mostly embedded in quartz rock, which is brought out of the mine and crushed in a mill. This famous mine is simply a tunnel running away under the mountain. Many millions have been taken out from under these hills, and still there is more. I saw just as many poor

people in Sonora as in other towns. There are plenty of men that have been here thirty and forty years, that have worked for some one until they got some money, then lived on it while they mined for themselves, and have nothing yet.

Most all kinds of fruits grow finely here. Everybody seems happy and contented, and all will swear that there is no place like California. It is very dry now; there has been very little rain for six weeks, but they had nearly a foot of snow a few weeks ago. I find the climate and the atmosphere very much more agreeable than down in the valley or near the coast.

I met with one old man that claimed to be 110 years old; said he had been living here entirely alone for thirty-eight years, mining by spells all this time, but has never struck it rich yet. I thought of the verse, "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man" whose trembling steps had borne him to the gold mines of California.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

Woman Suffrage.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I had always supposed that Liberals were opposed to female suffrage. Looking over a back number of FREETHOUGHT, I was somewhat surprised to find an editorial remark, or, if I may be allowed the phrase, bit of abstract reasoning, which seemed to favor that crafty and insidious delusion. I have no desire to criticise or find fault with the chosen cause and policy of your paper, which accords with my views, except perhaps in this one instance. If an adverse opinion may be allowed, I desire to say that I believe any and all changes in governments should be based upon experience, and not upon utopian schemes or abstract ideas. I believe in accordance with the great charter of American liberty, that "all experience has shown that mankind are not disposed to change their existing forms of government for light and transient causes, or while existing are sufferable." I believe that womankind, especially American women, have no just or reasonable cause of complaint. I believe that a conspiracy exists, having for its object the establishment of church supremacy; and that frightful dangers are gathering around us, much nearer than people generally care to believe. I can conceive of no danger so fatally threatening to the existence of our government as the enfranchisement of women. Female suffrage, whatever may be its claims or pretenses, means mischief—it means revolution—thorough and complete. It means that the elective sovereignty of the nation shall be controlled by the priesthood and the church. It means church supremacy, the union of church and state. The following may seem to illustrate some of my not altogether popular notions in the matter:

'Tis said that once the women warlike grew,
And all the males among their infants slew:
Could vault astride, and curb the fiery steed:
Could bend the bow, and swift the arrow speed.
But now grown weak, the women of our land,
To rule the strong, obey the priest's command.
"The gods make mad all whom they would destroy,"
And for the task the weaker sex employ.

Turlock, March 10, 1889.

J. C. P.

He Loved Jesus.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Just opposite from the East Chicago police station, in Chicago, there were held, three years ago, Salvation Army meetings, for or to what purpose I do not know, or care, but wish to relate an incident that occurred.

Among others who found "life everlasting" and did not know what to do with it, was an old Swede, a confirmed drunkard and vagrant. One evening at an experience meeting (a place where they show a lamentable lack of experience) he, among others, was called upon to tell of the priceless jewel he had found. He was no orator; his calling forbade that (it was calling at places where beer kegs were left and draining them of the sediment remaining), but what he lacked in oratorical powers and rhetoric he made up for in volume of voice and earnestness. He harangued awhile in his own peculiar style, if not to the instruction of his audience, to their satisfaction. But he wound up with these inspired words: "I kaint talk so good English as some of yo's fellers, but I luv Jesus better dan any God dam man on de Nort Side!"

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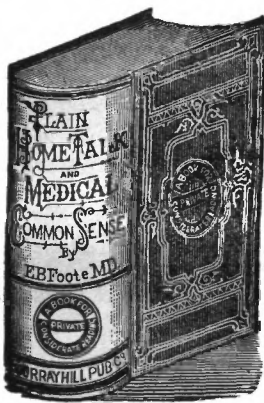
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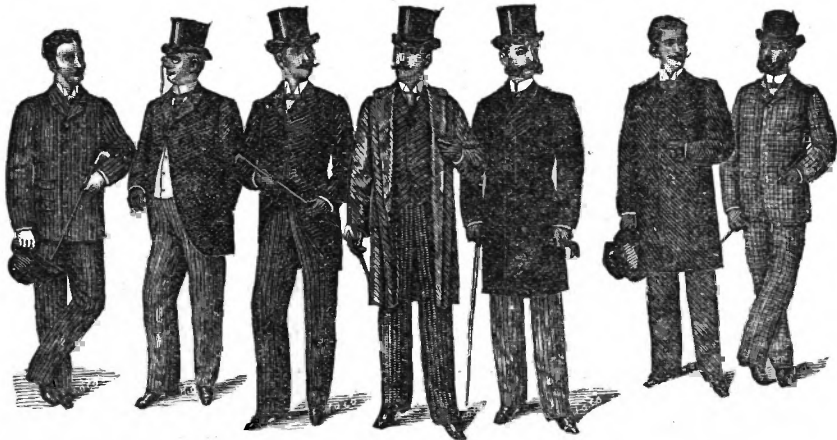
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Freethought.

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FREETHOUGHT.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - MARCH 30, 1889

THE American Sabbath Union has agreed upon next week as a week of special prayer for the better observance of Sunday. There is something quite appropriate in the first of April being chosen for these incantations.

HIEROPHANT OLCOTT, the Theosophist, of India, is lecturing in Japan. He takes the position that Buddhism is superior to Christianity, which may or may not be true. Of two great evils the least is often difficult to detect.

THAT is a shrewd scheme which the Young Men's Christian Association at Berkeley have in hand. The project is to build a \$50,000 hall near the University, and invite students to attend the religious exercises to be held therein. If the plan carries we may expect shortly to hear that the regents have been asked to accept the hall as a theological annex, the state thereafter to pay the expense of sustaining it.

It is reported that "the seizure by the Berlin police of the *Volks Zeitung* has created a great sensation and a legal decision upon the right of the police to suppress the paper is awaited with considerable interest." Germany is different from America. The police here might suppress a Socialistic or Anarchistic paper and no one would feel any interest at all in the event except the editor and a few of his followers.

THE union of church and state in England brings about the ridiculous farce of a civil court trying a bishop for offenses against ecclesiastical rules. The criminal is the bishop of Lincoln, who has prayed toward the east or west, or worn or omitted to wear the chalice, we are not certain which. Ecclesiastics are protesting, but, as a Catholic paper puts it, "a church that is a creature of the crown must obey the crown."

THE participation of women in politics at Detroit, Mich., does not have the demoralizing effect which some have feared. It is recorded that "the utmost courtesy was shown to those women who turned out to register in order to be able to vote next month. In many registration places the judges prohibited smoking. Two saloon-keepers removed the place of registration from their saloons

to respectable quarters near by, and no unseemly conduct was indulged in by any man while the women were registering." Respectable citizens who in order to register their names as voters have been obliged to enter all sorts of disreputable places will wish that something of this kind might strike San Francisco.

It will not be safe for the heavenly chariot to swing too low during the next four years or Mr. Harrison will climb aboard and the United States will be without a chief executive. A Washington letter in the Chicago News states that every morning after breakfast the president and his family assemble in the parlor, where the general reads a passage of scripture and kneels in prayer. We should have more confidence in the backbone of a man like Lincoln, who could keep his legs straight all the time, and, when occasion required, do a good piece of robust swearing.

SUNDAY MORNING AT 10:30.

That is the hour set for the next meeting of the Liberal Society. It will be held at 323 Turk street, and it is important that all friends should be present, as officers are to be elected, a constitution adopted, and all the preliminary business of a permanent organization transacted. Sunday morning, March 31, 10:30 o'clock, 323 Turk street.

If time is afforded Professor Miller will deliver an address on "The Evolution of Religion."

NEWS AND NOTES.

LEMOORE.—The valley of San Joaquin opens broad, bright, and beautiful after the plentiful rains. Miles of glistening green stretch on either side of the speeding cars. Every face wears a cheerful aspect, for wealth is in the sparkling scene.

Far off the gray-blue mountains gleam, whose tops float away in white and misty shrouds, and what is sky and what is earth can scarcely be distinguished in the glittering horoscope.

At half past eight Tuesday evening I arrive at Lemoore; changing cars at Goshen. The first to greet me was the gray-haired veteran, Dr. Seth Morse, who takes all the blows of fortune with uncompromising spirit. He has been for long years in the harness, and done effective service. There is nothing in death, or heaven, or hell, to appall his sturdy mind.

He piloted me through the dim streets to the mansion of Dr. Hamlin, where everything was comfortable and the welcome was generous. I could not feel otherwise than at home with this pleasant-faced philosopher. He is a radical of the radicals, but a kinder heart there never was, whose charity is universal. No one would go from his door without some kind of hospitable aid.

After a good night's rest, the sparkling morning came. After breakfast I took a look at Dr. Hamlin's ten-acre lot, where almost everything is beginning to grow. A lovely home is in prospect, amidst fruits and flowers. The doctor has a printing establishment on his domain. He can set type, and many a Freethought

pamphlet has he made up and published for the benefit of the world, without money and without price, and the thoughts are such as, spoken from an honest heart and clear mind, will certainly agitate for good. The doctor is a kind of many-sided genius, and takes to things naturally, and, in a quiet way, he extracts about all the goodness there is in nature and humanity.

I then dropped over to the little homestead of Dr. Morse, where he lives in "single-blessedness." He has a cow, as gentle as a lady, which he wouldn't sell, I guess, for its weight in gold; also a calf, a pig, and chickens, and with these, and grapevines, and fruit-trees, he labors in the gray and gold of life's evening. He showed me his library, where the philosophers and poets shine forth, supreme among them Shakespeare, and from these treasures flows the magic splendor that brings to age immortal youth.

In the afternoon another genial friend of philosophic years, Dr. Moore, drove me for miles over the surrounding country, which is one vast landscape of beauty and delight. A few years ago it was a treeless and apparently barren desert, but irrigation has performed marvels, and far as the eye can see are groves, alfalfa fields, flowering orchards, and the whole country for scores of miles in every direction presents a variegated picture of industry and improvement.

Dr. Moore is one who has studied deep into the problems of life. He has written articles on the money question that have excited wide attention. He believes that a good money system would do more for man's happiness than all the five hundred religions that now beset him, and I think he is right. Our good doctor, once a Materialist, is now a Spiritualist, and he reasons well, *a priori*, in the Platonic spirit, for immortality. He has also had many personal experiences which are impressive. He was a friend of "Old Ben Wade" in his palmy days, and Ben himself was a pronounced Spiritualist before the doctor had reached his present conclusion.

Fox and Sweetland are most cordial supporters of Freethought, and they are not afraid to do business under the flying colors of their own honest belief. It is a pleasure to meet with such outspoken Liberals.

Captain Nelson brings the breath of ocean itself into his breezy independence. He always gives where it will do the most good and with a free hand. He has not a particle of superstition in head or heart.

And it was pleasure also to meet Mr. Joel A. Fox, an old Antislavery veteran, with charming reminiscences of the "Western Reserve." He is as bright as a dollar, to-day, although he is seventy-three years of age, and I can imagine what a rustler he must have been on the underground railroad thirty odd years ago.

W. M. Gill, editor of the Lemoore Leader, is from that hot-bed of Liberalism and orthodoxy, Kirksville, Mo., where so many debates have taken place. Mr. Gill himself brings the broad and strenuous spirit of our friends of Missouri to this Golden West. Dr. T. W. Helm, S. I. Kidd, A. S. Cunningham, George Foster, and many others whom I met here have made my short stay exceedingly agreeable.

Goodman's Hall was crowded. There was not even standing-room. It was an intelligent and appreciative audience. It was representative of the best elements in the community. The lecture was earnestly listened to, and in fact everything was so harmonious between speaker and hearers that it was arranged to have two more lectures at Lemoore Sunday afternoon and evening of April 28.

About thirty signatures were received for the State Liberal Union at the close of the lectures.

The Adventists are somewhat strong here, and they have been giving the other Christians a lively tussle on the Sabbath question. They work like beavers against ecclesiastical legislation.

L. Gilroy, of Visalia, was in Lemoore long enough to give a good hand-shake. He couldn't stop for lecture, but promises to arrange for Visalia on my return trip. He is one of the most popular officials in the county, and is right up to business.

Whom should I meet on Thursday morning, as I was starting off, but H. W. Faust, of San Francisco. He is on an expedition to his ranch, about thirty-five miles off, with Mrs. Faust, and as they have no house built they intend to camp out and "rough it" for a week or two. I think they will have a delightful trip and find the possibilities of a garden of Eden somewhere in this valley.

Lemoore and the railroads don't hitch together at present, but the place is bound to grow. The railroad through it is really the original Southern Pacific route, but it has never been completed. It was built the present distance to secure the land grant, and not for public convenience. When it is put through it will likely be the main line from San Francisco to Los Angeles, for it is a much shorter route than the present one.

I look forward with pleasure to my return to this lively town, and the many expressions of good will I have received give earnest of a splendid welcome.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

FREETHOUGHT AND MORALITY.

Orthodoxy and Christianity cry out against Freethought that it is dangerous to the social well-being of the state and the individual. They declare that Freethought means loose living; that if belief in a revelation is abandoned there will be no restraint upon action; that if the voice of God has not spoken to men in the Bible, then the world has no moral rudder, and that the ship of humanity will be soon dashed to pieces by the storms of doubt upon the sharp rocks of passion and vice. This cry of priesthood and ultra-conservatism is the chief reason why men's ears are closed against the voice of reason. This has always been the cry of expiring religions. It is the chief obstacle in the path of knowledge. Men's judgments are shaken by the uproar of the ecclesiastical tom-tom endeavoring to prevent the inevitable eclipse of its faith, and by the threat of social ostracism and public odium which is hurled against those who dare to think for themselves. Even many who are convinced of the falsity and purely human origin of all revealed religion are not willing to cut themselves away from its guidance, or advise others to a like course, because they are not quite sure of a prosperous voyage upon untraversed seas. They think the world has done very well under the teaching of Christianity. Will it do equally well under that of science and reason? That the world has done well under the teachings of Christianity is partly true and partly false. It is true where the noblest teachings of Christianity have prevailed—its principles of brotherhood, of mutual help, of tenderness and human sympathy; it is untrue where other teachings of its teachers have been enforced—the claims to government and temporal power, cruel persecution and torture of opponents within the church itself, so-called "heretics and schismatics," the early representatives of later Infidels, the unending disputes about the meaning of its own dogmas and the methods of government, the now clearly proved falsity of many of the dogmas themselves; in these things Christianity has not done well to the world.

But Christianity is a powerful and thoroughly organized religion. It is the nominal religion of the most intelligent races. It is interwoven with the whole structure of European and American society. Daniel Webster declared that Christianity was the law of the land. Its churches are to be found in every village; its corporate wealth is enormous; its teachers are intelligent, skilful, and persistent; its influence is everywhere, is strong and determined. True, its beliefs are much more lightly held than formerly, and some are even disowned by nominal members, under the influence of the inroads of science and reason. Its own laws have been relaxed because they cannot be enforced, and its very teachers have become affected by the voices of truth that are thundering in their ears from the new heavens and the new earth. Geology and astronomy have moral lessons that cannot be ignored. But even the disaffected are loth to break away from the familiar. They talk of a gradual change and reform from within, not realizing that the acknowledgment is self-destructive; that admit a little of the sunlight of truth and the whole fabric of their dreams must dissolve like a snow-palace.

Sloth, cowardice, the ties of affection, the uncertainty of the future, are weights upon the action of a man whose eyes have opened to his delusion.

Shall he brave the ban of social opinion, the remonstrances of friends, the pleadings and tears of a wife or mother, possible loss in business, to identify himself with a cause that is looked at askance by the community, is denounced by the clergy, and promises more thorns than roses to his treading? Will he be at sea in conduct, and unguided by any moral beacons? This is the question we propose to answer.

LIBERAL WORK IN SAN FRANCISCO.

What promises to be a successful Freethought movement was inaugurated last Sunday evening by the meeting in the Turners' Hall. The Freethinkers of the city have, it is said, organized Liberal societies on three previous occasions, the result in each case being a failure at the end of a short time. These various defeats, however, do not dim the hope which the present favorable circumstances have raised, that a Freethought society, founded on a broad, humanitarian basis, well officered and supported by a good membership, can be made a permanency in the community.

Last Sunday's meeting was well attended, and much interest was manifested. The committees chosen will report a constitution and by-laws, and make nominations for permanent officers, at the next meeting, to be held at the same hall, 323 Turk street, Sunday morning, March 31, at half-past ten o'clock.

ROMAN RULE.

The infamy of state recognition of religion is shown by the holy war now raging in Canada. Some time ago the Parliament at Quebec voted \$400,000 for reimbursing the Jesuits, whose estates had been confiscated by the imperial government. Cardinal Taschereau objected that the present Jesuits are not the heirs of the Jesuits who owned the property, and the legislators weakened to the extent of paying the \$400,000 over to the pope.

Now a strong reactionary sentiment has sprung up, and the Protestants are demanding that the government reverse its action in paying the pope this \$400,000. The government, however, being under the thumb of Cardinal Taschereau, cannot be expected to do anything of the kind; and it would do no good if the action were reversed, since the pope has got the money, and the people may whistle for it.

Canada must have a cowardly and dunderheaded legislature, or else the majority of her politicians are rascals. No honest statesman will temporize with the church power; and we make this assertion in advance because there is a prospect that America will yet have the same experience that is afflicting Canada. When that time comes the supply of political rascals will be found as plentiful in the States as in the Dominion.

THE LECTURE TOUR.

Following are the dates of S. P. Putnam's lectures as at present determined:

San Diego, March 31,	Pomona, April 22, 23, 24, 25,
National City, April 2, 3, 4,	Lemoore, April 28,
San Diego, April 7,	Visalia, April 29, 30,
San Pasqual and vicinity, April 8, 9,	Oleander, May 1, 2, 3,
10, 11, 12,	San Francisco, May 5, 12, 19,
Santa Ana, April 14,	Boulder Creek and vicinity, May,
Anaheim, April 15, 16, 17,	20, 21, 22, 23, 24,
Norwalk, April 18, 19, 20,	San Francisco, May 26.
Los Angeles, April 21,	

Mr. Putnam will be at Fresno Flats, Grub Gulch, and vicinity the first week in June. About the middle of June he will begin his Oregon trip, taking in Silverton, Canby, Molalla, Hillsboro, Shed's, etc. About the third week in July he will be in Coos county, Or.

Those desiring lectures will please write at their earliest convenience, addressing this office.

ANYTHING FOR AN ISSUE.

There are two methods by which political popularity may be achieved. The first is the positive method of toadying to the church, and the other is the negative one of decrying an unpopular cause. The latter method has been largely employed, it would seem, by the politicians of Chicago. In a recent address Judge Grinnell said:

"The eager desire of party leaders to obtain and retain office keeps Socialism and its attendant evils alive. In Chicago Anarchism is exaggerated out of all proportion to its power, for no good purpose, and some members of both political parties seem inclined to act so as to catch this element. In my opinion, the talk about Anarchists during this last winter has been a willful, wicked exaggeration of their power, an injury to the fair name of Chicago and a serious detriment to its business interests, and I confidently believe the purpose of such exaggeration was purely political."

It is possible that in Judge Grinnell's remarks may be found the reason why the political sheets of Chicago denounce the anti-Sabbath meeting of the Secular Union as "Anarchistic gatherings."

RELIGION AS A BUSINESS.

Some of the New York Episcopalians are protesting against the conducting of churches upon the strictly business principles recently outlined by Sexton Williams, of St. Thomas's church. Mr. Williams explained that strangers and poor people were not welcome, nor even admitted to the sanctuary over which he has charge. A circular emanating from the Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labor was distributed last Sunday in many of the Episcopal churches, attacking the pew-rent system in vigorous language. It sets forth that "a man poverty-stricken in spirit, but rich commercially, is preferred as a church officer to a man poor in worldly goods, though rich in spiritual possessions. There are numerous instances daily before our eyes of men holding high places as church officers who would not long retain them were spirituality the test of office. The rich

and impious occupy the choice places, while the poor and destitute are relegated to obscure corners, and sometimes even denied admission. Thus the church becomes in reality a clubhouse, with nothing religious about it but the saint's name. If it could be known openly in how many parishes at this moment the influential and managing men are secretly discussing how to get rid of their minister because he is not paying well in pew rents, a peal of alarm would rise to the ears of God."

Leaving out the pious imprecation of the circular, its language is substantially correct, resembling very closely some remarks which we made several weeks ago. The rich churches are merely club-houses, differing from the latter only in hypocrisy and in not paying their just taxes for the protection accorded them by the municipality.

GULLING THE IGNORANT.

A Catholic priest named Henneberry, the other evening, dealt out the following unmitigated bosh to a congregation in the "church of the Sacred Heart." He was talking about the duties which the Catholic owes to the priest, and said:

"Who, when death comes, is the Catholic's best friend? Father and mother may be there, third hands may be ready to hold the weary head, but what is all this to what the priest does? He can give the parting soul freedom to the realms beyond. His hands reach beyond the grave. He, by his holy offices, can do what no one else can. He is surely the Catholic's best friend. And when we think of this, is it not strange that we should have to speak of the Catholic's duty to his priest?"

"If you hire a laborer and fail to pay him for his ordinary work, what is thought of you? Yet the priest does more for you than any laborer can. It is on this account that the church holds you are in conscience bound to contribute liberally and cheerfully for the maintenance of the priests and church. And whatever you do, you can never begin to do anything like as much as the priest has done for you. So you should be generous in your contributions and not wait to be asked to give what you should give without the asking."

It is a belief in this kind of humbug that makes the devout Catholic go down into his pocket for his last nickel, and give it to the church. What are laws against obtaining money under false pretenses worth if impostors like the priests escape their penalties?

THESE lines are on a granite slab over a grave in an old burying ground in this city:

"Remember not, O Lord, our
Offenses, nor those of our parents,
Neither take thou vengeance of our sins.
Thou shalt bring my soul out of
Tribulation, and in thy mercy thou
Shalt destroy mine enemies."

Whose ashes rest beneath this pious anthem—those of some saintly person? Not much. The rest of the inscription reads:

"Sacred to the memory of the late deceased, James Sullivan, who died by the hands of the V. C., May 31, 1856, aged forty-five years."

The above James was more popularly known as "Yankee" Sullivan, a notorious bruiser and ruffian, and "V. C." is an abbreviation for Vigilance Committee.

A SHORT time since an appeal was made in these columns by Prof. D. C. Seymour in behalf of J. H. Cook, of Columbus, Kan. Mr. Cook declines to receive anything, and Professor Seymour wishes it explained that he judged from Mr. Cook's letter to him that the latter was in great need, so he made the appeal, besides forwarding five dollars which he needed himself. This is to set Professor Seymour right before the public.

DR. PARKER, the London divine who, we believe, was one of the competitors for Beecher's empty pulpit, has established a series of "talks to workingmen." The workingmen listen to him, but they are not convinced. On the other hand, they ask the clergy some puzzling questions. They say, "Why do not those rich Christians who live on our labor share their surplus wealth with us?" "You clergymen take no interest in our affairs," said one; and a third came straight to the point by saying, "You have pointed us to another world, and have seized the good things of this for yourselves." It is useless for the clergy to profess to be the friends of the working man. They can only be his superior or spiritual adviser, so long as he believes in them. Then he will set them all down as parasites.

THE Presbyterian ministers at their last Monday meeting discussed the question, "What is the Greatest Enemy of Christianity at the Present Day?" They were unable to agree, the Rev. Dr. Bell holding that it was the natural enmity of the human heart, while the Rev. Mr. Alexander named Rationalism; the Rev. Mr. Dobbins, intemperance, and Bishop Vladimir, the disunity of the church. None of the ministers got at the exact truth of the matter, which is that Christianity is its own greatest enemy, in that it teaches doctrines which the reason of the present day is constrained to reject.

THE Prince of Wales has been traveling on the continent in company with women of shady reputation, and the papers have called attention to the scandal. The Rock, a pious sheet, reproves the secular press for being too anxious to search out these failings of the prince, and is ready to overlook them. But what rends the Rock is to learn that his royal highness failed to observe Sunday in the manner prescribed by the church. This, it holds, is "more sad than a violation of good taste, for it was a violation of the Sabbath of God."

A CLAIRVOYANT of San Francisco has complained that only three out of the fifty-four people in her profession, namely, mediums, astrologists, and fortune tellers, are made subject to the yearly license of one hundred dollars. She says nothing about the preachers. This clairvoyant's name is Lulu Hurst, and her complaint has got her into trouble, as she herself has not paid the license prescribed by law.

A PROJECT is on foot to build in this city a structure to be known as "The People's Church," erected after the fashion of a theatre and open to all denominations. Several years ago a similar project was carried out under the Rev. Mr. Kallock, of unpleasant memory, and resulted in the Metropolitan Temple, since given over to all sorts of entertainments, including that of John Slater, the Mediumistic Wonder.

B. F. UNDERWOOD has just had a debate with the Rev. C. S. Bates, D.D., at Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Underwood's reference, per Secular Thought, to his visit to this office while in San Francisco is duly appreciated by all parties concerned.

It is a trifle singular that the dispatch from New York should fail to say something about the presence of Colonel Ingersoll at the meeting held to raise money for the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Austin.

OUR editorial on "Freethought and Morality" is from the opening portion of Professor Miller's Sunday evening address. It will be completed.

OBSERVATIONS.

The neat hall of the San Francisco Turn Verein contained none too many seats to accommodate the attendants at last Sunday's Liberal meeting. This was the third attempt to hold such a meeting, and it was also the first really successful one. It would have had a large accession of members of the Turn Verein but for the amateur theatrical entertainment in the large hall.

Professor Miller called the meeting to order formally and drew attention to the necessity of choosing a temporary president. I had in my mind the proper person for that position, and also an ornate effort with which I intended to nominate him. The effort eluded me at the critical moment, but I flatter myself that I got the name of "Mr. P. O. Chilstrom, Esq.," before the assemblage in an effectual manner. At any rate, Mr. Chilstrom was elected, and assumed the chair. Mr. Henry Breuer became secretary by the same process, and Mr. Schou treasurer. Afterwards two committees were appointed—on organization, Herbert Miller, A. H. Schou, G. E. Macdonald; on nominations, J. Beaumont, H. W. Walker, W. H. Eastman, and another whose name I have forgotten. At this point the president inquired what it was proposed to do, and in a few well-chosen words delivered in a sweet, silvery tone of voice I stated that we proposed to open a subscription list, and see how much we could raise. My address created the most intense interest, and I expect to receive an invitation to visit the place again shortly and bring my relatives with me.

At the conclusion of my remarks Mr. Holmes arose and related impressively how he happened to be present. He had received a postal card inviting him to attend, and in response thereto he had done so. The card specified distinctly a Liberal Meeting, and yet here we were asked to subscribe Money for something which we knew nothing about. Before he would pledge a dollar he desired to know, in fact, whether this was a scheme gotten up for the private benefit of somebody, or whether there was a bona fide intent to advance the cause of Liberalism.

The Chair invited Professor Miller to give an outline of the proposed work, and the professor delivered an address on "Freethought and Morality" lasting forty minutes. It was a well-considered address and evoked applause. The Chair then read an editorial from FREETHOUGHT on "Local Liberal Societies" which afforded a very good answer to Mr. Holmes's search for information.

Mr. Thomas Curtis said that there would be no beneficial results from holding meetings where one man did all the talking and the audience all the listening, as he should not attend. The Chair reminded Mr. Curtis that as the society had not yet been formed upon the basis to which he objected, criticism was scarcely in order. Mr. Curtis did not prolong his address.

Mr. Schou took up a collection with marked cheerfulness, and Secretary Breuer passed a subscription paper among the auditors. Something more than \$100 is pledged for the support of the meetings, and the outlook is now favorable. The next meeting is at the same place, 323 Turk street, Sunday morning, March 31, at 10:30 of the clock.

I discover from a paragraph in the papers that Amrita Lal Roy, the Hindoo printer who formerly worked in the Truth Seeker office, is now editor of a paper in Calcutta called the "Hope." He has also published a little volume entitled "Reminiscences of Three Years Among the Americans," in which he says:

At this date I cannot help comparing the conduct of these so-called "Infidels" with that of the pious Christians of New York, to whom I had applied for a situation on my arrival in America—very much to the prejudice of the latter. Nor can I refrain from acknowledging with gratitude that by few persons in New York were the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed so considerably recognized, or so much facility for making my way given to me as by the Infidels of the Truth Seeker office.

I expect that the facility for working his way referred to is the "case" that was accorded him in the corner of the composing-room, where he made slow and painful endeavors to acquire the art of setting type. Henry George, John Swinton, Colonel Hinton, and James Redpath were Roy's intimate friends. Be-

sides these, he had the confidence of Leo Hartman, the Nihilist, who left Russia because the government wanted him about \$50,000 worth for conspiring to blow the czar into small fragments. If Roy had been a good hypocrite, like some of his countrymen who have visited America, he might have fared much better than he did at the hands of religious people. The fact that the Christians gave him the cold shoulder in America shows that they like the heathen best in his native lair.

The Ethiopian race does not produce a great many Free-thinkers, but it contributes at least one to the population of San Francisco. His name is Lord A. Nelson—presumably Lord Admiral—and a more creditable-looking citizen does not walk the streets of the city. Nelson is about six feet in height, straight, and broad shouldered. The best clothes to be had are none too good for him; no one wears a finer beaver or whiter linen. Not far from forty years ago, he was born in the bondage of chattel slavery, in Missouri. The underground railroad brought him out of that, and his good sense emancipated him from the mental bondage in which so many of his race are held. Mr. Nelson is a candy merchant, and in his white uniform may be found on any pleasant day at the corner of Market and Battery streets. He says that he wants to see a temple of Freethought built in San Francisco, to be called the House of Humanity, where men and women of all faces can come together and be taught science and morality with no intermixture of superstition.

The ex-Rev. J. E. Higgins, who made his first Freethought address before the state convention of Liberals last January, would like to go into the field in the interests of the cause, but his opening campaign does not encourage him. About a month ago he was impressed with a belief that the people of Humboldt county, particularly at Eureka and along the Eel river valley, would take kindly to a secular advocate; and so, with high hopes, an assortment of books, and a mind stored with useful precepts struggling for utterance, he took the boat for Humboldt bay. It was measly weather and rough water. When he reached Eureka it was raining, and it continued to rain for two weeks. Mr. Higgins said the chance of getting any hearers was awful slim. The only hall to be had would cost \$10 per night, and nobody seemed to want lectures any way. On account of the rain and mud he couldn't even get around to sell books. He spent a good deal of his time with the veteran Robert Gunther, who owns an island in the bay and lives on it, and while the rain fell they talked over the prospects and discussed the great questions which occupy the attention of the human mind. Mr. Higgins also found some listeners at the hotel where he stopped, and had lively tilts with them; but all this wasn't business and didn't promise any business, so he took to the water again and came plowing back to San Francisco. He reports that the boat sailed most of the way on her gable end, and that the water frequently rose higher than the roof. The incessant motion of the vessel gave him a sensation of nausea, traces of which had not entirely disappeared when he reached this office and turned in his stock of books, which he desired to realize on. He was not exactly discouraged, but confessed that a series of experiences of that kind would not have the effect of elating him to any dangerous extent.

I have long known that Mr. James West, editor of the New Ideal, was a poet of distinction, but I was unaware of his humorous qualities previous to the receipt of the following communication:

DEAR BROTHER IN DEMOLITION: I hope you are prospering. I thought yours was an excellent and creditable paper until my own was started.

I often make observations myself in a facetious vein, but since coming in contact with Mr. West's superior humor, I have not felt like trying to say anything sarcastic.

The appended letter was not immediately understood when it reached me last week.

PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Knowing you believe in work, and as ours is work, not preaching, I thought you would lend us a helping hand, either

by advertising our work or in any way which seems best to yourselves.
Respectfully,
Shalam, Las Cruces, N. M.

MRS. NEWBROUGH.

A small magazine, which came a few days later, explained the letter. The magazine is entitled "The Castaway; a Monthly Publication in the Interest of Foundlings, Orphans, and other Homeless and Uncared-for Babies," published at the Faithists' Infants' Home, New Orleans. From the publication it is learned that Dr. J. B. Newbrough, the author of the New Bible called Oahspe, has founded, at Las Cruces, N. M., a home for foundlings, who are to be raised vegetarians and faithists. The infants are first to be fed, and afterwards taught that a certain character called Jehovih is their heavenly father. The remainder of the creed of the faithists I am unfamiliar with. I have seen copies of Oahspe, a large book costing some \$7, and resembling the Hebrew scriptures in many respects. Dr. Newbrough wrote it—that is to say, he type-wrote it, under alleged inspiration. There were times, he claims, when he was in the spirit, and on such occasions he would seat himself before the type-writer, and turn off a chapter or two of Oahspe. Those who wish to believe that the book has any other source than Dr. Newbrough's fertile imagination are at liberty to do so. I merely allow that question to lie alongside without hoisting it aboard. In my opinion, however, all claims of inspiration and spiritual control are fraudulent or delusive. I have no objection to thus advertising Dr. Newbrough's home for foundlings and uncared-for babies, as I might sometime want to go there myself, but if he would drop the imposture of a divine revelation he could secure a more hearty indorsement from the undersigned. It is about time that people should give up humbugs, and a humbug should be rejected as decidedly when it attempts to introduce itself in the name of humanity as when it comes under the patronage of the devil.

M.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

A Cucamonga man who has been to the Santa Clara mines in Lower California has returned home and mortgaged all his property in order to invest in the mines. Opinions vary as to the richness of the new diggings, but general belief condemns the whole business as a "fake."—Mr. Mason Long, who a short time since was the proprietor of a large gambling house in northern Indiana, spoke from a Presbyterian pulpit in this city last Sunday evening. Mr. Long retired from the faro business \$52,000 ahead, and will now devote himself to gospel temperance and the extirpation of the gambling habit.—Alvan Clark, of Cambridgeport, Mass., who manufactured the Lick telescope, expects soon to go to work on a still larger glass to be placed on Wilson's Peak in Los Angeles county. It will be forty inches in diameter, and one-half stronger than the Lick lens.—The Yuba county grand jury recommend raising the liquor license to \$1000.—The San Francisco Daily Examiner's free labor bureau has in four weeks provided situations for more than 1000 applicants.

Mrs. Parsons made an inflammatory address at an Anarchist meeting in Chicago last Sunday. The country is still safe.—There is talk of a new White House for the President's family at Washington.—There was a meeting in New York last Sunday in aid of the Confederate Soldier's Home at Austin, Tex. Colonel Ingersoll was announced to speak, but the dispatches do not chronicle his presence.—The Rev. Sam Small will enter politics and run for Congress from Atlanta, Ga.—Whitelaw Reid's appointment as minister to France was opposed in the Senate, but a majority confirmed it. Reid is editor of the New York Tribune.—The weavers' strike at Fall River, Mass., has failed, and the usual number of looms are running.—Evangelist Yatman, who has just returned to New York from a trip through the West, is now busy with a scheme which he is pleased to call a college on wheels. He proposes to obtain a number of Pullman cars and arrange sections in them for men who are to receive students in the work of evangelization. He intends to take the cars and men over the entire world, preaching the gospel wherever they go. The experiment will first be tried with fifty students. Mr. Yatman says he already has fully 1000 applications.—Justice Stanley Matthews, of the U. S.

Supreme court, died at Washington March 22, aged 65.—The Rev. Horace L. Wheeler, a fashionable young clergyman of Newton, Mass., has resigned his pastorate because his congregation would not permit him to dance.

John Bright, the English statesman, died March 27, aged 77.—Bismarck talks peacefully on the Samoan question. Except in the newspapers there have been no serious indications of war.—The people of Havana, Cuba, gave Mr. Cleveland an enthusiastic reception on his arrival, March 23.—The London Standard's Shanghai correspondent says: The number of deaths caused by the famine in Shantung is appalling. Many of the inhabitants are committing suicide through despondency, there being still three months to wait for the harvest.—It is understood that the French agent at the Vatican, in obedience to instructions from his government, made a complaint to the pope of the support which is given Boulanger by the French clergy. In reply the pope is reported to have said it would be impossible for him to interfere in the matter.

HUMANITY'S GAIN FROM UNBELIEF.

Charles Bradlaugh, M. P., in the North American Review.
Concluded.

Take the further gain to humanity consequent on the unbelief, or rather disbelief, in witchcraft and wizardry. Apart from the brutality by Christians towards those suspected of witchcraft, the hindrance to scientific initiative or experiment was incalculably great so long as belief in magic obtained. The inventions of the past two centuries, and especially those of this nineteenth century, might have benefited mankind much earlier and much more largely but for the foolish belief in witchcraft and the shocking ferocity exhibited towards those suspected of necromancy. After quoting a large number of cases of trial and punishment for witchcraft from official records in Scotland, J. M. Robertson says: "The people seem to have passed from cruelty to cruelty, precisely as they became more and more fanatical, more and more devoted to their church, till, after many generations, the slow spread of human science began to counteract the ravages of superstition, the clergy resisting reason and humanity to the last."

The Rev. Mr. Minton concedes that it is "the advance of knowledge which has rendered the idea of satanic agency, through the medium of witchcraft, grotesquely ridiculous." He admits that "for more than fifteen hundred years the belief in witchcraft was universal in Christendom," and that "the public mind was saturated with the idea of satanic agency in the economy of nature." He adds: "If we ask why the world now rejects what was once so unquestioningly believed, we can only reply that advancing knowledge has gradually undermined the belief."

In a letter recently sent to the Pall Mall Gazette against modern Spiritualism, Professor Huxley declares "that the older form of the same fundamental delusion—the belief in possession and in witchcraft—gave rise, in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, to persecutions by Christians of innocent men, women, and children, more extensive, more cruel, and more murderous than any to which the Christians of the first three centuries were subjected by the authorities of pagan Rome." And Professor Huxley adds:

"No one deserves much blame for being deceived in these matters. We are all intellectually handicapped in youth by the incessant repetition of the stories about possession and witchcraft in both the Old and the New Testament. The majority of us are taught nothing which will help us to observe accurately, and to interpret observations with due caution."

The English statute-book under Elizabeth and under James was disfigured by enactments against witchcraft passed under pressure from the Christian churches, which acts have only been repealed in consequence of the disbelief in the Christian precept, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." The statute 1 James I., c. 12, condemned to death "all persons invoking any evil spirits, or consulting, covenanting with, entertaining, employing, feeding, or rewarding any evil spirit," or generally practicing any "infernal arts." This was not repealed until the eighteenth century was far advanced. Edison's phonograph would, two hundred and eighty years ago, have insured martyrdom for the inventor; the utilization of electric force to transmit messages

around the world would have been clearly the practice of an infernal art. At least, we may plead that unbelief has healed the bleeding feet of science and made the road free for her upward march.

Is it not also fair to urge the gain to humanity which has been apparent in the wiser treatment of the insane consequent on the unbelief in Christian doctrine that these unfortunates were either examples of demoniacal possession or of special visitation of deity? For centuries, under Christianity, mental disease was most ignorantly treated. Exorcism, shackles, and the whip were the penalties, rather than the curatives, for mental maladies. From the heretical departure of Pinel, at the close of the last century, to the position of Maudesley to-day, every step illustrates the march of unbelief. Take the gain to humanity in the unbelief, not yet complete, but now largely preponderant, in the dogma that sickness, pestilence, and famine were manifestations of divine anger, the results of which could neither be avoided nor prevented. The Christian churches have done little or nothing to dispel this superstition. The official and authorized prayers of the principal denominations even to-day reaffirm it. Modern study of the laws of health, experiments in sanitary improvements, more careful application of medical knowledge, have proved more efficacious in preventing or diminishing plagues and pestilence than have the intervention of the priest or the practice of prayer. Those in England who hold the old faith that prayer will suffice to cure disease are to-day termed "peculiar people," and are occasionally indicted for man-slaughter, when their sick children die, because the parents have trusted to God instead of appealing to the resources of science.

It is certainly clear gain to astronomical science that the church which tried to compel Galileo to unsay the truth, has been overborne by the growing unbelief of the age, even though our little children are yet taught that Joshua made the sun and moon stand still, and that for Hezekiah the sun-dial reversed its record. As Buckle, arguing for the morality of skepticism, says:

"As long as men refer the movements of the comets to the immediate finger of God, and as long as they believe that an eclipse is one of the modes by which the deity expresses his anger, they will never be guilty of the blasphemous presumption of attempting to predict such supernatural appearances. Before they could dare to investigate the causes of these mysterious phenomena, it is necessary that they should believe, or, at all events, that they should suspect, that the phenomena themselves were capable of being explained by the human mind."

As in astronomy, so in geology, the gain of knowledge to humanity has almost solely in measure of the rejection of the Christian theory, a century since almost universally held, that the world was created six thousand years ago, or, at any rate, that by the sin of the first man, Adam, death commenced about that period. Ethnology and anthropology have only been possible in so far as, adopting the regretful words of Sir W. Jones, "intelligent and virtuous persons are inclined to doubt the authenticity of the documents delivered by Moses concerning the primitive world."

Surely it is clear gain to humanity that unbelief has sprung up against the divine right of kings; that men no longer believe that the monarch is "God's anointed," or that "the powers that be are ordained of God." In the struggles for political freedom, the weight of the church was mostly thrown on the side of the tyrant. The homilies of the Church of England declare that "even the wicked rulers have their power and authority from God," that "such subjects as are disobedient or rebellious against their princes, disobey God and procure their own damnation." It can scarcely be necessary to argue to the citizens of the United States of America that the origin of their liberties was in the rejection of this faith in the divine right of George III. Will any one, save the most bigoted, contend that it is not certain gain to humanity to spread unbelief in the terrible doctrine that eternal torment is the probable fate of the great majority of the human family? Is it not gain to have diminished the faith that it was the duty of the wretched and the miserable to be content with the lot in life which Providence had awarded them?

If it stood alone, it would be almost sufficient to plead, as justification for heresy, the approach towards equality and liberty for the utterance of all opinions achieved because of growing un-

belief. At one period in Christendom each government acted as though only one religious faith could be true, and as though the holding, or, at any rate, the making known, of any other opinion was a criminal act deserving punishment. Under the one word, "Infidel," even as late as Lord Coke, were classed together all who were not Christians, even though they were Mohammedans, Brahmans, or Jews. All who did not accept the Christian faith were sweepingly denounced as Infidels and, therefore, *hors de la loi*. One hundred and forty-five years since, the attorney general, pleading in our highest court, said: "What is the definition of an Infidel? Why, one who does not believe in the Christian religion. Then a Jew is an Infidel." And English history for several centuries prior to the Commonwealth shows how, habitually and most atrociously, Christian kings, Christian courts, and Christian churches persecuted and harassed these infidel Jews. There was a time in England when Jews were such Infidels that they were not even allowed to be sworn as witnesses. In 1740, a legacy left for establishing an assembly for the reading of the Jewish scriptures was held to be void because it was "for the propagation of the Jewish law in contradiction to the Christian religion." It is only in very modern times that municipal rights have been accorded in England to Jews. It is barely thirty years since they have been allowed to sit in Parliament. In 1851, the late Mr. Newdegate, in debate, objected "that they should have sitting in that House an individual who regarded our Redeemer as an impostor." Lord Chief Justice Raymond has shown how it was that Christian intolerance was gradually broken down: "A Jew may sue at this day, but heretofore he could not; for then they were looked upon as enemies, but now commerce has taught the world more humanity." Lord Coke treated the Infidel as one who, in law, had no right of any kind, with whom no contract need be kept, to whom no debt was payable. The plea of "alien Infidel," as answer to a claim, was actually pleaded in court as late as 1737. In a solemn judgment Lord Coke says: "All Infidels are, in law, *perpetui inimici*, for between them, as with the devils whose subjects they be, and the Christians, there is perpetual hostility. Twenty years ago the law of England required the writer of any periodical, publication, or pamphlet under sixpence in price to give sureties for eight hundred pounds against the publication of blasphemy. I was the last person prosecuted, in 1868, for non-compliance with that law, which was repealed by Mr. Gladstone in 1869. Up till the 23d of December, 1888, an Infidel in Scotland was only allowed to enforce any legal claim in court on condition that, if challenged, he denied his Infidelity. If he lied and said that he was a Christian, he was accepted, despite his lying. If he told the truth and said that he was an unbeliever, then he was practically an outlaw, incompetent to give evidence for himself or for any other. Fortunately, all this was changed by the royal assent to the Oaths Act on the 24th of December. Has not humanity clearly gained a little in this struggle through unbelief?"

For more than a century and a half the Roman Catholic had, in practice, harsher measure dealt out to him by the English Protestant Christian than was, even during that period, the fate of the Jew or the unbeliever. If the Roman Catholic would not take the oath of abjuration, which, to a sincere Romanist, was impossible, he was, in effect, an outlaw, and the "jury-packing," so much complained of to-day in Ireland, is one of the survivals of the old, bad time when Roman Catholics were thus, by law, excluded from the jury-box.

The Scotsman of January 5, 1889, notes that, in 1860, the Rev. Dr. Robert Lee, of Greyfriars, gave a course of Sunday evening lectures on Biblical Criticism, in which he showed the absurdity and untenableness of regarding every word in the Bible as inspired, and adds:

We well remember the awful indignation such opinions inspired, and it is refreshing to contrast them with the calmness with which they are now received. Not only from the pulpits of the city, but from the press (misnamed religious) were his doctrines denounced. And one eminent U. P. minister went the length of publicly praying for him, and for the students under his care. It speaks volumes for the progress made since then, when we think that, in all probability, Dr. Charteris, Dr. Lee's successor in the chair, differs, in his teaching, from the Confession of Faith much more widely than Dr. Lee ever did, and yet he is considered supremely orthodox, whereas the stigma of heresy was attached to the other all his life.

And this change and gain to humanity are due to the gradual progress of unbelief alike inside and outside the churches. Take, from differing churches, two recent illustrations. The late principal, Dr. Lindsay Alexander, a strict Calvinist, in his important work on "Biblical Theology," claims that "all the statements of scripture are alike to be deferred to, as presenting to us the mind of God." Yet the Rev. Doctor of Divinity also says: "We find in their writings [*i. e.*, in the writings of the sacred authors] statements which no ingenuity can reconcile with what modern research has shown to be the scientific truth." At the last Southwell Diocesan Church-of-England Conference, at Derby, the bishop of the diocese presiding, the Rev. J. G. Richardson said of the Old Testament that "it was no longer honest, or even safe, to deny that this noble literature, rich in all the elements of moral or spiritual grandeur, given—so the church had always taught and would always teach—under inspiration of Almighty God, was sometimes mistaken in its science, was sometimes inaccurate in its history, and sometimes relative and accommodatory in its morality. It resumed theories of the physical world which science had abandoned and could never resume; it contained passages of narrative which devout and temperate men pronounced discredited both by external and internal evidence; it praised, or justified, or approved, or condoned, or tolerated conduct which the teaching of Christ and the conscience of the Christian alike condemned." Or—as I should urge—the gain to humanity by unbelief is that the "teaching of Christ" has been modified, enlarged, widened, and humanized, and that "the conscience of the Christian" is, in quantity and quality, made fitter for the ever-increasing additions of knowledge of these latter and more heretical days.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

DIVINE AND HUMAN.

We have advanced beyond the idols of the past; but our century is not without its idolatry. Though we no longer set up a piece of carved wood or hammered gold, and worship it as divine, we hold that a book is divine.

When a book is made holy it is time for mankind to abandon it. The worst tyrant of earth has been what men have called, "divine authority." The right of kings, the right of priests, has been a divine right, and the world has been a slave to this lie for thousands of years. This age wants what is human; it has had enough of what is called divine. The sword of the throne, the torture of the church, and the text of the Bible have all been used in God's name to rob man of his rights and cheat him of his dues.

It was a line of divine writing that was used to hang witches. The Catholic church has killed thousands upon thousands of men, women, and children in the name of its God, and legions perished during the holy (?) crusades with this benediction: "It is the will of God," pronounced upon them by their murderers.

A great many who came to help the world have not only been baptized in the Jordan of the church, but drowned there. I cannot see that it makes assassination sacred to say grace over your victim.

It will take a great many years to clear the divine name of the reproach which Christianity has brought upon it. There is no blessing in it to-day for a large part of the world. It is not a word to rally men with.

I have no objection to hearing the word "God" used in a right sense, but it is not food nor medicine. Men cannot eat, drink, nor wear it. I do not think this word comes very often into man's life. When it is used as a key to what we do not know, or offered as an explanation of the mystery of nature, no moral objection can be urged against it, but it cannot be put out to interest, and it does not help man to get a living.

When times are hard, and men are in want, they are told to "trust in God," but this is only confessing that it is of no use to trust in man. When men are hungry they want something for their stomachs, not for their souls; and to refer man to God when he is suffering the pangs of hunger is a pious way of helping along starvation. I do not know how it is with the rest of mankind, but for myself the last door that I would knock at for something to eat, or drink, or wear, expecting assistance, would be

the door of God. It is the utmost of cruelty to bid those in want to depend upon Providence. It is the last insult of religion.

Let us tell the truth! Providence has no hand to help us, no arm to reach us, no way to come to our relief. He is neither "butcher, baker, nor candlestick maker;" in other words, he is nothing that man should be.

I do not like the word "Providence." It is a mean, shuffling word, underneath which man hides his coldness, his cruelty; his inhumanity. I would like to see the man that ever got any satisfaction out of Providence. I would like to see the person that ever sat at the table of Providence and had enough to eat. Of course the church will say: "Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds out of the mouth of God." A bill of fare with only "the words that proceed out of the mouth of God" for a dinner or a supper, would have no more temptation for a Christian than for an unbeliever. There is no use to misrepresent the matter. The truth is, if man gets down, man must help him up, or he will never get up; if man is starving, unless his brother man feed him, he will never be fed. Angels are not running cooking schools to-day, nor is bread made in heaven and given away on earth. There are no ravens engaged in carrying food to the Elijahs of this century. The word "Providence" is made to cover a multitude of selfishness, and it is time that men ceased to hide behind the name of a God to excuse their lack of sympathy and charity. The meanest God that man has ever made is this deity called Providence. He is the God of disappointment—a divine deception.

L. K. WASHBURN.

WAS JESUS THE MESSIAH?

The following is condensed from one of a series of articles from the pen of the Hebrew scholar Rabbi Wise, editor of the American Israelite, entitled "A Defense of Judaism vs. Proselytizing Christianity."

The Christian church believes that the sixty-six chapters of Isaiah were written by the and the same Isaiah. And yet the same church which reads these unequivocal declarations of the prophet against all kinds of polytheism, trinitarianism, and any and every kind of redeemers or saviors, points almost exclusively to the same Isaiah—and this is done in the gospels—for oracles that predicted the miraculous birth, life, work, and death of Jesus Christ. Those good people, clinging to their subjective knowledge, have no idea how paganized they are in theory and practice, and how self-contradictory their allegations are, whenever they attempt to prop the evangelical story by passages from the Old Testament. But we, who labor not under the burden of that subjective knowledge, consider it an irrevocable truism that the prophet Isaiah could not possibly intend by any of his prophecies to predict the coming of any son of god, any divine messiah or supernatural redeemer or savior, person of the trinity, or any other superhuman being.

Isaiah (chapt. vi) and Ezekiel (chapt. i) describe their sublime visions of the "Throne of Glory." They inform us that they saw there seraphim, cherubim, etc., all in the plural number—poetical figures with wings of fantastic shapes, colors, and movements. But they saw no son of God anywhere. If such a conception had ever been in their minds, they would have seen it in their prophetic visions just then and there. If they did not see him, we certainly could not. William Gesenius and other Christian expounders of Isaiah, Psalms, and other such books, have given up the idea of finding messianic predictions in those books, but the conversionist has his own canon of exegesis, and clings to old errors because he can do no better. If Isaiah, for instance, did not predict that particular messiah, there not only exists no biblical proofs that he was a messiah at all, but the gospel itself must contain at least as many errors as it has references to that prophet.

Isaiah vii, 14, is translated in the English Bibles, "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Emanuel." In Matthew i, 23, it reads, "Behold a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emanuel." This, says Matthew, refers to the son of Mary, although none before him nor any of the gospel writers after him ever understood it so; none referred to this supposed prophecy

besides Matthew; and, what is still more surprising, Jesus knew nothing of this miracle, never refers to it, and calls his mother, vulgarly, "woman," and Mary also evinces no knowledge of it, and calls him Joseph's son (Luke ii, 48-50).

If we say that but two words in the translation of that verse are correct, we do not exaggerate. Let us see:

Ha-Almah does not mean "a virgin;" it means the maiden, or this young woman.

Harah does not mean "shall conceive;" it means she is with child, as is evident from the parallel passage, Genesis xvi, 11; hence she was no virgin.

Vetoleth is not in the future tense; it is the present participle, feminine gender; not "she shall bear a son;" it means (as the next verb proves) "and thou (woman) bearest a son" (now or shortly hereafter).

Vekafath does not mean "and she shall call;" it means "thou (woman) callest his name."

Emanuel is not Jesus; he is not called so anywhere. The translator, following Matthew, makes that verse all in the third person, while the whole verse is actually second person feminine. A woman standing before him is addressed by the prophet, as also the situation there in Isaiah shows. Ahaz the king of Judah is threatened with an invasion of his capital by the kings of Israel and Syria, which was about ten to twelve years prior to the fall of Samaria. Ahaz wants to call to his assistance Tiglath Pileser, king of Assyria, and did finally do so, which the prophet Isaiah justly opposes, because he dreaded the invasion of Palestine by that warlike king and nation, and his apprehension proved to be well grounded, for a few years later Assyria overthrew the kingdom of Israel, and Sanherub would have captured Jerusalem if he had not lost his army under its walls. All this is clearly sketched in 2 Kings and 2 Chronicles. Isaiah tries to dissuade King Ahaz from his scheme of purchasing the assistance and invasion by the Assyrian, and tells King Ahaz that God gives him a sign, that both countries which now distress him and threaten him with invasion will be depopulated. And that sign which the prophet gives him, that those kings will not conquer his land, according to Matthew, should come to pass more than 700 years later! Is not this too absurd? Therefore the passage reads as said: A young woman, perhaps the queen, being in an advanced stage of pregnancy, standing before them, the prophet says: "This woman will give birth to a son"—and this was the sign—whom she might call Emanuel, "God with us," for he will not permit those two kings to conquer this country.

The irrefutable proof for this conception of the matter is the beginning of Isaiah viii, where it is narrated that the same sign was given before two high-ranked witnesses, as the king refused the prophet a sign. Then follow the prophecies, viii, 4, the same as in vii, 16. Then, viii, 18, he refers to both cases, that the signs given had been fulfilled literally, as predicted; therefore his prophecies are to be believed in preference to the necromancers and sorcerers that most likely advised the king contrary to Isaiah's predictions.

In the same connection a number of oracles follow after each other, all in reference to the Assyrian invasion. King Ahaz disobeyed the prophet, sent an embassy with heavy sums of money to Tiglath Pileser (2 Kings xviii, 8, 9), who invaded Syria and decimated it. Now, the prophet announces his oracles as to the consequences of this invasion, which will not end with the overthrow of the two kingdoms of Israel and Syria, hitherto Judah's protection against Assyria, but Judah also will be invaded and hard pressed by the enemy, whose friendship King Ahaz bought so dearly; but Judah will not perish, it will be saved by the successor of King Ahaz, the then crown prince Hezekiah, in reference to whom he says what the English version renders: For unto us a child will be born, a son will be given, and the government shall be on his shoulders, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

This, of course, according to Matthew, must refer to the messiah that should come 700 to 750 years after that, although the prophet always speaks of the present distress, and of one who should deliver Judah from the power of the invader (Sanherub).

The whole, however, is another abuse and misrepresentation

of scriptures for dogmatic purposes. The verbs are in the absolute past tense, can only be translated in the past tense; "a child was born to us, a son was given to us;" they can refer only to a person born long before those words were spoken, and cannot be tortured to refer to one to be born 700 years later.

To whom did the prophet refer? To one who will take the government upon his shoulder, which could only be the crown prince Hezekiah, who was then from twenty-three to twenty-five years old. He, the prophet believed, will change the pernicious and God-defying policy of his father, Ahaz. He will be heir to the destructive consequences of his father's policy; the Assyrians will invade, overrun, and distress the land, but by the merits and piety of this prince the country will be saved at last, and then he will be called "Wonderful." Why will he be called so? Because he will be "a mighty strong counsellor" (in time of national distress), "master of the booty" (in time of war), and "a prince of peace" (after the invader shall have been expelled). The English translators bring out "counsellor and mighty god," contrary to the sense and spirit of the whole Bible, which never calls any man a god; contrary also to good grammar and the Massoretic accents.

So frail are all the references of the New Testament to the Old, where the attempt is made to prop Christology by the oracles of the old prophets in Israel. If you even admit their unreasonable construction of those passages, it proves nothing in favor of the messiah that it does not also in favor of Alexander the Great, who was a son of Apollo, or any other Roman or Greek who was a son of some God, as cases of that kind were not rare, even in the time when Mary conceived of the Holy Ghost, as you can see by Josephus (Antiq. xviii, iii, 4) in the story of Paulina and Dicus Mundus in the time of the Emperor Tiberius; and before that Olympus was full of gods enamored of beautiful women. There is no reason whatever why *Almah* must refer to Mary and not to some other damsel selected by some God as his earthly bride. The hero of Isaiah ix, 5, may just as well be Simon the Maccabee, Agrippa I., or, by a little stretch of the exegetic canon, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoleon I., the late Emperor William, the present emperor of Austria, the king of Italy, some emperor of China, or a sultan of Zanzibar.

THE GREAT MAN, JOSEPH COOK.

Strolling about over the Union as I have for the past four months, I have had the pleasure of seeing and communing with a number of men, all prominent in some line, and thinking that their personal appearance as it struck me might be of interest to the reader, I have reluctantly consented to write some impressions of a few under the general title of "Eminent Men Whom I Have Saw."

Joseph Cook, as the greatest man we have on the face of the earth to-day, according to calculations made by himself, would naturally come first. He is a grand man, engaged in thinking thoughts all the time, of which he is the theme. He occasionally takes a day off, during which he curses the newspapers in an earnest way, and then he goes back to hover over his porcelain nest-egg of thought.

Joseph Cook might have a good deal of fun if he would just oversee the universe daytimes and let some one else do it at night, but the slightest irregularity in the habits of a planet will bring Joe out of bed in an instant. He worries all the time for fear that a new-laid planet will wander away into the brush and get lost.

He dreads to die, not so much on his own account, but because he wants to be spared to those who are so poorly prepared to get along without him.

When he is colicky and fretful, it is not that he cares a cent about it personally, but because he is all the time afraid to die and leave the universe in the hands of the creator. He has been accustomed for so long to go around with a long-nosed oil can searching for a hot journal in the solar system that he actually believes himself to be largely responsible for atmospheric conditions and astronomical phenomena.—Bill Nye.

ATTENTION is called to the advertisement of "Yone Santo" on the last page of this paper.

IS MODERN CIVILIZATION A FAILURE?

This question is important on account of the claim of the Catholic church, that she has been the best friend of the poor, as well as on account of the position of Henry George. Before quoting him, however, I must express my sincere gratitude for his noble efforts to suppress the purchase of votes, and protect the poor against a tariff which taxes them in order to make owners of mines and factories rich. I am sorry to have been supposed to attack him in a sentence which refers only to Socialists and Trades-Unionists, and does not mention his name. If what I did say of him was incorrect, full justice has been done him by other contributors. I do not see, however, that I have anything to take back, especially as "Progress and Poverty" says, "We must make land common property" and "confiscate rent" (in other words, "that part of the produce which accrues to the owners of land or other natural capabilities by virtue of their ownership"), "put all taxes on the value of land," and make no compensation to the land owners on whom all taxation would fall (pp. 295, 402, 148, 392, 329, and 384). I am told that I ought not to call this unjust until I study the book; but how long would a woman have to study the Bible before she could tell if she ought to be in subjection to her husband? The only way to know if either of these holy books is infallible is to compare its assertions with historical facts and moral laws. "Progress and Poverty" is a chain of arguments; and we test a chain by trying to break a link. I care much less about the prophecy that owning land in common will remove pauperism (p. 414) than I do about the fact that it has not been able, after many centuries, to do so in either India or Russia. What it did for people in the middle ages we shall see presently.

The title "Progress and Poverty" is expanded into assertions "that material progress does not merely fail to relieve poverty—it actually produces it," makes it take "a darker aspect," and has a tendency "to still further depress the condition of the lowest class," and that one "would make an infinitely better choice" in preferring to be born a foreign savage rather than among the lowest classes in Great Britain (pp. 7, 8, 9, and 257). We are also told that among the elements of material progress are "improvements in knowledge, education, government, police, manners, and morals, so far as they increase in power of producing wealth." The whole view so far resembles Rousseau's, which is said to have been calculated to make men want to go on all fours, that I am glad to see that it is sustained by no better evidence than this: "As the result of much investigation, Hallam says he is convinced that the wages of manual labor were greater in amount in England during the middle ages than they are now." If we take the last word literally, we must suppose that Hallam communicated through some Spiritualist medium; as he died twenty years before the book was copyrighted. Probably we have only a reminiscence of a passage in his "Middle Ages" (published eighty-one years ago) about the buying of bread and meat by farm-hands, at a time when wheat was more than twice as dear as at present, and all wages lower. And here Hallam admits an important fact, which seems to me to be set aside arbitrarily on page 8, namely, that the poor have been much benefited by new inventions and reductions in the price of manufactured articles.

In the middle ages there were no street-lamps, side-walks, public schools, railroads, steamers, street-cars, stoves, chimneys, wooden floors, post-offices, fire-engines, sewers, sewing machines, matches, savings banks, or newspapers. Such clothing as a modern tramp would take as a gift was a luxury for the rich and noble, as were glass windows, clocks, watches, books, medical skill, white bread, meat at this season, fresh fish—except on the coast—most of our fruits and choice vegetables, pepper, and other spices. Authors who wrote seven hundred years ago tell us of charities by which "poor persons were plentifully fed, each having a loaf and two herrings." This was in Lent, when eating almost anything else was at the risk of one's life, unless he could afford to buy an indulgence. Capital punishment for this offense was inflicted in Catholic countries as late as the last century. In the beginning of the twelfth century we read that in England during nineteen years, the rich men "plundered and burned all

the towns; that well thou mightest go a whole day's journey and never shouldst thou find a man sitting in a town, nor the land tilled. Then was corn dear, and flesh, and cheese, and butter. Wretched men starved of hunger." At that time laborers were generally serfs; and the poor had no more protection from the laws against cruelty and lust than if they had been slaves. During the middle ages life was only half as long on the average as at present; famine was frequent; war went on perpetually; and pestilence found it easy to sweep away one-third of the population. Less than five hundred years ago travelers found the English peasants living in huts with walls of uncemented stone, and no floor, chimney, or windows, and with only a bull's hide for a door. Their food was mainly peas and coarse meal; for many of them never ate bread. Tramps were numerous in the sixteenth century, when they were whipped, branded, sold into slavery, and even hung. Mr. George himself says that a man was obliged to work a whole week, three hundred years ago, to buy a bushel of wheat. How much worse off people were in England a century later, especially in prisons, than at present, Macaulay has shown plainly. Wages there have risen about fifty per cent., and prices fallen another fifty since the reform of the tariff in 1846. In not one of the fifteen years, of which the last was 1885, were there so many vagrants arrested in London as in 1831; while the population of England became twice as great. The Encyclopedia Britannica shows that one-eighteenth of the English were paupers in 1846, but thirty years afterwards it was only one-thirty-third. Thomas Paine, near the conclusion of the "Rights of Man," estimates that, a hundred years ago, when there were few factories in England, and much less of material progress than at present, one-fifth of the people were unable to support themselves without charity. This would make the proportion of paupers to population about six times as large as it is to-day.

The French nobles in the last century were allowed to shoot down mechanics for sport, drive over children in the street, and take women from their husbands by force; while the peasants starved in trying to live on grass. Our own workingmen are far better off than those in less free and enlightened ages and lands. Our pauperism is largely due either to immigration or to our giving too much money to beggars and too little attention to industrial education and other reforms which have actually proved beneficial.

Thus I feel bound to stand up for modern civilization and free institutions, as blessings to all our people, and most so to the poor. I have written freely because I know that loyalty to the Liberal cause requires us to insist on the real worth of the world and age in which we live. There is my faith.

FRED. MAY HOLLAND.

NEW YORK LETTER.

The trial of Kerr drags on. No one pays the slightest attention to it, as no one expects a conviction. District Attorney Fellows has turned the case over to three boys in his office to contend with Judge Noah Davis, the best lawyer in this state, and Colonel Ingersoll. Davis is attending to the law part of the trial, and Ingersoll will doubtless do the summing up. At the time John R. Fellows was running for the office he now occupies, there was an ugly rumor in circulation that Kerr contributed \$100,000 for Fellows's campaign. We simply repeat the rumor. We know nothing about it. We have, however, nothing but contempt for Fellows. A man who gambles, gives his note for his losses, and then pleads the gambling act, we consider a cur. With gentlemen, a gambling debt is a debt of honor; as sacred as the chastity of his wife, but with this Arkansas traveler it was otherwise. We cannot exactly reconcile Davis and Ingersoll's attempt to shield a criminal from punishment for a retainer with justice. I don't believe there is a man in this city who does not believe that Kerr is guilty of bribery. I don't believe either of them believes he is innocent. If he escapes Sing Sing it will be owing to them. The state will be defrauded of its just due by the connivance of these men, if he is acquitted. Has a lawyer the moral right to cheat the state, by aiding a criminal to escape just punishment? If I aid a criminal to escape from the jurisdiction of the court, I shall be punished. Why has a lawyer more rights than a layman? I mean moral rights.

The deeper the market stand is probed, the nastier it grows. Our city comptroller, Meyers, is not in an enviable position. He seems anxious to cover up this rascality. No reputable market man was able to secure a stand in this new market with pay for it. Who got this money? Some of it has been traced into the comptroller's office. I don't think any one suspects Meyers of taking it, but he seems determined to shield the men who did take it. Meyers is a red-headed Jew, whose reputation was a little soiled by a business transaction some years ago. Somehow he was forced on the Democratic party by County Democracy. Young Nicoll is the special counsel for the corporation department, and is showing his usual ability and energy.

There is an investigation going on at Albany, which is going to hurt a good many politicians of both parties. Speaker Cole is severely wounded. The committee he appointed were evidently not appointed for their fitness to superintend such work, but for their pull on their parties. There was a steal. The ceiling of the assembly hall was not constructed according to the contract. This committee knew this and permitted it. The contractor has skipped. The committee appointed by the assembly to investigate this business has employed Clarence Seward as its counsel. No man is better equipped for such work than Mr. Seward. He has had great experience in this line.

The early spring has given our merchants a good trade. Collections, however, are poor. The small crops of wheat and the low price of corn have left the West poor. There is reported to be a little better feeling in the iron trade, but there is a decided weak feeling in coal. The mild winter has left the coal companies with large supplies on hand. Either there must be a reduction in production, or a reduction in price. There seems to be no good reason for bulling the coal stocks. Wall street is stupidly dull. The public has boycotted it. The bears attempted to make capital out of the flurry in Paris, but it "did not work."

New York, March 13, 1889.

EUDORUS.

AMONG THE IGNORANT SINCERE.

A reader of FREETHOUGHT, strolling about the city, fell among the Salvationists, and thus relates what happened to him:

I went into the hall and took a front seat. It is the first time I have taken the front seat in anything for years. By the time the services began the hall was very well filled. Behind me sat an old man who, from time to time, uttered a fervent and sincere "Bless the Lord;" and three or four seats further back was a young man who shouted "Glory," in season and out. Songs were sung which justified eminently the epigram of Voltaire, to the effect that "that which is too foolish to be said, is sung." Weak-voiced confessions were then indulged in by several of the audience. Some must have been exceedingly funny, for the preacher and those who were with him on the dais, smiled appreciatively. Some benevolent power, probably foreseeing that I should be a witness of such an affair as I am describing, compassionately weakened my hearing a year or so in advance, so I was spared. The finale was approaching. The man in gray asked that all those who felt they were saved should come forward. The small number of those who remained after this request must have saddened his Satanic majesty somewhat. Another demand that all who wanted to be saved step forward, lessened still more the number of old Nick's victims. The devil was certainly getting the worst of it. Poor fellow! I, at least, did not desert him. Seeing that there were still a few unregenerated left, some of the saved ones set to work to bring them to a realization of the horrible state they were in. I was leaning languidly on my right hand when the young man who had made himself so conspicuous by shouting "glory" approached me, bent down, and whispered something in my ear. Surprised, nay, dumfounded, I thought that "Infidel" and "damnation" were so clearly written on my brow that I would escape all attempts of this kind. After I had recovered somewhat I answered.

"Louder," I said.

Mr. Glory repeated, but again I failed to hear him.

"Louder," I answered.

"Are you a Christian?" he shrieked, nearly bursting an artery.

"No," politely.

"Do you want to be one?" softly.

"Eh?"

"Do you want to be one?" fortissimo.

"No," socially.

"Why not?"

I made a rather lame reply.

"Don't you want to be saved?" he asked next.

"From what?"

"Going to hell. That's where all like you will go."

"Why?"

"Because you are a sinner."

"How do you know?"

"I know it."

I was in a fair way to succumb to such irresistible logic, when he began on another tack.

"God says that we are all sinners. He says that you are a liar; that I am a liar."

"He's another," I answered, brilliantly resorting to the *tu quoque* argument.

He repeated the charge, and I was wondering whether I ought not to spill his gore, even though he was only Jehovah's proxy. But I am nothing if not civilized, besides which the humorous side of the affair could not possibly escape me. I asked the young spouter to show me the passage in which the Infinite Pound-master classed me with Ananias. He looked in vain, but pounced upon a verse to the effect that I had made him out a liar. As this was just what I had done, I was, of course, highly satisfied. I next declared, in my usual modest manner, that I was about as virtuous a fellow as I had ever met and could not, therefore, understand why belief in the "Holy Q'eer" was necessary to my salvation. Mr. Glory replied that there were many things I could not understand, except by faith. "The Lord is infinite, and you are finite." Of course this argument was a boomerang, and I made the proper use of it. Seeing that I was incorrigible, he withdrew, much to my relief.

Now for reflection: I am of the opinion that where the lowest class is concerned, Freethought has no show as against orthodoxy. A divine avenger and rewarder appeals powerfully to the ignorant mind, which is incapable of comprehending systems founded upon pure reason. "Education is the remedy," say many. But how are the children of our modern helots to obtain it if, as soon as they are able to walk, they are sent out into the streets, or to the workshops, to earn the salt with which to sprinkle the family mess of potatoes?

Each of us has his Dido's ox-hide—too often an ass-hide—within whose limits we flatter ourselves to have gathered everything that will conduce to plenty, morality, and knowledge. No one remedy, however, will replace want with plenty, brutality with humanity, vice with virtue, and ignorance with knowledge.

A multiplicity of causes brought about the "miseries of existence," although it is quite possible they may be all embraced in the one word, Ignorance, as Buddha taught. PANURGE.

FRIENDS in want of young trees should read the advertisement of Clark Bros., nurserymen.

W. F. JAMIESON has two invitations to debate in Iowa. All letters addressed to his home P. O., Coryell, Col., will be forwarded, as he expects to be "on the wing" all summer. His route is eastward. Liberals in Iowa, Illinois, Ohio, and further east, are invited to correspond with him with reference to lectures and debates.

A LIST and dates of W. S. Bell's lectures in Oregon is as follows: June 20, Ashland; 21, Talent; 22, Jacksonville; 23, Myrtle Creek; 24, Roseburg; 26, Coos County. July 5, Eugene City; 6, Coburg; 7, Lebanon; 8, Corvallis; 9, Stayton; 10, Scotts Mills; 11, Silverton; 14, Dayton; 15, McMinnville; 17, North Yamhill; 18, McCoy; 19, Balls Bluff; 20, Forest Grove; 23, Hillsboro; 25, Portland. August 1, Oregon City; 4, New Era; 6, Canby; 7, Molalla; 9, Union Mills.

A SUBSCRIBER has 320 acres of School land in Napa county, Cal., which he would like to dispose of at a reasonable figure. Inquirers will please address "A. G. W.," this office.

The San Jose Church of Humanity.

To the Editors of Freethought:

As the "Church of Humanity" deserves more than a passing notice, I will give a detailed account of its workings; but first let me correct one statement in your notice in FREETHOUGHT, March 9. You mention Mr. Ravlin as "a clergyman who recently drifted away from his orthodox moorings in San Diego." N. F. Ravlin was for five years pastor in high standing in the First Baptist church of San Jose. Under his ministrations the church was very prosperous and became the most popular church in San Jose, but during all this time the clear-sighted ones could see that he was "drifting away from his orthodox moorings," and when the time came that he cut loose, and was fairly launched on the vast ocean of progressive thought, no pastor in this city held a higher place in the esteem and hearts of his people. I shall never forget the last morning that he stood before his congregation. He did not do as most ministers do, play upon the feelings of his people before uttering his last farewell, but when the choir arose to sing the closing hymn and broke down in tears at the third word, the pent-up feelings of pastor and people burst forth, and there were but few dry eyes in that house. Finding that the church would not allow freedom of thought or speech, too honest to assume what he did not feel, he turned his back on all that stood in the way of progress. During the past three years his experiences have been varied, at many times exceedingly trying, but never for a moment has he swerved from his purpose or regretted that he has been true to his convictions. Now he has returned to the very spot where he broke loose from his fetters. He says: "My old conceptions and I have parted company forever. I could never return to them any more than I could to the cradle in which my mother rocked me. I have never been so happy before, and I do not admit for one minute that I am less useful. If there are any that think I have backslidden, they will find, if there has been any sliding, it has been forward, not back. In proportion as people are intelligent they drift away from sectarianism. You cannot cramp the expanded soul. We are blamed because we do not remain children; that we grow to manly stature. We grow as naturally as the seed germinates and springs up. We have left old conditions forever; it is impossible to return to old ways of thinking, to the servitude of the past, to fetters and bonds."

I have said more about Mr. Ravlin than I had intended, but it will give you a faint idea of the man whom we are proud and happy to have secured as a speaker for the Church of Humanity. At the organization meeting the following preamble and resolution were adopted:

"Whereas, There are a great many people in this city who are non-attendants upon the services of any church; and

"Whereas, It is impossible for these people to accept the commonly received beliefs of Christendom without doing violence to their sober reason, their enlightened judgment, and their honest convictions; and

"Whereas, It is the desire of many to meet together for mutual improvement, to cultivate the intellectual and spiritual faculties, and to encourage one another to every good word and work; and

"Whereas, It is important to vindicate and reaffirm the right of private judgment, the freedom of speech, and to maintain an open door for the promulgation of Freethought; and

"Whereas, Much more effective work can be done in the cause of Humanity by co-operation and association; therefore,

"Resolved, That we do now proceed to organize a society, to be known as the 'Church of Humanity,' by the election of proper officers, and the appointment of committees.

The officers elected were, as you have stated, O. F. Alley, president; J. W. Miler, vice-president; Mrs. R. H. Schwartz, secretary, and Dr. Bentley, treasurer. The following committees were appointed:

Committee on constitution and by-laws, Mrs. L. Champion, W. W. Battles, N. F. Ravlin; committee on enrollment, Mrs. P. A. Simons, Mrs. R. H. Schwartz, William Foss; committee on finance, William McMeekin, L. Srimton, William Foss; committee on music and entertainment, R. H. Schwartz, Wm. McMeekin, H. A. Crawford; committee on relief, Mrs. J. J. Crawford, Dr. Helen J. Underwood, Mrs. D. M. Woodbury, W. D. Pollard, L. S. Orcutt, O. F. Alley. A floral committee is to be added.

A series of socials are to be given. Everything is moving on swimmingly. Never was so much interest manifested in a movement in this city. Nothing has ever happened here that is hurting the church element as this; many of our prominent citizens are taking an active part, and there is no doubt that this Church of Humanity is going to be the grandest power that has ever existed in the state.

In the evening, at the California Theatre, Mr. Ravlin defined the mission of his new organization, as you have it published in FREETHOUGHT of March 16. Thus has been inaugurated the first "Church of Humanity" in the world. It covers the whole field. It embraces everything that pertains to humanity; there is room upon its platform for the whole world—"no creed, no dogmas, and perfect liberty of thought."

MRS. R. H. SCHWARTZ.

Professor Seymour On the Trail.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Our next place for lectures was Columbia, four miles north from Sonora, where we found the remains of what was once a populous mining city of 10,000 or more people, but now numbering only a few hundred. There are still quite a number of fine brick business houses, but very little business is done. It seems like walking the halls of the Montezumas, so deserted are the streets, and dilapidated the buildings. We found a fine hotel—the Conlin House—which also contained a good opera hall where we gave four lectures to very fair audiences.

Columbia is in a little valley, very beautifully located, with "lovely" sloping hills surrounding it. Ten thousand acres, more or less, have been dug over for gold until it looks like some immense city of the dead. Huge limestone and marble rocks, varying in height from ten to forty feet, almost cover the ground, in some directions, as far as the eye can reach. A few men are still here, crawling around between, and digging under these huge stones hunting for the "root of all evil." These huge rocks, before the discovery of the "dust," were covered with a rich, red soil, but the gold hunter has washed every panful of it over and over again and sent it down the flumes to the valleys and bay below. To look over these fields of desolation and ruin reminds one of the exhumed city of Pompeii. Men have often come in here to the banks with seventy-five to one hundred pounds of gold dust which they sold at prices varying from \$16 to \$19 per ounce. No small fortune that! Huge iron pipes, a foot or more in diameter, run around among the rocks and up over high hills and bluffs, looking like immense black serpents crawling over the country. These pipes bring, from forty miles further up the country, the precious water that washes out the gold, irrigates the gardens and orchards, and fills the water troughs. Right here, where so many millions of wealth have been taken out, I heard and saw more poverty and cry of hard times than in any place I have visited in the state.

From Columbia we descended some two thousand feet by a road cut in the side of the mountain to Parrot's Ferry, across the Stanislaus river, which I could have waded most any where but which I had the pleasure of paying 75 cents to be ferried over. The scenery here is magnificent and grand in the extreme. As we climbed the mountain on the northern side of the river we came soon to the Kiota Creek, where we left our team tied to a tree and descended some thousands of feet to view one of the greatest curiosities of nature—a natural bridge over the Kiota Creek, varying in height above the rushing torrent from twelve to forty feet. This bridge covers the creek for a distance of two hundred and forty feet up and down the stream, while on its under side it has all the appearance of a cave. An "old bach," a splendid specimen of the genus homo, by the name of Barnes, has owned and lived here for thirty years and made quite a palace of this cave under the bridge. He has erected a dam some ten or twelve feet high just above the bridge to stop the big boulders from "floating" down into his "den;" also another dam right under the middle of the bridge, which forms a beautiful waterfall and cascade. The roof of this cavern, which is the under side of the bridge, is covered with formations—stalactites, etc.—wonderful to behold. This is a favorite camping-place for thousands who come here every summer to rest awhile from business. The "old bach" is about as much of a curiosity as his cave, or bridge—his house is always open and latch-string hanging out. Once when he came home, after a short absence, he found pinned to his door the following original poem, evidently penned by some fair damsel of uncertain age, who would like to share his love and cave:

I say, old Bach, why don't you match
With some Calaveras maiden fair,
If just for you she might come, too,
And dwell here in your lonely lair?

The life you lead must be sad, indeed,
Compelled to sleep by yourself alone;
Now don't think twice, take my advice,
And ask some maid to share your home.

The "old bach" answered as follows:

Good wives are very hard to find,
And, what is harder still,
The cash is what the women want—
A want that's hard to fill.

Show me the girl with cash in bank,
With plenty there for two,
Then she can have this poor old crank,
His cave, and home, and body too. —L. A. BARNES.

I found Mr. Barnes a Freethinker who says he is as happy as a "quail on toast," and expects to live and die right here. He has a fine head and a merry eye that twinkles with a true business air when he calls for his regular 50 cents for showing this really great wonder of California.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

Organize and Incorporate.

To the Editors of *Freethought*:

I see by your valuable paper that Professor Herbert Miller is about to inaugurate a series of Liberal meetings in your beautiful city. Always when I see such announcements made, I feel that the interest attending the bringing together of Liberals for merely talk is not sufficient inducement to be of long duration. Myself and others at one time, some forty years ago, organized in the city of New York what we called the Independent Order of Liberals. We made it a benefit society. At one time we had several hundred dollars in funds, and even at that, the interest looking us in the face, we could not keep up our organization. Organize, organize, and come together, not only to talk, but to help one another, and prepare such organization, under legislative enactment, to receive and hold donations of such persons as Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, whose eyes might have been opened to such a course of proceeding had there been an opportunity offered. Yours truly, P. H. FOSTER.

Babylon, L. I., March 9, 1889.

COMPETITION AND CO-OPERATION.

From a Letter.

If the millions of money, and the months and years of time that have been lost in strikes and lock-outs in recent decades—thus keeping up the wage system and competition, without thought of a better system—had been thrown into the one single and simple direction of the co-operative colony, by starting as many such colonies as the funds so wasted (or not much better) could have enabled the workmen to start, then this country would have already entered the era of the new civilization, which, nevertheless, is as certain to come as to-morrow's sunrise; but which coming is delayed because those most interested in it—the millions of wage workers—do not as yet see the path, and that the *only* path, that lies before them, leading to truly free and dignified labor.

It is idle to look to politics alone, and the multiplication of laws, for an escape from the labor troubles. Thirty-eight states and a national congress are piling up new laws at a surprising rate each year. Eleven thousand bills were presented to the House of Representatives in the recent session of Congress, only three thousand of which could receive attention—so to call the necessarily hasty consideration given to each of these three thousand. Many of these laws are restrictive and prohibitory; others are permissive; and yet others are regulatory. As to the restrictive and prohibitory, many of these are, no doubt, necessary, and even imperatively so, as things now are, in our disorderly, competitive semi-civilization. But it does not seem to be quite the right thing to hedge up a community with an ever higher rising wall of legal "Don'ts." With endless new inventions and discoveries of Nature's forces; with increasing population, and new industries ever arising, matters grow more and more complicated every year; and we think to straighten out these complications and industrial tangles by more and more laws; complications and tangles which arise simply because our industries are without proper organization, but at loose ends everywhere and all the time. We live under the despotic rule of an intense individualism. Every person, every firm and corporation, goes its own course, regardless of others, as far as it can. It is "everyone for himself and the

devil take the hindmost." We obey the injunction expressed in the couplet,

"Those must take who have the power,
And they may keep, who can."

W. H. MULLER.

ITEMS WRITTEN WITH THE SCISSORS.

THE Walla Walla Journal, which favored the name of Washington for the new state, now mourns that some other name was not chosen, because the post-office department abbreviates the name name thus: "Washn."

AUNT AGNES—"Well, Ethel, I hear you're studying English history. Have you got as far as the Crusades yet?" Ethel—"Yes." Aunt Agnes—"Then can you tell me what a Pilgrim was?" Ethel—"A Holy Tramp."

"Ah, it fills my heart with joy," said a country minister, as the last note of the organ died away, "to see so many strangers among us on this beautiful Sabbath morning. The good book says, 'He was a stranger, and I took him in.' The collection will now be taken up."—Life.

THE editor of our contemporary, the Corncracker, is in trouble. Hear him: "We desire to state that whereas in our church notices last week the types made us say the Rev. John Smeads greased the pulpit of the Methodist church on Sunday; it should have been 'graced the pulpit,' etc.

KIND LADY—"You poor little boy! On the street in rags such a day as this! Have you no home?" Small Boy—"Yes'm. I live in that house on the other side of the street." K. L.—"You have no mother, have you, poorchild?" S. B.—"Yes'm. She and forty other women are in there now makin' embroidered nightgowns for the Zulus."

WICKED BOARDER (Sunday)—"You do not read Sunday papers, I believe, Mrs. De Goode?" Mrs. De Goode (severely)—"No, I do not, and I am grieved to find that you do." "I was only going to say that this copy of the Sunday Scandal has a two-column account of that minister who was arrested for improper—" "Oh, if there is anything in the paper about ministers, that's different, thank you."—Philadelphia Record.

THE editor of the Deadwood Roarer attended church for the first time last Sunday. In about an hour he rushed into the office and shouted to the telegraph editor: "What in blazes are you fellows doing? How about the news from the seat of war?" "What news?" "Why, all this about the Egyptian army being drowned in the Red sea. Why, the gospel chap up at the church was telling about it just now and not a word of it in this morning's paper. Rustle 'round, you fellows, and get the facts, or the Snap Shot will get a beat on us. Look spry, there, and run an extra edition if necessary while I put up a bulletin board 'Great English Victory in the Soudan.'"

The Burden of Interest.

Lois Waisbrooker holds that usury and land monopoly must go, or all freedom must go, and she sets forth her reasons therefor in a ten-cent pamphlet with the title "Facts and Figures for Workingmen." That interest is a severe burden to borrowers is quite plain, but how borrowers can be persuaded to cease paying it is a question not easy to answer.—FREETHOUGHT.

So long as "class legislation" makes certain kinds of property (such as gold and silver) "legal tender" in the payment of debts, including taxes and duties, and so long as these laws punish by forced levy and sale of goods, those who fail to provide themselves with the aforesaid privileged class of property—sometimes called "money"—just so long will it be impossible for the borrower to be relieved from the burden of interest. Interest (usury) is unnatural. It is a wholly artificial arrangement by which the capable and the cunning contrive, by class legislation, to live at their ease and grow wealthy by exploiting the less cunning and the less fortunate.—Lucifer.

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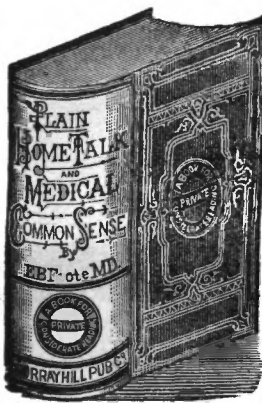
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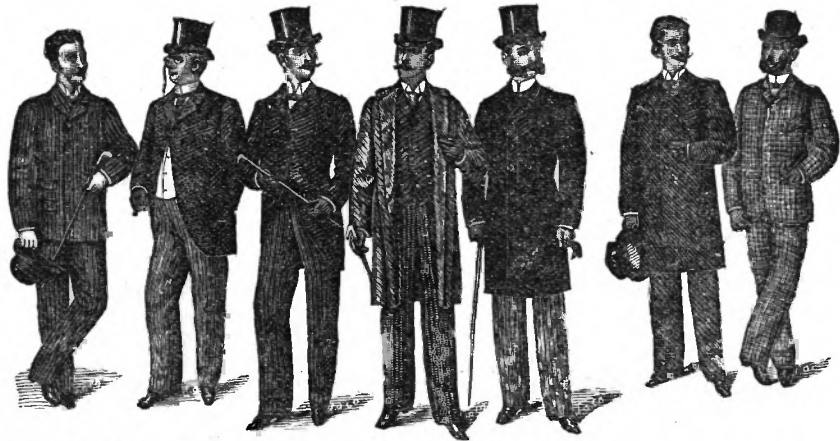
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Freethought.

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FREETHOUGHT.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, }
GEO. E. MACDONALD, } EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - APRIL 6, 1889

OWING to his numerous engagements on the coast, Mr. S. P. Putnam will be unable to extend his lecture tour farther east than Montana and Idaho.

THE Rev. Samuel Jones has got through with San Francisco. He received \$1,200 for his services, and claims to have converted twelve hundred people. If lies were feathers he might put wings on all of them.

B. F. UNDERWOOD has just closed a most interesting discussion with the Rev. Dr. Bates at Cleveland. We judge from reports in the local papers that the clergyman did the shouting and Mr. Underwood the debating.

PATRICK EAGAN, an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, will represent the United States government in Chile. Both by his nationality and his religion he is better fitted to represent the politicians than the people.

TRINITY church, this city, has been condemned as unsafe by the fire department, and the members are indignant. They regard their chance of escaping fire in this world as much better than the fire wardens' in the hereafter.

KATE FIELD, the lecturer, is fighting the Prohibitionists on the ground, among other things, that the Bible opposes prohibition. This will not count. The Bible is on both sides of every question, which fact is regarded by religious people as proof of its divine inspiration.

A NUMBER of young ladies of Redding, Shasta county, have formed an association whose constitution forbids them to marry any one who uses tobacco, who drinks anything stronger than light wines, or who is not a member of the Young Men's Christian Association. Girls who would join an association of that kind do not deserve any better husbands than the ones they are likely to get.

LAST week a most unique and, so far as is known, unprecedented church celebration was held in Alameda, being the "tin wedding" of the Congregational church, which was organized and, as the ecclesiastical phrase has it, "wedded to Christ" March 25,

1879. Tin articles of ornament and kitchen furniture were presented in great profusion and suspended around the church. The presence of the bridegroom is not mentioned in the reports of the proceedings.

FAREWELL TO THE REV. SAMUEL JONES.

O Jones, when first you came to preach to us
From Sacramento and Los Angherlus,
We knew your fame as a religious liar
Was great as your supporters could desire.

We knew your mastery of dialect
Was all that any critic could expect;
We were familiar with your *repertoire*,
And the inherent powers of your jaw.

But when we heard you were we all surprised—
Our highest hopes are more than realized.
You are a sample of that vaulting pride
Which, missing saddle, 'lights the other side.

Perhaps you really do more good than harm,
And we have viewed your pranks without a'arm.
Yet, Jones, good-bye—if say good-bye we must;
We shall not see your like again, we trust.

SUNDAY MORNING AT 10:30.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held in the hall of the Turn Verein, 323 Turk street, Sunday morning, April 7, at 10:30 o'clock instead of evening.

NEWS AND NOTES.

SAN JACINTO AND PERRIS.—All day long I had to remain at Goshen, and this scripture appellation became to my mind quite melancholy and tedious. At sundown the express thundered along, and through the wide spaces of night I sped to the city of the Angels, glittering in the freshness of morning, not with the halo of paradise, but the splendor of the nineteenth century. Here I met old friends again—J. E. Clark, S. Calhoun, C. Severance, Eugene Riggin, good John Riggin—going on to a hundred years with the sweet philosophies of life, and thoughts that sparkle with eternal youth—and from these generous comrades all the future brightens. My Portland friends of last golden autumn are now, this silver spring-time, in Los Angeles—Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. A. W. Graham, Miss Orlie, and the three boys, Azro, Harry, and Jo, the latter with plenty of what orthodoxy avers to be "total depravity," but which nature declares to be her sublimest virtue, irrepressible energy and wilfulness, which will one day make them triumphant soldiers of this world.

My friend Ward gave me a delightful drive over the far-spreading metropolis. Though the boom has gone, life flows on, and the city is magnificent still. Mr. Ward took me to his factory where iron pipes are made for the distribution of water. He ha

invented a black oily liquid in which the pipes are dipped and the iron is kept from rust, and the water flows through with absolute purity. It absorbs nothing from the glassy and oily surface. This is a most important invention. The water can run through the pipes with the crystal clearness of the fountain itself.

Saturday morning I leave Los Angeles for San Jacinto. The new railroad, built since I was here before, brings me into this brilliant valley, or rather series of valleys, with wide vistas, vast wheatfields, on whose bosom, where softest summer gales are blowing, the snow-capped mountains look benignantly down and greet the violet and the rose with diamond lustres.

Warm hearts are here, and though business is dull, I find plenty of intellectual stimulus. The captain greets me at the Glendale House, and there is not a dull moment when he is round. Friend D. W. Perkins has Freethought to his very fingers' ends, and can talk philosophy by the hour. He is well posted and knows the annals of science from Humboldt to Huxley, and he does make the orthodox dance to many a lively tune of heresy. He believes in progress and humanity with the whole energy of his being. Sunday morning he and the captain and myself attended the Congregational church to hear a blind preacher, blind from eighteen months of age. He read with raised letters, and gave a very good discourse on the "heavenly wisdom." He seemed to think that "heavenly wisdom" was all the wisdom there is, and that worldly wisdom didn't amount to anything. The next day friend Perkins tackled him at the hotel and told him that if it had not been for worldly wisdom he never would have been able to read his own Bible; it is worldly wisdom, not "heavenly," which has made the means of education for the blind. The preacher didn't take to his logic at all, and finally declared that he had rather be a villain than a blasphemer. Thus it is every time, the worst crime in the eyes of a Christian is to disbelieve—better lie and steal. Such is the morality of "heavenly wisdom."

I had good meetings Sunday afternoon and evening. There were not a great many present, but that is not always a cause of discouragement. The quality of the audience was invigorating; that kind which will make the seeds of thought grow to noble and beautiful fruitage. Still the future opens to unbounded promise, though the present is limited. J. B. Vernon is also a staunch supporter of our flag, always ready for the march, and a generous companion. Henry Chester is of the stalwart band, and with such we have "a heart for any fate."

J. P. Vawter, N. O. Hansen, S. Durett, Henry Durett, and others are also enlisted in the ranks of Freethought. I was sorry not to see all Liberal friends here. Some were away, some on the sick list, some at the gold mines. Good luck to them, and I hope to see them later.

"Grandpa Todd" has gone from silver age to the gray silence of death. Let the flowers bloom over him, for the virtue of his life is undying hope.

Monday afternoon, in the gorgeous sunshine, Chas. W. Clark took me over to Diamond Valley. This valley is rightly named. On every side emerald lustres, mingling with brown and gray and yellow, are like the melting rays of an immense jewel. Up at the farther end we reach the domicile of P. A. Clark, where trees of all kinds do flourish, the orange, the apple, the pomegranate, the prune, the peach, etc. In this nook there is a warm place for fruits.

Friend Clark is big as of old, and as cheerful, although under

the weather with a severe cold and threatened pneumonia. He is on the mend, I am glad to say. Mrs. Clark and the little girls and the baby vie with the sunshine in health and happiness. Especially does the baby keep things lively. He knows his rights, "and knowing dare maintain." I had the pleasure of meeting Professor Vail, an original thinker, author of the ring theory of the earth's formation. Like Saturn, the earth once had rings. It is a wonderfully interesting theory and has many facts in its support, and I should not wonder if that was the way many of the appearances of the planet's surface came about. They are not upheavals, but down-fallings from the breaking and dissolving rings.

A baker's dozen was at the meeting in the evening, but it went off pleasantly, and Mr. Pickering, my Mormon saint, thought my ideas on the separation of church and state pretty sound.

Professor Livingstone is still the schoolmaster and stands on the rock of Universal salvation, and so has a sunny face for the Freethinker.

The next day, Tuesday, was absolutely perfect. The morning passed away like a dream to me, sitting on the porch, drinking the balmy gales, looking down the radiant valley, lifting eyes to the mighty mountains over walls of sapphire and seas of green. It was a picture as entrancing as the eye or heart could enjoy. It folded in bright forgetfulness all the ills of life. It was an intoxication of splendid color and marvelous form.

Amidst the first gold of the afternoon, just shivering down from the wings of evening, the "angel" from Pleasant valley came, John E. Stuart, and he took me to the other side of the rocky buttes that trend into the valley; and there from his modest residence as beautiful a scene stretches as ever could be looked upon among the snowy Alps or by glancing Rhine. One could gaze almost a hundred miles away, and every moment, as the lights and shadows changed, a new revelation was in the air. Mrs. Stuart is the gentle schoolmistress of this happy dale. The school-house is two miles off, and morning and evening she drives to and from amidst nature's loveliness, and books and study thus take a dewy freshness. The children like her so well that they will not let her lay down the rule, and she must still exercise its genial authority.

The school-house was full. Pleasant Valley has quite a Liberal colony. There are Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Deming, Jas. S. Deming, Martha Deming, always staunch and true; W. D. Clark who, like some tall mountain, is not a bit fretted by the gusts of orthodoxy. E. Larsen and family, the Akers, a dozen of them or more, and of the best quality, John, George, Bertha, etc.; George and Susan Spittler, T. D. Hamenway, J. L. Cye, and others; and I am sure that my pilgrimage here will always be like a visit to Beulah land. Nature and humanity could not be more kind, more noble, and more hospitable.

Early on Wednesday morning I am speeding down the shining valley to Perris, where I lecture in the evening.

A full house greets me, and the orthodox are set on fire. After the prayer-meeting they crowd around the doors of the hall, and as soon as my discourse is over a rattling discussion begins, but the Christians are soon routed and retreat to the realms of faith. A good opening is made in this lively burg, and future work is most promising.

Our wheel-horse of reform is A. L. Reynolds, and he is indeed a persistent and self-sacrificing worker. He gives all he can to a cause that is the inspiration of his life. He has wonderful

mechanical skill, and has invented a sun water-lifting apparatus which strike me as being a most valuable natural power. It is something new, and I hope our bright young friend has got a fortune in it. To use the sun to pump water with is a most excellent arrangement, and better than any Christian miracle so far.

The Reynolds' make quite a regiment in themselves at this point, and they are for Freethought by "a large majority."

I was glad to meet my sturdy ally Mr. Reed again, and to see that he is getting the better of Father Time and the infirmities of the flesh. Liberalism is to him the best of medicine and he "bates no jot of heart or hope."

Mrs. Reynolds and W. R. Sargent furnished most excellent music for the occasion, for which I must express my thanks. They gave that inspiration which makes labor most joyful.

J. Herbert, Jonathan Foster, John A. Peron, are enrolled in the ranks of Freethought. So cordial has been my reception at this place that I hope to be able to return in a few weeks and organize.

Within three miles of Perris are gold mines, now being operated, more valuable, it is said, than those lately discovered in Lower California.

The country about Perris and San Jacinto is of good quality. There is promise of abundant harvest this year. Lands are held from thirty to sixty dollars an acre. When the boom is over and hard work begins, and homes are built up, these valleys from Perris to San Jacinto will form one of the finest portions of the state. From point to point there will be one continuous garden.

March 28, 1889.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

"MADE MAD BY RELIGION."

Perhaps no more than the average number of religious lunatics have been developed within the past week, but we do not always take the trouble to record them. We now note three.

First. Mrs. Ellen Kavanaugh, of Bernal heights, a few days ago attempted to drown herself in Islais creek. She was rescued, and while being conveyed to the receiving hospital explained that on account of her sins the savior was chasing her with the intention of casting her into the flames of hades. She had prepared for the same by jumping into the creek.

Second. Mr. John Schlapfer, a Salvation Army warrior of this city, awoke the family with whom he was boarding by resorting to the backyard in his night clothes and announcing in a loud voice that he was the Rev. Samuel Jones. He then commenced a sermon, after the style of the aforesaid Jones, upon the sins of the community, at the same time brandishing a revolver. His landlady and her daughter expostulated with him, whereupon he took several shots at each, fortunately missing them. In some way or other he received a bullet in his own leg. The commissioners sent him to the insane asylum.

The third and most serious case is reported by a telegraphic dispatch from Jackson, Mo., reading as follows:

"Sheriff John Husky, of Bolinger county, has placed in jail Amanda Lasater, charged with murder, and her husband, Monroe, as an accessory. The husband recently became a religious lunatic, claiming to have received from God a command to preach, but first to offer his fourteen-months-old child as a sacrifice. He made his wife strangle the infant, claiming that the Almighty promised to resurrect the child on the third day. When Lasater was arrested he had been carrying the dead infant in his arms for two days."

All these mad acts are traceable directly to the religious teachings of the day. The doctrine of hell fire made Mrs. Kavanaugh

crazy. The revivalism of Jones upset Schlapfer's reason, while the blood atonement and a belief in the resurrection drove Lasater and his wife to infanticide.

Freethinkers are often criticised for dwelling upon the crimes committed in the past in the name of religion, and the criticism may or may not be just. We do not believe it is; but surely every humanitarian should oppose with all his might the teaching of insane delusions that bring lunacy and murder to our very doors.

THE LECTURE TOUR.

Following are the dates of S. P. Putnam's lectures as at present determined:

San Diego, March 31,	Pomona, April 22, 23, 24, 25,
National City, April 2, 3, 4,	Lemoore, April 28,
San Diego, April 7,	Visalia, April 29, 30,
San Pasqual and vicinity, April 8, 9,	Oleander, May 1, 2, 3,
10, 11, 12,	San Francisco, May 5, 12, 19,
Santa Ana, April 14,	Boulder Creek and vicinity, May,
Anaheim, April 15, 16, 17,	20, 21, 22, 23, 24,
Norwalk, April 18, 19, 20,	San Francisco, May 26.
Los Angeles, April 21,	

Mr. Putnam will be at Fresno Flats, Grub Gulch, and vicinity the first week in June. About the middle of June he will begin his Oregon trip, taking in Silverton, Canby, Molalla, Hillsboro, Shed's, etc. About the third week in July he will be in Coos county, Or.

Those desiring lectures will please write at their earliest convenience, addressing this office.

DON'T DO IT.

One hundred years ago April 30, at New York, George Washington was inaugurated the first president of the United States. The clergy of that time, as of all other times, took advantage of the occasion to make themselves conspicuous by holding religious incantations in their churches. The celebrating, by the church, of any civil or secular event is a most inconsistent proceeding, because the kingdom of Christ, the alleged head of the church, is not of this world, and it is to be presumed that he takes slight interest in the inauguration of temporal rulers; but if Christians wish to be inconsistent—if they wish to celebrate events of not the least importance to them as Christians—they have a perfect right to do so. They ought, however, to be moved thereto by their own volition, and they ought not to seek to impose their ceremonies upon others who do not wish to join them.

The following self-explaining telegram affords us occasion for these remarks:

"Hon. Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States, Washington, D. C.: The committee on the centennial celebration of the inauguration of George Washington as president of the United States respectfully asks that you issue a proclamation calling upon clergymen to hold special services of thanksgiving in the churches throughout the country at nine o'clock on the morning of April 30, the same hour at which services were held in the churches of this city on the morning of Washington's inauguration, one hundred years ago.

"HAMILTON FISH, President,
"HUGH GRANT, Chairman."

The gentlemen signing the above communication are, first, a respectable old puritan—one of the gold-headed cane brigade, whose names are always before the public, as a "committee of one hundred"—and, second, a Roman Catholic politician whose church has made him the mayor of New York. Their request that the president call upon the clergymen to hold religious ser-

vices on this or any other occasion, shows that neither of them has very definite notions of the functions of the chief magistrate, or of republican forms of government. In a country like Russia, where the head of the nation is the head of the church, there would be nothing out of the way in the ruler calling a religious meeting, but in America the case is different. President Harrison, with due regard to his exalted position, has no control over the clergy as preachers of the gospel. He can no more call upon them, by virtue of his office, to hold meetings on a certain day, than he can call upon the auctioneers to hold their auctions at a specified time in honor of any public event. Why is not President Harrison asked to call upon mediums to hold seances, by way of evoking the patriotic sentiments of Spiritualists? Why should there not be a proclamation urging conventions of Free-thinkers on April 30?

This request of the Centennial Committee reduces to an absurdity as soon as examined. We say to General Harrison: Don't do it. Indeed, we go further, and demand that the appointment, by the president of the United States or by the governors of the various states, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.

The president of this republic should not lower his dignity by proclaiming anything not authorized by law. If he has the right, as president, to appoint a religious meeting, he should have the authority, as chief magistrate, to enforce attendance at it. A proclamation with no authority behind it is, in the language of the revised Bible, "vanity and a striving after wind."

A SECTARIAN CONSTITUTION PRESERVED.

At the election in New Hampshire, March 12, several constitutional amendments were passed upon by the people of that state, among them one prohibiting the manufacture or sale of liquor; and another amending the bill of rights, making the same non-sectarian. Both were defeated. Article VI. of the constitution empowers "towns, parishes, bodies corporate, or religious societies" to "make adequate provision, at their own expense, for the support and maintenance of public Protestant teachers of piety, religion, and morality." It was proposed to strike out this article and let the following stand in its place:

"Every religious sect or denomination demeaning themselves quietly and as good subjects of the state shall be equally under the protection of the law, and no subordination of any one sect or denomination to another shall ever be established by law."

The defeat of the non-sectarian amendment shows that bigotry—or Puritanism, which is the same thing—is not yet dead in New Hampshire. It is equivalent to a declaration by the people of the state that "every religious sect or denomination demeaning themselves quietly and as good subjects of the state" shall *not* be equally under the protection of the law—a declaration that would seem to be somewhat out of place in this country. We are at a loss to understand how people bigoted enough to vote against this amendment ever allowed an opportunity to pass for prescribing by law what the minority should drink. Of course every Protestant who cast a ballot in favor of Article VI. as it stands knew that he was opposing Catholicism, and the fact that he voted oftener against Catholicism than against whisky indicates which of these two evils he regarded as most dangerous.

There is an evil, however, which has shown itself to be more dangerous than either rum or Rome, and that evil is religious bigotry of the particular sort that the New Hampshire people have just displayed.

THE NATURAL GROUNDWORK OF MORALITY.

Matthew Arnold declared that "conduct is three-fourths of life," and that assertion our own experience affirms. The conduct of man toward his fellow-man has been determined by his necessities, by his passions, by his sympathies, somewhat by his religion, but much more by his surroundings. The primitive man, like the modern savage, put no more restraint upon his passions than his environment necessitated, was cruel, lustful, lazy, thievish, false, with occasional exceptions and alternations of generosity, industry, honesty, and truth. Man has gone into the practice of virtue under the influence of long education. Modern morality is the result of human experience, and not of any divine revelation. Men found that they could not exist in communities without the practice of some self-restraint. At first, probably, man's hands, like Ishmael's, were against every man, but it was quickly found that a union of numbers gave greater security for food and protection against wild beasts, and that to maintain fellowship violence must be restrained. The natural affection of family ties strengthened this feeling. As personal property was acquired, respect for ownership was demanded, and to allow theft would have led to quarrels that would have broken up the young community. As men and women paired, the natural jealousy of the male demanded that there should be no intermeddling with his mate, and the choice, which at first was temporary, grew by the perception of mutual advantage to be permanent, and from polygamy, in the highest races, to monogamy. Falsehood, which was the natural refuge of the weak, and an instrument of power to the strong, became discredited as its disadvantages of uncertainty and injury were increasingly felt, and truth became an ideal which men wanted from others, even though they were not always willing to yield it themselves, especially where general advantage was concerned. These fundamental virtues have grown as naturally as man's intellect and knowledge. Religion had nothing to do with forming them, and they have been as highly developed among heathen as among Christian nations. Religion has frequently given them her sanction, and with her ready assumption claimed them exclusively as her own, but they were all developed out of the necessities of man's environment, and seen to be necessary to the stability of his social organization. The practical part of the Ten Commandments: Obey thy parents; thou shalt do no murder; thou shalt not commit adultery; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not bear false witness, were all drawn from the Egyptian laws, and are found incorporated in the code of all heathen nations, Greek, Roman, Hindoo, Persian, Chinese, and had nothing to do with divine inspiration in Egypt any more than on Sinai or in Judea.

All human virtues have been of slow growth and have come from small beginnings. In the race at large the advance has been steady, with occasional relapses and long periods of infinitesimal progress. In some parts of the human family the growth has been but slight, in others unequal, in others it has been arrested. Because of the variety of morality practiced in different tribes and nations, a French writer has said that "morality is geographical." Some tribes, which have no regard for chastity, are honest and truthful, as are some of the hill tribes of India. The morality which communities have practiced among themselves has had no bearing toward strangers. To deceive, defraud, and rob a stranger was praiseworthy. Stranger and enemy are the same word in the Latin tongue. When a ship was driven on a foreign shore, in those days, the ship was plundered and the crew enslaved or killed. Practices which we abhor were common

among our ancestors. In Cæsar's days the British tribes practiced polyandry: one woman had several husbands, usually brothers, with whom she lived alternately. We have sprung from moral mud, as our bodies have evolved from ocean's ooze. Irregularly, uncertainly, when closely looked at, the moral advance of mankind has gone forward, but, like the tide, it has risen with intelligence and experience.

Great impulses have at times swept over a part of the race and lifted it higher, morally, in a century or two than it had climbed in many previous. These impulses have been usually due to a great teacher, a Moses, Confucius, Buddha, Jesus, who has gathered together the highest teachings of his day, the previous possession of a few, and by his genius and the intensity of his personality, has flung the precious grain broadcast to take root and bear richly in the hearts of the masses.

The personality of genius is a tremendous force. It gathers within itself the unformulated, half-expressed thought of a race, and makes it general. It absorbs the suspended moisture of the atmosphere, and sends it down in a fertilizing rain. It changes the unvalued, slight, uncorrelated stuff into a magnificent garment of strong texture and artistic hue. Jesus did not create the morality that he taught, but he vivified it by his personality. The golden rule had been taught hundreds of years before him by Greek and oriental philosophers and teachers. He gave it a more general and positive influence by the strength of his personality, throughout the great occident, which has been the most affected by him. Bishop Butler says many of Jesus's views were mistaken, but his conception of God as love has given a softer, milder tone to men's thoughts of the supreme power, has kept them hopeful, helped them to endure patiently much wretchedness, and made them kinder to each other. We, with our wider knowledge, are beginning to doubt whether this conception of God is quite true, though we still hope; but yet we feel that brotherly kindness is still the best rule of action.

The moral teachings of Buddha, 600 years before Christ, are quite as advanced in moral tone. Listen to this: "To give alms and live righteously; to help one's relations, and do blameless deeds; to cease and abstain from sin; to eschew strong drink; not to be weary in well doing; temperance and chastity; a mind unshaken by the things of the world, without anguish or passion, and secure—these are the greatest blessings." So Buddha taught, and the writings of sages—Chinese, Hindoo, Greek, Egyptian—for hundreds, even thousands of years before Christ, are full of equally lofty moral teachings. Jesus united these teachings to a noble conception of divinity, and made that universal which had before been particular. He gave to the multitude the esoteric doctrine of the few.

H. M.

RENEW.

We urge upon our subscribers who are in arrears the necessity of renewing promptly if they desire a continuance of the paper.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY celebrators are popularly regarded as Irish patriots, but it seems that their celebrations, in this city at least, are for the glory of the church. They had a balance of more than three thousand dollars left from their last pow-wow, and it is to be turned over to the Youth's Directory, which is a Catholic institution. Meanwhile pauper Ireland stretches out her hand for aid. But the Irishman carries his "bull" habit into every department of life. He looks out for the next world before he pays any attention to this.

SOMETHING is wrong with the orthodoxy of Bishop Billing, of Bedford, England. He recently astonished his hearers at Eastbourne by a proposal to introduce dancing as a form of social recreation in popular religious and semi-religious clubs. He went a step further and urged that the church should not object to cards and billiards at workingmen's clubs and institutes. He did not think that this would lead to gambling for money. The bishop offered a still more remarkable opinion on the question of recreation when he said that on some occasions, as an alternate necessity of circumstances, he would sooner close a church than a workingman's club.

We clip the following from an Iowa paper:

John Stone Kneeland, an eccentric farmer and Freethinker, died in Farmington in April, 1881, and early in May following, his will was admitted to probate. He had no faith in a hereafter, and requested the following inscription to be placed on his tombstone:

An honest man has gone to rest,
To rise or sleep as heaven thinks best;
If there's another world he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

A copy of the will can be seen at the county clerk's office at the court house in Ft. Madison."

THE members of the American party should read a pamphlet entitled "Church and State," published by H. L. Green, and then expunge from their platform the seventh plank recommending the reading of the Bible in schools. The pamphlet (see advertisement in this paper) bears the name of "Jefferson" as its author. Those, however, who are familiar with the writings of the Hon. A. B. Bradford, of Pennsylvania, are likely to come to the conclusion that the present work is the product of his able pen.

JAMES LICK left some money for the Pioneers and for the Academy of Sciences. Both societies have already received large sums, and it is claimed that when all of Lick's other legacies are provided for, these two societies, as residuary legatees, will receive about \$500,000 each. They have therefore begun suit to compel the trustees to pay over these sums, and will probably get the money.

NATURE has spoken her word on the Samoan problem, and hostilities between this country and Germany are, for the moment, suspended. Perhaps over the bodies of one hundred and forty human beings sacrificed to the spirit of conquest which men have inherited from the wild beasts, the politicians of the two countries will be willing to keep closed mouths until they can talk of peace.

No Peace to Make.

Near a small village in western New York, there lived, a few years ago, an eccentric old man who was known as "Uncle Nat." Just what his religious belief was seems not to have been known, but he was honest and upright in every way.

"Uncle Nat" lived mostly by himself, after the death of his wife, and indulged in a good many peculiarities of dress and manner, better calculated to amuse than to impress his neighbors, until a time came when it was evident that he must, for once, go over to the majority. News reached the village that it was thought he would die in a very short time, and this seemed to develop a very unusual interest in the good man's spiritual welfare. A certain orthodox minister of the place repaired to the house, and after viewing the queer surroundings, and taking in the situation to the best of his ability, proceeded to discharge his assumed duty of arranging matters on a satisfactory basis between the dying man and his alleged God. "Mr. W.," said he, "have you made your peace with God?" "Uncle Nat," fixing his failing eyes, full of surprise and disgust, upon the impertinent stranger, replied: "I never had any trouble with God." That ended the "conference meeting," and the weary old man was left to die without further annoyance.

E. K. RAP.

SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

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 VICE-PRESIDENTS:
 Wm. H. Eastman, Mrs. Emma Reguin, E. S. Lemme.

ORGANIZATION.

The attendants at last Sunday's Liberal meeting got down to business at the start, and stayed there with persistency for about two hours. Temporary President P. O. Chilstrom occupied the chair and evoked order. Professor Miller, as chairman of the Committee on Organization, presented a constitution and a set of by-laws, which, as finally adopted, were thus:

ARTICLE I.—NAME.

The name of this organization shall be the SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

ART. II.—GENERAL OBJECTS.

The general objects shall be the same as those expressed in Articles II. and III. of the California State Liberal Union, of which Union this Society shall be a local branch.

ART. III.—SPECIAL OBJECTS.

The special objects shall be those suggested by the following resolutions, unanimously passed at the first convention of the California State Liberal Union:

"The success of Liberalism depends on work, both destructive and constructive; on plucking out the weeds of error and planting and cultivating the germs of truth; on not only demolishing the temples of darkness and superstition, but also on the rearing in their places of more beautiful temples of liberty and light.

"We urge upon all lovers of true liberty the importance of assembling themselves together for lectures, for reading, science classes, and ethical associations, and in every way possible cultivating the intellect and filling the minds of the people with correct knowledge."

ART. IV.—MEMBERSHIP.

All persons in sympathy with the objects of this Society, being duly proposed and elected, are entitled to membership, after signing the constitution and paying \$1 initiation fee. Ladies, however, shall be admitted free.

ART. V.—OFFICERS.

The officers of the society shall consist of a president, three vice-presidents, secretary, assistant-secretary, and treasurer, and a board of five managers to have the general management and control of the society.

ART. VI.—ELECTIONS.

The officers shall be elected annually.

ART. VII.—AMENDMENTS.

Amendments to this constitution and by-laws may be made at any regular meeting by a two-thirds vote of qualified members; provided that notice of the proposed amendment shall have been submitted in writing at the meeting immediately preceding.

BY-LAWS.

SEC. 1.—Meetings.—There shall be regular Sunday meetings, to be held at an hour and place agreed upon by the society. Music and an address shall, when practicable, form a part of these meetings. The address shall be followed by a debate, if desired, which shall be limited as the society may direct. The ordinary business of the society shall be transacted at these meetings.

SEC. 2.—The duties of the officers of the society shall be the usual duties of such officers.

SEC. 3.—Committees shall be appointed upon public work, social affairs, etc., as occasion for such shall arise.

SEC. 4.—"Roberts's Manual" shall be the parliamentary guide in all matters not covered by this constitution and by-laws.

There was but little debate on these articles, except by way of explanation. The committee on organization reported that the list of available names for such a society had been canvassed and discussed. Some favored the Church of Humanity, but others objected to the word church on account of its ecclesiastical associations. The word "secular" did not cover the whole ground. "Liberal" had been attached to several organizations in the city, which were defunct, and the committee were not unanimous on the question of a resurrection. Finally, "Freethought" was suggested, and the discussion closed so far as the committee were concerned, and the name was agreed to by them.

The meeting adopted the title without dissent. Article II. includes "the total separation of church and state" and the Nine Demands, which Professor Miller read. The article was spoken to discursively by a gentleman in green goggles, and pointedly by Mr. H. L. Knight. The first speaker did not bring his remarks to a head. Mr. Knight's centered on the Declaration of

Independence, and the principles of our revolutionary fathers. The article was accepted.

Article III. comprises the resolutions introduced by Judge North at the state convention, and it may be stated that those resolutions have afforded the inspiration for the present organization. They were supplemented, on motion of Mr. W. H. Eastman, by an article on social gatherings, and accepted unanimously.

The fourth article originally contained a provision for monthly dues of twenty-five cents, but experience seemed to have convinced the majority that the expense of collecting dues was greater than the proceeds, and the provision was expunged.

The next article passed as read, as did also the two succeeding. The by-laws met with no opposition.

Chairman Lemme, of the Committee on Nominations, reported the following:

President, P. O. Chilstrom;
 Secretary, Henry J. Breuer;
 Asst. Secretary, G. E. Macdonald;
 Treasurer, A. H. Schou;
 Vice-President, Wm. H. Eastman.

On motion of Professor Miller, election was made by *viva voce* vote.

The choice of the committee for president was unanimously indorsed. In accepting the office of president, Mr. Chilstrom thanked the meeting for the honor conferred, and made the remark that it was sometimes the custom for officers to take a position and then, when their names had been spread upon the minutes and printed in the papers, to relapse into a state of inactivity. Such was not his intention. There were duties attached to the office of president of a Liberal society and he proposed to discharge them. Mr. Chilstrom's brief address was heartily applauded.

The above assistant secretary then arose to place upon the list of vice-presidents the names of Mrs. Emma Reguin and Mr. Emil S. Lemme. These, and the other candidates, were thereupon elected without trouble.

On motion of Mr. Wm. Schroeder, those who desired to become members of the San Francisco Freethought Society were invited to sign the articles and pay their initiation fee. The motion became popular at once, and a good list of members ensued.

The next question was that of engaging a permanent lecturer and organizer, and paying him a salary. The mention of a salary aroused the opposition of the gentleman in green goggles, who maintained that all labor for the cause should be done voluntarily and without remuneration. Mr. H. L. Knight spoke of the inauguration of a Freethought movement in England fifty-eight years ago, in which he participated. The Freethinkers there believed that the laborer was worthy of his hire, and paid a salary to those who devoted themselves to the work. Mr. Knight appeared to express the sentiment of the meeting.

Mr. Schou moved that Professor Herbert Miller be engaged as permanent lecturer. The assistant secretary explained the situation to the effect that about \$250 had been subscribed for the support of the meetings, mainly through the efforts of Mr. Miller. It was proposed that Mr. Miller be authorized to solicit further subscriptions and to collect them, he to retain \$100 per month as his salary. The society could not pledge Mr. Miller this amount except upon the condition that he should secure its subscription and collect it.

Professor Miller replied that the amount of salary which he desired had been correctly stated. He intended to do the work of organization as thoroughly as possible, and it was therefore necessary that he should devote the whole of his time to it.

Under these conditions the motion to engage the professor was carried by a rising vote, none but the gentleman in goggles opposing.

A few minor items of business were dashed off, and the audience adjourned jubilantly, to meet again Sunday evening, April 7, at 8 o'clock, in the same hall, 323 Turk street.

I should not close this report without mentioning the remarkably fine music furnished by young Mr. Schultheis, who has kindly consented to play the piano for these meetings. A choir is also

to be organized if possible, and singing from the "Cosmian Hymn Book" will form a pleasant feature of future exercises.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK

Three German and three United States men-of-war were wrecked in Port Apia, Samoan Islands, last week, by a terrific hurricane that drove the vessels upon the reefs with which the harbor abounds. The Germans lost ninety men; the Americans, fifty. An English captain in the harbor saved his ship by putting out to sea.—Professor Holden reports from the Lick Observatory the discovery of a new comet.—The Spiritualists celebrated last Sunday the 41st anniversary of modern Spiritualism.—Pomona, in Los Angeles county, is to have a \$9000 statue of the goddess of fruit set up in the public park.—A gold boom is reported from Monrovia.—Portland, Or., was visited last Saturday night with one of the brightest meteors ever seen.—The Rev. Father Sullivan, of Sonoma, was taking a ride the other day, when his horse shied and threw him out of his buggy. His head was terribly cut and he was injured as badly all around as though he had been an ordinary sinner. Yet providence watches the sparrow's fall.—The Seventh-day Adventists have a state convention at Fresno, Cal., commencing April 2.—The 40-inch telescope for the University of Southern California has been ordered. The observatory will cost half a million.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker talked to his Sunday-school class last Sunday on temperance. He favored the prohibitory amendment to the Constitution.—A man walked into a Denver, Col., bank one day last week, and with a revolver compelled the president to draw and cash a check for \$21,000. He then disappeared, and a reward of \$5,000 is offered for his capture.—A violent storm in Ohio last Sunday unroofed many houses, and at Dayton wrecked the unfinished Sacred Heart Catholic church.—The indications point to a general shut-down of the coal mines along the Monongahela river, as has been intimated for some time past. A number of operators have already partially closed down their works. They say that nearly all the mines will be shut down, to be closed until the miners agree to a reduction in wages. The shut-down will affect 60,000 miners.—Murat Halstead, editor of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, will not go to Germany as U. S. minister. He was appointed by President Harrison, but the Senate rejected him. He has been unsparing in his criticisms of public men, and now they have their revenge.—The Senate has approved the following among other appointments: Robert T. Lincoln, minister to Great Britain; Allen Thorndike Rice, minister to Russia; Patrick Eagan (Irish agitator) minister to Chile.—The clerks of the Appropriation Committees of the two Houses at Washington have compiled a statement showing the appropriations for the year ending June 30, 1890, as follows: Agriculture, \$1,669,770; army, \$24,000,116; diplomatic and consular, \$198,025; District of Columbia, \$5,687,406; fortification, \$1,233,594; Indian, \$8,035,725; legislative and judicial, \$20,840,586; military, \$9,027,671; navy, \$22,692,510; pensions, \$81,758,200; postoffice, \$66,605,344; sundry civil, \$2,527,734; deficiencies, \$16,423,360; miscellaneous \$101,530; permanent appropriations, \$198,691,656.—The widow of Stonewall Jackson, the confederate general, has declined the proffered position as post-mistress at Lexington, Va.—Keely's counsel announces that the "motor" man has now in his possession the missing link which was needed to make the "vibratory resonator and etheral enervative evaporator" a success. A private exhibition of the motor is promised as soon as the tube is adjusted.—The president has proclaimed the Oklahoma lands open to settlers.

The great Eiffel tower, which will be one of the principal features of the coming Paris Exposition, was opened officially last Sunday. Premier Tirard delivered the oration. The tower is 1000 feet in height.—The French government seems decided to institute proceedings against Boulanger, charging him with conspiracy against the safety of the state.—A prima-facie case has been made out against Father McFadden, a Catholic priest, for participating in the murder of Police Inspector Martin at Gweedore, Ireland, in February last. He will be tried at the first Assizes.

THE SINGLE TAX.

In the New York Standard of February 23, J. B. Johnstone asks: "If under the single tax the renter will pay rent to the government, will it not be as hard for him to raise the money to pay it to the government as it was to pay it to the individual?" In the Denver Arbitrator of the same date the editor says: "If the single tax will not give us practical 'free land,' it is no good." And in the same paper, correspondent Edgeworth, exposing "single tax fallacies," objects to the proposition that "a tax on land values cannot be shifted upon others by the payers," because "in the long run the producer of values alone can pay any tax; . . . labor eventually foots all bills."

In making a bunched and indirect reply I will try hard to be clear, and my effort will be of greater avail if readers will in thought deal with the things signified by the technical terms, and not split hairs over the dictionary definition of words. Land signifies the earth in a state of naked nature—including light, air, water, coal, natural gas, etc. Labor is the individual application of energy to land, or to those things (everything) which primarily came from land. All wealth is the result of this application; and wealth is then distributed as rent, the price paid for the use of land, and wages, the reward of labor.

Capital consists of the products of labor that are set apart to be used in the production of more wealth. The interests of capital and labor are of necessity mutual. When capital is allied to monopoly there is antagonism to labor, but it is an antagonism of monopoly, not of capital.

A narrow use of the word taxation tends to confusion. The "single tax" plan is so called for lack of a better term—a term both terse and comprehensive. The "single tax" is in reality no tax at all. It is a gift.

The landowner, as a landowner, produces nothing. Labor produces everything in the shape of wealth. Rent comes out of the product of labor, and the greater the rent the less the wages. Taxation, using the word in its popular sense, comes out of the product of labor, because there is no other source. Labor pays it all, Mr. Edgeworth.

Imagine three concentric circles around the center of a city. Beyond the outside circle the land is free and unoccupied. Labor applied there will retain its whole product as wages. And wages of all kinds will depend upon wages on the free land, scaling upwards. On the belt bounded by the outer circle and the next one it is possible to secure a greater net result by application to the land, not on account of superior fertility, but by the saving of labor in hauling things to and from market, by the economy that results from concentrated labor, and by the social advantages in general. For all of these advantages the landowner can and will exact a rent which will almost absorb them, because if he wholly absorbed them, there would be no inducement for laborers to work that particular land. In the next belt the operation is on the same plan, and all increase of product due to improved facilities still goes to the landowner, net wages remaining at a level. In the central area are the choicest business sites. Their value is due principally to location. Both the merchants and their employees are laborers, variations in wages here as elsewhere being in a measure due to difference in capacities of hand and brain. Wages still hold to the general level, and rent takes off all the increased product. It is as if "wealth" were represented by a mountain with its apex over the city center and its base over-lapping the outer circle. Saw off the mountain near its base, and the portion below the cut will represent wages; the portion above the cut will represent rent, increasing in volume and intensity as it nears the city center.

Under the present system the pile above the cut—rent—is almost entirely an economic waste. It is primarily caused by the active presence and competition of laborers, but instead of being participated in by them, it is appropriated by the landowner. If laborers desire any of those things which are already in existence as constituents of the pile called rent, they must, after applying themselves productively, first give up a portion of their product as rent, and with the residue satisfy their wants by exchanges of equivalents. By the very fact of their application they not only swell the existing pile of rent, but they incite

speculation and traffic in their future necessities, which in turn raises the price of land above the normal rent line, and thus hampers and retards production.

On the other hand, considering laborers as a unit, they virtually work twice for the same thing, after the manner of Jacob. Laborers produced the first things, and laborers produced the second things, which are now in the hands of land-owners.

The economic waste that results from landowners, their dependents, and servants living off the substance of labor is thoroughly insignificant when contrasted with other evils of the system. The ever-present prospect of increased population, of new labor-saving appliances, and of further facilitation of the processes of productions and distribution of wealth leads the landowner to discount the future by demanding an 1899 price for 1889 land. This checks production at once, and throws laborers out of the checked industry. Temporarily restricted in the production of equivalents, they have nothing to exchange for the things they need, which things are being produced by other laborers. This throws out of employment a second crowd of laborers, and makes matters worse. The operation is repeated until an army of idle men is the result. As labor must necessarily get employment on any terms, as capital wastes while idle, and as the landowner takes less when he can't get more, recovery is slowly brought about by a slight reduction in "boom" rent, and by a decrease in wages and a smaller interest to legitimate working capital. But labor and capital never fully recover their former proportion of production.

It is a general principle of taxation that taxes on the products of labor diffuse themselves and are paid by consumers. But this is not true of the taxation of ground rent. It is clear that labor has already been taxed the amount represented by rent. Labor has been taxed all it will consent to pay for the privilege of using land of high productive qualities. If an attempt were made to tax it more, it would resort to less productive or free land. This first tax on labor, the landowner's tax—rent—stands out in bold relief and is easily identified. It consists of tangible things that have been taken from laborers. If the state will now tax into its treasury these tangible things, the upper part of the mountain, they can be made to diffuse themselves equitably among the laborers. The effect will be that each laborer will receive, less the expense of collection and distribution, the full reward of his exertion. What more is wanted?

Mr. Johnstone has applied to exceptional cases for a general rule, and has obscured the fact that production comes first. Out of production rent is taken. If rent, the value of privileges, is paid to the government, it creates a fund that belongs to all, whereas, under existing conditions, this fund is appropriated by economic parasites, landowners. If there is any difference between the single tax and practical free land, it is not noticeable. And I do not understand how the "free-land" people propose to shut off the operation of the law of rent. Civilized people will continue to congregate in communities. A central location in the community will always be more desirable and more valuable than an equal area on the outskirts. If the state, for the general good, should make a charge for central "use and occupancy," it would be following the single-tax plan exactly. And if it failed to make such charge, it would not be doing justice to the suburban population whose very presence made the central location desirable and valuable. JAMES B. HASSETT.

THE Christian church controversy at Seattle between rival factions of the congregation was settled in the district court last week, Judge Burk's decision being based upon the principles of the church as set forth by its founder, Alexander Campbell. This gives the church property to the faction opposed to the recent pastor, Mr. Moss, whose followers have but little moss on them, and will establish another church and worship their God as conscience dictates. The victorious, more aristocratic and creed-bound faction will, as one of them told a reporter, "proceed to worship God according to law," and the rules laid down by Campbell. In the meantime wicked "Infidels" are wondering what God's opinion of the whole affair is. Such disturbances as this among his "very elect" are not calculated to aid in securing passengers to heaven over the Campbellite route.—Snohomish Eye.

ROME DOMINANT IN THE DOMINION.

Canada is on the threshold of a crisis fraught with danger not only to English interests, to Protestant supremacy, to Freethought and progress, but which also menaces our republic. It may be that, in the not distant future, the intensely loyal Tory Protestant will be pleading for annexation to the United States, rather than remain under the medieval rule of Rome. In this matter we should see the warning to all Americans to take time by the forelock, and keep the state and church for ever separate.

The France of Progress is on the banks of the Seine, the France of Bourbonism and bigotry lies uncomfortably close on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

The province of Quebec represents all that is illiterate and retrogressive, owing to the overwhelming influence of the Ultramontanes, the chief organ of which, *L'Elouard*, floats at its head the white banner and golden lilies of the house of Bourbon.

The Quebec provincial parliament has recently granted the Jesuits \$400,000 as indemnity for lands taken generations ago. But what excites the antipathy of the Protestant portion of the entire dominion is that this same bill has a clause which leaves the disposition of this money thus obtained to be distributed subject to conditions to be made by the pope. Protestant Ontario is alarmed, and their folly in religious matters is growing quite apparent. A movement is on foot to compel the Dominion Parliament to annul the above grant, but the province of Quebec has there a sufficient representation to score a victory, for on matters pertaining to the church there is no division among the representatives from this province, which has a guaranteed representation of sixty-five members, regardless of the matter of population, and which cannot be changed. So far back as 1759 a grant was made to the Romish church of Quebec of 2,117,000 acres, which of course has been immensely enhanced by diplomacy, shrewd bargaining, solicitation, and the natural increase of value.

This province has, in round numbers, a population of 1,300,000, over 1,000,000 of whom are native-born French Canadians, and there are not more than 250,000 English-speaking people, and their ranks are steadily decreasing. The French Canadians are bound together by strong ties of race, religion, language, and laws, to which they cling with the tenacity of ignorance, and look upon the English in the light of intruders.

After Wolf's victory at Quebec, the British government guaranteed them, by the treaty of Montreal, their laws, their language, and their religion.

As the first "emigres" to Canada were from Normandy and Brittany, and were conspicuous for conservatism, ignorance, and religious devotion, it is safe to say that their descendants have not lost their hereditary earmarks. England acceded to the concessions and made them rather reluctantly, but it was an exigency of the times, as England felt rather uncertain as to other provinces, and after all it served as a wise diplomatic move, for had it not been for this fact, instead of resisting the gallant Montgomery, they would have opened the gates of the citadel and joined the revolution of the thirteen states.

The laws prevailing in that province are only slightly modified from those in vogue under Bourbon rule in France. Several of the old seigniorial systems still exist, a system by which vast tracts of land are held by the "lord of the manor," or the church, and rented out to the peasants or "habitats," as they are called. As these French Canadian provinces were early settled by religious orders, who received vast trusts to aid them in propagating their faith and in Christianizing the Indians, and when it is known that the church in Quebec is still supported by the tithe system now prevailing in England, but which has been abolished in most Catholic countries, a faint idea can be had of the wealth of the Romish church in Quebec. According to the tithe system every Roman Catholic family must, by law, pay a fixed percentage on their crop to the church, but a Protestant who occupies the land is exempt. As the church is a banking and money-lending Shylock in Quebec, when a farm comes into market it takes care that it is occupied by one who will put coin in its coffers. If a new parish is made by the bishop of the diocese, and a new church erected, an ecclesiastical assessment is levied which takes precedence over all mortgages. In fact, the Jesuits, who

are being driven out of old France are flourishing and fostered in the new, for Quebec is more Catholic than Italy or Spain. Among the laboring and agricultural classes not more than seven per cent. can read, and scarce any can write. But their fecundity is wonderful, and they increase with astounding rapidity, families of from ten to twenty being quite common. The clergy encourage early marriages, strongly punish infanticide, and accommodate their people with foundling asylums and lying-in hospitals, so that they increase in greater ratio than their Protestant competitors.

The power of the papal hierarchy in Quebec can be conjectured from the following estimate of its wealth:

Annual tithes on 200,000 farms	\$700,000
" taxes on families not owning land	300,000
For masses, baptisms, marriages, funerals, pew rents, and objects of piety	2,000,000
Legacies, solicited gifts, mortmain property, over	3,000,000
Taxes imposed to construct and maintain churches	2,000,000
Grant from province (charity)	250,000
Total	\$8,250,000

This is, of itself, a tolerable annual tax on 1,359,027 inhabitants, of whom 1,170,718 are Catholics, and 178,309 of other denominations, thus showing that no special inducement has been offered non-Catholics to settle in that section. In Quebec the Romish church owns:

800 churches of a value of	\$37,000,000
500 parsonages, palaces, etc.	900,000
12 seminaries	600,000
17 colleges	850,000
259 boarding schools and academies	600,000
80 convents	400,000
69 hospitals and asylums	5,000,000
Total	\$45,350,000

It also owns the greater part of numerous towns and villages, with lands, stores, houses, and invested capital in large quantities, and the bulk of all this wealth is exempt from taxation, while the government of Quebec recently went out of office declaring itself bankrupt and unable to liquidate its indebtedness. The bank of Montreal is the wealthiest monetary institution in Canada, but the order of St. Sulpicians alone can discount that great financial institution. But the visitor to Canada must not be surprised to hear *le bas Canadien* pere, whose sons and daughters find employment in the States, and send their earnings to enable him to pay his tithes, loudly declaim against annexation.

The aggressive attitude of Rome is illustrated by the fact that at the opening of the Provincial parliament Cardinal Taschereau persisted in demanding a seat beside the vice-royal representative, and in taking precedence as a prince of the church of Rome.

Furthermore, to crown the climax, a resolution was adopted by the provincial parliament requesting the queen of England to intercede for the restoration of the temporal power of the pope in Rome. Dare she do it?

As an indication of French Canadian exclusiveness Father Dowd, of Montreal, recently announced from the pulpit that, acting under orders from the vicar-general, he was directed to condemn the Catholic order of Foresters of Illinois (with headquarters in Chicago), and to prohibit the congregation from joining the order or encouraging those who desired to extend its branches into Canada. His objections were based on the fact that it was a foreign organization and did not allow interference on the part of the clergy. He warned them against joining these interlopers, and requested those who had joined to sever their connection forthwith.

These ultramontanes do not regard with favor the tricolor of republican France, but are unanimously in favor of a restoration of the old French monarchy, which was always a strong protector of the church. There is little doubt that much of the plotting and turbulence tending to wreck or weaken republican rule in France, is hatched by the Jesuits in our neighboring city of Montreal. For it is one of their dreams that on this continent they will yet found a French monarchy, which will be supported by a strong ecclesiastical power. Their orators and journals boldly declare this as their desire.

To the United States the French Canadians are the "Chinese

of the East," for, being hardy, sturdy, and frugal almost to penuriousness, they find no difficulty in getting employment, and they form already no inconsiderable portion of the population of Dakota, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. As Professor Goldwin Smith once remarked, "If it were not for a copious emigration to the United States the people of Quebec would be in a chronic state of starvation." Their conservative, non-assimilating tendencies are strongly marked in the characteristics of the cities they have settled, Detroit, St. Louis, or New Orleans.

When this element mingles with that of the Catholic Irish, among whom intermarriages are frequent, and combine, the United States will have a problem on its hands more serious and important than the Mormon question. These minions of the papacy will use all their combined power, as citizens, to destroy freedom, and vote, at the beck of the clergy, to disrupt this republic, as they are attempting to do with our sister republic of France. The only salvation of the United States is in the Nine Demands of the American Secular Union.

With all these ecclesiastical aggressions—Romish and Protestant—clearly proven, we still meet with so-called Freethinkers who throw back their heads, and with eyes portraying the intelligence of a hog, offer as an explanation for not doing anything, supporting nothing, not even subscribing to a Liberal paper, "I'm a Freethinker who thinks for himself, and lets everybody else do their own thinking."

It is such silly, inane, asinine utterances of professed Infidels—all talk and no practice—which fills us with more contempt for them, who crawl under our tent, than any foolish capers of the sincere, earnest Salvation Army devotee.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

ROBINSON CRUSOE AND JESUS CHRIST.

Robinson Crusoe is not more mythical than Jesus Christ. The shipwrecked sailor and the Nazarean savior are alike fictitious characters. There have been numerous prototypes of both. Alexander Selkirk lived alone on an uninhabited island, and this fact occurring in the life time of Daniel Foe (alias Defoe) furnished the groundwork of the popular novel. So the fact of a person named Jeshu being stoned and hanged for sorcery a hundred years before Pontius Pilate was governor of Judea, became the groundwork of the story of Christ crucified, as told by the Evangelists.

The Jewish Talmud contained fragments of the history of the Jesus who suffered death in the reign of Queen Alexandra, and the story is amplified in the Toldoth Jeshu legend, which, though a travesty, is far more truthful than any of the Evangelical fictions. The former being written by a Hebrew, does not make the fatal blunder of putting the trial and execution of Jesus on the holy Passover day, nor at a period when the Jews were deprived of all power to execute sentence, or even to try an offender. Crucifixion was the Roman method of execution; stoning and hanging the Jewish.

In vain have the church historians sought to verify the gospel stories by contemporary Jewish and Pagan records. The passage in Josephus concerning Jesus Christ has long been given up by Christian scholars as a forgery; and with it goes the interpolation about James, the brother of Jesus. Many a James and many a Jesus lived in those days, but no Jesus "who was called Christ," as the corrupted passage in Josephus now reads.

So also the paragraph in Josephus concerning John the Baptist is another Christian forgery.

The forger of the passage concerning Jesus Christ is supposed to be Eusebius, the first church historian, who lived in the fourth century. The other passage, about John the Baptist, was first noticed by Origen, who lived in the third century.

But now, alas! the question is, did either Eusebius or Origen write the works attributed to them? The learned Jesuit Hardouin, who died in 1729, attempted to prove that all the writings of the so-called fathers were systematic forgeries by the benedictine monks after the revival of learning. And to the critical reader of the fathers of the church there is much to support the suspicion that few if any of their writings are genuine. "There are no manuscripts, except the sacred scriptures, more than four

hundred years old," said Hardouin. This the aged Jesuit wrote just before he died. Four hundred years before 1729 goes back to 1329, and the Jesuit further tells us that the system of forgery began about the year 1350, and flourished until about 1480, when the invention of printing interfered with the profits of the scholarly but impious fabricators.

Unfortunately for Hardouin's work, it was written in Latin, according to the custom of scholars in his time, and has therefore remained a sealed book since its publication in 1766, hidden on the shelves of great libraries. Christian scholars not only do not hunt after that kind of literature, but they do not want to find it. Of course not, for who expects them to adduce evidence against the venerable institution that affords them subsistence? Hardouin, it is true, was a Catholic, but he hoped to put down the Protestant heresy by proving that the only sure foundation of Christianity is the New Testament and tradition. Nor did he, peradventure, begin to suspect that what the holy evangelists wrote was both fiction and forgery. Or if, perchance, he did harbor such a thought, he never would have dared to publish it, for he knew too well what he had to suffer during the last twenty years of his life for propagating the opinion that not only all the works of the so-called fathers were forgeries, but that very few of the Greek and Latin classics were genuine. HISTORICUS.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Kerr was acquitted, as I intimated. Colonel Ingersoll's summing up was happy and contained several good points. There was no special interest taken in the day or the event. Had there been any thought of conviction the colonel would have had a larger audience. This, doubtless, ends the boodle case. If this man was not guilty, why should those poor devils be exiled? Why should not Sayles recover from the city the bail he forfeited when he skipped to Canada? There is no doubt about the utility of the Broadway road. It was long needed. It is popular. The charter could have been sold for \$2,000,000. This the city lost, but the people have the road.

There is quite a move in the way of building new places of amusements. A large music hall is to be constructed on the corner of 7th avenue and 57th street. Andrew Carnegie is the head and front of this movement. The want of such a hall has long been felt. Harrigan is to build a new theatre; corner of 37th street and Broadway has been mentioned as the site. The American Opera is looking for a home. Fifth avenue is considered none too good for it. We think it doubtful if this project is carried out. The American Opera, somehow, has been unable to get a foothold with our people. The German has succeeded the Italian in popularity, but just how long this music will retain its position we don't think is debatable.

It now looks as if the Madison Square Garden scheme would go through. It is reported that nine thousand shares have already been placed among our rich citizens. The plans of construction are settled and the architect selected. The building will be a mixture of Italian and Spanish renaissance, the former predominating. The projectors are ambitious of making it the great center of attraction, so far as music and the drama are concerned. They propose commencing the erection on the first of May.

In a former letter I spoke of Mayor Grant's opportunity of winning a reputation. I am extremely happy to state that thus far we have not heard a single word unfavorable to his honor. The test is to come in May, when he has the appointment of a large number of the heads of the departments. A success at the city hall will make him a formidable candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor. Has he any ambition in this direction? Can he, and will he ignore Dick Croker, or will Croker ignore self for the future of Tammany Hall? The mayor seems to be determined that the wires shall go underground. He is pushing rapid transit to the front. He is unwilling to yield up our streets and parks to Jay Gould. But he has a pet scheme of his own.

Erwin Davis, Esq., has just sold a lot of pictures; among them was the famous "Joan of Arc," by Bastian Lapage. It brought \$23,400, and goes to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Lapage, your readers will remember, was one of the distinguished painters of France. Our museum is fortunate. Gifts are flowing in

constantly. The Wolfs gift forced a large addition to the building. That gift was the inspiration of later ones. It is certainly becoming the center of the great works of modern artists. Here you can find the very best works of Gerome, Detaille, Lapage, Carot, Schuyler, Rousson, Meissonier, Diaz, Merlé, Rosa Bonheur, Constant, Kock, Millais.

Comptroller Meyers has suspended Chief Clerk McAdam, who is in contempt of court. Ludlow-street jail is yawning for him. McAdam has "withdrawn for the moment from public observation." His counsel says he is absent only to give him time to prepare papers for his case. Meyers has testified before the market committee. He is extremely ignorant. This is not to be wondered at. An officer is not supposed to know all the details of his office. He must trust to his clerks in many matters. If they betray his trust the only thing he can do is to kick them out.

EUDORUS.

New York, March 23, 1889.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

To the Editors of Freethought:

In your issue of March 23 I notice "J. C. P." opposes woman suffrage. He believes all changes in governments should be based upon experience and not upon abstract ideas. The opposition to woman suffrage comes from a professed adherence to the common law of England, or rather to that portion of the common law which was derived from the ecclesiastical courts. Prior to the time of William the Conqueror the priest and the alderman sat side by side in the courts and exercised ecclesiastical and civil jurisdiction. The chancellors for a long time after that were prelates. The law of wills and estates, and those defining the rights of men and women, were based upon what may be called "church" law—the very same law which held republican ideas to be treason against the king, and freedom of thought to be a crime punishable with death. Our revolution was based upon the abstract idea that all men—women as well as men—were equal in civil and political rights. Women did vote in the Quaker province of New Jersey at the time of the formation of the Constitution. Freethought is based upon the equality of rights. It maintains that no man shall dictate to another how he shall think, or punish him for thinking differently from himself. It must, by the same logic, be maintained that every voter has the right to vote according to his convictions of right. The voter is to be changed by reasoning and not by disfranchisement. If the Freethinking man is unwilling to allow a woman to vote for fear of church supremacy, he should insist on disfranchising every man who belongs to a church.

Seattle, W. T.

W. S. BUSH.

Animals Possessed by Satan.

For hundreds of years this idea of diabolic possession was steadily developed. It was believed that devils entered into animals; and animals were accordingly exorcised, tried, tortured, convicted, and executed. The great St. Ambrose tells us that a priest, while saying mass, was troubled by the croaking of frogs in a neighboring marsh, and that he exorcised them, and so stopped their noise. St. Bernard, as the monkish chroniclers tell us, mounting the pulpit to preach in his abbey, was interrupted by a cloud of flies; straightway the saint uttered the sacred formula of excommunication, when the flies fell dead upon the pavement in heaps, and were cast out with shovels! A formula of exorcism attributed to a saint of the ninth century, and which remained in use down to a recent period, especially declares insects injurious to crops to be possessed of evil spirits, and names among the animals to be excommunicated or exorcised, mice, moles, and serpents. The use of exorcism against caterpillars and grasshoppers was also common. In the thirteenth century the bishop of Lausanne, finding that the eels in Lake Lemman troubled the fishermen, attempted to remove the difficulty by exorcism.

Did any one venture to deny that animals could be possessed by Satan, he was at once silenced by reference to the entrance of Satan into the serpent in the garden of Eden, to the transfor-

mation of Nebuchadnezzar, and to the casting of the devils into the swine by the founder of Christianity himself.—Dr. ANDREW D. WHITE, in the *Popular Science Monthly*.

How to Live without Eating.

Being animated by an earnest and sincere desire to benefit humanity and relieve suffering, I am about to disclose the means by which one can live without eating. It is said on good authority that one thousand families in this city are on the verge of starvation; and from reliable sources it is learned that hunger is known and felt by thousands in every city in our land, while those women who make overalls for six cents per pair in Chicago can safely be included in this number. Therefore there is need for relief, and with the knowledge I have gained from reading Christian Science, Mental Science, and Spiritual Science literature, I feel that I can reveal important information; and the wonder grows upon me as I query, why it has not been given to the ignorant and uninformed masses in exchange for the great American dollar before now, by some of the sapient but avaricious leaders in the above-named science. As all these schools of instruction unite in declaring that "matter has neither sensation nor substance," that "God fills all time, place, and space," which makes an empty stomach an utter impossibility and hunger only a mental delusion, we see at once the only permanent source of relief. It is to deny the reality of hunger, and to hold the image of your stomach before you, filled with God! Nothing is more simple, and it don't cost you a cent; and surprising though it seems, it can be done without "karma" or "chemicalization!" Many when treating themselves for this dismal delusion will prefer a formula to assist them, and knowing none better than Helen Wilman's, I would suggest that hers be adopted. When feeling sick she talks to her mind thus: "Can God be sick? No! Then I am not sick," and immediately she is well. By changing this to read: "Can God be hungry?" etc., a splendid formula is at once constructed; and now, dear reader, without money and without price, I freely give this metaphysical knowledge to an ignorant world wrapped in the wretched delusion of gross and tangible matter.—C. SEVERANCE, Los Angeles, Cal., in *New Thought*.

THE ladies of the W. C. T. U., and others who have been so active in working up a sentiment in Congress in favor of a strict Sunday law, must have been greatly shocked when they saw in the daily papers that the United States Congress held an all-day Sunday session on the 3d inst. Even Senator Blair, who is the most fanatical old granny in the bunch, was in his seat taking part in the "desecration." His Sabbath bill commanded so little respect that it was never reported on by the committee to whom it was referred.—*Sunday Gazetteer*.

OLD Philetus Sawyer, the genial senator from Wisconsin, who can tell a good story as well as any of them, amused his colleagues in the committee-room of pensions, the other day, by referring to the smartness of a local preacher near his home, who, he says, is as sharp and shrewd at a bargain as he is prompt to attend to the spiritual requirements of those in affliction. This preacher was called upon once to attend a funeral, and on returning home remarked, with no small satisfaction, that he had "improved the time by making \$15 in a wood trade while the mourners were viewing the corpse." This little lumber story reminded one of the Nebraska senators of one of the most powerful and effective revivals that ever occurred in the West, at a little town in his state, not a thousand miles from Omaha, where every male inhabitant, with a single exception, was converted. The inhabitants of the town were, as a rule, wretchedly poor. The president of the railroad company, on the line of which the town was situated, touched with sympathy for their condition, approached one of the principal men and inquired if they ever had any preaching out in that section. "Preaching?" said the person addressed. "Oh, yes; we had a great revival here last winter, and all got converted but one man, who said he could not join the church until he had stolen timber enough from the railroad company to fence his farm." After this honest confession the president of the railroad company never attempted to detect the thieves. It was useless. One of the favorite hymns sung by these good converts,

the senator says, was the well-known one beginning: "Blest is the tie that binds."—*New York Tribune*.

Professor Seymour On the Trail.

To the Editors of *Freethought*:

From the Natural Bridge I went, through a rough but fine country, to Murphy, where I found a splendid hotel kept by Mitchlet Bros. I engaged the Union church here and gave five lectures, but, owing to its raining night and day, the audiences were small.

Murphy is delightfully situated in a little valley only fifteen miles from the big trees—those wonders of the world. Think of a tree or log lying on its side being higher than a two-story house, or thirty to thirty-five feet, yet such is the fact. I went up on a high hill here to visit those wonders of this country, if not of the world, the Coral Caves. They were discovered three years ago by A. J. Mercer, who, being very tired, sat down on a rock to rest, and while there noticed that a little way from him the weeds and grass were violently moved by a current of air, while there was no wind blowing. Going to the place and holding his hand down he found a strong current coming out of a little hole in the ground partly covered by a rock. This he overturned and found an opening large enough to crawl into. He soon secured lights, ropes, and help, and explored this, before unknown cavern, for many thousand feet. Mr. Mercer immediately took the claim, as it was government land, and has been offered \$10,000 for it. He has cleaned it out and put in thirty-two pairs of stairs, that lead you up and down its intricate passages until you would be lost indeed without a guide. There are probably a dozen rooms or chambers, and in some instances the passage from one to the other is a tight squeeze for a portly skeleton like your correspondent to crawl through. The rooms are small and irregular, with very uneven floors, but the formations overhead and on the walls are the most wonderful and curious I ever beheld. It looks like some confectioner's grotto all covered with the sweets of his art. The "Miner's Blanket" and "Angel Wings" are two stalactite sheets several feet in length and width, not over a half-inch in thickness, and of a creamy white that our candle shone through most beautifully. We tapped on them gently and they gave forth most musical notes. No words can possibly give one an idea of the weird beauty and solemn grandeur of these caves. The temperature always stands at 50 degrees, so it is warm and comfortable. Mr. Mercer has the rooms all named—"The Crystal Grotto," "The Organ Loft," "The Bride's Chamber," "The Coral Grotto," etc. Mr. Mercer has found quite a number of Indian skeletons, bear remains, and many others.

My friend and comrade, on this trip, H. H. Acker, picked up here in the streets a small chunk of gold washed out by the heavy rains. Murphy has still some fine mines owned by a Boston company, superintended by a Mr. Morse, who was educated for a priest, but now is a stirring and live radical. I met here several Liberals. I also found in this out-of-the-way place that historic person who was said to have been crucified nineteen hundred years ago at Jerusalem. He is keeping store here at Murphy. I looked but could see no wounds in his hands, but saw him take a "nip" at the bar several times. His sign, "Christ's Store," I thought, ought to bring all the good folks to trade with him, but I could not see that he was better patronized than the other merchants. I "came to Christ" several times while in Murphy, but I am the same doubting Thomas as of yore. Our next move was ten miles to Angel's Camp, the smartest mining town in the county, where we found another fine stopping-place at the Angel's Hotel. I naturally expected the residents would all have wings, but I found nothing spiritual about the place, except what was retailed over the counter at 15 cents a glass. I rented, here, Dolling's Hall and gave four lectures, but the rain was almost incessant, so very few women or children would come out, and, as the hall would hold five hundred people, it seemed rather lonesome. But we drove the Liberal stake and made our claim good, so Putnam or some one else will find the ground staked out. There is a sixty-stamp mill here that makes a noise like an earthquake and thunder combined. Miners are down four hundred feet digging out the quartz nuggets full of gold which this mill soon pulverizes, and then washes out the "root of all evil." A two hundred stamp mill is to be built near here soon, then there are a number of smaller mills close by; so this is emphatically a mining town. There is a very large foreign element in all these old mining towns, and the Catholic religion seems to prevail. Nearly every other door is a dram shop, but everything goes on quietly and peaceably.

I notice many large over-shot water-wheels, some thirty to fifty feet high. The water to run them comes from the ditches high up on the hills. These wheels are used for various purposes, but principally to drive mining machinery.

I found Otto Dalling, mine host of Angel's Hotel, a sterling Infidel, all the way from "Bingen on the Rhine," who did all possible to make our stay here pleasant and profitable. Otto is a rustler from away back and has made a fortune, and will make two or three more yet before handing in his checks. I met Mr. Love, who keeps the livery stable, another old white-headed veteran of Freethought, who studied phrenology forty years ago in Fowler & Wells's office in New York.

The churches, at least the Protestant ones, have very little support anywhere in California, outside of the cities. I have attended their meetings in nearly every town I have traveled through, and they seldom have more than twelve to fifteen persons present. At Sonora the Methodist minister told me his only salary was the collections made with the hat, and only one man a member in a town of 2,000 people. I think they are in the sere and yellow leaf. The people are mostly Freethinkers, but have no enthusiasm and would hardly go to hear a Freethought lecture, or anything else. I notice the dog fights and minstrel shows always draw. Our Oregon folks are a long ways ahead in Liberal work and energy. I shall probably travel that way again this summer.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

A Clergyman Answered.

[The following letter, which explains itself, was offered for publication to the local editor at Salmon City, Idaho, but was returned to the writer.]

TO THE REV. O. W. MINTZER, *Sir*: To you, as a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, I wish to make a few remarks.

I consider it my duty to refute and denounce some of the assertions expressed by you in your sermon at the church last Sunday evening. First, you said that unbelief was the cause of the dark ages. On the authority of history I meet your assertion with a direct negative. No unbeliever, no Infidel, has ever gained the notorious distinction of having burned people to death for mere opinion's sake. To the believers, the Christians, belongs that "honor." It was the holy Inquisition (believers in God) that delighted in stoning, burning, racking, and torturing people to death, in the name of your God, for the glory of your God, and, I presume, as he made no demonstration against such infamy, to the pleasure of your God.

I challenge you to name one unbeliever, one Infidel, one Atheist, that ever even persecuted a man, woman, or child for their religious belief or non-religious belief? The cause of the dark ages was superstition, or supernatural doctrines advocated and enforced by priestly impostors.

Second, you accuse unbelievers of "trying to remove God," and are thus the cause of immorality. Now if you really believe there is an infinite, omnipotent God, how foolish it is to talk of his being removed by men. What folly to speak about the finite removing the infinite! Do you pretend that you can help "God" being removed? Does the "infinite Omnipotence" need any of your help? Is your God so weak that you have to help fight the Infidels? Why do you have such a God? When you offer your prayers and send up your supplications to your God, dictating to him what to do and what not to do, is it because you think he does not understand his work, that he does not know his business? If you know a thing you can prove it. What is the least you will take to prove there is a God?

You complain about seeing beautiful women sink in the dens of vice among the heathen Chinese; and at the same time you pretend to believe in a God that "doeth all things well." Can you not see all kinds of evil, crime, and cruelty going on in the world and also that your "God" does no more towards preventing it than if he were a dead "God"? Is it not better to have no "God" than one who does no good? Sir, if you would like to see less evil in this world, the advice of an Atheist is: Stop talking about God, and try to help man; stop preaching about Christ, and speak for justice among men; stop telling about "heaven" and attend to the things of earth. And stop teaching theology and show the beauty and satisfaction of a moral life.

The infamous doctrine of yours, that your religion offers an "atonement for all sins," is simply a premium upon crime. I regard the doctrine with supreme contempt. The prisons and penitentiaries are full of pious criminals this day who boast of having a religion that "forgives their

sins." Such horrible teaching is an inducement for immorality. It is the worst form of license.

As an unbeliever, of the Bible as the word of God, as a believer of the book as the word and work of men, and some of them very ignorant men, and as an Infidel to all error, I shall speak my honest thoughts with no fear of your brimstone hell nor any desire to ever become a resident in your orthodox heaven. Of the two places, I would rather go to hell; for, according to your religion, I would meet there such splendid, good men as Humboldt, Darwin, Ingersoll, and Herbert Spencer, all unbelievers; while in your heaven, according to your doctrine of "various atonement for all sins," I would meet such fiends as the tyrant Constantine, the assassin Guiteau, the impostor Brigham Young, and the hundreds of murderers (all believers) who are jerked by the gallows to the bosom of Abraham. No, sir, I don't want to go to heaven. As Putman says: "I prefer a hell of honest men to a paradise of angelic shams! I resent the imputation that one is ever an Infidel for the sake of license. And I affirm that it is one's moral nature that makes him an out-and-out Infidel or Atheist. You know, or ought to know, that one can have far more license if he is orthodox, for with the orthodox—

Long as the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.

"One can act like the devil all his life time, and go to glory from the scaffold. If I wanted a free-and-easy time I should certainly be orthodox. I'd join the church and say my prayers. The orthodox minister has a jolly time of it; plenty of beefsteak and plum-pudding, wine, and cake; even the best spring chicken, both new and old, are killed for his especial benefit."

But enough. I say seriously, "There's no temptation to be an Infidel to the mere pleasure-seeker. Infidelity is a sacrifice for the sake of truth, morality, and humanity. It commits one to hard mental work. It's no child's play. It isn't a picnic. It is labor and a hard struggle. It is one's conscience that compels one to be an Infidel. He must go because in Infidelity he sees the brightest hopes of man: the gospel of the future, the religion of humanity, of justice, the moral perfection of the human race. It is a question not of reason only, but of manhood."

Come now, and let us reason together (said the Lord, Isaiah 1:18). This is the advice of the text, is it not? Then why not banish the clouds of superstition and let the sunshine of truth enlighten the intellect, and use the sacred light for the good of humanity? Yours for goodness without a "God."

CHARLES F. BLACKBURN.

This and That.

To the Editors of Freethought:

NO. 10 OF FREETHOUGHT, is a "feast of fat things" to a lover of truth and progress. I am glad to learn that the "Sunday law" has met with reverses. Brother Putnam's Notes never fail for spicy variety, an optimistic aspect and inspiration of aspiration. I have read the synopsis of Professor Miller's Sunday discourse, over and over with great pleasure. In all my scientific reading I have never read a clearer, more comprehensive statement of the origin, age, and progress of man through cerebral growth in form, size, and quantity of brain, to which I will add quality also. What were all the utterances from the pulpits of "Frisco," that Sunday worth to humanity, compared with the broad utterances of Professor Miller, of nature's saving, elevating truth? All hail! Brother Miller's scientific salvation of man, and his work of constituting the prospective great temple of Humanity and the kingdom of man. I do hope he will be sustained and encouraged to spread the light of his scientific and luminous brain from benighted and priest-ridden San Francisco. Brother Miller, I reach out my heart and hand to you; "shake."

I also reach my hand to Hiram Wentworth, whose wit, sarcasm, irony, and truth uttered at San Pasqual met with a hearty response from me. I hope he will use his "cheek," his kind, and his talents to spread the truth that is in him. He has something to say, and I hope he will keep saying it.

J. H. COOK.

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Tune, "America."

1. Nature has made us free,
True to our liberty
We guard the right
True hearts to wait are strong,
So be our vigil long;
While lives on earth a wrong
We guard the right.
2. By those who wore the shield
On life's grand battlefield,
Guarding the right,
By those grand heroes dead,
Martyrs, who burned and bled.
Faced death and shame and dread
Guarding the right.
3. While creeds dwarf heart and brain
With superstitious bane,
We guard the right
While men are slaves to lies,
While hopeless prayers arise,
While truth is sacrifice,
We guard the right.
4. We will at wrongs protest,
Weakling or slave oppressed,
We guard the right.
While this world's sufferings plead,
We pledge heart, voice, and deed,
Serving the human need,
We guard the right.
5. Onward each patriot,
Earth is our common lot,
On, toward the right.
Ours is to dare and do,
Ours to be firm and true,
Till freedom's fight is through,
On, toward the right.

"I AM humble," said the preacher; anything is good enough for me," "I believe you," said the listener, "I have heard your sermons."—Epoch.

A THIEF in Carlisle, Pa., stole ninety-one Bibles before he was—well, he isn't caught yet, but before anybody missed anything. If the beggar had stolen euchre decks the loss would have been discovered the same day.—Brooklyn Eagle.

If the custodians of the law intend to compel our mediums to pay a license for practicing their spiritual gifts, why not include Dr. McKenzie and Sam Jones, and all others who earn their living by dealing in spiritual matters. Let us have fair play.—Golden Gate.

A STORY is told by Dr. Aird, moderator of the Free Church of Scotland, respecting a minister who in the old days of patronage was forced upon a congregation at Alness. He was coldly received, but calling one day upon an old elder, he took a chair in spite of his gruff reception. In order to meet an awkward pause he took out his snuff box. "Oh," said the elder, "ye tak snuff, dae ye?" "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Weel," said the elder, "that's the first sign of grace I've seen in ye." "How's that?" "Dae ye no read o' Solomon's temple," replied the elder, "that a' the snufflers were of pure gold?"

THE new Japanese constitution provides for a house of peers—partly hereditary, partly elective, and partly nominated by the mikado—and a house of commons of 300 members. Suffrage is given to men over 25 who pay taxes to the amount of \$25 yearly. Liberty of religion, freedom of speech, and the right of public meeting are guaranteed.

DR. RIORDAN, Catholic archbishop of San Francisco, says that the people of the United States are drifting "into deism. The religious bodies outside the Catholic church are suffering greater losses than we have to bear. On the whole, we are holding our own. It is, I think, beginning to be generally recognized that the time is coming when we shall simply have two forms of belief face to face—deism and Catholicism."

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—AND—

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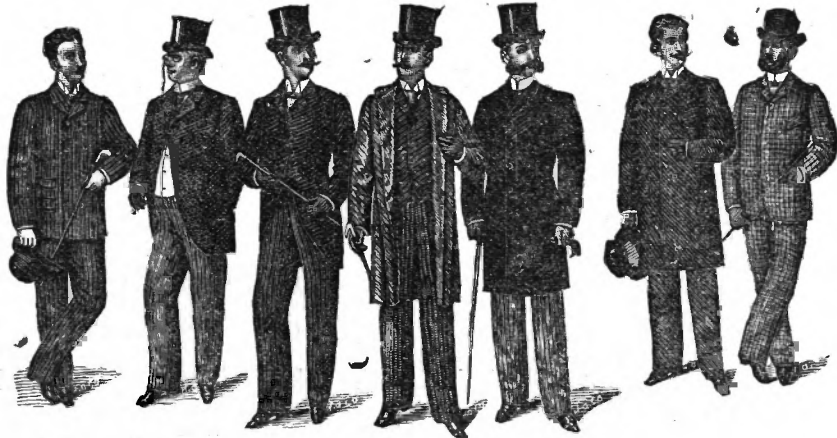
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Into this creed all others flow.

I am a flickering spark of mind,
Vast darkness is before, behind—
Darkness to me, for I am blind.

Lo, in a blade of grass there dwell
Dread mysteries I cannot spell,
Higher than heaven, deeper than hell.

Things were, and are, and are to be;
I peer not into mystery,
And cry, made bold through fear, "I see!"

Things were, and are, and go their way,
Whether they govern or obey;
With them I go and cannot stray.

"I do not know;" all thought sublime,
All prophecies of former time,
But hide this pearl in seas of slime.

And I, who neither fear nor trust,
Holding this creed because I must,
Shall not be mocked, alive or dust.

—George Horton, Chicago Herald.

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Taste cannot be controlled by law.
The only security for all is a free press.
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more than of face and stature.

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a knowing head is the second.

It is error alone which needs the support
of government. Truth can stand by itself.

Bigotry is the disease of ignorance of morbid
minds; enthusiasm of the free and
buoyant.

Were we directed from Washington when
to sow and when to reap, we should soon
want bread.

It is better to keep the wolf out of the
fold than to trust to drawing his teeth and
claws after he has entered.

I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal
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VOL. II—No. 15.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1889.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - APRIL 13, 1889

WE urge the single-tax advocates to give their own class papers a living chance. If the cause is to be advocated in the columns of FREETHOUGHT, what field is left for Mr. George's Standard and Pentecost's Twentieth Century?

SUNDAY picnics are again in full swing, with all their immoral accessories. They are the outcome of Sunday idleness, yet the religious people want a law to make work on Sunday a crime. What seems to be needed is sufficient police influence to make the hoodlums respect such laws against disorderly conduct as are now on the statute books.

PUBLISHERS of struggling Freethought journals can congratulate themselves that they are not much worse off than their brethren of the religious press. In an address before the Baltimore Methodist Conference last month the Rev. Dr. Mendenhall, editor of the Methodist Review, said there was not a religious review in the United States that is self-supporting.

THE burial of the disreputable suicide, Prince Rudolph of Austria, in consecrated ground and with the solemn hocus pocus of the Catholic church, has not yet ceased to be pointed to by non-Catholics as evidence that royalty and wealth can purchase anything it wants from the pope. It is against the law of the church for suicides to have the benefit of its rites, or for families to intermarry, yet both of these barriers were overthrown in Rudolph's case and he was accorded all the pious mummary his surviving relatives were willing to pay for.

JAPAN has but recently adopted a constitution guaranteeing liberty of speech and press, and the government is now subjected to adverse criticism for suppressing half a dozen newspapers. What is remarkable in this case is that the suppressed journals are religious organs. Their offense consisted in applauding the murder by a Shinto fanatic of the Agnostic Viscount Mori, minister of public instruction, who placed himself under the ban of religion by desecrating a Shinto temple to the extent of keeping his shoes on when he entered it. One of the papers suggests that the fate of Mori should be visited upon all who commit similar offenses against the gods. In view of the cause of their suppression, the prohibited publications receive meagre sympathy.

FURTHER details of the horrible crime from religious insanity, which occurred on Saturday, March 30, in Bollinger county, Mo., have been received. Monroe Lasater and wife have for two years been affected with a peculiar religious fanaticism. Meetings full of fanatic fervor were held on the night previous to the murder. One occurred in Wayne township, and Mr. and Mrs. Lasater labored under intense excitement. They went home about midnight and continued their frenzied religious ravings until Saturday afternoon. Then they became possessed of the idea that they must sacrifice their only child, an eighteen-months old girl, as an offering to God. They claimed to be acting under a revelation from God. Lasater told his wife that he must officiate as crucifier. After prayer and other proceedings the wife seized the infant in her arms and squeezed it until life was extinct. It was then stripped naked and they drove a spike through each hand, nailing the corpse to a tree. The man and his wife were lodged in jail.

SUNDAY MORNING AT 10:30.

All the Liberals of the city and vicinity are invited to be present at the meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society next Sunday morning, 10:30 o'clock, 323 Turk street.

Last Sunday's address by Professor Miller was on the "Evolution of Religion." At the coming meeting he will discuss the evolution of the God idea. While it may be somewhat inconvenient for Liberals to attend these Sunday morning gatherings they should be willing to sacrifice something for the good of this growing movement.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Coming from Perris through the wild Temecula Pass at Oceanside, the broad Pacific greets the view, blue and splendid as the gleaming sky itself. To my agreeable surprise, I here met Mr. and Mrs. Frank Knowles, of the St. Cloud Hotel, formerly Del Mar. If any traveler of any creed whatsoever wants a delightful dinner, let him go to the St. Cloud. It is said that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. The "inner man" here will certainly find ample satisfaction, while everything is as pleasant as refinement and good taste can make it. At Del Mar, amidst the sunlight just twinkling into the gold of evening, I was whisked off to Thermal Heights, where among flowers and green fields, with mountains and seas like jewels along the horizon, the waves forever beating music up the shining shores, the Secular pilgrim finds what is delightful in society and nature. Mr. and Mrs. Shaug and family and the surroundings of a happy home make the days pass by like summer's radiance. It is wonderfully exhilarating to look upon the beautiful flowers—a mass of brilliance mingling with the rival glory of the sun. Mrs. Shaug cultivates the flowers with a poet's enthusiasm, and has added to the ranks of beauty a new attraction, named the Hattie L. by florists in honor of herself. It is a delicate and brilliant flower.

I spent two days at Thermal Heights in that kind of absolute rest which invigorates both mind and body. The panorama of life constantly unrolled with exquisite and gratifying prospects. I roamed over to John Meklensek's ranch, where he is making earth bring forth its bounty. He believes in Freethought, and that the busy hand is the divinest assurance of happiness and success.

I was in hopes to see other friends, but somehow or other time went too fast.

Shadow is always amidst sunshine. During my stay Mrs. Shaug received a telegraphic despatch announcing the death of her father, Marcus Gill, of Iowa. He has lived a long and honorable life, a Liberal-minded man, to whom death could come as no terror. The sympathy of all is with Mrs. Shaug in this natural sorrow, which has with it the memory of a parent's noble worth.

Saturday afternoon I come to San Diego, beautiful city by the sea. The boom has departed, but heaven still smiles upon it, and its future is by no means without promise.

The new railroad has been completed to El Cajon Valley, and is to be pushed on to strike the Southern Pacific and pass through Utah at Frisco and Salt Lake City and join the Union Pacific at Ogden. This will bring San Diego in direct connection with the great East, and in time will give it a wonderful impetus. The town at present is at a standstill, but is not retrograding. Property is held at good prices. The advantages of the place are many. The soil is excellent and can produce almost everything. Water is plenty. There is no question of the prosperity of this country, but it will not come by speculations in real estate, but by wise labor. As a residence city, San Diego is unsurpassed in the wide world. The sceneries on every side are magnificent. The mountain prospects are lovely and sublime, and hold within their bosom fertile valleys, minerals, and wealth of waters. The ocean views beneath wide skies and brilliant clouds, adorned with the elegance of Coronado beach, are of enchanting beauty and variety. The Coronado Islands lift their blue summits thirty miles away. Table Mountain glistens where the Mexican ranges and plains skirt the vast sea.

I am at the house of Randford Worthing. I find he is of the old New England stock, from Maine and Massachusetts. He was Lieut.-Colonel in the army, a mining engineer since the war in Colorado and other parts of the West, and has had an adventurous and prosperous career, meeting the ups-and-downs of life with genuine Yankee grit. He is among the leading citizens of San Diego, and popular with all parties. He is fearless in expression of opinion and keeps his colors of Freethought at the front. His elegant and hospitable home has the genial flavor of intellectual and social New England, and the delightful associations of the East mingle with the splendors of this new world of the Pacific Coast. Although in the prime of life Mr. Worthing is a grandfather, and four generations gather around his fireside. Mr. Fisk, the venerable great-grandfather, is of the pioneers of the old Granite state, and although verging to eighty years, is on the sunny side of life and keeps step to the music of youth. My labors are in the midst of kindly entertainments and attractions that give delight to the swiftly passing days.

The attendance at the lectures was better than I expected, for many of our friends who were here last year have been scattered far and wide. I was greeted by a fair number in the afternoon at the Lewis Opera House, and in the evening at Lafayette Hall. Mr. Worthing, Mr. Garland, Mrs. Mary A. White, and others, by

their energy and good will, have gathered our forces together as far as possible. I was glad to meet F. W. Bradley, always ready with a good word, and never afraid of his colors. There is a splendid element of Freethought in San Diego, and I am in hopes of a strong organization soon. What is needed is the attractive power which can only come by growth and civilization. I presume, with the ignorant masses, that hell fire is a very potent motive, and if ignorance is to prevail hell fire will continue to burn on and crowd the churches. Our organization, however, must be the result of free and harmonious life. There can be no machine work about it, only natural co-operation, like the beautiful forces of nature itself. So we hope on. Every new thought is our ally, and every triumph of science our moral power. My friend Garland is a fervid Spiritualist and claims to be a little farther along than myself, but on the same lines of advancement. He believes in matter as well as mind, and that the glory of this world is as necessary as that of any other. Hence he is a rattling worker for Freethought, and is an invaluable aid in the progressive movement. Mrs. Mary A. White is always at the front with the enthusiastic nature of the "sunny South." Born in South Carolina, she gave up its Presbyterianism and slavery at the same breath, and has always been a strenuous advocate of liberty. She is heartily in favor of co-operation and wants to build up a Freethought colony; and there are splendid opportunities in this land of sunshine, and millions of untouched acres waiting only the swift march of harnessed mountain streams to bloom with imperial magnificence. I was delighted to meet with that brilliant advocate of woman's rights and human rights, Mrs. Clara Foltz, who is in entire sympathy with the constructive methods of Freethought. She is not only a representative of her sex but of humanity also. She has the broad brain as well as fervent feeling. Her eloquence is the eloquence of good sense as well as poetic enthusiasm.

Malcolm Matheson, president of the San Felipe and Desert Land and Water Company, is also a Liberal, and his plan for the irrigation of thousands of acres of desert land, opening them to civilization, seems to me a practicable enterprise. If successful it will do wonders for this southern country. He is a man of experience, has traveled all over the hills and valleys, and knows what he is about. I hope myself, sometime, to visit the "back country," for, from all accounts, it is a world of beauty and grandeur.

Mr. and Mrs. Rowe and daughter are also at this frontier post. Election day I drove with them from the hubbub of politics into the beautiful suburbs of San Diego. I tried to find my old friend Wm. Allen, but he was not at home. The Rowes enjoy life with the philosophy and poetry of common sense, and take fortune as she comes, with smiles or frowns, for the best that she can give.

Mr. and Mrs. Bidwell make health and joy with the fleeting years. Mr. and Mrs. Wright, formerly of Napa, are also here. Mr. Val Fink is in the Freethought ranks. Samuel McHenry has gone to the land of gold, and I did not get a chance to see him. I hope he will find some big nuggets. I came across Henry Chester, now of San Jacinto. He is a jolly comrade and a royal friend. I find he is a New York boy, and knows all about that mighty metropolis. He got his education at the night schools of Cooper Institute. He made and lost a fortune in New York before he was twenty years old, and then started for the West. He landed about five years ago in San Diego with five cents in his pocket, and left it a year since with over \$5,000 cash. He is a Freethinker with every fibre of his being,

and believes in the golden rule with heart and hand. He succeeds by hard work, and no gold eagle ever gets pinched that passes through his hands. I was also pleased to meet with Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood and their daughter Miss Lentium, who is a brave little Freethinker and likes FREETHOUGHT and "News and Notes;" and so I hope her youth will ever be a dawning fair to nobler days and that womanhood may be as happy as childhood's happy morn.

I lecture here next Sunday afternoon and evening and so shall have more to say of San Diego and friends in future "News and Notes." The days are so beautiful, the sun so exhilarating, the ocean pictures so alluring, that I find it difficult to take my pen in hand to write. I want to be on the go all the time. I would not object to a pair of angel wings that I might fly over these enchanting scenes. I can dream that I am in Italy or Greece, and that these islands are the jewels of the blue Ægean sea; and sky and mountain do blend with marvelous felicity and excite the whole being to a kind of musical delight—as if the ocean were some mighty artist with its thousand fingers touching earth to immeasurable melodies.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM,

April 5, 1889.

• THE ARROGANCE OF PIETY.

It is perhaps fitting that on the thirtieth day of April, 1889, the people of the United States should celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of Washington. There is little objection to the day being proclaimed a legal holiday, though it might be said that when the American citizen desires a "day off" his native intelligence may be safely trusted to admonish him of the most fitting time; but when a political office-holder takes it upon himself to dictate the proper season for religious worship, and, ignoring the fact that religious worship is looked upon as little more than superstitious mummary by a respectable portion of the community, requests the people to repair to places of "divine worship" and perform the incantations peculiar to the Christian and Hebrew superstitions, it is the duty of those who do not believe in confounding the offices of church and state to enter their emphatic protest.

The honorable Presbyterian gentleman who, through the dispensation of an alleged providence and the judicious use of a large campaign fund, was last fall elected to the office of president of the United States, has issued a proclamation as follows:

"A hundred years have passed since the government which our forefathers founded was formally organized. At noon on the 30th day of April, 1789, in the city of New York, and in the presence of an assemblage of heroic men, whose patriotic devotion had led the colonies to victory and independence, George Washington took the oath of office as chief magistrate of the new-born republic.

"This impressive act was preceded, at 9 o'clock in the morning in all the churches of the city, by prayer for God's blessing on the government and its first president.

"The centennial of this illustrious event in our history has been declared a general holiday by the Act of Congress, to the end that the people of the whole country may join in commemorative exercises appropriate to the day.

"In order that the joy of the occasion may be associated with a deep thankfulness in the minds of the people for all our blessings in the past, and devout supplication to God for their gracious continuance in the future, the representatives of the religious creeds, both Christian and Hebrew, have been memorialized by the government to designate an hour for prayer and thanksgiving on that day.

"Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, president of the United States of America, in response to this pious and reasonable request, do recommend that on Tuesday, April 30th, at the hour of 9 o'clock in the morn-

ing, the people of the entire country repair to their respective places of divine worship to implore as a favor of God that the blessings of liberty, prosperity, and peace may abide with us as a people, and that his hand may lead us in the paths of righteousness and good deeds."

With regard to worship the American citizen occupies much the same position as with regard to holidays. When he wants to worship he knows where to go and what to do, and any interference in the matter from any other person can be characterized only as an impertinence. Religion is not a national affair, and the office of president does not constitute Mr. Harrison, *ex officio*, the religious adviser of the people, as he would appear to imagine that it does. The president is popularly, though erroneously, termed the "servant of the people." Imagine a servant issuing a proclamation calling upon the members of the household to "repair to their respective places of divine worship" in honor of a previous incumbent! The impression might be expected to prevail that such a servant had exceeded his function, or that he aimed to magnify the importance of his own position.

We shall have no fault to find with Mr. Harrison's political administration. We are unable to discern that one administration differs materially from another, except in the length of the messages to Congress, and the superior or inferior piety of thanksgiving proclamations. And as the politicians write the messages and the ministers the proclamations, the main responsibility resting upon the president is that of signing them. The messages are state papers and the forwarding of them to Congress forms a part of the chief magistrate's official duties. The proclamations, however, belong to the time when rulers governed by "divine right," and when all their utterances were supposed to come from heaven. To borrow a phrase, they are an echo of an echo, after the original voice has lost its authority.

A GENEROUS GIFT REJECTED.

A dispatch from Petaluma, published in the daily press of San Francisco, says:

"William H. Pepper, a wealthy nurseryman, offered recently to donate to the city a lot worth \$5000, providing the city trustees would erect upon it a building for kindergarten purposes to cost at least \$3500, the school to be under charge of the board of education. It is understood that a wealthy gentleman of this city offered to erect the building and give \$3500 more for the support of the school. The board of education presented the matter to the board of city trustees and requested it to submit to the people the question of accepting it and voting the necessary funds at the coming city election. The trustees refused to do this, and in consequence Petaluma will lose the donation."

Mr. Pepper is a well-known Freethinker, one of whose cherished plans is the founding of a school where useful knowledge may be imparted unmixed with superstition. We are not acquainted with the conditions upon which the above gift was offered, but the purely secular character of the education to be given was doubtless one of them. No one can believe that the city trustees have acted wisely, but they were much more honest in rejecting the trust than they would have been in accepting and then violating it, like the trustees of Girard College.

Mr. Pepper deserves the greatest credit for his good intent, but it will not take the Christian world long to forget his generous offer and to declare that Freethinkers have never done anything for charity.

THE Health Monthly announces that presses have begun "the tremendous job of printing a new edition of ten thousand copies of 'Plain Home Talk.'" We are glad to hear it. "Plain Home Talk" is the medical "Age of Reason."

A QUEER SECT.

There is a congregation of religious people in San Francisco bearing the remarkable name of Christadelphians, and their creed, if they may be said to have one, is about as remarkable as their name. They meet every Sunday on Eddy street.

These queer people have no church organization, consequently no church officers, and no ordained ministers, all preaching being done by lay members. They deny a future existence, but affirm the second coming of Christ; and they believe that when he comes it will be with a sword, and as a conqueror to whom every knee shall bend. He will judge the quick and the dead, and those who have accepted the Christadelphian faith will be saved and enjoy an immortality of the flesh, while all stiff-necked contemners shall be annihilated. They, of course, prove all this from the Bible.

These Christadelphians appear to be a harmless sect. There are only forty of them in the city. They all work for a living, and they believe that the doctrine that it is more blessed to give than to receive applies to those who preach the gospel. We wish them well, even though we shall not be among the forty when the final collapse comes, and they alone occupy the peninsula of San Francisco.

THE HIGHER VIRTUES.

The higher human virtues—benevolence, kindness, temperance, self-government, unselfishness—have been a matter of growth in humanity, as well as the lower and ordinary ones of obedience to parents and public law, common industry and honesty, abstention from bloodshed, from theft, from forbidden unchastity. These higher virtues were not possessed by primitive man, nor are they by the lowest savages to-day. We have seen how the common virtues grew out of the necessities of man. The higher are the legitimate offspring of the lower. They are no part of a divine revelation, save of the perpetual revelation which attends humanity's development. Benevolence to man at large springs out of the natural affection of the family relation extending in widening circles as the family enlarged into the tribe and the nation. Interest has assisted affection in the development of this trait. It was not for the advantage of the tribe that any of its members should suffer for lack of food, lest they should be unable to meet their enemies in full strength in the day of war; as to-day it hurts the well-being of a nation that any large proportion of its population should be in want, lest they create internal disturbance, or heavy burdens be laid upon the well-to-do for their support; therefore, good statesmanship is always looking for employment, which means a sufficiency of living, for all the men of a nation.

Self-control, control of temper, of appetite, of passion, have sprung in like manner out of perception of advantage to self and to the community. The temperate man has his faculties always clear for action, and gains the respect and confidence of his fellows by that restraint. Self-government implies aptitude for the government of others; it is essential to successful government.

Unselfishness, preference for the welfare of another before one's own, altruism as Herbert Spencer calls it, is in many of its aspects one of the noblest virtues of man. It has been claimed as the special product of Christianity, though it was quite as strongly inculcated by Buddha, but undoubtedly Jesus laid great stress upon it and was fully imbued with its teachings. It is the extension of the principle of motherhood to humanity at large. The mother will give all, even her life, for her child. Shall man do

the same for his fellow-man? The virtue has its humiliations. When pushed to non-resistance of violence, as taught by Jesus: "He that smiteth thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also," "He that taketh away thy coat, give him thy cloak also;" this teaching has never been much followed by Christians themselves, and would be impossible to the preservation of society. The strong would simply trample on the weak, and justice would become a mockery. A few sects like the Quakers have endeavored to act fully up to this teaching of non-resistance, and have done so to a considerable extent in private life. But in truth their property and their persons have always been protected by the laws of the nations among whom they lived. Non-resistance logically carried out would simply mean the rule of tyrants, the abandonment of freedom, slavery, the poverty of the masses, all the old evils from which man by constant resistance has in some degree delivered himself. Experience and common sense have taught man that he must struggle and fight to maintain his hold on life and any fair proportion of its enjoyments. Equal and exact justice is the ideal that he would see enforced, but this cannot be even approached without eternal vigilance and contention, and with non-resistance as a principle the powers of nature would quickly crush man, and the ruthless and cruel would ride rough-shod over the ignorant and unprotected.

Wise devotion to humanity, on the principle of *resisting* wrong, has wrought great good for the race. It has made free nations and destroyed slavery, it has rendered free speech possible and overthrown false religions. Such men as Winkelried and Hampden, Washington and Lincoln, Wilberforce, Lloyd Garrison, Luther, and Paine, would not be reckoned as the world's benefactors to-day if they had acted on the principle of non-resistance instead of gloriously battling against tyranny, slavery, and superstition, and winning the thanks and gratitude of millions.

In criticising Christianity we by no means forget our debt to it, nor would it be fair to do so. Though easy to demonstrate that moral development has in no wise depended on divine inspiration, there being no instance in which divine revelation can be established as a fact, it must and should be conceded with gratitude by our race that the present high moral standard has largely resulted from the pure and lofty teaching of men who have sincerely believed in a divine revelation; and this is but natural. The world has believed in a divine revelation for thousands of years. The true and the false have been closely interwoven in the intellect. Clearer truth has always been of gradual discovery. Man is constantly sloughing off the outworn skins of error. He leaves them behind as does a crab his last year's shell. The new shell cannot remain in the old. The crab would be disabled by it, so he goes out from it. So man leaves his outworn beliefs. Some cry out that it is a shame and a danger to leave the old shells. But he cannot stay and be cramped and fettered. Nature drives him to throw off that for which he has no farther use. Man's mind is often like our bay of a morning, here a track of sunlight and there a line of fog—truth and error side by side—but gradually the fog dissolves. And in the life of man noble action has often shone by the side of intellectual mistake—in the same mind a belief in the trinity, predestination, and hell, coexistent with earnest and lofty principles of action.

H. M.

FREETHOUGHT has received for the California State Liberal Union: From Judge J. W. North, \$10; R. F. Grigsby, \$5; San Jose Secular Society, \$5; Daniel Macdonald, \$3; L. R. Titus, \$2; J. M. Smith, \$1.

COLONEL INGERSOLL did not address the meeting recently held in the Academy of Music, New York, for the benefit of the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Austin, Texas, as it was announced that he would do. He is one of the committee to raise money for the Home, and gave a large donation. The committee, as we learn from the Truth Seeker, received the following letter from a religious person named Mackay:

"I would feel my sympathies drawn to an object so worthy as this, but the promoters must be blind to the plainest sign of the times when from the Christian people of New York they expect contributions to this cause—and they will get little help from any other—while heading their enterprise with the greatest enemy of Jesus Christ this country has ever seen, namely, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. Nothing will be blessed by his touch, and it is regretted that the work is to be even colored by his assistance, far more, begun and directed."

Mr. Mackay is one of those sensitive persons who would rather see a human being suffer than relieved by anybody who does not enjoy his religious belief. There is a certain parable which might be quoted for the benefit of people like Mr. Mackay. It is to be found in the twenty-fifth chapter of the gospel according to Matthew, and sets forth that he who assists his fellow-man shall go into life eternal, while gentlemen who fail to feed the hungry or clothe the naked "shall go away into everlasting punishment." A man with Colonel Ingersoll's chances under this ruling need not worry so much for himself as for such pious citizens as Mackay, who think that almost any excuse is good enough for not putting their hands in their pockets.

SEVERAL weeks ago telegrams from Victoria, B. C., gave details of the destitution and approaching dissolution of W. R. Colby, the slate-writing medium and lecturer on Spiritualism, who was charged by the Chronicle with being identical with William Rains, a Texas mail robber. He sued the Chronicle for libel but left for Victoria in a hurry pending the trial. Upon being informed of his illness and poverty several of his friends in this city prepared to send him aid, but first took the precaution to write to Victoria concerning him. In a letter from that city to Captain Shepherd, president of the Oakland Society of Spiritualists, says a daily paper, it is stated that Colby is not in need, and that he is in a normal condition as to health. The writer was inclined to the belief that Colby had prompted the telegrams in order to stir his friends to send him relief. There seems to be no one left in San Francisco, even among the Spiritualists, who is ready to defend Mr. Colby against the charge of fraud.

THE San Francisco public is suspicious that somebody made a large "boodle" out of the recent revival meetings conducted by the Rev. Samuel Jones. Those who watched the affair, says the Chronicle, are confident that the collections amounted to fully \$8,000. At one collection \$1,000 was raised; at another, \$500, while several were taken that went well into the hundreds, and meetings were held every day for a month. Mr. Jones himself received the sum of \$1,500 and the expenses of himself and family, for his month's arduous labor. The committee who had charge of the enterprise, however, profess to have come out \$200 behind.

THE Leadville, Col., Freethought Association issues its Declaration of Principles in handsome form. This association meets twice a month; H. S. Kent is secretary, and A. L. Heister president. It extends this invitation: "To all who desire to join us in promulgating the religion of morality, humanity, progress and intellect; who are not afraid to speak as they believe, and act

accordingly; who believe in to-day and to-morrow, and not in yesterday or nineteen hundred years ago, and for whom the spectre of a dead superstition has no terrors, we extend a cordial welcome."

THE New York Times has made so much sport of the pious Postmaster-General Wanamaker that that functionary has withdrawn from its columns the post-office advertisements regarding the departure of foreign mails. The discipline has proved ineffectual, as the Times rebelliously proclaims:

"We shall continue to print the foreign mail announcements, since they are a convenience to the readers of newspapers, and we shall persevere in our endeavors to get out of Wanamaker as much harmless amusement as possible during his term of office. There is a world of fun in him."

Possibly if the Times keeps its eyes open it may find a way of extracting innocent amusement from other members of our Presbyterian administration.

THE discharge of Herbert Beecher from the Custom House at Port Townsend calls attention to the manner in which political influence does its perfect work. For Henry Ward Beecher's services in Grover Cleveland's campaign this appointment for Beecher's son was secured. Beecher's son was also counsel for the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, and again through the influence of the clergyman Cleveland's signature to the "shocking" literature bill was secured, under which Anthony Comstock became more than ever the censor of press and mails.

BISMARCK declared the other day that "in his opinion the guarantee of peace was to be found not only in the monarchical institutions of the country, but also, and in an especial degree, in the monarchical sentiments of the German people." There were in this country, previous to the Revolution, persons called Tories who entertained opinions similar to those expressed by Bismarck. But that was a hundred years ago, and those opinions have long since ceased to command respect. Possibly less than a century will place the German chancellor's views in the same category.

It is expected that another charge of immoral tendency will be made against the climate of California. G. W. Reed was, a short time since, president of the Young Men's Christian Association in Mansfield, Ohio. A few weeks ago he came to Los Angeles, entered upon a debauch, forged his mother's name to various checks, and landed in jail the other day too drunk for articulate speech. The meteorological department should set itself at work to gather statistics as to the moral effect of a dry climate upon persons of the religio-bibulous temperament.

THAT natural impatience of unjust restraint which is the salvation of mankind from tyranny is illustrated by the working of the Sunday-closing law in Wales. The authorities report that under the act drunkenness and immorality have largely increased. The restrictions imposed seem to encourage defiance of the law and intoxication is far more common on Sunday now than before it was put into operation. Lord Aberdare, who encouraged the passage of the act, admits with sorrow that it is doing more harm than good, and now urges its repeal.

THE friends at Anaheim will have lectures by S. P. Putnam on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of this month. Mrs. Kate Parker writes that they are to have a matinee at 3 P.M., picnic style, followed by a dance in the evening, and that a good time is looked for.

AMONG the appropriations made by the last California legislature was one of \$16,000 for the purchase of the plates and copy-right of a school entomology. No provision was made for printing the book, and there ought to be none. The tax payer might reasonably protest against being plundered by the state in the name of a special science that not more than one in a thousand takes the slightest interest in (even if he knew the meaning of the word used to designate it) or would ever have any use for. The -ologies, including theology, should be left to the private school and the church.

"THERE is no stopping-place for exact reason and exact regard for truth but in Agnosticism. It seems to me that all traditionalists ought to go into the Roman Church, and all rationalists ought to become Agnostics."—Ex-Rev. H. O. Pentecost.

We find the above copied without rebuke in the Golden Gate. Does it indicate that Spiritualism looks toward Agnosticism, or the other way?

To Joshua.

O Joshua, God's chief of staff and leader of his army,
The odor of thy memory is not exceeding balmy;
Thou wert, most incontestibly, a man of "blood and iron,"
And blood in running rivers shed, all in the cause of Zion!
When carnage red raged high a-field you then were in your glory,
But, ah, those red campaigns of thine make up a dreadful story!
Your massacres were horrible, but Jahveh stood your sponsor,
And with a craving hot for blood of course you kept right on, sir;
You fought a-field and eke by siege, and many cities "carried,"
Too short the day, at your command both Sol and Luna tarried!
And Jahveh hurtled hailstones down, as big as watermelons,
On those who took no stock in him, and so were godless felons.
Ah, Josh, thou wert a bloody one, a hustling Holy Terror!
But say, that fake about the sun—weren't that an "inspired" error?
SI SLOKUM.

Good Material in California.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Inclosed you will find 50 cents, for which please send me "Yone Santo, a Child of Japan."

We are having through the local papers here a lively three-cornered fight on the common school question, wherein I find FREETHOUGHT an able assistant, and am well pleased with it independent of that. I hope you may prosper and find lots and lots of loyal aid in your efforts to convert that farther western country. You must have good material out of which to build a grand army of Freethinkers, judging by the facts that California legislators have had the good sense and justice to enact a law to tax religious property the same as other property of equal value.

My best wishes go with you to the utmost point to which your efforts of conversion can possibly attain. Yours truly, D. D. LAKE.

Central City, Col.

Dr. Field Discredited.

To the Editors of Freethought:

We have recently discovered in this county a new loophole that the Campbellites, or at least some of them, skulk out through when cornered. When the "Champion" was here he sold a few bottles of his odoriferous musk in pamphlet form, and some of his admirers, by means of daily baths in the pungent fluid, became almost as skookum (Chinook for strong) as himself.

To one of those who had thus been "washed in the blood of the lamb" I read Dr. Field's manly and generous tribute to Ingersoll in his Open Letter in the North American Review, and several extracts from it and the second letter, giving the lie to the "Champion's" malicious slander. The purified took the dose like a little man without protest. A few weeks after he was rehearsing some of those slanderous statements of the "Champion" when a Liberal friend, who was present when I read Field's statements to him, cited him to that fact. "Well" said the washed sheep, "I have my doubts whether a preacher ever wrote that." It is pretty hard to believe that a preacher can be a gentleman, and perhaps that was what was the matter with the sheep. TOM SAWYER.
Hillsboro, Or.

OBSERVATIONS.

The meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society, last Sunday morning, lacked the reassuring presence of Mr. Schou and several others who have previously attended. Some uncertainty as to the time of the meeting was doubtless caused by the announcement in one column of FREETHOUGHT that it would be held at eight o'clock in the evening, and in another that 10:30 A. M. was the accepted hour. The first notice had been printed before it was discovered that the hall had a previous engagement, and the press had to be stopped to make the necessary change in the other announcement. Affairs were further complicated by the press breaking down and delaying the mailing of the paper about eight hours.

Under the above uncertain conditions the hall was not crowded when President Chilstrom rapped upon the table and concentrated the attention of the meeting on such business as might be before it. Secretary Breuer perused the minutes of the previous occasion in an audible tone of voice, and the same were accepted. At the invitation of the chair Professor Schultheis came in contact with the piano, and executed a complicated and interesting selection. The instrument was entirely at the mercy of Mr. Schultheis, and he appeared to be able to make it do or say almost anything he regarded as appropriate. The music trickled from one end of it, roared from the other, vaulted from the top, and poured from the keyboard like a cataract. The fingers of the performer's right hand scampered over the treble part, and chased one another hither and yon, while those of his other hand played leap-frog with the noisier notes located at the extreme left. Towards the close both hands made the attempt to hit all the keys at once, accomplishing the feat with ease, and Mr. Schultheis retired amid applause.

Professor Miller followed with an address upon the "Evolution of Religion." He took the position of Spencer, that religion began with ancestor-worship, and developed thence into polytheism, from which has come such a degree of monotheism as we now enjoy. The address was in every way a worthy one. The speaker, it might be said, "laid the foundation with care, with accuracy and skill, and rose by 'cold gradation and well-balanced form,' from the cornerstone of statement to the domed conclusion;" and this conclusion was that all gods and all religions spring solely from the imagination, and that the rational human mind must arrive finally at the conception of an eternal energy, whose methods we may observe, but whose origin and objects are for ever unknowable.

The lecture was well adapted to the intelligent audience that heard it, and elicited favorable comment.

Mr. Schultheis played another piece upon the piano before the meeting broke up. Next Sunday morning's gathering will be held in the same hall, at 10:30. After that a hall will be secured where evening meetings may be had. While the beautiful spring and summer weather (peculiar to California) prevails, indoor attractions are at a discount. The sun without such radiance pours, the sky above them beams so fair, that people wander out of doors to breathe the semi-tropic air. Not all the songs in measured staves, nor lofty flights of oratory, are as the music of the waves, nor eloquent as nature's story. So to provide a pleasing way to gratify our taste for roaming, we'll have excursions while 'tis day, and hold our meetings in the gloaming. The next one, however, will be held at 10:30 A. M., as aforesaid.

A paper published at Brisbane, Australia, contains a copyrighted article with a large heading, entitled, "Evans's Seances Exposed—Bursting his Bubbles," etc. It tells how a visitor to one of Mr. Fred. Evans's seances discovered the method by which writing is made to appear, without human intervention, upon slates that were previously perfectly clean. The article fills about a dozen columns, and is therefore too long to quote. The conclusion, however, is given in these words:

HOW THE TRICK IS DONE.

Procure ordinary school slates, but No. 2 of Faber's make is the best adapted for the purpose. A film of papier mache, or thin slate, must be made to fit the slate exactly, inside the framework. The writing or drawing having been done on the slates prior to the seance, the mask or film is then fitted on the slate so as to act as a cover, and it may, of course,

be marked and cleaned as much as the sitter wishes. The mask can be removed in any way and at any portion of the seance the performer wishes.

This certainly would account for the mechanical portion of the phenomena which occur in Mr. Evans's presence, but what may be called the psychic part is left a mystery still. I had a sitting with Evans about eleven months ago, and have several slates covered with the writing then procured. He might have used the false cover successfully in my case except for the reason that slates previously written upon could not have borne the names written by me after the slates were placed in my possession and after Mr. Evans had ceased handling them. I find by reference to the report of my sitting with Evans, published in FREETHOUGHT of May 12, 1888, that two slates were fastened together with a rubber band and laid before me on the table; that afterwards I wrote several names on a slip of paper which I placed beneath the rubber band around the slates. When the slates were taken apart they contained one of the names written on the paper. If I had written the name before the slates were fastened together, Evans might have transferred it to the slate, but as he did not touch the slates between the time I wrote the name and the time he took the slates apart, he evidently did not put the name there during that interval. I am ready to admit that the slates spit upon and wiped might have had a false face concealing a previously written communication, but I fail to discern how the communication happened to be signed by a name that was not written by me until after the slates had left the medium's hands. That is what the Australian exposure fails to expose, though it is quite ample to explain the rest of the proceedings.

Three other slates scattered about upon the floor might have been previously prepared, signed as per the names written by me on the slip of paper, and then fitted with the false cover, spit upon and swabbed off. I do not know whether they were or not.

I will, however, present a formula for the slate-writing act which, in connection with the false covers, will meet all exigencies. It is as follows: Give the sitter a hard pencil, a slip of thin paper, and a pad to rest it on while he writes the names of deceased friends. After he has written the names they will be legible beneath the top leaf of the pad, providing you have placed a piece of duplicating paper in the right place. This method, of course, provides you with the desired signatures, which you may attach to previously written communications on slates held in your lap. The sitter may suspect what you are doing, but he can't prove it without raising a rumpus, and that is not what he is there for. If he uses the pad, as he will nine times out of ten, you may allow him to slip the paper under the rubber band around the slates. If he does not use the pad you should do the slipping yourself, adroitly substituting another piece of paper for his, and retaining the one he has written on for future reference. Make him hold the slates down hard with both thumbs. Impress upon him the necessity of this, for Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do, and the sitter might look between the slates or examine your paper if his hands were at liberty. Now lay his list of names on your knee, where you can see them, and attach them to the previously-written communications; adjust the false surface over the whole, spit on it in plain sight, swab it off, drop it in your lap, and put the slate, face downward, on the floor. Repeat this three or four times, until the necessary number of slates are scattered about. Then gather them up confusedly, and while the sitter is reading them, substitute two others, inclosed in a rubber band, with his list of names under it, for the two which he has been holding down. When he gets around to open them he will be astonished; or ought to be, and he will identify them as the ones he has held by the fact that the list of names he wrote is under the band!

This is my explanation of Mr. Evans's performance so far as I have seen it. It supplements the Australian method, and the two together eliminate all necessity for anything more than ordinary dexterity. The Australian gentleman who furnishes the scheme given in the first part of this Observation—and who was one of the subscribers to the fund that took Evans to the antipodes—has repeated the trick before fifty persons who had been notified previously that it was a trick; yet he escaped detection, and had some difficulty in convincing his audience that he was

unassisted by supernatural aid. His communications and drawings are said to be much superior to those produced by Evans. The exposure had such an effect on Mr. Evans, it is said, that he broke several engagements in order to cut his stay in Brisbane short.

There is still another mode of explaining Mr. Evans's phenomena. It is that the spirits of departed persons return and do the writing, extracting sufficient force from the medium to enable them to accomplish that feat. I submit both theories for what they may be worth. I shall not quarrel with any one who accepts the spiritual explanation, and I presume no one will be offended with me for suggesting the above physical hypothesis.

The gentleman who makes the alleged exposure of Mr. Evans's slate-writing phenomena has fathomed his other manifestations also, and not only duplicates them as mysteries, but afterwards explains what we call the *modus operandi* (when we speak in Latin); and furthermore he does them so much better and so much cheaper than Evans can do them that the medium's business has been permanently broken up in Brisbane. All of which I state with regret.

I have shown the appended poem to our printer, and he thinks it should be published.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

Old Deacon Stackpole was a boastful man,
And at the period of which I'm treating
He was a pious Presbyterian,

Although he never prayed outside of meeting.
He had one boast which emphasis he laid on,
"He never see'd the b'ar he was afraid on."

Now Stackpole was a citizen of Maine,
And occupied a log-house in a clearing,
A Sabbath's journey down a lonely lane
Without a neighbor anywhere in hearing.
And bears roamed in the wild and woody dell
Thick as mosquitoes are in San Rafael.

One day the deacon, wandering in the wood,
With gun in hand, courageous as a lion,
Ran on a bear in an aggressive mood,
The biggest one he ever had sat eye on—
An old, white-whiskered, hibernating grayback,
Who'd trod the forest undisturbed from 'way back.

Bear looked at deacon, deacon looked at bear,
And in a moment, growing somewhat bolder,
He cocked his aged flintlock piece with care,
And brought the butt thereof up to his shoulder.
He pulled the trigger, but she ne'er exploded,
For it had been a six-month since 'twas loaded.

Thereat the deacon, very much dismayed
And thinking to be tackled by the bear,
Went on his knees in terror, and essayed
To elevate his voice in way of prayer.
If it must be a bear and deacon tussle
It stood the deacon well in hand to rustle.

He first gave thanks that he so long was spared,
And owned, with full, impartial justice meted,
So often had he been by sin ensnared
His earthly race had long since been completed.
He felt to praise that wonderful forgiving
Which still permitted him among the living.

In such a strain the deacon tuned his lay,
And then as follows ended up his prayer,
"If, Lord, to help me you can't see your way
I ask you, don't for Christ's sake help the bear;"
Unclosed his eyes, while to the spot still rooted.
A coward, like himself, the bear had scooted!

We had a pleasing little seance in this office last Tuesday morning. Mr. Paul A. Smith dropped in with his two traveling companions, the Hofstad brothers, who have a faculty of telling what other people are thinking about, and then finding the object of their thoughts. After a few moments spent in talking over the prospects in different localities, Mr. Smith remarked that if I would fix my mind on some particular object, one of the Messrs. Hofstad would find it. Somewhat skeptically, I let my intellect dwell upon the lower-case *b* box in the printing-office adjoining. Mr. Hofstad thereupon grasped my hand and started for the composing-room. He immediately went to the particular case I had

in mind, and thrust his fingers into the box containing the lower-case b's, but the multiplicity of them confused him, and he did not call the experiment a success. His brother tried the same with similar results. Mr. Smith and the two gentlemen then left the room; I took the top off my mucilage bottle and placed it underneath the cover of a type-writer, and then asked the mind-reader to return. The elder one placed my hand on his forehead, dropped it, and in less time than is required for me to pen these remarks, raised the type-writer cover and picked up the hidden object, which he handed me with the utmost confidence that he was right.

The next experiment seemed more remarkable. The gentlemen left the room and went out into the hall. A young lady carried a piece of erasing rubber into the printing-office and placed it in the "change" pocket of a printer's coat. As soon as she was out of the room the wily typographical artist removed his coat and concealed it. The Hofstad brothers were then called off their perch on the balusters in the hall. One of them took the young lady's hand, led her into the printing-office, and hunted up the coat. As she did not know the location of the garment, this was rather more singular than the previous test. Having secured the coat, Mr. Hofstad deliberately emptied the pockets, with the exception of the little "change" pocket, the aperture to which escaped his eye. He declared, however, that the object was in the coat, underneath the lining, which he did not feel at liberty to remove.

I judge that this variety of phenomena comes under the head of thought transference, or rather thought appropriation. In the case of the rubber eraser the thought-appropriator doubtless found the coat by accident, and by appropriating the thought of the person whose hand he held discovered that the coat contained the object he was looking for. I believe that the Hofstad brothers possess a sixth sense, more rare, but not perhaps any more wonderful, than the five that other people have. M.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The Oakland High School building was destroyed by fire on the 6th. Loss, \$33,000.—Reports from all parts of the state show that grain, fruit, and feed promise a greater yield than has ever been known.—Judge Swift delivered an address before the Independent Spiritual meeting in Washington Hall, Sunday evening, upon the "Illegality of Mediums' License," in which he stated that the recent action of the board of supervisors in levying a tax upon mediums, astrologers, seers, and clairvoyants was unlawful, and urged his hearers to contest the matter in the courts.—The collector of customs at Port Townsend, W. T., has been notified by telegraph to drop Captain Herbert Beecher from the rolls from the 15th inst. Captain Beecher is a son of the late Henry Ward Beecher. Secretary Daniel Manning appointed him a special agent of the treasury department with headquarters at Port Townsend. When Gardner, the opium smuggler, was arrested at Ogdensburg, N. Y., a year ago certain papers in connection with Beecher were found in his possession. This and other matters were brought to Secretary Windom's attention, and after a full investigation he decided on Captain Beecher's dismissal.—A big scheme is on foot to connect San Jose with San Francisco Bay by means of a ship canal. It will cost millions, but the projectors hope to get an appropriation from Congress.—Mrs. Ellen Holladay, the second wife of the late Ben Holladay of pony express fame, died April 5 at Portland, Or., after a lingering illness.—Judge Lawler dismissed the charge of murder against William J. Harrington, the politician who was accused of killing David Donohoe in the rooms of the Republican County Committee last October. Harrington was also charged with having wounded Fire Commissioner Martin Kelly, and Antone Christianson, when Donohoe was killed. Both these charges were also dismissed.

James Redpath, who recently returned from Ireland, spoke at the Anti-Poverty meeting in New York last Sunday night. Among other things, he said the rental of Ireland has been reduced \$25,000,000 a year through the work of the Land League, and the Irish in America have contributed three-fifths of the money invested by Parnellites.—The Latter-Day Saints are

holding a world's conference at St Joseph, Mo. One thousand delegates were in attendance last Sunday.—The Mormons at Salt Lake City have made Wellford Woodruff president of the church.—The U. S. Warship Pensacola sank in the dry dock at Norfolk, Va., during a violent storm on the 6th. She will be pumped out and raised.—It was reported last week that the actor Edwin Booth had suffered a stroke of paralysis at Rochester, New York. At last accounts he was recovering, but had a severe headache!—The New York Musical Union is endeavoring to prevent the landing of strolling European musicians at Castle Garden.—The war between the temperance people and the saloon-keepers of River Falls, Wis., has taken a new turn. A saloon-keeper has had three clergymen and two others arrested, on a charge of false imprisonment. The five men signed an indictment against Saloon-keeper Druke some time ago. Druke was beaten in the justices' court, but appealed the case. In the higher court the case was dismissed on a technicality. Now Druke prosecutes the party for false imprisonment.—John A. Kasson, William Walter Phelps, and George H. Bates will go to Berlin as commissioners on Samoan affairs.—Women played a very important part in the municipal election in Kansas, April 2, voting in large numbers. At Rossville the women elected their ticket. At Leavenworth, Susan B. Anthony made a heroic fight for her brother, D. R. Anthony, for mayor, but he was defeated by a large majority; 4,000 women voted. Oskaloosa has again elected women officers by a sweeping majority. At Cottonwood Falls Mrs. Minnie Morgan was elected mayor, with a full council of women.—Wou Kwang Pei, formerly of the Chinese embassy at Washington, advocates the expulsion of every American in the service of China as a reprisal for the exclusion of Chinamen from America.—Since the suspension of work on the Panama canal over 8,000 laborers have been sent from the isthmus. There are still over 3,000 persons on the line of the works who are in a destitute condition. Some deaths from starvation have already been reported, and it is feared that many more will occur if prompt measures are not taken by the West Indian governments to send the people back to their homes.—The Royal Geographical Society has received a letter from Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer. The contents consist chiefly of a report on the geographical results of Stanley's march.—The Rev. Charles Sidney Hurd, lately of the Parmenter-street Unitarian chapel, Boston, committed suicide in London last week by taking opium. Hurd wrote to the Rev. Stopford Brooke asking pecuniary assistance, which the latter promised. At the inquest a letter from Hurd to Brooke was read, which concludes: "The sole way by which I can escape my difficulties is through the gates of death. I am the most unlucky mortal on earth. Give my body to a medical school for dissection."—Many Nihilists have been arrested at Vilna in Russia. It is learned that the bombs discovered at Zurich were intended to be used during the czar's visit to Berlin. Thirteen more arrests have been made in Zurich in connection with the discovery of the secret bomb manufacturing there.

THE LECTURE TOUR.

Following are the dates of S. P. Putnam's lectures:

San Diego, March 31,	Los Angeles, April 21,
National City, April 2, 3, 4,	Lemoore, April 28,
San Diego, April 7,	Visalia, April 29, 30,
San Pasqual and vicinity, April 8, 9,	Oleander, May 1, 2, 3,
10, 11, 12,	San Francisco, May 5, 12, 19,
Santa Ana, April 14,	Boulder Creek and vicinity, May,
Anaheim, April 15, 16, 17,	20, 21, 22, 23, 24,
Norwalk, April 18, 19, 20,	San Francisco, May 26.

Mr. Putnam will be at Fresno Flats, Grub Gulch, and vicinity the first week in June. About the middle of June he will begin his Oregon trip, taking in Silverton, Canby, Molalla, Hillsboro, Shed's, etc. About the third week in July he will be in Coos county, Or.

Those desiring lectures will please write at their earliest convenience, addressing this office.

DR. FELLOWS of Vineland, N. J., is an outspoken Infidel, and a successful physician. He is worthy of an extensive patronage. See advertisement in this paper.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY AND AGNOSTICISM.

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.
From the North American Review.

In the February number of the *Nineteenth Century* is an article by Professor Huxley, entitled "Agnosticism." It seems that a church congress was held at Manchester, in October, 1888, and that the principal of King's College brought the topic of Agnosticism before the Assembly and made the following statement:

But if this be so, for a man to urge as an escape from this article of belief that he has no means of a scientific knowledge of an unseen world, or of the future, is irrelevant. His difference from the Christians lies, not in the fact that he has no knowledge of these things, but that he does not believe the authority on which they are stated. He may prefer to call himself an Agnostic, but his real name is an older one—he is an Infidel; that is to say an unbeliever. The word Infidel, perhaps, carries an unpleasant significance. Perhaps it is right that it should. It is, and it ought to be, an unpleasant thing for a man to have to say plainly that he does not believe in Jesus Christ.

Let us examine this statement, putting it in language that is easily understood; and for that purpose we will divide it into several paragraphs.

First.—"For a man to urge that he has no means of a scientific knowledge of the unseen world, or of the future, is irrelevant."

Is there any other knowledge than a scientific knowledge? Are there several kinds of knowing? Is there such a thing as scientific ignorance? If a man says, "I know nothing of the unseen world because I have no knowledge upon that subject," is the fact that he has no knowledge absolutely irrelevant? Will the principal of King's College say that having no knowledge is the reason he knows? When asked to give your opinion upon any subject can it be said that your ignorance of that subject is irrelevant? If this be true, then your knowledge of the subject is also irrelevant.

Is it possible to put in ordinary English a more perfect absurdity? How can a man obtain any knowledge of the unseen world? He certainly cannot obtain it through the medium of the senses. It is not a world that he can visit. He cannot stand upon its shores, nor can he view them from the ocean of imagination. The principal of King's College, however, insists that these impossibilities are irrelevant.

No person has come back from the unseen world. No authentic message has been delivered. Through all the centuries, not one whisper has broken the silence that lies beyond the grave. Countless millions have sought for some evidence, have listened in vain for some word.

It is most cheerfully admitted that all this does not prove the non-existence of another world—all this does not demonstrate that death ends all. But it is the justification of the Agnostic, who candidly says, "I do not know."

Second.—The principal of King's College states that the difference between an Agnostic and a Christian "lies, not in the fact that he has no knowledge of these things, but that he does not believe the authority on which they are stated."

Is this a difference in knowledge, or a difference in belief—that is to say, a difference in credulity?

The Christian believes the Mosaic account. He reverently hears and admits the truth of all that he finds within the scriptures. Is this knowledge? How is it possible to know whether the reputed authors of the books of the Old Testament were the real ones? The witnesses are dead. The lips that could testify are dust. Between these shores roll the waves of many centuries. Who knows whether such a man as Moses ever existed or not? Who knows the author of Kings and Chronicles? By what testimony can we substantiate the authenticity of the prophets, or of the prophecies, or of the fulfilments? Is there any difference between the knowledge of the Christian and of the Agnostic? Does the principal of King's College know any more as to the truth of the Old Testament than the man who modestly calls for evidence? Has not a mistake been made? Is not the difference one of belief instead of knowledge? And is not this difference founded on the difference in credulity? Would not an infinitely wise and good being—where belief is a condition to salvation—supply the evidence? Certainly the Creator of man—if such exists—knows the exact nature of the human mind—

knows the evidence necessary to convince; and, consequently, such a being would act in accordance with such conditions.

There is a relation between evidence and belief. The mind is so constituted that certain things, being in accordance with its nature, are regarded as reasonable, as probable.

There is also this fact that must not be overlooked: that is, that just in proportion as the brain is developed it requires more evidence, and becomes less and less credulous. Ignorance and credulity go hand in hand. Intelligence understands something of the law of average, has an idea of probability. It is not swayed by prejudice, neither is it driven to extremes by suspicion. It takes into consideration personal motives. It examines the character of the witnesses, makes allowance for the ignorance of the time—for enthusiasm, for fear—and comes to its conclusion without fear and without passion.

What knowledge has the Christian of another world? The senses of the Christian are the same as those of the Agnostic. He hears, sees, and feels substantially the same. His vision is limited. He sees no other shore and hears nothing from another world.

Knowledge is something that can be imparted. It has a foundation in fact. It comes within the domain of the senses. It can be told, described, analyzed, and in addition to all this, it can be classified. Whenever a fact becomes the property of one mind, it can become the property of the intellectual world. There are words in which the knowledge can be conveyed.

The Christian is not a supernatural person, filled with supernatural truths. He is a natural person, and all that he knows of value can be naturally imparted. It is within his power to give all that he has to the Agnostic.

The principal of King's College is mistaken when he says that the difference between the Agnostic and the Christian does not lie in the fact that the Agnostic has no knowledge, "but that he does not believe the authority on which these things are stated."

The real difference is this: the Christian says that he has knowledge; the Agnostic admits that he has none; and yet the Christian accuses the Agnostic of arrogance, and asks him how he has the impudence to admit the limitations of his mind. To the Agnostic every fact is a torch, and by this light, and this light only, he walks.

It is also true that the Agnostic does not believe the authority relied on by the Christian. What is the authority of the Christian? Thousands of years ago it is supposed that certain men, or, rather, uncertain men, wrote certain things. It is alleged by the Christian that these men were divinely inspired, and that the words of these men are to be taken as absolutely true, no matter whether or not they are verified by modern discovery and demonstration.

How can we know that any human being was divinely inspired? There has been no personal revelation to us to the effect that certain people were inspired—it is only claimed that the revelation was to them. For this we have only their word, and about that there is this difficulty: we know nothing of them, and, consequently, cannot, if we desire, rely upon their character for truth. The evidence is not simply hearsay—it is far weaker than that. We have only been told that they said these things; we do not know whether the persons claiming to be inspired wrote these things or not; neither are we certain that such persons ever existed. We know now that the greatest men with whom we are acquainted are often mistaken about the simplest matters. We also know that men saying something like the same things, in other countries and in ancient days, must have been impostors. The Christian has no confidence in the words of Mohammed; the Mohammedan cares nothing about the declarations of Buddha; and the Agnostic gives the words of the Christian the value only of the truth that is in them. He knows that these sayings get neither truth nor worth from the person who uttered them. He knows that the sayings themselves get their entire value from the truth they express. So that the real difference between the Christian and the Agnostic does not lie in their knowledge, for neither of them has any knowledge on this subject, but the difference does lie in credulity, and in nothing else. The Agnostic does not rely on the authority of Moses

and the prophets. He finds that they were mistaken in most matters capable of demonstration. He finds that their mistakes multiply in the proportion that human knowledge increases. He is satisfied that the religion of the ancient Jews is, in most things, as ignorant and cruel as other religions of the ancient world. He concludes that the efforts, in all ages, to answer the questions of origin and destiny, and to account for the phenomena of life, have all been substantial failures.

In the presence of demonstration there is no opportunity for the exercise of faith. Truth does not appeal to credulity—it appeals to evidence, to established facts, to the constitution of the mind. It endeavors to harmonize the new fact with all that we know, and to bring it within the circumference of human experience.

The church has never cultivated investigation. It has never said: Let him who has a mind to think, think; but its cry from the first until now has been: Let him who has ears to hear, hear.

The pulpit does not appeal to the reason of the pew; it speaks by authority and it commands the pew to believe, and it not only commands, but it threatens.

The Agnostic knows that the testimony of a man is not sufficient to establish what is known as the miraculous. We would not believe to-day the testimony of millions to the effect that the dead had been raised. The church itself would be the first to attack such testimony. If we cannot believe those whom we know, why should we believe witnesses who have been dead thousands of years, and about whom we know nothing?

Third.—The principal of King's College, growing somewhat severe, declares that "he may prefer to call himself an Agnostic, but his real name is an older one—he is an Infidel; that is to say, an unbeliever."

This is spoken in a kind of holy scorn. According to this gentleman, an unbeliever is, to a certain extent, a disreputable person.

In this sense, what is an unbeliever? He is one whose mind is so constituted that what the Christian calls evidence is not satisfactory to him. Is a person accountable for the constitution of his mind, for the formation of his brain? Is any human being responsible for the weight that evidence has upon him? Can he believe without evidence? Is the weight of evidence a question of choice? Is there such a thing as honestly weighing testimony? Is the result of such weighing necessary? Does it involve moral responsibility? If the Mosaic account does not convince a man that it is true, is he a wretch because he is candid enough to tell the truth? Can he preserve his manhood only by making a false statement?

The Mohammedan would call the principal of King's College an unbeliever, so would the tribes of Central Africa, and he would return the compliment, and all would be equally justified. Has the principal of King's College any knowledge that he keeps from the rest of the world? Has he the confidence of the Infinite? Is there anything praiseworthy in believing where the evidence is sufficient, or is one to be praised for believing only where the evidence is insufficient? Is a man to be blamed for not agreeing with his fellow-citizen? Were the unbelievers in the pagan world better or worse than their neighbors? It is probably true that some of the greatest Greeks believed in the gods of that nation, and it is equally true that some of the greatest denied their existence. If credulity is a virtue now, it must have been in the days of Athens. If to believe without evidence entitles one to eternal reward in this century, certainly the same must have been true in the days of the Pharaohs.

An Infidel is one who does not believe in the prevailing religion. We now admit that the Infidels of Greece and Rome were right. The gods that they refused to believe in are dead. Their thrones are empty, and long ago the sceptres dropped from their nerveless hands. To-day the world honors the men who denied and derided these gods.

Fourth.—The Principal of King's College ventures to suggest that "the word Infidel, perhaps, carries an unpleasant significance; perhaps it is right that it should."

A few years ago the word Infidel did carry "an unpleasant significance." A few years ago its significance was so unpleasant that the man to whom the word was applied found himself in

prison or at the stake. In particularly kind communities he was put in the stocks, pelted with offal, derided by hypocrites, scorned by ignorance, jeered by cowardice, and all the priests passed by on the other side.

There was a time when Episcopalians were regarded as Infidels; when a true Catholic looked upon a follower of Henry VIII. as an Infidel, as an unbeliever; when a true Catholic held in detestation the man who preferred a murderer and adulterer—a man who swapped religions for the sake of exchanging wives—to the pope, the head of the universal church.

It is easy enough to conceive of an honest man denying the claims of a church based on the caprice of an English king. The word Infidel "carries an unpleasant significance" only where the Christians are exceedingly ignorant, intolerant, bigoted, cruel, and unmannerly.

The real gentleman gives to others the rights that he claims for himself. The civilized man rises far above the bigotry of one who has been "born again." Good breeding is far gentler than "universal love."

It is natural for the church to hate an unbeliever—natural for the pulpit to despise one who refuses to subscribe, who refuses to give. It is a question of revenue instead of religion. The Episcopal church has the instinct of self-preservation. It uses its power, its influence, to compel contribution. It forgives the giver.

Fifth.—The principal of King's College insists that "it is, and it ought to be, an unpleasant thing for a man to have to say plainly that he does not believe in Jesus Christ."

Should it be an unpleasant thing for a man to say plainly what he believes? Can this be unpleasant except in an uncivilized community—a community in which an uncivilized church has authority?

Why should not a man be as free to say that he does not believe as to say that he does believe? Perhaps the real question is whether all men have an equal right to express their opinions. Is it the duty of the minority to keep silent? Are majorities always right? If the minority had never spoken, what to-day would have been the condition of this world? Are the majority the pioneers of progress, or does the pioneer, as a rule, walk alone? Is it his duty to close his lips? Must the inventor allow his inventions to die in the brain? Must the discoverer of new truths make of his mind a tomb? Is man under any obligation to his fellows? Was the Episcopal religion always in the majority? Was it at any time in the history of the world an unpleasant thing to be called a Protestant? Did the word Protestant "carry an unpleasant significance?" Was it "perhaps right that it should?" Was Luther a misfortune to the human race?

If a community is thoroughly civilized, why should it be an unpleasant thing for a man to express his belief in respectful language? If the argument is against him, it might be unpleasant; but why should simple numbers be the foundation of unpleasantness? If the majority have the facts, if they have the argument, why should they fear the mistakes of the minority? Does any theologian hate the man he can answer?

(To be Concluded.)

WE never feel quite sure we have done our best. There is always an ideal a little ahead of us that we are striving for. We only reach it to find another and still superior one yet beyond it. These unsatisfied reachings are the spur to better and still better lives. They keep us from being too self-sufficient or arrogant, by making us realize our shortcomings as well as our successes.
—ELMINA.

THE idea of the Lenten season is good, and should control us all the year round. Self-study, temperance, character building are worthy occupations for us to be engaged in. But the Lenten season of the current Christian church is a stupendous humbug, unworthy the respect of any one who venerates sincere piety and despises sham and hypocrisy.—The Twentieth Century.

A SUBSCRIBER has 320 acres of School land in Napa county, Cal., which he would like to dispose of at a reasonable figure. Inquirers will please address "A. G. W.," this office.

THE BIBLE IN FAVOR OF DEBATE.

HENRY GEORGE AND F. M. HOLLAND.

IV.

Who is there that does not respect, if not admire, the man or woman full of courage in proclaiming a conviction? It is not necessary to share a man's views in order to praise his heroism.

During the leisure moments of some week, read the book of Acts, and you will see for yourself that it is full of debate.

It is to be regretted that a more kindly, genial spirit was not manifested in those early disputes on the ever-interesting subjects of religion and philosophy. That must be a poor article of religion which will sour a man's disposition to such an extent that he cannot bear to be contradicted; and it is pseudo science that refuses to review its own field of exploration.

We must, however, charitably consider the dark times when the debates we are now considering took place. This will prepare us for the story of Stephen, the first Christian martyr, a disciple of Jesus Christ, and a celebrated debater. Did you ever reflect upon it, that he lost his life while in the very act of vindicating the freedom of debate? "There arose certain of the Synagogue which is called the Synagogue of the Libertines, and Cyrenians, and Alexandrians, and them of Cilicia and of Asia, disputing with Stephen" (Acts vi, 9). "And they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake" (v, 10). They could not answer his arguments. What then? They charged him with "blasphemy," a common accusation made by the superstitious, ignorant devotee against the profoundest thinkers of the ages, benefactors of the race. Cruel irony! that this same weapon has been employed by thousands of those who are the admirers of Stephen. Usually the charge is false, as in his case. "We have heard him speak blasphemous words against Moses, and against God." "This man ceaseth not to speak blasphemous words against this holy place, and the law." He afterwards made a long speech before the council which was evidently considered more blasphemous than anything charged against him by false witnesses. His opponents were shocked; "when they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth." But when Stephen added, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the son of man standing on the right hand of God," that was too much. "Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears," characteristic of people who do not believe in hearing both sides. They stoned him to death, a martyr to debate.

The early disciples of Christ were willing and anxious to debate, even with death staring them in the face.

Nowadays his disciples are not in the least danger of death; but do not often debate. In fact, they appear to be on the other side of the question.

There are a few noble exceptions. There are thousands of true men and women in all Christian denominations who love religious liberty, not only for themselves, but for all mankind. They are entitled to our profoundest respect.

It is so strikingly true, as Rev. Dr. Buck observes, "the ministry of our Lord was a perpetual controversy, and the apostles came at the truth by much disputing," that, if I referred to all the instances, it would be necessary to quote nearly the whole book of any one of the first four writers of the New Testament.

"Came at the truth by much disputing." That is the grand object of debate tersely told.

When Jesus was but twelve years old he was found in the temple, "sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions" (Luke ii, 46). This embodies the quintessence of debate: "Hearing them, and asking them questions." This lesson has never been learned by the great body of the churches throughout Christendom; and, as a matter of course, they do not practice what they have not learned. I am sorry to say it; but it is true, the churches do not encourage free inquiry, asking questions. Well has a scientific writer said, the "qualities which men of science set forth as the requisites for walking within the veil of science" are "a candor that will look on all sides of a case, and listen to every objection—consecration to truth as the primary object." The world is deluged with religions that do not do this.

W. F. JAMIESON.

Mr. Holland expresses his sorrow that a man cannot criticise "Progress and Poverty" without being told that his opinions are not entitled to respect. This seems to me to follow too closely the theological method to be worthy of so eminent an iconoclast as Mr. Holland. Will he contend that an opinion or a criticism should be accorded respect, unless it is an intelligent one? He calls attention to pages 8 and 9 and claims that they prove that Mr. George has taken very little notice of the real causes of poverty. Let us see what Mr. George says in regard to the real causes of poverty, in order that we may estimate the justice of Mr. Holland's assertion. We will not stop with pages 8 and 9, as Mr. Holland unfortunately did, but will note what the author has to say in that regard in its entirety. On page 7 Mr. George shows the prodigious increase in wealth-producing power, which has been brought about during the present century, and says: "At the beginning of this marvelous era it was natural to expect, and it was expected, that labor-saving inventions would lighten the toil and improve the condition of the laborer; that the enormous increase in the power of producing wealth would make real poverty a thing of the past." Will Mr. Holland say that this expectation was not a legitimate one? Will he contend that it has been fulfilled? Will he claim that poverty is not more intense than it was at the beginning of this century? Will he show what are the real causes of poverty, and thus enable us to judge between himself and Mr. George? Mere assertion ought not to be employed by those who call themselves liberal.

On page 9 Mr. George says, "It is true that disappointment has followed disappointment, and that discovery upon discovery, and invention after invention, have neither lessened the toil of those who most need respite, nor brought plenty to the poor." Will Mr. Holland commit himself to the statement that the above is not true?

Again Mr. George says on the same page that "from all parts of the civilized world come complaints of industrial depression; of labor condemned to involuntary idleness; of capital massed and wasting; of pecuniary distress among business men; of want and suffering and anxiety among the working classes. Will Mr. Holland show what, in his opinion, causes all this, if it be not the fact that opportunities are held out of the reach of those who only need those opportunities to abolish their poverty?"

Mr. George goes on to show that this poverty exists in all countries that are civilized; in monarchies and in republics; under protective tariffs and under revenue tariffs; where the currency is gold and silver, and also where the people depend upon the paper mill for their money, and adds, "That there is a common cause, and that it is either what we call material progress, or something closely connected with material progress, becomes something more than an inference, when it is noted that the phenomena we class together and speak of as industrial depression are but intensifications of phenomena which always accompany material progress, and which show themselves more clearly and strongly as material progress goes on?" Will Mr. Holland claim that all this is not true, and if so, will he show wherein it is false?

Again, "where the conditions to which material progress everywhere tends are most fully realized—that is to say, where population is densest, wealth greatest, and the machinery of exchange and production most highly developed—we find the deepest poverty, the sharpest struggle for existence, and the most enforced idleness," says Mr. George. If Mr. Holland can show that this is not true, he may possibly show that Mr. George has not taken much notice of the real causes of poverty, but not otherwise.

What science treats of poverty and its cure, if political economy does not, and what political economist of any time, gives evidence of deeper thought or more radical research than does the author of "Progress and Poverty?"

I might quote reams, almost, from Mr. George's writings on the subject of poverty, but it is not necessary. Every one who has read his works is perfectly aware of the depth of logical reasoning and thought of their author, and it is only in a general and indefinite way that any one ever attacks them. All the criti-

cisms of "Progress and Poverty," which it has been my lot to see, have proceeded on the plan pursued by Mr. Holland. In his first essay he proposed some difficulties as seeming to him unsurmountable, but he neglects to notice the answers to those objections, which have been printed in your sheet. Why has he not continued the line of argument he started out upon? Were the grounds upon which he based his objections to the single tax so very slender that he can find nothing further to say upon those points?

Mr. Holland thinks that Mr. George fails to recognize the right of owners of land to compensation. Compensation for what? Does Mr. Holland really understand the object the single tax has in view? It would really seem as if he did not. The single tax to be levied on land values would not be confiscation, as the gentleman seems to think. It simply means that all other taxes shall be abolished, and that owners of land shall pay to the community, in lieu of other taxation, such a sum per annum as their particular holdings may be worth. Suppose that instead of land values, house values were solely to be the objects of taxation, would the gentleman contend that compensation should be accorded to house owners for the taxes so paid? When was compensation ever given any tax payer for the taxes he paid? What compensation, for instance, is given those who pay the protective taxes? The fact is, tax payers have never had, and have never expected, compensation for taxation. Why then should they have compensation for taxes levied on land values any more than they should if levied on anything else?

If Mr. Holland will demonstrate the right of the owner to own the land, we will be obliged to him, for it is something which we have never seen accomplished, and which we believe cannot be done. If he cannot show that the owner has such right, how can he claim that the landlord would be entitled to any compensation whatsoever, even though we desired to confiscate the land he does not own, instead of merely levying taxes upon it?

The chapter Mr. Holland cites is devoted to showing that no individual has the moral right to own one foot of the earth. If Mr. Holland can prove that this claim is not well founded, he will prove at the same time that private property in land is not robbery.

In regard to the advocate of the Anti-poverty doctrine who Mr. Holland says gave a speech at a meeting in Boston, during which the speaker claimed that the single tax would abolish every kind of poverty, whether arising from idleness, vicious habits, or what not, it may be said that if the speaker was not good enough to quote, he was not good enough to mention at all, and there seems to be no valid reason for his hesitancy to bring the gentleman into a controversy which has directly to do with the subject of his cited address, and into which he has been brought by Mr. Holland for the purpose of showing that the single-tax advocates believe in and teach something that they do not believe in nor teach. It seems not improbable that the hesitancy exhibited by Mr. Holland in introducing his authority for his statement, may arise from the same motives as those which actuated the respectable Mrs. Gamp when she refused to produce the hypothetical Mrs. Harris.

E. O. ROSCOE.

THE project of raising a monument to Giordano Bruno has roused at once the ire of antagonists and the researches of the friends of Freethought. A Catholic writer has even ventured to question the fact whether he was ever martyred at all, and, as our readers know, Mr. Foote recently replied to calumnies and mis-statements which found their way into the *Scottish Review*. But others have looked into the question, and it has been found that the fact of his martyrdom, beyond being testified to by Caspar Schoppius, a converted Protestant, who was in the service of Pope Clement VIII. and in Rome at the time, is notified in an official publication called the *Avviso di Roma* of Feb. 19, 1600, which records that this "*heretico obstinatissimo*" was burnt, and said that he died a martyr, and willingly [*"et diceva che moriva martire, et volentieri"*]. It has also been discovered that Bruno's birthday, which has been variously dated from 1548 to 1550, was on the 21st of March, 1548. So Freethinkers have a new anniversary to insert in their calendar.—London Freethinker.

MORALITY IN SCHOOLS.

In the discussion of our common schools, by the convention of teachers recently met in this city, the question of morality in the schools seems to have been uppermost in the minds of these instructors of youth. With one voice it was conceded that morality was an essential ingredient in child education. Morality must come from some source. Shall it rest entirely with the parents; or shall it come from the teachers?

If with the parents, it will not rise above their moral condition. In that case it might be objectionable. Many parents are as little fitted to impart moral instruction as grammar or mathematics. Neither their habits nor their principles are worthy of attention or copy. In many cases, however, the parents are entirely reliable; and their religious principles forbid that their children should be diverted from the groove the parents have selected for them, either in habits, morals, or religion. All of these might well be left to the parental care, aided by the church to which they belong.

But by far the larger class of our children belong to parents who are not themselves exemplary moralists, or are so absorbed in business that they would greatly prefer to have some better mind direct their children in the way they should go. To the children of such families, it is a sort of moral suicide to forbid the school to enter upon the region of morals, giving only a mental power for right or wrong; but no key to the one or the other, and no heart tendency in either direction. It cannot be advisable. It is not advisable. The common school of the republic should direct the mind to the highest inspiration for good, the heart to the side of right, and the habits to harmony with the best models of mankind.

How this is to be done becomes a most absorbing and intricate problem. Who shall set up the moral code? Where shall we find it? Where shall it begin and end? Who will guide us in this matter?

We have many volunteers in this field. And they are not volunteers merely. Some of them claim a right to dictate, to take the field, to exclude all others, and to take control of the young mind of the republic, for themselves, their faith, dogma, and habit. Some of them would abolish the common school rather than forego their right to dictate. They may be classed as follows:

First, the Roman Catholic clergy. They declare that the education of youth rests with them alone. Where they are in the ascendant they claim an entire control of education from the ground up. Parents have no rights the church is bound to respect. They take the money of the people, establish the priestly school, and say, that or none. In the republic, being in the minority, they affirm that the government has no right to do the same thing, and educate the children to republican principles. They say the Catholic church has rights. Catholic parents have natural rights, and to take their money for schools, and their children to be educated to the principles of the republic, and without their religion, is an outrage, an imposition on them, a robbery of their pockets, and a persecution of their faith. They must control the schools, or have a part of the funds, and schools of their own.

These claims are inadmissible. Indeed, as to the right of the church, or the parents, they answer themselves, and defeat their own argument, by the fact that when in power they do the very thing they declare we have no right to do. They take the money of all, establish Catholic schools, and declare that the parents have no rights at all that the church is bound to respect. We cannot admit these claims. We cannot take their advice. The republic has an indefeasible right to preserve itself, to educate its children in republican principles, and make patriots of them, against all the world. If there are any parents here who object to that course, they are not of us, not well affected to the republic, not really American citizens, and should really have no voice in our affairs.

Second, our Protestant clergy put in a claim to be the moral instructors of our schools. They want the Bible as the standard, and the Bible morality as the text.

But there is difficulty here also. It is not possible to sever Bible reading from sectarian religion, or Bible morals from Bible

religion; or indeed to say of any act, or form of government, or law, or practice that it is strictly Bible morals, without doubt.

The Bible does not set out a moral science. It is not a system of morals. Those who accept it as the "word of God" are not agreed about its doctrines or commands in any one thing. Moral science is something apart from all religion. It is the science of living well, long, and happily. It is the same in all lands; it cannot say one thing in China, another in Italy, and another in the United States. It speaks to all men alike, and tells the same story in all lands and climes. If we wanted to teach moral science in our schools, we would go to the chair of moral philosophy at our University for the text book; and not to any sectarian college, to the Bible, or to any form of faith.

Religion is not moral science. It simply gives its assent to certain existing forms of life, or as modified by the religious teacher. In Russia it teaches autocracy. Bishop Vladimir here relates that in the year 998, a czar of Russia ordered all his people to be baptized in the Greek church, and it was so. The bishop to-day sees no impropriety in this infamous order. Such is Bible morality in Russia. In Italy the pope whines incessantly for his lost throne, as a Bible and Christian right. In our own land the Bible and its morality were the main stay of slavery. Even now, Bible Christians are denouncing the Constitution of the United States because it does not enthrone God, Christ, the Bible, and the persecution of heretics.

Whatever branch of morals you desire to teach, no certain guide can be found in the Bible, or in the Christian church. They have no moral system, no moral science. On government they are all at sea, and veer all the way from perfect freedom to autocracy and slavery.

On marriage, the Bible and the churches give out no certain sound. From Catholicism to Mormonism there is every shade between. We could not make up a moral code from any or all of them.

Yet we have one pretty safe and certain guide; and it should come to the front as a moral code, almost as a religion, that is safe, sound, reliable, almost everywhere accepted by our people, and infallible, if the words of man may ever be so. The constitution of the United States, of our own state, and the most of the statutes passed under them, constitute a moral code the nearest perfect known to man; and a religion that, if fully understood, and fairly practiced, leaves little further to be said or done, to live well on earth and be assured of all that is to come. See how it would read to our children, and what a fine moral guide it would be!

All men and women are by nature free and equal, in rank, rights, and deservings.

There is no distinction but worth, talent, goodness, and usefulness.

All laws must be just and equal to all, and protect all alike.

All are free to live, think, speak, write, and vote as they please; and to seek their own happiness in their own way, not interfering with the same rights in others.

When we do so meet each other that interference is unavoidable, we should be just and generous that we may have peace.

The females of our race should be an especial care to all. To them true manhood demands that we be more than just; and true gallantry that they know us only as friends and protectors.

That we may thus live in perpetual peace, government has made laws for our guidance in all disputes, and appointed tribunals to hear and determine the right.

It is a sacred and patriotic duty to observe these laws; to abide these decisions; and at all times to do more, and to be better than the law requires of us.

The wisest among us are elected by the people to make laws to determine the rights of property, of husbands and wives, parents and children, employers and employed, and all forms of human conduct; when conduct becomes crime, when it becomes nuisance; how far liberty may go, and what no man may do. It is the duty of all good people to abide these rules; to be better rather than worse than they command; and in no case to require correction for falling short.

The law may not be the best; nay, it may even be bad; and

good and wise men may seek to amend it, and vote to do so. They may sometimes feel it necessary to denounce and defy the law, refuse obedience to it, and follow a higher law of their own conscience. But all such should have good reason to believe themselves superior to their fellows, and be ready to take all the consequences of disobedience.

The young, the mediocre, all that are less than first-class minds, should hesitate to adopt such a course, and rather conform to the opinions of those about them.

Thus, the wisdom of the nation has decreed that a man should have but one wife at one time; that they should make public their intent to be man and wife, and enter into a covenant to be to each other as such, till death, or to a legal divorce. The law has settled the terms of that covenant, and the conditions of its end. All persons will do well to follow the letter of the law in this regard. Let no temporary opinion, as of Mormonism, or any other ism, induce you to act in conflict with it. It is safest and best to keep yourself under the protection of the law. You are perhaps not wiser than society. At least, if you must be a law unto yourself, wait until your judgment is matured, and you are sure you may go alone.

And whether as child, teacher, scholar, husband, wife, or parent, seek to be better than the law requires. You may not be criminal, if you are no better, but you cannot claim to be good. Goodness and virtue, generosity and affection, demand more than the law.

A moral text book in this vein, pursuing the Constitution and the law, might be acceptable to our schools, and objectionable to none who are worthy of a voice in what the schools of the republic should be.

H. L. K.

At a regular meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club, New York, on the 9th of November last, a resolution was passed appointing a committee to prepare and publish a memorial volume to the founder and first president of the club, and to solicit subscriptions to defray the expenses. This volume is now ready for publication. The book will contain the funeral orations, the addresses delivered at the memorial meetings, and essays and letters since received. It will consist of about 200 pages, octavo, heavy Holland paper, and richly bound in levant morocco. This edition, upon which no pains or expense will be spared to make it worthy of the club and of the occasion, will cost \$5 per copy. For those who desire it an edition, handsomely bound in cloth, will be supplied at a cost of three dollars per copy. As frontispiece there will be a portrait of Courtlandt Palmer. As the committee have decided to print only such copies of the memorial volume as are ordered in advance, it is desirable that no time should be lost in notifying John H. Beach, 25 East 57th street, of the number of copies and the kind of binding which may be desired.

PROTESTANTS in the state of Maine have been stirred into a remonstrant condition by a bill before the legislature to so amend the by-laws of the State Reform School that Catholic boys in that institution may receive instruction in their own faith. The priests desire permission to teach their catechism without the presence of Protestants, to celebrate a mass once a month, to establish secret confession, communion once in three months, and confirmation once a year.

PRIZE being right far above triumphing over an opponent. Only truth, right, and justice are worth feeling gladly glorious over. To win in establishing an error or a wrong is the most lamentable of failures.—ELMINA.

THE ancients believed that the whole earth was square, but up to the hour of going to press we have not heard that they expressed a similar belief in regard to the inhabitants thereof.—Norristown Herald.

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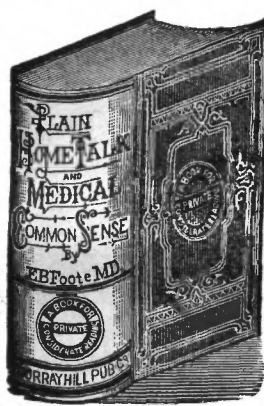
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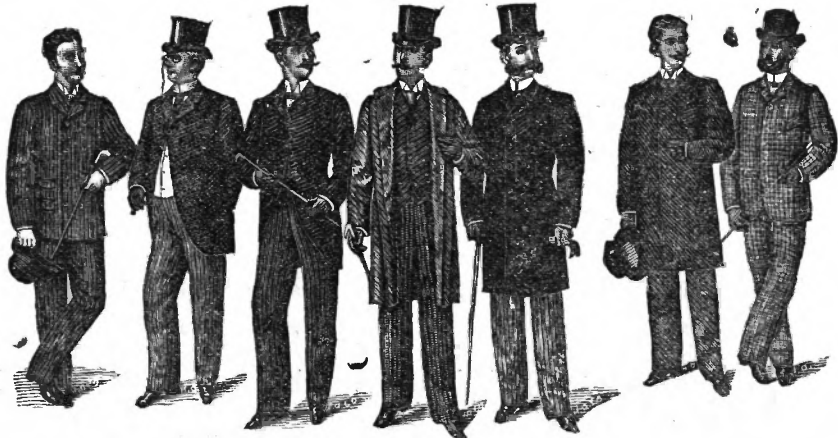
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - , APRIL 20, 1889.

DR. HARCOURT, pastor of the Howard-street Methodist church, is censured by his brethren for condemning revivals. He denounces reliance on perambulating evangelists as "the sin of the clergy." Dr. Harcourt may be right. As Ingersoll once remarked, a fire that has to be blown continually to prevent it from going out is a poor fire to keep warm by.

"Don't prophesy unless you know" is sage advice. Some time ago John Slater, the Mediumistic Wonder, predicted that the city of Santa Cruz would suffer great loss by fire April 14. Nothing of the kind occurred, and instead of a fire it rained heavily. Mr. Slater continues to prophesy, all the more acceptably because his dire prognostications fail of fulfillment.

THE Methodists are the prime movers in the scheme to build a People's church in San Francisco, to which Senator Stanford is reputed to have offered a contribution of \$100,000 on condition that as much more shall be raised for the purpose. The alleged intention is to make the church undenominational. If the members of other churches can be caught with this kind of Methodist guile, no doubt the church will be built.

LAST week we noted the insane act of a father and mother in Missouri, who crucified their infant as a sacrifice to God. Prince Law, a Georgia negro, took a different course, and April 12, near Savannah, killed his five-year-old son as a sacrifice to the devil. He is of course a religious lunatic. It is strange that these fanatics, when in a sacrificial mood, are never possessed with the notion that they themselves would make an acceptable offering. An example of this sort is badly needed to give the custom of sacrificing its most beneficent impulse.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON, the Argonaut correspondent, has offended Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the poet, by writing that the latter is "a little mouse-colored woman, who needs a conspicuous dress to be noticed. Her only good feature is a sensitive mouth. She is very thin, and in a dim light looks quite young." Mrs. Wilcox rebukes Miss Atherton, and Miss Atherton, in self-defense, says that her style is that of all Western writers. Miss Gertrude Atherton, by the way, is one of that class of female hacks who secure readers by being as indecent as their publishers will permit.

WHEN the Rev. Samuel Jones was at work on the hardened sinners of Kansas city, Mo., he effected a remarkable conversion in the person of John T. Lee, a reporter, and Lee followed him thereafter. We mention the circumstance now, as we are reminded of it by the fact that Mr. Lee has just been sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment for getting drunk and stealing a coat.

"TOBACCO," says the Prohibitionist, "is the next enemy the reformers of our country must engage. It has now come to be so that a person cannot walk along the streets without having offensive smoke puffed into the face at nearly every step." The Prohibitionists will doubtless begin the great work of suppressing tobacco by getting a law passed making smoking on Sunday a penal offense. In this labor they will not be deterred by the consideration that other people have the same right to smoke that they have to refrain from it. Such a thought as that never strikes the natural-born suppressionist.

SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of this society will be held in Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, above Powell, at 8 o'clock Sunday evening, April 21. An address will be delivered by Professor Herbert Miller. All are invited.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The meetings at San Diego, Sunday afternoon and evening, April 7, were largely attended and full of hope and promise. This brilliant city is weathering the hard times with undaunted pluck, and is bound to sail the seas of happy fortune. A generous welcome it has for the Secular Pilgrim, and for the new thought and spirit of the age. Sunday evening the hall was not only crowded, but overflowing, and many were obliged to stand and many went away for want of room. I believe that the elements here will soon crystallize, and San Diego be one of the banner cities of Freethought. This country will develop surprisingly during the next few years. It has those resources which, in the end, must prevail and create a fair and flourishing commonwealth. San Diego county is twice as large as the state of Massachusetts, and will one day be as rich and magnificent.

The spirit of the people at large is the spirit of Liberalism. The churches flourish, of course, but they don't rule, and are obliged to accommodate themselves to progress, or the pews, like the pulpit, will become a vacuum.

My delightful visit with Mr. and Mrs. Ranford Worthing was one of the charms of Freethought labor. The shadow of orthodoxy is not present, but all that is sweet and attractive in the old New England life radiates in the novelty of these Western shores. This cordial home, with its four generations of eager life, blends youth and age like the Mayflower itself on its voyage to freedom. The grandsire voted for both Harrisons. Whom the baby will vote for is, no doubt, written in the stars, but it looks happy

enough now, as king of all it surveys, never to be troubled with the whirl of politics.

I also enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. James Bidwell, and in their home, too, Freethought is like the sunshine. Mr. Bidwell is of the old Investigator line, and has borne our banner many a year. While resident in the Sandwich Islands he introduced the Investigator to the notice of the king, who became a subscriber to it, and thus showed more sense than kings commonly do. Mr. Bidwell took me over to Coronado Beach and around and over the big hotel, which is, indeed, a noble structure. It presents an imposing appearance from afar, and is a picture of elegance and comfort on closer view. The gardens are gorgeous with flowers. The boundless ocean is before, with its vast waves beating upon the strand in endless music. This place is like a paradise, with its ever-changing views, its bright and pleasant company, its beautiful parlors, and grand hall where entertainments of all kinds are nightly going on, while the eye can never tire of the wonderful panorama of sea, and mountain, and soft blue sky. With a good bank account, one can enjoy immortality here a thousand times better than twanging a golden harp.

Saturday my friend Percy Goodwin gave me a drive through National City, Paradise Valley, and on to the Sweetwater dam. This is a marvelous piece of engineering, and contains untold wealth for this section. Six billion gallons of water are stored away—enough for a three years' supply. The vast reservoir is now full and the water is tumbling over the rocky battlement like white streamers on the wind. The Sweetwater Valley is becoming a choice location. The lands are held at five hundred dollars an acre, with water privilege. Returning we passed through an orange grove on Whitney's ranch, where oranges were hanging by the thousand, mingling with the blooms whose perfume filled the air. Meandering our way over hill and through dale, the road, which seemed fair enough at the beginning, became lost in tall grass and ended against a wire fence. Although the circus was in town it was not a part of our program to join the procession and jump a wire fence, so we were obliged to pick our way back again to the main line over the encircling hills. Climbing the rugged sides, entrancing prospects lay at our feet, and never could artist's pencil find more fascinating things to delineate. The sunset was just flinging its intense color all along the broad breast of the mountain, at whose base spreads the beautiful lake, held by the Sweetwater dam, glittering into the bosom of the lowlands, edged with brilliant green and scattered grove, while in the very centre of the picture the dam, massive as an ancient castle, gorgeous like Solomon's temple and a million times more useful, appears like a painted crimson and golden wall against the mass of waters that roll behind. In conjunction with this beautiful prospect of mountain, lake, stream, field, and grove, over to the left stretches Spring Valley, along whose edge threads the Cuyamaca railroad, reaching to El Cajon Valley, circled by the great flume high upon its rim, where, also, an immense force of waters is gathered for irrigation and manufacturing purposes, while supplying the city of San Diego with pure, sweet, mountain water. It will thus be seen that "the back country" is not lingering on the path to empire, but mountain answers to sea with summons to civilization.

Dr. Lewis Post, ninety-two years of age, is still a stalwart pioneer. Only a little while ago he took a ninety-mile trip into the mountains, to push forward an enterprise of stupendous magnitude, of which the originator is our Liberal friend Malcolm Matheson. Its object is the storing up of waters flowing from

the eastern slopes of the Julian and Cuyamaca ranges of mountains. Thousands of acres of nice fruitlands lying in level valleys will thus be rendered productive in a tropical climate, and the desert will blossom like the rose. Dr. Post has laid in for a long life. He is a sturdy Prohibitionist and declares that before he dies he will help elect a Prohibition president. He certainly will have to drink of the fountains of immortal youth. I wish I had a lease on life like the doctor, and could live until a Prohibition president was elected. The doctor, nevertheless, is a Liberal, take him all in all, and a Spiritualist too, and he says he has been dead several times, but the spirits have raised him—not the distilled, but the invisible. He is grandfather to Louis F. Post, our bright and notable reformer in New York city; and so the blood of freedom runs on from generation to generation, whatever may be the fate of spirits, wise or otherwise, whether of the still or the unseen world.

Among other good allies are Mrs. W. A. Dorris of the New Carleton, where the traveler can sojourn in real comfort. Mrs. Dorris is a genial hostess, but she is not at all disposed to patronize the "religious racket," and when, on Sunday morning, some of her guests desired to know the way to church, she answered that she really couldn't tell them, for she had never attended any of the churches in San Diego. This is a good Freethought record. In this case ignorance is bliss. When all women are equally sensible, Moody and Sam Jones will have but little to do.

Singleton W. Davis has given some "Sketches of the Scientific Dispensation of a New Religion" well worthy of perusal. Taking his definitions of religion, he is not far out of the way, though I do not admit all of his conclusions. But he presents his matter in an original way and makes religion harmonious with reason and progress.

My friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hartley and family, are in the ranks yet, with good cheer that lightens toil. George Middleton keeps a repair shop where he mends all articles, he says, but I don't believe he will ever undertake to repair orthodoxy. Even the Almighty has not been able to keep it in good order.

I must thank the members of the San Diego Choral Union for the excellent music they furnished—Ranford Worthing, Miss Addie Dick, Mrs. Lottie Low, Mr. Wm. O'Farrell, Dr. C. C. Gorham. Much of the success of the lectures was due to their generous assistance. Miss Dick's father was Sheriff Dick in Illinois where Abraham Lincoln used to practice law. He was present at the "almanac trial," when Lincoln saved his client from hanging by referring to the almanac. The prosecution swore that it was a moonlight night. The almanac showed that there was no moon on that night, and the almanac won the day and saved the boy.

I can't mention all that stand by the flag in this goodly city, and who are more than friends of a day—who are for the storm as well as the sunshine of Freethought. There are the Rowes, and the Lockwoods, Val Fink, F. F. Wright, James K. Stevenson, John Goldring, Richwood Swaile, Wm. J. Grier, Dr. A. C. Smith, A. C. Yonkin, Miss Daisy and Miss Rosa Smith, Mrs. Violet Lewis, Mrs. Ida E. Butler, F. W. Bradley, Isaac D. Snedecor, Geo. Conrad, H. T. Boerlin, Mr. and Mrs. Shead, Miss Julia Blodgett, Mrs. R. E. Davis, Miss Nellie Dorris, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Rumple, Anna F. Smith, Miss Lilla M. Rowe, Mrs. Susie Mantle, Miss Maggie O'Rourke, Mrs. D. E. Young, Dr. Gould, W. E. Kidder, and many others; and surely with all these of bright youth and stalwart age there must be golden days for Freethought. With the material prosperity

of this sunny clime will flash the inspirations of Liberalism. I notice a reverend who has signed the articles of organization of the California Liberal Union—Rev. W. H. Noster, of Del Mar. I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, but he is on the right road, and he must shake hands with friend Shaug.

My thanks are due to C. W. Garland for his untiring efforts in behalf of the lectures. When there is any business to be done he is the one to make it lively. A better comrade I have not met.

Mrs. Mary A. White and Mrs. Clark are also co-workers who show that woman outside of the church is much better than woman inside of the church. Mrs. White has the courage to stand upon the platform and speak for Freethought, and she has fervor and wit enough to make a bright and graceful speaker.

I had the pleasure of meeting friends Wm. Burgess, and Dr. and Mrs. Babcock, of National City. It wasn't so that I could lecture at this place. Times have changed since I was here last. But National City only sleeps. It will greet the morning with coronet of progress still.

Coming up to Escondido Monday afternoon, I had the company of friend Smith, from the banks of the "Little Jimmie," where his farm of thousands of acres stretches over hill and dale like a garden of Eden. I did not have a chance to visit his home while at Del Mar, for the recent rains made the "Little Jimmie" roar along quite threateningly. However, Mr. Smith was present at my Sunday evening's lecture at San Diego, and so the loss was partly made up, but I regret that I did not have an opportunity to meet his family, where everything is so enjoyable and the welcome so warm. But, as friend Shaug says, I brought the rain with me, and so I had to suffer the consequences. The very moment he saw it announced that I was coming he told his wife that it would rain, and, in fact, they had the biggest rain of the season.

I just had time Monday night, as the train stopped at Del Mar, to shake hands with Shaug, and then on for Oceanside and Escondido.

B. B. Rockwood greets me as I land at Escondido and, after a hasty supper, I proceed to Thomas-Cravath Hall, where an audience somewhat larger than a year ago is present, but the only ladies are those whom Mr. Rockwood brings with him from San Pasqual. There is a Methodist college at Escondido and, like a big magnet, it seems to draw the backbone out of Freethinkers, and they are afraid of the boycott. Not a majority belong to the church, but the atmosphere is depressing. However, a few attend the lectures, and there are signs of progress. Mr. Rockwood is one of those who never give up. He has been on the frontier line too long to be overcome by any slight difficulties. So this lovely Escondido shall not pass altogether into the hands of the enemy. It rained, also, and that gave some an excuse to stay away, and two or three prayer-meetings were under full headway.

With moonlight, and starlight, and vast clouds overhead, and now and then an April shower, we take our journey over the range of hills into the peaceful San Pasqual valley; and beneath the arch of midnight—the triumphant moon sailing above the clouds and flinging its silver splendor on the running stream and its embracing trees, and the circling fields and ramparts of intertwining hills—we reach our friend's embowered home, and a happy rest I have of it until the morning is half-way up the shining heavens.

Mr. Rockwood, who has battled with nature until she has put on her best mantle of harvest and greeted him with smiles, has

been no less strenuous and victorious in his combat with orthodoxy, but orthodoxy has not, like nature, translated itself into fruitful fields and orchards, but has grimly fled and howled. Mr. Rockwood has a fine library of books, and a stream of books and pamphlets and papers is constantly going the round of the neighborhood, and the church is kept upon its defense. Sometimes these books are burned; they disappear suddenly, but Mr. Rockwood keeps up the supply, and the best ammunition of the Liberal camp is constantly on the go. Mr. Rockwood has enlisted for the war, and slowly and surely he presses on the stronghold of the enemy, and the ranks of Freethought from year to year enlist the inquiring and progressive minds. Mrs. Rockwood is a staunch Liberal. She was one of the two ladies present at my lecture at Escondido, but it didn't disturb her a bit to be, thus, one of the unfashionable few. The world moves when women is enfranchised by the royalty of her own thought.

Mr. Rockwood's ranch is a delightful place. Here is happiness in this beautiful valley, if one knows how to reach it. The sun shines brightly down, and the enclosing hills, mingling like vast billows and holding in their bosom green and flowery retreats, shine with ever-changing lustres from morning to evening. The garden with its ranks of flowers, the orchard, the vineyard, the little city of bees on the verdant slope, the grove of eucalyptus trees, the band of horses, the fat cattle in the shining pastures, the tumbling mountain stream—these make a picture of infinite variety and delight, and here the hours pass pleasantly by with genial friends, and happy children going to school or playing in the radiant grass. Friend Rockwood is a philosopher as well as soldier, and having won the fight, enjoys the fruits of age with tranquil thought.

The meetings were well attended. Our Advent friends were out. When it comes to the church and state question, they are heartily with us, but on the religious question there is much diversity. They take the Bible without question. They believe that Satan is the prince of this world and has things mostly his own way. Sometime Jesus is going to take away his empire, but the "Advent" is constantly delayed. It seems to be difficult to understand the mathematics of the Bible. However, our Advent friends are Liberal minded, and are drifting unconsciously forward. Being in the minority they know what it is to exercise backbone, and backbone is the germ of all Infidelity, of that unbelief which means better hope and knowledge.

I have given two lectures in this valley, in the school-house, and have enjoyed the brave little company of Freethinkers who keep the waves of civilization beating on these rocky heights. I know of no place where one can drink more of the broad spirit of nature and humanity.

Comrade Elbert Ward is fearlessly radical, and makes a good "deacon" in the Church of Humanity, and can perform whatever "religious service" is required with neatness and dispatch. He is not afraid to put his hand to the plow.

Miss Cora B. Ward, his daughter, has not the slightest hesitation in declaring that she is a good Infidel, whatever may be the opinions of others. She proposed several Bible questions to the lecturer on the second evening which elicited many important facts for the consideration of searchers after the truth. These thoughtful inquiries added quite an interest to the discussion of the subject, "The Bible and Modern Thought."

There are few, but enough in this bright valley to make it a choice spot for practical Freethought work.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bates, Joseph Jagger, John Judson, W.

B. Furgeson, D. Trussell, Wm. F. Furgeson, E. Enas, and others are Liberals that, with their families, will help build for this sunny spot the beautiful temple of Humanity.

I lectured at Escondido Friday night again, and there was increased attendance, except this time there was only one lady instead of two. This shows that our path is not one of flowers, but is beset with many unreasoning prejudices which only time can remove. There are many places where Freethought is looked upon as being born of the devil.

M. Smythe and C. Holdendorf are in the ranks of the Union. A. K. Craveth is a prominent business man who generously aids the cause. The use of Thomas-Cravath hall was given for the lectures. The larger part of the business men here are Liberal in thought, but do not think it best to meet the orthodox sentiment which is strongly entrenched in half a dozen churches and the imposing college on the hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown of the Escondido Hotel are genial entertainers, and the hotel is one of the best on the coast. Every tourist should make it a point to visit its lofty eminence, where miles of most lovely country are spread before the eye, an enchanting prospect—a broad rolling plain with a green carpet and elegant dwellings, swelling into soft and noble and varied table lands and rocky summit, over which the gales of ocean blow with sweetness and refreshment. There cannot be a finer location for homes. The soil is good, water is plenty, the best of fruits can be produced. The climate is healthful, and in the bosom of the hills, where the rocks seem to be the only tenants, many a delightful dale is found, where the sun kisses the genial earth, and flowers and grass make promise of more luxuriant fruitage.

I come down to Oceanside Saturday morning, and have a few minutes at the St. Cloud Hotel, with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Knowles. About five million dollars is to be expended to construct a dam for the waters of the San Luis. This will irrigate a splendid country. Oceanside therefore has its "boundless future." As a sea-side resort it cannot be surpassed. The ocean and the sun are all the time weaving beautiful pictures in the soft and cooling atmosphere. Summer and winter there is pleasure here, tropical noons and northern nights, the fervent heat mingled with delicious breath of the Arctic current that drops perpetually on this favored coast. And when the weary traveler alights from the dusty car he must look for the St. Cloud Hotel just across the way, and there he will find the best that is going.

April 13, 1889.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL."

Some of the clergymen of Texas appear never to have heard of the above commandment, or else they do not regard its restrictions as binding upon the cloth. Below is an interesting dispatch taken from a morning paper:

"NAVASOTA (Tex.), April 9.—The ministers of this section have adopted vigorous Christian methods in dealing with delinquents. On Sunday morning, the Rev. J. N. Lawson, a minister actively engaged in promulgating the gospel, shot and killed a negro named Daniel McLeod, who had stolen several articles from him. A second tragedy has occurred near Yarborough station. The Rev. Hall Miller was conducting a Sunday school, and while praying an intoxicated man named Richards entered the school and disturbed the meeting. There was an altercation between the preacher and the disturber, and the Rev. Mr. Miller went home, but soon returned with a shot-gun, and fired its contents into Richards's side, killing him instantly. The dead man was possessed of great strength, and was very brutal."

When preachers commit deeds of this sort it is about time for

them to abandon their claim of allegiance to the prince of peace. It is not recorded that the master went heeled, or resorted on any occasion to the six-shooter or shot-gun. His neglect in that regard, however, has been amply atoned for by his followers.

MR. S. P. PUTNAM

Will lecture in San Francisco, Sunday evenings,

May 5, 12, 19, and 26, 1889,

UNION SQUARE HALL

421 Post Street.

SUBJECTS:

May 5.—The Past and the Present.

" 12.—The Present and the Future, or the Constructive Methods of Freethought.

" 19.—Liberty and Authority.

" 26.—Jesus Christ Theologically, Morally, and Historically Considered.

Admission 10 cents to each Lecture.

CONSERVATIVE PIONEERS.

The late James Lick left a munificent sum of money to the Society of Pioneers in this city, with which, after his death, a large brick building costing several hundred thousand dollars was erected on Fourth street, just south of Market. This building contains a hall of a seating capacity of about six hundred, which the builders fitted up with the regardlessness of expense which usually characterizes the handlers of other people's money. The will of Mr. Lick provided, it is understood, that regular lectures of a scientific, literary, or historical character should be given in this hall, but that it should never be used for religious meetings. Whether the latter clause of the will has ever been violated we do not know, but we should not be surprised to learn that it had been. The fact that Mr. Lick was a Freethinker appears to have wholly escaped the memory of the committee having the building in charge.

Last week the members of the San Francisco Freethought Society were casting about for a permanent meeting-place, and it naturally struck them that no more appropriate hall could be found than the one built with the money of the Freethinker James Lick, who has shown his admiration for the great apostle of Freethought, Thomas Paine, by building him a Memorial Hall in Boston. The secretary of the Pioneer Society was therefore waited upon by Professor Miller, who stated his object in calling and gave the name of the organization that desired to hold its meetings in Pioneer Hall. The secretary expressed doubts that the hall could be engaged by a Freethought society. It had been refused the Spiritualists. He would, however, consult the committee. The next day Professor Miller called again and received the ultimatum of the said committee, which was that Pioneer Hall would not be leased on *Sunday night for such a purpose!*

The manger being thus occupied, of course the matter is settled. Several interesting questions nevertheless arise. It is pertinent to ask, for instance, why the Pioneers accepted the money of James Lick if they had not sufficient respect for his opinions to allow them to be advocated in the hall which that money built. Do the Pioneers object to receiving the money of Freethinkers now? and if so, why did they take it then? What

has brought about the change of sentiment? Do they think they have received all the money from such a source that their consciences will allow them to accept? Finally, do they for a moment suppose that they would ever have had a hall built with James Lick's money if he had suspected that so soon after coming in possession of it they would close its doors against the advocates of a cause which James Lick did so much to promote?

Perhaps a reasonable explanation of the refusal of the Pioneers to let the Freethought Society occupy its hall is that its musical exercises might not harmonize with the concert nightly conducted by a prior lessee who runs the "Pioneer Liquor Saloon" in the same building.

MORALITY OF FREETHOUGHT.

The heirs of the ages, we reject nothing of the past that has helped to uplift humanity, pagan or Mohammedan, Hebrew or Christian. All below us, back to the stone age, is the pedestal on which we stand. It is built of human virtues, squared by the hand of time. Our impulse to action is higher than that of the past, not lower, as our enemies affirm. Our morality makes no bargain with heaven, for it does not believe that possible. It acts from a higher principle than the Christian, with no thought of reward in the other world. We have stepped beyond the false incentives of religion and find the air purer and more wholesome.

Freethought has always elevated, not lowered, humanity. All great reformers have been Freethinkers, freer thinkers than their predecessors, than the men of their day. Their reforms have been the result of free thinking. Because they freed their minds from the cords of custom, they bettered custom. Because they would not be hampered by the teachings of the past, they improved upon the past. Because they rejected the slavery of opinion, their thoughts became stars and suns that gave light to following generations. The free thought of Buddha rejected caste, and the millions of India gave him reverent and grateful worship. The free thought of Jesus taught that love was a higher principle of action than ceremonial obedience or fear, and the hearts of men have responded for nearly twenty centuries to his teachings. The free thought of Luther recoiled against the superstition and corruptions of medieval Christianity and led the intelligence of Europe to revolt successfully against the tyranny of Rome. The Freethought of Robert Ingersoll is awakening men to-day from their intellectual indifference and acquiescence in the mythology of the Bible, and is breaking the chains of social slavery which dogmatic Christianity still strives to bind upon public opinion. Every man who has helped to lift higher the veil of ignorance that has obscured human intelligence has been a Freethinker.

No one has yet grasped the perfect truth, nor ever will. The finite cannot grasp the infinite. The truth has been of gradual discovery. The great thinkers, philosophers, and teachers have each added something new to the treasure-house. None of them have known all. Though believed infallible in their day, their mistakes have been discussed since. We do not proclaim the perfect truth, for we cannot, but the nearest approach to it that we know. But at least we will not declare as true that which we know or suspect to be false.

It is here that we criticise the morality of the churches and declare our own purer. They maintain as divinely inspired a farrago of Hebrew mythology. Its absurdities, its impossibilities, have been shown again and again. Its impossible miracles, its Jonah, its flood, its Adam and Eve, its creation, are at the opposite poles to reason and science, and rank with the like tales

of Greek, of Hindoo, of Chinese mythology. But with obstinate and deluded persistency the church still maintains the truth of these old-world fables, tries to give them a naturalistic interpretation, to reconcile them with science, dodges, splits hairs, uses all the arts and evasions of the advocate, is thoroughly dishonest, and inconsistent in the methods of her defense. For she cannot abandon these old fables; they are a part of her system. If the Old Testament goes the New must go with it, and the whole structure of her heaven-claimed power must fall like a house of cards.

But this intellectual dishonesty is thoroughly immoral. The truth is hidden and falsehood defended; and the dishonest advocates pose as the sole possessors and defenders of a pure morality!

We will not dwell here upon the infernal tortures of mind and body which the church has in the past inflicted on those who differed from her teachings; on her Inquisition, her burnings, her racks, her thumbscrews, her excommunications; these the church of to-day fiercely deprecates as the unhappy violence, the mistaken zeal of an earlier age—though the church would still be burning if men had not freed themselves from her domination. For the spirit of the church to-day, both Catholic and Protestant, is a persecuting one. It is intolerant of criticism and opposition. It would force all opinion into the same mold, and maligns and ostracizes those who will not follow its teachings. There is an Index Expurgatorius at Rome, and a Protestant pulpit forbids the reading of "Robert Elsmere" in America, and an American missionary society prevents a great house from publishing "Yone Santo."

H. M.

"FREETHOUGHT" IN BOUND VOLUMES.

We have a few copies of FREETHOUGHT, Volume I., 1888, substantially bound in half calf, which we will sell at \$2.50 per volume. As the number is very limited, those who desire the first year of FREETHOUGHT in this form will need to apply early.

THE health of poor old Joachim Pecci, who is Pope Leo XIII. during business hours, is failing rapidly. This is gratifying to several ambitious cardinals who live in hope of sometime occupying the papal throne.

SAYS the Chronicle: "New Hampshire has demonstrated that bigotry is not dead, by passing a law excluding Catholics from office. The prevalence of toleration has been so general in this country that this action of the New England state seems like an anachronism." It is true that the passage of a law excluding members of any religious sect from office would be a display of bigotry, but New Hampshire has not passed such a law. The voters of the state merely declined to adopt an amendment guaranteeing equal protection to members of all religious denominations. However, Catholics should not complain, since they do not believe in toleration themselves, and have never advocated it except when in a minority.

DR. HORATIO STEBBINS preached last Sunday on the council of Christians called by Constantine in the year 325. In his sermon this statement occurs:

"After the great Constantine had conquered his world, he saw at midday in the clear sky the sign of the cross, with the words, 'By this sign you conquer.' Then he knew the world should be ruled by another force than the sword, the force of love and charity."

We have seen Dr. Stebbins, and conversed with him as a man speaketh to a friened. He is not an imbecile nor a lunatic. For which reason we do not believe that he believes a word of

what he says about Constantine's remarkable vision. He was merely preaching.

"A PREMIUM ought not to be put upon evangelists who draw large crowds curious to listen to the recital of their evil ways, in words so fetid that some Anthony Comstock should cause their arrest, and consign them to the same cell with those who are guilty of vending obscene literature."

The foregoing words are not from some Freethinker's criticism of the Rev. Samuel Jones: they were spoken by one of the most influential clergymen of this city in his sermon last Sunday. They are perhaps more weighty on that account, because inspired by "Christian" charity.

THE Boston Traveler remarks: "Whatever may be said for or against the Irish people, there is certainly one respect in which they may challenge the admiration of the world, namely, in matrimonial fidelity. In the recently issued tables giving statistics on the subject of divorce our own country leads in having granted nearly half a million divorces during the twenty years past, but there have been but eleven divorces throughout the length and breadth of Erin during that period." The fact that the Irish people secure few divorces is not an argument in support of their marital fidelity, because the Catholic church, which is the Irishman's church, forbids divorce and forgives adultery. Naturally, therefore, divorce statistics have nothing to do with the case.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The steamer Alameda, which arrived last week from Sydney, via Samoa, brought the details of the recent marine disaster at Port Apia, in which the German and American warships were wrecked. The former news is merely repeated, that a most violent storm sprung up March 16; the vessels dragged their anchors, and fouled and disabled one another, and then drifted helplessly upon the reefs.—Some of the gold-hunters who went to the Santa Clara gold diggings now want Lower California annexed to Upper, as a convenient way of getting back into the state.—Engineers are surveying for a railroad between Golden-dale and Pasco, W. T.—The convention of Baptists at Sacramento adopted resolutions favoring prohibition of the liquor traffic.—H. W. Foster's wife sued him for divorce at Los Angeles. He had disturbed prayer meetings which she and several members of the holiness band were wont to hold daily or thereabouts in the Foster home, and had told some of the holiness ladies that if they did not keep away from his house he would switch them out. The divorce was asked for on account of these actions of Foster, but was denied.—A slight earthquake shock visited various parts of the state last Sunday evening.—Campana, the pedestrian, better known as "Old Sport," now drives a huckster's wagon in San Francisco.—The French citizens of this town will celebrate the fall of the Bastille, July 13, 14, and 15, with fireworks, cannon, and oratory.—Ex-Senator Jeremiah Lynch has issued a pamphlet fiercely attacking Buckley, the political "boss" of San Francisco.—The centennial of Washington's inauguration will be duly celebrated in this city April 30, although the full programme has not been outlined by the committee.—Our local Presbyterian synod will make an excursion to New York next month to attend the Presbyterian General Assembly. Metropolitans are warned to look out for high jinks.—The new state of Washington, it is announced, holds its election May 14, and a constitutional convention at Olympia July 4.—The building of the projected Fresno and Pine Ridge railroad is considered assured. Local capital will be employed.—Col. J. P. Jackson, formerly a journalist, has been appointed sub-treasurer of the U. S. mint at San Francisco.—The United States grand jury for Washington territory has found eleven indictments against Herbert F. Beecher, ex-treasury agent.—Robert Dunsmuir, the coal-mine king, died at Victoria, B. C., April 12, of paralysis.—A Sunday-law agitation is on at Dixon, Solano county.—Whittier, Los Angeles county, is selected for the site of the new state reformatory.

There is a considerable rush of immigrants to the Oklahoma lands in Kansas. Rival claimants sometimes settle their disputes by killing one another.—The steamer Danmark, of the Thingvalla steamship line, is supposed to have been lost in the mid-Atlantic, with 700 persons on board.—Kasson, Phelps, and Bates have sailed for Europe. They are commissioners to Berlin on Samoan affairs.—Whitecaps attacked Road Supervisor John Ainsford, of Madison township, Ind., the other day, but were met with a shotgun, and several of their number sustained severe wounds, which led to their identification and arrest.—Very few persons have any idea of the size of the army of civil service employees of Uncle Sam. The blue book, which consists of two volumes of 2200 pages, shows that 140,825 people are on the government pay rolls, in addition to those in the army and navy. Of the whole number of civil employees one-ninth are women, and fully one-third of those in Washington are of the gentler sex.—Meredith Stanley jumped from the famous high bridge over the Kentucky river, last week, a distance of 285 feet, into 12 feet of water. He was but slightly injured.—The son of President Harrison is under bonds charged with libeling Colonel Crosby, formerly governor of Montana.

The London Weekly Dispatch says: William O'Brien has entered a libel action against Lord Salisbury for certain remarks made by the latter in his recent speech at Waterford.—Sir Julian Paunceforte, the new British minister to the United States, is on his way to Washington.—The French Senate is trying Boulanger for conspiracy.—Another attempt on the life of the czar of Russia is reported, his majesty being struck by a fragment of a shell. The Russian authorities observe great secrecy in the matter.—Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, who is now at Turin, has suffered another relapse, and his life is despaired of.

OBSERVATIONS.

The San Francisco Freethought Society had a very successful and well-attended meeting last Sunday morning, Counsellor P. O. Chilstrom, president, occupying the chair. Quite a number of people from out of town were enabled to be present, some from as far away as Oregon. Among the latter were Captain Campbell and Mr. J. D. Garfield and wife, of Marshfield, and Mr. Hunter, author of a patriotic poem which he recited in this office on the day of his arrival. Also Mr. Freeman Parker, of Petaluma, and Mr. H. F. Ebers, of Ingrams, Sonoma county. I was pleased to meet Mr. J. B. Hassett, of Anaheim. He is a gentleman of good looks and intelligence, notwithstanding his unique ideas with regard to taxation on land values.

President Chilstrom called the meeting to order, and Professor Schultheis performed a solo on the piano. Secretary Breuer being absent, the reading of the minutes of the meeting fell upon myself with a dull thud.

The committee on the hiring of halls reported through Professor Miller. The professor related that the committee had conceived the idea of getting a good hall, agitating through the press and by means of circulars, and so attracting public attention as to make the movement a large one at the start. With this object in view he had called upon the keepers of Pioneer Hall, stating his object and the nature of the society. The proprietors of the hall declined to lease it for that purpose, and he had recourse to 421 Post street, where he found a hall in all respects as good, and with the added advantage of a Liberal in charge.

It was voted, after brief discussion, that the hall be engaged for one month, and the next meeting will be held there.

Through the instrumentality of the assistant secretary as much as anything else, copies of a sheet bearing a dozen songs from the "Cosmian Hymn Book" were distributed through the audience, and the business of singing one of these was next taken up. Professor Schultheis evoked an accompaniment from the piano, while the audience sang. Barring a slight preponderance of bass, the general effect was satisfactory.

Professor Miller delivered an address on "The Gods." It was somewhat in the nature of a funeral discourse, the subjects of the professor's remarks having long since passed away. He began with the oldest gods known to history, and gave brief

eulogies of each. It appeared from what was said that the less people knew the more gods they had. The gods practiced the system of economy known as the division of labor, one or more being detailed to preside over each of the various departments of industry. Those were good times for gods compared with the present, when many people believe in no more than one—a sort of Jack-at-all-trades and master of none. Professor Miller's address showed much familiarity with the subject, derived from a close study of epitaphs in numerous theological cemeteries.

After another song, such as had not done so were invited by the president to sign the membership roll. Eleven new names were thus added to the list, at one dollar each, and several unidentified dollars were cast into the treasury. Mr. H. F. Ebers, of Ingrams, felt called upon to drop in a gold eagle, and other visitors helped the cause along. The organization now has thirty-five members in good standing.

It is expected that the Freethought Society will find a permanent home at Union Square Hall, where also a series of revival meetings will be held by Putnam on the Sunday evenings of next month.

A correspondent of the Ironclad Age has placed the editor, Dr. Monroe, in nomination for a journey around the world, and especially to the holy land, and I arise to second the motion. I would further suggest that the United States consulate to Palestine is, so far as I know, as yet unfilled. Dr. Monroe is a citizen of Indianapolis, presumably personally acquainted with President Harrison, and he is also a deep student of Biblical history, which fact should recommend him to the favor of the administration. I do not believe there is any good reason why Dr. Monroe should not represent this country in the holy land. His expenses, it is understood, would be paid by the government, and a small salary is attached to the office. The entrance of the editor of the Ironclad Age into Jerusalem, mounted after the fashion of his distinguished predecessor, and bearing his portfolio in one hand, and a quart bottle of the Blood Feeder in the other, would be, I conceive, rather more triumphal than any other entrance known to history. It would also be calculated to evoke the enthusiasm of the natives, and to win their respect for American institutions.

It is not my business to intervene in the discussion now being carried on by correspondents over the matter of woman suffrage. It is not my especial concern whether women vote or not. I am of the opinion that that question is to be left to the women themselves. There are a good many women who were in the country before I came to it; I certainly have no control over them. There are many at present unknown to me: they live in remote parts. From my corner of this ten by fourteen sanctum I do not feel qualified to send forth an authoritative statement that they shall not participate in the affairs of the community in which they reside. After the obsequies attendant upon my lamented demise shall have been concluded, further women will doubtless take an interest in the welfare of the country. I do not wish any of them to feel that they are restrained from saving it, if so disposed, by any act of mine. I am pretty confident that, if woman voted, we should feel all the evils of foolish legislation, but as the world has been afflicted by the same thing through male suffrage, I do not regard that as so strong an argument against woman's enfranchisement as it would be if men had always voted judiciously. But men, we hope, are gradually growing wiser and learning to use the ballot with more discretion. I say I hope so, for I am not sure that they are. It is very safe to predict that sooner or later women will vote. They may not vote wisely at first, but they will improve with practice. It might be well, then, to set them at it as early as possible and have the agony ended. If there is to be war, let it come in our day, in order that our widows may enjoy the blessings of peace and a pension.

I had the good luck last week to gain admittance to the lecture hall of the Pioneer building, and to hear the address of the Hon. T. H. Hittell on the discovery of Humboldt bay. I call it good luck, first, because the lecture was interesting and instructive; and second, because not everybody is permitted to attend these lectures. I imagine that James Lick had it in view to provide

popular free lectures for the instruction of the masses, and the lectures are free, it is true; but the person who is not the fortunate possessor of a ticket might as well attempt to gain entrance by knocking his head against the wall as by going in at the door. So it is said. A lot of tickets for each lecture are printed, and members distribute them where they choose.

The audience at the Hittell lecture was largely composed of old men and elderly ladies. The presiding officer announced the speaker in a perfunctory manner, and the latter read his manuscript in a scarcely audible voice. The old Pioneers nodded their heads approvingly as they caught occasionally from the lecturer the name of some place with which they were familiar, but there was no stir and no applause. The lecture ended abruptly, without peroration, summing up, or even "in concluding."

An old pioneer whom I am acquainted with gives it as his opinion that the Pioneer society does not take any great interest in literary exercises. The lectures, he intimates, are given merely to avoid violating the will and thus losing the property. Anything that will pass under the name of a lecture is considered good enough provided it is cheap. The society has a half million of money, the income of which would suffice to engage the best speakers the world can produce, but the lecture course is conducted with the greatest economy.

The moral is that Freethinkers should do all the good they can with their money while alive and able to direct its use. This is about as evident in the case of James Lick as in that of Stephen Girard. M.

THE LECTURE TOUR.

Following are the dates of S. P. Putnam's lectures as at present determined:

Los Angeles, April 21,	San Francisco, May 5, 12, 19,
Lemoore, April 28,	Boulder Creek and vicinity, May,
Visalia, April 29, 30,	20, 21, 22, 23, 24,
Oleander, May 1, 2, 3,	San Francisco, May 26.

Mr. Putnam will be at Fresno Flats, Grub Gulch, and vicinity the first week in June. About the middle of June he will begin his Oregon trip, taking in Silverton, Canby, Molalla, Hillsboro, Shed's, etc. About the third week in July he will be in Coos county, Or.

Those desiring lectures will please write at their earliest convenience, addressing this office.

"Lewis the Light," the religious crank who has for months made trouble in the churches of New York, has realized that he cannot convert the world. He has given up the idea, and requests the charities commissioners of Brooklyn to send him back to British Columbia, where his wife, as a barber, can support him in ease and comfort.

We heartily agree with F. J. Gould, of London, England, that "it is better to dream of a noble God than to believe in a bad one," as he states on the title page of his little book called "Ecce Deus; or, a New God," published by Watts & Co., 17 Johnson's Court, Fleet street; but we are not quite so sure, as he states elsewhere, that "the skeptic yearns for a God." However, the "New God" which he describes would be a desirable substitute for any of the old ones. Price one penny.

A WELL-PRINTED and bound volume comes from the open Court Publishing Company, of Chicago, entitled "The Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms: A Study in Experimental Psychology," by Alfred Binet. It is translated from the French. A micro-organism is one of those beings which by reason of their extreme smallness and simplicity of structure represent the lowest stages of animal or vegetable life. They consist of a single cell. Mr. Binet contends that even these primitive forms of life possess a mind of some sort, or that "psychological phenomena begin among the very lowest classes of beings, and are met with in every form of life from the simplest cell to the most complicated organism." People interested in the study may find the latest scientific utterances on the subject in Mr. Binet's book. Price 75 cents.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY AND AGNOSTICISM.

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

From the North American Review.

It is claimed by the Episcopal church that Christ was in fact God; and it is further claimed that the New Testament is an inspired account of what that being and his disciples did and said. Is there any obligation resting on any human being to believe this account? Is it within the power of man to determine the influence that testimony shall have upon his mind?

If one denies the existence of devils, does he, for that reason, cease to believe in Jesus Christ? Is it not possible to imagine that a great and tender soul living in Palestine nearly twenty centuries ago was misunderstood? Is it not within the realm of the possible that his words have been inaccurately reported? Is it not within the range of the probable that legend and rumor and ignorance and zeal have deformed his life and belittled his character?

If the man Christ lived and taught and suffered, if he was, in reality, great and noble, who is his friend—the one who attributes to him feats of jugglery, or he who maintains that these stories were invented by zealous ignorance and believed by enthusiastic credulity?

If he claimed to have wrought miracles he must have been either dishonest or insane; consequently, he who denies miracles does what little he can to rescue the reputation of a great and splendid man.

The Agnostic accepts the good he did, the truth he said, and rejects only that which, according to his judgment, is inconsistent with truth and goodness.

The principal of King's College evidently believes in the necessity of belief. He puts conviction or creed or credulity in place of character. According to his idea it is impossible to win the approbation of God by intelligent investigation and by the expression of honest conclusions. He imagines that the Infinite is delighted with credulity, with belief without evidence, faith without question.

Man has but little reason at best; but this little should be used. No matter how small the taper is, how feeble the ray of light it casts, it is better than darkness, and no man should be rewarded for extinguishing the light he has.

We know now, if we know anything, that man in this, the nineteenth century, is better capable of judging as to the happening of any event than he ever was before. We know that the standard is higher to-day—we know that the intellectual light is greater—we know that the human mind is better equipped to deal with all questions of human interest, than at any other time within the known history of the human race.

It will not do to say that "our Lord and his apostles must at least be regarded as honest men." Let this be admitted and what does it prove? Honesty is not enough. Intelligence and honesty must go hand in hand. We may admit now that "our Lord and his apostles" were perfectly honest men; yet it does not follow that we have a truthful account of what they said and of what they did. It is not pretended that "our Lord" wrote anything, and it is not known that one of the apostles ever wrote a word. Consequently, the most that we can say is that somebody has written something about "our Lord and his apostles." Whether that somebody knew or did not know is unknown to us. As to whether what is written is true or false, we must judge by that which is written.

First of all, is it probable? is it within the experience of mankind? We should judge of the gospels as we judge of other histories, of other biographies. We know that many biographies written by perfectly honest men are not correct. We know, if we know anything, that honest men can be mistaken, and it is not necessary to believe everything that a man writes because we believe he was honest. Dishonest men may write the truth.

At last the standard or criterion is for each man to judge according to what he believes to be human experience. We are satisfied that nothing more wonderful has happened than is now happening. We believe that the present is as wonderful as the past, and just as miraculous as the future. If we are to believe in the truth of the Old Testament, the word evidence loses its

meaning: there ceases to be any standard of probability, and the mind simply accepts or denies without reason.

We are told that certain miracles were performed for the purpose of attesting the mission and character of Christ. How can these miracles be verified? The miracles of the middle ages rest upon substantially the same evidence. The same may be said of the wonders of all countries and of all ages. How is it a virtue to deny the miracles of Mohammed and to believe those attributed to Christ?

You may say of St. Augustine that what he said was true or false. We know that much of it was false; and yet we are not justified in saying that he was dishonest. Thousands of errors have been propagated by honest men. As a rule, mistakes get their wings from honest people. The testimony of a witness to the happening of the impossible gets no weight from the honesty of the witness. The fact that falsehoods are in the New Testament does not tend to prove that the writers were knowingly untruthful. No man can be honest enough to substantiate, to the satisfaction of reasonable men, the happening of a miracle.

For this reason it makes not the slightest difference whether the writers of the New Testament were honest or not. Their character is not involved. Whenever a man rises above his contemporaries, whenever he excites the wonder of his fellows, his biographers always endeavor to bridge over the chasm between the people and this man, and for that purpose attribute to him the qualities which in the eyes of the multitude are desirable.

Miracles are demanded by savages, and, consequently, the savage biographer attributes miracles to his hero. What would we think now of a man who, in writing the life of Charles Darwin, should attribute to him supernatural powers? What would we say of an admirer of Humboldt who should claim that the great German could cast out devils? We would feel that Darwin and Humboldt had been belittled; that the biographies were written for children, and by men who had not outgrown the nursery.

If the reputation of "our Lord" is to be preserved—if he is to stand with the great and splendid of the earth—if he is to continue a constellation in the intellectual heavens, all claim to the miraculous, to the supernatural, must be abandoned.

No one can over-estimate the evils that have been endured by the human race by reason of a departure from the standard of the natural. The world has been governed by jugglery, by sleight of hand. Miracles, wonders, tricks have been regarded as of far greater importance than the steady, the sublime and unbroken march of cause and effect. The improbable has been established by the impossible. Falsehood has furnished the foundation for faith.

Is the human body at present the residence of evil spirits, or have these imps of darkness vanished from the world? Where are they? If the New Testament establishes anything, it is the existence of innumerable devils, and that these satanic beings absolutely took possession of the human mind. Is this true? Can anything be more absurd? Does any intellectual man who has examined the question believe that depraved demons live in the bodies of men? Do they occupy space? Do they live upon some kind of food? Of what shape are they? Could they be classified by a naturalist? Do they run, or float, or fly? If to deny the existence of these supposed beings is to be an Infidel, how can the word Infidel "carry an unpleasant significance?"

Of course it is the business of the principals of most colleges, as well as of bishops, cardinals, popes, priests, and clergymen, to insist upon the existence of evil spirits. All these gentlemen are employed to counteract the influence of these supposed demons. Why should they take the bread out of their own mouths? Is it to be expected that they will unfrock themselves?

The church, like any other corporation, has the instinct of self-preservation. It will defend itself; it will fight as long as it has the power to change a hand into a fist.

The Agnostic takes the ground that human experience is the basis of morality. Consequently, it is of no importance who wrote the gospels, or who vouched or vouches for the genuineness of the miracles. In his scheme of life these things are utterly unimportant. He is satisfied that "the miraculous" is the impossible. He knows that the witnesses were wholly incapable of examining the questions involved, that credulity had

possession of their minds, that "the miraculous" was expected, that it was their daily food.

All this is very clearly and delightfully stated by Professor Huxley, and it hardly seems possible that any intelligent man can read what he says without feeling that the foundation of all superstition has been weakened. The article is as remarkable for its candor as for its clearness. Nothing is avoided—everything is met. No excuses are given. He has left all apologies for the other side. When you have finished what Professor Huxley has written, you feel that your mind has been in actual contact with the mind of another, that nothing has been concealed; and not only so, but you feel that this mind is not only willing, but anxious, to know the actual truth.

To me, the highest uses of philosophy are, first, to free the mind of fear, and second, to avert all the evil that can be averted, through intelligence—that is to say, through a knowledge of the conditions of well-being.

We are satisfied that the absolute is beyond our vision, beneath our touch, above our reach. We are now convinced that we can deal only with phenomena, with relations, with appearances, with things that impress the senses, that can be reached by reason, by the exercise of our faculties. We are satisfied that the reasonable road is "the straight road," the only "sacred way."

Of course there is faith in the world—faith in this world—and always will be, unless superstition succeeds in every land. But the faith of the wise man is based upon facts. His faith is a reasonable conclusion drawn from the known. He has faith in the progress of the race, in the triumph of intelligence, in the coming sovereignty of science. He has faith in the development of the brain, in the gradual enlightenment of the mind. And so he works for the accomplishment of great ends, having faith in the final victory of the race.

He has honesty enough to say that he does not know. He perceives and admits that the mind has limitations. He doubts the so-called wisdom of the past. He looks for evidence, and he endeavors to keep his mind free from prejudice. He believes in the manly virtues, in the judicial spirit, and in his obligation to tell his honest thoughts.

It is useless to talk about a destruction of consolations. That which is suspected to be untrue loses its power to console. A man should be brave enough to bear the truth.

Professor Huxley has stated with great clearness the attitude of the Agnostic. It seems that he is somewhat severe on the Positive Philosophy. While it is hard to see the propriety of worshipping Humanity, as a being, it is easy to understand the splendid dream of Auguste Comte. Is the human race worthy to be worshiped by itself—that is to say, should the individual worship himself? Certainly the religion of humanity is better than the religion of the inhuman. The Positive Philosophy is better far than Catholicism. It does not fill the heavens with monsters, nor the future with pain.

It may be said that Luther and Comte endeavored to re-form the Catholic church. Both were mistaken, because the only reformation of which that church is capable is destruction. It is a mass of superstition.

The mission of Positivism is, in the language of its founder, "to generalize science and to systematize sociality." It seems to me that Comte stated with great force and with absolute truth the three phases of intellectual evolution or progress.

First.—"In the supernatural phase the mind seeks causes—aspire to know the essence of things, and the How and Why of their operation. In this phase, all facts are regarded as the productions of supernatural agents, and unusual phenomena are interpreted as the signs of the pleasure or displeasure of some god."

Here at this point is the orthodox world of to-day. The church still imagines that phenomena should be interpreted as the signs of the pleasure or displeasure of God. Nearly every history is deformed with this childish and barbaric view.

Second.—"The next phase or modification, according to Comte, is the metaphysical. The supernatural agents are dispensed with, and in their places we find abstract forces or entities supposed to inhere in substances and capable of engendering phenomena."

In this phase people talk about laws and principles as though laws and principles were forces capable of producing phenomena.

Third.—"The last stage is the Positive. The mind, convinced of the futility of all inquiry into causes and essences, restricts itself to the observation and classification of phenomena, and to the discovery of the invariable relations of succession and similitude—in a word, to the discovery of the relations of phenomena."

Why is not the Positive stage the point reached by the Agnostic? He has ceased to inquire into the origin of things. He has perceived the limitations of the mind. He is thoroughly convinced of the uselessness, and futility, and absurdity of theological methods, and restricts himself to the examination of phenomena, to their relations, to their effects, and endeavors to find in the complexity of things the true conditions of human happiness.

Although I am not a believer in the philosophy of Auguste Comte, I cannot shut my eyes to the value of his thought; neither is it possible for me not to applaud his candor, his intelligence, and the courage it required even to attempt to lay the foundation of the Positive Philosophy.

Professor Huxley and Frederic Harrison are splendid soldiers in the army of progress. They have attacked with signal success the sacred and solemn stupidities of superstition. Both have appealed to that which is highest and noblest in man. Both have been the destroyers of prejudice. Both have shed light, and both have won great victories on the fields of intellectual conflict. They cannot afford to waste time in attacking each other.

After all, the Agnostic and the Positivist have the same end in view—both believe in living for this world.

The theologians, finding themselves unable to answer the arguments that have been urged, resort to the old subterfuge—to the old cry that Agnosticism takes something of value from the life of man. Does the Agnostic take any consolation from the world? Does he blot out, or dim, one star in the heaven of hope? Can there be anything more consoling than to feel, to know, that Jehovah is not God—that the message of the Old Testament is not from the Infinite?

Is it not enough to fill the brain with a happiness unspeakable to know that the words, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire," will never be spoken to one of the children of men?

Is it a small thing to lift from the shoulders of industry the burdens of superstition? Is it a little thing to drive the monster of fear from the hearts of men? ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

LET THE EAGLE SCREAM.

The following is Governor Waterman's proclamation concerning April 30. The religious cant which disfigures President Harrison's utterance on the same subject is conspicuous by its absence in this model document:

SACRAMENTO, March 30, 1889.

To all whom these presents shall come, greeting:

Whereas, on April 30, 1789, the first president of the United States, George Washington, was inaugurated in the city of New York, this date, as the formal beginning of the present government of this country, marks a period in the history of the government of the people by and for themselves; and as such it is appropriate that the centenary anniversary of this date be observed by the people of this state.

Now, therefore, I, R. W. Waterman, governor of the state of California, by virtue of the authority conferred upon me by the constitution and laws of this state, do hereby declare Tuesday, April 30, 1889, the centennial of the foundation of the constitutional government of the United States and the inauguration of President Washington, a legal holiday, and request that each citizen within the confines of this state refrain from pursuing his usual vocation and so observe the day that he may the better appreciate the blessings and glory of American citizenship.

Given under my hand and seal on the day above written.

R. W. WATERMAN, Governor.

AN INFIDEL'S VIEWS ON MOODY AND JONES.

From the Daily San Diegan, April 8.

Samuel P. Putnam, the Freethought advocate, spoke to a large audience yesterday afternoon at Lafayette hall, and the frequent applause which greeted his remarks attested the presence of many who were in sympathy with the speaker's views. He reviewed the evangelists Dwight L. Moody and Sam Jones, and their methods, as follows:

The success of Moody and Sam Jones is somewhat marvelous. They indicate a profound disintegration and change in Christianity. They are novelties in religion, and novelties are in demand to-day in religion as well as in art and literature. The people want something new, and even orthodoxy itself has been obliged to change front. It has come down from its former solemn and imposing position, and has put on a common business suit—and, in the case of Sam Jones, the cap and bells of the clown. Moody and Sam Jones are indications of progress in this sense—they indicate that Christianity as a part of human thought, of intellectual doctrine, is going to the wall. It depends no more upon reason. Science has declared against it. It must succeed now by a play of sentiment—by music and the paraphernalia of popular assemblies. It must become a circus in order to attract attention. The churches are empty, theology is at a discount, Calvinism is put upon the shelf. The gospel of Jesus to-day runs to the show house. It quits the cathedral and the altar and revels in the pomp and circumstance of theatrical sensationalism.

Sam Jones two hundred years ago would have been burned by the Puritan fathers as a heretic. His quips and cranks would have been his death sentence at the court of Cotton Mather. The descendants of the Puritans now welcome him as a bright and shining light, and in the cracking of his jokes they see the divinest fire of the gospel. This shows that the heart of Christianity is dead—that it has become a farce—and its triumph now depends not upon the glory of its message, but upon shrewd business management. Christianity is at present conducted like any other show. It is money, it is advertisement, it is display bills, the bulletin board, the drum and fife, the cornet, the chorus, that now give it prestige.

Moody abhors a process of reasoning. He will have nothing to do with argument. If one wants to ask questions he must stay away from his meetings. There is no inquiry unless one first of all absolutely believes in Jesus. It is a sin to disbelieve. Only a bad heart rejects the Bible. One must take it all, bitter and sweet alike.

"Down upon your knees—accept Jesus," is the ultimatum of Moody and Sam Jones. To follow Jesus is the supreme virtue—and yet, do they follow Jesus? Jesus says, "Take no purse or scrip," but Moody and Jones take \$1,000 per week. Jesus says, "Blessed be ye poor," but Moody and Jones do nothing without pay. Jesus says, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth," but Moody and Sam Jones own houses and lands. Jesus says, "The Son of man has not where to lay his head," but Moody and Sam Jones put up at the best hotels. What a contrast between the evangelist of to-day and the evangelist of eighteen hundred years ago.

Believe or be damned is the cry. Believe what? Believe that all mankind are totally depraved? That sin and death came into the world by the act of one man? That through him, and not by any act of their own, millions of the human race are eternally condemned? That there is no salvation by right doing, but only by the blood of Jesus? That honesty and charity avail nothing without a surrender of reason? That God treats all men as if they were but vessels of clay, to be moulded into honor or dishonor according to his arbitrary will?

One must believe that this God is so vacillating that it repented him that he had made man, and so he drowned the whole human race, save eight souls only; that this God is so infinitely angry that he must kill his own son in order to forgive the best man that ever lived; and if this best man should happen to have an honest doubt he cannot be forgiven on any terms; that the countless generations of men who have never heard of this plan of salvation must suffer everlasting perdition; that so long as heaven stands the fires of hell will burn; that heaven itself will be only a

mere spark in the midst of infinite horrors; for strait is the road and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it; and finally one must believe that the inhabitants of heaven will be so stripped of human affection, of love and tenderness, that they can look upon the endless sufferings of those who are dearest to them here—father and mother, brother and sister, wife and child—and turn from that awful view and thank God for saving them while damning others.

Moody says that men disbelieve the Bible because they want to steal. But the Bible says: "The cattle and the spoils of that city Israel took for a prey unto themselves, according unto the word of the Lord which he commanded unto Joshua" (Joshua viii, 27).

The Bible of to-day is practically but three hundred years old. Before that time there was no general agreement as to the canon of scripture. The early Christian churches and Christian fathers differed in their collections of the sacred writings. Martin Luther rejected five of the books of the present Bible. He said that Esther was full of "heathen naughtiness;" that the epistle of James was "an epistle of straw;" that Hebrews was not written by Paul or any apostle, and had no apostolic authority, and that the book of Revelations was almost bad enough to be thrown into the river Elbe.

This same Bible says—Jesus says—"These signs shall follow them that believe: In my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them. They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover (Mark xvi, 15-18).

Do these signs follow Moody and Sam Jones? Do they cast out devils? Do they drink poison and not be hurt? Will they take up the rattle snake? Do they cure the sick? If not, they cannot be true believers, or else Jesus told a lie.

To believe the Bible, as Moody believes it, is childish folly. It is to believe that this world was made in six days of twenty-four hours each; that the sun rolls round the earth; that woman was made out of the rib of man; that God showed his back sides to Moses; that Jonah lived in the whale's belly, as if it had first-class hotel accommodations; that David was a man after God's own heart, and yet was guilty of adultery and murder; that Jesus, although miraculously born, was the son of David.

Sam Jones says that love cannot save. This is because the one who loves is weak and limited. But God is all-powerful, he is infinite, he can make his love victorious. Therefore, if he loves all, he can make all happy; he can put out the fires of hell; he can make the mean man a good man. If the love of God penetrates to hell, then hell will be changed into heaven. The God of the Bible says: "I make peace and I create evil." Is God the author of evil? Does he make all the suffering in the world, the crime, the agony, the injustice? If so, is he worthy of worship? Is God weak and partial like man? Is he like the heathen's idol—a wooden god—and can do nothing? Is he only able to sit on a great white throne and be worshiped, while the tide of wrong prevails, and he lifts no hand against it? If God is all-loving and all-powerful, he must make a perfectly happy world.

What is the Deity? It is a being whose power is equal to his will. If the power of man were equal to his will, man would be a God. If the power of God is not equal to his will, he ceases to be God, he is a limited being. If there is an infinite love in the universe, there must be, as a result, infinite beauty, infinite heaven. If there is an eternal hell, it is because the evil is as powerful as the good, and the devil is the equal of God—or else God and the devil are copartners.

I do not object to a belief in God. But if one believes in God, let him believe in a glorious God, a beautiful God, who is not satisfied with mere worship while there is any suffering or wrong in the universe; who will not rest one day in seven or any day while there is any shadow in the brightness of heaven. Believe in a God who delights in perfection, beauty, joy, the triumph of the good in every star, in every world.

One can worship only perfection. A perfect God is perfect power, perfect wisdom, and perfect goodness, and a perfect God can only make a perfect world. If the world is imperfect, if

there is evil and suffering in it, then God is either imperfect and so no God at all, or out of imperfection he will make perfection, and all evil shall bloom to good, and discords shall flow to streams of unclouded harmony. If we believe anything let us believe that which is noble, inspiring; that which makes hope and joy. If one must have a religion, let it be a religion of happiness and progress, not of terror and despair.

The Rev. Sam. Jones says: "I would rather be the worst criminal in this land than an open, avowed Infidel."

Is "open, avowed Infidelity" any worse than concealed Infidelity? Is it the avowal that constitutes the crime, the expression of an honest opinion? Is the Infidel innocent so long as he keeps silent or plays the hypocrite? Is Sam Jones willing one should be an Infidel if he won't say anything about it? Is he careless of one's opinion so long as he contributes to the finances of the church? It is not criminal to disbelieve, but it is criminal to say one disbelieves. It is the "open, avowed" Infidel that Jones considers so bad; that is, the honest Infidel, the brave Infidel, the Infidel with the courage of his opinions. The coward Infidel, the weak-kneed Infidel, the indifferent Infidel, is not the particular detestation of Sam Jones, but the open, avowed Infidel, who dares to stand in a minority of one; who, in obedience to his own conscience, declares the truth as he understands it. Sam Jones says he would rather be a murderer, a robber, a ravisher, than an honest, brave, and independent thinker. He had rather be a criminal than Thomas Paine, whose genius first set the stars of glory in the flag of the American republic; than Thomas Jefferson, who penned the Declaration of Independence; than Humboldt, who revealed the splendor of the cosmos; than Darwin, who has revolutionized modern thought; than Huxley, the laureled teacher of science; than Iggersoll, whose words of fire have given hope and joy to millions, and wreathed the darkness of the grave with the noblest flowers of sympathy. Sam Jones had rather be a criminal than these illustrious thinkers, of whom the civilized race is justly proud.

Infidelity is not afraid of any comparison with Christianity, either in spirit or in result. Infidelity is the moral and intellectual baptism of the world. Infidelity is analysis, judgment, and selection. It takes out of Christianity, out of all religions, all Bibles, and all churches, everything that is good. It accepts whatever is conducive to man's happiness. It rejects no truth and no fact.

Religion is not the basis of goodness, but a sound temperament and a benign education are. People are good, not as Christians, as Jews, as Pagans, but as men and women, obeying natural laws and living for humanity's sake. I honor the genuine virtues of the Christians, but those virtues are not the product of Christianity, and the good Christian would be just as good if he had never professed religion or joined the church.

The Christian is good for the same reason that the Infidel is good—because it is natural to be good, because it is wise to be good, because it is daily happiness to be good, because one had rather be good than evil, as the flower had rather bloom than fade away, as the wave had rather sparkle in the sun than roll in darkness. People are good because it is beautiful to be good, joyous to be good, healthful to be good.

Hell never yet made a moral man; nor heaven either; but simple, honest, earnest, downright humanity.

The record of Christianity on the temperance question may be seen in the following bill of expenses, incurred at the ordination of a pastor in 1784. It may be found in the Rev. W. H. Daniel's history of "The Temperance Reform."

To Keeping Ministers, etc.:			
May 4—	£	s.	d.
To two mugs today	0	2	4
To five segars	0	5	10
To one pint wine	0	3	0
To three lodgings	0	9	0
May 5—			
To three bitters	0	0	9
To three breakfasts	0	3	6
To fifteen boles punch	1	10	0
To twenty-four dinners	1	16	0
To eleven bottles wine	3	6	0
To five mugs flip	0	5	10
To three boles punch	0	6	0
To three boles today	0	3	6

Christianity is simply the creature of circumstances. It is the reflection of its age. It is good or bad according to its surroundings. It has no innate force. It is nothing but fashion and style—and Moody and Jones are only the style, like bangs and corsets. They are mere "forms" of Christianity, but not new forces. They are a kind of "transformation scene" in the drama of its decay.

Christianity looks to the past—its whole gospel. It has nothing for the future.

Freethought is for the future. Every virtue of the past it accepts, but it believes in eternal struggle and eternal progress. Every gain is but a step to something nobler. Freethought is as comprehensive as the universe. It accepts no limits. Liberty, science, and humanity are its glorious watchwords. In the search after truth it finds unceasing inspiration. To translate truth into life is its constant goal. It would cultivate every virtue, it would enrich every faculty. It believes that that is sacred which ministers to humanity, which makes this world better and happier. It would make a heaven here on earth. It insists upon personal responsibility, and that every man shall do his duty. It stands for equal rights and impartial liberty. It believes in the brotherhood of man. It maintains the dignity of labor—that all should work—for in work is the sovereignty of life. It would lend the helping hand. It would establish justice rather than charity, for with justice there would be no need of charity. It believes in the home, in the family, in fraternity, in co-operation. It believes in good health and cleanliness rather than godliness. It declares that the humblest should have a share in the golden harvest of the race; that poverty is a curse; that the poor are not blessed, and therefore it strives to abolish poverty.

Christianity looks to the moon, which has lighted up some little night of time, but Freethought looks to the glittering sun, and to the broad and boundless day of unending advancement.

THE EVENING SERVICES.

In the evening Lafayette Hall was again crowded by an enthusiastic audience, waiting the appearance of Mr. Putnam. Miss Addie Dick presided at the piano and rendered some fine music in the interim. The singing was exceptionally good, with Randolph Worthing as leader, and Mrs. Lottie Low, Miss Dick, Wm. O'Farrell, and Dr. Gorham, as singers. Mrs. Low has a magnificent and well-trained voice.

Mr. Putnam was in a most happy mood. He first announced that his object was not to tear down and destroy churches, but to defend the cause of Liberalism against the false charges made against it by certain representative ministers. He held the closest attention of the audience to the close.

LITERARY NOTES.

R. STALEY, corner of Wood street and Fourth avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., publishes and sells at ten cents per copy "The Drama of the Nineteenth Century" by Voltairine de Cleyre.

No. 4 of the Modern Science Essayist, published by the New Ideal, Boston, is the "Evolution of the Earth," by Lewis G. Janes. It is a scholarly and clear exposition of the subject.

MR. M. E. TAYLOR, of Fort Calhoun, Neb., presents FREETHOUGHT with two small pamphlets. One is called "Reflective Musings; or, The Picture of Humanity as Reflected in the Mirror of the Ages;" the other, "The World is Growing Better," the latter being a poetic essay. The works sell for ten cents each.

AN attractive pamphlet has reached us containing the oral debate between Colonel Ingersoll, the Honorable Frederic Coudert, and Ex-Governor Stewart L. Woodford, of New York. This debate has already become famous, and its preservation in pamphlet form adds another to the many good deeds which the Truth Seeker Company is constantly performing. Ten cents.

ROBERT C. ADAMS'S "Pioneer Pith" is a book of one less than a hundred pages, but it contains more of value than the Bible from Genesis to Revelations, and more than numerous other books of many times its size. It is the author's aim to condense the main facts of Rationalism into a small compass, and he has succeeded within the limits of twenty brief chapters. Captain

Adams has previously distinguished himself as a writer on Free-thought subjects, and the present pamphlet does not detract from his reputation. (Published by the Truth Seeker Company. Price 25 cents).

MONEY talks, and Mr. Israel W. Groh offers a reward of \$5000 to the person or persons who will make it possible for excursionists to visit the Garden of Eden and identify the spot by the description given in the second chapter of Geneses. Mr. Groh embodies the above offer in a ten-cent pamphlet published by the Truth Seeker Company entitled "Did Man Fall?" The author's remarks upon the general subject are pertinent and interesting.

We have previously noticed the "Profession of Faith of a Savoyard Vicar," by Jean Jacques Rousseau, published by Peter Eckler. The argument is Deistical but non-sectarian, though the writer involves himself at times in such a manner that his only way of escape from the logical conclusion that should follow his own premises is to quit the subject or refer to the inscrutable ways of providence. Many Notes of value are made by the editor. The price of the pamphlet is 25 cents in paper, and 50 cents in cloth.

"A VOICE crying in the wilderness" is what Mr. Frederick Gerhard calls his book, the title of which is "The Coming Creed of the World." Mr. Gerhard clings to the belief that religion and science harmonize in some inscrutable way, but that a faith "more sublime and blissful" than Christianity is to be found and adopted by the race. The book is published in very cheap form, for though it contains upwards of 500 pages the price is only \$1.25. Persons desiring copies should address Frederick Gerhard, Hoboken, N. J.

Professor Seymour on the Trail.

To the Editors of Freethought:

As our friend and comrade for the last month, Mr. Acker, had to leave us at Angel's Camp, I engaged a livery rig to take us over to San Andreas, the seat of Calaveras county, where we arrived in time for a late dinner. I engaged Homes's Hall for a course of four lectures. San Andreas is an old mining town like all the rest in this part of the country; the streets only 20 to 25 feet wide and very crooked and poorly kept. There seems to be very little business here except gambling and whisky drinking. There is no mining here at present and the rust of ages seem to be accumulating over this little hamlet. I gave in San Andreas four lectures to rather small audiences, but Freethought seed was scattered that will no doubt bring forth an abundant crop in the future. One evening, while lecturing, we were badly disturbed by a hoodlum element in the audience, which we reprimanded in no light manner, when about a dozen "smart Alecks" ran out doors, making all the noise they could, and when out, pelted the house with rocks and gravel. The people of the town, both in and out of the house, took it as a matter of course and did not seem to dream that such hoodlumism was a shame and disgrace to the town. The owner of the hall told me there was hardly a whole window in the building and that everything that came along was served in about the same manner, stoned out of town, but I gave my regular course notwithstanding. The devil is certainly loose in San Andreas—if not for a thousand years, at least for a holiday. I think a small orthodox hell, red hot, is needed here to scare this wild element down a little, and help the city government. I met some very pleasant people here. Messrs. Getchel and Severy, editors of the Calaveras Prospect, are gentlemen with big heads and level, full of fine quality of brains and good sense. They are doing a good work, and are helping the town much by their energy, morality, and temperance.

They deprecated very much the disgraceful hoodlumism of the town. I found them both Freethinkers and grand-hearted fellows generally. They are making their paper a power in the county and really have more brains than most of the rest of the people put together. Mr. Homes, our landlord, is also a broad-gauged Liberal who says just what he thinks—without fear of God, man, or the devil. He knows how to keep a good hotel, tell a good story, bluff off tramps, turn a nimble sixpence, and expects when he dies that will be the end of him, and don't care if it is. There is no orthodox foolishness about him. He is an old forty-

niner and is here to stay. San Andreas is very prettily located in a little valley and the hills and mountains all around are "just lovely."

"The babbling brook, the nodding flowers,
The lowing herds, and sunset hours"

Paint nature in all her beauty. The people seem to have forgotten that another era has dawned, that it is '89 instead of '49; that the world has gone ahead while they have slept a Rip Van Winkle sleep, and thus been left far behind in growth and education. They need a moral earthquake to arouse them from their lethargy or to bury them up entirely, while a new generation takes their place.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

How to Cook a Revival.

To the Editors of Freethought:

The Evangelical Alliance has just closed a three week's attempt at a revival, but failed to revive for reasons I shall endeavor to explain. A friend and I took it upon ourselves to cook that revival, as I have done before, by putting on our most sanctimonious look, going to church, walking forward, and taking a front seat; listening to the preacher with the most marked attention, and both eyes, as it were, riveted upon his, and at the same time thinking, "What lies, what lies!" which is not hard to do by any intelligent woman or man. By so doing we break that magnetic influence which some men possess so powerfully, and as a result there is no excitement; and revivals without excitement amount to naught. There were seven preachers here, and they preached, prayed, exhorted, threatened with hell in its worst form, and went through the audience, pulling and hauling, but all to no avail. One of them came to me one night with the most heavenly smile and inquired,

"Are you a Christian?"

"No, sir."

"Have you a desire to be?"

"No, sir."

"Do you not want to make peace with God?"

"I never had any racket with him, and have nothing to make peace about to the best of my knowledge."

With that he left me, saying he was not here to argue.

I almost failed to remark that the heavenly smile had changed to one of the blackest faces it has ever been my misfortune to see. I think a great amount of good might be done by Freethinkers by looking after the revivals in their localities.

A FREETHINKER.

Corvallis, Or.

Shall Women Vote?

To the Editors of Freethought:

In your late issue, I noticed a very curious article on "Woman Suffrage" by W. S. Bush. I have no desire to "dictate to another, how he shall think." I do propose, however, to resist the abstract notions, the visionary schemes and sumptuary innovations, which have ever been the prolific source of political and domestic troubles. I will only refer the writer of the article referred to (who is presumably a Prohibitionist) to the declarations of principles and the woman suffrage planks contained in all the late Prohibition platforms, both state and national.

In another number of your paper (March 16) this same writer says:

"However women may have voted heretofore, or may vote hereafter, I am in favor of giving them equal political rights with men."

I am unable to understand why some people calling themselves "Infidels and Liberals" should favor a deliberate and openly acknowledged priestcraft movement—a scheme avowedly for the purpose of placing our government in the hands of the clergy and the churches—a scheme so palpably fatal to the religious liberties and personal freedom which they now enjoy, and for which they profess to be so strenuously contending.

A lady correspondent of FREETHOUGHT, in the same issue (March 16), makes the following very sensible remark: "When a national Sunday law is passed, America is doomed."

Well, "E. E. D." may rest assured that when women are enfranchised a national Sunday law will be passed, and whatever other laws may be needed for the establishment and maintenance of churches, and to compel absolute submission to church authority.

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Some hopeful word to speak,
Fresh strength to give the weak,
By constant effort seek
Nobly to live.
2. Turn ye with generous heart.
To those who need;
Eager to sow some part
Of life's good seed.
Forego mere selfish gains;
Think ye of others' claims;
Make e'en your simplest aims.
Noble indeed.
3. Listen to conscience voice,
Thy surest guide;
Its teachings make thy choice,
By them abide;
Walk ye with earnest feet
Holding all duty meet;
So shall contentment sweet
Walk by thy side.
4. And when the end draws near,—
The dreamless rest,
All labor finished here,
Ended all quest,
Calmly turn ye to sleep
Though loving hearts shall weep;
Immortal they shall keep
Thy noblest, best.

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"Yes, I have, too!" shouted the boy.
The scientist smiled patiently, and tried it over again.

"You must look me right in the eyes and try to forget your toothache," said she. (Then there was another steadfast pause.)

"Ah, now you haven't any toothache."

"Yes, I have, too," screamed the boy again.

The practitioner went through the process once more with fresh persuasion. The boy seemed inclined to be quiet this time.

"Well, I guess you haven't any toothache now, my boy," said she.

"You lie," said the boy, quietly.

He was taken away, toothache and all.—Boston Transcript.

THE pretty young misses at the church fairs are continually laying themselves liable to arrest on the charge of robbing the males.—Rochester Express.

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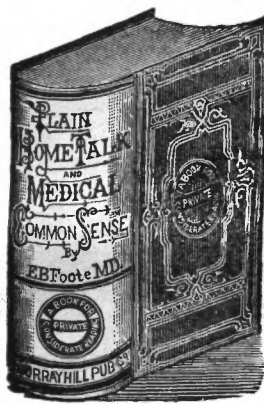
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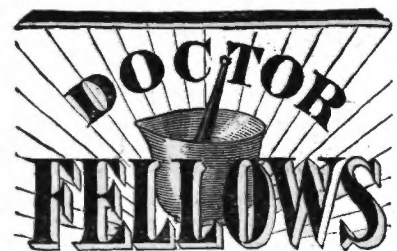
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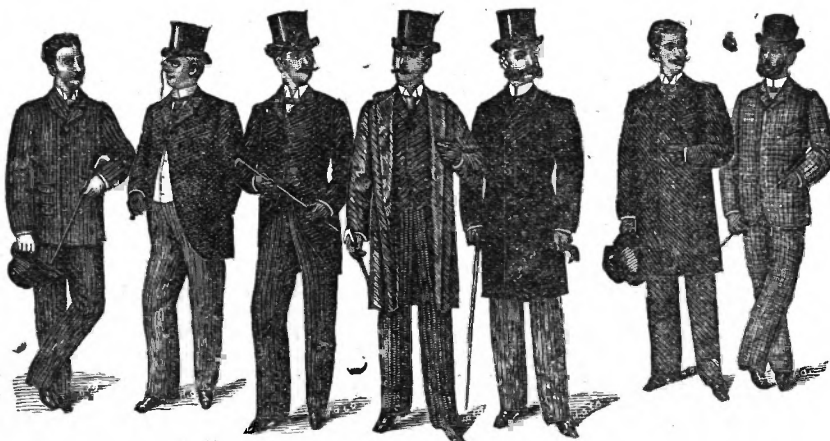
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No breath of plain or hill can draw them forth.
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THE California Christian Advocate is authority for the statement "that at some church socials in this state wine is used by young men and women until they are too drunk to walk home."

IN June next we may expect a visit from the Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, secretary of the American Sunday Union, who will lecture and labor in the interest of that association. Mr. Crafts will get a respectful hearing, but, judging from the record of our last legislature, there is in California a strong feeling against restrictive Sunday measures.

OUR too-good-to-live postmaster-general, Brother Wanamaker, gives country postmasters to understand, by means of a circular, that they will "find it profitable" to represent the Philadelphia dry-goods house of Wanamaker & Brown among the people of their vicinage. Postmasters whose term of office is about to expire may cast an anchor to windward by heeding the warning and rustling for customers.

IT is gratifying to be able to say that not all the members of the San Francisco Pioneer Association are in favor of excluding the Freethought Society from the hall built with the money of James Lick. Some have even said that were the matter left to them they would rent the hall to this society for the mere cost of gas and janitor. In our opinion the body of James Lick would not turn in its grave if the hall were offered free of any charge whatsoever.

AT the Congregational Club last Monday Rev. Dr. Pond read a paper on "Retribution a Law of Nature," which aroused strong opposition on the part of a portion of the members. He argued that the divine retribution was not special and supernatural, but, in each and every case, the outworkings of a natural law of cause and effect. Professor Dwinell, of the Pacific Theological Seminary, opposed the speaker, and said that natural law was not all. The personal element in retribution must not be ignored, as the result would be to rule God out of the universe. The Rev. Joseph Rowell remarked that Mr. Pond's was the exact line of argument employed by Atheists and Infidels—exalting the reign of law and ignoring a personal God who loves and hates. There was no place for the doctrine of blood atonement in that scheme.

For one, he was sick and disgusted with the tendency of the age to exalt natural law at the expense of a personal God. Other speakers supported the view of Mr. Rowell, as it is quite natural and necessary that they should do, the question whether this universe is governed by a law or by a will involving nearly the whole difference between rationalism and theology.

THE Rev. W. H. Thomas, the most popular preacher in Chicago, comes as near Agnosticism as any clergyman ought to and retain his pulpit. In a recent sermon he said: "I question whether or not it is possible for man and the human intellect ever to stand without the possibility of a doubt with reference to God. I never saw an argument tending to prove the existence of God that did not need another argument to uphold the first. Reason tries to show God and fails. It is the heart that perceives God, but doubt will ever remain on the part of the understanding." This is exactly equivalent to saying that there is no evidence at all for the existence of God, because the seat of all perception is the brain, and the heart can no more perceive God than the liver can perceive Satan.

SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of this society will be held in Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, above Powell, at 8 o'clock Sunday evening, April 28. An address will be delivered by Professor Herbert Miller. All are invited.

NEWS AND NOTES.

SANTA ANA AND ANAHEIM.—Here, they say, is the garden of the world, and when one looks over the shining landscape, glittering with all variety of color and splendor of foliage, where the warm air is tempered with soft ocean gales, where the snowy mountains frame the expansive prospect, one might think this were Paradise indeed, and need go no further to find the fountains of immortal youth. If one could live forever, here certainly is the golden opportunity, where sky and earth blend in loveliest pictures, and the blood keeps responsive rhythm to the music in the air.

I come again to the hospitable home of D. Edson Smith, where oranges star the dark green grove, and orchards hang thick with blossoms, and the hundred hens wander amid the white and crimson and yellow flowers. All is delightful, only amid the changing light floats the shadow of death's mystic change. The fair spirit of love and generosity, the devoted wife, is gone over the dark stream, which in the eyes of hope gleams to shores of infinite beauty. My friend Edson is confident of the immortal glory, but the glory is present here in memory's entrancing thought. Life is rich for what has been, and what may be is ever woven with the silver threads of love.

I pass delightful days in this sunny, fruit-embowered home, where the treasures of books are about, and where the mind has

exultant communion. My friend is ever busy, and nature gives him her secrets without stint, and he seems to know her intricate ways by heart. He has become a constant correspondent of the *Rural Californian*, and if one wants to get useful hints and information about farming and gardening in this country they will find them in his suggestive articles. He is still earnest in the Liberal cause, and time and sorrow give to life a deeper meaning, but not less courage and enthusiasm.

Comrade H. A. Newman is just the one for the frontier line. He has plenty of good cheer and go-ahead, and with such invigorating allies one can keep up the fight always, and if there should happen to be difficulty and hard work we would have a jolly time around the camp-fires, and the stars would shine and the dawn would come with a heart for any fate.

Noah Smithwick is a noble octogenarian, and the flame of youth is in his blood. He can still march on, and "lend a hand." He has not the slightest idea of going upon the retired list.

D. M. Baker of the *Santa Ana Standard* finds no chains upon his editorial throne. He believes in the Demands of Liberalism, and purposes to express his honest conviction. His paper is open to the discussion of whatever interests humanity, and is a popular and wide-awake journal.

My friend H. Goepper takes things easy now after a life of successful labor. He is worthy of the fortune he has made by his pioneer experience. He is for Freethought always, and is ready for his share of the soldier's duty.

With these and other friends I found a joyous welcome, and the campaign went on with flying colors. The audiences were twice as large as when I was here before, and I received over fifty names for the Liberal Union. Our friends are quite encouraged at the manifest improvement. The Salvation Army made a prodigious effort to drown us out, and such a discord of drum and cornet and howling voice I have seldom heard. They came right in front of our hall on the street and poured out all their thunders, and it was difficult for my speech to be heard. Of course the Christians thought they had a right to disturb our meetings, but without doubt if it had been the other way they would have summoned the police officer. We bore the infliction with equanimity, and finally they subsided, and "silence became music" and we pursued the even tenor of our way. The same tactics were adopted on Sunday afternoon, but I rather think that by Sunday evening they had learned a little wisdom, for they were comparatively quiet.

The appreciative audiences that greeted me were an agreeable surprise. The best people of the place were present, and evidently Freethought is beginning to find its true place. It is recognized by the intelligent community as the coming gospel.

Many of our Liberal friends here are Spiritualists, but they are staunch co-workers for the Secular Republic, and the thought of immortality does not make them less alive to the fact that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." I expect that in "the Summer-land" justice and freedom will be the result of continual struggle.

Mrs. Florence E. Porter and Emil Goepper furnished some excellent music for the Sunday evening meeting, and perhaps this was the charm that disconcerted the onslaught of the Salvation Army. It was quite a contrast to their turbulent hymn, and the delightful strains smoothed the way for "Evolution and Creation." Garden Grove sent quite a delegation Sunday afternoon—Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. Walling, L. K. Mead, and others.

Mrs. Frances Shelley makes the pilgrim happy at her hospitable board, and while she rejoices in spiritual things she is not at all deficient in material things. The poetry of the one has quite a relation with the excellence of the other, and we return thanks not to the "Lord" but to the gentle hostess.

I must also remark that friend Edson's bachelor meal was exquisite. The cream was superb, and the "flapjacks" simply gorgeous—of the genuine Yankee flavor, and with cream and syrup made a breakfast fit for the gods, if the gods know enough to work for a living, and get up early in the morning.

Space does not permit me to mention all the good friends of Santa Ana and vicinity. They will make a staunch company in this thriving and beautiful place. Times are dull, but the city is improving. Elegant buildings are going up, and while the waves of the boom no longer fill the air with glistening colors, the solid business life rolls on, and Santa Ana has an assured future. It is in the midst of a rich and noble country; and wealth and enterprise are bound to find a home in this genial clime.

So amidst radiant hopes and radiant skies I leave this charming spot, and through glistening fields, where the rattling machinery cuts the green ranks in the soft and slumberous noon-time, I arrive at the orange-skirted domicile of L. and K. Parker, well-known to Liberals throughout the country for their ardent Freethought. They seem in youth's bright flush, and yet since I was here last they have had their golden wedding. Mrs. Parker is not afraid to say that she is sixty-nine years of age, and has been the mother of ten children. She can sit a queen indeed in the household, and her life's history goes blooming on to the sunny infancies of grandchildren. Mr. Parker is a vigorous campaigner, and has always been at the front. He used to walk five miles of a morning to his work, mow till sunset, and then walk back the five miles, and receive for his day's wages fifty cents. That was the beginning, and his beautiful and luxuriant farm is the reward of his own energy. He made it out of the cactus plain. He has, I reckon, about the best orange grove in California. It is in excellent condition and brilliant with fruitage. Its green and golden chambers have the wealth of a mine.

The churches are quite numerous in Anaheim, and don't want Freethought to have a chance, but the tide moves in spite of them. Our friends secured Music Hall, a new and elegant building recently completed, and here we held the fort for three days, and the meetings were fully attended and successful beyond the hopes of any. There has been a change for the better since I was here. My closing audience was three times as large as the same of last year. The Anaheim brass band discoursed alluring music in the moonlight in front of the hall, and thus added greatly to the attractiveness of our gathering. The audience increased right along, and the Liberal work has a recognition unknown before.

On Sunday afternoon there was a "conference meeting." Mrs. Parker was chairman, and she made it go off with music and eclat. She herself made an eloquent speech, detailing her own experience in the church and out of it. She began in the Methodist church on "probation," and her probation continues unto this day, for she has never applied for confirmation. Mr. I. H. Parker, of Orange, joined in with some reminiscences of how he was a "bad boy" and on that account had chosen to be a minister, but the leaven didn't work, and in due time he was bound out to be a carpenter. However, he became a member of the church. When a few years since he offered his resigna-

tion he was told that the church would not accept his resignation, but would expel him if he desired. He carried the case to conference, which directed his resignation to be accepted. This was the last straw, and he has bid good-bye to the old craft forever. Mr. Chas. Baker, of Orange, also made a good impromptu speech as to what Liberalism may be. His daughter, Miss Jessie Baker, gave a fine recitation, and Miss Trinna Parker, daughter of I. H. Parker, followed her with equal success. Miss Lottie, granddaughter of Mrs K. Parker, Mrs. Florence E. Porter, and Emil Goepper of Santa Ana, entertained with brilliant instrumental pieces, and so the afternoon meeting on Wednesday, which was a kind of experiment, was a fortunate experiment; and these gatherings will be continued in the future. There is plenty of musical and literary talent in Anaheim and Orange to make them interesting and profitable. Such meetings are of especial value to young people and should be encouraged wherever possible.

On Wednesday evening after the lecture there was a sociable and dance. A large number remained in orderly and joyous assemblage, and old and young joined in the mazy march. The ladies furnished coffee and cakes, and the band did itself credit as it poured forth its enlivening strains. At midnight sharp all went home to merry dreams.

Thus the camp-fires at Anaheim have been burning brightly; and the banners of Freethought have been "full high advanced," and I leave this garden-spot of the South with the golden dawn in its lustrous sky.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Bates are wide awake and earnest as ever, and it is a pleasure to meet such friends whom no fortune can make less devoted to the cause. Along the dusty highway of Secular work, mind and heart find happy rest in their embowered home, where the sunshine of life makes beautiful the shadow.

S. Littlefield is always in the midst of business, both for himself and for the public, being one of the chief officers of the county; but he took time to give me a jaunt over the prosperous country. He has nearly two hundred acres in orchards and vineyards and groves, and they appear in fine condition. His home is surrounded with tropical luxuriance, and presents a delightful picture of fruit and flower. Mr. Littlefield is a staunch supporter of Liberalism, and gives generous aid to the cause. He is one of the prominent citizens of Anaheim, and in the front in enterprises for its business and agricultural advancement.

T. A. Darling, station agent of the Southern Pacific, is not always able to attend the lectures, but he keeps the world moving just the same. He has established a railroad reading-room, and anything like that is in favor of Freethought and a better world. My friend E. A. Pullen shook out about the first panful of gold in California at Placerville, but he believes that the shining particles should be kept floating right on, and he has enjoyed life in so doing. But he keeps the gold of Freethought, and the heart is rich. N. Bittner, leader of the band, and all the band boys, have my hearty thanks for the good music they furnished.

I had a pleasant call upon T. H. Reiser, the proprietor of the hall, one of the old citizens of the place. The hall is one of the finest in the state and is quite an addition to the appearance of Anaheim. Mr. Reiser believes in making this world as near to paradise as possible. Miss Annie Hartman, his niece, was present at all the meetings, as were many other intelligent ladies,

who though not exactly pronounced Freethinkers are like the author of "Robert Elsmere" in favor of the gospel of "sweetness and light."

Mrs. A. L. Tucker is mistress of about a thousand little chickens as "lovely as angels," and sometimes they become angels before they have a chance to get "into the soup." They die young, but those who survive are dainty contributors to man's happiness. When it comes to real life, a chicken is better than a cherub.

The Orange people came over in goodly numbers—Mr. Joel B. Parker and wife and daughters, Chas. Baker who came sixteen miles from the canon to stand by the colors, Miss Jessie Baker, I. H. Parker, and Miss Trinna Parker, Judge Smith, who danced on holy week, though a member, I believe, of the Episcopalian church, Miss Maud Strickland, M. A. Handy, Mr. Woodruff of the editorial fraternity, and others. Orange has quite a large element of Freethought, and I hope to be able to lecture there on my next trip.

Karl Fossek, Charles Pamperl, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Bell, J. G. Shoemaker, R. Ludke, H. P. Larsen, John Meredith, W. M. McFadden, Alex Henry and family, John Turner, O. Warling, C. H. Turner, Peter Skorup, Louis Schorn, E. Barr, H. Hayward, Mr. and Mrs. Greeley, and others are among the generous friends of "lovely Anaheim," where nature's golden heart is beaming, where soft blue mountains answer to the shimmer of the flowing sea, and sea and mountain "knit the seasons four into one flowery band."

Santa Ana and Anaheim have lifted high the banners of Freethought, and have given a splendid impulse to heart and hope.

April 17, 1889.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CENTENNIAL COMMEMORATION.

The following recommendation has been issued by the officers of the American Secular Union:

To the members of the American Secular Union, and to all Liberals, Deists, Agnostics, and Free-minded Citizens of the United States.

The president of the United States, in response to the requests of "representatives of the religious creeds, both Christian and Hebrew," has recommended that on Tuesday, April 30, at nine o'clock in the morning, "the people of the entire country repair to their respective places of divine worship to implore the favor of God that the blessings of liberty, prosperity, and peace may abide with us all as a people." Arrangements are accordingly being made by church organizations of all creeds to meet at the appointed hour for prayer and thanksgiving, and, in the words of Cardinal Gibbons, "to pray that the spirit of patriotism which burned in George Washington may continue."

This is preeminently a proper occasion for those who do not classify themselves either as Christians or Hebrews, but who are Americans and lovers of their country, to testify their appreciation of the blessings of liberty, to express their gratitude to those brave, noble, and broad-minded statesmen who, without the trammels of church or creed, devoted their lives to the founding of the republic; to manifest patriotic devotion to "the foundations of liberty, law, and order" as laid down by the framers of our Constitution; and to reassert their purpose to contest in behalf of secular principles every attempt at invasion of that Constitution by the adoption of "the principles of the Christian religion," or its nullification by the enactment of unconstitutional laws for "the promotion of religious worship." While recognizing the glorious success of our first century we must cherish and continue the traditions of the revolutionary fathers who laid the basis of a purely secular republic, a government, in the words of George Washington, "not in any sense founded on the Christian religion;" nor can we safely ignore the dangers with which our future success in the enjoyment of a free government is threatened at the beginning of its second century.

We, officers of the American Secular Union, therefore, recommend the

branch organizations, and others similarly minded, to meet at the appointed hour on April 30, to proclaim their allegiance to our secular, republican form of government, and to renew pledges for its maintenance.

R. B. WESTBROOK, Pres't. A. S. U., Phila., Pa.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec'y. A. S. U., Chicago, Ill.

E. B. FOOTE, Jr., Ch. Ex. Com. A. S. U., New York.

This proclamation has the right ring. It calls upon the people to meet, not as Christians or Hebrews, or members of any other religious sect, but as American citizens, and in that capacity to testify their appreciation of such blessings of liberty as not God but a republican form of government has enabled them to enjoy.

The Liberals of New York city will have such a gathering, and it will probably be addressed by Colonel Ingersoll. With a few more days to spare, and more time for preparation, we might have held a meeting in San Francisco that would show the public where patriotism and true republicanism reside.

ACTIVITY NECESSARY.

We hope all our subscribers and readers realize, as we do, that we must depend largely upon them to extend the circulation of FREETHOUGHT. We obtain many new subscribers from sample copies judiciously distributed, but by far the larger number are gathered in by old subscribers who take sufficient interest in the paper and the cause it represents to canvass their localities and to always be upon the lookout for recruits. It is not supposed that every reader of FREETHOUGHT can obtain a new one. Experience shows that they cannot; but every one can try it—make the attempt, and accept the result philosophically, whatever it may be. Many of our friends have paid for a number of subscriptions in advance, and then set themselves at work to secure the subscribers afterwards. This is a good plan, because it gives them a personal interest in the matter, so that they work harder and also with greater success.

It is necessary to the continued publication of any paper that its subscription list be constantly added to, and FREETHOUGHT is not an exception to that rule. It seems to us that every Freethinker in the West should take an active interest in supporting a Freethought paper. Many plead the lack of time to read it as an excuse for not subscribing. No earnest Liberal will do that. If he cannot pay for a paper, he is excusable; otherwise, not. If he cannot spare the time to read it, let him send it to somebody with more leisure; but so long as any Freethinker has a dollar left after paying for the physical necessities of life, he should devote that dollar to the support of his principles. Let him ask himself the question, Should Liberalism be advocated? If his answer is Yes, he cannot escape the responsibility of aiding that advocacy. If his answer is No, he is like those Christians who believe in the moral maxims of religion until the point is reached where it becomes necessary to practice them, and then go the other way. We see the Salvation Army parading the street in uncouth attire and singing words too foolish to be spoken. We laugh at them, but at the same time their earnestness and devotion to what they believe to be a good cause call for a modicum of our respect. We wish that all professed Liberals exhibited enough earnestness and devotion to awaken an equal amount of the same feeling.

There is need of a more distinct line between Christians and non-Christians. Those who believe the old lies; those who believe in priestly authority, in intolerance and superstition, should stand upon one side, while those who oppose them should define their position by placing themselves on the other side. If it is

hypocrisy for one to profess to believe that which he does not believe, it is almost equal hypocrisy for him to conceal his true sentiments. A Freethinker who does not avow himself as such, in his own day and generation, is not worthy to be called one if afterwards it should be discovered that he rejected the superstitions of Christianity. The open and avowed Liberal, with the courage of his convictions, is the Liberal who gains the respect of all whose respect is worth having. The timid doubter does not amount to much; the disbeliever and denier makes his influence felt. And, after all, the true test of the genuine Liberal is this: does he speak his honest thought; does he read the honest thoughts of others; does he support the Liberal press and platform? Unless he does this you cannot depend upon him; his pretensions as a Freethinker when talking to a Freethinker are apt to turn into professions of faith in the presence of a believer, and the next revival is likely to number him among its converts.

There is nothing truer than that where a man's treasure is, there is his heart also; and it is equally true that a man's heart does not go far in any direction if he is not willing to send his money with it. These considerations ought to be brought before all Liberals, and indifferent Liberals ought to be shown that they have a duty to perform. In fact, every disbeliever in Christianity should oppose it, and the best way to do that is through the press. They should therefore support the Freethought papers, and extend their patronage in all directions where they conceive that good work is being done. We hope that our present subscribers will take pains to learn the views of persons in their neighborhoods, and in all cases where possible impress upon them their obligations as Freethinkers. The result would be many additional subscribers to FREETHOUGHT.

THE AMAUROT CLUB.

The San Jose Mercury of April 14 contains a report of the organization of a new society called the Amaurot Club. Its members, numbering six, are all new comers in that city. The chairman, Mr. F. B. Vance, in defining the purposes of the society, said that it was devoted solely to the discussion of such subjects as are included in pure philosophy. "We believe," he observed, "that science has taken a more dominant place in the intellectual world than rightly belongs to it. We are told that no belief is rational whose foundations cannot be counted, weighed, and measured. In other words, physics claims for itself the right to bring all creeds and theories into its courts, and to try them by such evidence and such methods as it dictates. It excludes everything not physical, on the ground that it is either unknowable or unverifiable. We object to this assumption. We will exclude from our discussions all subjects which can be determined by an appeal to authority or decided by physical tests. We will seek to attain reasoned truth, with the understanding that it is of much more importance to us that it should be reasoned than that it should be true."

Another member, Mr. W. B. Foster, said he feared "that the excluding from our debates all matters which can be determined by appeals to authority or decided by physical tests will leave the field open to mere matters of taste, and in many cases we will waste our time in vain attempts to seek a solution for matters of opinion which, after all, are the results of the differences in individuals." To set Mr. Foster right the chair qualified its remarks by saying: "I have defined philosophy as 'reasoned truth,' and mere matters of taste would be excluded on the ground that they are not reasoned."

Miss L. C. Elliott here intervened to say with some asperity: "I do not know whether the tastes of men are reasonable or not; for I have never been a man, but I am sure the tastes of women are. For my part I can give more reasons for my taste than for anything else, and I believe you will find that women generally are as rational, even in their ribbons, as in their religion."

The chair smoothed matters over by saying that this issue might be passed for the present, but it would certainly arise later on as a subject for the application of pure philosophy. The meeting then went into executive session, and passed a resolution that the subject for discussion at the next meeting should be "The New Christianity."

We are rather sorry that the Amaurot Club did not choose this city for its home, or that we have not one like it here. The deliberations of a society which excludes all subjects that can be decided, and cares more for the merely reasoned than for the actually proved, would have a soporific and thus beneficial effect upon the over-stimulated and nervously-excitabile population of San Francisco. It is believed that the Amaurot Club is for the propagation of Christian Science, which, beyond dispute, is quite outside the trammels of scientific demonstration.

MR. S. P. PUTNAM

Will lecture in San Francisco, Sundays,

May 5, 12, 19, and 26, 1889,

—AT—

UNION SQUARE HALL

421 Post Street.

SUBJECTS:

May 5.—The Past and the Present.

" 12.—The Present and the Future, or the Constructive Methods of Freethought.

" 19.—Liberty and Authority.

" 26.—Jesus Christ Theologically, Morally, and Historically Considered.

Admission 10 cents to each Lecture.

NATURAL MORALITY.

To keep men from a knowledge of the truth is a crime well nigh as great as to keep food from their mouths, but it is a crime that the church is constantly committing.

Misrepresentation and defamation are favorite weapons with the church. She teaches her disciples that an Infidel is a thing of horror, and both his principles and his character are blackened. What can be said of a church that maintains a public liar like the Rev. Sam Jones upon the platform to declare that "Freethought means free love?" Says Professor Huxley, in a recent article: "I verily believe that the great good which has been effected by Christianity has been largely counteracted by the pestilential doctrine on which all the churches have united, that honest disbelief in their more or less astonishing creeds is a moral offense, indeed a sin of the deepest dye, deserving and inviting the same future retribution as murder and robbery. If we could only see in our view the torrent of hypocrisy and cruelty, the lies, the slaughter, the violation of every obligation of humanity, which have flowed from this sewer along the course of the history of Christian nations, our worst imaginations of hell would pale beside the vision."

And yet Christianity declares that her morality alone is pure; that it is all noble, and all beneficial to mankind. Is exclusion

from the truth generous? Is denunciation of honest unbelief kind? Is the social ostracism of intellectual opponents humane?

No! A thousand times no! The morality of Christianity as to-day practiced by the majority of its adherents and as taught by its accredited leaders, is faulty and often cruel, and is far inferior to the noble morality of Freethought. That morality teaches that to face the truth manfully, though opposed by the command of tradition or the suggestions of convenience, is an honest necessity of the mind; to do good to mankind without expectation of reward either in this world or in any other (of which we know nothing) that may come hereafter, is our loftiest duty; and to be charitable to the opinions of all men, which we seek to change only by appeals to reason, experience, and science, and never by threats of an unknown God's displeasure here and the eternal torments of an imaginary hell in the future, which both reason and science prove is but a fiction of the past. Is not that a better and purer morality than that of the churches? Is it not a standard to adhere to, which cannot lead men far astray? It accepts the best of the moral laws of the past and discards only the mistaken and the wrong. It rejects nothing that is well proved, and its stability is as well assured as is the intellectual progress of man. Disbelief in one or all of the dogmas of Christianity is common to-day through large tracts of human thought, and the lives of such men are not worse but better. For the life of a man must be always better when he replaces the false by the true. If disbelief in its dogmas should suddenly become general throughout Christendom, it would not greatly affect its morals. The laws of nations would not be changed nor social stability shaken. Man is not going to destroy his carefully evolved social structure on account of an ecclesiastical creed. Many believers conscientiously think, because so taught, that they would be utterly at a loss, in a blank chaos, without their supposed divinely approved rules of action. But they are utterly mistaken. Ethical rules remain unchanged if approved by human experience. The structure of human morality is well erected and in its main outlines is not subject to change. The fear that it will fall to pieces if a supposed divine construction is disbelieved comes of ignorance. Divinity has had no more to do with its construction than with all other things, and that is through the operation of natural law and evolution. This strong and steady frame of society is too well founded to be shattered because an ecclesiastical bubble breaks. The tree of human life is nourished by the elemental forces of the universe, and they alone can destroy it.

Human action is constantly falling short of its ideal. We must daily ask pardon of our better selves and of others for our weaknesses and mistakes. But it is not necessary to call upon or to receive aid from a fancied divine power in order to do right. Priesthood, to maintain its rule, to make itself the means of approach to divinity, has always declared this necessary, and that good deeds unconsecrated by itself and its God were not good and were worth nothing. The solid sense of mankind rejects this arrogant and absurd doctrine.

If we fail to attain our ideal, it is the fault partly of environment, partly of temperament. Both can be improved by our own force and the force of others. Human nature has struggled up from low beginnings to its present powers. It is still imperfect, as judged by its conceptions of itself, but it improves. I mourns bitterly over its own shortcomings, but the fault of a day should not be made to sadden and cripple a whole life. Man is often too harsh in judgment, forgetting his own need of pardon. "With malice toward none, with charity toward all," were the

noble words of a great man, and, in the most of his religious thought, a Freethinker—America's second father, Abraham Lincoln.

H. M.

A BAD MAN SHOWN UP.

The Rev. G. W. James, of Long Beach, a temperance seaside resort in the vicinity of San Pedro, is furnishing the papers with all the scandal they want, and rather more than decency will permit them to publish. The Rev. Mr. James is an eloquent Methodist preacher, a vegetarian, and has been known as an advocate of what he calls "social purity." The first exploit that gave him public notoriety was whipping his wife and threatening to kill her. During the investigation of this charge the material for several others was unearthed. Among these is one for adultery, and another for misleading female members of his congregation, and a third sets forth that he was instrumental in instituting improper relations between his elderly sister and his eighteen-year-old son.

Thus another shining light of Methodism goes out temporarily. It is too much to hope that he is permanently extinguished, but if he were, the world would be the better for it.

"FREETHOUGHT" IN BOUND VOLUMES.

We have a few copies of FREETHOUGHT, Volume I., 1888, substantially bound in half calf, which we will sell at \$2.50 per volume. As the number is very limited, those who desire the first year of FREETHOUGHT in this form will need to apply early.

THE arguments of counsel for the American Secular Union, represented by E. A. Stevens, against the granting of public funds to the Catholic institutions of Chicago are printed and may doubtless be obtained by addressing Secretary Stevens at 16 Union Park Place, Chicago.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH thus pays his respects to the distinguished English statesman: "John Bright is dead. In 1880, on June 21, in the House of Commons, he spoke for my conscience and honor as none other spoke, and I, with uncovered head, pay most grateful and most reverent tribute to his memory."

It appears that Jews are incompetent as jurors in Sweden. M. Lennstrand, the Freethinker prosecuted for blasphemy on two counts, was acquitted of the charge on one and convicted on the other. He is now to be retried on the former count, as it has been discovered that there was a Jew on the jury which acquitted him, and the verdict is set aside.

It has just been decided by a Kansas City judge that base ball playing on Sunday is illegal in Missouri. There is a section in the Sunday laws of that state which exempts "members of a religious society by whom any other than the first day of the week is observed as a Sabbath." The base ball players of Missouri should join the Seventh-day Adventists.

PROF. J. O. SPENCER, of the Anglo-Japanese College in Tokio, Japan, said in an address before the Methodist ministers' meeting last Monday, that the great need in that country now was Christian men and women to demonstrate the worth of Christianity in their real Christian living. Professor Spencer ought to know that America is not blessed with any great number of the class of people which he desires to transplant to Japan. If there are any we can't spare them.

WE would like to have Mr. W. H. Burr, the historian's, opinion upon the following letter, said to have been written by the Father of His Country to one William Livingston, the last royal governor of New Jersey. If authentic it will appeal powerfully to the sympathies of many American citizens on the morning following the festivities of April 30:

"O William, what a glorious time we had last evening. I am paying the penalty, however, this morning, as my swollen head will attest. How does your head feel? After leaving you, called on the fair Virginia. She is one of God's fairest creatures. But I am trying to paint a picture. The ablest artist could not reproduce yours.

"As a brother, GEORGE WASHINGTON."

WE learn from the Independent Pulpit that the Liberals of Denison, Texas, have organized under the name of the Denison Philosophical and Social Club, with T. V. Munson as president. Concerning Liberal organizations the editor of the Pulpit remarks: "These organizations may not all be permanent; indeed, some of them may be short-lived, but that does not argue against them. Every effort of the kind does some good even though, for want of perpetuity, it be branded as a failure. All progress is by effort and experiment, and the path of experience is full of so-called failures. But even a 'failure' may be a success in disguise, that is, if by it some needed information and experience be the outcome."

THE Swedish Freethinker Lennstrand is of the stuff that martyrs are made of. He was lately imprisoned for blasphemy, and upon his release from Malmo prison on March 1, he commenced lecturing in that town on the very subjects for which he had been imprisoned. From Malmo he went to Copenhagen, where he lectured with great success. From Copenhagen he proceeded to Helsingfors, but there the police-master dissolved the meeting before the termination of the lecture. After this he lectured again in Malmo, Norrkoping, and Orebro, but was once more prosecuted for lecturing in Norrkoping. He then delivered two lectures at Linkoping, and was further prosecuted. On March 17, he addressed an open-air meeting of 10,000 persons at Stockholm, and was received with prolonged cheering, renewed again and again when he declared that even if he were condemned to life-long imprisonment, Freethought would at last be triumphant.

THE compilation of Horace Seaver's writings under the title of "Occasional Thoughts" has won the following words of commendation from Col. R. G. Ingersoll, and richly deserves them too:

"MY DEAR MR. SEAVER: I have just finished reading 'Occasional Thoughts,' and cannot refrain from telling you the great pleasure the reading gave me. You are so candid, so kind, and so-sensible, that I do not see how any one can read the book without falling in love with the author. You have done a noble work—you are no 'summer soldier,' no 'sunshine patriot,' but a good, brave fighter in the battle's front, and I honor you with all my heart. I do hope that you may live for many years—long enough to see the result of your labors, long enough to see the commencement of the harvest. You have won the respect of the noblest, and I honor myself by subscribing myself your friend, R. G. INGERSOLL."

It is good to put on record this tribute from one brave soldier to another. The aged editor of the Investigator may rest from his labors with the consciousness that he has won the praise of the greatest man America has produced.

SOME of the men who help to make the laws of England are about as blind to the rights of unbelievers as those who are elected in America. One Colonel Sandys, a member of Parlia-

ment, thus replies to a constituent who had asked him to support Mr. Bradlaugh's bill to abolish religious prosecutions:

"You, like many others, are misled by an artfully designed title to the bill—which in this case conceals the true evil character of the measure. The object of the bill is to do away with the penalties of the law—which at present exist against the Atheist and the blasphemer—and if passed would allow the country to be flooded with blasphemous and Atheistic publications, without any power to punish those who did so. It is practically a bill to effect this, brought in by the Atheist Bradlaugh. Further comment is needless, and it is for this reason that I shall endeavor to get it rejected. In a Christian land there should be no legislative sanction for the Atheist and the blasphemer to ply their accursed trade and to demoralize and degrade the people of this country by their writings and speeches."

Colonel Sandys's opinions are much like those of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, who, speaking of Atheists, declared that there was "nothing out of hell" that he would not as soon tolerate.

THE "Christian Champion" Braden was announced for a series of lectures in Davenport, W. T., and delivered the opening discourse. The Lincoln Times tells why he did not proceed: "Braden was to have continued his lectures through this week, but at the close of his acrimonious diatribe Sunday night he had the hardihood to put it to a vote as to whether or no he should complete the course. It must have struck a chill to his marrow when only a meagre few reluctant hands in the audience went up inviting him to remain. The result of the ballot convinced him that he had stumbled upon an intelligent audience that could show enough self-respect to sit quietly under one such lecture, but that had the hardihood to announce that they wanted no more of it, and so he cancelled his other dates."

A FREETHINKER who has given a good deal of work and money to Liberalism in his more prosperous days, but who now, through an unlucky turn of fortune's wheel, is in poor circumstances, would like to get a chance to work for some Liberal. He is in the prime of life, a born lumberman, and a thorough horseman. He belongs to the G. A. R., and carries with him a recommendation for industry, sobriety, and honesty signed by the most prominent people in the city where he has resided. He can refer inquirers to the best-known Liberals on the coast. Address: William Jay, care of FREETHOUGHT office.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

San Francisco does not yet get the \$800,000 voted by Congress for the new post-office site. The requisite words "and is hereby appropriated" were carelessly omitted from the bill. The matter therefore lies over until the next Congress.—Last Sunday there was a well-attended meeting of German citizens at Turn-Verein Hall, at which resolutions were adopted to the effect that the Turn-Verein Society will parade in a body on Centennial Day. They also decided to give a free literary entertainment at their hall on the evening of the 30th instant.—A specimen with \$1,200 worth of gold in sight has been taken out of the Santa Clara, L. C., mines, and is on its way to San Francisco. So a Pasadena man reports.—Laura De Force Gordon, of Lodi, addressed, last Sunday, the first of a series of ten Sunday afternoon meetings arranged for by the Tacoma, W. T., Woman Suffrage Association.—The common council of Santa Cruz has raised the liquor license from \$120 to \$200 per annum.—It is said that F. M. Pixley, editor of the Argonaut, will be the orator of the day at the centenary celebration, April 30.

The passengers on the abandoned Danmark were taken aboard the steamship Missouri, and landed in safety. The loss of the Danmark was caused by her engines breaking down eight hundred miles from Newfoundland.—Last Sunday, the striking car-drivers of Minneapolis, aided by their friends and sympathizers, mobbed the cars, stoned the police, and tore up the railroad

tracks.—It is reported as probable that freight cars coming into this country over the Canadian line will be made to pay duty on their value. There are said to be three thousand Canadian-built cars now in use on roads in the United States.—Sir Julian Pauncefote, Lord Sackville West's successor as British minister to the United States, arrived in New York last Sunday.—"Boomers" are crowding the recently opened Oklahoma lands in the Indian territory, and quarrels between the new arrivals and previous occupants are of frequent occurrence. The craze over these Oklahoma lands is inexplicable.—Five Mormon missionaries were severely whipped, tarred and feathered, and driven from Dale county, Ala., last week. Their offense was preaching their creed, and forming a colony to go to Utah.—A great fire destroyed property on the North river, New York city, between 59th and 65th street, April 19, to the value of more than \$3,000,000.—Postmaster-General Wanamaker is charged with using his official position to advertise his private business. He has a big clothing establishment in Philadelphia.—The mayor of New York is clearing the street of telegraph poles. The wires will have to be put under ground according to an ordinance passed several years ago, but never enforced.—Michigan has adopted a law prohibiting the manufacture, sale, keeping for sale, or giving away of cigarettes, or any substance in the form of cigarettes containing narcotic elements, and even going so far as to inhibit rice paper or any paper designed for cigarette wrappers.

It is now reported that the Panama canal scheme is sure to collapse, and that the machinery along the big ditch will be abandoned to rust and ruin.—Yellow fever is raging at Rio Janeiro, causing one hundred deaths per day.—A Catholic congress met on Wednesday at Madrid, Spain. The object of the congress is to pronounce in favor of the restoration of the temporal power of the pope and the extension of the influence of the church in the schools.—Hundreds of people are dying of starvation in Hungary.—Parnell has sued the London Times for \$500,000 damages. The Times admits the libel, and asks the court to adjudicate.

OBSERVATIONS.

The meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society last Sunday evening was one of the most interesting yet held. Union Square Hall is centrally located, has a fine entrance, and offers easy chairs for the visitor when he is inside. Professor Sanders, the proprietor, is himself a Freethinker and regards with approval the society's choice of quarters.

President Chilstrom was prevented by business from being present at the meeting in question, so that Vice-President Lemme was called to the chair, and discharged the duties of that position with energy and efficiency. Secretary Breuer divulged the proceedings of the previous meeting as spread upon the minutes by his assistant, and after some singing from the "Cosmian Hymn book" Professor Miller entered upon his discourse on "God." The lecture was a continuation or conclusion of the two previously given, and was pronounced the best of the series. It traced the gradual civilizing process to which the deity had been subjected; the method of his retirement from active participation in the affairs of this world, and the substitution of the law of cause and effect in the place of divine providence. The speaker stated that the alleged laws of God had become a dead letter, and might be neglected with impunity, except in cases where their violation involved the infraction of some natural law, the penalty for which followed as a consequence. Professor Miller's address, as on other occasions, showed deep thought and careful arrangement, and was in all respects worthy of the hearty appreciation evinced by his auditors.

The Chair extending an invitation to those present to offer remarks upon the general outlook, Professor Seymour responded with some advice as to how attractive meetings might be afforded. The lecture of the evening, he said, was learned and thoughtful, but it appealed only to thinkers. Amusement should be provided for those not in the habit of exercising their reflective powers. He observed that somebody "standing on their head" would often draw a crowd where more intellectual efforts failed of that result. The professor did not authorize the committee to announce himself as a volunteer for such attracting purposes.

Mr. Parker, of Petaluma, spoke briefly on the subject of music, recommending that a choir be formed to meet and rehearse previous to each meeting. His own forte lay in solo parts, accompanied by the violin. He often sang light or comic songs, and had been rebuked therefor by religious people. He contended, however, that in the ultimate analysis nothing could be more ridiculous than the average religious hymn, and he had never been guilty of anything quite so frivolous as the songs in the Moody and Sankey collection.

Professor Sanders offered some remarks upon the lecture, saying that so good a discourse should have been listened to by as many people as could be brought within the sound of the speaker's voice. It was worth a dollar of any man's money.

Mr. Schou arose with some timidity, and said that if the audience would promise not to offer violence he would propose a collection. The matter was put to a vote and resulted in the complete triumph of the mover, who thereupon collected a hatful of coin.

Young Mr. Schultheis managed the piano while the audience, led by the Chair, united in singing hymn 105, and at a later hour than usual the meeting adjourned.

I may say that personally I was not present at the above meeting, the facts concerning which I gather from others who were there. On Sunday morning I was led to believe that plenty of fish might be caught near Sausalito, and investigated the subject. After helping to pull a large boat two and a half miles against the violent tide that rushes through the Golden Gate, holding a line over the edge of a boat for six hours without getting anything but a bite and a bad case of sunburn, I became convinced that my informant was in error. The waves in the Gate on a fresh afternoon run about twelve feet high, and the motion which they impart to a boat is confusing to a person who has not enjoyed the gentle undulations of an earthquake for several weeks. When I reached the hall that night it was easy for me to realize that I was not in a state of mental receptivity, and I therefore returned home when my services as usher were no longer required.

I may have done injustice in these columns to the mediumistic powers of Mr. Fred. Evans, and to repair any injury to so distinguished an instrument of the angel world I append an account of one of his Melbourne seances, written by himself, and published in the Golden Gate newspaper :

Last Sunday evening I gave a seance to the Victorian Society of Spiritualists, at the Horticultural Hall, which was very successful. The hall was crowded to excess, people being turned away. I came a little late and found a great difficulty in getting in the hall at all, it was so completely packed. A committee of three was selected by the audience. The slates used were washed in a bucket of water and wiped dry and clean by the committee and held by these gentlemen until the writing was procured. During the seance, a gentleman arose in the audience and requested me to use the slates brought by him. I told him to come on the platform, where I found he had sealed slates. I explained to him that he must open the slates and show them to the committee so that they could see that the slates were clean and that there was "no put-up job." This he reluctantly agreed to, after which he held them in full view of the audience, and, soon began to hear the pencil moving between the slates. He became somewhat nervous, and when he opened the slates and found the inner surface filled with writing he seemed thunderstruck; but quickly recovering his composure he stated that the slates had been given to him by Professor Baldwin, the "spirit exposé," and privately marked, with the request that they should be brought to me for a seance. This announcement "brought down the house." On the committee opening their slates they were found to contain about eighty messages addressed to the different members of the audience, all of which recognized.

It is to be remembered that this account is written by Mr. Evans's own hand. If I had written it myself I would not ask any one to believe it without learning more of the details.

Most enlightened people believe in evolution, and I have always regarded it as sufficiently reasonable to constitute a good working hypothesis. Yet, alas ! how few are able to define evolution correctly. I came across a definition of it the other day, by Mr. Spencer, and attempted to commit it to memory, failing in which I committed it to paper. Evolution, then, in plain language, is the integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, attended by a continuous change from indefinite, incoher-

ent homogeneity to definite, coherent heterogeneity of structure and function, through successive differentiations and integrations.

No one is qualified to discuss evolution until he can let go of that sentence volubly.

The Truth Seeker is working the business end of a boom, the object of which is to land the undersigned in a far distant country. Here is a letter published in the last issue of that paper received up to date :

TULE LAKE, Ore., March 21, 1889.

MR. EDITOR : We take this occasion to say to the Liberals of Longmont, Col., that we are in favor of sending G. E. Macdonald on that proposed trip around the world, if he wants to go, and will help to furnish the funds. Yours truly,

WILLIAM TERRILL,
C. L. DOEBLER.

Messrs. Terrill and Doebler's letter is, like the San Francisco Post-office bill, slightly non-committal as to funds, but if I go I will help to furnish them to any extent short of hypothecating a badge pin. Another writer in the same paper says :

CANFIELD, Col., March 17, 1889.

MR. EDITOR : I think the suggestion of Colonel Kelso and others, that the Liberal friends subscribe and advance a sufficient fund to pay the expenses of George E. Macdonald to Palestine, is both good and timely. George E. Macdonald has that Artemus Ward style of humor which Americans so highly appreciate. The next few years is likely to be a period of comparative political quiet, and if the scheme could be worked up, and George could be induced to go, it might turn out to be quite a boom for the Liberal cause, Liberal papers—and to the traveler himself, if he should succeed in finding any of the chariot wheels lost by Pharaoh in the Red Sea.

GEORGE X. YOUNG.

It is quite safe to liken my feeble attempts at amusing the public to the uproariously solemn mirth of the late Mr. Ward, since that writer is dead, but I am not very sure of political quietude during the next year. If the piety of our administration continues to increase as it has been doing since inauguration day, the country is likely to be surprised by the spectacle of several Washington politicians ascending into heaven in a pair of Postmaster-General Wanamaker's ready-made pants. In such event I should like to be present.

The next letter is more serious. Mrs. Denton, widow of Prof. Wm. Denton, of honored memory, writes to the Truth Seeker :

WELLESLEY, Mass., March 18, 1889.

MR. EDITOR : I am very glad that you have no word of encouragement for the proposed plan of sending your brother George on a trip around the world.

There is not the slightest doubt that, were he to accomplish the undertaking as proposed, we should receive from him a charming history of his travels, a delightful picture of the people he met and the places he visited. But can the Radicals of the country afford the risk which such an undertaking involves—the risk of losing him and his services for ever? Have they not lost too heavily in this way already? The active brains of D. M. Bennett and William Denton were never more needed among us than they are at the present time, but their places among us are empty. While they were eagerly gathering materials with which to enrich the world's storehouse of knowledge, the poisonous vapors of those far-off shores were silently stealing from them the only ready medium of communication between their intellects and our own, and the knowledge they had there gathered lies buried in their graves. And what assurance have we that the life of the brilliant editor of FREETHOUGHT would be exempt from the poisoned shafts which so cruelly robbed us of their aid? No! We need him here. Let us keep him with us while we may. It was, no doubt, needful that, with you and the Truth Seeker established in New York, he and Mr. Putnam should establish themselves and FREETHOUGHT in San Francisco, in order to maintain a proper balance of forces between the eastern and western portions of the continent. But what good reason can we have for consenting that any of our "bright, particular stars" shall sink from our horizon and disappear behind "the waters of the great deep?" I confess that I discern no reason that appears at all worthy, and I am therefore glad that you do not encourage it.

Cordially yours, E. M. F. DENTON.

Leaving out the unmerited praise contained in these letters, I most heartily thank the writers for the compliment they pay me in thinking that my correspondence from abroad would be worthy the large outlay of money involved. Published letters from the Old World are always read with interest, but I doubt if mine would have the value set upon them. Besides, my absence would call Mr. Putnam from the field to the sedentary life of an editor, printer, and proof-reader, relieved only by such outdoor work as is included in the function of porter and errand boy. In the lecture field Mr. Putnam earns not far from one hundred

dollars per month, which he devotes—I might say sacrifices—to the publication of FREETHOUGHT. I am not sanguine enough to suppose that my letters from abroad would be worth that sum to this paper or any other. Indeed, I do not think they would be of any greater help to the paper or the cause, if as much, than are Mr. Putnam's "News and Notes" from the places he visits in this country. Add to these the work he is doing as a lecturer, which he could not do as an editor, and the balance is largely in favor of the present writer letting well enough alone and standing by the FREETHOUGHT ship as long as the united efforts of both officers at the pumps can keep her afloat. My first reference to a trip to Palestine was not made with the expectation that anything practical would come of it. Since it has now taken that aspect I must point the movers to the above obstacles, which seem to me insurmountable. Nothing, however, can diminish my gratitude to the Longmont friends and to the others who have seconded their motion or for equally flattering reasons opposed it.

G. E. M.

LILIAN'S STORY.

The closing portion of Lilian's narrative, which we give below, is not less interesting than previous chapters had led us to expect that it would be. Stephen Parker, the promptly renewing subscriber, is one of the noblest characters known to fiction, and we may admire him none the less because he is but the beatific ideal of a juvenile and inexperienced writer who has never been brought to a conception of the meaning of the word eternity by waiting through long eons of time for the remittances of delinquents to arrive.

PARKER & CO.

BY A. LILIAN ANDREWS, AUTHOR OF "ONE PENNY," "NELLIE'S MONKEY," AND OTHER TALES.

CHAPTER V.

The next day, Anita, Grace, Bessie, Jessie, and Maisy cleaned up the hotel. All the linen was fresh as ever. Tom advertised the hotel in the New York Star. By Wednesday, the 11th of June, the house was full of people. Anita had thirty scholars for cooking.

One night in July a very rich young gentleman sat thinking of a little sister, whom he was separated from when she was only two years old. A man once came to his house to stay over night and had stolen him. His name was Stephen Parker. As he sat thinking, his eyes fell upon an article in a paper called FREETHOUGHT. He picked it up and read the article. Here it is:

THE PARKER HOUSE.

A young girl, Anita Parker, aged 18, and her brother, Tom, aged 16, are keeping an excellent hotel to support a family of 11. Her father is dead. His name was Richard S. Parker.

Stephen Parker packed his satchel and started for the Parker house. Anita had a picture of him when he was stolen and recognized him. The others he had never heard of. All the Parkers are very rich, but the hotel is kept. Stephen Parker renews his subscription to FREETHOUGHT promptly every year because it brought good news.

THE END.

LIBERAL LECTURES.

S. P. Putnam, president of the California Secular Union, lectured at Music Hall on Monday evening upon the subject "The Sunday and the Sabbath," to a large and appreciative audience. Mr. Putnam is an excellent speaker and is thoroughly earnest in his work. His definition of the difference between Sunday and the Sabbath was drawn with interesting detail, and his argument would be difficult to dispute as viewed from the standpoint of Liberalism. Mrs. Parker made a short address at the close of the lecture. Several names were added to the roll. On Tuesday evening Mr. Putnam lectured upon "Robert Elsmere." His discourse was most interesting and instructive. His gradual departure from orthodoxy to Freethought was likened to the experience of Robert Elsmere, and was followed with absorbing interest by the large audience. The speaker at times became eloquent and handled his subject with masterful ability throughout. Yesterday afternoon a conference of one hour was

held, in which many spoke of their "experience." Last evening Mr. Putnam lectured upon "The Inspiration of Liberalism," after which the floor was cleared for dancing, which was continued until a late hour.—Anaheim Gazette, April 18.

DOES DR. HARCOURT READ "FREETHOUGHT?"

From FREETHOUGHT March 2, 1889.

The notoriety of Sam Jones . . . and other converted ruffians shows that for effectiveness in revival work a bad reputation is of more value than a long and arduous term in a theological seminary.

From Dr. Harcourt's Sermon, April 14, 1889.

So great is the admiration for this type [the Sam Jones type] of revival preachers displayed by so many weak-minded people as to encourage the belief that they regard a life of vice and dissipation to be a much better preparation for a first-class evangelist than the entire curriculum of the most renowned university or school of theology.

THE LECTURE TOUR.

Following are the dates of S. P. Putnam's lectures as at present determined:

Los Angeles, April 21,
 Lemoore, April 28,
 Visalia, April 29, 30,
 Oleander, May 1, 2, 3,

San Francisco, May 5, 12, 19,
 Boulder Creek and vicinity, May,
 20, 21, 22, 23, 24,
 San Francisco, May 26.

Mr. Putnam will be at Fresno Flats, Grub Gulch, and vicinity the first week in June. About the middle of June he will begin his Oregon trip, taking in Silverton, Canby, Molalla, Hillsboro, Shed's, etc. About the third week in July he will be in Coos county, Or.

Those desiring lectures will please write at their earliest convenience, addressing this office.

Colonel Ingersoll's Story.

"I'll tell you a story, boys," said Colonel Ingersoll, while waiting for the Kerr jury to come in on Friday afternoon.

Colonel Fellows, Lawyer Bird, Mr. Kerr, and the reporters leaned forward expectantly.

"During the gold days in California," continued the colonel, "it was the law that the holder of a claim should be liable to lose it if he let it remain idle ten days in succession. Well, there was one fellow who had been working faithfully, when he fell sick and had to take to his tent. Another fellow came along and jumped his claim. The first man pleaded and argued, but the other was not to be moved. So when the first man recovered he sued the interloper.

"The case came up before the justice. He was very sorry, he told the plaintiff, but the law was absolute on the question, and the defendant could not be ousted. No sooner had he finished than the plaintiff jumped up and hit the defendant a stinging blow behind the ear. The defendant fell over and the plaintiff jumped on him and began to pummel him soundly. The constable ran up and was trying to part the fighters when the judge arose, and, pounding on the desk, yelled to the constable:

"—— you, sir, leave them alone! The law is the law, but if the gentlemen want to compromise they mustn't be interfered with."

The colonel's way of telling it was as good as the story.—New York Sun.

ONE Sunday morning, Mr. Moody, the revivalist, entered a Chicago drug store, distributing tracts. At the back of the store sat an elderly and distinguished citizen reading a morning newspaper. Mr. Moody approached this gentleman and threw one of the temperance tracts on the paper before him. The old gentleman glanced at the tract, and then, looking up benignantly at Moody, asked: "Are you a reformed drunkard?" "No, sir, I am not!" cried Moody, drawing back, indignantly. "Then why in h—— don't you reform?" quietly asked the old gentleman.

PHILOSOPHICAL ATHEISM.

Spiritus, Psyche, animus, nor less
 Nor more than names, the primal man gave breath.
 It seemed to him self's inner, finer dress,
 In which it came at birth and went at death.

Our science has dissolved this robe of air;
 Life was before breath heaved the new-born chest;
 The exhaled breath but waste of life's repair
 Expelled as a used, unwelcome guest.

Some deem the ether spirit's inner robe;
 That the light-bearer is thought-bearer too,
 And that it does not need the frontal lobe
 Which it did build, and daily does renew.

I know it were a pleasing thought, indeed,
 To think of spirit clothed in warmth and light,
 Its movements rapid as the sunbeam's speed,
 Its course as dazzling as the lightning's flight.

Its contact with the thing it loves complete—
 An interpenetration each in each—
 No fatal consequences to defeat
 Love's raptures ere the promised goal we reach.

To think that universal thought indwells,
 Its vesture these pulsating ether waves,
 That penetrate the brain's gray, throbbing cells,
 Can feel the wants our hungry being craves;

Can help us in our utmost pressing need
 And wills our highest weal, as father kind,
 And loves to grant us what we wisely plead,
 This, sure, were succor to the grief-struck mind.

These fond illusive fancies once were mine—
 The child's inheritance from childish age—
 This universal father, named divine,
 Now seems but fetich of the twilight sage.

Birth of the fancy of the dreamy East,
 Brahm, phantom spirit of the cosmic whole,
 Still lingers in the vision of the priest,
 And mystic fount of life and thought and soul.

But science says the only thought I know
 Is product of a working, wasting brain,
 Renewed by rich red blood in ceaseless flow,
 Refreshed by sleep, and free from pressure's strain.

Wide gulf between the ether and the brain—
 The felt, and that unknown to finest sense.
 For me imagination strives in vain
 To join in thought divergence so immense.

The All is heartless bleak inanity,
 It hears no prayers, is blind to falling tears,
 To praise or blame it were insanity,
 For what to it our few or many years?

I stand in awe, but cannot praise or blame
 A power that clothes the fertile fields with grain,
 But wraps the garnered product round with flame,
 That only gives that it may take again.

If we consider nature in her scope
 She seems indifferent and nothing more.
 She's neither misanthrope nor philanthrope,
 But ananthropic to the very core.

She owes her form and attitude to-day
 To unconditioned, all-persistent force;
 Behind the scene I see no free will's play,
 No pilot's hand and eye to guide her course.

This ceaseless change, this flux and flow of form,
 Is outcome of this endless energy.
 It shapes the clouds that frown above the storm,
 And plies the loom that weaves life's tragedy.

To us no help can come from yonder sky,
 No spirits hovering round can hear our cry,
 No heart, save human, feel our sorrow's sigh,
 No hand, save human, wipe a weeping eye.

In human sympathy is found alone
 Such solace as may come to life's sad lot.
 By kindly eyes, by speech's balmy tone,
 By clinging hands upholding, strength is brought.

Is this life all? Then let us pitch it high.
 What beauty, sweetness, strength the germs inclose,
 May each unfold in fruitage ere he die,
 And leave a fragrance like the withered rose.

DAVID BOYD.

THE SUBJECTION OF WOMAN.

The conservative Protestants and most of the Catholic clergy oppose woman's enfranchisement. They uphold what is called the common law of England. This common law is not founded on the customs and usages which existed prior to the conversion of the English to Christianity. After St. Augustine came to England and founded the Catholic church the priesthood claimed equal rights with the civil officers, and exclusive jurisdiction over the relations of the sexes and the morals of the people. In a short time the ecclesiastical law of England was moulded in conformity to the teachings of the fathers of the Catholic church. Tertullian wrote: "Woman thou should'st ever be clothed in rags and in mourning, appearing only as a penitent, drowned in tears, and expiating thus the sin of having caused the fall of the human race. Woman, thou art the gate of the devil; it is thou who hast corrupted those whom Satan dare not attack face to face; it is because of thee that Jesus Christ died."

Another father of the Latin church, St. Jerome, is not less extravagant: "Woman, given over to herself, is not slow to fall into impurity. A woman without reproach is more rare than the phenix. Woman is the gate of the devil, the road to iniquity; the sting of the scorpion, in a word, a dangerous species." "Woman has no comprehension of goodness," adds Saint Gregory the Great.

Saint Augustine authorized every husband to slap his wife in the face. The Council of Toledo, in the year 400, allowed a married clerk, whose wife had sinned, to confine her in the house, to make her to fast, and to chastise her, without however attempting her life.

The canon law also permitted husbands to inflict correction on their wives, and this was not a cause for separation unless the correction exceeded its legitimate limits.

The Council of Macon, in 581, asked of itself whether woman has a soul or not. The Council of Carthage decreed that a woman could not receive any ecclesiastical order, and however holy and learned she might be she could not baptize or even speak in the church.

The Council of Nantes, in 650, decreed she could not approach the altar or touch the sacred vessels, nor wait upon the ministers of the church, nor burn incense.

By the canon law it made bigamists, heretics, the excommunicate, the incestuous, and *women*, incapable of benefices and offices. The canon law forbade women to become surety for another, or to act as arbitrator.

Women could not bring an accusation, unless it might be in order to pursue the remedy for an injury done to her. Her accusation never had any validity against an ecclesiastic. She could neither plead nor act as attorney in a judicial proceeding, nor testify in court, nor act as judge. According to the canon law a woman's deposition was unworthy of credence. The reason for this legal incapacity of women is found in the following precepts of the church and the canon law: "Woman was not created in the image of God, hence she ought to veil her face." "It was Adam who was betrayed by Eve, and not Eve by Adam. It is then just that man should be the master of woman that he may not fall again through the wiles of woman." "The law demands that women shall be subject to men, and that they shall be almost as their servants."

The early Christian church of England recognized the right of abbesses to hold church property, to act as the head of religious institutions, and to sign charters on a footing with the abbots; but when foreign prelates, after the time of William the Conqueror, came in and assumed the position of high justiciar, or lord chancellor, they modified the ancient English common law so that women were regarded as inferior to men, and a married woman as civilly dead.

Lord Coke, following the rules of the ecclesiastical law, ruled strongly against the rights of married women. It was enough for him to find a scriptural text which sustained the subjugation of woman to man.

Every conservative judge who reveres Coke, and every ecclesiastic who can find a scriptural text justifying the subjection of woman, is opposed to recognizing the equality of woman in civil

and political rights with man. They insist that the married woman must submit to the husband, must depend upon him for protection and support, and would restore in this territory, if they could, the ecclesiastical common law of England.

In the early years of this century, women were sold at the shambles of Smithfield, England, and at other points as cattle are sold, for a few pennies, a drink of rum, or a piece of tobacco. We have outgrown such barbarities in this country. At the same time many men are so illiberal that they are ready to join hands with the priests and with the church to keep women in political and civil subjection.

In contrast with these ideas are the declarations of the following statesmen and philosophers:

In 1790, Condorcet, in his treatise on the admission of women to the rights of citizenship in France, says: "Now, the rights of men result solely from the fact that they are rational beings, susceptible of acquiring moral ideas and reasoning on those ideas. Women, having the same qualities, have the same equal rights. Either no one individual of the human kind has true rights, or all have the same, and one who votes against the right of another, whatever be that other's religion, color, or sex, from that moment forfeits his own."

Herbert Spencer says: "However much the giving of political power to women may disagree with our notions of propriety, we conclude that, being required by that first prerequisite to greater happiness, the law of equal freedom, such a concession is unquestionably right and good."

Abraham Lincoln says: "I go for all sharing the privilege of the government who assist in bearing its burdens, by no means excluding women."

Thomas Paine says: "The right of voting for representatives is the primary right by which other rights are protected. To take away this right is to reduce man to a state of slavery, for slavery consists in being subject to the will of another." W. S. BUSH.

Seattle, W. T.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Our self-constituted Centennial Celebration Committee is not having the sweetest time in the world. These gentlemen may be the most patriotic men in the Union, and the most self-sacrificing in this town, still the bulk of people are displeased with their actions, and accuse them of I-am-ism. I think the president is the only one they have consulted, but then he is rather an important personage in this to-be show. They snubbed our legislature, but were brought up to a sharp corner by proposed legislation at Albany. They are now quarreling among themselves. Stuyvesant Fish and Ward McAllister are having fist-cuffs on paper. It now looks as if Ward would be "froze out"—the immortal Ward of our noble four hundred. We are now asking with bated breath if the common herd—the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" of this patrician band of the four hundred of our noblest of all—will be permitted to view the great work of this god-like committee. For an ordinary man to obtain a ticket to the ball is as impossible as for a sinner to enter our Father's house. None but those who are able to stand Ward McAllister's inspection as to blue blood need apply. The ladies to open the ball have been selected by this select committee. The bluest of blue blood only has been considered—i. e., as interpreted by this band of patricians. The descendants of ante-revolution days may, however, be surprised to see in this list the name of Mrs. William Astor, whose ancestor, old Schermerhorn, and her husband's, John Jacob Astor, came to America long after the close of the revolutionary war. As this is a centennial affair the natural thought is, that none but the descendants of revolutionary sires should participate in it prominently. But how can New York celebrate anything without an Astor? We are toadies, we don't deny it. We worship money, we glory in it. Some of our "swells" are the sons of swill mothers, but what do we care if pigs were the pets of those old Dutch women so long as those sons are our Knickerbockers, the members of our noble four hundred? There stands our monument of fame. The pigsty of a century ago is a brown-stone front to-day.

There is a row in the Manhattan Club. Last month there was an election of governors. The contest was bitter and when the

result was made known, fraud and forgery were freely charged. Even names have been mentioned; these I forbear repeating lest I might do an injustice. I cannot believe they are culpable. An investigating committee has been appointed. A bitter feeling exists in the club. The outcome no one can predict. These club rows generally are of short duration, and are of a purifying nature. This club is less political than the Union League. I have several times found its cuisine superb, and should regret exceedingly to see a shadow fall on it. I have many warm friends among its members. Its influence on politics ought to be good, as well as great. All our Democratic leaders in the city are found there. Mayor Grant will soon be called on to show his mettle. City Chamberlain Ivins has placed his resignation in the mayor's hands. A number of the heads of the departments' terms end on May 1. Grant will be measured by these appointments; this is the event of his official life. It is to be hoped he will think only of the city's good.

Business drags. There is no snap in any line. A dull summer is predicted. Winter wheat is looking well. The spring is some three weeks earlier in the northwest than last year, which promises a larger acreage of spring wheat. Wall street has not yet discounted this hope. There seems to be no power able to lift the stock market.

EUDORUS.

New York, April 19, 1889.

THE MONUMENT TO GIORDANO BRUNO.

As a general rule, I do not favor the tendency to hero-worship as expressed in the desire to erect monuments to those who trod the thorny path of persecution for our welfare, feeling that by carrying forward the thought and work of their lives, we by emulation accord them the highest possible recognition. But all rules have exceptions, and the most notable exception in history is that of the grand proto-martyr of Freethought, Giordano Bruno. My reasons why Liberal Americans should honor Bruno's memory are:

1. No true recognition has ever been given the bravest hero who ever died to benefit man.
2. The popular mind—especially in America—concedes to Galileo the honors which properly belong to Bruno, as the first public advocate of the plurality of worlds.
3. This projected monument involves the conflict between the papal and Secular power which has been waging in the Eternal City since the pope was stripped of his temporal power, and the erection of the monument will be a mortal offense to the now toothless lion that wags his impotent jaws in the seat where his predecessors sat who made fuel of Bruno's body to stop Freethought in Italy.
4. It will be a warning to those who desire to transplant the waning Romish power into the more fertile soil of our American republic that we know something of its history and diabolical acts wherever it has held sway.

It is a shame that the name of Galileo—after his inglorious recantation—is yet more familiar, and attracts greater attention and esteem as the first public advocate of the Copernican system of astronomy, than that of the intrepid martyr who preceded him to a terrible but honorable death at the stake—Giordano Bruno.

The sixteenth century was an epoch of marvelous intellectual activity—a revolt against the long-continued mental thralldom which preceded it. Never before had so many fertile brains thrown broadcast their thoughts; but the meteoric figure which now looms up higher than all his contemporaries is that of the fearless young orator, Bruno. He not only was the first during the Christian era to publicly advocate the plurality of worlds and show that the stars were suns shining by their own light, but he purposely placed that theory in the most obnoxious light before the allpowerful ecclesiastics, by adding the assumption of their habitability and his own philosophical deductions thereon. This knight-errant of the now modern philosophy antedated Galileo over thirty years, and it was charged that the professor of Padua was reviving the heresy for which Bruno was burnt. Bruno anticipated many of the most "advanced" solutions of modern science, and he is still the source from whence several celebrated thinkers draw their inspiration at the present day.

It was fit that Bruno should have been born in the village of

Nolau, under the flames and amid the thunders of Vesuvius, for the mere question of erecting a monument to the memory of this linguist, orator, philosopher, satirist, dramatist, and poet, has so agitated the Eternal City that it is now mooted that the holy father may move to Madrid. At last the municipal council of Rome has granted permission for the erection of this long-deferred tribute to the Freethought martyr on the Campo de Fiori, the sacred spot where the noble Bruno was burnt.

As the whole world was benefited by his dauntless life and honored by his heroic death, the monument has an international character, and American Freethinkers are asked to contribute their quota. Let it be done quickly and generously, for the money is needed at once if the work is to be finished in May. Many will remember that the project was started some four or five years ago, but was delayed and additional expense incurred because of the refusal of the municipality to allow the monument to be erected. Among the European contributors were Victor Hugo, Herbert Spencer, Ernst Haeckel, Ernst Renan, Emile Castelar, Professor Buchner, and other eminent individuals in science and letters. The American committee are Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Thaddeus B. Wakeman, Daniel G. Thompson, Thos. Davidson.

I am informed that the students of Rome had a grand procession on the day the decision was announced that the monument might be erected.

At fifteen years Bruno entered a convent of the Dominican order, but soon rebelled against the rules; later on, his imaginative and speculative mind began to work, and the walls of his narrow cloister became too circumscribed. He had been a close, indefatigable student; was master of many languages. Finally he began to disbelieve the dogmas of the church, and he found means of escape. He had studied books, now he studied men and nature more. Lecturing before universities in Geneva, Toulouse, Lyons, Paris, Berlin, or London, wherever he spoke he was at first greeted with outbursts of applause, but this was generally succeeded by shouts of fury and maledictions, for he was sure to be followed by the wily officers of the church. Nevertheless, he boldly proclaimed his "impious heresy" on the spot where Servetus was burnt and Vanini met his martyrdom. London was his only place of safety, and there he did the larger portion of his writing, and becoming the fast friend of Sir Philip Sidney, dedicated to him his "Spaccio dell Bestia Triumphante." The intellectual atmosphere of London chilled the fervid Freethinker. He wandered back to the continent, was offered the hospitality of a Venetian "nobleman," and this despicable host, through his priestly confessor, betrayed his guest to the officers of the Inquisition. Bruno was as bold, audacious, and unflinching before his accusers, as he was brilliant in propounding his philosophy. Add to his learning his extraordinary beauty of person, his gallant bearing, his black, kindling eyes as eloquent as his speech, a face of classic delicacy of outline, and what wonder his Romish persecutors dreaded his influence? He must be made to recant—that would be a triumph for the church better than his death. For seven long, weary years this man was kept in a dungeon, with no books, no companionship but the regular visits of his tormentors to see if he were ready to say the one word between him and the blue sky—recant. But this damp and death-dealing dungeon could not subdue the heroic soul of Bruno. When finally brought for the last time before his accusers, standing chained before them, arguing still on his theories with an eloquence almost irresistible, until condemned to that most diabolical of deaths, he only turned with supreme indifference on his executioners, and said: "This sentence gives you more alarm than it gives me." He felt himself at this supreme hour stronger than all the power of Rome. Contemplate such a character if you can without the throb of enthusiasm!

Most men may by circumstances be taught to be valiant, but it is generally when the blood is stirred by the cannon's roar, the rattle of musketry, and the clash of battle; but to meet a most horrible death with a smile, as Bruno did, is the concentrated essence of heroism. The Christian martyrs were buoyed up by fond hopes of heavenly rewards. Not so Bruno. He expected nothing, hoped for nothing, and still he met his fate—the most adverse and terrible. This was the year of the Romish jubilee,

when the holy city was thronged with pilgrims from all over the world, and the burning of Bruno was one of the attractions for this crowd of worse than cannibal Christians. See this valiant Freethinker, to whom life might mean so much, led to the stake! No consolation of companionship, supported by no followers, gladdened by no approving smile, inspired by no kiss, refreshed by no tear, here is a picture of sublime heroism never equaled in history. Bruno died that truth might live. Will American Liberals do themselves and their cause a perpetual honor by aiding this monument? E. A. STEVENS.

We Give it Up.

To the Editors of Freethought:

It is not my purpose to intrude spiritualistic facts into the columns of a Freethought paper; but your explanation of the Fred Evans slate writing prompts me to say a word for the writing occurring in the presence of Dr. Stansbury, who is now in this city.

I called on the doctor and his pleasant lady last Monday, and engaged a sitting for the next morning. We were unknown to each other. I had seen them at an evening reception over a year ago, but they did not remember me, and I would not have recognized them. The doctor did not know the names of my former friends.

When washing the slates, which process I watched critically, he asked if I desired to write the names of the friends with whom I wished to communicate. This I declined, saying I would be glad to hear from any one who desired to write for me. Then he put some small pieces of pencil between two slates. He held them by one end, and I the other, above the table. In a few seconds I could hear the scratching of a pencil and feel the slate vibrating in my hand; but I held my grip firmly, looking at the doctor all the while. In fact, we were talking as unconcernedly as though nothing was going on.

In a few minutes the writing ceased. Then I opened the slates and found six messages, written with different colored pencils, and five faces sketched with pencils. To these messages were appended the names of three of my dearest friends, one being my daughter, another her father, my former husband, neither of whom were known by any one in California. How did Dr. Stansbury get those names? The other messages were of matters of which the doctor knew nothing, pertaining to my business.

Then his telegraphy was equally remarkable. The key board of his instrument is inclosed in a box, on the lids of which he holds his hands when the message is being "ticked out" by the machine. Not understanding telegraphy, I could not translate the sounds; but the first message was from my nephew, a telegraph operator who had been accidentally killed in St. Louis eight years ago. "Your nephew was named George Hunt," the doctor said, as soon as the sounding ceased. Then George gave, or purported to give, me messages from seven other friends, which were very satisfactory. Dr. Stansbury now finds him to be a superior operator; and so he was. How did Dr. Stansbury know it? I had never mentioned his name to a living person in California. This slate and these messages I have in my possession. But no one need take my word for it. Let them apply to Dr. Stansbury and test the matter themselves, if they so desire. If not, there is no offense.

Being a radical Liberal, I believe in freedom before anything. Yours for scientific truth.

MARY A. WHITE.

San Diego, Cal.

P. S.—By the way, Samuel P. Putnam has been here and given us four grand lectures. His audience steadily increased while here, and when he comes back it will be difficult to get a hall large enough for him. Colonel Ingersoll will have to look to his laurels if Mr. Putnam continues in the field. Old orthodoxy was never stirred up as he has stirred it on his last visit. We are hoping to have him come again.

M. A. W.

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Wha, as it pleases best thyself,
Sends aye to heaven, and ten to hell,

A' for thy glory,
And no for onie guid or ill
They've done afore thee—

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
Whan thousands thou hast left in night,
That I am here afore thy sight,
For gifts an' grace,
A burning an' a shining light,
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get such exaltation?
I, wha deserve such just damnation,
For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my creation
Thro' Adam's cause.

When fra my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might hae plunged me into hell,
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burning lake,
Where damned devils roar and yell,
Chain'd to a stake.

Yet here I am a chosen sample,
To show thy grace is great and ample;
I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, an example
To a' thy flock.

O Lord, thou kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
And singing here, and dancing there,
Wi' great and sma':

For I am keepit by thy fear,
Free frae them a'.

But yet, O Lord! confess I must,
At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust,
An' sometimes, too, wi' warldly trust
Vile self gets in;
But thou remembers we are dust,
Defil'd in sin.

* * * * *

May be thou lets this fleshly thorn
Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
'Cause he's sae gifted;
If sae, thy hand maun e'en be borne,
Until thou lift it.

Lord bless thy chosen in this place,
For here thou hast a chosen race;
But God confound their stubborn face,
And blast their name,
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,
And public shame.

Lord, mind Gawn Hamilton's desarts,
He drinks, an' swears, and plays at cartes,
Yet has sae monie takin' arts,
Wi' great an' sma',
Frae God's ain priests the people's hearts
He steals awa'.

An' when we chasten'd him therefor,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
As set the world in a roar
O'laughin' at us;
Curse thou his basket an' his store,
Kail an' potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, Lord, make it bare
Upo' their heads;
Lord weigh it down, and dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.

O Lord my God, that glib-tongued Aiken,
My very heart and saul are quakin',
To think how we stood sweatin', shakin',
An' swat wi' dread,
While he wi' hingin lips gae snakin,
An' hid his head.

Lord, in the day of vengeance try him:

Lord, visit them wha did employ him,
And pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
Nor hear their pray'r:
But, for thy people's sake destroy 'em,
And dinna spare.

But, Lord, remember me an' mine
Wi' mercies temp'ral an' divine,
That I for gear an' grace may shine,
Excell'd by nane,
An' a' the glory shall be thine,
Amen, Amen. —ROBERT BURNS.



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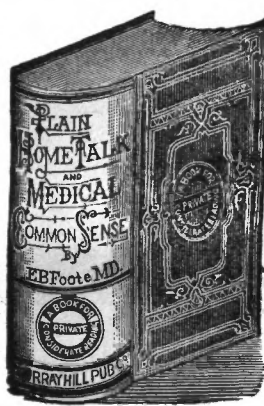
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Pleased with each novel form;
And from each sweetly blooming flower,
From hill and vale and shady bower,
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She took the balmy violet's blue,
The sweet carnation's mellow hue,
Rich with the tears of night—
Though the young beams of rising day
Had melted half those tears away
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Her last, her fairest work, she made
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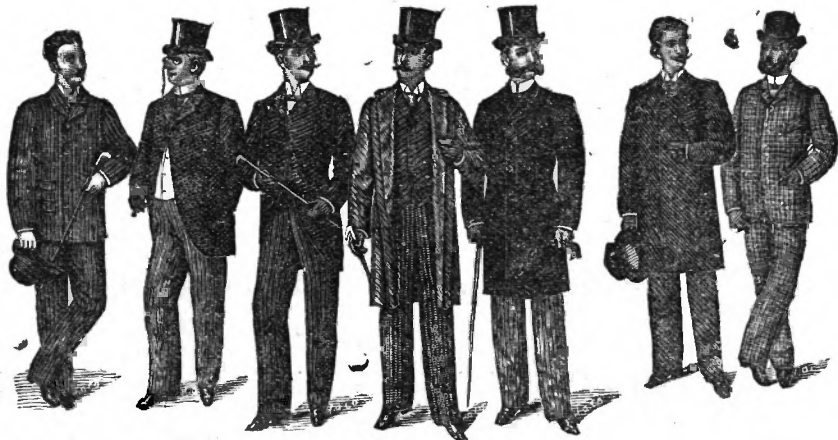
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The impress on the manly brow,
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How beautiful they are.

3. And life—how much is shed around
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VOL. II—No. 18.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1889.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - MAY 4, 1889.

THE Chronicle honored itself, but must have surprised the public, by publishing last Sunday a portrait of Thomas Paine among those of other Revolutionary heroes.

J. CHRIST is the name of a man who keeps a wayside house on the San Bruno road, San Francisco. When he turns water into wine the process is not regarded as miraculous.

It sometimes costs more to get missionaries home from heathen lands than it cost originally to send them out. The Revs. Taylor, Edwards, and Hooper, who were captured by Bushiris and held for ransom, have been released on the payment of £1,000, the sum demanded by their captors, in default of which the cannibals of Zanzibar would have eaten them. As an exchange remarks, it is a high price for meat.

AFTER all that the Spiritualists have said and done in defense of Theosophy, Madam Blavatsky's letter to the national Theosophical convention at Chicago denouncing Spiritualists as enemies and "blind worshipers of illusionary phantoms of the dead" sounds rather inconsiderate, not to say ungrateful. Believers in the philosophy of Spiritualism might retort by saying that Theosophists are as a rule blind worshipers of Madam Blavatsky.

THE writer of "Undertones" in the Chronicle says, with reference to the Samoan wrecks: "And every now and again the storm sweeps ships and men out of existence, the earthquake shakes down our buildings, the flames carry everything before them, and when the storm and the earthquake and fire are over, a still small voice seems to whisper to trembling mankind, 'I am still here.'" It is some comfort to know that the author of the "still small voice" is still here. From his inactivity when he might make himself useful it is sometimes inferred that he has taken to the woods.

WHENEVER the queen of England devotes a penny to any charitable object the event is telegraphed across the Atlantic at considerable expense to publishers of American newspapers, and Anglomaniacs sing "God Save the Queen." As an instance Victoria recently sent £50 to the families of a number of fishermen drowned during a severe gale, and toadying newspapers

gushed over the circumstance with the usual amount of drivel. All authorities agree, however, that the queen is penurious as a miser, and what she gives to charity comes not from her heart, but from an allowance of £13,000 made annually from the government for eleemosynary purposes.

LAST week in San Francisco was not destitute of exciting events. One hoodlum shot another dead upon the street; a pugilist met his death in a slogging match; a prize fight between a white and colored ruffian convulsed the community; several non-fatal shooting scrapes, involving more or less scandal, took place; a woman was decapitated by a horse-car; a policeman who had committed murder was found guilty of manslaughter; and during the whole time a revolting case of blackmail occupied the attention of the courts. The reversion to old-time lawlessness suggests the necessity of old-time methods of repressing crime.

MR. S. P. PUTNAM

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SUBJECTS:

SUNDAY EVE., MAY 5, "The Past and The Present."

NEWS AND NOTES.

Norwalk pursues the even tenor of its way. It lies in the sunshine, and the waves of speculation have seldom dashed upon its shores. Nevertheless it is a balmy spot and all kinds of fruits flourish in its broad meadows, edged with eucalyptus groves. So far as producing is concerned, these lands are as valuable as any in California. The village has not grown much since I was here two years ago, but the look is ahead. One would not think that this little burg could give much of a Freethought assembly, and perhaps if I depended simply upon the "town" I might not have had a baker's dozen, but the country is well settled all about, and from this rural territory our supplies are drawn.

The orthodox under the championship of the South Methodist church endeavored to "freeze" us out, or perhaps warm us out, by a series of revival meetings. They had imported a kind of "Sam Jones" from Georgia who could make the rafters ring with thunder tones. They also gathered in a choir of young people, and everything on their side was "joy and festive." The meeting-house was full, and some conversions made, and it did look as if they had the "swim." But our hall was crowded along side the sanctuary itself, and it was a drawn battle so far as numbers were concerned. Such increased interest was manifested in Freethought that three lectures were given instead of two, and the audiences were larger each succeeding evening. I

have not had the inspiration of hope and progress anywhere more than in this unambitious hamlet.

There is a large sprinkling of Liberals in Norwalk, but, as is generally the case, a few have to do all the work, but the work proves effective and the results are favorable, and more will be ready to bear the burden hereafter.

Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Coward and family make a goodly host for the Liberal cause—down to the baby, who has made its advent since my last visit, and has no shadow of orthodoxy amidst its smiles and tears. Mr. Coward has been proof against many a boycott, for he has never kept his Liberal opinions in the background. A few years ago it was proposed to keep him off the election board because he was an Infidel, but nothing of that kind is thought of now, and he is one of the officials of the county and has the privilege of taxing church property to its full value. Mrs. Coward is equally a whole-souled Liberal, and the children partake of the natural air of liberty.

I also had generous entertainment at the ranch of Samuel G. Baker. Mr. Baker is a philosopher who has left professional life for the felicities of agriculture, but he has brought with him a fund of information which is quite remarkable. He has studied the human body with keen observation, and through the body discovers the laws of mind, and there is not much orthodoxy, although there may be a sprinkling of religious sentiment, in his theories of man's origin and destiny. He came from England thirty years ago, and opened up this land when it was comparatively a wilderness, and has made a beautiful homestead. Mrs. Baker is entirely outside the orthodox fold, but lingers amid the dreams of immortality, which were born before orthodoxy, and will outlast all its ghostly heavens. Dreams are wise if one will dream only of the good and happy. The atmosphere of Freethought prevails in this hospitable home, and my two days' sojourn was one of absolute comfort, where the flowers bloom and the tall trees make shadow and music.

The orthodox had their big choir, but we had our enchanting strains also, and Professor S. Holdgate held our fort by the magic of his martial reveille. He is a genius in his way, and a Liberal to the core. He can make the tumult of delightful sounds flow in exquisite harmony. He was assisted by Miss Philips and Professor White, and so, in the musical contest, the piano and violin came out ahead of the "psalms and hymns." At any rate, the hearty applause of the audience testified that our banners were in the front, dancing to the bugle notes.

James Hay, the village blacksmith, is the good counsellor of all. When Christians cannot agree among themselves they ask friend Hay to help them out, and yet they say he is going to the bad place. Nobody in need ever goes to Hay's shop without getting a lift.

Over forty names signed the roll of the California State Liberal Union. We are rolling up a membership of two thousand, nearly, and still they come.

O. D. Thompson, Sen., came all the way from Los Angeles to the lectures, and it is good to meet this genial veteran who has the enthusiasm of youth in his nature still. Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Thompson, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Vance, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sproul—and in Mrs. Sproul I found a far-off cousin, for whose father came from Massachusetts where the genealogical tree doth flourish—E. A. White, of Anaheim, F. Sievert, Geo. W. Carpenter and family, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Johnston, and others are on the Union roll, and Norwalk will not be in the rear of the grand army.

The meeting at Los Angeles Turnverein Hall, Sunday evening, April 21, was a grand success. Nearly a thousand people were present, and the audience was appreciative of the points made concerning the theology of Moody and Sam Jones. At the close of the lecture it was decided to have a second meeting on Monday evening, and this was largely attended. What is needed at Los Angeles is a month, or three months' campaign. There are thousands of Liberals in this city, but, as it is, a few must do all the work, raise money, and take the chances. Without doubt, by continued effort, an audience of two thousand could be gathered here for Sunday evenings, and eventually a powerful society be maintained. When once the necessity for work and organization is presented there are hundreds who will cordially respond, and when the links of association are made they will grow as life itself grows.

There is no doubt that Los Angeles will be a great commercial center. It has the elements of a solid prosperity. It has a fine surrounding country upon which to build. Business is no more dull than in the majority of cities East and West. It is the contrast with the extraordinary rush of the last few years that makes it seem as if the bottom had dropped out. But the bottom is not dropped out. There is plenty of material yet for a flourishing city. Railroads will make this a large depot of exchange. When the beautiful valleys and foot-hills are well cultivated this will be a vast industrial point, and eternal spring and summer will still make attractive to the tourist and dweller alike the land of the vineyard and orchard, luxuriant field and musical grove in whose shadow shimmers a cool retreat from tropic suns.

So the "Queen of the Angels" shall be for reform, for progress, for beauty, and all the old saints shall be redolent of fair humanities.

My sturdy ally, J. E. Clark, keeps whirling the electric batteries of thought in his "little church round the corner," and the sparks fly. The Liberal spirits find this a useful rendezvous, and from the gatherings here much is achieved. The churches endeavor to bring the "providence of God" to bear upon the uncompromising Freethinker, and break up his business, but so far have not succeeded.

I was quite delighted, on Saturday, to meet here our bishop of Troy, Robert Wade, who used to keep things going lively "down East" where orthodoxy bears some of its heaviest guns. I remember when we called upon one of his "canons" or "deacons," Peter Granjean, of Cohoes, N. Y., wending our "pastoral" way over the fair hills along the banks of the Hudson, and now we have met again in the campaign on the other side of the continent, where, over thirty years ago, friend Wade struck these golden shores. Since then he has returned and lived for many years in Troy, N. Y., but now he comes to his first love, and I guess he will stay. He likes California. Mrs. Wade is with him, and has been here for several months. Our friends are from Old England, but their hearts beat true under the starry flag to the genius of the land of liberty. They will be a merry addition to our forces on the coast, for they know how to "drive dull care away" and make the most of fortune's smiles.

Our bright and thoroughly self-sacrificing worker, C. Severance, beats against wind and tide with cheerful endurance. He is a good comrade as ever was, and knows what the battle of life is. His philosophy is wrought from experience and not from fancy. His brilliant articles in our various Freethought journals show that he is a keen thinker concerning passing events. He writes from the standpoint of the independent working man, and repre-

sents, in the tremendous struggles of modern civilization, the heart and mind of a vast multitude. To every earnest man and woman there are problems of infinite significance. Life is a greater tragedy than death itself to many as they sweat and toil in the fields of time. Friend Severance touches these world-problems with the courage and comprehension of sincere conviction.

B. A. Stephens, whom I met at San Diego, is an enthusiastic field officer of reform. He was determined to have a big meeting at Los Angeles, and he succeeded. He was ably seconded by Severance and Clark—and without the patience and generous labors of these men I should not have had so splendid an audience in Turnverein Hall. For days they walked the streets to interest Liberals and to raise funds. The success was beyond all expectation, and a great vantage ground is gained for future endeavors. Mr. Stephens was once a clergyman himself, and he understands the business methods of orthodoxy, and these business methods, unlike theology, are based upon hard common sense, and can be adopted, many of them, in the Freethought movement with good results. My thanks are due to Mr. Stephens for his entiring efforts.

I was glad to meet again our ardent Prohibitionist Liberal, Mr. Bruce, who is now settled in Los Angeles in the service of Uncle Sam and Dan Cupid. I don't understand how he can be a Prohibitionist, but he is a splendid go-ahead Freethinker, and has his own ideas and sticks to them. He promises a "red-hot" article for FREETHOUGHT when the spirit moves, which will be welcome.

S. Calhoun still buffets fortune, and would have been a millionaire if it hadn't been for the boundless generosity of his heart. It is better than gold, however, to greet these magnificent pioneers of the coast. Friend Hudson runs the Express on good Liberal principles, and landed me, safe and sound, at the Southern Pacific station.

I enjoyed the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred. S. Luce, on the heights which overlook the city. Mrs. Luce is still a member of the Christian church and likes Christianity in a vague sort of way, so long as it presents its good-natured side. But when the minister preaches against Freethought, without much regard to facts or justice, she becomes anti-Christian, and frankly admits that those outside the church are better than those inside of it, and has the courage of her opinions, and is not afraid to speak the plain truth, though baptized into the fold. In fact, she is a Freethinker in the best meaning of that word.

Mr. Luce, although a young man, is quite a veteran in the cause, and has done good work, especially in the press, with articles of spicy information. He believes that Freethought has a future and his highest hopes and activities are for this cause.

The little girl, Essie Ingersoll Lacy, with her bright eyes and smile, proclaims that she is true to her name, and is born for the sunny downs of freedom. She doesn't like the Sunday-school, but she does like the singing-school and the dancing-schools, and calls them "glad tidings."

John Riffin is nearly eighty years of age, but he was at the lectures both nights, and so in him the gray of evening is the white of dawn. He says that life has been serene to him, and when it is over he will have nothing to regret. He has taken good care of John, and John has repaid the benefit with a happy and generous life. So the account is square, and the sickle of death will cut a golden sheaf. Calmly, gently, like a little child, our friend passes on to the inevitable without a shadow on his silver path-

way. The evening is like the morning. Eugene Riffin, his son, also gives good greeting to the secular pilgrim with the grip of the true Californian, which means a warm heart and a healthy brain.

Colonel Voss is staunch as ever for the flag. He and Mr. Clark are the pioneers in our cause here, and are as ready as ever to push on in spite of difficulties. Colonel Voss is one of the most prominent men in the city, and ranks high in his profession. Like a loyal soldier he can bear the brunt of the battle through defeat to victory.

Mr. E. Lemme, father of Secretary Emil Lemme; the Schroeders, L. Lichtenberger, L. Schlegel, Thomas Cotton, Harlow Gilbert, and many others, good and true, have warmed my heart and brightened hope, and made the heavens ruddy with the fires of advancing day.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Piny were present from Pomona, where the Christians have just triumphed, and forced their iron rule under the flag of prohibition. If Liberals do not perceive the animus of this ecclesiastical party they are blind indeed. Our friends promise that Pomona shall fall into line when next the campaign opens, which will be about November.

I went Sunday morning to the church of Rev. Dr. Fay, Unitarian preacher. He is pretty radical and broadly humanitarian. The form of the old theology was, however, present, and I felt the shadows of it upon me. I wondered how it was that I had once been satisfied with this childish optimism, which is a dream and nothing more. The phrase, "Let us worship God," uttered so solemnly, had no meaning to my heart. It was as far off from present hope as the still more orthodox one, "In Adam's fall we sinned all." Dr. Fay is undoubtedly doing a good work. He is eloquent and earnest, and preaches a gospel of real humanity. He must, alas! have his fling at Ingersoll, with true clerical assumption, as if Ingersoll were only an iconoclast, and did not represent whatever is noble and lovely in nature and man and woman. I wonder if these apparently intelligent and Liberal clergymen ever read Ingersoll, and realize the splendor of hope, of joy, of life which he gives on every burning page.

Mr. Glover has fitted up a hall in his own house, and Miss Susie Johnson is lecturing there Sunday evenings.

Dr. Taylor lectures Sunday evenings at Good Templar's Hall, 108 N. Main street. Unfortunately, his note, left for me at the hall, was misplaced, and I did not read its contents until Tuesday morning, too late to give notices at my lectures. Dr. Taylor announces a grand union picnic of friends of Liberalism from Los Angeles, Santa Ana, and other Southern California towns, at Santa Barbara and Summerland, on Saturday and Sunday, May 11 and 12. Round trip tickets, \$3; inquire of Dr. Taylor, 27 E. Pine street, Los Angeles. Readers of FREETHOUGHT please take notice.

I must tell friend Wilson, of Davenport, W. T., that I met his sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Rieman, at Los Angeles, and they are on the roll of Freethought and give greeting. Our friends can shake hands in the broad domain of "News and Notes."

After the lectures I spent a few days with Grandmother Saunders and her family at Verdugo, and rested to my heart's content while the hot days rolled by over shining hills and plains, and the cool nights came with flickering stars and wandering sea-breeze. Tuesday we all went on a picnic, with the unclouded heaven to charm our way. There were the boys, Azro, Harry, and Joe—young America all. Percy Seymour, of the doughty

line of Professor Seymour; Albert Ward, the Hercules of our party, who guarded us from all danger, and piloted through rough and thorny ways; Mr. Godfrey Paterson, Miss Orlie, Mrs. A. W. Graham, and Mrs. Saunders. Over the broad tablelands we voyaged, with sunny prospects on every side—glittering hills, flowery vales, groves jeweled with fruit and bloom—past Garvanza to brilliant Pasadena—through Orange avenue, adorned with the glory of the season; handsome dwellings on either side, in the midst of roses, lawns, and magnificent trees—on to the bosom of the hills and woods, where the dashing rivulet winds. Underneath a big tree we encamp, while the unloosed horses seek refreshment in the glade. The first thing, of course, was dinner, and by a happy coincidence all were hungry at the same time. The first thing the children did after dinner was to take off their stockings and shoes, and plunge into the brook, scaling and tumbling off the rocks, and darting about like so many fishes, as if they were born to the water, and the sands were their native element. I could only think of Ingersoll's exquisite rhythm, "O rippling river of laughter," as I watched their countless pranks. What would we do without this world of golden infancy forever breaking on the shores of our darker experience. How their tiny fingers, and lithe limbs, and floating tresses wave for us the most sweet pictures of content, and life is glorious because the child is forever born. We were all "under age" that happy afternoon, while the sun was sinking to its gorgeous couch. When it touched the rim of the encompassing hills the harnessed horses bore us again to the uplands, from nature's solitude to the harvest fields of man. Winding up the long, broad hill for hundreds of feet, a most entrancing and majestic prospect lay before us—in the misty, splendid twilight, the arrows of the sun faintly glimmering over the stealing ranks of clouds, that seemed to think now was their time to conquer the bright sky-god. Far off the sea tide could be discerned, and beyond this the Catalina Islands in dark, purple robes, while the cities of Santa Ana, Anaheim, Los Angeles, dotted the immense expanse—a vast, breathing picture, a hundred miles one way and thirty the other, with every variety of form and color in its superb magnificence. It was like a mighty jewel sparkling and fading upon the tawny breast of night, as if the day, by its magic, would woo the night to tenderest kisses and softest stars.

So the days have gone and inspirations have come, and hopes and memories delightful are in the varied rest and activity of this April week, and it greets May with smiles surpassing all tears. The rainbow is on the cloud, and the winds make music in the palaces of morn.

I shall return again November next, after my Northern trip, and Los Angeles, Santa Ana, Orange, Anaheim, Norwalk, Pomona, Perris, San Jacinto, San Pasqual, San Diego, and southward, must keep the camp-fires all ablaze, and fling their thousand darts upon the tumbling walls of superstition.

I have received from a staunch friend of Liberalism who in better days never failed to do his part generously, an appeal for a chance to do work with some well-to-do Liberal. He writes:

"I understand how to take care of horses and drive them; would make a good coachman or a good hand to oversee livery business. I also know how to scale logs or lumber. I served Uncle Sam from April '61 to August '65, and contracted during my service disease that will last as long as I live—for which the government grants me the munificent sum of six dollars per month. I am able to be up and around all the time, but cannot work where I have to stoop or lift much."

I can vouch for the honesty and steadfastness of my friend. We have been comrades together in good fortune. Now that ill

luck has come, I want generous Liberals to help him to work that he can do. He does not want charity, but an opportunity to labor as his physical ability will allow. He is a man of skill and intelligence. From a natural pride he does not wish to give his name publicly, but those who desire to communicate with him can write directly to me.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

April 27, 1889.

APRIL 30.

A CENTENARY ODE.

From the windows of the office, looking down upon the street,
I reviewed the vast procession upon centenary day,
At the junction where the Kearny road and California meet,
As the marchers turned the angle in a military way.

I was joined in this diversion by some patriotic friends,
Who improved the gorgeous outlook which the corner here affords,
For to gaze upon the soldiers that our local station lends,
And the hifalutin officers with silver-plated swords.

Mr. Schou came in from Oakland in his holiday attire,
And when he saw the people from the window where he sat,
He observed that a collection was the height of his desire,
But we forcibly prevented him from passing round the hat.

Freeman Parker, Petaluma, who can sing a lively song,
Or manipulate the violin with pliant finger-joint,
Brought a pretty little maiden friend of his with him along,
To witness the procession as it passed a given point.

Brother Miller, an expounder of the scientific truth,
Who addresses our society on every Sunday night;
Mr. Walker, who, though aged, still preserves the heart of youth,
And who brought an opera glass with him to stimulate his sight.

And printer, editor, and staff, from thought of labor free,
For several brief but happy hours held sills of windows down,
And waved their hats and handkerchiefs in patriotic glee
While the wind blew through the whiskers of the genial Mr. Browne.

There were wide platoons of officers to keep the highway clear,
And cavalry and infantry, and sailors from the deep,
Artillery of gatling guns, with batteries in the rear,
Which made a noble spectacle as one could wish to see.

There were pioneers and native sons, and veterans of the war,
And miner camps and vaqueros and schooners of the plain,
The members of the Turnerbund and gallant Schuetzen corps,
With numerous Grand Army posts formed into line again.

The banners wave and hughes blow, the drums make stirring sound,
The people cheer as many feet keep step to martial time,
Distinguished citizens ride by, salaaming all around,
And the hucksters sell bananas by the dozen for a dime. M.

A REPUDIATED ORGAN.

Some time ago a paper published in Chicago under the name of the "Knights of Labor," George E. Detwiler editor, made a vicious attack upon the American Secular Union on account of that organization's opposition to the Blair Sunday bill. We pointed out wherein the "Knights of Labor" was not only mistaken but deliberately dishonest. The editor after many days rejoins as follows:

"The so-called FREETHOUGHT newspaper ought to change its name to 'Free Mud.'"

As an organ of the body of workingmen called the Knights of Labor, the paper "Knights of Labor" might be worth replying to, but that it has no influence with that organization appears from the appended item:

"At a meeting of District Assembly 24, representing the various branches of the Chicago Knights of Labor, a resolution was adopted,

unanimously, warning the public against the alleged labor organ which attacked the Secular Union some weeks ago. The resolution reads:

"Whereas, It has become notorious that a certain publication is palming itself upon the public as the official organ of the Knights of Labor and organized labor generally; therefore be it

"Resolved, That District Assembly 24 does hereby notify and caution all whom it may concern that the publication known as the 'Knights of Labor' published in this city is repudiated, and is not the official organ of the order in this district."

We have to decline changing our title as suggested by Editor Detwiler. It would be an infringement, as, under the circumstances and according to the technical language of the day, the "Knights of Labor's" name is mud.

A PROUD DISCIPLE OF CALVIN.

When the Rev. J. M. Foster, a National Reform agitator, lectured in Indianapolis a short time ago, the Sentinel, of that city, said that "he seemed to be the incarnation of John Calvin." Instead of repudiating the character ascribed to him the Rev. Mr. Foster appeared to regard the comparison as flattering to himself, and said: "We do not object to that. It is no reflection on the sentiments advanced."

In saying this Mr. Foster doubtless relied upon the ignorance of the public as to the character of Calvin, who was one of the most infamous persecutors that ever lived. Fairly tried and justly dealt with, he would have been hanged for murder. Every Freethinker is familiar with the great crime that blackened Calvin's character forever—the burning at the stake of Michael Servetus, of which he afterwards boasted in a letter to the Marquis de Poet, dated September 30, 1561. In this letter he said: "Above all, do not fail to rid the country of those zealous scoundrels who stir the people to revolt against us. Such monsters should be exterminated, as I have exterminated Michael Servetus, the Spaniard."

Servetus was not Calvin's only victim. Garrido, in his "History of Persecution," asserts that "the history of Geneva, during the twenty years that followed the return of Calvin, composes one of the most blood-stained pages that is presented to us by the chronicles of intolerance. In it we find even sorcery punished by a fiery death. During the space of sixty years, the archives of that city show one hundred and fifty instances." Mr. J. M. Wheeler, a writer for the London Freethinker, has made a partial list of those who were persecuted for their religious opinions under Calvin's rule. Here is the record:

"Jaques Gruet, whose great crime in the eyes of Calvin was having written in one of his books the words *Touties folies* (all follies). Accused of heresy and blasphemy, he was tortured and put to death by order of Calvin at Geneva, July 26, 1547.

"Giovanni Valentino Gentilis, of Cozenza, an Italian heretic who fled to Geneva to avoid persecution. At the instigation of Calvin he was thrown into prison. Fear of sharing the fate of Servetus made him recant. He was afterward beheaded at Berne.

"Antoine d'Argilleries, who was at first a Jacobin monk and afterwards a Protestant preacher, was tortured several times, and afterward decapitated and his head nailed to the gibbet (1561), for having eight years previously taken the part of Servetus against Calvin at Pont de Veyle.

"Giovanni Paolo Alciati, of Savigliani, took refuge in Geneva, whence he was obliged to fly. Calvin obtained against him a decree of banishment.

"Giorgio Biandrata also had to fly to escape the anger of Calvin, who heard of his anti-Trinitarian views.

"Matteo Gribaldi, a jurisconsult, who took the part of Servetus, was ordered to quit the town. Beza, with Christian charity, said that the plague which took him off in 1564 took the place of executioner to this heretic.

"Other Italians who were banished from Geneva were Hyppolyte de

Carignan, Nicolo Gallo, Baptisto Gustiniani, Silvestro Telio, and Fausto Zucchi.

"Jerome Bolsec, a physician of Lyons, who followed Calvin to Geneva, was imprisoned, and after long detention banished for differing from Calvin on predestination.

Guillaume du Bois was imprisoned, put into irons, made to stand in shirt and barefoot; and banished for having said that Calvin had retracted one of his writings.

"Thivent Bellot, tortured and banished for having refused to take oath. "Guillaume Guanier, of Paris, banished under pain of the lash, after having had a dogmatic discussion with Calvin.

"Matthew Antoine, condemned to cry mercy and perpetual banishment under pain of the lash (1556), for having said that heretics should not be burnt.

"Sebastian Castellio was also deprived of his ministry and banished for the same offence, and for having maintained that Solomon's song was sensual.

"Toussaint Mesquin, of Dompierre, condemned to go barefooted in shirt, and banished under pain of being hung, for having attacked the doctrine of predestination.

"Antoine Narbert, printer of Dauphine, condemned to have the tongue pierced with a hot iron, and banished under pain of decapitation, for having reviled Calvin when in a state of drunkenness.

"Denis Billonet, of Boussac en Berry, a printer's corrector, condemned to be whipped through the town, and marked on the forehead with a hot iron, and banished under pain of death for having spoken ill of the holy predestination of God."

Although the list of persecutions here included is far from complete, it is sufficient to brand the name of Calvin with everlasting infamy, and none but those who still believe, as the Rev. Mr. Foster evidently does, in the extirpation of heretics, would without protest allow themselves to be likened to the Presbyterian fiend of Geneva. It is perhaps because the Presbyterian conception of God makes him a monster whom no human power could ever equal that the Presbyterians revere the character of John Calvin, who, as Ingersoll once remarked, was as near like the God of the Old Testament as his health permitted.

A CHICAGO judge and jury—the judge a Presbyterian minister and the jury four Presbyterian elders—finds that Mrs. Kinnehan is guilty of blasphemy, apostasy, and heresy, and therefore worthy of expulsion from the church. Mrs. Kinnehan recently joined the Beekmanites, a religious sect who worship the Rev. G. J. Schweinfurth as Christ. She has stated in public that she believed Christ had appeared on earth in the person of Schweinfurth and worshiped him as such. She was fully satisfied of the fact, and there was nothing that could change her views. What probably caused all the trouble was the woman attending a secret prayer meeting and interrupting the regular exercises by speaking about the new Christ. Three of the male Beekmanites were present, and they also attempted to speak, but were ejected by one of the deacons, who became so excited that he kicked the men out. At the trial Attorney William Marshall, prosecutor, stated the charges: That the woman on trial had stated her belief that Christ had reappeared, and that she worshiped him in the person of the Rev. Mr. Schweinfurth. To the charges, one and all, Mrs. Kinnehan pleaded not guilty. She refused to have any counsel appointed to defend her, saying that she was able to defend herself. When asked to swear she refused to do so, and opening her Bible read passages showing that it was proper to swear not at all. She said, however, that she had been taught by the preaching of the church that Christ was coming on earth, and was now fully satisfied that Schweinfurth was Christ. Nothing could change her views. The jury found the defendant guilty as above. Schweinfurth, the alleged Christ, came to Chicago a few

years ago not worth a nickel. He now has one of the finest farms in that section of the country, and is worth over \$50,000. The messianic business pays better in Illinois than it did in Judea.

RELIGIOUS circles in Eureka, Humboldt county, are badly exercised just now over one thing and another. Dr. Schlesinger, of the Carrier Dove, is loose among them, mystifying the elect with his spiritual phenomena; and, added to this disturbing element from the outer and satanic side, the Rev. R. D. Clark has just delivered a trenchant sermon in the Baptist church in opposition to the effort now being made to establish Sunday observance by United States law, denouncing it as an attempt to unite church and state, and as obnoxious to the principles of religious and civil freedom. The citizens were so highly pleased with the Rev. Dr. Clark's position that they invited him to repeat the discourse in the opera-house, which he did before a crowded assemblage.

ONE of the most despicable bills introduced into the Albany N. Y., legislature during the late session, says Dr. Foote's Health Monthly, was one amending the penal code, and providing that a person not authorized by law to practice medicine or surgery in that state should make no attempt to cure or heal disease in any manner, either with or without the administering of medicine, any one doing such a kindly deed being liable to action for misdemeanor and to fine and imprisonment. Dr. Foote adds: "We have the pleasure to announce that the bill has been 'tabled indefinitely.' We wish that all the medical bills might be thus disposed of, for they have but one object in view, and that is to establish medical monopoly."

POSTMASTER-GENERAL WANAMAKER has issued an order that hereafter the post-office department be closed on Sunday to clerks and all employees, except the required watchmen, engineers, and firemen. This out of respect for the Lord's day, though it is difficult to discern wherein the work of a clerk is a greater violation of the Sabbath than that of the men retained on duty. If Jehovah cannot appreciate the compliment of closing the post-office department of a great country like this, to the extent of protecting the property involved without the assistance of watchmen and firemen, he is not worthy of the great honor done him.

CONCERNING the marine disaster in Apia harbor the Christian Statesman newspaper says: "While the war ships of Germany and the United States were lying facing each other in the harbor at Samoa, God blew upon them, and in one night scattered and destroyed them." And we are called upon by a presidential proclamation to thank this monster instead of indicating him.

LAST Sunday evening's meeting of the San Francisco Free-thought Society was well attended, and the exercises were perhaps the most interesting of any yet held. Further notice will appear later. There is no inauguration day next week.

It gives us pleasure to note that Messrs. Harman and Walker, of Valley Falls, Kan., have been acquitted of the Comstock charge. The verdict is a righteous one, and a short term of duress for their accusers would be equally so.

WARRANTS on the criminal charges against the Rev. Mr. James, of Long Beach, were duly served, and he was locked up in jail. He found bail in the sum of \$500 and is still at large with a big pistol in his pocket.

SUMMERLAND, near Santa Barbara, where the Spiritualists are forming a colony, has already sixteen permanent residents, with several new buildings contracted for. May 9, a grand pilgrimage of the faithful begins from this city, and the new land of promise will be the scene of a "pentecostal picnic."

THE Liberals of Oregon will hold a State Convention at Silverton, Marion county, June 22 and 23. Mr. S. P. Putnam will be present to present the necessity and methods of Liberal organization.

AN aged man in clerical garb is reported to be selling improper books around town, the Bible among the rest.

BOOKS.

We have for sale at this office, among other works:

"Yone Santo," see advertisement.

"Self-Contradictions of the Bible." 15 cents.

"The Truth Seeker Annual" for 1889. 25 cents.

"Liberty and Morality," by W. S. Bell. 15 cents.

"The System of Nature," by Baron D'Holbach. \$2.

"Robert Elsmere," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Price, 50 cents.

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

Judge Maguire's "Ireland and the Pope," a history of papal intrigues against Irish liberty. Price, 50 cents.

Taylor's "Diegesis," by the Rev. Robert Taylor. A discovery of the Origin, Evidences, and early history of Christianity. \$2.

"Looking Backward," a socialistic romance which has been termed the "Uncle Tom's Cabin of Industrial Slavery," by Edward Bellamy. Price, 50 cents.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Philip A. Bell, editor of the Elevator, the organ of the colored population of San Francisco, died on the 26th. He was eighty-one years old, and during the abolition days was associated with the famous anti-slavery agitators.—It is estimated that the natural products and manufactures of California this year will be worth \$400,000,000. According to this, the people of the state will earn an average of \$400 each.—The ship Richard P. Buck, from Philadelphia to San Francisco, burned to the water's edge near Bermuda. Loss, \$200,000.—Dr. F. A. P. Barnard, late president of Columbia College, New York city, died April 27, of paralysis, aged eighty years.—A girl at Los Angeles is suing a man named Every for seduction and breach of promise. She is from Missouri, and according to her testimony Every gave her a Bible, exhorted her to be a good Christian, wronged her, and then ran away. Every is a pillar of the church.—Four years ago Alfred S. Porter, a law student at Portland, Or., fell heir to \$50,000. A short time ago, at Richmond, Va., he lost his last \$500 in a game of poker, and committed suicide by shooting himself through the head.—Pioneer and patriot Philip A. Roach died in this city, April 27, at the age of 69 years. He had a long history as a public man, politician, and journalist.—The Samoan commission has arrived at Berlin and had a pleasant interview with Bismarck.—One pugilist killed another by a blow over the heart at the Cremorne Theatre, in this city, last week.—Morality has received a boom in San Pedro. A committee of citizens has tarred and feathered a Lothario in the name of the Lord.

The St. Louis express train jumped the track near Hamilton, Ont., last Sunday morning. Two cars telescoped and took fire, crushing and burning seventeen persons to death. A dozen others were badly injured.—Secretary of State Blaine is seriously ill with muscular rheumatism.—The Theosophists are holding a national convention at Chicago.—The conference of the ministers of the Anglican, Presbyterian, and Methodist

churches, held at Toronto, Ont., to consider the question of the organic unity of all Protestant bodies closed with a recommendation that the churches appoint delegates to another convention to be held next year.—An anti-Jesuit meeting was held at Montreal April 25. The whole question was considered and the action of the Dominion government and the provincial legislature freely discussed. The impression seemed to be that a crisis was at hand, and that it became Anglo-Saxons to prepare for a blow which it was felt must come. Charlton, member of Parliament, said that there was no hope of preserving intact the French language and institutions. If the present state of affairs continued the church of Rome would soon possess two-thirds of the estate of the province.—H. B. Spofford, the historian, died at Rutland, Vt., April 23.—George Francis Train professes to be fasting. He still occupies his seat in Madison Square Park, New York, and is more than ever an object of curiosity.—Connecticut will submit a constitutional prohibition amendment to a vote of the people. A similar amendment has but recently been overwhelmingly defeated in New Hampshire and Massachusetts.—Mrs. Josephine Kirkham, sister of General Drake, of Des Moines, the founder of the Drake University, was arraigned in the police court of Chicago, April 25, for shoplifting. Her husband is editor of the Christian Advocate, and pastor of the First Christian church. She confessed her guilt and was not prosecuted.

Henry George preached his single-tax doctrines in Glasgow, Scotland, last Sunday, to one of the largest gatherings ever held in that city. A Presbyterian clergyman conducted the religious portion of the services, and church choirs sang hymns.—Ex-Mayor Hewitt, of New York, is in London, and some of the admirers of his independent attitude toward the Irish vote talk of giving him a public banquet.—Dispatches from St. Petersburg say that arrests of Nihilists are constantly being made. The police of St. Petersburg believe that dynamite bombs secretly manufactured at Zurich, Switzerland, have been conveyed to Russia, and that the plotters are awaiting a favorable opportunity to use them.—A considerable falling off is reported in the income for the past year of the Scotch United Presbyterian church. In 1887 the total sum contributed was £100,232, but in 1888 the amount was £96,307.

ANOTHER ONE.

We learn from the San Antonio Daily Express of the existence of another converted Infidel. He is lecturing in San Antonio, and the following is the opening paragraph of his speech, as reported by the Express:

I was an Infidel for twenty years and taught disbelief in the Christian religion under the auspices of the central organization. I have been the friend and follower of Ingersoll. I have been in the prize-ring, and it was for an offense against the laws of Canada that I was imprisoned. It was in that jail in Canada that I realized the wrong of my past life. I was changed, and the change was brought about through the influence of the little tear-stained, thumb-marked Bible which my mother sent me.

He goes under the name of J. S. Merriman, and now makes a speciality of preaching to the poor. We have not the slightest doubt that he has been in jail, and if lying were a criminal offense we have no more doubt he would be there again. When and where did the central organization of Freethought employ him, and when and where did he enjoy the high honor of possessing the friendship of Colonel Ingersoll? Places and dates are quite important in conversions of this sort.—The Truth Seeker.

Hebrew and Christian Marriages.

When a Jew marries a Christian girl she has invariably a good time; but when a Christian marries a Jewess she has a hell upon earth very soon after marriage, even though he be an ignorant pauper and she a highly cultivated woman, coming from good stock and financially well endowed. A Jew rarely regrets having married out of his faith, but a Jewess, always.—Public Opinion.

THE London correspondent of the Washington Star recently cabled the following item: "Mrs. Ward has already received £2,000 from the sale of 'Robert Elsmere.' She plumes herself that she has given the heaviest blow to Christianity that it has received in this century."

Eureka!

To the Editors of Freethought:

At last I have made a raise of a subscriber. Inclosed you will find \$2.00, for which send FREETHOUGHT to address given.
Eureka, Cal. ROBERT GUNTHER.

A Good Book.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Please find inclosed post-office order for "History of Christianity." I like the work very much. Many thanks. Yours for truth and reform,
Goshen, Utah. JOHN W. WHITE.

A Helping Hand.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Please send me FREETHOUGHT for March 16, containing the article, "Is There No Evidence?" I see there is not much chance to call these Christians out. The Catholics we have reason to fear, so perfect is their organization and so great their number. I must help you a little. Please receive \$5. Yours with respect,
Woodstock, Vt. JOHN D. POWERS.

An Opening Offered.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Find inclosed \$5.00 for inclosed names of subscribers. I am trying hard to get readers for you. I know it is discouraging to you, but I hope you will keep up courage for the balance of this year. Then if the people don't want FREETHOUGHT any longer, I'll give you a job on the ranch.
Grass Valley. THOMAS LEE.

Vorwaerts!

To the Editors of Freethought:

You will find inclosed \$2.00 as renewal of subscription to FREETHOUGHT. I am very much pleased with it; it is doing lots of good in a good cause. Keep right on. We will in time drive out all ghosts and gods. I have been an Infidel or Freethinker for forty years, and can see a great change in that time from former superstition.
Nooksack, W. T. CHARLES SHEA.

Always Welcome.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I am very sorry to have delayed sending my subscription, but circumstances have prevented me over which I had no control, yet I think you will agree with me that it is better late than never.

I must say that I think the paper is growing better and more interesting all the time. I am so glad to note the good Mr. Putnam is doing through his lectures, and think he must have a constitution like iron to be able to work as he does. You both have my sincere wishes for your success.
Springwater, Ore. MRS. L. LACEY.

Woman Suffrage.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I notice in your issue of April 6 a short criticism by W. S. Bush on the communication of "J. C. P.," who opposes woman suffrage.

This is a question of very great importance as to the equality of human rights and "equal and exact justice to all men of every rank and station," of course all mankind.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal," etc. "That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men deriving there just powers from the consent of the governed."

Now women, being subjects of government, if it fails to secure equality of these inalienable right to them, just in that proportion are they deprived of equal and exact justice and governed without their consent. To my mind the principle of equality of rights involved in this question is only a part of the main proposition reversed or disputed; therefore, by divesting ourselves of any little prejudices we may have in store, we may readily conclude that no argument is needed in the case.

Ukiah, Cal.

T. MCC.

THE Sunday bill which Senator Tillman introduced into the Arkansas legislature, and pushed through the senate, failed to pass the house.

BRANDT AND PUTNAM.

On Sunday evening, April 7, Mr. S. P. Putnam spoke in San Diego on the subject of Moody and Jones and their methods of revival work. His lecture was reported in the Daily San Diegan and reprinted from that paper in FREETHOUGHT of April 20. The San Diegan of April 10 contains a reply by the Rev. John Brandt, and on the 18th printed a rejoinder by Mr. Putnam. The Rev. Mr. Brandt's reply would fill about five columns of FREETHOUGHT. We reproduce the main portion of his argument:

BRANDT'S REPLY TO PUTNAM.

I seldom turn aside from my duties to notice such a production of Infidelity as this speech of Mr. Putnam's. I do not arise simply to defend the methods of work and preaching of the Rev. Mr. Moody and Sam Jones. I put my pen to the paper to expose the claims of Infidelity as set forth by Mr. Putnam. In the beginning, let me state that this claim that Christianity "must become a circus in order to attract attention, and that churches are empty, and that the gospel of Jesus has run to the show house," is as false as it is bold and presumptuous. During the last four years, according to the New York Weekly Independent, the gain in churches in the United States has been 3,831 a year, or 10½ a day, while the increase in membership has been over 1,000 a day. There are now in the United States over 140,000 churches, 100,000 ministers, and 20,000,000 members. Do not these figures speak volumes in favor of the vigor and vitality of the churches?

He speaks of Messrs. Moody and Jones abhorring reasoning and having nothing to do with arguments. Neither of these men make any pretensions to argue with Infidels. They know that the masses believe that Jesus is the only savior, and they urge people to accept and obey him as such. In reading this harangue of Samuel Putnam, I can't see any process of reasoning in it. It is following the style of most all Infidels, aiming to ridicule the Bible and those who advocate its teachings. In it are several things which I shall briefly notice, with the hope that some unsettled or skeptical minds in the city will carefully read and digest them. The first is the fallacy of the statement of Mr. Putnam that "science has declared against Christianity." Several years ago I carefully examined the biographies and records of all the great inventors, discoverers, authors, and founders of the sciences which have done so much to revolutionize things since the dark ages, from Schwartz, the inventor of gunpowder, in the thirteenth century, down to Fulton, Herschel, and Davy, and I am confident that nine-tenths of the greatest scientists are those who are on the side of God and the Bible. Among these scientists who have been remarkable for their homage to the Bible we name Faust, the inventor of the art of printing; Schaffer, the inventor of the casting of metallic types; Columbus, who discovered the new world in 1492; Copernicus, who discovered the present system of the universe; Kepler, who greatly advanced the Copernican system; Galileo, who discovered the gravity of the air and invented the pendulum; Descartes, the founder of the Cartesian philosophy, etc. All testify that true science and religion are associated both in theory and practice. All testify that they nowhere conflict, all testify that the teachings of true science, in reference to the universe—the earth with its furniture, the sea with its inhabitants, and the starry-gemmed heavens nowhere conflict. These scientists, who have brought to light so many great truths, sprung upon the world so many great inventions, and burst forth with so many remarkable discoveries, embellish Christianity with a cloud of witnesses, which show what palpable folly it is, on the part of Putnam, to say that science conflicts with Christianity.

Another statement made by Putnam, which I shall prove to be false, is "the Bible of to-day is practically but three hundred years old." There is in existence to-day, Syriac, Italic, Ethiopic, and Coptic translations of the New Testament, made during the second century; some of them made within but a few years, after the death of John. We have in existence writings of Barnabas, Clement, Justyn, Ignatius, who were cotemporary with some of the apostles, especially John. Irenæus and Origen were of the next generation. Take the New Testament scriptures out of existence and almost the entire book can be produced from authors of the second and third century.

Mr. Putnam, in closing his address, boldly asserts that "Infidelity is not afraid of any comparison with Christianity, either in spirit or in result." Let us then make the comparison. Christianity has its origin in God, and its standard is the revealed will of an infinitely powerful, wise, good, holy, and loving father. Infidelity has its origin in blind, irrational matter and force. Its highest standard is that of selfishness and of the brutes. Christianity comes to the front and says that man is the son of God. Infidelity turns its back upon all that is true and good, and says that man is the son of a monkey. Christianity elevates man and exalts him high above the brute creation; Infidelity degrades man, and drags him down to the level of the brute creation. Christianity has a love of God and wisdom for its model; Infidelity has a monkey of beastly and vehement passions, with canine teeth and ferocious appetites for its model. Christianity reveals God as the creator of the universe and of the bodies and spirits of men; Infidelity places the present state of things to the happenings of chance, or the evolutions of matter. Christianity has for its basis, love to God, love to our fellow-men, and purity in the private life; Infidelity has for its basis, selfish struggles, free love, and the absorption of the intellect in matter and force. Christianity teaches that philanthropy and devotion to others is in accordance with the supreme law of God; Infidelity teaches that the acts of the martyr and the philanthropist are criminal, and that personal gratification is the highest good. Christianity teaches that the universe is governed by an allwise God; Infidelity teaches that all things are governed by fate, force, blind matter, and necessity. Christianity teaches that man has a spirit, created in the image of God, while Infidelity teaches that mind is a part of matter, and spirit a part of force. Christianity teaches us to reach forth unto those things which are before, and press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus; Infidelity teaches us to look backward and downward, and to confine our thoughts to the study of irrational matter. Christianity says that we came from God and shall return to God; Infidelity says that we came from blind matter, and shall sink into blind matter. Christianity reveals a beautiful and bright future to all of its followers, while Infidelity hangs a dark curtain at the close of man's life, beyond which there is impenetrable darkness and annihilation. Christianity teaches that there is a judgment, and that all men will be held accountable for what they do; Infidelity claims there is no accountability nor responsibility. Christianity claims that "God's eye is over the righteous, and his ear open to their cries," while Infidelity says that prayers are vain and that special providence is a belief of superstition. Christianity reveals the origin, facts, nature, effects and consequences of sin; Infidelity claims there is no sin nor evil. Christianity teaches that by faith and obedience to Christ we have forgiveness of sin, and a hope of eternal reward; Infidelity laughs at this, and leaves man in gloom, doubt and error. Christianity teaches that God abhors sin, warns man of future events; while Infidelity declares that it is all a cheat and delusion, and for man to continue in rebellion and indifference. Christianity presents Jesus as the captain of our salvation, precious in his character, precious as a teacher, savior, comforter, and leader; Infidelity hoots at these claims, laughs at his miracles, and denies his divinity. Christianity satisfies the wants of man, meets his longings after immortality and fills the desires of his soul; Infidelity leaves these wants, longings, and desires unsatisfied. Christianity gives to men a perfect system of worship, a church perfect in all of its organization and offices; a religion perfect in its rules, designs and promises; Infidelity says that this religion and the church is all a fallacy and superstition. Christianity teaches us to hold dear the sacred ties of husband, wife, parent and child; Infidelity shivers these sacred ties, and says, "Let us have free love."

Mr. Putnam boasts of the liberties and triumphs of Infidelity; but let us note the real triumphs of Infidelity, skepticism, and Materialism. It banishes the hope of immortality, places darkness in the grave, wraps the future in eternal gloom, and takes away all hope of that life beyond the skies. It steals all of its truths from Christianity, assumes and contradicts them. It levels man to the grade of the frogs, reptiles, and fishes, and identifies him with the vilest of beasts. It poisons the family ties, breeds dissension, creates social warfare, supports the saloons, fosters vice, and makes man his own God. It robs man of virtue,

eternal truth, and sinks him into everlasting ruin. It shrinks his conscience, removes the fear of punishment, and cuts the anchor and casts away the only hope in death. With its merciless hand it would tear away from the heart the blessed Bible and the sweetest consolation. It would sink into nothingness that for which tens of thousands of men were martyred, and which has given hope to millions of the treasures of the earth. Infidelity makes creation, existence, and eternity all a myth. It denies that religion were it banished from the world would be the greatest calamity which could befall the human race. It opposes Christianity, which was proven to be true by the astounding miracles by which it was established; by the scores of prophecies which were fulfilled in Jesus, the Christ; by its rapid progress in the world in the face of the hottest antagonism; by the humble, patient, and self-sacrificing friends who advocated it; by the excavations of buried cities; by science, reason, truth, and by its fruits.

In conclusion, allow me to say to Mr. Putnam and his followers, that if you will let Christ into your hearts, you will be made truthful, temperate, meek, generous, and forgiving. Let him into your heart, and your sins will be pardoned, you will have comfort in sorrow, peace when others are disturbed, and the blessed hope of immortality in the darkness of the tomb. Will you do this, or will you continue your course of sin, speaking and working against truth, the Bible, God, angels, Jesus Christ, the holy spirit, hope, peace, the purest and best people on earth, and the highest interests of civilization, and the only safety in death, judgment and eternity?

JOHN BRANDT.

PUTNAM'S REJOINDER.

I desire to offer a few words in answer to the Rev. John Brandt, who criticises my lecture of Sunday, April 7.

He says that the membership of the Christian church to-day in the United States is 20,000,000. Will he assert that all these are Christians according to the tenets of his own church? Do they accept his creed or his method?

But granting the number, what is the conclusion? Is it not that Christianity is a religion with no more vitality than Mohammedanism to-day, and gains no more adherents? It has been in the world 1800 years. According to my reverend critic, it has had the "Bible, God, angels, Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit," on its side, and yet with all these advantages unbelief is ahead two to one in the nineteenth century. According to my opponent's statement, in the United States there are 40,000,000 non-Christians to 20,000,000 Christians. These figures are not very favorable to Christianity.

When I said that "science had declared against Christianity" I was not speaking of the opinions of scientific men, but of science itself—the organized knowledge of man to-day. I suppose my critic understands the difference between the opinions of scientific men and science itself. The opinions of scientific men are both favorable and unfavorable to religion, but that does not settle the question. The fundamental doctrine of Christianity is the fall of man from a perfect state about six thousand years ago. The falsity of this doctrine is the falsity of Christianity itself. I affirm that science to-day has absolutely declared against the truth of this doctrine.

It is strange that my critic must "carefully examine the biographies" of men of science to discover whether they are Christians or not. According to Christ's own teachings, a Christian should be "a burning and a shining light." He can't be a very good Christian whose biography must be "carefully examined" to discover that he is one.

The inventor of gunpowder is claimed to be a Christian. I don't wonder at it. Jesus said, "I came not to bring peace, but a sword." Any destructive element is according to Christianity. Gunpowder is just what it wants for the killing of heretics. My reverend critic can have the gunpowder men. The gospel needs his invention.

Copernicus "discovered the present system of the universe," but he was afraid to publish his great work on account of the Christian church. Galileo was compelled to recant; Bruno was burned at the stake. Do these testify that there is no conflict between science and religion?

I said the Bible of to-day is only three hundred years old.

That statement is true. What is the Bible? A collection of books—not one book. This collection was fixed by the church about three hundred years ago. Before the Council of Trent there was no general consensus as to what should be the sacred collection, or canon. Martin Luther did not accept the Bible of to-day—only a part of it. Not a manuscript of the second century is in existence to-day, and not one of the old manuscripts contains the Bible as it is to-day. Read Professor Stowe's history of the Bible. The origin of the present collection will thus be seen.

My reverend critic says: "Take the New Testament out of existence and almost the entire book can be produced from the authors of the second and third century." I grant this. What does it show? Not that the four gospels were written before the second and third centuries, but afterwards; that unknown writers culled the gospel stories, etc., out of the authors of the second and third centuries, and attached the names of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John to those cullings. The Rev. John Brandt helps to demonstrate the very position which I myself take, that the gospels were written or collated about the close of the second century, or the beginning of the third, and he cannot claim that the canonical scriptures, as now arranged, antedate the Council of Trent, which took place in the sixteenth century.

Rev. John Brandt speaks of the good things in the Christian religion. I do not deny them. I wish to give Christianity all the credit it deserves. As a human religion, a natural religion, as a part of human development and life, let its good qualities and good deeds be known.

The issue between Christianity and myself is not that it has done no good things, or has no good precepts. The issue is this: That Christianity, with whatever good it has done, is not a perfect religion, is not a divine religion. It is an imperfect human affair and is not fitted supremely for the highest progress of man. Jesus says, "Take no thought of to-morrow." That is not good teaching. Jesus says, "Love your enemies." That is simply impossible." Jesus says, "Blessed be ye poor," and "ye have the poor always with you." The reformer of to-day does not accept these as the highest thought of the world. The spirit of to-day, of a true civilization, says, Poverty is a curse, poverty is wrong and it can be removed out of the way.

Christianity is simply one with many religions—good and bad like all. We accept the good and reject the evil, and go on to better things.

The Rev. John Brandt's trade against Infidelity is simply a tissue of falsehood. I challenge him to prove any one of his statements about Infidelity or Freethought.

Freethought accepts all the truth that is possible to the mind of man. It accepts science—and if science says that man originated from the lower forms of life it is not ashamed to acknowledge the real state of the case. Its standard is not that of selfishness but universal happiness. It declares for self-respect and the dignity of human nature. It has not passion for its model, but elevated reason. It absolutely repudiates chance and affirms the eternity and majesty of law.

Freethought stands for the noblest love between man and woman, for it makes woman the equal of man, and the queen of her home. Freethought lifts us to the stars, and to the beauty and grandeur of eternal nature. It does not deny God, but affirms if there is one, he must be living and glorious here and now, and is not afar off upon some throne. Freethought does not deny immortality, but makes the immortal life, whatever it may be, one with this life, a minister to its glory. Freethought declares the nobleness of the moral law, and that liberty means personal responsibility to the law, and that the law cannot be broken with impunity.

In conclusion, allow me to say to the Rev. John Brandt and his followers that if you will become Liberals and Freethinkers you will let humanity into your hearts; you will be made truthful, temperate, generous, and just. Let Freethought into your hearts and you will have manliness in sorrow. With every honest doubt you will have an honest conviction. You will have the light of virtue in the darkness of the tomb; you will obey the golden rule and do unto others as you would have others do unto you; you will not persecute for opinions' sake. You will not

misrepresent those who think differently from you. You will not be narrow-minded, bigoted, and sectarian. You will sympathize with all mankind. You will see truth everywhere. You will cultivate the sentiments of humanity. You will recognize the supremacy of reason. You will look to the past and reverence all its shining virtues. You will look to the future and strive for higher heights of being. Be an Infidel, a Freethinker, and you will avoid error, superstition, ignorance, and tyranny. You will delight in wisdom, in beauty, in truth, in goodness, and you will be ready for any judgment that may come in this world or any other; and you can front God or the devil with a clear conscience and exultant mind.

I cannot in my limited space answer all your attacks, and I therefore challenge you to a public debate before the people of San Diego at any time that will suit the convenience of us both. If your religion is so perfect, if it is divine, if it will help a struggling humanity, you certainly ought to be willing to meet me on the platform. There could not be a more favorable opportunity for the spread of the gospel, for the conviction of sinners, and for the destruction of the unbelievers. I sincerely hope that you will be ready for a public discussion of the all-important questions touched upon in your article and in my reply.

Anaheim, April 16, 1889.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

A STORY OLD ONCE MORE RETOLD.

Old Adam, who lived in the garden of yore—
You have heard of the gentleman often before—
The first one, was he and only one, too,
Had all his own way, if this story is true.
As he was the only, of course he felt lonely,
I never shall wonder he was so, will you?
Solitary confinement, authorities say,
Is a hard mode of punishment even to-day.

'Tis further affirmed that the creator found
The judgment of Adam was "tolable" sound;
So first he suggested, for helpmeet, a beast,
But none seemed to suit Father Adam the least.
I think it was lucky that Adam was plucky,
In those early days on his rights to insist.
What he wanted was either the best or the worst—
A rebel was Adam, you see, from the first.

Then a sleep fell on Adam, a sleep without fear,
For his bed was of roses, his conscience was clear;
As he'd never been tempted, he'd never done wrong—
No wonder his sleep was both heavy and long.
But he now was loser, this innocent snoozer,
For out from his side a rib was unstrung.
From this "dig in the ribs" was made, we are told,
A helpmeet for Adam most fair to behold.

For once in his life, I suppose, he was charmed;
With love and affection his bosom was warmed.
Where all their surroundings were lovely and good,
And bounteous nature supplied them with food,
Those two lovers were gay in their innocent way,
And gladly I'd leave them in this happy mood.
But now comes the sequel, alas! even then
They had one commandment, though now we have ten.

Next chapter begins with the tale of a snake—
Among wonderful narratives this takes the cake.
There's only a fish story bigger than this;
Jonah took an advantage of Moses, I guess—
As he was the latest, he gave us the greatest.
A judge at a picnic would get in distress,
If Moses and Jonah were there in disguise,
Which one of these fellows should gobble the prize.

The snake in this story, they tell me, could speak,
He'd no introduction, but plenty of cheek.
He spoke to the woman and told her what she,
By eating an apple, of wonders could see.
The woman, believing, knew not of deceiving,
She ate, and gave Adam the forbidden tree,
And both of them now from their slumber awoke
But alas! 'twas too late, the commandment was "broke."

Imagine our parents with sorrow and fear
Awaiting the moment when God should appear!
And now he approaches, colossal, sublime,
And both of them freely acknowledge their crime,
But, merciful never, he cursed them forever,
Cursed mother and child till the end of all time;

Sent them forth from the garden, and now upon guard,
Stands a cherubim there with a scintillant sword.

My friends, I'm not here at all to talk shop,
But to point out a moral to you ere I stop:
When next you select from a nice bill of fare
Of one certain dish you should always beware.
It may taste very good, but it is understood,
It brought to the world all our troubles and care;
You ask what of sorrow and sin was the cause—
'Twas a nice looking spare rib and cold apple sauce.

REASONS FOR NON-ATTENDANCE.

A communication recently appeared in the Salinas Index, in which the writer, a prominent clergyman, expressed a desire to know why people do not attend church. As he, with evident sincerity, requested replies, by letter or otherwise, I answered his question substantially as follows:

REV. MR. BLANK, *Dear Sir*: I do not attend church because, after many years of honest, earnest effort, I found it impossible to believe its creed. You profess to inculcate morality, but offer the reward of eternal happiness for credulity—you call it faith—and make uprightness of conduct a secondary consideration. I have heard many of your profession—yourself, I think, among the number—assert that a man of exemplary character who is not a believer in Christianity is worse than a criminal. Should you hear a Mohammedan make an assertion of like character, would not his bigotry disgust you? An intelligent honest person must have evidence upon which to found a belief upon any subject, evidence not being subject to our control. Are we responsible for our belief? Yet your God punishes not for our conduct that we can, but for our belief that we cannot control. Your answer to this, doubtless, is that in rejecting the Bible we reject evidence on which you do, and all might, base a belief in Christianity. If it is, as you claim, the word of God, you are right. You say it was written by inspired men. Were the members of the council at Nice, that decided by ballot what it should and what it should not comprise, inspired? Were the venal, illiterate monks—its sole custodians for centuries—inspired? Do you think that yourself and Father Gilhooley would agree as to which version, Catholic or Protestant, contained the greatest amount of inspiration to the square inch? I remember, when a child, reading passages in it that shocked my sense of justice as well as decency. Not long since I read an extract from a sermon by the noted divine, Talmage, in which he stated to a presumably enlightened congregation in the city of Brooklyn that the angels assisted Noah in embarking the animals, snakes, and insects. Remembering some of the experience of my boyhood, my sympathy was with the angel that managed the polecat department.

You say the angels rejoice at the conversion of a sinner. Is their rejoicing greater over a convert to a Roman Catholic or Protestant faith? And if the latter, at the present ratio of increase, in our country, of the former, won't it be some time before the angels have much of a picnic? You also inform us that the devil was once an angel. Did sin really originate in heaven? Was there a time when God was not supreme in his own residence? The New Testament you claim to be especially inspired. According to that, God became so angry with the people of his own selection that he caused, or permitted, a portion of himself to be put to death to appease the wrath of the remaining fraction. The fraction that was killed—being about one-third—although of the same age as the other two-thirds, you call the Son of God, though it was still another fraction, the Holy Ghost, that visited Mary, and of whom Joseph is presumed to have reason to be jealous.

Here I will admit that I find one charitable feature in the Christian religion. I believe no creed ever required its subscribers to understand this trinity. The holy inquisitors, even while listening to the agonizing shrieks of their helpless victims, admitted, that to require the human brain to understand the Christian problem that three times one make but one, was a cruelty they could not sanction. Implicit faith was all they demanded.

My brain is so fashioned that what to you is doubtless reasonable, even sacred, is to me impossible and absurd. I concede

your right to accept, simply claiming the right to do that which my reason compels—reject. Are you equally tolerant? In a class at school is it the stupid boy that asks questions? Is it the bright one that manifests the greater faith? Is skepticism invariably wicked, or only when a doubt of *your* creed is expressed? If I ever learn that my God damns a man for exercising his reason, I will never take up another collection in his behalf.

The above are some of my reasons for rejecting Christianity and consequent non-attendance of church, which you are at liberty to make public. But I presume you will be governed by the inflexible rule of the church in suppressing investigation and consign this to the flames. The time is not long past when the writer would have been subjected to the same purifying process. Grub Gulch.

A. W. POOLE.

NEW YORK LETTER.

In my last I spoke of trouble in the Manhattan Club. The name of the man suspected has been for several days hawked round by the newspapers. It is Bernard Casserly, a brother of California's late United States senator. Mr. Casserly is a kind-hearted but a weak man. This is a serious charge. If true, he is ruined socially; if untrue, an untold injury has been done him. We cannot believe there is any truth in this report. It was a factional fight. The older members wished to make the club more social in its nature; the younger more political in its scope. They wished to make it a power in politics, as the Union League is. The old men carried the day. This club was organized as a political club, but some ten years or more ago it was on the verge of bankruptcy. A few members came to the rescue, and the club was filled with men of both parties. This action is said to have saved the club. These men naturally feel that their work should be recognized. There is an ugly feeling in the club; but time will doubtless calm it down. President Cleveland has been elected an honorary member.

The sale of the Duke of Durcal's pictures was a perfect failure. There were several reasons for this. An impression got abroad that they were poor specimens of the old masters. Some even asserted that they were mere copies. The chief reason was the want of appreciation of the old masters by our citizens. There is too much shoddy in the circle of our rich men to appreciate such works. They want pictures of brilliant colors and pleasant subjects. There is indeed little in the old Dutch school to please such an eye. The somberness of them borders on repulsiveness to the ordinary person. There is something in Murillo that chills the fancy. It takes a cultivated taste to dote on such subjects. The success of former sales must have inflamed the fancy of this Spaniard. The press has hardly treated him fairly. The duke will doubtless give New York in the future a wide berth. He has no reason to love her.

As I intimated in my last, Ward McAllister is out of this centennial celebration. He has made his bow and gracefully retired. The public got very tired of this wrangle, and would not shed a tear if Stive Fish should step down and out. The work of erecting stands is being rapidly pushed. The queer thing about these stands is that the seats are even now in the hands of speculators. I understand this is denied by the committee of arrangements, but there is a leak somewhere. There are to be over seventeen thousand seats on all the stands. Another question has arisen, *i. e.*, who is to preside at the banquet. McAllister says that Commodore Gerry is anxious for the honor. There seems to be but one proper person for that seat, and that is Mayor Grant. The mayor if not an orator. The route of the procession has been changed, so as to include Union square.

The mayor took the bull by the horns yesterday morning by directing the commissioner of public works to cut the wires and remove the poles of the Western Union Telegraph Co., and Brush electric light. The work commenced at once, and is pushed forward to-day. Thus the long-desired riddance of this nuisance is beginning to materialize. The Western Union threatens to hold the city responsible for any damage. This company will discover that it does not own our streets. The city is ready to lock horns with it in a legal tussle. The electric companies have been the most defiant, but they are inclined to be a

little more meek to-day. Their wires have not only been removed but carted away by the city, thus revenue and property melting away at the same time.

"The proponents rest" were the startling words uttered yesterday in the surrogate court by Elihu Root, Judge Hilton's lawyer in the Stewart will case. The contestants had rested after a struggle of about a year. It goes without saying that the court and the counsel for the heirs were astonished. What does it mean? Why does Judge Hilton hand his case over to be argued before the court without putting on the stand one single witness? Has he no evidence to rebut the charges made against him by the witnesses for the plaintiffs, or does he think that Joe Choate has not made a case worthy of combating? Whatever the motive, it was a surprise, and is causing universal talking. The summing up is to be on May 20. Here is an opportunity for Mr. Choate to show if he is really a relative of the brilliant Rufus. No young man in New York is growing faster in public estimation than young Root. The fact that Judge Hilton selected him for his leading counsel in this contest, involving as it does millions of dollars, is proof enough of his extraordinary ability. Wall street continues dull, general trade slow, and the business man disgusted.

New York, April 17, 1889.

EUDORUS.

THE BIBLE IN FAVOR OF DEBATE.

v.
Concluded.

Jesus, his disciples, his apostles, were found vindicating truth and freedom: "The truth shall make you free;" "why, even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" Both hearing and asking questions. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Question, question, question! Ask; seek to know; demand the why and the wherefore. Jesus said "answer me;" the Pharisees "began to question with him;" "the scribes questioning with them;" "questioning one with another;" "they asked him;" he answered. Such is the language of the New Testament. The book abounds with these expressions. Truly, his ministry was a perpetual controversy. Oh that there were a "perpetual controversy," in a loving spirit, good will toward everybody, in the church and throughout the world—the primary object, Truth.

We are informed that Jesus debated with the "devil" himself and vanquished him. He was in favor of meeting in controversy with all sorts of persons. Matthew tells us (xxii, 46) "No man was able to answer him a word, neither durst any man, from that day forth, ask him any more questions." This was after he had been disputing with his religious opponents, the Pharisees. They heard that he had put the Sadducees to silence. A lawyer tried his hand at it; but what became of the lawyer the history does not state. When a lawyer has nothing more to say, the debate is closed as far as he is concerned. It appears to me that it is the duty of every believer of the Bible to silence the Sadducees, the Infidels, the Agnostics, the Freethinkers of this day; but it sometimes looks as if the Christians are the ones that are silenced, and "durst" not ask them any more questions!

What, then, is the duty of the clergy of our land? Should they not put to flight the Infidel hosts by fair, manly debate? Whenever a lecturer visits your town, discoursing against Christianity, and who invites criticism, what better opportunity for the religious teachers to bring forward the evidences in favor of the inspiration of the Bible and the superiority of Christianity over every other system? Far better than the regular one-sided Sunday sermons, for this reason: hundreds of thousands of Freethinkers seldom go to church; not because they are not in favor of hearing both sides, but because that is just what they do not hear at church. Here, then, is the minister's opportunity: if the Infidels will not go to the preacher, let the preacher go to the Infidels. And he should go in a kindly manner, inviting, and if need be, challenging Freethinkers to produce their reasons against Christianity and the Bible, and submit to searching criticisms by the defender of the Bible and the Christian religion in joint debate. Acrimony, bluster, offensive personalities on the part of either lecturer or clergyman should be ruled out of order by the people and the board of moderators.

While disputants should not be expected to overlook error, nor

to show the least mercy to dangerous or injurious teachings advocated by either, in the opinion of either; yet, toward each other and the audience, the greatest courtesy should be manifested. Debuters should never lose sight of the fact that the better class of people expect them to be gentlemen. Let them expend their earnestness on the proposition involved. No one but a bungler or novice abuses the defendant's attorney. I have had the pleasure of holding many debates where both sides, while doing their best to show that "our side" is right and "yourside" wrong, nevertheless manifested throughout a cordial good will that made such intellectual encounters blessed helps to truth-winning and charity-begetting. But there have been times when I have met opponents, religious teachers, too, who supposed that by showering me with epithets, raining maledictions on my head, pelting me with invective, somehow, in some mysterious manner, unknown to the logician, they were thus making progress in demolishing my positions and establishing their own! I regret to say that some Freethinkers are not a whit better.

My opponent has a right to hold up my positions in plain sight, and to ridicule them to death if possible. He has a right to irony, sarcasm, mirth, pathos. They are the flashing, shining weapons in the arsenal of everlasting truth. It is the free use of those, as well as sober, solid argument, that makes debate intensely interesting. "Ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints" (Jude i, 3).

That is it, "earnestly contend;" not angrily, hatefully, but earnestly; not for mere personal mastery over an opponent. That is ignoble. Be earnest, but contend nevertheless. If any religious teacher cannot contend good-naturedly, it is exceedingly doubtful whether he ever had a call to preach—and I think I have shown by an abundance of texts that no man can preach Bible and leave debate out. According to the Christian's own standard Jehovah is in favor of debate. So were the prophets. Job favored it. Solomon unequivocally in favor. Christ's teaching is saturated with it. Paul was full of debate. Stephen vindicated it to his last breath.

If my representations are not true, let them be answered. If they are true, let it be frankly confessed.

No one can practically believe the Bible who refuses to cast his convictions into the crucible of controversy. W. F. JAMIESON.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURES.

The distinguished Freethought orator, S. P. Putnam, entertained the people of Santa Ana last Saturday and Sunday, with three of his elegant lectures upon "The Great Religious Conspiracy," the "Origin of the Bible," and "Evolution." Excellent audiences greeted him at each meeting, and the attention paid him was the best evidence of the deep interest people feel in the development of truth and the progress of science. His lecture on "Evolution" was a model of profound thought and study, and indicated the cultured intellect of the eminent thinker and reasoner. Mr. Putnam is a believer in the natural and constitutional rights of the people in every respect. He attacks no man's creed or religion, but like a true knight, has the courage and manhood to defend his own against the corrupt assaults of a debased, superstitious, tyrannical priesthood. His eloquence is of a high order, while his language is as pure and chaste as Addison's. His facts are indisputable, and his logic convincing. Our only regret is that he could not remain long enough to give a full course of his lectures, and we sincerely hope he may come again soon and stay longer. At the close of his lectures he called for a list of signers to the Liberal Union who propose to fight all Sunday-law aggressions and all encroachments of the church upon the state. Seventy-five persons, all voters, we believe, responded, and the prospect is that ere long Santa Ana will have a strong, healthy organization of its own. In union there is strength.—Santa Ana Standard.

Do not fear to let reason lead wherever she wills. Whoever is afraid to follow his mental wanderings in any direction will never find the highest truths.—ELMINA.

QUERY.—What is an Agnostic? Answer.—An Atheist with a tall hat on.—London Freethinker.

IT IS DEAD, FOR EVER DEAD.

You say you have no proof the dead will live again. Well, you see no proof that the little flower that withers and dies the first season will live again the next; but it does. Is what I now write produced by mind or matter?—A.

Our friend "A." must remember that the little flower never does revive again. The rose drops its petals and it is for ever dead. No succeeding spring time can revive it. The bush may live; the root may live, but the rose is gone. New roses may come, just as new generations of men and women come to take our places, but the dead are always dead.

Pull up the bush by the roots and burn it, and then all will be dead, and no more roses will come upon it. Sweep every human being from our planet, and probably no more would ever inhabit it. Or, if a new race was evolved from the animal kingdom, it might differ materially from our own. We would be for ever gone. Death ends the ego. Personal identity is extinct. We may leave footprints behind us—or leave written or printed ideas—mind impressions, but ourselves are annihilated.

I do not say there are not "sensitives," who may be able to get in "rapport" with a something we leave behind us, just as mediums profess to do, but it is not fully proven to my satisfaction, though there are things I cannot explain or understand the why and wherefore of, and yet I do not think so many people are deceivers or deceived, so I wait and remain expectant.

What "A." was writing was produced by matter. Mind is simply matter in motion—a form of force, just as are light and heat. Whatever is, is natural, and according to law, according to what is compelled by causes and effects which run back into the never-beginning past and will continue into the never-ending future.

We are the outcome of all that past—an evolution from the protoplasm of the infancy of life upon our planet; or of one of the epochs that evolved new forms of life after some cataclysm that may have destroyed the former existences upon our earth.

Life is one of the qualities or properties of matter, matter in motion—organized matter—just as butter is a part of milk, and milk is evolved or produced from hay, grass, and corn through the chemical and natural forces of the cow.

Mind and matter are one and the same thing, just as ice and water are. But all matter is not mind, nor is all water ice; but under proper conditions any portion of water will become ice, and any portion of matter will become mind. Change and interchange is the great universal law of all nature.

What to-day is ourselves may have been a portion of a billion other living, organized identities, millions of times over and over, and may be so again, but it never can be ourselves more than once. A snowball broken up and made over is never the same snowball again. Old forms and old identities are perpetually passing away, and new ones take their places. Thus, through all endless ages new hopes and new ambitions, new joys and new pleasures, are fresh and fair to new and fresh identities. Let us then cherish and appreciate the now, for it only is ours. Tomorrow is our children's, and the next to-morrow our children's children's.

AUNT ELMINA.

An idea of the size of some California trees may be gained from the fact that John W. Coleman, general manager of the North Pacific Coast railroad, has been asked by a number of people living along the line of that road to change the road-bed above Duncan's Mills for a distance of some one hundred yards so as to run the track through the trunk of one of the large redwoods in that neighborhood. Mr. Coleman is considering the proposition with much favor.

W. F. JAMIESON requests us to say that he will be at liberty to accept calls for lectures and debates anywhere on the Pacific coast after November 1. Arrangements can now be made with him by addressing him at Coryell, Colo.

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Provincial Bigotry.

Says the Charlottetown (New Brunswick) Examiner: A scene which is, perhaps unprecedented in our courts, occurred in the county court on Saturday last, at the trial of an action of trover for the value of a cow alleged to have been illegally seized under execution against Ewen Stewart, of Brackley Point Road, and claimed by his son, Walter Stewart. In support of the plaintiff's claim, a witness was called named Peter Stewart, whose oath was challenged on account of his infidelity. The following are the questions put to him by the judge, and his replies thereto:

"Do you believe in the deity?"

"No, not in the ordinary acceptation of the term."

"Do you believe in the trinity—God the father, son, and holy ghost?"

"I do not."

"Do you believe in the Bible?"

"I believe the Bible is a history."

"Do you believe it is the inspired word of God?"

"I do not."

"Do you believe in rewards and punishments after death?"

"I expect no reward after death for any good I do, and no punishment beyond the grave."

The next witness called, whose name was William Roberts, was also objected to, and interrogated in the same way. He replied substantially as follows:

"I do not believe in the Bible. I do not believe in God the father, the son, and holy ghost. I can't say that I believe in any God. I do not believe in heaven or hell, nor in the doctrine of rewards and punishments after death."

These men were both middle-aged, and appeared to be intelligent. After this declaration of their faith, or rather want of faith, Judge Alley refused to allow an oath to be administered to them. In doing so he expressed himself in emphatic terms regarding their views, and stated that if they adhered to them through life they would doubtless have good reason to believe in hell before the end of their existence. This incident shows that our home missions afford a good field for evangelistic effort.

Worship.

Wide open stood the church's doors,
And hundreds crowded there,
Bedecked in Sunday finery,
Because the day was fair.

A stranger strolling by the place
Approached and bowed his head,
And to the sexton, gray and grim,
He reverently said:

"Methinks 'tis well the people should
Upon the Sabbath day
Collect in numbers such as these
To contemplate and pray.

"How noble is the thought, my friend,
That those from far and near,
The rich and great, do congregate,
In humble supplication here."

The sexton wiped his weeping eyes
And sadly turned away;

"The president, you know," he said,
"Comes here to church to-day."

—Washington Critic.

A WRITER in the Fortnightly Review is independent enough to deny the immorality of cannibalism and say that a good way to dispose of the defective, aged, and dependant classes would be to eat them. Hygienists have often said that the character of a man depends upon what he eats. If this is true, the cannibalism of the defective classes would have a deteriorating effect upon those who ate them. We are agin it.—Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.



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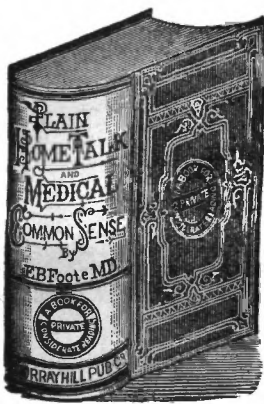
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—Lord Houghton.

A Home Question

A Detroit boy surprised his father the other day by asking:

"Father do you like mother?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"And she like you?"

"Of course she does."

"Did she ever say so?"

"Many a time, my son."

"Did she marry you because she loved you?"

"Certainly she did."

The boy looked the old man over, and after a long pause, asked:

"Well, was she as near-sighted then as she is now?"—Detroit Free Press.

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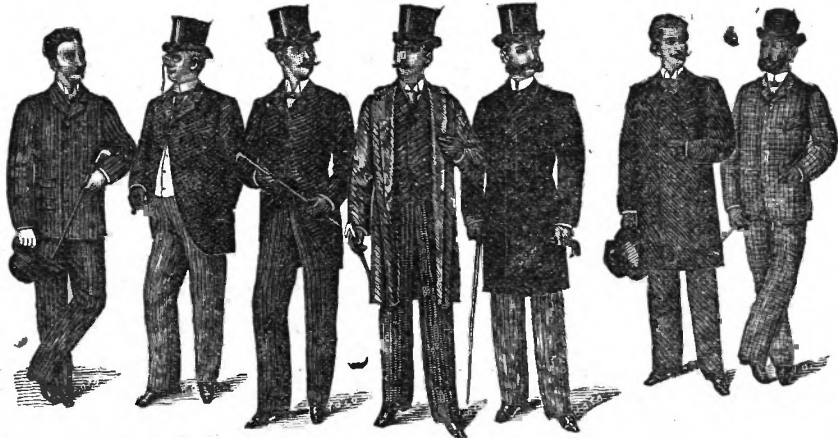
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Selfish Praying.

As Satan passed through heaven from
A walk on earth one day,
The Lord looked up and questioned him,
"Didst hear my creatures pray?"
"Ay, Lord, I heard their prayers resound
Where'er I listening stood,
But, by my soul, not one of them
Prayed for his brother's good."

Then looked Jehovah fire and flame,
And spake this fierce decree—
"Who makes a selfish prayer is thine,
The others come to me."
Then all that night on heaven's walls
The Lord and Satan stood,
To see how many sons of man
Would pray for a brother's good.

Alas, they watched there many an hour,
And yet there came no sound;
The poor, they prayed for pennies, and
The rich, they prayed for pounds;
The ugly prayed for beauty, and
The awkward prayed for grace;
The old ones prayed for youthful looks
To hide a wrinkled face.

The limping prayed for healthy joints,
The red haired prayed for brown,
The short ones prayed for longer legs,
The tall to be cut down.
The brown-eyed prayed for blue ones,
The cross-eyed prayed for straight,
The fat ones prayed for melting down,
The lean ones prayed for weight.

The doctors prayed for sickness, and
The undertakers death;
The captives prayed for sunshine, and
The phthisicky for breath.
The maiden prayed for lover's vows,
The soldier prayed for war;
The beggar prayed for horse to ride,
The drunkard prayed for "more."
The sick man prayed for break of day,
The thief for longer night;
The miser prayed for more of gold—
The blind man prayed for sight.

At last there came a tearful voice
Up to the starlit sky—
"Oh! may my uncle's soul this night
Rest with the Lord on high."
"There's one for me," Jehovah cries,
"Not so!" the Devil said,
"He's heir to all his uncle's wealth,
He wants the old man dead."

Just then there came another voice
In supplicating tones—
"Oh! may the grave be late to close
O'er neighbor David's bones."
"There's surely one for me at last!"
But Satan cried, "Not yet!
He merely wants the man to live
Until he pays his debt."

And so they waited till the stars
Went out at break of day;
Then Satan seized his bag of souls
And sped his homeward way.
Upon high heaven's glittering wall
Long had they listening stood,
But not a mortal all that night
Prayed for his brother's good.

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Freethought.

A LIBERAL JOURNAL.

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SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1889.

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FREETHOUGHT.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, }
GEO. E. MACDONALD, } EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - MAY 11, 1889.

THE Grant Post, G.A.R., of Brooklyn, N. Y., has distinguished itself. Anthony Comstock, the Vice Society's spy and scavenger, applied for admission and received thirty-seven blackballs. Comstock was sutler's clerk with a bad record as an accountant.

It is learned from the Alta California that the local courts of Pittsburg, Pa., have ruled that it is disorderly conduct to distribute heterodox tracts on the streets. We join the Alta in its prayer that these wise courts will now tell us just what orthodoxy is.

THE Roman church is willing to run the state, but the state cannot by any means run the church. The Catholics of San Francisco met in their churches on inauguration day, not because the president recommended it, but in obedience to the commands of Archbishop Riordan, who, in his circular, utterly ignored the presidential proclamation previously issued.

THE Rev. W. A. Cuddy, who was chaplain of the legislative assembly of Arizona which has just adjourned, has sent to the treasury department for deposit in the conscience fund the sum of \$22.50, being part of the salary paid him as chaplain. His motive for this action is explained by him as follows: "I cannot see that it is right for the rulers to take the people's money and pay it out to some hypocrite to stand up before a legislative body and pray for pay." The Rev. Mr. Cuddy is accused of being insane. It looks so.

SOME time ago FREETHOUGHT contained a review of a book entitled "God and Man," by the Rev. Dr. Henry Truro Bray, of Booneville, Mo. Dr. Bray had found after many years' study of the scriptures that he could not subscribe to various doctrines which the Episcopal church imposes on its members, such as vicarious atonement, eternal punishment after death, the resurrection of the dead, and the making of belief in the divinity of Christ an essential part of faith. He embodied these and other Liberal ideas in his book; then he called the attention of his bishop to the articles of the Episcopal creed which he had violated, and calmly requested to be deposed. The bishop at once complied with Dr. Bray's request, and expelled him from the ministry, but he had the good grace to say that the preacher showed "true

manliness in his conduct." He might have added that there were many occupants of Episcopal pulpits to whom the same compliment could not be truthfully paid.

SCHWEINFURTH, a religious impostor of Chicago, whose claims as a messiah have been previously mentioned, is threatened with a suit for damages for having alienated wives from their husbands. His followers are mostly women, who submit to his pretensions as the savior and to his claims as a man. The principal opponents of Schweinfurth are members of other churches, and profess to worship his predecessor who declared that any who would not desert their families and follow him were not worthy to be his disciples.

MR. S. P. PUTNAM

Will lecture in San Francisco, Sundays,

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NEWS AND NOTES.

Lemoore, named after my good friend Dr. Lee Moore, again gives cordial welcome, and I wander into pleasant pathways, amidst its fruitful and sunny scenes. There seems to be congregated here, by some mystic attraction, a choice company of intellectual spirits, of broad and varied experience, where Freethought might produce its richest results. The delightful hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. B. K. Sweetland made a cheerful retreat from laborious days. Mrs. Sweetland dwells in the large atmosphere of the two worlds that mingle with happy faith. But the visions of the hereafter do not make less beautiful the fields of today. So in this gentle home, where the tall trees shade the grass and flowers, I had a sojourn both restful and invigorating.

I was a bit under the weather with a cold when I arrived, but Dr. Moore was my guardian physician and put me on the way to health again. He seems to know just what to do for the ills that flesh is heir to, and has a comprehensive understanding of the material man, though his philosophy pierces to the invisible. Sunday morning there was quite a symposium of thought among our company, and many points of view made alternating lights upon problems of origin and destiny. My friend W. S. Cunningham is a Positive Materialist, but of the ideal order and recognizes the ever-abounding mystery of being. W. M. Gill, of the Lemoore Leader, drinks deep, it seems to me, of the Hegelian spirit and philosophy, which is forever alluring to the human mind, and Dr. Moore revels in the ideas of Plato and applies the brilliant metaphysics of the Greek to modern hope.

Starting from his primal propositions of the finite and infinite as the two great realities of the mental world, his reasonings seem to be both mathematically and poetically true. Man is finite, but since he has the capacity to grasp the principles of the infinite, in him also must be the element of infinite and therefore of immortality. Since man can grasp eternal truth, there must in his very nature be a reality which corresponds to his sublime vision. The power to understand is the power to be, and knowledge proclaims the measure of existence. Wonderfully interesting these thoughts are, and along the boundary of life they fling enchanting pictures and the shores of time glisten where the unknown sea forever breaks.

Sunday afternoon and evening the meetings were well attended. In the evening the hall was filled to its utmost capacity, the enthusiasm was manifest, and Freethought evidently has a home in this prosperous community. Mr. W. S. Cunningham acted as chairman in the afternoon, and W. M. Gill in the evening, with pleasant introductions for the speaker. Mr. Geo. S. Foster and J. H. Fox were also on the stage. From Hanford Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jenkinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Ford, Mr. E. J. Cole, A. F. Jewett, and others were present. They are ready for the work at Hanford, and will arrange for a lecture there when the fall campaign opens.

Again I had the pleasure of greeting Dr. Hamlin, who believes in the sunny side of things, but is always ready for pioneer work. Dr. Seth Morse was on hand also, and the enthusiasm of youth glows in the heart of age. Capt. Thos. Nelson makes the ship of humanity move on, be it sunshine or storm. Allen Fox returned from San Francisco in time for the last lecture. His son, a brilliant scholar, has been compelled to relinquish his studies on account of threatened blindness. A career of exceptional promise is thus early clouded, but I am glad to hear that recovery is now hopeful, and our "bright band of youth" will not lose this talented worker. All our heart and hope are with him for a restoration of health.

And many other friends I might mention in this pleasant burg, E. Hill, Frank B. Fox, John Thompson, Lucien Bee, Geo. S. Poster, of the ranks of FREETHOUGHT, S. I. Kidd, A. S. Cunningham, etc. About forty names, "good and true," are on the roll of the Liberal Union, and so Lemoore will be one of our bright landmarks, and all the glowing colors of thought of this world and of the "summer-land" shall mingle with its jeweled expanses of fruit, and flower, and grass, and orchard bloom, to the blue and white ramparts of the distant hills.

Monday, I go over to Visalia. Unfortunately, the lectures were not well advertised, and many Liberal friends did not know of them, and so I did not have a large attendance. Besides, the Pawnee Indian Medicine Company was in town, at the magnificent new Armory Hall, and was evidently the "town talk" before my arrival. It had exhibited for several evenings, and was billed for a week more. However, it was a good show. I found my old friend, F. P. Burgess, brother of Alf. Burgess, in management of the affair, with C. A. Burgess and H. E. Burgess, and I had with them a pleasant visit. The Burgesses know Indian life by heart, for they have been brought up in it. It is a matter of experience, and if the aborigines have any good thing I guess those apt scholars have taken it for the good of the world. Mrs. R. M. Longshore, M. D., was also lecturing at Armory Hall, and teaching women much of the gospel of good sense and wise fashion. She is an attractive speaker. Longshore and Burgess are names well and favorably known in the Liberal ranks.

I also had the pleasure of meeting James J. Martin, of Kaweah Co-operative Colony Company, located in Kaweah Canyon, and the giant forest of Tulare county. It was organized August, 1886. It is conducted upon different principles than other co-operative or communistic colonies. An endeavor is made to profit by past experience, and secure a thoroughly democratic institution. I like Mr. Martin. He seems to have a clear head and to understand the work in which he is engaged, with an earnest belief in its success. The affairs of the colony are carefully conducted, and so far as theory is concerned it seems to be an arrangement for co-operation that skilfully guards against the disasters of other experiments.

It was a gratification and repayment of other disappointments to strike hands with Thos. Jacobs and his brother Morpheus, who are on a ranch of four hundred acres about two miles out from Visalia, and I spent Tuesday night with them, and in the early morning light roamed over their splendid fields and orchards and vineyards, in whose bosom fortune waits the hand of labor. Our friends know how to mingle muscle and brain, and they will make a paradise of the broad domain. Liberals, too, they will keep the wheels of progress in motion, and make the harvest of earth contribute to the harvest of man in the golden days to come.

Chas. G. Wilcox made my stay as pleasant as possible, and did all he could for the success of the lectures. He drove me about the city and surrounding country, and I had a chance to see the fertility and beauty of the neighborhood, and the promise of growth for this handsome city. Amidst the stately oaks it has a comfortable and attractive look, and if it could once get on to the line of railroads it would have a prosperous career. There is no more beautiful town anywhere in the state.

A. E. Redstone, Zane Stuben, Jas. Evans, P. Hollenbeck, and others are among the Liberals of this place who are willing to be counted, and whether good fortune or ill fortune betide, the welcome is generous, and hope is brightened.

Wednesday morning I pursued my journey, and about noon find myself beneath the trees and amidst the many-colored flowers that surround and adorn the home of Judge North. Here I find papers innumerable that reflect the vast and diverse currents of the day, for Judge North is comprehensive in his intellectual sympathies and wants to know everything that is going on, and he has the newest thing in orthodoxy as well as the newest thing in Freethought, and in his retreat of philosophic and honored age he has not let anything pass by of interest to any human being. He has a library in which one can revel for days, it is such a rich and copious selection of the best thoughts of the time. Judge North has done a good work in Oleander. From twenty-five to thirty lectures have been given during the past season. There is marked improvement in the community. The brightest literature and science of to-day are welcome here. There was good attendance at my lectures. The interest increases. Judge North works with the same energy for Freethought to-day as he did forty years ago for anti-slavery, when he plunged into the great conflict for freedom, and the orthodox Christianity of New England gave him but cold comfort. He has had vast experience with the clergy of this country, and knows their weak points when it comes to a question of genuine reform and progress. It is a great privilege to spend a day or two with one who has been so intimately in the midst of our national struggle and touched elbows with heroic leaders in heat of battle. Mrs. North has borne the woman's part, whose gentleness and refinement have

been mingled with unswerving loyalty to the truth, however stern. This fireside gleams with memories that make glorious the hopes of the future.

Thursday evening, J. E. Dickenson, of Easton, took me over to his colony, and in the schoolhouse near by we had a small meeting, much like what they used to have in the pioneer days of anti-slavery. Not a dozen were present, yet we held the fort, and the roll of Freethought was enlarged, and again was made.

The next day I spent in sunny contentment at Mr. and Mrs. Dickenson's home, where I found plenty of Freethought and scientific literature. My friends came from Illinois. They are young yet, with one little girl, who is evidently a straight up-and-down Freethinker, bright as May itself, and sings all day long—no cloud of superstition in the sunny ripple of life. In the warm sunshine of the morning Mr. Dickenson drove me over the colony lands, which present a beautiful appearance, they are so neatly kept and show such signs of thrift and comfort. The lands are divided mainly into twenty-acre lots, and these are generally planted to orchards and vineyards, and afford a fair living to the busy dwellers. There are several churches scattered through the colonies, but I guess Freethought will hold its own.

Among Mr. Dickinson's coadjutors are Chas. Eckard, Fred E. Rogers, B. F. Otto, W. Eckard, etc., and there will always be a guard of liberty here, though two churches confront the schoolhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley and family are of the Investigator band and were with us on Friday night at Oleander.

Captain McLaughlin is an earnest Liberal, and, had time permitted, I should have enjoyed a visit with him and his family, for they all sail under the banners of the republic of liberty.

J. D. Galloway and F. J. Galloway are ever ready to lend a hand and keep the lights blazing and the bells ringing. M. F. Estes, W. Brooks, A. C. Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. Hardie, and others to the number of about thirty are on the roll of the Liberal Union. Friends S. E. Hopkins, C. W. Glazier, and Chas. Ochs were present from Fowler, and propose a lecture at that point at some future time. Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Fernald are also among our progressive friends of Oleander. So this rural community has responded with goodly number to the Liberal summons, and the golden dawn is in heart and hope.

Saturday I see a few friends in Fresno—W. T. Riggs, Chas. Burks, Geo. E. Church, Firman Church, etc. Arrangements could not be made for lectures at this flourishing city. The almighty dollar, for the time being, takes the lead, and the country is ahead of the city in intellectual activity. But the element is in Fresno and it will not always be dormant. In calmer times something more than gold will glitter in its busy atmosphere.

I had just time to shake hands and talk a moment with our sturdy and generous supporter, Wm. A. Fisher. He has a pile of Freethought books which are seldom idle, but go the rounds and keep the electric currents sparkling. Mr. Fisher is a thorough man of business, but his heart is aglow for the "good time coming," and he likes to do his share of humanity's gain.

I also met Dr. Rowell, who has been all round the world, and is one of the most well-known and popular citizens of Fresno, and he has not circumnavigated the globe without taking in many a new thought, and observing the "mighty stream of tendency."

I have thus finished my trip through Southern California, and I must say there is a vast improvement. Everywhere I have had larger audiences than before. Freethought is becoming recognized as a power, as a part of the world's history, and people de-

sire to understand its purpose; and as they understand they see that it is the truth and life. What is needed is organization, fellowship, and practical work; and this I look for with ever-increasing hope. Toil has been made pleasant along my varied journey. There is happy memory of a beautiful world; magnificent pictures of sea and plain and mountain; a fruitful land where peace and plenty reign, and where humanity, filled with a thousand activities, gleams to nobler virtues and fairer joys.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

THE SOURCE OF AGNOSTICISM.

If Prof. Thomas H. Huxley, popularly supposed to be the father of Agnosticism, will read the *New Ideal* for May, 1889, he will learn something to his advantage. In that journal the ex-Rev. Francis Ellingwood Abbot writes as follows:

"The German [form of the] theory [of Universals] recognizes the Universal as the Concept and the Word, but denies it altogether as the Genus,—denies it, that is, as a reality in a real Nature known by Man, yet independent of him. It teaches that the Individual Thing in Nature, even if it exists, cannot be known either in itself or in any of its real relations, internal or external. It teaches that the Universal is absolutely nothing but the work of human reason, has no real existence except as the Concept and the Word, and, as such, has nothing to do with the individual things in themselves, which cannot possibly be known to exist. It teaches that the Concept and the Word have no ultimate origin but Man, and that the notion of real intelligible genera in Nature, existing independently of Man, is a monstrous fiction of mere untutored imagination or 'common sense.' Hence the German theory, teaching the *Mere Ideality of the Universal in the Concept and the Word*, completely extinguishes, merges, or absorbs the Genus in the Concept or Idea, and has long been fittingly denominated CONCEPTUALISM or IDEALISM.

"In this German theory of Universals lies the deep, secret, and generally unsuspected source of all modern AGNOSTICISM, a result which was uncritically accepted, ready-made, by Spencer and Huxley from Hamilton and Mansel, borrowed by Hamilton and Mansel from Kant and the post-Kantian Idealists, and originally developed by Kant out of Hume and other adherents of Scholastic Nominalism."

Concerning this much misused word Agnostic, Professor Huxley declares that "it simply means that a man shall not say he knows or believes that which he has no scientific grounds for professing to know or believe." Professor Huxley further says that when he reached intellectual maturity and began to ask himself whether he was an Atheist, a Theist, or a Pantheist; a Materialist or an Idealist; a Christian or a Freethinker—he found that the more he learned and reflected, the less ready was the answer, until at last he came to the conclusion that he had neither art nor part with any of these denominations except the last. The one thing in which the most of these good people were agreed was the one thing in which he differed from them. They were quite sure they had solved the problem of existence, while Professor Huxley was quite sure *he* had not, and he had a pretty strong conviction that the problem was insoluble. "This," says the professor, "was my situation when I had the good fortune to find a place among the members of that remarkable confraternity of antagonists, long since deceased, but of green and pious memory, the Metaphysical Society. Every variety of philosophical and theological opinion was represented there, and expressed itself with entire openness; most of my colleagues were *ists* of one sort or another; and, however kind and friendly they might be, I, the man without a rag of a label to cover himself with, could not fail to have some of the uneasy feelings which must have beset the historical fox when, after leaving the trap in which his tail remained, he presented himself to his

normally elongated companions. So I took thought, and invented what I conceived to be the appropriate title of 'Agnostic.' It came into my head as suggestively antithetic to the 'gnostic' of church history, who professed to know so much about the very things of which I was ignorant; and I took the earliest opportunity of parading it at our society, to show that I, too, had a tail, like the other foxes. To my great satisfaction, the term took; and when the Spectator had stood godfather to it, any suspicion in the minds of respectable people, that a knowledge of its parentage might have awakened, was, of course, completely lulled."

We do not believe that Professor Huxley, when he adopted the word Agnostic as defining his *de-bons-non* condition, had the least suspicion of what interpretations were to be put upon his new label.

A Mr. Samuel Laing, an English gentleman who is described as "an earnest student, a disciplined thinker, and an enlightened Agnostic," has written an Agnostic creed concerning which Mr. Huxley confesses: "When I consider his creed and compare it with the Athanasian, I think I have, on the whole, a clearer conception of the latter." What then will he say when he learns from Mr. Abbot that by becoming an Agnostic he has merged the Genus in the Concept and is a mere Scholastic Nominalist? We do not see any way open to him but to plead guilty to the Rev. Dr. Wace's charge, and acknowledge himself an Infidel.

LOS ANGELES CRITICISM.

The Los Angeles Tribune contains a report and criticism of Putnam's lecture there that is full of gems. We quote:

"After a few brief attacks on the methods of the two evangelists, the speaker diverted his remarks from them and launched forth into a harangue of invective diatribes and ridicule of the Christian religion, and soon revealed the real animus of the lecture, the Atheistic extreme of Freethinker's attitude toward Christianity."

A harangue of invective diatribes is potent language, but the critic might have strengthened his statement by calling the lecture a diatribe of invective harangues. Furthermore, says the Tribune:

"All the mouldy, utterly discredited postulates which the more intelligent Freethinkers discarded long ago as unworthy and vulnerable weapons were rehashed."

No wonder the Tribune condemns a rehashing of vulnerable weapons. Vulnerable is defined by Worcester as that which may be wounded, and any weapon susceptible of that process is not fit for hash. Again:

"At no time did the speaker's utterances rise to the dignity of coherent argument, or his sallies of wit merit the bursts of laughter and applause which greeted them."

This is a charge which certainly cannot be brought against the Tribune's criticism, especially the following:

"There was absolutely nothing in the speaker's remarks to redeem them from the sheerest empyricism and commonplace."

There is no such word as "empyricism" in the language, but if one were to be invented it could mean no more or less than "combustion," and we have never heard any of Mr. Putnam's remarks that specially needed redemption from that state. The speaker aggravated his offense still further:

"Philanthropy was exalted as the consummate achievement of the best in human nature. Not even the emasculated religion of the less radical wing of Freethinkers was commended."

If Mr. Putnam continues to exalt philanthropy at the expense of religion it may become expedient to withdraw him from the

field, as we all know, or should know, that it is much more commendable to be pious than to be good. In conclusion:

"Numbers of people got up and left the room before the close of the lecture, and the speaker did not retain the attention of the audience as it looked at first like he would."

Graphic and full of fine detail work. The people "got up" before leaving. They did not crawl away on their stomachs or work themselves toward the door in their chairs, as it might be inferred that they did if we were not assured that they "got up." Then the beauty of diction—"like he would." A writer bound by the rules of syntax might have said "as though he would;" but our critic knows no such trammels. In fact, we might say that he does not appear to know anything.

JOHN BRANDT, PREACHER.

The Rev. John Brandt has replied to S. P. Putnam's challenge to debate. He writes to the Daily San Diegan as follows:

"Let Samuel P. Putnam, the advocate of Infidelity, state the propositions which he would like to have publicly discussed, and furnish satisfactory credentials as to his character and scholarship, then we can arrive at a conclusion."

JOHN BRANDT."

The Rev. Mr. Brandt appears to forget that he has already acknowledged the advocate of Infidelity a foe worthy of his steel by his long reply in the Daily San Diegan of April 10, and that he himself has stated the propositions which he is challenged to defend on the public platform. After wasting so much ink it is now rather late for him to introduce the questions of scholarship and character, the first of which may be judged from his opponent's published works and lectures, and the latter by his position among the Liberals of the coast. The Rev. Mr. Brandt has evidently reached the only conclusion that it would be safe for him to arrive at, namely, that he doesn't want to debate, and that he will evade the issue by any subterfuge, no matter how unmanly or inconsistent.

THE HELPING HAND.

About March 1 of this year was a critical period in the life of FREETHOUGHT. The publication had exhausted the capital originally invested in it, and had eaten up some \$1,500 earned by Mr. Putnam in the lecture field during the previous fifteen months. Opportunities for the publishers to engage in better paying work presented themselves, while prospects in the present enterprise were anything but bright. A brief computation revealed the fact that unless more than the regular revenue from subscriptions and sales were realized, the paper would not succeed. The weekly expenses of publishing FREETHOUGHT are as follows:

Composition.....	\$30.00
Paper.....	15.65
Presswork.....	6.00
Folding and fastening.....	3.50
Expressage on paper and forms.....	2.00
Postage on FREETHOUGHT.....	1.50
Rent of office.....	3.50
Stationary, postage stamps, etc.....	5.00
Office assistant.....	7.00
Incidentals, sample copies, etc.....	5.00
Total.....	\$79.15

This computation, it will be seen, does not provide for the salaries of the publishers, which, at a most moderate estimate, would increase the total to \$100 per week, or \$5,200 per year. To realize that amount at least 2,600 subscribers at \$2 each are necessary. We have now about 2,000, many of whom have

taken the paper at club rates of \$1.25, while some are gift subscribers at \$1. Each additional subscriber would of course increase the expense, but the returns for such advertising as we are able to obtain would cover the cost of 600 more.

The total receipts from subscribers left the paper, March 1, 1889, some \$2,000 behind. This sum had been made up from Mr. Putnam's earnings, from loans, and from gifts, the loans and gifts amounting to \$500. It is not to be wondered at that with these figures and facts before them the publishers felt a slight degree of discouragement, especially Mr. Putnam, who had worked hard for over a year, earned a good salary, spent nothing, and yet found himself in debt. We believed, however, that the Liberals of the coast, and to a great extent throughout the country, desired a continuance of the paper: that they would be willing to sacrifice something for its support, and that enough to warrant us in going ahead would be readily subscribed. We desired to secure a publication fund of \$2,000 annually. We therefore communicated with about one hundred trusted friends and patrons, asking their advice in the matter and soliciting their co-operation. Rather more than one-half of these have replied, and we give their answers below: M.

From J. Larsen, San Francisco.

GENTLEMEN: Yes, if I can. I like to hear Putnam speak. He is boss.

From Mr. DeBarry, San Francisco.

GENTLEMEN: I cheerfully join the one hundred. Draw on me for \$20.

From H. L. Shaug, Del Mar.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Yours received. I am with you sincerely.

From P. A. Clark, San Jacinto.

FRIENDS: Put my name on the list. Shall be glad to do what I can. Truly yours.

From R. Butterfield, Sacramento.

MR. PUTNAM: I pledge you \$20; will make it a hundred if necessary. Always with you.

From Robert Gunther, Eureka.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: I inclose \$20 to help make up deficiencies. Fraternally yours.

From William Sims, Mill City, Or.

EDITORS OF FREETHOUGHT: Depend upon me for \$20 Oct. 1. Of course the paper must be sustained.

From E. T. Webber, Denver, Col.

PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Depend upon me for my quota. Keep the ball rolling, and I will remit when called upon.

From J. A. Garfield, Marshfield, Or.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: We will think the matter over. You can certainly depend upon us for a helping hand.

From Herman Arnold, Shedd, Or.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: I will pay \$20 per year for the next five years for the support of FREETHOUGHT. Yours truly.

From A. Rosenow, Walla Walla.

DEAR SIR: It gives me only pleasure to pledge the assistance suggested. Inclosed find money order for \$20. Yours very truly.

From N. D. Goodell, Sacramento.

FRIEND PUTNAM: Of course I shall stand by you. The paper must be sustained, no question about it. Put me down for my share.

From John E. Jones, Round Valley.

DEAR FRIENDS: Until FREETHOUGHT becomes self-sustaining I am with you (if alive), not for five years but for seven times five. Yours truly.

From Mrs. Eugenie Robinett, Nipoma.

FRIENDS PUTNAM & MACDONALD: I send the pledge suggested. Mr. Robinett is absent, but I know he will concur. Your sincere well wisher.

From A. K. and M. J. Olds, McMinnville, Or.

FRIENDS PUTNAM & MACDONALD: FREETHOUGHT must by all means be continued, and you may add our names to the \$20 list. Your sincere well-wishers.

From a Friend in Oregon.

DEAR FRIENDS: If my assistance can do any good, count on me for the proposed amount, and accept accompanying \$20. Your friend and a Liberal.

From D. Buckingham, Raymond.

FRIENDS: In behalf of the cause I will stand for one of the one hundred. Times are dull, but FREETHOUGHT must live. You have our best wishes as well as our support. Yours with respect.

From L. K. Washburn, Revere, Mass.

DEAR FRIENDS: Mr. Photius Fisk has given me \$20 to forward you. Your paper must not stop, and I think you have adopted the right method to keep it going.

From Freeman Parker, Petaluma.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: I hand you \$20 and the names of a few subscribers. I may obtain more. Anyway, accept the amount for the support of FREETHOUGHT.

From S. Calhoun, Los Angeles.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: I will make no flattering promise, but you may depend upon me to do all that could reasonably be expected. Fraternally yours.

From James Greenhill, Clinton, Iowa.

FRIENDS: Notwithstanding that you are so far away I freely promise the support mentioned. The cause is one everywhere, in San Francisco or in Turkey. Your well-wisher

From Judge Heydenfeldt, San Francisco.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: I agree to become one of a hundred who will each pay \$20 a year for the next five years to insure the continued publication of FREETHOUGHT.

From J. A. Smith, Hudson, N. Y.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Without large means, and with the future uncertain, I dare not pledge anything beyond the present, but I will give \$20 to FREETHOUGHT this year.

From S. B. Cathcart, Marshfield, Or.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: The paper must be made a success. If the proposed method of sustaining it meets with approval count on me to do what I can. Yours for U. M. L.

From H. L. Wilson and Peter Selde, Davenport, W. T.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: We inclose you \$20, and will keep it up for four or five years. May others do the same that you may keep on in the grand work. We are yours fraternally.

From H. F. Ebers, Cazadero.

FRIENDS PUTNAM & MACDONALD: I inclose a check for \$20. I hope there are Liberals enough on the coast who will do the same, and enable you to continue in the good work. Truly yours.

From Philip Cowen, Petaluma.

FRIENDS: Without making any pledges for my executors to quarrel over, I am with you for one year, and while alive and

able shall always certainly feel like doing something for FREETHOUGHT.

From a Friend in Trinity County.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Your proposed plan for the support of FREETHOUGHT has been mentioned to me. Put my name on the guarantee fund, but never mind about mentioning it in the paper.

Conversation between O. T. Davies and S. P. Putnam.

Mr. Davies.—"I hear you are taking subscriptions of \$20 a year. Here are twenty dollars for my share this year."

Mr. Putnam.—"But you hold our note for \$100."

Mr. Davies.—"Damn the note."

From L. Geiger, Hudson, N. Y.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: To make a long story short, accept \$100, my share for five years in advance. Inclosed also find \$3, renewal of my subscription and for "Ireland and the Pope." Yours most respectfully.

From S. Littlefield, Anaheim.

GENTLEMEN: The banner of FREETHOUGHT must be kept waving in the trade wind of human progress, and all Liberals should cheerfully contribute to its support. Herewith find \$20. Wishing you a prosperous future, I remain yours very truly.

From C. C. Rodgers, Boulder Creek.

FRIENDS: I am not very "flush," but shall endeavor to raise \$20 for the coming year to support FREETHOUGHT. Mr. A. A. Sporeland, of Boulder, will stand in for \$10. Hoping for your success, I am truly yours.

From Ranford Worthing, San Diego.

DEAR FRIENDS: I very cheerfully make the pledge of \$20 per annum for five years, and as soon as San Diego gets on her feet again will make it a hundred rather than lose the paper. FREETHOUGHT must live. Truly yours.

From W. B. Gray and Frank Schunemann, Pasco, W. T.

DEAR SIR: We will stand in together for \$20. If this is satisfactory, you may rely upon us. Though not of large means we are always willing to help in a good cause. Inclosed find \$10, and notify when yearly subscription to paper is due.

From B. B. Rockwood, San Pasqual.

FRIEND MACDONALD: Please find inclosed check for \$20, my contribution for the maintenance of FREETHOUGHT, I expect to do much more than this for the maintenance of Liberal principles. You are publishing a glorious paper. Yours truly.

From the Hon. A. Schell, Knight's Ferry.

MESSRS PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Your note is received. Let me assure you, gentlemen, that there is nothing in the world to which I would contribute more cheerfully. Put me down one of the hundred, and find check inclosed for \$20. Yours truly.

From Ed. Wegner, Sonoma.

GENTLEMEN: I send you \$20 and will do so for the next four years if alive and able. It would certainly be a great misfortune to the Liberals of California, and much to their discredit, if they can't keep one Liberal paper alive. Hoping for success to the last, yours most truly.

From John Riffin, Esq., Los Angeles.

MY DEAR BROTHERS: I hasten to inform you that it will give me pleasure to be one of one hundred to contribute to the continued publication of FREETHOUGHT \$20 annually in advance during five years, if I survive. Inclosed I send \$2 for a new subscriber. Fraternally yours.

From W. S. Rodgers, Boulder Creek.

DEAR FRIENDS: I inclose you \$20 for ten subscribers. As to the proposed \$20 a year, I say emphatically, *Yes; I will do it.*

The \$20 I now send is separate and apart from this agreement. I have lost so much already that is dear to me that I cannot let FREETHOUGHT go too. Yours sincerely.

From Drs. E. B. Foote, Senior and Junior, New York.

FRIEND PUTNAM: If the Liberals over the country come to time you may count on us for \$10 each this year. Another year, if you should need our help, let us know. We certainly want to see FREETHOUGHT sustained on the Pacific coast. It is one of the brightest papers that come to this corner.

From Thomas Rattan, Encinitos.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: I am a Spiritualist, and if assured that FREETHOUGHT would treat Spiritualists with respect, I might entertain your proposition. [We have many Spiritualists among our subscribers, and as yet none have complained that they are not treated with perfect fairness.—Ed. FREETHOUGHT.]

From Richard H. Bliss, Camptonville.

FRIEND MAC: I heartily and cheerfully say Yes! to your proposition—namely a contribution of \$20 a year for five years, with only the proviso that I live five years and can get enough of the "yellow slave" to make my pledges good after settling bread account. Inclosed find money order for \$20. Fraternally yours.

From D. W. Smith, Port Townsend, W. T.

EDITORS OF FREETHOUGHT, *Dear Friends*: I am glad you wrote to me. It won't do to let the paper stop, and I now pledge you the sum mentioned, \$20 a year for five years, and you can draw on me for the amount at any time. I inclose \$2 for my subscription for 1889. Port Townsend is progressing—almost a Boom. Yours truly.

From O. Geldness, Spokane Falls, W. T.

PUTNAM & MACDONALD: It will be a pleasure to me to add my mite to the support of FREETHOUGHT, and I hereby pledge myself to pay \$20 per year for the next five years, to be applied to the publication of the paper. To me it seems that the value of such a journal as FREETHOUGHT on this coast can hardly be over-estimated. I forward you herewith \$20. Very truly yours.

From L. C. Geertson, Salmon City, Idaho.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: Yes, you may put me down as one of your \$20 subscribers. Your noble paper shall not go down so long as I can help it. The subscribers I secured last year speak in high terms of FREETHOUGHT. They like it better than any other paper they take. We are gaining ground all the time, and what is best of all, what we gain we will hold. With my best regards.

From G. A. F. de Lespinasse, M.D., Orange City, Iowa.

GENTLEMEN: I will do as you suggest. You have sunk two thousand dollars for the benefit of humanity, but I think it will be hard to find one hundred who will sink \$20 a year without hope of return. There are a few who pay the piper, and the rest enjoy the dancing. I am in favor of fair play and each paying for what he gets. If there were life in Liberalism according to the greatness of its objects, the Coast alone ought to give you all the support required. However, you have my word and promise and I will stick to it, whatever others may do. Fraternally yours.

From A. W. Smith, Denver, Col.

DEAR MR. PUTNAM: I am not surprised at your statement. My only surprise is that you have done so well. You must not let FREETHOUGHT go down—it would be a lasting disgrace for the Liberals to allow it. We look to the Pacific states for backbone to help us in this sparsely settled country. When I made the other remittance it was my intention to give the same amount every year until the paper was self-sustaining, so you may count on me for \$50 this year also. I don't see why you and Macdonald should give all your time and talents even to the best of reforms. Wishing you abundant success I, remain always your friend.

From John McGlashan, Ukiah.

FRIENDS MACDONALD AND PUTNAM: Inclosed I send you \$20— as a subscriber to the FREETHOUGHT fund. There certainly must be on this coast alone enough and many more Liberals and Freethinkers to sustain and uphold your paper. The fact is, we *can't afford* to let it stop. It must go on. There must be no such word as fail. It is doing much good, and I have reason to believe that it will ultimately become a fixed and permanent feature of our California energy and perseverance, established under many trying and disadvantageous circumstances. With my warmest sympathy and best and kindest wishes for every success, believe me yours ever.

From R. F. Grigsby, Palisade Mines, Calistoga.

FRIENDS PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Your kind favor of February 20 came duly to hand, and has had the earnest consideration of myself and wife. We sincerely sympathize with you in your desire to see FREETHOUGHT and the cause of Liberalism a grand success on the Pacific coast. We realize that the Liberals have a great deal more at stake in the success or failure of our cause than many of them are aware of, and if they could only be brought to understand the real situation, they would respond heartily in the support of our papers and our organizations. The people must be educated; they must be made acquainted with the principles of Freethought, then they will become supporters of our organizations and our papers. We know that FREETHOUGHT cannot be maintained without means, and until it is self-sustaining its friends must support it, and their reward must be in the advantage their children will receive more than for the present. Our ancestors fought that we might be free, and we must keep up the glorious fight. If all could join in the common cause the burden would be light, but we are aware that many cannot do more than they are now doing; consequently I propose, as the best plan to assist the publication and circulation of FREETHOUGHT, that one hundred representative Liberals shall each pledge themselves for the sum of twenty dollars per annum to the support of FREETHOUGHT; that in return they receive ten copies of the paper, for which they will procure subscribers, or circulate them where they are most likely to do the greatest amount of good for the cause of Liberalism, thereby giving the paper the required aid necessary to its existence, increasing its circulation, which will make it self-sustaining, and making a larger number of people acquainted with our principles. On this plan many of our friends could, by a little pains, procure one or more subscribers. We must not let FREETHOUGHT go down. I am ready to be counted one of the one hundred who will pledge either ten subscribers or \$20 coin, as the case may be. I hand you herewith my \$20. As ever, yours in Freethought and Universal Liberty.

To FRIENDS: I think it will be recognized by all that in making this statement and calling for a guarantee fund of \$2000 for the support of FREETHOUGHT, Mr. Macdonald and myself do it for the sake of the cause, and not for any pecuniary advantage. Neither of us is obliged to continue in this movement, for there are opportunities of work vastly more profitable. We continue in the enterprise because we like it, and would rather engage in it than anything else; because it is something that makes life worth living. We shall remain at the post so long as we can do so, keep out of debt, and not starve.

I want every Liberal to act in this same spirit. I want nothing as a matter of charity. FREETHOUGHT is not a beggar. It stands upon its merits and nothing more. It proposes to give value received for all money contributed. What is it worth? That is the simple question for our subscribers and for Liberals to decide. It is unquestionable that this journal is a most powerful instrumentality for organization and progress. It is needed upon the Coast. The vast gain in the past year is due mainly to the influence of the paper. It has brought our forces together and created fellowship and unity of action.

I desire every Liberal to ask himself frankly, What is this

progress worth to him as an individual. Of course there are many outside of the churches, non-Christians, who have no idea of anything beyond themselves and their own little circle. This is all right for any who are thus constituted. But there are Freethinkers who sympathize with the affairs of the world, whose delight is not simply in themselves, but in the progress and glory of the race to which they belong; who desire to see advancement, liberty, justice, and civilization; to whom the value of life comes from the fact that the individual is blended with the universal. To these Liberals I make this statement. It is worth something to them to see things grow better and brighter; to see mankind improve; to see superstition and error destroyed; to see the way open for larger and more beautiful attainment. Life is richer to them because of this wealth of thought and hope.

The question, therefore, is plainly stated. It is a business proposition from the standpoint of universal manhood. Not from the standpoint of bread and butter, of competition, of money-making, but of the ideal world, of that which gives the best and sweetest meaning to labor and enjoyment. What is this paper worth to the cause, and through the success of the cause to any one individual? If it is worth nothing, then give nothing.

But if it is worth something, a factor in your life that is a real benefit, then is it not a matter of justice to put your shoulder to the wheel and help what you can?

The proposition to raise above and beyond the subscriptions a guarantee fund of \$2000 a year for the next five years is the best and wisest proposition that could be made. It settles the question at once and places FREETHOUGHT upon a solid basis. Its success is thus absolutely assured.

The response has been most generous. Nearly one thousand dollars has been pledged by less than fifty of our friends and subscribers. Besides these fifty who promise \$20 per year, there are from one hundred to five hundred who can pay five or ten dollars per year. Of course the large majority can only pay the regular subscription price, and from these we ask nothing more. We do not want any to give who would feel it a burden to give. But there are those who can give as well as not. It is by these that we expect the guarantee fund to be supported.

I would like an immediate answer from all who will join the good company who so staunchly support our labors. Let it be settled at once upon what we can depend, so that we can go on with renewed hope. We care not for any losses in the past if only the future of the paper is provided for. We can work on a small salary if only we are able to keep out of debt and see that the paper will not die. Each friend by doing what he can will give this assurance of undoubted victory. FREETHOUGHT will grow more powerful year by year, will gain a subscription list of from three to five thousand, and be self-supporting, and Freethought societies will spring up and be moulded into one grand association.

To friends who hope for this, who believe in this, and the accomplishment of which will be an added wealth to life, we make this statement and ask for their co-operation. Several who cannot give \$20 per year have already agreed to give five and ten dollars per year. Who will join this number of two hundred, and thus make the guarantee fund of \$2000 an absolute certainty, and the great work on the Pacific Coast one of undiminished hope and advancement? SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

"The Truth Seeker Annual" for 1889. 25 cents.

S. P. PUTNAM has received invitation to the following places in Oregon and Washington, where he will lecture from June to October. The dates will be announced next week. Mr. Putnam has also received numerous invitations from other places, in Montana, Idaho, Utah, Colorado, and the East, but will not be able to accept until next year: Talent, Silverton, Stayton, Mills City, Coburg, Turner, Lebanon, Canby, Molalla, Oswego, Hillsboro, Forest Grove, North Yamhill, Eola, Shedd's, Arnold's Grove, Astoria, Stella, Stark's Point and vicinity, Coos Co., Arago, Coquille, North Coos River, Marshfield, Bandon, etc., Kalama, Davenport, Rosalie and vicinity, Dayton, Union, Baker City, Prairie City, Hamilton, Fox, Lone Rock, Monument, Fossil, Linkville, Brownsboro, Buckley, and Olympia.

ABOUT this time many letters written by George Washington are being republished. We supply a deficiency by printing the following:

"ROCKY HILL, Sept. 10, 1788.

"THOMAS PAINE: I have learned since I have been at this place that you are at Bordentown—whether for the sake of retirement or economy I know not. Be it for either or both, or whatever it may, if you will come to this place and partake with me I shall be exceedingly happy to see you at it. Your presence may remind Congress of your past services to this country; and if it is in my power to impress them, command my best exertions with freedom, as they will be rendered cheerfully by one who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your works, and who with much pleasure subscribes himself

Your sincere friend,
"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

WE receive regularly the ex-Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost's Twentieth Century, of which, we understand, the Hon. Frederick Cyrus Leubuscher, LL.D., is business manager. The paper is of the same age as FREETHOUGHT and is three-fourths as large. Mr. Pentecost formerly believed in God and Christianity; he now believes in Henry George and the Single Tax, and assumes an Agnostic attitude toward the subjects of his former faith. Whether his last state is worse than the first is a matter of opinion, but there can be no dispute about his earnestness and ability. The last number at hand contains an attractive advertisement of FREETHOUGHT.

A WEALTHY real estate dealer of Birmingham, Ala., recovered from a chronic disease last summer while undergoing the "faith cure." He at once became a monomaniac on the subject, advertised that he could cure all diseases by faith, neglected his business, wrote a book on Christian science, and finally became a raving maniac. Last week he was sent to the lunatic asylum, a total wreck. The saying that the cure is worse than the disease generally finds an illustration when the Christian science method is faithfully tried.

ATTENTION is directed to the Call of the Silverton Union for a State Convention of the Liberals of Oregon, to be held June 22 and 23. Oregon is one of the foremost states in the matter of Liberalism, and the convention, doubtless, will be largely attended and influential for the secularization of the state.

A CALL was issued for a meeting of Los Angeles Liberals last Sunday night to organize an auxiliary Secular Union, but owing to the prevalent rain the response was small, and the election of officers was deferred until next Sunday.

To acknowledge we are wrong, to correct a mistake, to accept the opinion of another when convinced he is right, are marks of good judgment and wisdom.—ELMINA.

OREGON STATE CONVENTION.

To the Liberals of Oregon:

The members of the Silverton Secular Union, of Silverton, Oregon, hereby cordially invite all the Liberals of Oregon to meet with them in mass convention at Silverton, June 22 and 23, 1889, for the purpose of organizing a state association on the basis of the Demands of Liberalism, to co-operate with the American Secular Union. The association thus formed is to represent no intellectual creed, but simply equal rights and impartial liberty. It is to be organized in the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the words of General Grant—"Keep the church and state forever separate."

All in favor of these great ends, so necessary to the preservation of Republican and Democratic institutions, are solicited to be present for fraternal co-operation. In union there is strength.

J. W. McCLURE, President of Silverton Secular Union.
R. D. ALLEN, Secretary.
MRS. CARRIE FITZGERALD,
H. D. MOUNT,
E. WOLFARD, } Executive Committee.

OBSERVATIONS.

The past week afforded San Francisco more dampness than the city had seen before at this season of the year since the water came up to Montgomery street. It rained from Friday to Tuesday, and at this writing there is a fair prospect of more. Sunday the baseball games were ruined, picnickers got soaked, and the city generally reminded me of a large stew, with a few men and women floating around as oysters. About three hundred tickets to Mr. Putnam's lecture were sold, but not more than one-half of them were presented to Mr. Walker, who was stationed at the hall door on Sunday night to gather them in. One hundred and fifty intelligent people make a good audience, but four times as many ought to have been present, considering the preliminary work that was done. Every inducement was offered people to come, short of paying their carfare, with the success above noted.

P. O. Chilstrom, Esq., president of the San Francisco Freethought Society, presided. Professor Schultheis not being present to encounter the piano, the breach was filled by Dr. Franz Kuckein introducing a gentleman who played with great skill and taste.

Mr. Putnam received a warm greeting, as I could tell from my position in the ticket office, where the sound of applauding hands was distinctly audible. The lecturer spoke on "The Past and the Present." Somewhere during his trip to the southern part of the state Brother Putnam had contracted a cold that impaired his voice slightly at the start, but its effects wore away rapidly, so that at the close I was ready to agree with Mr. Perkins, of the Weekly Star, that one does not often hear a better lecture.

The pecuniary loss which might have resulted from the lack of a large audience on this occasion—owing to the threatening weather—was luckily averted by the activity of Mr. H. W. Walker, Mr. Lemme, and others, who disposed of a great number of tickets previous to the lecture. Mr. Walker, being at leisure otherwise, was especially lively in the good work. Mr. J. A. Williams, too, distributed circulars gratuitously, and sold dollars' worth of books for the benefit of the cause. In spite of obstacles, therefore, the event was an all-around success.

Next Sunday afternoon, May 12, at 3 o'clock, Mr. Putnam, in the same hall, will make some critical remarks about the Revival Methods of D. L. Moody and the Rev. Samuel Jones. Admission will be free to all, and everybody is invited to attend.

The meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society on the evening of April 28 was pleasant and well attended. The brilliantly-lighted hall was just comfortably filled, and the little alcove at the farther end, framing Vice-President Eastman with its red-plush upholstery, presented a picture calculated to please the most critical eye. The high and spacious chairs, provided with comfortable backs and arms, give the sitter a sense of importance and magisterial dignity. There was to be heard the buzz of social

intercourse between ladies, and the gruffer notes of male philosophers swapping opinions. This, however, was interrupted by the Chair calling the attention of the audience to the purpose for which it had assembled, and after Secretary Breuer had read a selection from the minute book, Mr. Gustave Schultheis elicited a series of harmonious notes from the corner where the piano stood. A little unfinished business ensued, followed by the singing of one of the noble songs with which the Cosmian Hymn Book abounds, and then Professor Miller gave his discourse with the appropriate title of "Heaven." The speaker outlined the various notions of a future state that have been held by different peoples, all of whom believed that in heaven they would pursue the pleasures of which they were fondest on earth. Some Indian tribes held that the man would have the best chance in the happy hunting-grounds who improved the present by stealing the most horses and taking the most scalps. The Mohammedan heaven was filled with beautiful women of easy virtue; otherwise, it was much like the Christian conception. A description of Dante's and Milton's heavens was given. In one paradise spoken of trees bore fruit twelve times per month, a statement which drew from an auditor the reluctant confession that it beat Los Angeles county. Heaven, the speaker said, had been variously located in the west, in the south, under the earth, and above the earth. Discovery had driven it from all earthly points, and astronomy had driven it from the sky, until it existed nowhere but in the imagination.

I had intended to report this lecture somewhat at length, but at a critical moment Secretary Breuer borrowed my pencil, and it has not been returned up to the time of going to press.

Previous to the discussion which was to follow, the Chair introduced Mr. W. Alfred Pingree, of the firm of Pingree & Furgason, who made some entertaining remarks upon a banjo. Mr. Pingree wore a handsome rose in his buttonhole, and tossed his instrument about, without interrupting the tune he was playing, in a manner that would have demonstrated the presence of spirits if the room had been dark.

Mr. J. L. Hatch made a felicitous speech. He spoke of his acquaintanceship with the late James Lick, whom he visited when upon his dying bed. Mr. Lick announced himself a Materialist without expectation of a future life or desirous of one. Mr. Lick spoke regretfully of the fact that there was no Liberal organization in the city which he might aid with his means. If such had existed he would gladly have donated it \$50,000 for a hall. Mr. Hatch reported that he had been making some inquiries into the refusal of the Pioneer Association to rent their hall to the Freethought society. The secretary of the association, with great lack of candor, as he thought, had informed him that it was none of his business, but he should look further, and believed that the case was not hopeless. Mr. Hatch alluded to the Washington centenary, and said that if any one had reason to celebrate that event it was the Freethinkers, as Washington was a Liberal amid what Henry Ward Beecher would describe as the "costive conservatism" of his day. So were the other Revolutionary heroes to a great degree.

Mr. William Paddon spoke upon the God idea, saying that to believe that any personal intelligence governed the aggregate of matter was absurd and unprovable, and that so long as men looked for all their happiness in another world, regarding this as simply a vale of tears, they would neglect the highest duties of the present life.

Mr. H. L. Knight, speaking of heaven, said that all intelligent people were in the habit of speculating more or less on what might be the future state. He did so himself sometimes, when he had nothing else to think of. Perhaps even the brute creation did the same. We did not know. It was a harmless amusement, but had been perverted by a class of men called priests, who formed their crude notions of heaven ages ago, and had ever since declared it a heresy to either deny the accuracy of their conceptions or to form any others. It was as though the man who invented the wheelbarrow had declared that vehicle to be the *ne plus ultra* of all inventions, and had punished by death and torture any improvement upon his primitive conveyance. If there had always been Freethought, the dreams of a future life which men have indulged in would have been a blessing instead

of a curse. Mr. Knight added some patriotic remarks concerning the fathers of the Republic, who rejected all popes, kings, and gods when they wrote the Constitution of the United States.

Mr. Thomas Curtis, a man who has grown old and wise in the cause of Liberalism, was the next speaker. He said that in spite of the action of the fathers of the Republic, in rejecting kings, popes, and gods, there are thousands of wealthy dudes in the country who toady to royalty; the pope of Rome and his priests, practically rule in the politics of America, and the descendants of revolutionary sires aim to get their phantom deity recognized in the Constitution. A hypocritical Catholic archbishop of San Francisco issues a circular extolling the character of George Washington, a member in high standing of the Masonic fraternity, which order has been damned and anathematized by every pope for the last three hundred years. According to the archbishop, Washington was called of God to effect American freedom and preserve the blessings of religious liberty; while according to the popes the father of his country is doomed to everlasting perdition. Mr. Curtis added that the idea of heaven grew out of human vanity. Every Christian believes that the son of God died for him, and that he is the especial object of omnipotent solicitude. It is by feeding this vanity that priests rule the people.

An unnamed gentleman, following, rebuked the mass of mankind for using the word "I," whereas it should be "we," since there are two persons, the physical and the mental. I failed to catch the exact direction of the speaker's general drift.

I should not fail to record that during the exercises, Mr. Schou, the treasurer, moved that a collection be taken up, and that the motion was carried without a dissenting voice, the audience responding as generously to the measure when carried into effect as when it was put to vote. Three new members were added to the roll, and the meeting adjourned.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The Union Iron Works of this city has the contract to build a heavy armored war vessel of 54,000 horse-power at a cost of \$1,628,950.—The city trustees of Petaluma have passed an ordinance raising the retail liquor license to \$100 per quarter, and granting such licenses only on the recommendation of ten taxpayers and the filing of a one-thousand dollar bond that the applicants will not permit gambling or dice-throwing and that the saloon will be closed up at midnight and not be open before five o'clock. The penalty for violation of the ordinance is a fine of \$300 and the forfeiture of the license, half the fine to go to the informer. The ordinance will close about forty saloons and leave five open.—The woman suffragists of Washington Territory are making a vigorous campaign for the purpose of having a clause inserted in the new state constitution favoring the ballot for women. Laura de Force Gordon, Matilda Hindman, and other noted speakers are stumping the territory to this end. Probably a separate article on the subject, to be voted on by the people when the constitution comes before them, will be adopted. The constitutional convention meets in Olympia July 4. The election for members takes place on the 14th of this month.—Heavy rains have damaged and benefited crops in this state in about equal proportion.—Miss Dykes, the Missouri girl seduced by Deacon Van Every, of Los Angeles, won her suit for damages, the jury giving her a verdict of \$15,000.—The young wife of the Rev. Dr. Sprecher, of San Diego, has run away from him. He is fifty and she is seventeen. Sprecher's former wife secured a divorce last summer.—Dwight Hackett, editor of the Napa Reporter, who mysteriously disappeared a short time since, turns up in Chicago.—Samuel Brannan, the well-known California pioneer, died at Escondido, May 7. He was seventy years of age. Mr. Brannan was at one time the wealthiest and most popular man in California, and did much for the interests of the state.

David G. Croly, the well-known New York journalist, is dead.—Last Sunday's killing record: William Tansor killed his infant child at Chicago, Illinois. William Gilmore killed his wife and committed suicide at Albany, Georgia. Two men were killed and several seriously injured by a railro

collision near Jamestown, D. T. Prof. Matchett was shot dead by George Skene near Galena, Ill. Mayor Douglass, of Covington, Tenn., was killed by a negro he was attempting to arrest.

—Many of the people who went to the newly-opened lands at Oklahoma, I. T., are leaving the best way they can. Thousands are destitute and disgusted.—George Francis Train, after sixteen days' fast, delivered a lecture last Sunday evening in New York. It was a rambling and incoherent discourse, and failed to hold the audience.—A Polish priest was assaulted on the street of Manistee, Mich., last Saturday morning by one faction of his church, and a general riot resulted, in which men and women participated. The militia had to be called out to quell the riot. The fire department was also called out and turned the hose upon the mob. After nearly drowning several of the rioters peace was restored. The sheriff attempted to arrest the leaders and was attacked by the women, several of whom were knocked down. Ten rioters have been jailed and a guard stationed at the priest's house to prevent trouble. The riot grew out of financial troubles in the church.—The Australian election law, with modifications to suit the locality, has been adopted by both houses of the Missouri legislature, and awaits the governor's signature.—There were symptoms of another Anarchist scare in Chicago last week, but no disturbances ensued. William H. Barnum, chairman of the National Democratic Committee, died at New York May 1.

Citizens of Paris celebrated, last Sunday, the one hundredth anniversary of the meeting of the States-General, May 5, 1789. During the ceremonies an anti-republican fired a shot at President Carnot, but no damage was done.—Considerable excitement was caused in the trial of the Times-Parnell case, London, by Parnell's deliberate admission that some of his statements made in the Commons were total falsehoods. The hardihood of Parnell surprised the audience and elicited hisses.—The great world's fair, at Paris, was formally opened last Monday.

IN CONCLUSION.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I take the hint. The single-tax puzzle has monopolized too many of these columns, where I should not have introduced it if Mr. Roscoe had not asked me for my opinion. He then used compliments very different from those in which he has since indulged. His style is peculiarly pointed in regard to a certain lecturer, about whom he says: "If the speaker was not good enough to quote, he was not good enough to mention at all." I will quote some of his exact words. I am not the only one who distinctly remembers his saying, though not in the hall, "The only virtuous member of society is the tramp." Why not? When a tramp comes to the last gate, and Peter asks him how many times he has broken the ten commandments, he need only reply, "That's played out. Henry George has proved that nothing is so bad as owning land. I never took any part in that robbery. I never even encouraged it by paying any of the robbers a single cent for rent. All I want is a copy of 'Progress and Poverty';"

"Then I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."

F. M. HOLLAND.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURES.

San Francisco, May 12, 19,	Grub Gulch, May 29, 30, 31,
Boulder Creek, May 20, 21, 22,	Fresno Flats, June 1, 2, 3,
Santa Cruz, May 23, 24, 25,	New Sanel, June 6, 7,
San Francisco, May 26,	Ukiah, June 8, 9, 10,
Raymond, May 28,	Covelo, June 13, 14, 15, 16.

Appointments for Oregon and Washington, extending from June 22 to Nov. 1, will be announced next week.

LIFE spent alone is worthless. Life spent for only one or two is small and narrow in its results. A broad, all-embracing life, that takes in humanity as a whole, is the true philosophy.—ELMINA.

THE GOD IDEA.

The Christian idea of God is compounded of that of the Bible and that of the creeds. The Biblical idea of God is a patchwork of violently-contrasting colors, such as it might be expected would be found in a number of pamphlets written by different authors at widely different periods. The Old Testament idea is that of a national God, the God of the Hebrews. The body of the Jews did not think of him otherwise. He was their God, and the God of no one else. Some of their prophets and priests, with more extended vision, declared him the God of the whole earth, and that there was none other except him. This conception belongs to the later period of the Jewish people, and was taken up and carried on by the Christians.

The Hebrew God was in his original conception a war-god, jealous, merciless to his enemies, changeable, not always successful, demanding constant bloody sacrifices, insatiate of praise and glorification. The Christians could not ignore or deny these features of his character, for "all scripture is given by inspiration of God," and the Old Testament conception must be received. But, in accordance with advancing thought, they invented another side for his character. He was declared to be a father of men and a god of love. As Jesus was his son, he also was a god, and a third god, the Holy Ghost, was likewise developed, who, however, to preserve the idea of unity, was fused with Jesus and the father, into the Trinity, a three-in-one God. This same conception of a supreme triune god was common to Peruvians, Egyptians, Hindoos, and Babylonians. This conception is still maintained by all Christian churches, Catholic and Protestant. It is embodied in the so-called Apostle's Creed, which creed has been recited in concert by all the members of the Evangelical Alliance in convention assembled, and is one of the creeds of the Catholic church. This same conception of God is expressed yet more strongly in the Nicene creed, which is found in the Prayer Book of the Church of England. Both of these creeds are also adopted by the Catholic church. The Apostle's creed is sufficient for my purpose, and is as follows:

"I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth;

"And in Jesus Christ, his only son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; he descended into hell; the third day he arose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

"I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic church; the communion of Saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting."

This creed represents the faith of all Christians about the nature of God, for it is a creed which they all accept, with very few exceptions, which they are obliged to accept to become members of the church. Let us look at it in detail.

"I believe in God the Father Almighty." A father? We shall see about that presently. But that is certainly a nobler conception than of God as a god of battle, giving orders to kill men, women, and children. The Christian, while he upholds the Old Testament as inspired, is obliged to maintain both ideas, which are entirely contradictory—that of a savage God and of a mild God. That is the result of trying to reconcile primitive crudity and civilized reflection; of declaring that the ideas of both are true; *i. e.*, that black and white are the same.

"Maker of heaven and earth." Yes, certainly, but not of the whole world. Ideas of heaven were crude and limited in the days when this creed was made.

And in Jesus Christ, his only son, etc. Here follows a recapitulation of the chief miraculous events of Jesus's life; his conception, birth, and death (which was natural), his descent into Hades, his resurrection, ascension, and a prophecy of his future coming to judge the world. The Nicene creed declares more distinctly than the Apostles' the unity of Jesus with God the Father. He is said to be "God of (or out of) God, begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father," and by him "all things are made."

It need not be said that all this is impossible to the scientific

mind. Can the Infinite power have a son? Can it inclose itself in the body of a man? Can a child be conceived or born save by the ordinary course of nature? Is there any satisfactory testimony that a dead man has come to life? Can the body of a man go up through the air and disappear. And if Jesus's body went to heaven, where is heaven? These things are impossibilities to us.

The whole story and the creed are easily explained, however, if we remember that at the time when the creed was formulated the idea of incarnation was a familiar one. The Hindoos believed that their god Vishnu had nine incarnations. According to Greek mythology, Jupiter appeared as a bull, as a swan, as a man, and the other gods often appeared in human form. The gods, too, had children by the daughters of men. Hercules and Esculapius were the sons of Jupiter, Romulus of Mars, Æneas of Venus. The idea of sonship to a god was a familiar one to that imaginative, unscientific age. That explains how this creed came to be formed, but it does not explain why it is still believed by a great majority of the people of Europe and America, and subscribed to by all members of the Christian church. That is because the leading minds of the Christian church have always declared and insisted that this mythology about Christ is true, though all other mythology is false, which it so exactly resembles. This creed has been bound with iron bands upon the thought of Europe for nineteen centuries. Man has been compelled by fire and by sword to declare its truth. This creed has cramped the thought of centuries and dwarfed the intellectual stature of man. Yet on the day of Easter the churches of this city and nation have been crowded with worshipers and sight-seers to honor a feast that declares the resurrection of a god-man from the dead. Surely there is little difference between heathen and Christian as to the fables of their religion, or the nature of the god in whom they have chosen to believe. Certainly men delight in the figments of their imagination and prefer picturesque self-deception to the clear light of reason and truth.

To be sure there is excuse. The mind of man has been terrorized. It has been kept in slavery by priesthood and government, by church and state. But the bonds of that slavery have been relaxed. Its terrors can no longer be enforced upon the body in this world. They can only be thundered and threatened from the pulpit for the next. The mind of modern man is free to accept the truth, and shall he not do so? Shall the nineteenth century continue to believe the fables of the first? Shall a Semitic god be any longer forced upon the knowledge of to-day? Is it not a shame to his intelligence and a disgrace to his reason that holds to-day belief in a trinity, and the miraculous events of the life of Christ as happening to his god? Shall he accept a false creed because it is respectable? Shall he believe a lie because society approves of it?

In every encounter of the champions of Freethought with the champions of orthodoxy the latter bite the dust. Gladstone has ridden a double tilt with Huxley and with Ingersoll, and in each he has been unhorsed. Laymen, doctors of divinity, and bishops fall before their lance. Yet with incredible stolidity, the former declare themselves the victors, and their followers are assured that they have won the battle. Some men may be ground and re-ground in the mortar of logic and not abandon their folly. Such are the teachers of Christian doctrine, of those childish stories and subtleties of an unscientific age.

But there is more of this creed, adopted nineteen centuries ago and obligatory on all Christians to-day: "From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead." This judgment, with its attendant eternal punishment, has lain like a nightmare on the Christian mind all these centuries. And yet it is all a fiction. The idea of a future judgment is common to all the Babylonian, Egyptian, Greek, and Mohammedan religions, and if true for one is true for all. The ground of evidence is the same in each—that is, the evidence is worthless. Judgment, or punishment for sin, which is broken law, goes on constantly under the operation of natural law. That an infinite being will come from some distant place in visible form to sit upon a throne and judge mankind is as childish a belief as that the same infinite became a child. Such beliefs may do for the infancy of thought, but they are unworthy of its manhood.

"I believe in the Holy Ghost." This is the third person of the Trinity, a somewhat vague personality, which it has always been rather difficult to separate and outline, even in ecclesiastic thought. He is the convincer of sin; there is a sin against him which is deadly; his agency converts men to a belief in Christianity. He is a comforter, an indefinite presence that acts mystically upon the soul. The Nicene creed declares his attributes a little further. He is "the Lord and giver of life, who proceedeth from the father and the son, who, with the father and son together, is worshiped and glorified." The Greek church does not allow this procession from the son, and does not commune on this account with the Roman church, and this difference of doctrinal opinion has led to much bitterness of feeling and mutual excommunications and revilings.

Such is the Christian definition of God by its creeds, adopted from fifteen to eighteen centuries ago, which it has never changed, which it refuses to change, and yet requires all its members to agree to. In the presence of modern knowledge this conception appears so unreasonable, so artificial, so unscientific, so plainly the invention of imagination, that the minds of intelligent Christians are constantly troubled by the struggle to believe it in the face of reason and truth. If I have dwelt strongly upon this definition of God, it is because this definition is the substance of Christianity, the leading principles from which all others proceed—the fountain head of faith.

I am aware that there are many other conceptions of God among Christians themselves, that there are many other ways of thinking about him, and so, it has been said, almost as many ideas of God as there are persons, each person's idea differing somewhat. I do not quarrel with that. Each one has a right to his individual opinion. Thought must be free. But I find fault with Christianity for obliging its members to accept a definition of God which reason condemns as stultifying the intellect, which Christianity refuses to change, though it has been proved again and again that its conception is unphilosophical, unscientific, and utterly devoid of proof.

HERBERT MILLER.

A MODERN WHITFIELD'S FATE.

The town of Waverly, O., is all torn up. Nothing in the history of that peaceful village has ever created such a sensation and scandal as that which the other day attended the untimely discovery concerning the youthful pastor of the town, the Rev. Mr. Luck.

Mr. Luck is twenty-four years old, and his diploma from the Antioch Theological Seminary was granted within the past year. Two or three months ago the good people of Waverly had their first opportunity to listen to the Rev. Mr. Luck. He had come to the town leading a band of revivalists, and his tremendous torrent of eloquence at once made itself felt. He possessed a marvelous gift of oratory. The second sermon he preached carried away his hearers. They thought a second Whitfield had come upon the earth, and Mr. Luck's fame at once spread into seventeen counties, and from far and near great throngs came to hang upon the gifted preacher's burning words.

The good people of Waverly could not let so great a treasure escape them. They promptly issued a "call" to the Rev. Mr. Luck, at a fine salary, and he settled in their midst.

The young Whitfield was handsome, had fine elocutionary powers, a commanding figure, and for one so young great dignity of manner. It was not surprising that the young females of his flock went wild over him, and that jealousies and heart-burnings arose that nearly broke up two sewing circles and the young ladies' visiting committee to the poor of the parish. What might have happened further will never be known, for a most untoward accident cut short the brilliant career of the Rev. Mr. Luck.

One night about two weeks ago he was announced to deliver a sermon upon "Conscience." The church was packed to overflowing. For more than an hour he held his congregation spell-bound with graphic descriptions, beautiful metaphors, and wondrous flights of eloquence. Half the vast congregation sat agape and marveled that one so young could be so gifted.

But among the Rev. Mr. Luck's hearers on that occasion was

a meddlesome newspaper man, gifted with a memory—a memory with a big M. He thought he had heard that sermon, or read it, before. Ere the last sound of eloquence had died upon Mr. Luck's luckless lips, that meddlesome man with a memory was streaking it for home, where he had a pile of scrapbooks. In an hour he had found the identical sermon; it was one preached by the Rev. Talmage on September 28, and published in a Cincinnati paper of the next day. Confronted with the sermon in cold type, Mr. Luck at first expressed surprise and anger, then equivocated and then confessed.

And still further, to add confusion to confession, the young Whitfield stole from the town between two suns—never stopping to draw the remainder of salary due him, or bid his sorrowing parishioners farewell.

Hence it is that the good people of Waverly gather in their accustomed haunts and whisperingly consult and ask themselves, "Is life worth the living?"—Examiner.

HEAVEN ON EARTH—A BUSINESS VIEW.

As it has now been concluded, at least among a large class of thinking people, that an existence hereafter is very problematical, and is rather a creation of the imagination than resting on any substantial basis, it devolves on us to see if we cannot supplant this old and cherished hope with a better and more tangible one; for, after all, there is a feeling in the human mind that we are placed on this earth to enjoy life, and if we do not, we should find out the reason why. It may be that disobedience is the true reason of our "fall." But disobedience to what? Doubtless it is a disobedience to some implanted instinct which we have suppressed or perverted. The Bible idea may not be far wrong.

Other animals follow out their instincts when not interfered with. Bees and beavers are models of industry in their way. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise." We cannot pervert the instincts of these animals. We may destroy them, but we cannot change their nature. We may steal away their provision for the dark days, or we may destroy the elaborate architecture of their homes, and they will sicken and die, or flee away elsewhere from their persecutors.

It is different, however, with human beings. Man is created perfect, or at least perfectly adapted to meet the various contingencies of life, but his natural instincts and inclinations, which are all good in themselves, may be perverted by his education and surroundings.

First, we have to eradicate the idea which has been so persistently inculcated, that this life is mainly a vale of tears; that man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward; that he is naturally depraved, and cannot hope to enjoy happiness on this earth, for he has only an inheritance of sin. Or, as the old song of the poet has it—

Few are thy days and full of woe,
O man of woman born.

All these doctrines should now give way to more cheerful anticipations of life; to a career of success in good works; to a peaceful solution of all difficulties. All the miserable debates and strifes of the present day should vanish before the dawning light of the new era, when the wicked shall cease from troubling and the weary be at rest.

Without a question we are at present in a new phase of society, such as never before existed in the history of man. Like a wave from the broad swell of the Pacific it has rushed in upon us unsuspectingly, and left us in amazement and alarm. But there is no need for consternation, the situation may be summed up in a few words.

About a century ago, more or less, an ingenious man, named Watts, so perfected the steam engine as to adapt it to useful work. That is, he made it so that it would turn a wheel with a force equal to the power of several horses, and from this circular motion, oscillating, reciprocating, eccentric, and other motions could be derived. Hence, by putting a strap around its principal or drive wheel, motion was communicated to any machine with which it was connected. Here a new *power* was born into the world.

Then a man named Arkwright, a barber by trade, conceived

the idea of uniting a number of spinning-wheels together in one machine, and by applying the steam engine to move it, cotton, woolen, silk, or other thread was spun and reeled in vast quantities, at once superseding the old grandmothers' spinning-wheels over the country.

Before long, yet another invention was brought forth—that of the cotton gin, by Whitney, which separated the cotton fibre from the seed. Factories for spinning thread, and power looms for weaving, having been established, the new career of machinery was fairly entered upon. The rural population was drafted into the cities by the prospect of gain and high wages, until finally the supply of candidates for city work exceeded the demand, and has so continued down to the present day.

In the meantime inventors were at work applying the power of steam to almost every conceivable purpose; notably to transportation on railroads by locomotives; to steam vessels, first on rivers, and finally on the ocean. Indeed, it may be stated that a more complete revolution in human affairs, ramifying throughout the whole social structure, was never before effected in in so short a time, or in any time. Talk of political or religious revolutions, of change of dynasties, or remodelling of constitutions, all these fall into insignificance in comparison with the effects of this little mechanical invention.

The wonderful results of mechanical invention, great as they have been, are nothing in comparison with what may be effected in the future. So far it has been confined principally to manufacturing—to spinning, weaving, to transportation by land and sea, and other objects outside of agriculture. In the latter department it has been used only to a limited extent. But there is a great future before it in this direction. Whether it be by steam or other motive power, the field, in the line of agriculture, is illimitable.

The soil, as it is presented to us, in its raw and uncultured state, gives but scanty results to the husbandman. Only a small portion—not a thousandth part—of the soil is active in giving fertility; the rest is inert. But the inert portion is a fund on which we may draw to increase the fertility as we wish. In the most fertile soils an almost undiscoverable portion only is in that disintegrated and soluble state requisite for the foods of plants. But when we have the "power" at command we can reduce the whole soil to a fertile state.

As we make the soil more perfect we also improve the *quality* of its productions. We may have fruits whose points of excellence will as far exceed the best of the present day, as the latter exceed the crude, sour, and woody productions of early days.

With superior food, to what excellence may not man attain, physically and mentally? What length of days and enjoyment of life, when all this is combined with unity of interests? There is something worth striving for; something to animate our ambition. When the architect of the Taj Mahal, at Delhi, India, had finished the great work, combining the perfection of art with the exuberance of nature, with justifiable pride he sculptured on the palace walls, "If there be Paradise on earth, it is here, it is here!"

LOOKER ON.

BOOKS.

We have for sale at this office, among other works:

"Yone Santo," see advertisement.

"Self-Contradictions of the Bible." 15 cents.

"Liberty and Morality," by W. S. Bell. 15 cents.

"The System of Nature," by Baron D'Holbach. \$2.

"Robert Elsmere," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Price, 50 cents.

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

Judge Maguire's "Ireland and the Pope," a history of papal intrigues against Irish liberty. Price, 50 cents.

Taylor's "Diegesis," by the Rev. Robert Taylor. A discovery of the Origin, Evidences, and early history of Christianity. \$2.

"Looking Backward," a socialistic romance which has been termed the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of Industrial Slavery," by Edward Bellamy. Price, 50 cents.

Professor Seymour With the Ghosts.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Last Sunday evening I was one of twenty-eight to sit in Mrs. Reynolds's seance for spirit materialization, and having paid my dollar, the same as the others, I am free to write what I please, and speculate on what I saw. I found Mrs. Reynolds a fine, tall, well-proportioned woman, of rather prepossessing appearance, but with a very weary and worn look, as if her burdens were greater than she could bear. The little room was packed full of intelligent men and women, all eager to see and hear the voyagers from the land "beyond the river." The cabinet was a very simple affair, being a mere curtain of black in one corner of the room, with solid plastered walls and floor well carpeted and nailed down. This cabinet was not over three feet square and eight feet high, and open at the top. At the hour of eight the door was locked and the light turned low, yet leaving light enough for one to see all around the room. Mrs. Reynolds was seated outside the cabinet, dressed in an ordinary brown alpaca dress. After a few minutes of song the medium went into the cabinet, and in about one minute a form, dressed in white and surrounded by several yards of lace or mosquito netting, came out and called up several of the circle, whom she embraced and kissed as if glad indeed to meet them once more. I noticed several of those so called up were very much affected at seeing what they believed were their loved dead, back again apparently alive and well. Tears and endearing expressions were plentiful and excitement seemed at a high point with all. After several apparitions had thus come and gone, all females, and about the same height and size as the medium, one emerged several feet from the curtain, calling for her baby, holding out both hands; then, stooping down, she seemed to pick up a baby from the floor beside one of the sitters and returned to the cabinet hugging and kissing, as only a mother can, her baby child. It was not a living child, I am sure, but I could not tell whether it was a doll or rag baby made up for the occasion. After this what appeared to be a child partly came out and talked to some other children in the circle, calling them up to be kissed—the medium could have deceived us in this by being on her knees, but I do not know. I was not over four to six feet away, but would not hazard an opinion. Then a form came out away from the cabinet, dressed in white, and sang, in a loud clear voice, several verses of a spiritual song, showing that spirits must have good vocal organs at least.

I noticed that when the sitters were called up and embraced the spirit forms, and patted them on the back the concussion sounded like patting flesh and bones, instead of a spiritual nothing. Your humble correspondent here asked why no male denizens from lands ethereal put in an appearance, when a large-sized, full-formed man, dressed in black or very dark clothes and having black whiskers and very full face, opened the curtains. He did not come outside, but stood and sang in a loud, clear masculine voice, "Scattering Seeds of Kindness." He sang the piece through, stopping only once to go back into the cabinet to "get more strength." This male spirit is said to be Mr. Groff, the medium's control, but I noticed the voice seemed to be very much like the medium's, both in singing and answering questions. There seemed to be another control also, called Effie, that claimed to have been born in Washington, D. C., but died at birth some 29 years ago. Effie was a very jolly spirit, and sang very finely for us several times, and gave us an original conundrum: "Why cannot a fly see in the night time?" We all gave it up as too scientific for mortals still on this mundane sphere, when Effie came to our relief by giving us the solution: "Because they have left their specs on the wall in the day time;" which brought the house down. Then the dear angel asked us to spell needle. We asked her to spell it, when she spelled it "Neidle." Being told that needle had no *i* in it, she laughed, and asked what use a needle would be with no eye in it. Thus we were outwitted by the spirit from angel shores.

I was very much in hopes to be called up by some of the forms, as it does not often happen that a Melican man has a chance to be hugged and kissed by females from "the summer land," but my most ardent wishes were not to be gratified. I got nothing better than the cold shoulder, while many had the unspeakable felicity of holding to their breast lovely beings, draped in snowy white, claiming to be "loved ones gone before," just back from the shadowy land. I thought over all the acts of my life to see why I should thus be left in sheol, though others, apparently no worse looking, should be thus crowned with heaven's

choicest blessings. I think I shall try, from this on, to be a better man, at least to improve my looks, for it is hard, it is terrible, to be thus slighted.

At the close of this very interesting (to some) seance, two full female forms came from the cabinet for a minute, bade us all a kind good-bye, kissed their angel hands to us, and disappeared. But almost immediately out came the medium dressed as she had gone in. I went directly into the cabinet, but there was absolutely nothing there but the chair which the lady had occupied.

If there is any such thing as genuine spirit materialization, this may be one, but as Mrs. Reynolds is said to have been exposed many times in this city and other places, it becomes necessary to watch with both eyes open. The medium said before she began, that she did not tell them it was spirits, they were at liberty to think of it what they pleased. This of course released her from any chance of prosecution if a cry of fraud was raised, or of obtaining money under false pretenses; which is, of course, only good business tact. I have never been much of a believer in materializations, and I will not attempt to pass an opinion on this. I would merely advise everybody to investigate for themselves.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

Pious Impertinence.

"The right of private judgment" is a fundamental principle of Protestantism. But for that "right" there could have been no Protestantism. And yet several of the ministers of the most prominent churches in this city are in the habit of warning people of the awful sin and danger of attending my church, and some of them have gone so far as to visit Unitarian families, and utterly disregarding the one cardinal principle of Protestantism they have labored to win such families from the church of their choice, and their children from my Sunday school. And in the prosecution of this discreditable work such representations have been made of the general character of Unitarianism, and of my preaching, as to brand with unaccountable ignorance or downright hypocrisy and double dealing some of the Los Angeles clergy who are quite too pious to observe the golden rule or to attend to their own business. Poaching on another's preserves is regarded as about the meanest of all the varieties of dishonesty and low cunning. My people have the same "right of private judgment" as have Baptists, Methodists, or Presbyterians, viz., without molestation, insult, or "pious impertinence" to hold the faith and attend the church of their choice. And if, hereafter, their rights are recognized, well. But if not, I will publish the names of the "pious poachers," with those of the witnesses by whom I will sustain the very serious charge I hereby make.—ELI FAY, in Los Angeles Times.

"The right of private judgment" is a mighty good thing, and I hope Dr. Fay won't limit it to Unitarianism, because that is the last step between Christianity and Infidelity. But don't he warn it to his fellow disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus H. Christ! "How beautiful it is for brethren in unity to dwell," and what a successful tendency thus to do is derived from exercising "private judgment" on the word of Gaud.

C. SEVERANCE.

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The centenary of Washington's "inauguration" suggests reflections of seriousness. There are two George Washingtons—the actual and the ideal. They were equally deep, but the former was choke-full of the old Adam. He swore like the army in Flanders, loved a bottle like a brother, and had a truly colonial reputation as a lady-killer. He was indeed a singularly interesting and magnetic old boy—one whom any sane and honest lover of the picturesque in life and character would deem it an honor and an education to have known in the flesh.

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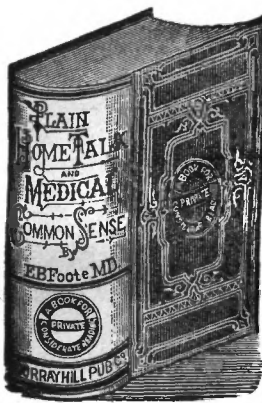
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - MAY 18, 1889.

THE Rev. Dr. Driver, of Portland, Or., has got as far East as Chicago, and has there entered a debate with Mr. Charles Watts, of Toronto, on the relative merits of Secularism and Christianity. Dr. Driver is a famous Infidel smasher, in his own opinion, but is likely to experience a diminution of self-conceit before Mr. Watts gets through with him.

THERE is no doubt that the Rev. George Jacob Schweinfurth, of Chicago, is mistaken in believing that he is the messiah sent by heaven to save the world, but we have no sympathy with the lawless White Caps who threaten him with tar and feathers and roasting alive. Mr. Schweinfurth has purchased guns and dogs and is ready for the regulators, and we hope he will annihilate the first man who enters his premises with felonious intent.

THE ex-Rev. Mr. Pentecost, editor of the Twentieth Century, has tried his hand at definitions. He says that "the name Liberal describes a number of persons who are about as illiberal as it is possible for human beings to be." Mr. Pentecost, by the title of his paper, assumes to be a hundred years ahead of the rest of the world, so that we must make some allowance for the difference in chronology. His statement about Liberals may be true in the twentieth century, but intelligent and honest people of the nineteenth century know it to be false.

THE Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, formerly of India, sends the Pall Mall Gazette a letter addressed to Queen Victoria, in which he asks her to restore him his great diamond, the Koh-i-noor. He says:

"It will be useless for me to demand the restoration of my kingdom, swindled from me by your Christian government, but which I hope shortly, by the aid of Providence, to retake from my robbers. But my diamond, the Koh-i-noor, I understand, is entirely at your disposal. Therefore, believing your majesty to be 'the most religious lady' whom your subjects pray for every Sunday, I do not hesitate to ask that this gem be restored to me, or else that a fair price be paid for it to me out of your privy purse."

There is something touching in the unsophisticated simplicity of this Indian rajah. The queen is a most religious lady, certainly; she is the head of the church; but even a heathen in his blindness should know that religious professions have no bearing on justice. Justice is left for the next world, and according to Christian doctrine Maharajah Dhuleep Singh will get his in sheol.

THE ruling of Judge Ross, of the United States Court at Los Angeles, in the case of Frederick Goodhue, a letter carrier charged with robbing the mails, seems to give postmen most extraordinary powers. Goodhue, it appears, was suspected of theft, and decoy letters addressed to "M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans," and containing money for lottery tickets, were deposited in the mails. These Goodhue appropriated, and the marked bills were found upon him. Judge Ross, in his charge to the jury, instructed them to take no cognizance of the counts of the indictment having reference to the taking of the decoy letters, as these were not put in the mails in the regular course of business, and were consequently not intended to leave the Los Angeles post-office; they were therefore not letters in the eye of the law, and the defendant could not be prosecuted for taking them out of the mailing case.

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ANOMALIES OF THE SITUATION.

At the utmost possible estimate there are only twenty million Christians in the United States.

Over against this twenty millions there are forty millions who are non-Christians; persons who do not attend Christian churches, who do not believe Christian doctrines, who do not want Christian legislation, who are totally indifferent to the Christian name.

This is an astounding fact on the assumption that Christianity is a divine religion, that its founder and supporter is God. It has existed for eighteen hundred years, and yet in the most civilized portion of the globe it can claim only one-third of the population. How long will it take Christianity to subdue the world at this rate?

Considered as a divine religion Christianity is a stupendous failure. Considered, however, as a merely human religion it exerts a marvelous power.

These twenty millions rule the country against the real wishes of forty millions of people. Practically this is a Christian nation. Church property to the amount of one thousand million dollars is exempt from taxation. If this property were taxed like other property it would yield an income to the public treasury of \$25,000,000 a year. Twenty million get the benefit of this; forty million get no benefit at all, yet these forty millions pay, without protest, over sixteen million dollars for the support of the churches. Who shall say, in view of this fact, that Christianity is not a powerful religion?

In the army and navy, in the legislatures of the several states, chaplains are appointed and the government is compelled to pay hundreds of thousands of dollars to support them. Who will say that Christianity is dead when it can thus command the treasury of the United States?

The celebration of Washington's Centenary was highly colored and adorned with religious paraphernalia, and yet only a third of the people had any regard for such an aspect of the celebration. Two-thirds of the people cared no more for these ceremonies than for a Chinese gong—would rather not have had them—and yet the Christians had their own way in the matter as if they were the whole people.

In every state except California and Nevada there are Sabbath laws. The people don't want these laws. They are foreign to American institutions, and yet one-third force them upon the other two-thirds, and the two-thirds silently submit. Christianity may save but a few souls, but when it comes to government it lays its hand upon all. As a system of redemption it comes to a lame and impotent conclusion, but as a political machine it is about the most triumphant of the day. It cannot be ignored, however much we may despise its dogmas. Christianity would be voted down to-day, two to one, if there were an honest expression of the opinions of everybody, but as a matter of fact it is king in the Republic, and it dictates the conduct of sixty millions of people.

Forty millions of people in this country are thoroughly non-Christian, yet out of these forty millions how many take any active part in maintaining their own rights or the rights of others? It is popularly supposed that this is a Christian country. It is a non-Christian country. The non-Christians, if the issue were simply made, could sweep the polls from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This is a nation of Liberals and Freethinkers, yet, strange anomaly, its government is still the government of the Christian church. The president must still take the oath, the Senate and House of Representatives must pay for chaplains and listen to their prayers, railroads must stop running on Sunday, the Christian Bible is read in the schools, and the public treasury overflows into the coffers of the church. This is not to be wondered at if Christians were in the majority. But they are not. They are in the minority.

The subscribers of all the Freethought and Liberal journals in the country do not number over fifty thousand. These subscribers represent a reading population of two hundred and fifty thousand, out of forty millions, in essential sympathy with Liberal ideas. Only one out of one hundred and sixty of the non-Christians reads a non-Christian paper. Only one out of eight hundred takes a non-Christian paper. Of these fifty thousand not more than ten thousand are in active working sympathy with Liberal organizations. These ten thousand are the actual representatives of forty millions of people. Upon their shoulders the whole burden of reform lies. They stand for the opinions of two-thirds of the American people. The impression seems to be that there are about fifty nine million nine hundred and ninety thousand Christians in America, and about ten thousand non-Christians. But these ten thousand Freethinkers are not thus isolated. Back of them is a mass of forty millions intellectually in accord with Freethought. It might be better if there were only ten thousand Freethinkers. The issue would then be sharp. As it is now, only one out of eight hundred of the Liberals of the land takes any lively interest in the conflict between Christianity and civilization. Those in favor of civilization and against Christianity allow Christianity to win the

day, so far as political power is concerned, and practically turn the cold shoulder to the few who are in the heat of the battle on their side.

It does seem strange, when we think of it, that these ten thousand must toil and sacrifice, must meet social ostracism, business losses, and political failure; be regarded as fanatics, wild enthusiasts, disturbers of the peace, and "Infidels," when, as a matter of fact, they represent the ideas, the life, the sentiments, of a vast majority of the people who would stand side by side with them if the issue could be distinctly and universally comprehended.

There is no question that Christianity is intellectually defeated—that, as a "divine religion," it is put upon the shelf. Science has labeled it "superstition;" but as a governmental power, as a social tyranny, Christianity is still victorious. As a machinery of despotism it is unequalled. It is the greatest instrumentality of oppression in the world. But it is so subtle, so all-pervading, that its victims don't seem to realize that it is such a complete master.

The situation points out two lines of work. The ten thousand, the guard of freedom, must not simply contend against Christian usurpation, but they must rouse the vast number who, intellectually, are non-Christian, to the importance of maintaining their rights and dignity; of treating Christianity not as if it were an effete religion to be simply ignored, but as a living tyranny, the more terrible because dead at heart. Christianity is not simply a doctrine, it is an institution wonderfully organized for conquest and power. It is a vast bread-and-butter-making machinery, and for that reason there will ever be an immense motive for its continuance, and especially for its political prestige. There will be, for years to come, a hundred thousand persons too lazy to work for a living, or too lazy to think for a living, but always ready to preach for a living; and these, as one man, will devote every energy to the predominance of Christianity.

These one hundred thousand represent the concentrated force of Christianity; they are the guard of despotism, the representatives of twenty millions of Christians.

The forty millions of non-Christians are represented by ten thousand pioneers. The representation is unequal, and for that reason Christianity triumphs. There are one hundred thousand to ten thousand, in the lists of battle. The one hundred thousand are thoroughly disciplined and urged on by the overmastering desire for self-preservation. They are backed up by the wealth and plaudits of the millions of Christians who delight to do them honor. The ten thousand pioneers of freedom are scattered, have but little fellowship, and the millions whom they serve treat them with cold indifference. Instead of earning a living at their task, like the one hundred thousand clergy who are opposed to them, they sacrifice both time and money for their cause.

In the world of ideas it is forty million non-Christians to twenty million Christians. In society, in government, it is one hundred thousand Christians to ten thousand non-Christians.

It will be a long time, therefore, before the intellectual defeat of Christianity will result in its political overthrow.

The greatest danger is through indifference; that Christianity will triumph, not because it is a divine religion, but, being a human religion, animated by a human motive—the desire for power and good living—it will achieve success because non-Christians, although in vast majority, are too careless of the rights and liberties of themselves and others.

BOUND volumes of FREETHOUGHT for 1888 may be had for \$2.50.

THE TURNERS AND THE LIBERAL UNION.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Pacific Turn Bezirk, held in San Francisco, May 8, 1889, the following resolution was unanimously passed:

"Resolved, That a circular embodying the Constitution of the California State Liberal Union be sent to each district of this Bezirk, and that a postscript be forwarded to each member of the Bezirk, setting forth the exact purposes of the said Union, and urging them to become members of the same; also recommending them to become subscribers for the paper FREETHOUGHT published in this city."

The Turners of the Pacific Bezirk number, we believe, some fifteen hundred or more, nearly all of whom are Freethinkers. Their Declaration of Principles embodies the Demands of Liberalism, and they are in full sympathy with the objects and aims of the American Secular Union. We hope that the recommendation of the Executive Committee will be generally followed. They will find a warm welcome among the constituency of FREETHOUGHT.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

The Rev. George B. Starr, superintendent of the Central Bible school for home and foreign missions, complains to the associated press that the Seventh Day Adventists are being horribly treated in some parts of the South. He has received from Elder M. G. Huffman, of that sect, for transmission to the general conference at Battle Creek, Michigan, the following letter, written at Alpharetta, Milton county, Georgia.

"Brother D. Conklin, of Michigan, who, with his family, has lately moved into this neighborhood, has been reported to the grand jury and a bill found against him for working on Sunday, and all he did was to cut a few sticks of wood to build a fire, just what I have seen many others doing since I came to this state. The penalty for violation of any portion of the law in this state is very severe. They have what is known in this state as a chain gang, where those who violate the law are taken, and ball and chain fastened to one leg and they are made to work on public roads and railroads, and those who are put there are many of them treated worse than brutes. Many have been whipped to death, and doubtless if he should be taken there for working on Sunday, he would be compelled to work on the Sabbath or be whipped. What is your advice? Should we be beaten in the circuit would you take the case to the supreme court? And if so, can you help us? We are all poor here."

Those who desire to see this sort of persecution become general all over the country will petition Congress to pass the Blair Sunday Rest Bill, for that is exactly what the bill is designed to bring about.

A TYRANT DEAD.

The great foe of freedom in Russia, Count Demetrius Tolstoi, died May 7, and with him died one of the worst tyrants known to this century. He was a bigot in religion, and consequently a foe to every reform. In 1865 he was made chief procurator of the holy synod and a year later minister of education. He ruined the career of thousands of young men, continually supplied the ranks of the Nihilists with fresh recruits out of the intellectual classes of society, and did more than any one else in the way of suppressing the free expression of public opinion in the Russian press. During the fourteen years of Count Tolstoi's administration the Golos of St. Petersburg alone was submitted to no less than twenty-two different penalties, such as prevention from publishing advertisements, suspension of sale in the streets, and the suppression of that paper for periods varying from two to six months at a time. All these penalties were

applied by the minister of the interior at the request of Count Tolstoi in order to check the steady denunciation on the part of that paper on questions of popular education. He declared that he was going to eradicate all liberal notions from the heads of the growing generation, and he hesitated at no act of tyranny to effect his object. He was once deposed, but when the new czar came into power he was reinstated and celebrated his accession to power by a ferocious onslaught upon the Nihilists. He established a police reign of terror throughout the empire and arrested great numbers of suspects, particularly in the universities. He was especially active in the exile of "suspected" persons to Siberia. He also shackled the press soon after his accession to office. He suppressed some of the leading papers, completely crushed all independent political thought, and died the most unpopular man in Russia.

Men like Tolstoi make more Anarchists and Nihilists than all the police of the world can suppress, and no one can regret it when death ends their capacity to do evil.

THE SUSTAINING FUND.

We hope that our patrons and well-wishers have carefully read and considered the list of letters and accompanying statements published in last week's FREETHOUGHT under the heading of "The Helping Hand." The affairs of this paper are therein accurately stated, together with the necessities of the situation. In order to carry on the publication of FREETHOUGHT as it should be carried on—sending out sample copies, publishing tracts and leaflets, extending the movement in every direction—about \$2,000 per year is needed more than we are likely to get from subscribers during the next few years. The paper is worth \$2 per year to every subscriber—this is unquestioned. The question is, Is it not worth something for the Liberals of the Pacific slope and elsewhere to have the paper circulated as an advocate and an organ of the Liberal party? Those who think it is will join the friends whose words of encouragement were printed in this paper last week, if they can afford it.

We have taken especial pleasure in printing the list of letters mentioned, because they are a sort of vindication. They vindicate Liberalism from the charge that its advocates lack generosity. To be sure, the vindication is vicarious—a few pay the money and the rest point to them with pride and take their proportion of credit for the liberality displayed—but the record is there, and the accusation that Freethinkers are niggardly is refuted. That is worth the cost. These letters, furthermore, indicate that to some extent this paper has won a place in the great hearts of the Liberals of the West. They show that FREETHOUGHT is accepted by representative Freethinkers, and that its discontinuance would leave a want unfilled. Its death would be regarded as a kind of suicide. Were we to allow it to die without laying the state of affairs before our readers, they might say that it was a case of involuntary starvation. So believing, we have taken the present course, and if we have not very much overestimated the interest felt in the cause of Liberalism, the response will be such as to make any further appeals of the kind unnecessary.

THE Pittsburgh Truth announces that R. B. Westbrook, Esq., president of the American Secular Union, is now engaged in writing a book of profound research on the "Secrets and Suppressions of Sacerdotalism," which will, it is said, be found to be the most radical work of this century.

ABOUT once a month a story appears through the medium of the religious press to the effect that a daughter of Colonel Ingersoll has joined the church. Sometimes it is particularized to the extent of describing the circumstances under which the conversion occurred. Pious people who have accepted the yarn as evidence of the workings of divine grace will be pained to read the following by Miss Eva Ingersoll in reply to the questions of a New York World reporter:

"Neither my sister nor myself has ever attended service. Once Mr. Carnegie invited us to hear Henry Ward Beecher. It was in the evening, and the address he delivered was the only one we have ever heard. Another time we went to Dr. Collyer's church, to attend a friend's wedding, and that is the extent of our knowledge of churches. I never had any desire, somehow. I have been told that the music might be entertaining, but I am sure that it can't compare with operatic music, and we go to some opera or concert three or four nights in the week. I have read a great many sermons, but never was sufficiently pleased or interested to care to hear one. Our parents are not responsible for our attitude. Indeed, sister and I are more radical than they. Father has always told us that he wanted us to realize the greatest happiness in life, and advised us to examine for ourselves and act in accordance with our convictions. We have had books of all kinds and all sorts, and friends to exchange ideas with. Father has read with us, and together we have looked up references, localities, and proofs, but the more we know about Christianity, the less admiration we have for it. My grandfather, you know, was a Congregational minister, but most of our relatives have been extremely Liberal. They all believed in religion, and so do we, but neither they nor we are Christians. We were never taught prayers as children, but when old enough to reason, mother selected the prayers that are considered most beautiful and touching, and told us, as she always did in making selections of poetry and prose, to read them carefully and learn the ones that pleased us. None pleased me especially, and I didn't commit any of them to memory. I could not see the wisdom of praying for or against things I knew were beyond human influence. And I never prized a Bible as most girls do, not even in silver or ivory covers. I don't like the book, because there are too many improbable and impossible things in it, and, worse than that, it abounds in cruelties."

ACCORDING to a report in the Chronicle, there is one member of our police force who has advanced farther than the theory of descent warrants in identifying human beings with their great prototype, the monkey. The report referred to says:

Officer O'Rourke testified in Judge Rix's court yesterday that he had caught Signor Ricardo in the very act of "sousing the creature in a horse-trough, your honor."

"Don't you believe him judge," interrupted the prisoner. "I no souse the monkey. I—"

"Shut up! Who is this person?" inquired the judge, indicating the man who had interrupted the testimony.

"That, your honor, is Ricardo, the man that soused the creature."

"Please, judge, you listen to me. The monk—"

"Sit down. What has a monkey to do with this case? What is it all about anyhow?"

"He's charged with cruelty to children, your honor."

"Children! Laprista, the monkey; not the child, the monk—"

"Sure, your honor, I caught him sousing the creature in the water, and I charged him with cruelty to children, and—"

"Case dismissed." And officer and organ-grinder left the courtroom.

Officer O'Rourke probably got his notions of man's relationship to the lower animals from reading the remarks of the Rev. John Brandt of San Diego.

SAYS Charles Bradlaugh in the National Reformer: "What a large number of people whom I do not know seem at different times to have defeated me in debate! The Rev. W. Sharman writes me that a Mr. R. Jamieson boasts of having performed this feat at Paisley. A Mr. Dumas Ducrew says that he also did

likewise at the Hall of Science. I must be a very poor debater to permit so many almost unknown persons to continually get the best of me in this promiscuous way." Some of the many Freethought lecturers in this country who have been "defeated" by Christian Champions (on paper) can realize what Mr. Bradlaugh's feelings must be.

ON Powell street in this city is an institution called the Presentation convent, the inmates of which, under the rule of their society, can emerge only at death. Up to the present time the portion of their schools termed the cloister has never been entered since the day of dedication by any but themselves. There have been occasions when nuns, with relatives in this city, were dying, but not even the mothers could enter the cloister to see them. There are now in this convent on Powell street many nuns who have not been outside that institution for twenty years. It is now understood that Archbishop Riordan contemplates breaking the inclosure and permitting the prisoners to emerge in order that they may engage in the calling of other "sisters," *i. e.*, that of begging for the support of the church. Certainly the convent should be opened, and if Archbishop Riordan finds his intention in that direction weakening, the city authorities might help him. It is questionable whether people have a right to surrender their liberty, even voluntarily, under a superstitious delusion.

A GIRL named Drexel, an heiress worth \$6,000,000, has entered the convent of the Sisters of Mercy at Pittsburg, Pa. If she finds the life of a nun agreeable, after a six months' trial, she will "take the veil" and thereafter be dead to the world, and the church will get the income of her wealth. Miss Drexel is one of three sisters who inherited \$17,000,000. In case either has an heir, the heir inherits their property. If all die without issue, the estate goes to the Catholic church. One of the sisters is already married, and good citizens can only hope that in her case at least nature will do its perfect work.

THE Freethinkers' Magazine for May is unusually attractive. It opens with the Hon. Abram Schell's splendid address delivered in this city on the last anniversary of Paine's birthday, and contains, also, articles by Helen H. Gardener and Nellie Booth-Simmons. The likeness and biography of the editor of the Truth Seeker will be viewed with interest. The Magazine is published by H. L. Green, 143 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y. Specimens may be seen at the office of FREETHOUGHT.

B. F. UNDERWOOD will deliver a course of four lectures on Evolution, under the auspices of the Secular Union at Spokane Falls, W. T., beginning May 23. His subjects are "Evolution and Law versus Creation by Miracle," "The Proofs that Man Ascended from Animals," "The Evolution of Morals and Religion," and "The Errors of the Mosaic Account Shown by the Facts of Science." Mr. R. Sharpless is secretary of the Spokane Secular Union.

WE trust that the enlargement of the London Freethinker from eight pages to twelve is a sign of increased prosperity consequent upon an extended circulation. The Freethinker is full of wit and wisdom and deserves unbounded success.

It seems that the announcement of the acquittal of Messrs. Harman and Walker, of Valley Falls, Kan., was premature. At last accounts the case still hung fire.

RINGING WORDS.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Your letter in regard to the affairs of FREETHOUGHT received some days ago. I am exceedingly glad of such good report, and I feel that the paper must and will succeed. Surely our Liberal friends will be satisfied with nothing short of this. The deficit of two thousand dollars per year incurred in its publication should be easily made up by the Liberals of the West, and the success of the paper thus assured. If they fail to do it, it will be a blot on the fair name and fame of our golden state.

I presume you have at least sixteen hundred subscribers. With a little unanimity how easy and what a light burden it would be on each to raise this amount. A contribution of \$1.25 from each would do it. If one thousand of them would each pay two dollars cash for an extra copy to do a little missionary work with among friends the problem would thus simply be solved. But as it is not practicable to get so many to pull together at once, you have made the proposition to one hundred interested Liberals to each contribute twenty dollars per year until the paper is on a self-sustaining basis. This you say will cover the present annual deficiency. I think that in view of the fact that you editors are giving your whole time and talent, you have made a very modest request to those from whom you have a right to expect assistance in the hour of need. I am a poor man, but I wish the privilege of becoming one of this one hundred. You write that about fifty have already promised to contribute the required amount to this fund, making one-half the deficit assured. Now I am not putting money into this enterprise to have it swallowed up in a failure, and if necessary I will make a motion that if the hoped for one hundred do not respond favorably, each of those who do, add enough to his subscription to make up the amount and double the proposed amount from each if necessary. The only dividend I ask is the success of the paper. To paraphrase a little, let our motto be: FREETHOUGHT must and shall be preserved.

Let us resolve to keep the flag above the cross in the great empire of the Pacific states. Let us do what we can to leave to our children and all those who shall come after us the blessed inheritance of a free press, free schools, free speech, and free thought. That is to say, that our two great educators, the press and public school, shall always teach our people, young and old, to always speak frankly and fearlessly their best and truest thoughts to their fellow-men. It will be a better and grander legacy than lands or gold. If we are to build high the blessed temple of humanity, we must have as its very foundation stone a strong and vigorous Freethought organ right here in our midst. Now is the time to act. Shall we build on this solid rock or not? I have a faith, and my faith is this: That the Liberals of the Pacific Coast will decide this question in the affirmative, and so, with a strong and abiding faith in humanity, I remain yours always,

W. S. RODGERS.

Boulder Creek, Cal.

ANOTHER GOOD LETTER.

FRIEND PUTNAM: I have been in receipt of your letter of the 7th about an hour. To be sure I will be one to give twenty dollars per year rather than have FREETHOUGHT go under. I would give one hundred per year if able, or one thousand if needed, for what good is money unless to use to enlighten and help up our brother man and sister woman? How people can withhold money and see the ignorance and suffering that is all about us, is past my comprehension. Could they once enjoy the pleasure in giving (where worthily bestowed) their purse strings would ever be open when they had it to spare.

The question should be who needs it, not who has it. Hoping all who can will drop into line, and send you twenty dollars per year, and those who cannot give *that*, will smaller sums, until our pet FREETHOUGHT is on a solid basis, I will inclose my check for twenty dollars, and say good-night with the wish that like the Boston Investigator, and Truth Seeker of New York, FREETHOUGHT will have such a place in the affections of the people that they cannot part with it. Yours,

San Francisco.

SCOTT BRIGGS.

OBSERVATIONS.

When I reached the hall where Mr. Putnam was to lecture last Sunday, I had prepared myself by anticipation for a most enjoyable occasion, but it proved to be more than an occasion. It was an Event. The auditorium of the large hall at 421 Post street was filled with well-dressed young men and fluttering young women, and old men, and women that never grow old. There were also enough in the gallery to keep it from looking overcrowded with seats. Many were doubtless attracted thither by the poster at the door, executed by myself and edited by Mr. Putnam and Mr. J. A. Williams. Formerly there was in front of the hall a bulletin board as large as a barn door, and I made a sign to fit it. My sign read as follows: "Moody and Sam Jones; their Revival Methods Examined, by the Celebrated Freethought Orator," etc. The board, however, was blown down and broken by the wind, and an Italian gentleman gathered up the fragments, which he carried home for kindling-wood. A smaller one was left, but my sign wouldn't go on to it; hence the editorial work of Putnam and Williams, who condensed it to "Moody and Sam Jones Examined," in which form it contained a suggestion of anatomical dissection, and passers-by came in to view the remains.

At quarter past three President Chilstrom called the meeting to order, and surprised previous attendants by announcing music by the quartette. The quartette itself was a second surprise, and the music it afforded constituted a third. I am not acquainted with its members, except Mr. Hannaford, the basso, but I learn that the others were the Misses Wheeler, of Oakland. All possessed fine and well-trained voices, and the opening selection was admirably fitted for the time and place. It took the big audience by storm, so that a recall was unanimous. "The Beautiful Sometime" appeared to be the refrain of the second piece, and when it ended President Chilstrom appropriately remarked that sometimes we were favored with beautiful music, and that this was emphatically one of those occasions. He then introduced the speaker.

Mr. Putnam's lecture on Moody and Sam Jones has appeared in FREETHOUGHT, but a lecture is one thing and a speech is another; and when the speech is a good one, delivered before a responsive audience, a lecture in cold type, however free from typographical errors, is comparatively a frigid and formal thing. I judge a lecture by the extent to which it renders me oblivious of the flight of time. When I find myself fingering my watch-chain assiduously I know that I am not thoroughly interested. If I take the watch out and consult it at the end of fifteen minutes, I realize that I am being wearied; and when I am moved to wind the timepiece up, the lecturer need not extend his remarks for my benefit. They will fall upon a dull, cold ear. This statement prepares me to give my measure of appreciation for the address in question by simply saying that I did not know how long he had been talking when the speaker observed that he would not dwell further upon the subject. Then I looked at the clock, and found that it was an hour and a half later than when the exercises began. After the lecture another song was promised, but a collection for general purposes intervened, and the fact that the audience stood the collection for the sake of the song shows the attracting power of the quartette.

The claims of the San Francisco Freethought Society being presented, several new members put their names upon the roll. One of the best pleased men present was Mr. Robert Wade, of Troy, N. Y., who applauded every good point made by the speaker, patronized the collection hat generously, and above the buzz and bustle of the dispersing crowd he could be heard whistling melodiously the "Harp that Once Through Tara's Hall."

Quite an interesting incident of this gathering was the meeting between Mr. Putnam and Mr. I. G. Gardner. They were in the army together, in the same company, Putnam as captain and Gardner as lieutenant. They last met twenty-five years ago, when the captain had become a theological student, and the lieutenant a Presbyterian deacon. Last Sunday Mr. Gardner chanced to pick up one of the bills advertising the lecture, and, being a Free-thinker, he attended. The name of Putnam called up memories of his old army comrade, but he hardly expected to find the theological student expounding Freethought. It proved,

however, to be the same man, and the greeting was of the actively cordial nature characteristic of meetings between Captain Putnam and his friends. Mr. Gardner reports that Putnam is nearly the same man he was a quarter of a century ago, and just about as pious.

Next Sunday evening the Society meets again at the same place, 421 Post street. The quartette promises more of its excellent music, and Mr. Putnam will discourse upon "Liberty and Authority."

I have just received a circular from somewhere in Washington Territory, indorsed with a scrawl on the back as follows:

I mail you this to make liars and cowards happy. BRADEN.

This devotion of Mr. Braden to the happiness of his constituency would be touching if it did not in so marked a manner include himself.

One paragraph of the circular reads thus:

BACK-OUTS.

Representatives of Infidelity have backed out of debate, when Mr. Braden was selected and indorsed to meet them in debate, as follows: Putnam, president of the Infidel League of America, seven times; Ingersoll, three times; Underwood, six times; Jameson, twice; Watts, three times; Billings, twice; Pike, Sanborn, Chainey, Walser, Fishback, Stewart, Wright, Remsburg, Bell, Shaw, and Carrington, once each; the Spiritualists of Alliance, Ohio, once; C. B. Reynolds, vice-president of the American Infidel League, backed out of debate in Phoenix, Arizona, in the most cowardly and disgraceful manner—thirty-six back-outs; thirty-three by Materialists and three by Spiritualists.

When Mr. Braden is tired of parading these names before the public he might arrange a new list, and put mine among them. I met him once in this office, and did not debate with him. The only reason why there was not a lively discussion is because I did not know who he was. I now challenge the Rev. Mr. Braden to mortal combat, and give him the choice of weapons. Hear my war-song:

I am a terror—
Don't you forget it.
The glare thou beholdest
Streaming through heavens
In flashes of carmine
Is my red whiskers
Blown by the cyclone,
Amazing the nations.
Thou art a blow-hard,
Reverend Braden,
And thus single-handed,
Unto the combat,
Gauntlet or gospel,
Here I defy thee!

A report of a Manhattan Liberal Club meeting which I see in the New York Star causes me to regret my absence from the scene of my former usefulness. It seems that on the evening of May 3, T. B. Wakeman, Esq., delivered a Socialistic, or Positivistic, lecture before the club. The title is not given, but there is no doubt it was "The Higher Integration," or words to that effect. Mr. Wakeman took the ground that our present system of government is defective. He advocated the abolition of the president, and the placing of the ruling powers in the hands of a central body. The report states that these ideas were received by the audience with "roars, hisses, and groans," and that a man named Eccles "thought Mr. Wakeman should be driven out of town." Mr. Wakeman replied amid a confusion of hisses and cheers. The radicals hooted, and the speaker said they had no more reason than brutes or hop-toads. A half a dozen men and women tried to speak; one of them said a viler, more indecent, or more illogical address was never uttered. The society should brand it as such. The session ended in wild disorder.

Such is the painful report that comes across the continent from Manhattan Isle. If it is true, the Liberal Club of to-day is not the Liberal Club that lives in my memory along with recollections of peaceful assemblages, over which Mr. Wakeman presided as the tall trees of Calaveras county preside over the lesser giants of the forest. Nothing disturbed the meetings then except when Robert Blissert or Herr Oppenheimer evoked a smile by saying that the man with a badge-pin was a liar, or when Mr. Vaughan arose to say that people often printed things in the papers which

they would not care to enunciate on the sidewalk, the subject of their remarks being present. Once I remember an intoxicated gentleman strolled in and attempted to address the meeting from the floor. Then Mr. Wakeman tapped the stand gently with his gavel and said: "The gentleman is out of order. Unless he subsides the Chair will ask the assistant secretary to land him in the street." I do not recall the exact details of what followed; I only remember that the meeting was not further interrupted. At the time of which I speak I was the assistant secretary.

I regret exceedingly that inharmony should have disturbed a meeting of the club, but my sorrow over that circumstance is a joy compared with the deeper grief felt when I realize that I was not there to write a truthful account of the proceedings, and lay it before the readers of the Truth Seeker.

I wrote, awhile ago, about a visit I enjoyed from Mr. Charles Snyder, of Oakland, an old man who lives upon the memories of the past and the charities of the present. The world knew him in his day of fame as Henry Ashton, leading tenor to Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, but of late years he has lived alone in an attic room, an object of solicitude to a few benevolent persons. Last week, while riding with a friend on the San Leandro road, he was thrown from the buggy and severely hurt, and on Thursday they took him to the Alameda County Infirmary, suffering from his injuries and asthmatic consumption. So the old man passes into the valley. Kings praised him and multitudes applauded him while his one gift lasted; now that has left him he has but the two with which nature endows us all. For

Two gifts perforce she has given us yet,
Though sad things stay and glad things fly:
Two gifts she has given us—to forget
All sad and glad things that go by,
And then—to die.

The editor of the Ironclad Age is buried in deep grief, and this is why he weeps:

G. Washington Macdonald, of the 'Frisco FREETHOUGHT, once wrote a book entitled, New England and the People up "Thar." He admits that an edition of near one hundred copies of that work has been sold since its first appearance in 1879. A copy of this book lies near where this is written, and the writer views it regretfully for the reason that there are so many more on a shelf near by. Having read it when it first appeared and being enthused by its drollery and quaint style the writer hereof was carried off his feet (this is hoss talk) and ordered a job lot, seeing no reason why the demure and staid passengers on his craft might not relish and be allowed a little dry humor after their return from church on Lord's day. But the unappreciative crowd had been so long fed upon a hark-from-the-tombs-a-doleful-sound literature that they seemed to dread anything lively. Hence this stock of 10-cent New Englands. Hence this stuck merchant. Hence these tears.

I have for a long time viewed with alarm the increasing cynicism of Dr. Monroe, but there is good cause for it. With the Bible circulated at the rate of a million copies per annum, and "New England and the People Up There" turning yellow upon his shelves, why should not the philosopher exclaim, "What fools these mortals be!" I often make the remark myself.

GOD AND THE MINISTERS.

At the Congregational Club, Dr. Cruzan presiding, Rev. Joseph Rowell, of the Mariners' church, controverted the views expressed in Dr. Pond's paper of the previous week in favor of the reign of law in the matter of retribution for sin. Mr. Rowell lamented that some professed Christians were agreed with Infidels in banishing a personal god from the world and substituting for his reign that of impersonal law.

He cited numerous scripture texts in which God is spoken of as a God of vengeance, and claimed that all the sufferings and troubles of men in this life came as directly from the hand of God as his mercies and his blessings. So with future punishment. "I will tread upon them" (the wicked), God had said, "in my anger and trample them in my fury." He proposed to take the inspired statement of scripture rather than the fancies of men. Some approved the views of this paper, others strongly opposed them. Dr. Cruzan, the chairman, spoke earnestly in opposition and said he would leave his pulpit to-morrow and go back to the compositor's case rather than preach a God of wrath and vengeance.

To the Editors of Freethought:

The inclosed slip, containing a report of how "ministers meet" nowadays, I cut from this morning's Chronicle.

Mr. Putnam, in his most excellent lecture of last Sunday even-

ing, referred to the fact that intelligent, educated clergymen of to-day lack the backbone to stand up for honest conviction, when it runs counter to the old faiths and dogmas of the church.

The slip referred to adds, perhaps, to the proof of such fact, but it also shows that there may be and are good, clean-cut exceptions to the rule.

Dr. Cruzan (who, by the way, is a liberal-minded, intelligent, and learned man, according to what I know of his history) is not the only clergyman who, in the process of evolution in human mind conceptions, has found himself standing squarely opposed to the narrow, superstitious dogmatism of his church.

All this simply shows that the heaven is working; that the final disintegration of the olden church is inevitable, and is progressing in the exact proportion that the Liberals of the civilized world are rearing the new church—the Church of Humanity.

San Francisco, May 10.

P. O. CHILSTROM.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Reports from seventy-two different localities in California, with an estimated population of 701,950, give a mortality of 885 for the past month, a per centage of 1.18 per 1000 in the month, or of 14.16 in the year, being the lowest annual per centage ever reported.—The trial trip of the cruiser Charleston, built at the Union Iron Works of this city, is reported to have proved that the ship is better than the contract called for.—The Rev. L. Walker, of the Walker mansion fame, and at one time secretary of the Golden Gate Fair Association, has been made a defendant in the divorce suit instituted in Oakland by his wife, Ella S. Walker, who has got tired waiting for that gentleman to return to California. He disappeared in 1886 and has not been seen since. At that time it was reported he was short several thousand dollars, which had been entrusted to his care by the fair association, and his departure was caused by this state of affairs. At one time he was pastor of the First Methodist church of San Francisco.—Rev. Oscar Clute, pastor of the Unitarian church in Pomona, has been informed of his election as president of the Michigan Agricultural College at Lansing, Mich. Mr. Clute was formerly professor there until his health gave way and he came to California. He is now a well man and will accept the position offered him. The salary is \$5,000 a year.—Gen. Nelson A. Miles has been asked to deliver the oration in San Francisco on Decoration Day.—The Rev. S. P. Anderson, pastor of a Baptist Church in St. Louis, reached this city the other day, and was immediately lodged in jail, charged with forgery and embezzlement. He brought \$500 with him belonging to the church. The governor of Missouri refused to issue extradition papers, and Anderson was set at liberty.—The Supreme Court has decided that the Chinese exclusion act is valid.

A complimentary dinner will be given Walt Whitman, the poet, in Camden, N. J., on his seventieth birthday, May 31.—A gang of robbers got \$29,000 from Army-Paymaster Wham at Fort Grant, Ariz., last Saturday. The pay-wagon was ambushed, and the clerk, paymaster, and eight soldiers were wounded—four fatally.—Whitelaw Reid, the new minister to France, has arrived in Paris.—At the convention of Southern Baptists in Memphis, Tenn., H. P. McCormick, missionary to Mexico, said that an orthographical distinction might be made between papal and pagan fields, but in reality there was no difference. He thought Catholicism was a menace to his native country as well as to Mexico.—Preparations are already being made at the United States Naval Observatory for viewing the total eclipse of the sun which takes place Dec. 22, of this year. The astronomers will have to go to the west coast of Africa, where the totality of the eclipse will last three and a quarter minutes.—The thermometer in New York May 10 registered 92 in the shade. Great damage by a terrific storm was done in New York and various parts of the East.—Bishop, the mind reader, is dead.

There is a movement in Paris to erect a statue to Thiers, the French statesman, atheist, and advocate of religious liberty.—The pope is suffering from the effects of the sirocco which has been prevailing in Rome.—Count Tolstoi, Russian minister of the interior, is dead.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL AND HIS CRITICS.

The champions of debate, who were so ready to "answer Ingersoll" two or three years ago, seem to have abandoned the task with much unanimity. Their reasons for doing so are quite apparent to the public. Those who have attempted to answer him now seem entirely willing to leave that task to others.

Attorney-General Black, who entered the list so much like Goliath of Gath, and proposed to deal with Ingersoll, not as an equal in discussion, but as a policeman deals with a culprit, "retired from the contest a sadder and a wiser man."

The Rev. Dr. Field, admonished by the experience of the attorney-general, undertook the task in the manner of a gentleman; and bore himself like a gentleman throughout the discussion. He was probably as confident at the beginning as was Mr. Black, otherwise he would not have challenged Colonel Ingersoll to the discussion, in an "open letter" in the North American Review. To invite an opponent to a discussion in such a journal is like an invitation to meet him in the world's forum; for that review is read wherever civilization is known. Yet the experience of Dr. Field was much like that of Mr. Black—no one claims that he won any laurels. But the friends of Ingersoll eagerly circulate that discussion as one of the very best of Freethought documents.

The next champion brought forward against Ingersoll was, to our surprise, the great English statesman, Mr. Gladstone. Why it was that the cause of Christianity did not seek another champion in America we can only conjecture; but there seemed to be great confidence that Mr. Gladstone would win a victory. But the churchmen were doomed to another disappointment, and no one claims that Mr. Gladstone did any better than his predecessors. He touched the subject very cautiously, and only reviewed one of Mr. Ingersoll's letters in the Field-Ingersoll discussion, when it was expected that he would criticise both. And even in that one he contented himself with discussing Ingersoll's manner, without attempting to refute his argument.

Cardinal Manning then approached the subject, but with still more caution than Mr. Gladstone. He wrote a long article of twenty-nine pages for the North American Review, and entitled it "The Gladstone-Ingersoll Controversy," but, with sudden discretion, confined himself to the claims of his own church, and does not once mention either Gladstone, Ingersoll, or the controversy. His effort may have satisfied the less intelligent of his own church, but the general public seemed to regard his letter as a very weak one. Ingersoll's answer was such as the cardinal will not be likely to invite a second time.

This seems to have closed the efforts to "answer Ingersoll," for a time, and as all these discussions were published in the North American Review, the public were left to read and ponder on them at their leisure. In this connection two facts are worthy of note. One is that none but the friends of Ingersoll have sought to circulate these printed discussions; the friends of his opponents seeming entirely willing they should not be read. The other is that, during these discussions, the North American Review quadrupled its circulation. The colonel now appears to be a favorite contributor to that journal, and whatever he writes is read with eagerness.

A new kind of criticism is now coming to the front; and the Liberal ministers, who have generally been spared by the colonel, are attempting to "estimate" him. The latest effort of this kind is by the Rev. Mr. Wendte, Unitarian minister of Oakland, in a published sermon entitled "A Unitarian Estimate of Robert G. Ingersoll."

It is an encouraging feature of the times that a minister can take "Robert G. Ingersoll" for a text, and that without making his whole discourse to consist of denunciations. This minister gives him about five pages of genuine praise, and only about eighteen pages of condemnation. Who shall say that this is not doing well for a minister?

In referring to the Field and Gladstone controversies, Mr. Wendte says of Ingersoll, that, "in the keenness of his logic, the weight of his proofs, and especially in the effective way in which he exposes the fallacies of his antagonists, and compels them to make notable admissions and qualifications of their first state-

ments, Mr. Ingersoll has decidedly the best of these discussions, and may be said to have come off with flying colors."

Again he says: "With Mr. Ingersoll's denial of the supernatural origin and infallible authority of the Bible, the arrogant claims of hierarchical priesthoods, and the irrational and immoral character of certain of the prevailing beliefs of Christendom, we are in substantial sympathy. We share his hatred of all insincerity, cowardice, and sluggishness of thought in the sphere of religion. We cheerfully recognize the freshness and vigor with which he presents his arguments, and the truly remarkable force, eloquence, brilliancy, and wit with which he impresses his convictions on his hearers. His manly presence and forcible delivery are sufficient to outweigh certain defects of manner and language, while his evident earnestness, exuberant spirits, ready wit, and shrewd management of his audiences, make him almost irresistible to the average mind."

Here is an amount of praise that hardly any other man in America could win. Such "thorough sincerity, truth, wit, logic, earnestness, eloquence, and resistless effect on the minds of his audiences," would seem to leave little to be desired to render him a perfect champion of truth.

But here the eulogy terminates, and severe condemnation begins. This almost perfect model of "sincerity" is accused of "sophistry;" his "eloquence" becomes "vulgarity;" his truth is supplanted by "profanity;" his admirable "earnestness" becomes "intemperate statements;" his "logic" becomes "harsh denunciation," and instead of being "almost irresistible to the average mind," Mr. Ingersoll's method "does not make converts, or produce a deep impression on the hearts of men." And so, in Mr. Wendte's opinion, this champion of truth, that "came off with flying colors" in discussions with the brightest men in England and America, has become a vulgar and unsuccessful denunciator. This reverend critic does not tell us where to find this vulgarity, profanity, distortion, or harsh denunciation; and so we are left to find it where we can. As he has referred to the discussion with Dr. Field, let us look there for specimens of these grave offenses.

Dr. Field, having a personal acquaintance with Colonel Ingersoll, and knowing all about his style and manner, sought the discussion by addressing to him an open letter in the columns of the North American Review. In the first sentence of that letter he says: "I am glad that I know you, even though some of my brethren look upon you as a monster because of your unbelief." In reply to this unpleasant statement did Colonel Ingersoll indulge in any of the offenses for which he is charged? Let us see. He begins by saying, "I answer your letter because it is candid, manly, and generous." When proceeding to the argument he says:

"The first question that arises between us is as to the innocence of honest error—as to the right to express an honest thought. . . . You do not regard me as a monster. 'Some of your brethren' do. How do you account for this difference? Of course your brethren—their hearts having been softened by the Presbyterian God—are governed by charity and love. They do not regard me as a monster because I have committed an infamous crime, but simply for the reason that I have expressed my honest thoughts. Has religion had control of the world so long that an honest man seems monstrous?"

"According to your creed, the same being who made the mind of man inspired the Bible's every word, and gave it as a guide to all the world. Surely the book should satisfy the brain. And yet there are millions who do not believe in the inspiration of the scriptures.

"No Presbyterian ever stood higher in the realm of thought than Humboldt. Yet he not only rejected the religion of your brethren, but denied the existence of their God.

"Certainly Charles Darwin was one of the greatest and purest of men—as free from prejudice as the mariner's compass—desiring only to find amidst the mists and clouds of ignorance the star of truth. No man ever exerted a greater influence on the intellectual world. His discoveries, carried to their legitimate conclusion, destroy the creeds and sacred scriptures of mankind. Yet Darwin was an honest, thoughtful, brave, and generous man.

"Compare, I beg of you, these men, Humboldt and Darwin, with the founders of the Presbyterian church. Read the life of Spinoza, the loving pantheist, and then that of John Calvin, and tell me candidly, which, in your opinion, was a monster?"

Here we have a fair specimen of the manner in which Colonel Ingersoll meets the arguments and offensive epithets of his opponents. Do we find any of the "vulgarity," "sophistry," "hate," or "profanity" that Mr. Wendte complains of?

Take another example:

"You draw a distinction between what you are pleased to call superstition and religion. You are shocked at the Hindoo mother when she gives her child to death at the supposed command of her God. What do you think of Abraham or Jephthah? What is your opinion of Jehovah himself? Is not the sacrifice of a child to a phantom as horrible in Palestine as in India?"

Again, he says:

"You have laid down a rule by which superstition can be distinguished from religion. It is this: 'It makes that a crime which is not a crime, and that a virtue which is not a virtue.'

"Let us test your religion by this rule:

"Is it a crime to investigate, to think, to reason? Is it a crime to be governed by that which to you is evidence, and is it infamous to express your honest thought? Is credulity a virtue? When you condemn men to everlasting pain for unbelief—that is to say, for acting in accordance with that which is evidence to them—do you not make that a crime which is not a crime? And when you reward men with an eternity of joy for simply believing that which happens to be in accord with their minds, do you not make that a virtue which is not a virtue?"

He thus brings his opponent face to face with his own theories, and, by simple questions, demonstrates their absurdity. Is this "a cruel handling of other people's cherished beliefs?" Is this "vulgarity," "profanity," or "harsh treatment?" He strikes heavy blows, but does not violate the rules of courteous debate. Even Dr. Field himself does not complain of this.

But since so much is said of the "harsh," "cruel," and "unjust" treatment by Colonel Ingersoll of the beliefs of others, let us take the worst case, and that most complained of, in the entire discussion.

In regard to the sin of "unbelief," and persecution for difference of opinion, he says:

"You will admit that he who now persecutes for opinion's sake is infamous. And yet the God you worship will, according to your creed, torture through all the endless years the man who entertains an honest doubt."

"Your creed transfers the Inquisition to another world, making it eternal. Your God becomes, or rather is, an infinite Torquemada, who denies to his countless victims even the mercy of death. And this you call 'a consolation.'"

That this is a severe indictment of the orthodox religion, there is no doubt; but is it not true? And if true, should it not be plainly stated in debate? Let us see if it is not true.

All orthodox Christians believe that "he that believeth not shall be damned;" and that "he that doubteth is damned." They also believe that damnation is eternal torment. So far they will not dispute the truth of the colonel's statement; but do they call this theory of damnation "a consolation?"

The church that adopts the theory of Christianity as now taught, adopts it as a whole. It speaks of it as "good news"—"the glorious gospel of the Son of God." This "gospel" teaches eternal punishment, as well as eternal rewards. Colonel Ingersoll is here discussing the Presbyterian creed, with a Presbyterian doctor of divinity. The Presbyterian creed extols the justice of God in the eternal punishment of the "non-elect," quite as much as it does his grace in the salvation of the "elect." The one is called his "glorious justice;" the other "his glorious grace." Of this doctrine "of predestination," the Presbyterian creed says: "So shall this doctrine afford matter of praise, reverence, and admiration of God; and of humility, diligence, and abundant consolation to all that sincerely obey the gospel." (See Sec. 8, p 31, of the Confession of Faith.)

Here we have it in language that cannot be mistaken. The creed calls this doctrine of "predestination," by which a certain number are to be saved, and all the rest are to be eternally

damned—not only “a consolation,” but an “abundant consolation;” and affords “matter of praise, reverence, and admiration of God.”

Now, when Dr. Field became a Presbyterian minister, he professed to believe this creed; so long as he remains a Presbyterian minister, he gives every one reason to believe that he still accepts this creed. Colonel Ingersoll was therefore fully justified in saying “the God you worship will, according to your creed, torture through all the endless years the man who entertains an honest doubt. . . . And this you call a ‘consolation.’”

Here is no “distortion” or “caricature,” but the plain, unmistakable meaning of the Presbyterian creed.

This reverend critic, not only assumes to judge Colonel Ingersoll unsparingly, without referring to the evidence; but he also assumes to judge of his audiences. He says: “But it may be urged that while Mr. Ingersoll’s method has little attraction for cultivated and thoughtful persons, it is very effective with another class of minds not likely to be reached by sober reasoning and refinement of manner. No doubt he draws his hearing mainly from this last named class.” One is almost tempted to inquire to what class Mr. Wendte imagines that he himself belongs? His talk sounds very much as though he belonged to the “New York four hundred,” or to some other very select “set.” The idea! that a man who has an intellect that can cope with the ablest men of the world “has little attraction for cultivated and thoughtful persons!” In all this long list of censures and condemnations, Mr. Wendte thoughtlessly treads in the footsteps of those who have always denounced philanthropists and reformers, so long as their cause was unpopular. Those who considered themselves the very elite of “thoughtful” and “cultivated” people brought these same accusations against Garrison, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and Charles Sumner, for many years. Even the mild and gentle Emerson, whom Mr. Wendte holds up as a model for Ingersoll, did not escape the coarse abuse of the clergy, for long years, while he was doing his very best work.

In England, neither the sublime work of Clarkson, nor the polished eloquence and culture of Wilberforce, could protect them from the almost unanimous abuse of the clergy for forty years. It would seem reasonable to expect that the ministers of our time, at least the liberal clergy, should learn something from history and not go on following the example of the “scribes and Pharisees,” whose bloody record of eighteen hundred years is still fresh on the pages of history.

Yet Mr. Wendte thinks that “Ingersoll’s method has little attraction for cultivated and thoughtful persons.” He ought to know that it takes this very class to fully appreciate him. The ignorant and unthinking excel even Mr. Wendte in their condemnation of him; while he has a larger hearing among the “cultivated and thoughtful” classes than any reformer of the past century.

Has it never occurred to Mr. Wendte that the most “thoughtful and cultivated” men of the world are in full accord with Colonel Ingersoll? He worships at the shrine of such cultured and thoughtful men as Humboldt, Lyell, Darwin, Herschell, Laplace, Spencer, Huxley, and the noble army of their co-workers. The men of science, of all Europe, Great Britain, and America, are the men whom Colonel Ingersoll most delights to honor, while the opponents of science are, in every instance, the opponents of Ingersoll. Mr. Wendte has made the grave mistake of publicly attempting to “estimate” a man who is too large for him. But when the dove attempts to sit in judgment on the eagle, we can hardly expect it to do justice to the nobler qualities of the larger bird.

J. W. NORTH.

MR. ARTHUR B. MOSS is again a free man. It will be remembered that last year the London School Board, of which Mr. Moss is an official, passed a resolution forbidding him to lecture or write in the interests of Freethought. This resolution has now, on the invitation of Mrs. Besant, been rescinded by a large majority. We congratulate Mr. Moss on the gratifying result of his courageous action, and which was largely due to the skillful advocacy of Mrs. Besant, who, by the way, is doing much excellent work as the representative of the *Tower Hamlets*.—*Watts’s Literary Guide*, London.

AN ECHO.

The San Diego Union and Daily Bee prints this oracular paragraph:

As age creeps on and Bob Ingersoll approaches the span of years allotted to the life of man, he appears to be less blasphemous. He is heard less often on the rostrum, and much of his old-time virility is lacking. Age brings wisdom, even to the chief Agnostic.

This is the latest echo of a cry that resounded from all the Christian pulpits about a year ago, and was taken up by all the Christian journals. Col. Robert G. Ingersoll (the person we suppose the Union and Bee means) was reported weak and feeble physically, and it was asserted that there was a growing disposition on his part to lay down his arms, and even to join the church. The subject was brought to Colonel Ingersoll’s attention by the editor of the *Truth Seeker*, and the great Agnostic had this to say: “I do not think the Christian press has been very solicitous about my health. Neither do I think my health will ever add to theirs. The fact is, I am exceedingly well, and my throat is better than it has been for many years. Any one who imagines that I am disposed to lay down my arms can read my reply to Dr. Field in the November number of the *North American Review*. I see no particular difference in myself, except this: that my hatred of superstition becomes a little more intense; on the other hand, I see more clearly that all the superstitions were naturally produced, and I am now satisfied that every man does as he must, including priests and editors of religious papers.” The editor of the Union and Bee ought to be satisfied with that reply, but if he is not we might say to him this much: that whatever blasphemy the colonel may have uttered, if there is such a thing as blasphemy, he stands to a little more strongly than ever; that if he is heard less often on the rostrum, he is heard more frequently and widely in the magazines and papers; and if he lacks any of his former virility Dr. Field and Mr. Gladstone and Cardinal Manning and the rest of the Christian world have not found it out. Age brings its wisdom to Colonel Ingersoll as to other men, and the wisdom is shown in a more and more intense hatred of superstition, which superstition, if we are not mightily mistaken, includes the larger part of the Christian religion.—*The Truth Seeker*.

SATURDAY THE SABBATH.

Before us lies a Mexican Spanish newspaper, published in San Francisco, the date line of which reads as follows:

“San Francisco, Sabado, Mayo 4 de 1889,” which, being translated in English, is, San Francisco, Sabbath, May 4, 1889.

It means this, that while neither Mexicans nor Spaniards observe the Sabbath of the Lord, they know no other name for the seventh day of the week but Sabbath. May 4 was Saturday, and we here have the witness of the language of a nation to its right to the sacred title of “Sabbath.”

But this is not the only witness. Before us hangs a chart of the week designed by Rev. W. M. Jones, a London antiquarian, assisted by Prince Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte, which shows that the regular succession of the days of the week are the same in 160 different languages and dialects; and 108 of these recognize Saturday, the seventh day, by the name of Sabbath. Fifty-two of these languages are European, the remainder Oriental and African. We have the united testimony of the Japhetic, the Semitic, and the Hamitic races to the right of the seventh day to the title of Sabbath. Let no one say in the face of this testimony that we cannot tell which the seventh day is, or which day is the original Sabbath. This language proof is the testimony of the ages.—*Signs of the Times*.

WEALTH AND DEBT.

The affairs of the world are so ordered that wealth and debt generally go together. This is contradictory of the popular impression, which is that debt and poverty are associated, rather than debt and wealth; but this latter is not correct, and a very little reflection will show its lack of reason. The poor man or the poor community cannot borrow; the wealthy one can and generally does. It may be a real or only a supposed

necessity of wealth to borrow, but in most instances of individuals the man who has the capacity to make a great deal of money has the capacity, also, to use profitably a great deal more than he has. One-third of the land is generally mortgaged in every prosperous country, and in California it is a common saying that the richest farmer always has the largest debt. How true this theory is as to nations has been shown by Mulhall in his "Balance Sheet of the World" where he compares the wealth and debt of the richest European nations. These are the figures as they were supposed to stand in 1880 :

	Ratio per Inhabitant.	Do. per Cap. of National Debt.
Holland.....	£283	£26.2
Great Britain.....	260	23.7
France.....	201	18.0
Germany.....	135	13.0

Holland is the richest country in proportion to population and has the heaviest debt. Then come England, France, and Germany, and in every case their relative rank in wealth is their relative rank in debt.—Exchange.

THE SUMMER AND FALL CAMPAIGN.

S. P. Putnam has the following lecture appointments in Oregon and Washington:

Silverton.....	Or., June 22, 23,	Pomeroy ..	W. T., Aug.....	26,
Stayton.....	" " 24,	Union.....	Or. " " 29, 30,	
Mills City.....	" " 25, 26,	Baker City, "	Sept.....	1,
Turner.....	" " 27,	Prairie City, Or, and vicinity,	Sept.	
Eola.....	" " 28,	4, 5, 6, 7, 8,		
Canby.....	" " 29, 30	Fox Valley.....	Or., Sept. 9, 10,	
Molalla.....	July 3, 4,	Long Creek.....	" " 11, 12,	
Kalama.....	W. T., " 6, 7,	Hamilton.....	" " 14, 15,	
Starks Point, W. T., and vicinity,		Monument.....	" " 16, 17,	
July 9, 10, 11, 12, 13,		Hay Stack.....	" " 18,	
Astoria.....	Or., July 14,	Lone Rock.....	" " 19, 20,	
Stella.....	W. T., " 15, 16, 17,	Fossil.....	" " 21, 22,	
Oswego.....	Or., " 18, 19,	Hillsboro, Or., Sept., 25, 26, 27, 28,		
Arnold's Grove.....	" " 20, 21,	North Yamhill.....	Or., Sept.....	29,
Coos county, Or., July 22 to Aug. 4,		Forest Grove.....	" " 30,	
Coburg.....	" Aug..... 7, 8,	Talent, Or., and vicinity	Oct. 3, 4, 5,	
Lebanon.....	" " 9,	6, 7,		
Olympia.....	W. T., " 11, 12,	Linkville.....	Or., Oct. 11, 12, 13,	
Buckley.....	W. T., " 13, 14,	Sacramento.....	Cal., Oct. 20,	
Davenport, " " 17, 18,		San Francisco.....	" " 27,	
Rosalia, W. T., and vicinity, Aug. 19, 20, 21, 22,		Los Angeles and vicinity the month of November,		
Dayton.....	W. T., Aug. 24, 25,	San Diego and vicinity the month of December.		

ELDER EVANS ON CHURCH AND STATE.

Mrs. Ada M. Bittenbender, of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, lately sent to Elder F. W. Evans, of the Mount Lebanon, N. Y., Shaker Community, some matter concerning the Blair Sunday Rest bill. Following is Elder Evans's reply. It is printed in the Shaker Manifesto :

Your Sunday legislation I do not approve. "This is not a Christian government," Washington declared; and I fully agree with him. It is for all people on earth, and is designed to secure the inalienable rights of all.

Every day of the week is a Sabbath to some religious order of people. Each religion has its prophets, its bible, its creed. Do you not see that the province of government is to secure to all what all have a right to, without interfering with the reserved rights of any one? And above all religious people should be just, and give to those whom some erroneously and slanderously call Infidels—like Paine, Jefferson, Washington, and Lincoln—the honor and credit of being the founders of our government and authors of our Constitution. To use the powers of the government against those who were its authors and founders would be high treason against Divine Providence and humanity at large. "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" Abraham asked in astonishment, the God of Israel; and I ask, shall not those religious people who claim to be, of all others, the servants of the living God, be the first to do justice to the Rationalists, who, in the nobility of their souls, framed a Constitution that secured even to their most bitter, fanatical enemies—the Christians

so-called—the same freedom of faith and liberty of conscience that they themselves desired to possess and exercise without let or hindrance? If we love our religious enemies, and do right by them, will there be any danger of our wronging others?

Shakers make as high a religious profession and claim to be as spiritual as any other denomination. They live celibate lives; own their land in common; use no alcohol or tobacco; will soon (all of them) eat no meat; do not fight; dress plain; and labor to provide things honest in the sight of all men. Yet they bless such men as Ingersoll, for the truth he holds and the good he does, and the evil he refrains from doing: in other words, for the self-denial he practices, and because he loves his fellow-men; they judge him by his deeds, not by his belief.

Church and state governments generate inquisitions. The highest form of human hate is when men and women—whilst tormenting their fellows with religious persecutions, and even killing them—think they are doing God good service. Does the Infidel believe in such a God, or love his worshipers? Will murder, in any of its forms, convert him? Is that overcoming evil with good? I hope you reforming women will "make haste slowly," and keep clear of Babel priests and church and state legislation. Respectfully,

F. W. EVANS.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S BILL DEFEATED.

The effort to repeal the English laws against blasphemy has been unsuccessful. The bill for this purpose came up on Friday evening, April 19. Mr. Bradlaugh thus tells the story of his fight:

"Friday was an evening of trouble. The Blasphemy Law Repeal bill originally stood first after Supply, and I hoped that it might have been reached about 8:30 or 9. But it was not till about twenty minutes to 11 I was called on. Unfortunately for the measure great prejudice was excited, even amongst members favorable to the bill, by the production of a large number of illustrations from the Freethinker, a bundle of which had been brought down to the House by Mr. Samuel Smith, and the sight of which brought member after member to me, saying that unless I repudiated such publications they could not vote for the repeal of the blasphemy laws. The feeling was so strong that the government, which had not issued any whip, directed the government tellers to tell against me, and thus deprived the bill of any possible chance of support from the Conservative ranks.

"To the forty-seven who, against great pressure, voted with me, I on behalf of those yet outlaws tender my earnest thanks. Now some of the battle must be taken up outside. If Freethinkers desire the repeal of the Blasphemy law, they must bring it forward at every election, and urge it not only on the members who were hostile, but still more on those who stayed away. I thank, too, the branches of the National Secular Society, and the friends who have petitioned in favor of the bill. I regret that there are many branches which have done nothing, and many friends who have made no sign. Specially thankful acknowledgment is due to the Guild of St. Matthew and to its warden secretary. The rejection of the bill by three to one shows that the fight for repeal will be a very uphill one."

A LITTLE MIXED.—In an English country church the curate had to give out two notices, the first of which was about baptism, and the latter had to do with a new hymn book. Owing to an accident he inverted the order and gave out as follows: "I am requested to announce that the new hymn book will be used for the first time in this church on Sunday next; and I am also requested to call attention to the delay which often takes place in bringing the children to be baptized; they should be brought on the earliest day possible. This is particularly pressed on mothers who have young babies." "And for the information of those who have none," added the rector, in gentle, kindly tones, and who, being deaf, had not heard what had been previously said—"and for the information of those who have none, I may state, if wished, they can be obtained on application in the vestry immediately after service to-day. Limp ones, one shilling each; with stiff backs two shillings."—Chicago Mail.

ORGANIZATION IN LOS ANGELES.

A meeting of Los Angeles Liberals was held in Little Turn Verein hall, Sunday night, the 5th instant, and a preliminary organization was effected. A constitution and by-laws were adopted. Election of officers was postponed one week. The hall has been engaged permanently. It has a seating capacity of 200. A clause in the constitution requires that all applications for membership shall be in writing, and, if reported favorably upon by an investigation committee, shall be decided by ballot. The organization is based on the Nine Demands; all other isms and subjects are barred out. It is intended to carry on a vigorous campaign in the way of entertainments, lectures, and the distribution of liberal literature, and help in the formation of similar organizations throughout Southern California. B. A. Stephens will address the meeting May 19 on the objects of the organization.

EFFECTS OF RELIGION.

The San Jose Mercury of recent date says: Robert Johnson was yesterday examined before Judge Reynolds in regard to his sanity. The evidence disclosed that Johnson is a native of Norway, 46 years old, unmarried, who has been in California off and on for fifteen years following the occupation of a painter. His insanity consists in the belief that he is under the guardianship of spirits. He acts at times in a wild and boisterous manner, using incoherent words. The attack appeared about a week ago. His insanity is believed to have been caused by attending religious services of an emotional character. The doctors decided that he was afflicted with acute mania.

A Zuni Genesis.

A writer in the Overland Monthly tells the idea of creation prevalent among the Zuni Indians of New Mexico: The earth was then small, compared with its present size, and even the night, which was constant, had neither moon nor stars; so with a view to getting these conveniences a council was held embracing the remaining tribes, to discuss the making of these and a firmament in which to place them.

As the meeting closed, each tribe had by common consent its allotted part to do in the creative work. The work was divided into three parts and the Navajos claimed first choice, having been first in the new world. They chose that of making the sun; but as they were not builders, the Zunis kindly helped them by building their workshops.

This done, the Navajos shut themselves up with tools and materials, and went about their work in good earnest. The Zunis built the heavens, then made the moon and put it in place. The Pueblos made the stars, and the three tribes worked with a will, regretting, however, that the Americans had shirked their share of the labor.

The Navajos at last finished making the sun, and the Zunis helped them hoist it, one Zuni going up with it. The moon was hoisted in the same manner, and the two Zunis were left aloft to act as the guardians of the two created lights; and as the world grows yearly, these two Zunis move their charges further back into the heavens, that their distance as first placed may remain the same. One of the Zunis, however, proves less competent than the other, for though sun and moon were intended to give equal light and warmth, having been made alike, a difference is made because the Zuni in control of the moon holds it too far from earth, so that we do not get its full force. It is due to his slothfulness also that the face of the moon is sometimes covered and allowed to grow dim, for the moon changes constantly; while the greater watchfulness of the sun guardian keeps his charge always at full brilliancy.

The Pueblos had the stars all made and ready for distribution in the form of fishes, bears, birds, and woman; but a coyote, looking them over, said impatiently:

"Why trouble so about those stars? Why not stick them up anywhere?"

And bounding upon the heap, he kicked his rear limbs heavenward, scattering the stars promiscuously from horizon to horizon; and the Pueblos concluded to let them remain so.

Improvident Marriages.

Loud are the cries against the "sweating" of men and women; deep is the pity for the poor little children who come to school shoeless and dinnerless; but few are the denunciations of improvident marriages and imprudent parents, wherein lies the root of these other evils we lament so strongly. How rashly people do rush into the married state is so well known that it hardly needs illustration; but a case I heard of the other day is to my mind so shocking, I feel obliged to give it publicity. A friend, who has lately been appointed registrar of marriages, attended a Roman Catholic church to register a wedding taking place there. After the ceremony he asked for the usual fee, 7s. 7d.; the wedded couple turned out their pockets, and between them they could only muster seven pence! And it is such people as these who can recklessly marry, without even sufficient means to pay the expenses of the marriage ceremony, who provide the world with ten or a dozen destitute and miserable children to grow up as best they can; too often, alas! in crime.—HYPATIA BRADLAUGH BANNER, in the National Reformer.

Sabbath-Breaking in Nevada.

Last Sunday our local, who was over at Lake Washoe fishing, made the following report: He found the shore of the lake lined with anglers, and a careful poll of the crowd resulted as follows: Episcopalians, 24; Presbyterians, 20; Methodists, 16; Baptists, 12; Catholics, 30; men of no religious belief, 6.—Ex.

ANOTHER of Dr. Andrew D. White's remarkable papers on "The Warfare of Science" is among the contents of the May "Popular Science Monthly." This article is devoted to "Diabolism and Hysteria," and contains accounts of the dancing and other manias of several centuries ago in Europe, and the witchcraft-delusion in this country, for which many innocent persons met their death, showing that these epidemics originated in nervous derangements, and were magnified and distorted by religious superstition.

THE beauties of an established religion are illustrated in the following clipping from the New York Independent:

A catechism, prepared by the Rev. F. A. Gace, Anglican vicar of Great Barling, England, and widely circulated, contains the following:

"In what light ought we to consider dissenters?—As heretics.
"Is their worship a laudable service?—No; their worship is idolatrous.
"Is dissent a great sin?—Yes; it is in direct opposition to our duty to God.

"Why have not dissenters been excommunicated?—Because the law of the land does not allow the wholesome law of the church to be acted on.
"Is it wicked to enter a meeting house?—Most assuredly."

THE following is cut from an article by the Rev. John Robertson, Stonehaven, published in the People's Journal:

"The devil is powerful, but he is not all-powerful. He is not almighty. He is a creature, and Christ is his creator."

Assuming the reverend gentleman to be well-informed on this subject, then but for Christ there would have been no devil.—National Reformer.

SEVERAL numbers of FREETHOUGHT, of San Francisco, have recently reached us. It is a capital journal—very racy and very readable, and we wish the enterprising proprietors, Messrs. Putnam and Macdonald, a large measure of success.—Watts's Literary Guide, London.

MRS. MATTIE P. KREKEL lectures in Pennsylvania and Ohio from May 10 to June 10, and parties desiring her services may address her at Pittsburg, Pa.

W. S. BELL will speak in Oakland June 2, and in San Francisco June 9, if arrangements can be made.

NEW HAMPSHIRE leads in divorces, having had one to every ten marriages in the last five years.

THE ex-Rev. Mr. Ravlin, of San Jose, is doing some excellent preaching.

A Spiritualist and a Liberal.*To the Editors of Freethought:*

Please send me your paper, as I like it very much. Being what is called a Spiritualist, I cannot but be Liberal. Your paper is bound to do a world of good to reform the old superstitions, and I say, Success to your noble undertaking.

F. W. TOEDT.

Hamburg, Iowa.

Truth Clearly Revealed.

This world is one continued fathomless harmony in one common fundamental uniformity of inexhaustible laws, from time to time, to this position in which we live, to pass into the future states to be known state leaving what is far beyond human ability to solve.—Azusa News.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Presuming that you are still groping in doubt and darkness regarding the immortality of your soul, I commend the reading of the above clipping; and would ask, after its perusal, if you can longer doubt or deny this "sacred" truth so clearly revealed.

C. SEVERANCE.

Congratulations from the East.*To the Editors of Freethought:*

It rejoices me to read of your grand success in the far West. I see the West is much more Liberal than the East. You made a good move when you located in San Francisco. I am satisfied that if the liberty of our government is sustained it will be through the Liberal element and the Liberal press of the country.

We have had no lectures here this winter, the money pressure has been so heavy. Yours for success,

WM. LINDSEY.

Ottumwa, Iowa.

A Recruit for the Field.*To the Editors of Freethought:*

If I live it is quite possible I shall enter the lecture field next fall and work on the Pacific coast during the winter, possibly on Spiritualism, but certainly on subjects which involve absolute Atheism as to the god or gods of anybody. I am now sixty-four—never made a speech on anything till after fifty, but hope I may be able to do something before I die to make men and women happier and better here, no matter what they may believe as to the there. If I go into the field my efforts will be extemporaneous. I can shoot straighter and harder that way, off-hand, than to take a rest, as it were.

JOS. WOLFF.

Boulder, Col.

Wishing Every Success.*To the Editors of Freethought:*

I have received from your office one sample copy of FREETHOUGHT and several sent me by Liberal friends. I hope it will meet with success. I think you and George the right men for establishing a Liberal journal on this Coast. You know George and his badge-pin were always favorites with me. I like his style, and hope when his ship comes in he may make a tour of the world—including the holy land—and, like D. M. Bennett, cause the bones of the saints to rattle in their graves.

I inclose \$2. Put me on subscription list. Wishing FREETHOUGHT every success, I am yours for truth,

A. O. BRUCE.

Wawona, Cal.

Colonel Kelso and his Books.*To the Editors of Freethought:*

Reader, some one once said: "Beware when God sends a thinker on to this planet." God, good, or evolution has sent Col. John R. Kelso, one of the deepest, highest, broadest thinkers, to teach the false teachers and misleaders of a blind and ignorant world to beware of the coming light of a true cosmogony (which will dissipate godism, popery, and priestcraft, as the approaching morning sun drives ghosts home to churchyards). His brain is a fountain of facts and truths, which he has superior power to connect and weave into a chain and web of logic and philosophy; and to analyze and discriminate between the false and the true.

He is, to my mind, an approximation to a master world builder. His "Universe Analyzed" is "a feast of fat things" to the scientific humanitarian. In the light and truth of the grand cosmogony he unfolds and pictures, how puerile, impotent, absurd, and inhuman is the God and creation assumption; and how insignificant this pigmy earth, with all its

man-made systems and selfish schemes; a mere speck on the map of the universe. I would that space permitted me to review it in detail.

His book, "Spiritualism Sustained," does sustain Spiritualism from orthodox testimony, if not from scientific; and is a complete demolisher of orthodox absurdities, with a master's logic and nature's advocate.

His "Bible Analyzed" is an extensive, learned, masterly display of facts, figures, critical acumen, and logical expose and show-up of the assumptions, absurdities, sophistry, falsehood, and inhumanity of popes, priests, kings, despots, and authors to make the Bible an infallible authority, guide, and savior to a blind, ignorant, credulous world. Reader, however wise you may be, buy and read Kelso's books, and you will be still wiser and richer.

J. H. COOK.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURES.

San Francisco, May 12, 19,	Grub Gulch, May 29, 30, 31,
Boulder Creek, May 20, 21, 22,	Fresno Flats, June 1, 2, 3,
Santa Cruz, May 23, 24, 25,	Hornitos, June 4,
San Francisco, May 26,	New Sanel, June 6, 7,
Raymond, May 28,	Ukiah, June 8, 9, 10,
	Covelo, June 13, 14, 15, 16.

Appointments for Oregon and Washington, extending from June 22 to Nov. 1, will be announced next week.

OREGON STATE CONVENTION.*To the Liberals of Oregon:*

The members of the Silverton Secular Union, of Silverton, Oregon, hereby cordially invite all the Liberals of Oregon to meet with them in mass convention at Silverton, June 22 and 23, 1889, for the purpose of organizing a state association on the basis of the Demands of Liberalism, to co-operate with the American Secular Union. The association thus formed is to represent no intellectual creed, but simply equal rights and impartial liberty. It is to be organized in the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the words of General Grant—"Keep the church and state forever separate."

All in favor of these great ends, so necessary to the preservation of Republican and Democratic institutions, are solicited to be present for fraternal co-operation. In union there is strength.

J. W. MCCLURE, President of Silverton Secular Union.

R. D. ALLEN, Secretary,

MRS. CARRIE FITZGERELL,

H. D. MOUNT,

E. WOLFARD,

} Executive Committee.

BOOKS.

We have for sale at this office, among other works:

"Yone Santo," see advertisement.

"Self-Contradictions of the Bible." 15 cents.

"The Truth Seeker Annual" for 1889. 25 cents.

"Liberty and Morality," by W. S. Bell. 15 cents.

"The System of Nature," by Baron D'Holbach. \$2.

"Robert Elsmere," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Price, 50 cents.

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

Judge Maguire's "Ireland and the Pope," a history of papal intrigues against Irish liberty. Price, 50 cents.

Taylor's "Diegesis," by the Rev. Robert Taylor. A discovery of the Origin, Evidences, and early history of Christianity. \$2.

"Looking Backward," a socialistic romance which has been termed the "Uncle Tom's Cabin of Industrial Slavery," by Edward Bellamy. Price, 50 cents.

RHUBARB BITTERS impart a delicious flavor to all drinks, cure dyspepsia, promote digestion, and regulate the bowels. Try them. A. G. Wood, 323 Eddy st., S. F.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby inform the fruit-growers of California that I have invented a Fruit Drier entirely different from anything I have ever seen or heard of. It is simple in construction, will be run by steam and, as I firmly believe, will remedy all the defects in other family driers—especially the Zimmerman, which I have used and understand well.

A model of the above dryer is on exhibition at J. H. Redstone's at No. 1509 Market street.

Mr. Redstone will explain its construction, mode of operation, etc., to callers. He is also authorized to sell the same or organize a company to manufacture and sell said drier on this coast.
G. W. THURSTON, Sr.

RATIONAL COMMUNISM.

The Present and the Future

Republic of North America

BY A CAPITALIST.

A book advocating associate life as a remedy for poverty, vice, and crime. It deals with the present conditions of society in this country, pointing out their imperfections, and showing how it is almost impossible that the people should be other than poor and vicious under our present system. The remedy, the author thinks, is communal life, and he has drawn a vivid picture of the future Republic of North America, as it will be when society shall be organized on the principles of Rational Communism. The book is vigorously written. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.
Address, PUTNAM & MACDONALD.

J. D. SHAW'S PAMPHLETS.

The Bible, What is It? A pamphlet containing eight chapters in refutation of the assumption that the Bible is a divine book of pure thought, and correct in all its utterances. Price 25 cents.

Studies in Theology. A clear exposition of the biblical story of man's creation and curse, theologically denominated "the fall." Price 10 cents.

The Divinity of Christ. Showing that none of the passages of scripture claimed to predict the coming of Christ has any reference to him. Price, 15 cents. Address
PUTNAM & MACDONALD.

CHURCH AND STATE.

THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—THE NEW AMERICAN PARTY,

A CRITICISM BY "JEFFERSON."

Price, 10 cents. Address
PUTNAM & MACDONALD.

GIRARD'S WILL

—AND—

Girard College Theology.

An Expose

Of the perversion of Stephen Girard's magnificent bequest to Philadelphia by the Christian churches and Young Men's Christian Association.

By RICH. B. WESTBROOK, D.D., LL.D.
Price \$1. Address, Putnam & Macdonald.

Kickers and Cranks.

Der kicker vas von lively man,
Who make a fuss vene'er he can,
Und raise der vind mit vordy fight
Ven eferydings vas not youst right.

How beoble like to kick at him!
But who would keep der world in trim,
If he discovered not a flaw,
Und kicked on eferydng he saw?

Und dere's dot krank, who's always round
Und helps to make der world turn round;
His field of usefulness vas great,
Dough oft he lifs in low estate.

Ven e'er der kicker has his say,
Der krank invents some petter way;
Der kicker kicks ven dings ain't right,
Der krank prings petter dings to light.

Und so der two goes hand in hand,
Und raise a rumpus in der land;
Yet, if der world gif dem no thanks,
I'll boom der kickers und der kranks.
—Boston Globe.

Christian Science.

An Auburn (Idaho T.) parson, skeptical as to the mind cure, contributes the following anecdote, which he declares to be the actual experience of one of his personal friends.

This man had been troubled with dyspepsia for a long time and had tried various remedies unavailingly.

"Why don't you try the mind-cure?" asked his wife, who was a believer.

"Pooh!"

"At any rate it will do you no harm."

"You might try it just to please me, if for no other reason, I should think."

At length the man, Joans I will call him, yielded to his better-half's importunities, as a good husband should have done, and went to Boston to see a mind-curer.

He was received in a barely-furnished room by a large woman and told her what his errand was.

"Please take off your coat," said she.

He obeyed.

"And your vest."

Off went the vest.

She pointed to a broad wooden bench without any back.

"Now," said she, "I want you to sit down on that bench with your back against mine, for five minutes. Brace firmly against me and keep your mind perfectly passive. Think of absolutely nothing."

The man sat down, she sat down, and the treatment went on.

Joans found that to keep his mind vacant and inactive was more easily said than done. Thoughts would come popping in. He rapidly grew uneasy. The five minutes seemed to be half an hour in passing.

"That will do," said the woman, finally, "How do you feel now, sir?"

"Feel? I feel like a confounded fool," said Joans.

"D. V." Out of Date.

There is quite a change, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, in the religiosity of the people since the time when every man who expressed a determination to do a specified action added reverently, D. V.—Deo volente, or God willing. At

the opening of navigation on the Hudson recently a gentleman telegraphed to a friend in Albany that he would "be there on Thursday next, D. V." The merchant did not understand the letters; had never seen them before in such a position, and could make nothing of it. He consulted all his neighbors in vain. At last one of them had a bright thought, and he cried out, "I've got it. D. stands for Drew and V. for Vibbard. He means he'll get here on Thursday by the steamer Drew or by the Chauncey Vibbard." The merchant went home ashamed of his dullness.

Evil to Him Who Evil Thinks.

George (fixing parlor stove)—Why, the dam—

"George," exclaimed his mother, reprovingly.

George—Pshaw the dam—

"Why George," screamed his sisters, "how can you—"

George—Why, hang it all, I was only going to say that the d—

Lizzie—How can—

George (continuing desperately)—That the damper is turned off and there is no draught. What's the matter with you all? —Epoch.

"THUMP-RATTLTETY-BANG" went the piano. "What are you trying to play, Jane?" called out her father from the next room. "It's an exercise from my new instruction book. First steps in music," she answered. "Well, I thought you were playing with your feet," he said, grimly; "don't step so heavy on the keys, it disturbs my thought."—Munsey's Weekly.

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10 karat Gold, Large Badge Pin.....	3 00
14 karat Gold, Large Badge Pin.....	4 00
10 karat Gold, Small Charm (for watch chain).....	3 00
14 karat Gold, Small Charm (for watch chain).....	4 50
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Men, Women, and Gods.

By Helen H. Gardener. Introduction by Robert G. Ingersoll. Price, 50 cents.

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Unequaled in quality and price. All carefully examined before shipment and accompanied by written guarantee. Order of WETTSTEIN, who has been established in the same town 31 years; who is an expert in his line, and who is not afraid to speak his honest thought.

LATEST IMPROVED AMERICAN STEM-WINDERS.—Three-ounce Silverine case, 7 jewels, \$8; 11 jewels, \$9.50; 15 jewels, \$12.50; do., adjusted, \$16.50. In 3-ounce Coin Silver case, \$11, \$12.50, \$15.50, and \$19.50. In 4-ounce case, \$1 extra, and in 4-oz., dust-proof case, \$2 extra. In best open-face, dust-proof filled Gold case, 7 jewels, \$16; 11 jewels, \$17.50; 15 jewels, \$20.50; do., adjusted, \$24.50; do., hinged back, inside glass cap, \$2 extra; do., gold cap, \$4 extra; extra fine engraved, \$1 and \$2 additional. Hunting cases, Gold cap, 7 jewels, \$23; 11 jewels, \$24.50; 15 jewels, \$27.50; do., adjusted, \$31.50. In special artistic engraved Louis XIV. cases, \$3 to \$10 more. The latter are rarely seen in the best stores. All filled cases guaranteed 20 years. Beware of others!

THE CELEBRATED "OTTO WETTSTEIN" WATCH.—The best in the world for the money; all modern improvements; a perfect watch. In Silverine case, \$19.50; in 3-ounce coin Silver case, \$22.50; 4-ounce, \$23.50; 5-ounce, \$25; 6-ounce, \$27 (no better sold for \$40 elsewhere). In open-face, dust-proof case, filled Gold, \$27; do., hinged, glass inside cap, \$29; do., gold cap, \$31; do., hunting, \$33; do., Louis XIV. style, \$35; in special artistic cases, \$3 to \$10 more; in 14-karat solid Gold cases, \$50, \$60 to \$100.

LADIES' GOLD WATCHES.—All hunting, stem wind; best-filled Gold cases, \$18, \$20, \$26; 14-karat solid Gold, \$28, \$30, \$36, \$40, etc., to \$150; latter special fine artistic embossed cases, set with Diamonds and other jewels.

DIAMONDS.—I am an expert in this line, and guarantee my goods at least 20 per cent below lowest market price. Rings, Pins, Eardrops, Studs, etc, worth \$35 for \$25; do., worth \$70, for \$50; do., worth \$100, for \$75; do., worth \$200, for \$150; do., worth \$500, for \$375. Sent subject to approval, and cash refunded if not strictly as represented.

RINGS AND EMBLEMS.—A specialty. A full line of solid Gold and best Plated Jewelry of the latest designs. Select from any catalogue, and I will fill order at lower prices or send better goods.

SUNDRIES.

Best Spectacles or Eye-glasses	\$1.00	6 Rogers Bros.' tr.-plated Table-spoons	\$3.4
Gold do., \$5 and	6.00	Solid coin Silver Spoons, marked, per oz	1.60
(Send line of finest type you can read		Silver Thimbles	.30
14 in. from eyes, and I can fit you.)		Elegant 8-day Alarm Clock, worth \$6	4.50
Best Razor (a luxury) \$2; a good one	1.00	4 Best Violin Strings	.50
6 Rogers Bros' best triple-plated Knives	1.75	6 Guitar Strings	.70
" " Forks	1.75	Largest Albums, \$1, \$2, \$3, \$4 to	10.00
" " Teaspoons	1.70	Opera and Field Glasses, \$5 to	15.00

All goods guaranteed satisfactory, or money refunded.

Send me your watches for repairs. Best work. Cleaning, \$1; springs, \$1; and returned free; will go a thousand miles as safely as one.

OTTO WETTSTEIN, Rochelle, Ill.

N. B. For prices of FREETHOUGHT BADGES see next column of this paper.



"A REMARKABLE BOOK," SAYS DR. EADON, of Edinburgh, Scotland: "a graduate of three universities, and retired after 50 years' practice, he writes: 'The work is priceless in value, and calculated to regenerate society. It is new, startling, and very instructive.' It is the most popular and comprehensive book treating of

MEDICAL, SOCIAL, AND SEXUAL SCIENCE,

Proven by the sale of Half a Million to be the most popular. Readable because written in language plain, chaste, and forcible. Instructive, practical presentation of "Medical Common Sense" made valuable to invalids, knowing new means by which they may be cured. Approved by editors, physicians, clergymen, critics, and literati. Thorough treatment of subjects especially important to young men. Everyone who "wants to know, you know," will find it interesting.

4 Parts, 35 Chapters, 936 Pages, 200 Illustrations, and a NEW FEATURE, of beautiful colored anatomical charts, in five colors, guaranteed superior to any before offered in a popular physiological book, and rendering it again the most attractive and quick-selling.

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Temperance and Prohibition, THE INDEPENDENT PULPIT.

BY G. H. STOCKHAM, M.D.,

Sets forth the merits of moral suasion as opposed to force in settling the liquor question.

Cloth, 75 cts.

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A Magazine of 24 pp., devoted to

Liberalism, Freethought, Secularism, and Ethics

Published monthly at \$1.50 per annum by

J. D. SHAW, Waco, Texas.

As She is Spoke in Boston.

Miss Bostonese—When I was in my diminutive years I accompanied my respected sire on a westward tour, and while sojourning at a caravansary we viewed the famous Freckled Finale, the aboriginal chieftain.

Miss Gotham—Freckled Finale! Oh, you mean the Indian Spotted Tail.

Miss Bostonese—Yes; but he is never mentioned by that name in Boston, you know.

THE Boston Post says in praise of Wana-maker that he "began life without a dollar in his pocket." It might truthfully have gone further and stated that he began life without a pocket.—Utica Observer.

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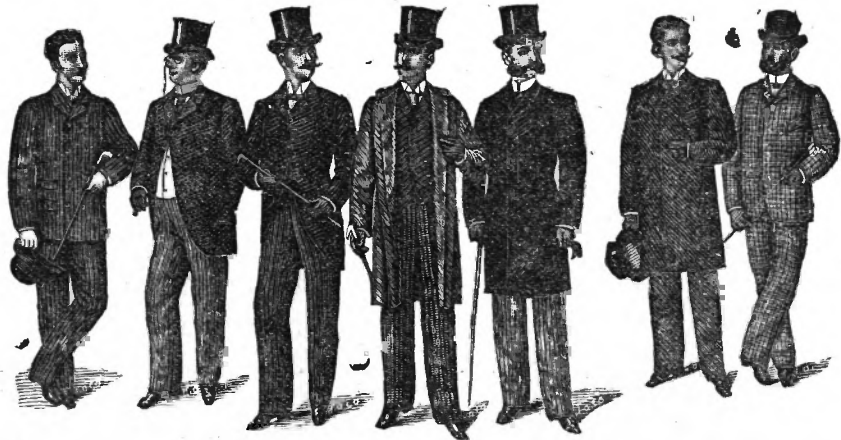
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How many a poor fellow whose talents
To elevate science would tend,
Is lost to the world's gaze for ever,
And all for the want of a friend!
And all for the want of a friend!

REFRAIN:

Then stretch forth your hand like a brother,
For remember that life's but a span,
'Tis our duty to help one another,
And do a good turn when we can.

2. Some boast of their wealth and connections,
And look with contempt upon those
Of a lower degree—quite forgetting
The means by which they, perhaps, rose.
So be kind to the poor and the lowly;
Ne'er utter a word that's untrue:
Prize the maxim which says "Act to others
As you would they should act unto you!"
As you would they should act unto you!"

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THE editor of the Martinez Gazette appears nervous regarding his future state. In Wednesday's issue of his paper he says, referring to the warm weather: "This is the beginning, but where will be the end?"—*Concord Sun.*

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VOL. II—No. 21.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1889.

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FREETHOUGHT.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, }
GEO. E. MACDONALD, } EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - MAY 25, 1889.

REFERRING to the large salaries of clergymen the London Freethinker makes the apt point that "Jesus died on the cross, and the preachers live on it."

SIGNOR GIOVANI AMICI, secretary to the central committee for the monument to Giordano Bruno, announces that the inauguration of the monument in the Campo di Fiori, Rome, is finally fixed for Sunday, June 9.

SPAIN is another Mexico. A Freethinker in Moron has been sent to prison for a week and fined heavily for not taking off his hat as the priest passed through the street bearing the holy ghost in a piece of wafer. Time was when such a thing might have happened in California.

THE two sisters of Pigott, the forger of the Parnell letters, are nuns in Ireland. They have just heard, to their great relief, that their brother confessed his forgeries and received absolution the Sunday before his flight. This gives Mr. Pigott entrance into the New Jerusalem, and affords cause of rejoicing to all the angelic hosts.

IN the May number of the Forum, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps states the truism that "it is an undecorated fact that if Jesus Christ were to enter almost any of our influential churches to-day he would be shown into the back gallery, and he could not obtain admission into our parlors without a letter of introduction to our 'sets.'"

THE Chronicle calls upon the law to suppress the Rev. Mr. Schweinfurth, the man who is regarded and worshiped as the latest messiah by a lot of women in Illinois. When Schweinfurth's predecessor was on earth the multitude cried, "Crucify him." It is a sign of progress toward religious liberty that the claim to messiahship is no longer regarded as a capital offense.

THE Los Angeles Porcupine gives authority for the statement that George Washington is among the canonized saints of the archiepiscopal see of Guatemala, Central America. Notwithstanding Washington was a Deist and a Freemason, and therefore under the anathema of the church, it is evidently only a question of time when the Catholics will claim him as one of them, as in the case of St. Patrick.

A LONDON correspondent says: "The unanimous decision of the Court of Appeal in Lady Sandhurst's case has finally settled the legal question against the right of women to sit in county councils. The judges decide that the act expressly enfranchising women as electors has the effect, in the absence of any further statement, of disqualifying them as candidates. This is another instance of the legal dictum to the effect that the words in an act of Parliament implying man include women when disability or punishment is concerned, but exclude women when privileges are conferred. 'He' means 'she' when the question is one of going to jail, but 'he' means only 'he' when it is a question of going to the ballot-box."

MR. S. P. PUTNAM

Will lecture in San Francisco, Sunday, May 26,

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RELIGIOUS PAUPERS.

New York city this year appropriates the sum of \$1,142,232.61 for charitable purposes. Of this amount \$510,092.38 is devoted to so-called non-sectarian institutions, while \$632,130.23 goes to the different sects for the support of their various institutions. The Jews get \$60,000; the Protestants, \$31,814.63; the Catholics, \$540,325.60. It appears from these figures that more than one-half of the entire sum devoted to charitable and benevolent purposes in New York is paid over to religious bodies and by them used for teaching their peculiar religious tenets, and that nearly one-half of the entire sum goes to Roman Catholics. If these sums are apportioned to the sects according to the ratio of pauperism among them, then there are nine Roman Catholic paupers in the city to one Jew, and about eighteen to one Protestant. Or if the Roman Catholics get one-half of the entire sum, then it is to be inferred that Roman Catholics afford one-half the paupers.

The New York Catholic Protectory, in other words a prison for depraved boys of Catholic parents, alone draws \$254,000 from the city fund. As it gets \$2 per week for each inmate, this would provide for about 2,500 boys. The rival of the Protectory is the non-sectarian Juvenile Asylum, which takes care of youthful criminals who are not of Catholic parentage. This latter institution gets \$112,500, less than one-half what the Protectory receives. If it cares for juvenile delinquents at the same rate as the Protectory, it can have but one-half as many, or one-third of the whole, so that the Catholic church would appear to furnish two-thirds of the entire quota of youthful criminals.

In reading the list of Roman Catholic charitable institutions

a striking peculiarity is noted which we have never seen mentioned, namely, that the Catholic church provides no asylum for the insane, for idiots, or for incurables. Among the public charities of New York is the New York Asylum for Idiots, a State Lunatic Asylum, and an Asylum for Insane Criminals. The Catholic church has none of these institutions. She cares for the helpless merely as an investment. Her wards are a source of profit to her, not alone because she is paid a round sum by the state for caring for them, but because they remain Catholics and add to the strength of the church. She cannot use the insane, the idiotic, and the helplessly incurable, and she will have nothing to do with them.

The sectarian institutions of New York are samples of what may be found all over the country. They are in the hands of Christians, and by Christians used for purposes of propagandism. Even benevolent institutions founded by Infidels are in Christian hands and used for the same purpose. And because of this fact the charities of the country are placed to the credit of religious people, while Infidels are taxed to support them. There ought to be a reform in this matter. Not a dollar of public funds should be paid to any institution in which the Christian religion is taught. If sects desire to establish hospitals, colleges, or asylums, they have the undoubted right to do so, and they are bound in justice to support them with their own money. They claim to be charitable. Withdraw state support from their institutions and see how long before those institutions will pass into the hands of the state, where they belong. When the church stands on her dignity and refuses aid from the state she will be entitled to the credit she now claims. Until then she will remain a pauper as much as the unfortunates whom she uses as a lever to raise funds with.

ABOUT GALILEO.

The Catholic Monitor has just found space to reprint a sermon delivered some months ago by Bishop Kain, of Virginia, in which the attempt is made to show that the church never opposed science or learning, and that, particularly in the case of Galileo, the Tuscan philosopher, she encouraged astronomy rather than otherwise. There is, of course, much room for dispute as to what really happened to Galileo while in the hands of the Inquisition. It is universally admitted, however, that he recanted his astronomical theories under pressure, and that he was imprisoned by order of Pope Urban. Bishop Kain makes the following statement:

"The true causes of Rome's interference were Galileo's persistent attempts to act the theologian, and twist the sacred scriptures into an argument favoring his scientific speculations; and his open disrespect for ecclesiastical authority. The church was unwilling to permit the universally received and literal meaning of holy writ to be set aside, and a novel and seemingly far-fetched construction placed upon its words, without an absolute necessity; and all lovers of God's sacred word must applaud her action.

It is difficult to discern how Bishop Kain has strengthened his case by restating it in this form, since persecution, or "interference," as the bishop terms it, is equally as infamous when directed against freedom in religious discussion as when used to discourage scientific investigation.

The church has been forced into exactly the position which Bishop Kain ascribes to Galileo—that the earth is round instead of flat, and that it revolves around the sun; and that theologian who can most skillfully "twist the sacred scriptures into an argument favoring Galileo's scientific speculations" is regarded most

favorably by the church. The pope of Rome, to-day, if he were to utter anything upon the subject, must say exactly what the Tuscan philosopher was tortured and imprisoned by the pope for saying three hundred years ago.

CHICAGO'S RELIGIOUS UPHEAVAL.

The religious waters of Chicago have been stirred to their very depths during the past few weeks. Mr. Moody, the evangelist, held revival services there the first part of the month, with the Rev. Dr. Driver, of Portland, Or., to assist him in his work. Dr. Driver, it is well known, makes a specialty of answering Infidels, and a public invitation was issued to all skeptics to come and have their doubts removed while they waited. This invitation Mr. E. A. Stevens clipped from the newspaper where it appeared, and pasted it upon a courteous communication to D. L. Moody, notifying him that a delegation from the Secular Union were anxious to ask some questions which stood in the way of their accepting the scheme of salvation. At the appointed time the delegation visited the Tabernacle where Brother Moody held forth, and Mr. Jehu Barr handed up the letter. This was in the morning, and Mr. Moody, after announcing the contents of the letter, said that as it was sprung on them somewhat suddenly he would have to defer its consideration until evening. The Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, was passing through the city, and he had been invited to speak that morning.

The Rev. Mr. Cook was present and at once exhibited himself. For three-quarters of an hour he stamped about the platform, abusing Freethinkers, especially Colonel Ingersoll, and denouncing all opponents of Christianity as "cancer-breeders." Secretary Stevens reports that he was obliged to hold some of the Secular Unionists in their seats to prevent them from arising and throwing Cook's lies back into his face. To the honor of Mr. Moody be it said that he himself put an end to Cook's harangue. He arose and told the reverend from Boston that he wanted no more of that kind of talk. Said he:

"There are honest Infidels as well as honest Christians. I would give more to convert one of those than a hundred others. These people have been invited here and I don't want them abused. It is not right. Were I an Infidel, I would not sit and listen to such abuse."

The audience, even the Christian portion of it, applauded these words. Cook inquired idiotically, "Was I abusing anybody?" whereat the whole house laughed in derision. Moody and Cook faced each other, and a set-to between them appeared imminent, but Cook retired. Mr. Moody subsequently invited the Secular delegation to the platform, where its members were introduced to the brethren of the church.

In the evening the Secularists were again present, and were accorded seats on the platform. The brethren prayed for them, exhorted them, and then trotted out their champion Infidel smasher, the Rev. Dr. Driver, to answer the questions. Dr. Driver is another Braden, wordy and adroit, but he could not answer the questions so they would stay answered. The Secularists were not allowed to debate. They kept quiet until a question was replied to, and then shot out a comment or a text that left the query as it stood before, unanswered and unanswerable.

At the close of Dr. Driver's labors, Mr. Stevens announced that Mr. Charles Watts was in the city, and that twenty Chicago clergymen had declined to meet him in debate.

As announced last week, Mr. Watts and Dr. Driver were finally brought in contact for a four-nights' discussion at the Princess Theatre. Reports of the debate have reached us through the

medium of the Chicago dailies. It is the old, old story. The Freethinker argued, the preacher exhorted. Mr. Watts pressed his opponent to stick to the text and to debate the proposition. Dr. Driver shuffled, evaded, and got angry. The audience jeered, and the preacher became abusive. Then he was hissed. He slandered all the prominent Freethinkers and their families, out-Bradening Braden. Mr. Watts offered to forfeit \$500 if he could not prove that Dr. Driver was a deliberate falsifier, to which the clergyman replied by adducing other statements equally untrue. Among other things Driver asserted that Ingersoll had no moral character except such as he inherited from Christian parents, and that his children had none at all; that he had met the president of the American Secular Union upon the streets of Portland, Or., so drunk that he was unable to stand, and that Paine Hall, in Boston, had been sold for taxes. Mr. Watts of course answered the reverend's falsehoods as they should have been answered; but if a clergyman has the hardihood to lie in this way when in the presence of an opponent who can correct him, it must be left to the imagination to conjecture the extent of his misrepresentations when no one is at hand to expose them.

The more we see of these debates with unscrupulous preachers, the less are we impressed with their utility. No Christian can defend his creed against the arguments of unbelief, and every intelligent Christian is aware of that fact. Clergymen like Driver do not debate for the sake of argument. They enter contests of this kind merely for the opportunity of retailing their slanders. This is their deliberate intention at the outset, and they have the same advantage over a self-respecting opponent that a skunk introduced into a parlor would have over the other occupants. It becomes a question whether it pays to assemble the company for the sake of introducing the skunk.

A COMRADE GONE.

"Frederick W. Hirst, well known among Union Pacific men as agent for that road at Echo for several years, died at his home on the 19th, after great suffering, from a cancer which first appeared on his tongue. He leaves a wife and two small daughters. Hosts of friends will mourn his loss, while their hearts will go out in sympathy for his bereft family, to whom he was most devoted. For weeks, while he suffered the severest pangs and was unable to speak and tell of his sufferings, he bore all with resignation and remained conscious to the last. Peace be to his ashes."—Salt Lake City Tribune.

It is with deepest sadness that we read this record of our friend's death. We have known him for years, and always known him as a true man, a man of few words but of honest acts, a man generous in his disposition, and of cultivated and earnest mind. At North Platte, Omaha, and lastly at Echo, he was always the genial companion, always a strenuous thinker, with the courage of his convictions, but of gentle and reticent temperament. He was a student of nature, a keen observer of her lovely and sublime forms, a reader of her secrets written upon the pages of her rocky calendar. He has been quite a contributor to the records of science. He has not lived in vain. To the world and to his friends he has rendered the service of humanity. We shall hold in honored remembrance our comrade. Death cannot rob us of his virtue, of his truthfulness, of his sincere and noble work. That remains in our life and hope to come. To his family, to his wife and children, whose home is thus so deeply darkened, the grand army of freedom gives its heartfelt sympathy, and would place upon his grave the flower of love's deathless tribute.

S. P. P.

BOUND volumes of FREETHOUGHT for 1888 may be had for \$2.50

A FRIEND INDEED.

DENVER, COL., May 18, 1889.

MESSRS PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Please find inclosed draft for sixty dollars (\$60) as a contribution to the FREETHOUGHT fund—\$10 from my brother, G. C. Smith, of Sanborn; \$50 from myself.

Hoping you will get all the funds needed to continue your excellent paper, I remain your friend,
AUSTIN W. SMITH.

[No verbal thanks can convey our gratitude for this generous gift. From East to West, FREETHOUGHT has been helped by its friends, whose good deeds speak eloquently for themselves. We can but falter our appreciation, and bend more strenuously to the task of making ourselves worthy of support. Mr. Smith is one of four who have each turned one hundred dollars, and more, into the treasury of this paper. The others are N. D. Goodell, of Sacramento; L. Geiger, of Hudson, N. Y., and Owen T. Davies, of Brighton. A list of friends too long to enumerate here, but who are always remembered, have contributed out of their devotion to the cause. Surely Liberalism opens the heart, and its apostles build for themselves memorials nobler than granite shafts, and enduring as the hills.—Ed.]

UNDER the laws of California any building may be held for the pay of workmen employed in constructing it. Thus if a contractor fails to pay his workmen, the owner of the building is responsible. The Superior Court of San Francisco is shortly to determine a case growing out of a suit against Archbishop Riordan connected with the repairs upon a church. The church was repaired by one Joseph Binet at a cost of \$10,000, but Binet went into insolvency without satisfying the workmen under him. The latter now seek to establish their claims directly against the church instead of against the insolvent contractor. Riordan contests their claims and refuses to recognize them. The suit is of interest because it is to determine whether law can be enforced against the Catholic church.

ONE of the saddest of recent deaths is that of Allen Thorndike Rice, editor of the North American Review, and appointed U. S. minister to Russia. Mr. Rice was still a young man, not quite thirty-six years of age, but he had achieved a brilliant reputation, and had a still brighter future before him had he lived. Perhaps the reason why Freethinkers most honor him is because he opened the columns of his magazine to the free discussion of religion pro and con. His motto was *Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*—"the Trojan and the Tyrian shall be treated by me without distinction"—and he was true to it. There are so few editors of popular periodicals of which this can be said that Mr. Rice's example shines with peculiar lustre.

THE Orthodox Russian church on Powell street was gutted by fire last Monday night. This is the church presided over by Vladimir, bishop of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands, whose article on Roman Catholicism in this paper last year was a most valuable contribution to Freethought literature. It is claimed that the fire was of incendiary origin, as the congregation is divided into two factions, each one accusing the other. It is fortunate for the members that their church stood in San Francisco instead of St. Petersburg. When such a thing happens in the Russian capital it comes to America as a Nihilist plot to kill the czar, and a delegation of "suspected" persons is sent to Siberia.

FREETHOUGHT has received \$5 from Mr. W. H. Pepper, of Petaluma, for the California State Liberal Union.

MR. M. A. GAULT, of the National Reform Association, in a recent speech, pointed out four ways by which this may be made a Christian nation. These four ways are as follows: First, agitation; second, petition; third, by the ballot; fourth, by the sword. In justifying the use of the last-named method he goes on: "Don't think we are advocating war; but if we are not faithful in the use of these other means, as it was with the anti-slavery question, after they had agitated and petitioned and used the ballot, they drew the sword; so shall we, as a last resort, be compelled to use the sword and the bullet." A little such-inflammatory talk as this led to the hanging of four Anarchists in Chicago a year or two ago.

B. F. UNDERWOOD will give a course of four lectures at Spokane Falls, W. T., May 23, 24, 25, 26. He will revisit Oregon and California. In reply to requests to meet Rev. I. D. Driver in debate, Mr. Underwood authorizes us to say he will discuss with him or any other representative minister on the Pacific Coast, where arrangements can be made.

So far as the old parties are concerned, there appears to be no politics in the Sunday movement. A man who has circulated petitions in three states against the Blair bill reports that Democrats and Republicans sign them in about equal numbers. The Prohibitionists, however, almost to a man, refuse to sign the protest.

THE thousand dollars asked of American Freethinkers for the Bruno statue at Rome has been raised, with \$52.50 to spare. None of the American committee can so arrange as to be present at the inauguration of the statue, but the country will probably be represented by Judge Stallo, U. S. minister to Italy.

WE fail to see why the Secularists of Chicago, as reported by the Herald, should have offered a vote of thanks to Dr. Driver at the close of his discussion with Charles Watts. It suggests that if Driver had slandered a few more prominent Freethinkers, they would have given him an ovation.

WE call attention to Judge North's excellent article in this paper on "Ingersoll and His Critic," and trust that no one will overlook it on account of its length. All who read it will wish it were longer.

THE SUMMER AND FALL CAMPAIGN.

S. P. Putnam has the following lecture appointments in Oregon and Washington:

Silverton.....Or.,	June 22, 23,	Pomeroy ..W. T.,	Aug.....26,
Stayton....."	" 24,	Union.....Or.	" 29, 30,
Mills City....."	" 25, 26,	Baker City,"	Sept.....1,
Turner....."	" 27,	Prairie City, Or., and vicinity,	Sept.
Eola....."	" 28,	4, 5, 6, 7, 8,	
Canby....."	" 29, 30,	Fox Valley.....Or.,	Sept. 9, 10,
Molalla....."	July.....3, 4,	Long Creek....."	" 11, 12,
Kalama.....W. T.,	" 6, 7,	Hamilton....."	" 14, 15,
Starks Point, W. T., and vicinity,		Monument....."	" 16, 17,
July 9, 10, 11, 12, 13,		Hay Stack....."	" 18,
Astoria.....Or.,	July 14,	Lone Rock....."	" 19, 20,
Stella.....W. T.,	" 15, 16, 17,	Fossil....."	" 21, 22,
Oswego.....Or.,	" 18, 19,	Hillsboro, Or.,	Sept., 25, 26, 27, 28,
Arnold's Grove.."	" 20, 21,	North Yamhill...Or.,	Sept.....29,
Coos county, Or.,	July 22 to Aug. 4,	Forest Grove...."	" 30,
Coburg....."	Aug.....7, 8,	Talent, Or., and vicinity	Oct. 3, 4, 5,
Lebanon....."	" 9,	6, 7,	
Olympia...W. T.,	" 11, 12,	Linkville.....Or.,	Oct. 11, 12, 13,
Buckley...W. T.,	" 13, 14,	Sacramento.....Cal.,	Oct. 20,
Davenport, "	" 17, 18,	San Francisco....."	" 27,
Rosalia, W. T., and vicinity,	Aug.	Los Angeles and vicinity	the month
19, 20, 21, 22,		of November,	
Dayton...W. T.,	Aug....24, 25,	San Diego and vicinity	the month of
		December.	

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

What the seismic experts pronounce the most violent shock of earthquake felt in these parts since 1868, occurred last Sunday morning at three o'clock. It lasted more than two minutes, but did no material damage.—The discovery of natural gas is reported from Petaluma.—The weather was very hot in some portions of the state last Sunday. At Los Angeles the thermometer reached 94 in the shade.—A young California soprano, named Sibyl Sanderson, is surprising Paris with her marvelous voice.—The salvation army of Oakland is split by a quarrel over finances. The seceders charge embezzlement, and rival clans conduct competitive services on opposite street corners.—The fine sidewheel steamer Alaskan, belonging to the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, was wrecked off the coast of Oregon May 16. About twenty lives were lost. The ship was valued at \$330,000.

After a mob at Forest City, Ark., had killed a negro last Saturday, they discovered that he was innocent.—Cincinnati, O., is in the throes of a Sunday closing crusade. Five saloon-keepers were arrested on the 19th for test cases.—A new steamer of the Hamburg packet line has just made the voyage from Hamburg to New York in eight days, making an average speed of more than 380 miles per day.—The Rev. John F. Hooper, of New York, whose wife got a divorce in California last year, has added to his reputation by eloping with a young woman.—The Rev. Peter Van Etten was arrested at Toledo, O., last Saturday, for swindling a widow out of \$4,000.—In the thunderstorm which passed through Pennsylvania and Ohio May 19, a Methodist church at Rouseville, Pa., was struck by lightning and burned to the ground.—The wife and mother of mind-reader Bishop, who died last week, charge that he was merely in a fit or trance and that the doctors killed him in making the autopsy.

—Capt. Jas. Chester, Third Artillery U. S. army, went crazy over a belief in devils, and attempted to drown himself in New York bay last Saturday morning. He believed himself "possessed," and took to the water to rid himself of the demons.—A flourishing Mormon church in Clay county, Ala., has been broken up by the citizens of the neighborhood, and the elders in charge of it have been warned to leave the county without delay. The Mormon elders have been proselyting that county for five years, and have made many converts. They established a church about a year ago and have been holding regular services since. Most of the elders have left and the others will follow. They carry most of their converts with them.—A new scheme of transportation is to be introduced between New York and Boston, whereby it is said that large packages of mail and even cars containing passengers can be whisked from one place to the other, a distance of 230 miles, in less than an hour. An experiment with the new machine was held in Boston in the presence of many scientists, including Prof. A. E. Dolbear of Tufts College, who announced that he was thoroughly satisfied with the success of the system. The machine consists of a magnetic car hanging from a single rail. With one-horse power, it is said that one ton can be thus transported 1440 miles a day at a cost of 30 cents.

—Rev. John E. Russell, D. D., Professor of Biblical Theology (New Testament) in the Yale Theological school, has tendered his resignation. The resignation is generally attributed to a difference of opinion in reference to the "Andover controversy," the professor, it is stated, siding with the Andover professors.—The residence of George Bancroft, the aged historian, at Washington, is either a prison or a hermitage. The old man is not supposed to be any longer able to take care of himself, even in conversation, and so the members of his household stand between him and all callers. He is not permitted to see any one except his physician and a few intimate friends.—A fire in St. Sauveur, a suburb of Quebec, on May 16, destroyed \$600,000 worth of dwellings, and left 5,000 or 6,000 people homeless.

Mrs. Maybrick, a niece of Jefferson Davis, has been arrested at Liverpool, Eng., for poisoning her husband.—More plots to kill the czar of Russia are reported, and hundreds of "conspirators" have been placed under arrest.—The abolition of the House of Lords was debated in the British Commons May 17.

The champions of the peers defended them by pointing to the great success of the American Senate.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL AND HIS CRITIC.

The Rev. Mr. Wendte, in "estimating" Colonel Ingersoll's audiences, says: "If you carefully scrutinize the character of the audiences attending his lectures you will find it made up in great part of persons, mostly men, who are already in sympathy with his view of the question, or are indifferent to any view of it."

Let us see if this intended depreciation is not rather a compliment. When it is said of any church, that the congregation are mostly women, it is understood that the preaching does not attract thoughtful men. If Ingersoll's audiences are mostly men, it is an indication that men like his lectures better than they like preaching. In saying that "his audiences are, in great part, already in sympathy with his views, or indifferent to any view," Mr. Wendte is saying no more than he can say of his own audiences, and of every audience in every church in the land. So this criticism does not hurt either Ingersoll or his audiences. But did it ever occur to Mr. Wendte that Ingersoll's audiences are very large? That when he speaks thousands flock to hear him, and that when he writes millions read his productions? If all these audiences are mostly men who are already in sympathy with his views, certainly Agnostics are very numerous.

He dwells at some length on Ingersoll's "leading his audiences to think lightly of sacred things."

This is a theme which priests of every age have worn threadbare. "Sacred things" and "reverence for sacred things," have been the burden of their song from year to year, and from age to age. Ignorance has been awed by it, youth has been frightened by it, manhood has been wearied with it, and old age has been shadowed by it. Every generation has heard it from the cradle to the grave. And what are these "sacred things?"

The "sacred office," the "sacred priesthood," the "sacred scriptures," the "holy church," the "holy land," the "Holy Father," the holy sacraments, the "sacred relics," the "sacred creeds." Each minister is a "Reverend," and of course must be "revered." Now, who does not know that in all this perpetual harping on "sacred things," the priests themselves as a class have, in every age, disregarded the "sacred rights of humanity," the "sacred rights of conscience," of "reason," and of "liberty?" Things "sacred to humanity" are ignored, while "sacred superstitions" bear rule over oppressed and wronged humanity. When priests will revere the sacred rights of conscience, reason, thought, and speech, then will they be able to command more respect for their sincerity when they dwell on "sacred things."

Again he says: "A want of reverence for what is above us; for age and station, superior knowledge, character or service, is one of the crying evils of our day." This language could be addressed to the clergy of Christendom with more propriety than to either Colonel Ingersoll or his audiences. When have the ministers spared, much less "revered," age, station, character, service, or superior knowledge, when they were identified with unpopular truth or human progress? Have they ever revered the "superior knowledge" of the scientists, from the time of Hypatia to the present day? Did they respect character or service in the great Humboldt, Herschell, or Sir Charles Lyell? Did they, as a body, have any reverence for the noble "services" of Garrison, Phillips, Gerrit Smith, and their valiant compatriots, who for forty years maintained the unequal fight for liberty and "human brotherhood?" Did not the clergy of the North even take sides with the oppressors so strongly that the churches were called "the bulwark of American slavery?"

Colonel Ingersoll, on the contrary, has ever been a bold champion of liberty and of "human brotherhood." Was it Ingersoll or the ministers who lacked in reverence for really "sacred things?"

When ministers, with solemn countenances, undertake to impress the people with the "sacredness" of ancient absurdities, antique fictions, and monstrous dogmas, it is not strange that both Ingersoll and his audiences laugh at the absurd farce. Nor is it strange, when they became the enemies of science and hu-

man progress, and seek to perpetuate superstition, despotism, and slavery, that both Ingersoll and his audiences should denounce them.

Again Mr. Wendte says: "This method of intellectual bullying is unwise in a reformer, because it makes few or no converts."

It is a cheap way of disposing of an intellectual giant to call him a bully. The weakest of men can do that. The champions in all reforms have received such treatment from those who could answer them in no other way. General Grant was accused of something like bullying when he took Fort Donaldson. After he had demanded an "unconditional surrender," General Buckner complained of his "ungenerous and unchivalrous" terms; but he surrendered all the same. And now, only a few days ago, General Buckner was in New York helping to celebrate the birthday of General Grant. And in his speech on that occasion he said he would not be true to the Southern people if he did not say, "We love the memory of General Grant." He further said: "It is fortunate for the country, particularly for the South, that we did not succeed in the late contest." He found General Grant, though a hard fighter, a generous friend to those he had conquered.

Let those who complain of the "intellectual bullying" of Colonel Ingersoll, take courage; for though he may require of them an "unconditional surrender," they will find him a generous friend to the vanquished, and one of these days they will be celebrating his birthday, and congratulating themselves that he fought them out of their errors.

Mr. Wendte not only blames Ingersoll for his severe language against the ministers, but also holds him responsible for the sins of the ministers against him. "Read," he says, "the controversial replies to Colonel Ingersoll that have appeared in the newspapers, or been fulminated from the pulpit; and observe the bitter, personal, arrogant, and uncharitable tone which distinguishes most of them. Yet for this sad display of bigotry and temper Mr. Ingersoll is largely responsible." How convenient it is to saddle upon Ingersoll the sins of both parties! Of course Mr. Ingersoll must be held responsible for Mr. Wendte's hard words too. He seems to think that by blaming Ingersoll for their "display" of "bigotry and temper," the ministers are largely excused for cherishing those qualities.

He next talks of "the age of fire and sword in religion," and of "the old dispensation of fear and hate;" and tells us that the "creeds" and "pretensions of the churches" are about the same now as then, but that "the spirit of the age has changed;" and then says, "This increasing tendency of the age, so beautiful and hopeful, Colonel Ingersoll would have us arrest and make impossible."

Now is it possible that Mr. Wendte really believes this accusation against the man he has just now called "our fellow reformer," "the general drift of whose efforts is to emancipate the human mind from the thralldom and superstition of the past?" The man with whom he declares himself "in sympathy" in denying "the arrogant claims of a hierarchical priesthood?" He seems to become a good deal mixed in this effort to estimate Ingersoll. At one moment he is in sympathy with him in all his aims, and only differs with him about his "manner." He then accuses him of wishing to "arrest" the beneficent "spirit of the age."

Through whose influence has "the spirit of the age" been changed, while "the churches and creeds," as he tells us, are much the same as in "the age of fire and sword?" The simple truth is, the people outside the church have had to "arrest" the church in its career of "fire and sword," and to compel it to advance a little in civilization. This work has been done in every age by those whom the church has called Infidels. Reformers have always been Infidels in the opinion of the church. Ingersoll is doing more of this work in our time than any other man. What wonder that he is denounced?

While the ministers and churches were laboring to prop up slavery with the Bible, they denounced Garrison and his associates as Infidels, as they now denounce Ingersoll. But when Arch deacon Farrar visited this country, and wrote an article for the North American Review on "Christian work in America," and named five persons whom he thought most conspicuous in

that work during the past generation, Garrison and four of his friends were the only persons named. The wise and discreet "scribes and Pharisees" of that generation were not thought worthy of being mentioned. Is it not barely possible that same future "dean of Westminster" may come over here, and find in Ingersoll a better Christian than any of the reverend critics that now assail him?

Not content with passing judgment on Ingersoll and his audiences, Mr. Wendte goes still further out of his way to condemn the Investigator, Truth Seeker, FREETHOUGHT, and many of their readers. It is hardly probable that the reverend gentleman, when he undertook to "estimate" Colonel Ingersoll, intended to sit in judgment on so many of his fellow-citizens. But the ministerial spirit seems to have gotten the better of him, as it has often done with greater men than he.

In the early days of the Antislavery reform, the great and good Dr. Channing, in a conversation with Samuel J. May, found fault with Garrison and his associates, as Mr. Wendte now does with Ingersoll and other reformers. He acknowledged that the cause was a good one, but found fault with the "manner" of its advocates—particularly with the harshness and denunciatory language of Garrison; and added that "if more discreet men would take the lead, more good and influential men would become interested in it." Mr. May turned to him with great earnestness and said: "Dr. Channing, if the wise and discreet men, like yourself, who admit the excellence of the cause, but who only find fault with its advocates, would only come forward and lead it, there would be less reason to complain of want of wisdom in its leadership. But while you stand aloof and find fault, we have to do the best we can with the leaders we have." Dr. Channing, who was great enough to admit his fault when he saw it, paused reflectively and then said, "That is a just rebuke; I feel it deeply." From that time till his death Dr. Channing was a co-worker with Garrison and his friends. I respectfully commend the example of Dr. Channing to the Rev. Mr. Wendte.

After dealing out his judgments so liberally on the earnest workers for truth, he next proceeds to instruct us in the better way; and in this he recommends much that he saw and admired in Ingersoll at the commencement of his sermon, but which he now seems to have forgotten; and finally thinks we should be willing, after having spoken the truth, "to wait God's own time to bring it to fruition."

Whenever ministers are disturbed by the advocates of unpopular truth, they generally want them "to wait God's own time." This phrase was so common forty years ago when the Abolitionists were disturbing the repose of the churches, that it seems quite like old times to meet with it again. But the opponents of slavery thought that "God's time" was "now;" and the nation soon learned that they were right about it. That phrase that so tried our patience when uttered by sleepy ministers in those old days, I had hoped never to hear again; and certainly never expected to hear from a liberal Unitarian.

The next offense charged is that Ingersoll is bitter on the churches. Here, as in other accusations, no specifications are given. But any one, who is at all acquainted with the character of the churches, can readily imagine what might be said. The reformers of all ages have had to speak severely of the churches. None have spoken more severely than Jesus; and with such an example the professed followers of Jesus should not be too eager to complain of Ingersoll. But there are Unitarian ministers of our own time who are quite as severe as Ingersoll. Let us hear but one of them. The Rev. J. W. Chadwick, minister of the Second Unitarian church of Brooklyn, in his sermon on "The Rise of Man," says: "The morality of the church ought to shame the market, and it falls below it. A man may do that as a preacher, and still keep his pulpit, for the doing of which, as a stockbroker, he would lose his seat. Before the church can save America it must itself be saved. Before it can purify America it must itself be purified." A church of such a character should not put on airs of injured innocence when Ingersoll tells but a part of the truth about it.

Against Ingersoll's view of the value of education in redeeming the world Mr. Wendte says: "An education often makes a man all the more powerful for mischief. Those rascally church-

members, whose frands and misdeeds Colonel Ingersoll and his school so love to adduce, probably received more aid in their villainy from their public school education than their church connection," etc.

Is it necessary to depreciate the value of our public schools, and even to uphold the Catholic view of them, in order to make out a case against Ingersoll? Before taking so dangerous a position he should read the reports of our National Bureau of Education, and learn the great value of even a little "public school education" in lessening crime. He may there learn [from nearly all the states] that "one-third of all criminals are totally uneducated; and four-fifths practically uneducated." "That the proportion of criminals from the illiterate classes is at least ten times as great as the proportion from those having some education." He will learn "that nearly one-third of the crime in New York is committed by the illiterate six-hundredth part of the population. It is too bad that, at this late day, the clergy should need instruction as to the value of our public schools. This fact is harder on the churches than any accusation of Ingersoll. And yet the ministers seem always ready to give themselves a good certificate of character. Mr. Wendte says of them, that "no vocation contains so large a number of intelligent, faithful, and self-sacrificing men."

We have seen what Mr. Chadwick thinks of them; and Henry Ward Beecher said they would "equivocate and prevaricate about their doctrines as no tradesman would be guilty of doing in regard to his wares." Theodore Parker thought they were "neither better nor worse than men in the other professions." And any one who will notice the record of ministerial offenses in the daily papers can judge for himself how much they surpass other men in morals. No one doubts that there are multitudes of good men in the church, and in the ministry; and no one with his eyes open can deny that, in every age, many—very many—of them have been corrupt, cruel, and false; and in every age, as a body, they have been persecutors, and steadily opposed to reform and human progress. With these facts, spread all over the pages of history, they should not boast too much of their own righteousness. The Yorkshireman, when urged by his minister to "self-examination," replied, "I cannot do it sir. It lifts me up so that other people have no chance." The clergy, in these days, seem to experience the same difficulty as the Yorkshireman, but do not seem as ready to confess it.

The assumption that Colonel Ingersoll does not know "what the orthodox pulpit really teaches," when so many of their sermons are scattered broadcast in the secular papers, as well as in the religious journals, is about equivalent to saying that the best posted man in America, on religious topics, does not inform himself. Such an assumption needs no answer. When a man goes into court he is bound by his own statements put on record. When ministers and churches are on trial before the public for their pernicious teachings, they are bound by what they publish to the world as a statement of their belief. We need not ask Phillips Brooks, John Hall, Heber Newton, or Dr. Duryea; we know as well as they do what their churches profess to believe. If they do not believe as they profess to believe they have another sin to answer for.

But why is a Unitarian minister so eager to have Colonel Ingersoll and his friends think well of orthodoxy? He does not believe in it himself, why should we? Why does he come to the defense of Jonathan Edwards? Ingersoll cannot hurt him. He was dead and buried long before Ingersoll was born. But when we remember to what an insane extreme that man dwelt on the "awful vengeance of God," and "the fires of hell that would course through every nerve, and vein, and artery of the damned; burning both soul and body; fire just like our fire, only that it would not consume;" and when we remember the terror he inspired by his horrible descriptions, and the agonies he brought to the hearts of mothers who were uncertain as to the fate of their children, it is difficult to conceive of language too strong to apply to him. And if he gets nothing worse than the hatred of Ingersoll in punishment for his sin, he may deem himself fortunate.

Mr. Wendte's labored effort to defend the horrible doctrines of John Calvin from the shafts of Ingersoll, to find "a noble side" to the "doctrine of hell," of "election and reprobation," and

"infant damnation," seems a strange task for a liberal Unitarian. Could he not find better work to do than protecting the very worst of old errors that he does not himself believe one word of? These doctrines, so dishonoring to God, and degrading to men, have brought terror and anguish to human hearts through all the ages. If Ingersoll can do anything to dispel this horrible nightmare, and let sunshine into human hearts, in heaven's name let him do it. Unitarians can be better employed than in fighting Ingersoll while he fights error.

He next comes to the defense of the Bible. Now the difference between the Unitarian and the Ingersoll view of the Bible hardly amounts to the shadow of a shade; and yet Mr. Wendte gravely undertakes, somewhat after the orthodox fashion, to vindicate the Bible against what he assumes is Ingersoll's view of it. At first he agrees with Ingersoll in rejecting entirely the orthodox view; and then turns and praises it after the orthodox fashion. He says, "The Bible is a great book, with a wonderful history and surpassing influence."

The same may be said of half a dozen sacred scriptures; several of them much older than the Bible. He says: "Upon it have been founded states and empires, constitutions and codes." He might say with equal truth that "upon it have been founded despotism, slavery, polygamy, and the Inquisition." He says: "Three world-historic movements have sprung from it—Judaism, Christianity, and Islamism." The fact is, Judaism produced the Old Testament, and was not produced by it; Christianity produced the New Testament, and was not its offspring; Mormonism is built on the whole Bible more than either of them. In saying this there is no wish to detract, or deny anything that is genuinely good in the Bible. Many extol the Bible far above its merits, many would set it down too low. Probably Colonel Ingersoll judges of it quite as correctly as any of his critics. The Bible is finding its true position, through modern criticism, and there it must remain.

His recommendation of Emerson as a model reformer will do well enough for those who are like Emerson. But men like Ingersoll could no more work after the manner of Emerson than David could fight in the armor of Saul. Every man who is worthy of the name will preserve his own individuality. There is a diversity of gifts. Emerson did his own work in his own way, and did it grandly; no man of his time could have done it so well. Ingersoll has done, and is doing, his work, in his own way; and he too is doing it grandly; no man of our time could do it so well. His manner is his own, and his critics, fortunately, can not change it. Let them rest content; they will be celebrating his birthday one of these years, and digging marble for his monument.

J. W. NORTH.

"JOHN WARD, PREACHER."

This book is evidently written out of the heart's inspiration. Indeed, its author belongs to the Episcopalian church, and actually intended to write an orthodox novel, and, like Milton, "vindicate the ways of God to man," but when she got into the heat of her story the story mastered and swept her away upon its tide of heterodox feeling; and she was compelled by the flame of her genius to write one of the most passionate and at the same time the most thoughtful and radical attacks upon the popular religion that has been made by any book of the day.

This fact, that it is a sort of unconscious, unpremeditated attack, written by a nominal Christian, only makes it the more effective and enjoyable. The book would entertain simply as a novel. It has the sunshine of humor all the way through to relieve its sombre shades. In intellectual power, in imagination, in genius, it is fully equal to "Robert Elsmere," but it is not by any means the same kind of a book. It is written from a radically different standpoint. "Robert Elsmere" deals with history—this book deals with doctrine. "Robert Elsmere" shows the weakness of Christianity as to its historical testimony. "John Ward" is the sword of Saladin striking with shining blade at the very heart of its theology. Gladstone refused to review this book because, he said, it was not an attack upon Christianity, like "Robert Elsmere." Mr. Gladstone is a queer Christian if he thus looks at it. Voltaire, Gibbon, Thomas Paine, never made a keener onslaught upon Christian faith. This is simply an Agnostic book. The

heroine becomes an Agnostic. She is more radical than Elsmere. She does not preach Jesus at all, nor immortality, nor God. She is a heathen Stoic, and accepts life with sad sincerity, relying only upon the strength of her own womanhood. The author attacks mainly hell-fire, but in attacking that her woman's heart has so overborne her that she sweeps away every vestige of doctrinal Christianity. This is an intensely human book, and only humanity maintains itself upon its burning pages. Theology goes by the board. Many Christians will read and sympathize with the book, not knowing what it really teaches.

The innate barbarity of the Christian religion was never so skillfully unveiled as in the character of John Ward—a gentle, a noble man—a lovable man in his honesty, in his sincerity, in his adoration for his wife—but made a savage man, a brute, by the overmastering demands of his diabolical creed. Yet, if Christianity is true, John Ward did the right, the wise thing. It was his duty to tear his wife from his heart and sacrifice his affection to his faith. John Ward was tremendously in earnest and accepted the whole logic of the Christian belief.

This is a most readable book. It is not what its name might betoken, a grim book, a controversial book. It is first of all a genuine story, a story of human loves and human interests, delightfully woven together, with soft and brilliant pictures of romance. It treats of real things, of real folks. Humor and tenderness mingle with the sorrows of life. The tragedy, like Shakespeare's tragedies, takes place in a world of beauty. P.

PAINE'S DEEDS RECALLED.

I had the honor of an invitation to the various displays in New York, and occupied a seat on the platform at the literary exercises that took place in front of the sub-treasury building on Wall street. I heard the eloquent oration of Mr. Depew, and I was surprised that a man who is usually so just and correct in his views and remarks should have omitted the name of Thomas Paine, and should have said nothing of the important part which he acted in the war of the Revolution. That Mr. Depew made no allusion to the political writings of Paine is indeed surprising.

Thomas Paine was one of the master spirits in the great struggle, and helped as much as any man to bring it to a successful and triumphant conclusion. This was admitted by his most distinguished contemporaries. In a letter to Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, Washington says:

That Paine's "Common Sense" and many of his "Crisis" were well-timed and had a happy effect on the public mind, none who will turn to the epoch at which they were published will deny.

Major-Gen. Charles Lee, when "Common Sense" first appeared, wrote as follows to Washington:

Have you seen the pamphlet, "Common Sense?" I never saw such a masterly, irresistible performance. It will, if I mistake not, in concurrence with the transcendent folly and wickedness of the ministry, give the *coup de grace* to Great Britain. I own myself convinced by the arguments of the necessity of separation.

General Lee, speaking of the wonderful effects of Paine's writings, said that "He burst forth on the world like Jove in thunder."

Dr. Benjamin Rush, a member of Congress, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, said:

"Common Sense" burst from the press with an effect which has rarely been produced by types and paper in any age of this country.

George Washington wrote to Paine:

ROCKY HILL, Sept. 10, 1783.

DEAR SIR: I have learned, since I have been at this place, that you are at Bordentown—whether for the sake of retirement or economy, be it for either or both, or whatever it may, I shall be exceedingly happy to see you here.

Your presence may remind Congress of your past services to this country; and if it is in my power to impress them command my best exertions with freedom, as they will be rendered cheerfully by one who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your works, and who, with much pleasure, subscribes himself, Your sincere friend, G. WASHINGTON.

Thomas Jefferson, in a letter to Paine, said:

You express a wish, in your letter, to return to America in a national ship. Mr. Dawson, who brings over the treaty, and who will present you this letter, is charged with orders to the captain of the Maryland to receive and accommodate you back, if you can be ready to depart at such

short warning. You will, in general, find us returned to sentiments worthy of former times. In these it will be your glory to have steadily labored, and with as much effect as *any man living*. That you may live long to continue your useful labors, and reap the reward in the thankfulness of nations, is my sincere prayer. Accept the assurance of my high esteem and affectionate attachment.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

John Adams, in a letter to Paine, said:

It has been generally propagated through this continent that I wrote the pamphlet "Common Sense." I could not have written anything so manly and in so striking a style.

JOHN ADAMS.

George Washington again writes to Paine:

A few more such flaming arguments as were exhibited at Falmouth and Norfolk, added to the sound doctrine and unanswerable reasoning contained in the pamphlet "Common Sense," will not leave numbers at a loss to decide on the propriety of a separation.

Again Thomas Jefferson writes:

No writer has exceeded Paine in ease and familiarity of style, in perspicuity of expression, happiness of elucidation, and in simple and unassuming language.

James Monroe says, in writing to Paine:

It is not necessary for me to tell you how much all your countrymen—I speak of the great mass of the people—are interested in your welfare. They have not forgotten the history of their own Revolution and the difficult scenes through which they passed. The crime of ingratitude has not yet stained, and I trust never will stain, our national character. You are considered by them as not only having rendered important services to our own Revolution, but as being, on a more extensive scale, the friend of human rights. To the welfare of Thomas Paine the Americans are not, nor can they be, indifferent.

JAMES MONROE.

Thomas Paine was always on the side of human freedom. He spent the greater part and the best part of his life in defense of the rights of man. If he committed errors in life they were on the side of humanity. Read the history of his life, and the part he took in the war of the Revolution, and you will concur with me that the man never lived to whom we are under greater obligations for the success of our glorious independence, and the liberty which we now enjoy.

The American Revolution was a great epoch in the history of human freedom, in which Thomas Paine took such a conspicuous part. It elevated man to a higher, nobler, and surer plane of liberty. And the history of our country cannot be written with the name of Thomas Paine left out.

Mr. Depew did great injustice to the memory of Thomas Paine when he left his name out of his great centennial oration.—HON. A. SCHELL, in the New York Sun.

A SYMPOSIUM ON EVOLUTION.

In the Edinburgh Review for April, 1888, in the course of an unfavorable criticism of the Life and Work of the late Charles Darwin, these words occur:

Darwinism grew up like Jonah's gourd, and like that same climbing plant it is destined to wither. For the overwhelming majority of men of common sense amongst us desire to uphold morality, to strengthen conscience, and to develop the higher qualities of our human nature, and when they at length wake up to the full meaning of that to which they have too hastily adhered, they will with no less speed utterly discard it. Nor will they want leaders among the men of science of the future. Pure Darwinism has had its day; it is becoming "old fashioned," and, like every other heresy, has given birth to children destined to be its destroyers.

When I read these words, it seemed to me that the writer was either entirely mistaken in his view of the passing away of Darwinism, or had greatly exaggerated its decadence among scientific men. Neither was it the theory of "natural selection," nor any subordinate hypothesis in the system of Darwin, which the reviewer had in mind exclusively, but he evidently intended to give the impression that the whole scientific position commonly associated with the name of Darwin is being slowly but surely abandoned by naturalists. To find out whether this view of modern scientific thought was correct or not, I took the liberty to address half a dozen eminent scholars in this department, selected at random from American colleges. I called their attention to this article from the Edinburgh Review, especially the words I have quoted, and asked their opinion on this question of fact: Is there a tendency among scientific men to abandon the general theory of evolution, or the subordinate theory of natural selection? In other words, what is the consensus of opinion on

this subject? Let it be remembered that the gentlemen who so kindly replied to my inquiries, with the liberty of making public their views, were speaking only of this question of fact, and not of their own opinion of the truthfulness of Darwin's theories.

From Prof. Benjamin K. Emerson, Amherst College, Amherst, Mass.

Professor Tyler and I have certainly heard nothing which could give rise to such a statement. And I still think it true that the great majority of naturalists, ourselves included, think that evolution has come to stay.

From Prof. Othniel C. Marsh, Yale College, New Haven, Conn.

When the second half of the century began, the accumulation of scientific knowledge was sufficient for the foundation of a doctrine of evolution which no authority could suppress and no objections overthrow. The material on which it was to be based was not preserved alone in the great centers of scientific thought, but a thousand quiet workers in science, many of them in remote localities, had now the facts before them to suggest a solution of that mystery of mysteries, the origin of species.

In the first decade of the present half-century, Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, and Spencer were all at the same time working at one problem, each in his own way, and their united efforts have firmly established the truth of organic evolution.

If, however, I may venture to answer briefly the question, What of evolution to-day? I can only reply: the battle has been fought and won. A few stragglers on each side may still keep up a scattered fire, but the contest is over, and the victors have moved on to other fields.

As to the origin of species, once thought to be the key to the position, no working naturalist of to-day, who sees the great problems of life opening one after another before him, will waste time in discussing a question already solved. This question, so long regarded as beyond solution, has been worked out by that greatest of naturalists, whose genius all intelligent men now recognize, and whose recent loss the whole civilized world deplores.

In this [Embryology and Palæontology], and all other departments of natural science, the doctrine of evolution has brought light out of darkness, and marks out the path of future progress. What the law of gravitation is to astronomy, the law of evolution is now to natural science. Evolution is no longer a theory, but a demonstrated truth, accepted by naturalists throughout the world.

From Prof. Henry S. Williams, Cornell College, Ithaca, N. Y.

In reply to your questions I may say that I am of the opinion that the majority of scientific thinkers to-day believe that there has been a gradual progressive evolution in the history of the organisms that have appeared on the earth. And that during this evolution the principle of "natural selection" has had a considerable effect in determining the survival of those organisms which have survived.

From Prof. Frederick G. Wright, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio.

Your letter of inquiry concerning some points respecting Darwinism was awaiting me on my return from a short trip in the Sioux Reservation west of the Missouri River in Dakota, where the interests both of missions and of science were subserved in the same expedition. I can do little more now with the time at my command than to give you hastily the impressions regarding the subject which possess my mind. I should say:

That the majority of naturalists now do accept some theory of evolution.

That they have been led to this position largely by Darwin's influence.

That few scientific men would accept all of Darwin's subsidiary theories. But—

That the theory of natural selection is received as shedding great light on the processes of evolution, and that it is not likely ever to be discarded.

From Prof. William North Rice, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Ct.

First as to evolution in general. There has been no ebbing

and no halting in the tide of opinion toward evolution. If scientific men say less about evolution than fifteen years ago, it is at least in part because they no longer think it worth while to discuss a question on which they are all agreed. The scientific men who do not believe in evolution are merely individual exceptions. Scientific men do discuss the methods and limits of evolution, but the truth of the evolution theory in general they simply take for granted. No scientific society would care to hear an argument for evolution, for the subject has passed that stage.

In regard to natural selection the history has been different. When the "Origin of Species" was first published, it was so vastly more reasonable than any other evolutionist work that had ever appeared, that men took it for granted for a while that natural selection was the only form of evolutionary theory that was worth considering. Evolutionists all believed in natural selection as the one all-important law. Anti-evolutionists thought any objection they could bring against natural selection was an objection to evolution in general. This state of things changed in time, and a school of evolutionists arose who relegated natural selection to a comparatively subordinate position among the known and unknown laws concerned in evolution. That natural selection is a true principle in nature I think no one has ever doubted who really understood what natural selection means. The only question is in regard to the limits of its efficiency, and the degree of its importance relatively to other laws known or unknown. My own belief is that at present the tide of opinion is setting in the direction of a higher estimate of the importance of natural selection.

From Prof. Lucien M. Underwood, Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.

In reply, then, to your two questions, more specifically I would say that, as far as America is concerned, the doctrine of derivation of species, which is one important branch of the doctrine of evolution, is generally believed by scientific workers. So far as I know the English and German schools of science, the same is true there. Dr. J. W. Dawson, of Montreal (McGill college), is the only man of prominence as a scientist in this country, so far as I know, who opposes the doctrine. Among leading scientists who favor it are, among geologists, Joseph LeConte (University of California), Alexander Winchell (University of Michigan), J. D. Dana (Yale), N. S. Shaler (Harvard), J. S. Newberry (Columbia), W. N. Rice (Wesleyan); among zoologists, A. S. Packard (Brown University), A. E. Verrill (Yale), Alpheus Hyatt (Boston Institute of Technology), Alexander Agassiz (Harvard), D. S. Jordan and J. S. Kingsley (University of Indiana), S. A. Forbes (University of Illinois), B. G. Wilder (Cornell), W. K. Brooks (Johns Hopkins), H. N. Martin (Johns Hopkins), S. F. Clark (Williams), H. W. Conn (Wesleyan), E. B. Wilson (Byrn Mawr), C. V. Riley (United States Department of Agriculture), R. Ridgeway (United States Museum), etc.; among botanists, G. L. Goodale and W. G. Farlow (Harvard), N. L. Britton (Columbia), J. M. Coulter (Wabash College), V. M. Spaulding (University of Michigan), J. C. Arthur (Purdue University), C. R. Barnes (University of Wisconsin), C. E. Bessey (University of Nebraska), B. D. Halsted (Iowa Agricultural College), etc.; among palæontologists, O. C. Marsh (Yale), E. D. Cope (Philadelphia, Pa.), L. F. Ward (United States National Museum), etc.; among anthropologists, E. S. Morse (Salem, Mass.), F. W. Putnam (Salem, Mass.), J. W. Powell (United States Geological Survey), O. T. Mason (United States National Museum), etc.

There may be many teachers of zoology or botany, etc., in colleges like ———, for instance, where the ideas of science work in college and scientific teaching are those of half a century ago, who still hold to the old doctrine in regard to the matter. As they are not practical workers, and, consequently, never publish anything, and almost never meet with scientific bodies, nothing is known of their beliefs, and their opinions usually amount to as much as those of any other parrots.—REV. J. A. FAULKNER in Christian Union.

It is expected that President Harrison will shortly promulgate a general order abolishing Sunday morning inspections in the army. There is some doubt, in the minds of officers in command, about the moral influence of Sunday idleness upon the soldiers.

CONCEPTIONS OF DEITY.

The effect of the word god upon man has been chiefly to create feelings of fear and actions of folly and cruelty. Man stands before the unknown with awe and dread. That is instinctive, because the result of experience. The savage looks upon the blackness of night with apprehension. His eyes, which in the light foretell him of danger, cannot pierce it, and a wild beast or an enemy may spring upon him defenseless. The rain wets him, the cold pinches him, the storm breaks great branches from the trees and hurls them upon him; even the usually kindly sun has times of fierce, raging heat; every force of nature which touches him has its unkindness and cruelty, and as long as he does not understand these forces he fears them, dreading injury. It seems to man at times as if the forces of nature were hostile, and were trying to kill him. In the end they do kill him. That is one side of it. The other side is that nature keeps him alive and gives him forces to fight with, and that using them he enjoys the fight at times, and wins on the whole, and keeps winning.

But when the savage makes a god, his first god, his father's ghost, as he does not know much about it, for he cannot see it, and does not know just where it is, or what it is doing, he is rather afraid of it. He offers it food and clothing, and a fire, and anything else that he thinks it needs—through what feeling? Affection? Partly, no doubt, but affection quickly fades, and the offerings are continued much more through fear, for the ghost may injure him. His imagination endows the creation of his imagination with extraordinary powers. It is unseen, like the wind, but the wind is strong. The ghost may keep the deer from his arrow, or the fish from his hook, or breathe hot fever on him, or stir up his enemies to attack him. His general state of mind is fear lest he offend it.

Much more, if it be a chief ghost, of yet greater power—a lord of battles, like Jehovah, very jealous and merciless to his enemies—can the prevailing feeling with which he is regarded be anything but fear?

And the usual feeling toward the Christian God has not been greatly different. Jesus taught that he was a god of love, but the Augustinian and Calvinistic theology did not leave much of that quality in him. The doctrine of predestination, that God selected a few individuals for eternal happiness (though rather a starved and uncomfortable sort of happiness to our notion) and condemned the rest of the world to eternal torture in flame, could not but excite the direst apprehension, and we must not forget that it was Jesus who taught that his god of love would do this very thing; that he would separate the sheep from the goats, and that the latter would depart into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels.

Is not the feeling of Christians about their god to-day chiefly one of fear? Does not the Christian mother teach her child that if it does wrong God will be displeased and make it sick, or even kill it? And the child, if it be at all sensitive or imaginative, will look up at the sky, where it is told that God lives, a great crushing something which seems all around it, and makes its heart beat and its breath flutter; or an eye seems to be looking sternly from the darkness, and the child hides its head to shut it out.

And, when older, when men and women, it is the sentiment of fear that is chiefly appealed to, to induce us to become disciples of this God, to join his church. Sam Jones threatens Protestants with hell fire, fresh and hot, and plenty of it, and a creeping forever through chambers of darkness, and other fictions of his fertile brain; and the Catholic church never lets purgatory and hell out of the sight of its members, and ever presents itself as the representative of God, to threaten or punish, grant or withhold forgiveness, and determine salvation. The personal qualities of the Hebrew Jehovah still cling to the Christian God. He is jealous and angry, and must be praised and prayed to constantly or ill will come of it. Theologians lay it down learnedly and philosophically in their articles, that God has "neither body, parts, or passions," but they constantly contradict that conception in the pulpit, where God has a great deal of passion and mental qualities (which are a part of the body) that are by no means creditable.

This feeling of fear with which man has usually regarded his God has led him constantly into foolish, pitiful, cruel, and useless

acts. Can anything be more useless and absurd than to offer food and clothes to a ghost, an airy spirit from the fancy wrought? Or blood, or incense, or oil and wine to a god who can have no senses, and cannot eat or taste, or do anything with these uselessly wasted things?

And what infinite cruelties have been committed in the name of God! Rivers of human blood have flowed around altars, bodies have been tortured with every art that ingenuity could devise, minds have been kept upon the rack of uncertainty and apprehension for years, lives have been wasted in useless penances and ascetism; the whole human family has suffered agonies untold because of this imaginary creature—God. If to-day the name were rejected from the vocabulary of nations, the name and the idea, and the religious beliefs consequent upon it, it would confer an incalculable benefit on mankind. If man were compelled to endure for the future what he has endured because of this name in the past, and is still suffering to-day, it would be a sad outlook for the world.

It is said that Edgar Saltus, the author, being asked lately, "What is your favorite character in fiction?" replied, "God." The witticism may seem audacious, but it strikes straight at the heart of a great imposition. The history of the word God shows that the thing signified by it has been a gigantic sham. This idol of the imagination has lacked life quite as much as idols of wood or stone. He does not sit in the heavens, he does not punish men now or hereafter, he does not want to be praised or prayed to. You need not be afraid of him; for there is no such He. When you try to express the infinite in any likeness to humanity, bodily or mental, you are trying to put the universe into a pint bottle. You are attempting an impossibility. If man will rid himself of this nightmare God, which has oppressed him, he will breathe more freely, see more clearly, think more calmly, and act more reasonably.

HERBERT MILLER.

OREGON STATE CONVENTION.

To the Liberals of Oregon:

The members of the Silverton Secular Union, of Silverton, Oregon, hereby cordially invite all the Liberals of Oregon to meet with them in mass convention at Silverton, June 22 and 23, 1889, for the purpose of organizing a state association on the basis of the Demands of Liberalism, to co-operate with the American Secular Union. The association thus formed is to represent no intellectual creed, but simply equal rights and impartial liberty. It is to be organized in the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the words of General Grant—"Keep the church and state forever separate."

All in favor of these great ends, so necessary to the preservation of Republican and Democratic institutions, are solicited to be present for fraternal co-operation. In union there is strength.

J. W. McCLURE, President of Silverton Secular Union.	
R. D. ALLEN, Secretary,	
MRS. CARRIE FITZGERELL,	} Executive Committee.
H. D. MOUNT,	
E. WOLFARD,	

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

The honor of being the pioneer in the total abstinence movement in the United States has been claimed for the Bennington (Vt.) Journal of the Times, printed in 1827; but Judge Thomas Hertell, of the Marine Court of New York, a radical Free-thinker, an Atheist, came out in favor of total abstinence as early as 1818, in a large pamphlet entitled, "An Expose of the Causes of Intemperance and the Means by Which it May be Obviated." He also wrote and published other documents advocating the principles, with his characteristic earnestness and fearlessness. The reason that his name is not more widely known in connection with the early history of the Temperance Reform may be found in the fact of his opposition to Sunday laws and other puritanical legislation, and his advocacy of his "Infidel" views. He did not believe that the cause of temperance could be promoted by legislation, but he had great faith in argument, persuasion, and example.—B. F. UNDERWOOD.

OBSERVATIONS.

Still the meetings grow in size, and still the interest augments. Mr. Putnam's lecture last Sunday evening drew a full house to hear the speaker's opinion about "Liberty and Authority." The exercises opened with a zither duet by the Misses Haelke of Oakland. Whenever these young ladies perform a piece before an audience, the excellence of the first always secures a unanimous call for another. There is something peculiarly inspiring in the music of the zither. It has an awakening effect which no silver bell calling the waiting boarder to a late breakfast can equal. The listener feels it in his wrists where the radial arteries betray the afflux of the vital fluid. There are also various other nervous phenomena connected with it which I might describe, but when two pretty girls and two responsive zithers are in conjunction, it is best to let phenomena rest and resign ourselves to the pleasures of sight and hearing.

The quartette followed with so fine a song that the applause evoked by the first stanza was hushed only by the beginning of the second. The three ladies have fine voices, one singing the soprano, another the alto, and the third the tenor parts, while Mr. Hannaford occupies a background of deep bass. Better vocal music than is afforded by this quartette could scarcely be heard in the city.

So the opening exercises passed off pleasantly, and President Childstrom introduced the lecturer, who, as before mentioned, spoke on "Liberty and Authority." Mr. Putnam made a strong plea for liberty of thought as opposed to the authority of traditions, or Bibles, or ecclesiastics. Even science could not set itself up as authority and enforce its teachings upon those who felt that they had good reason for rejecting them. But while throwing aside the authority of all these we could not free ourselves from their influence. The past must always exert its influence upon us, and according as it influences us we lean toward certain beliefs, which become convictions if approved by reason. The discourse was full of striking points calculated to engender thought by addressing the intellect more than to excite enthusiasm through the emotions. Nevertheless the applause was frequent and hearty. Whenever I hear Mr. Putnam address an audience nowadays, my mind always reverts to his advent as a Freethought lecturer in New York, where he read his remarks in a sermonizing way to a half dozen people who attended more to encourage him than for any other purpose. And it is gratifying to see the speaker improve as the cause grows; to see the manuscript discarded; the orator at home upon the platform, and the audience multiplied by a hundred. It is encouraging even though we realize that the orator must chase three recreant buttons and a latchkey about the recesses of his wealthiest pocket in order to catch a nickel.

After the lecture the members of the Freethought Society held a business meeting. When this society was organized, it installed Professor Miller as stated lecturer or teacher. The professor was to devote himself to the work of organizing and collecting means for the support of the meetings, out of which means he should be authorized to retain one hundred dollars per month for his services. Some of the members were inclined to doubt that so large a sum could be raised, but Professor Miller was sanguine and wished a chance to try. At the end of a month the professor had joined the doubters, and reported a feeling prevalent among Liberals that one hundred dollars a month was more than the cause could bear at the start. He had been able to collect but eighty-six, and the prospect for that amount the following month was not bright.

Upon motion the treasurer was instructed to make up to Professor Miller the \$14 deficit, and he was released from his engagement. Professor Miller thanked the members for their generosity, as he did not feel that the society owed him anything or that he had any claim upon it. Everything was harmonious. The professor will probably resume his work as teacher, lecturing only as freedom from other engagements will permit. The society had grown greatly attached to its lecturer, whose scholarly addresses have contained much instructive matter. The experiment proves, however, that the tastes of San Francisco Liberals run toward short speeches and discussions, after the

fashion of other Liberal Societies, and the programme will be changed accordingly.

Several new names were added to the roll of the society, which now has a membership of nearly sixty, and the meeting adjourned for a week.

This is a tolerably busy season for the Secular pilgrim. Last Sunday afternoon he addressed the Mediums' meeting on Market street. I was not present, but Mr. J. A. Williams, who attended, reports that Putnam was afraid of hurting somebody's feelings, and so did not let himself out, while his auditors appeared to be suspicious that his remarks contained some sort of spiritual heresy, and repressed their enthusiasm. A medium present affirmed that Mr. Putnam was inspired by Dr. Benjamin Rush, whose spirit was plainly visible near the speaker. The Pilgrim left San Francisco Monday afternoon for Boulder Creek, where he spoke that evening and the two following. The next three nights he is announced at Santa Cruz, Sunday afternoon at San Jose, and Sunday evening in Union Square Hall, San Francisco.

My very much esteemed friend, Mr. Thomas Curtis, of this city, contributes the appended poem on unbelief. The writing of poetry I have generally regarded as a weakness incident to youth and inexperience, and so believing I have looked forward to the time when I should have outgrown the habit. Mr. Curtis is well along toward three score and ten, and the fact that he still retains the poetic faculty shows that when a man has once been to Parnassus the mountain is likely to come to him off and on during the term of his natural life:

UNBELIEF.

Whenever a priest with a solemn face
Stands up to preach in a holy place,
And says that God damns sinners' souls,
By roasting over red-hot coals,
If they don't believe that three is one,
In spite of multiplication—
And mathematics cannot conceive it—
Don't you believe it.

When he tells the story of Adam and Eve;
That the serpent both of them did deceive,
And all the world was left forlorn
Five thousand years before they were born;
Eating an apple the cause, no doubt,
For which the devil will bowl us out;
At the risk of being damned if you don't receive it,
Don't you believe it.

If he says that God has planned a way,
By hiring priests to preach and pray,
To pluck poor sinners out of the flame,
If they'll only believe this Christian game;
That the killing of Christ is the only road
By which we can reach the divine abode,
And no one else can ever achieve it,
Don't you believe it.

Although he may shout and rant and rave,
And frighten the timid he comes to save,
Until they're ready to pay the scamp
For a chance to take this heavenly tramp,
And each one feels himself a cheat,
Or a celestial dead beat;
However cunningly they weave it,
Don't you believe it.

But when some man without pretense
Makes an appeal to common sense,
And says God stands at the open door
Of heaven, alike for rich and poor,
That human brotherhood remains
In spite of sorrow, sins, and pains;
Even if you don't perceive it
You may safely believe it.

Christ was only an earnest man,
Trying to find some useful plan
By which the poor might hold their own
Against the knaves with power o'ergrown.
For then, as now, the truth was writ,
"Scribe and Pharisee, hypocrite."
This gospel's true, so do not leave it,
But preach and believe it. —THOMAS CURTIS.

I am always pleased to hear from the preachers, even though

I cannot do much to help them. A city clergyman writes thus, addressing the undersigned:

To you as a beloved member of my flock, greeting in the Lord!
Three years have elapsed since our infant church held its first Palm Sunday and Easter service, and the Lord that was with us in the beginning is with us still in the precious fulfilment of all His promises. Again we greet King Jesus in the joy of his triumph; may all our hearts be brought completely beneath the sway of his sceptre. Our church is unfinished and a debt of about \$3,696 on the building forbids all hope of its completion. In the name of the Lord our Helper, this obstacle must be removed; this promissory note (so kindly given) must be cremated. Let me preach you a little sermon which blessed of the Lord will not bring little results.

The writer here drops into figures that show his church wants money, and he gives several reasons why I should subscribe something; the last of which I quote:

Death is on our track, and do we not want to see the completion of this mansion of our Father's house on earth before our eyes rest with rapture upon the heaven-built walls?

Our author further solicits my name on his subscription books, as the Lord has prospered me. These are his closing words:

Now this is what I ask you to do, and I will promise to work with all my might, not accepting any vacation till the church is completed, and besides will pledge myself to get from persons outside the church enough money to put the plastering on the entire auditorium, and besides will try to do as much as last year in getting help from our friends outside our membership. Read, meditate, pray. Your faithful servant in the gospel,
OLIVER C. MILLER, Pastor of First Lutheran Church.

This is the second time since I came to San Francisco that I have been asked to assist the church. Last year a brace of black-hooded sisters called to inquire if I could not spare them something to help pay the taxes on their institution. I declined then, and I may as well say now that it will be useless for others to come here or to address me for similar purposes. The rapure of resting my eyes on the "heaven-built walls" will be just as great if I never see the First Lutheran church completed, and I am not going into any scheme that will deprive the Rev. Mr. Miller of his vacation. If there is any time when pastor and people are happy it is when the preacher goes off on his annual toot. M.

INTERNATIONAL FREETHOUGHT CONGRESS IN PARIS.

The General Council of the International Federation of Free-thinkers, and the Committee of Organization, elected last year at Paris, issue a notice announcing that the Universal Congress of Freethinkers will be held in Paris, from 15th to 22d of September, 1889. Communications or inquiries may be addressed to the secretaries of the General Council, Emile Gorissen, 150 Rue Rogier, Brussels; Napoleon Navez, 323 Rue de la Province (Nord), Antwerp; or to the secretary treasurer of the Paris Committee, E. Pasquier, 6 Rue de Jarente, Paris.

BOOKS.

We have for sale at this office, among other works:

"John Ward, Preacher." \$1.50.

"Yone Santo," see advertisement.

"Self-Contradictions of the Bible." 15 cents.

"The Truth Seeker Annual" for 1889. 25 cents.

"Liberty and Morality," by W. S. Bell. 15 cents.

"The System of Nature," by Baron D'Holbach. \$2.

"Robert Elsmere," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Price, 50 cents.

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

Judge Maguire's "Ireland and the Pope," a history of papal intrigues against Irish liberty. Price, 50 cents.

Taylor's "Diegesis," by the Rev. Robert Taylor. A discovery of the Origin, Evidences, and early history of Christianity. \$2.

"Looking Backward," a socialistic romance which has been termed the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of Industrial Slavery, by Edward Bellamy. Price, 50 cents.

Commendation.

To the Editors of Freethought:

"The Helping Hand" in the issue of May 11 was quite a surprise to me. I didn't think the paper was a source of much profit to its publishers or more than paid expenses; but that its publication absorbed all the earnings of Mr. Putnam, notwithstanding which its continuance was still a loss to you, was a revelation I was unprepared for. I am glad you have come out as you did and made the condition of things known, otherwise I would never have been any wiser. As patrons of the paper, we have a right to know of its troubles. The paper must never go down. It would be a lasting disgrace to all Freethinkers to allow it. All honor due to the big-hearted Liberals who so generously came to the rescue. Their names deserve to be published; we all want to know who they are. Under the circumstances I will never accept the paper at club rates. I owe to it 75 cents which I will send with the very first remittance.

I am unable at present to join in the guarantee fund, but will bear in mind what I owe Liberalism, and as soon as possible will be found ready and willing to do my whole duty to the cause of Freethought.

In the early spring I thought I would be unable to renew my subscription, but you kindly proposed to continue me the paper, for which please accept my doubly given thanks. I remain yours,
Fresno, Cal.

L. FOURNIER.

Women Should Vote.

To the Editors of Freethought:

In FREETHOUGHT of April 20 appears an article entitled "Shall Women Vote," by "J. C. P.," in which he quotes a remark of mine, "When a national Sunday law is passed, America is doomed," and adds that I "may rest assured that when women are enfranchised, a national Sunday law will be passed, and whatever other laws may be needed for the establishment and maintenance of churches, and to compel absolute submission to church authority." I do not think myself that the majority of women are qualified to vote at present. They have had no experience in that line, and have paid but very little attention to politics. They must be educated; they must be evolved up to the position that men now occupy in political thinking, and the best way to set them to thinking on this subject is to get them interested, and the best way to get them interested is to allow them to vote. No doubt they may make some great mistakes in voting—men have done the same—but they will become wiser by experience. Women as a majority may vote for church and state, as "J. C. P." says, but should they be debarred of their natural rights for fear they will vote unwisely? No, no. It is just and right that they should vote. It is just and right that women should stand side-by-side with men—co-equal in all mental achievements. Of course woman is not equal to man in physical strength, but nevertheless she is equal in mental capacity. It is only education and environment that makes the majority of women appear as though they are intellectually inferior to men. It would make women in general more independent and intellectual if they were given equal rights. I am glad, though, that women did not vote at our last presidential election, for no doubt they would have been held accountable for "our" present "pious administration." I agree perfectly with W. S. Bush, of Seattle, W. T., and I read his able article in FREETHOUGHT of April 27 with much appreciation. Yours for justice and progress,

ELVA E. DAVIDSON.

Oswego, Or.

Women and Politics.

To the Editors of Freethought:

It is gratifying to learn (as a FREETHOUGHT correspondent informs us) that "conservative Protestants and many of the Catholic clergy oppose woman's enfranchisement." It is to be hoped that this opposition springs from patriotic motives and common sense, and that it is based upon the great fundamental principle—namely, "The law of nature pervading the law of the land."

If it will not be filling too much of your valuable space with individual opinions, perhaps the following "bad-rock" reasons for opposition to woman suffrage may be worthy of notice:

First, Because sovereignty is the life principle of all governments—a self-sustaining power which rests upon the strong arms and physical strength of men, and men only. Or, as Alexander Stephens defines it,

"Sovereignty is that innate attribute of power, which corresponds with the will and power of self-action, and is by its very nature indivisible."

Second, Because the dependence and helplessness of women and children constitute the weakness of the land, and the ballot in the hands of weakness would be a mockery and a sham.

Third, Because the division of "paramount authority," or a surrender of law-making power to incompetent, unwilling, and irresponsible persons, or to that mischievous class of women known as the "W. C. T. U.," backed by the "clergy," would inevitably result in revolution and a "reign of terror," or render our government such as Alexander Hamilton once predicted it would be, "A frail and worthless fabric."

And finally, Because the true and sensible women of our country, knowing their weakness, and looking to the stronger sex (as they should do) for protection and support, do not ask for prerogatives and authority which they have no power to sustain.

When these political propositions have been refuted, it will be soon enough for others of a moral and social nature.

J. C. P.

Turlock, Cal.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURES.

Boulder Creek, May 20, 21, 22,	Fresno Flats, June 1, 2, 3,
Santa Cruz, May 23, 24, 25,	Hornitos, June 4,
San Francisco, May 26,	New Sanel, June 6, 7,
Raymond, May 28,	Ukiah, June 8, 9, 10,
Grub Gulch, May 29, 30, 31,	Covelo, June 13, 14, 15, 16.

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall be no longer exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in state legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and in all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the president of the United States or by the governors of the various states, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that the simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality, as such, shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several states, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely Secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

The Average Man.

A type-writer girl thus expresses herself in the Indianapolis Journal: "I get sick of men and their ways. They are messy; they sling paper all over the office, and loiter about on the desks and chairs in such undignified attitudes. They smoke and chew. We have fourteen drummers who come into our office, and only one of the fourteen has ever had the courtesy to ask me if cigar smoke is offensive to me. Then, they are silly; they talk such nonsense as sixteen-year old girls wouldn't be guilty of. It is all about neckties, new hats, ballets, good dinners, and so on. If you think man is the superior animal, you just spend some time in a business office with assorted sizes of him, and you will see. I am beginning to believe that a trashy dime novel is better society than the average man, and equally improving."

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Farmer John's Soliloquy.

I mout as well acknowledge, 'taint no use o'
beatin' round,
I've done a heap o' thinkin', plowin' up this
faller ground,
An' suthin's been a painin' an' achin' me like
sin—

I reckoned 'twas dyspepsy or malarly creepin' in.

At last I got my dander up, an' to myself sez I,
The biggest fool in natur's him that tells hisself
a lie;

I've been lettin' on 'tis malarly, an' my stum-
mick, when I know

It's my conscience that's a hurtin' an' worryin'
me so.

I've been a shirkin' this here thing for thirty
years or more,

An' I orto had this shakin' up an' settlin' down
afore.

I've been honest fur as payin' goes, not a penny
do I owe,

But the kind o' cheatin' that I done was the kind
that didn't show.

My mind goes back to Hanner, when I fetched
her here a bride—

No apple bloom was sweeter, an' she nussed to
my side

Like she thought she had a right to, an' could
trust me without fear,

For the love I never hinted at for more'n thirty
year.

There was churnin', bakin', bilin', there was
nussin' an' the rest,

From long afore the sun riz 'till he slumbered in
the west,

An' when the rest of us was done, an' lollin'
round on cheers,

Hanner was recuperatin' with her needle an' her
shears.

But when the life was ebbin' from that faithful,
patient heart,

I had to face the music—I hadn't done my part;
An' I couldn't help a-thinkin', watchin' out that
weary life,

That there's other ways o' killin' 'cept a pistol
or a knife.

It sounds like sacreligion, but I knew just what
she meant,

As I whispered, "Fly to meet me when my
airthly life is spent,"

"I'm tired, John, so tired, but I've allus done
my best,

An' I may feel more like flyin' when I've had a
spell o' rest."

—AMY HAMILTON.

A Popular Jail.

According to the Santa Cruz Surf the jail
at that town is so popular that men climb
over the fence to get in. It says: "When
the prisoners were fed yesterday morning
there were ten. During the day there were
nine and later in the afternoon there were
ten. An investigation was made. The
tenth man was discovered to be a tramp,
who climbed into the jail at meal times
and went out again after getting a full
stomach. This, connected with the fact
that a man incarcerated for being a com-
mon drunk, and the fact that a man in jail
for beating his wife, having had a quarrel
with a fellow-prisoner, climbed out and
went a mile to the sheriff's house in the
dead of night to tell the sheriff that the
other fellow had punched him in the
stomach, will make our jail famous."

BRIGHT boy (to visiting pastor): "Now
try it on me. Ma says you can put any one
to sleep in five minutes."

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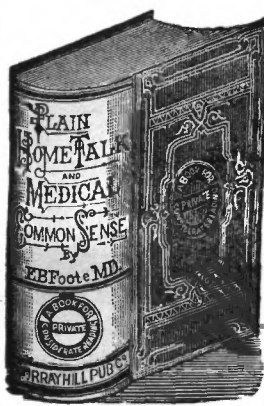
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Morning in San Luis Obispo.

The New York evening Post has a correspondent in California named Harriet Winthrop Waring, who writes from San Luis Obispo as follows: "The morning was like a virgin, newly waked, fresh, tender, dewy, and golden fair. Its breath grew fragrant and warm under the kisses of the sun, its whole heart throbbed and stirred. The earth was filled with movement, flutter, incense, and rapture. Who would sleep while such things wake?" Turn on the hose!

PRECAUTION: First deacon—Have you ever heard the Rev. Mr. Goodman, who exchanges pulpits with our pastor to-day? Second deacon—No. First deacon—Well, I have. I think, Brother Passbasket, we'd better vary our regular custom this morning and take up the collection before the sermon.—Chicago Tribune.

THE "religious destitution" of the United States army has roused the sympathy of the Baptist Mission Society. It is to be hoped the Western troops will be well supplied with tracts as soon as possible, as they are very handy in lighting pipes from a camp-fire.—Post.



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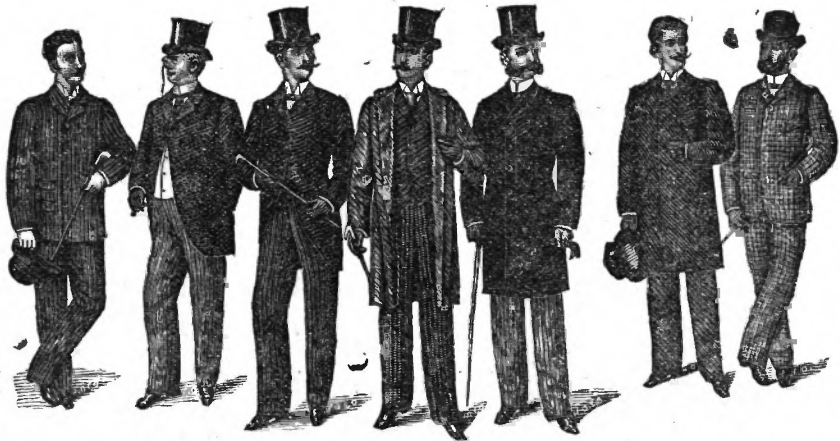
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If all around, beneath us, and above,
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If universal life,
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Why groan and fret we thus forever and in vain,
Why find our woes no echo there,
And our tremendous pain
Awaken but indifference and disdain?

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Freethought.

A LIBERAL JOURNAL.

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SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, }
GEO. E. MACDONALD, } EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - JUNE 1, 1889.

A VISION OF WAR.

[At this memorial season no apology is needed for reprinting on our first page Colonel Ingersoll's great sunburst of oratory, "A Vision of War." It surpasses, in our opinion, all other combinations of ideas and words in the English language. Hardly anything in the records of human speech approaches it in grandeur—certainly nothing to be found outside Colonel Ingersoll's own productions.]

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators. We see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages, we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing. Kisses and tears, tears and kisses—divine mingling of agony and love! And some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing. At the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and

across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells, in the trenches, by forts, in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the strokes of cruel whips—we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father, and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction-block, the slave-pen, the whipping-post, and we see homes and firesides and school houses and books, and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead: Cheers for the living; tears for the dead. R. G. INGERSOLL.

NEWS AND NOTES.

BOULDER CREEK.—Among the mountains, the big trees, the glorious sunshine, Boulder Creek stretches in rural felicity. The hum of the waters and the saw-mills here and there make just enough music to indicate that the world is moving, while in the deep and radiant shadows one can linger and forget the stormy hours of life. In this heart of nature orthodoxy cannot wave its banners altogether triumphantly, and fashion is not yet supreme, and the honest thought can come to the surface without being pounced upon as contrary to custom, and executed in the high court of "the powers that be." It is a luxury to dream within these giant forests, whose vernal chambers are carpeted with green and decked with infinite variety of flower. Sometime in the course of a hundred years Boulder Creek will be a handsome village, but it will take a long time to demolish the stumps of the mighty redwood and smooth the hills for vineyards and gardens like those that hang over the sparkling Rhine, but really there is no lovelier place than amidst these superb farms of rugged nature, and there is no hurry for civilization to complete its work.

My friend C. C. Rodgers, who bears the ills that flesh is heir to with the equanimity of a philosopher, gave me hearty welcome in his domicile, and Mrs. Walser and the children joined in the fireside greeting. Rodgers has surrounded his home with a gay assembly of flowers, whose ranks have doubled in splendid retinue since I was here last. A good rest I had, and if I were under the weather when I came, the home-like repose and good cheer and the glowing sun would bring the pulses of health into play.

The meetings were well attended from beginning to end, increasing in numbers, and evidently there is deep and strong growth in Liberalism in this place. I was gratified to meet my friend Palmer of Livermore, at the station, who makes age happy with philosophic travel, and he joined forces and gave some of his amusing and instructive recitations at the lectures; also Charles Orr entertained us, who is a fine elocutionist, and E. A. Walser furnished the music for the dancing which made an agreeable close to the intellectual work. There has been a mingling of the grave and gay, which not only paints the future with hope, but makes the halls of memory a picture of flowers.

W. S. Rodgers keeps the work going on grandly. He puts his shoulder to the wheel without any reservation of forces. If there is any such thing as the religion of Freethought, my friend has it in heart and brain, the genuine enthusiasm which lifts one into the noblest fields of action. The loss of a dear wife since I was here before has put "sorrow's crown of sorrow" into his life of earnest labor. A gentle spirit has passed away, but the home life still continues, and the shadowed fireside holds the jewels of love and memory.

Other men at this point have made my sojourn as agreeable as the sunshine of the unclouded skies. In fact, there are more in the ranks of Freethought here than I can keep track of in News and Notes. I remember that they are genial comrades, that it was a pleasure to greet them, but I cannot think of all the names. If every place could summon as many to the flag as Boulder Creek, the way of the Secular Pilgrim would be sunny indeed.

I gave three lectures at Boulder Creek, and on Thursday went from the mountains to the sea. Santa Cruz fronts the boundless ocean, and the view from its beach is beautiful indeed, where

the white billows roll in endless music. Santa Cruz is advancing quite rapidly, and in time will be one of the most elegant resorts in the country. It has many fine buildings, and during the summer its streets are crowded with busy pleasure-seekers. There is quite an orthodox fashion about the town. The atmosphere is not favorable to Freethought. The lectures were the first I have given here, and the gathering on Thursday evening was not large. On the second evening the attendance was greatly increased, and I was sorry on account of there being no Sunday morning train for San Francisco that I could not remain and lecture on Saturday evening. I lectured in Unity church. This was once the church edifice of the Unitarians, and in the early days of Santa Cruz this body of heretical Christians was quite flourishing. It has disintegrated since, but the church remains under the control mainly of the Spiritualists, and is thus a rallying place for Liberals and advanced thought, and Santa Cruz is not altogether given over to orthodoxy. The waves of modern thought beat in unison with the waves of the sea. It was rather discouraging, I must confess, when I saw my audience for the first time, but when we came together and discussed matters and got warmed up, and found who was on the side of Freethought, things brightened considerably, and our friends at this point have concluded to keep the battle going. Undoubtedly there is a large Liberal element in Santa Cruz, and with means and opportunity it might be made a growing influence.

At the quiet Taylor House I found comfortable quarters, and the host and hostess were of my own spiritual fraternity, and so the "inner man" was well satisfied. Freethinkers will find this a good home when they come to bathe in the sea-surf. I was pleased to meet Col. Edward Sumner, Mrs. Taylor's father, a veteran of ninety-three years, who walks as straight as a soldier, and will evidently reach the century goal. His old age seems to be as sunny as youth. My friend, W. H. Baxter, is a "captain true" of our pioneer forces. He is a worker, and if success does not come it is because it is impossible. He is not afraid to stand by his colors, and there is always good cheer with such a generous soldier, with whom every fortune of war can be fairly met.

The beginning is half the battle, they say; and in this case I believe it is so. Certainly it was a gain to strike hands with such a staunch co-worker as J. H. Curtis. In the gathering of our clans he was among the first to respond with a hearty good will. He is a kind of hermit philosopher, living in the mountains, independent both of king and priest. But he keeps pace with the current of civilization, for all the best Liberal journals and books find their way to his cabin, and he revels in the cream of life. He has been on the Coast from pioneer days, and is ready to do any labor and to make any sacrifice for a cause which to him is better than wealth.

D. M. Locke, on the roll of FREETHOUGHT, also gave good support. I was glad of the opportunity to meet with one who is so thoroughly in earnest, and who so well understands the principles of Liberalism. We bunked together, and so had a chance to cultivate acquaintance, which I appreciated. When we eat together and sleep together there is a pretty good opportunity to exchange ideas with profit. Mr. Locke reads about all that is going, and I guess he peruses almost every Liberal paper and book.

J. C. Shannon, Dr. Chamberlain, G. W. Hobbs, A. Martindale, A. B. Hagerman, C. T. Villard, D. J. Page, Geo. P. Fox, Mrs. Sarah K. Baxter, Mrs. Jennie Morse, Mary J. Ware, R. G.

Tuttle, Mrs. J. L. Grover, Mrs. F. R. Currier, S. Miller, and others are of our company organized here, and I am sure with such brave and true men and women there will in the future be a genuine victory for Freethought.

Mrs. L. N. McCann, wife of Judge McCann, is a woman whom the Liberals of Santa Cruz delight to honor. A member of the Congregational church, and a zealous and popular worker in all religious undertakings, it required no little courage to stand forth and reject the theology of Christianity. Mrs. McCann has done this, and not only this, she has become a teacher and exponent of a sublimer faith. She is at present a theosophist, but broadly and deeply Liberal and progressive, and is exerting a fine influence for advanced thought in Santa Cruz:

I have thus, in my first series of lectures, found an inspiring comradeship, and I was sorry that I could not stay longer in this delightful place, where nature is so attractive, where the freshness and glory of the sea will sometime find fitting response in the glowing heart of humanity. I, however, said good-bye to my friends with a promise to return, and the flag shall float on, like the shining waves that gleam to sun and star.

I was disappointed on arriving at San Jose not to see my genial friend Vostrovsky, for I had sent the lightnings ahead to announce a change of programme. These did not do their duty, but lingered with orthodox slowness, and for the moment I was a lonely traveler indeed. I floated to the shady and stately residence of L. Magenheimer, and found a cool retreat from the dusty highway. In the afternoon we drove over to Santa Clara, and I had the pleasure of seeing again John H. Dibble, whose generous hospitality I have before enjoyed. Santa Clara is still under the shadow of the cathedral, and only a few, like friend Dibble, dare to stand the brunt of the battle. Returning, we met our bishop—not of the church, but of humanity and this world—S. A. Bishop, who is the right kind of a bishop. In the evening we dropped into the superb hotel Vendome, and the architect, J. Lencen, guided us through its glittering and stately halls and corridors. There is a most magnificent grove and sward in front of the hotel, and in the softly-shining electric light it stretched away like a luminous fairy land. This hotel has a most home-like appearance. The big fire-place strikes the eye as one enters, and around it ladies and gentlemen throng as in a drawing-room. The hotel has capacity for three hundred guests, and is full all the time.

Sunday morning we drove over to the Willows. Where the orchards bloom and the cherries drink the sunshine, is the home of our untiring worker, J. Vostrovsky, and here we greet our friends once more, after varying fortunes. Also, we visit our friends Mr. and Mrs. Polak, and see the bright baby, a born Freethinker—Frank, who bears the honors of his ancestry with smiling face.

A pretty good congregation was present in the afternoon. Miss Anna Vostrovsky and Mr. Schubert favored us with some excellent music, which made a good beginning for my review of Moody and Sam Jones. On the whole our movement is progressing at San Jose. N. F. Ravlin, from the standpoint of Liberal Spiritualism, is doing an effective work, and there is a large attendance at his evening lectures. He attacks orthodoxy with uncompromising radicalism. However, he still retains in his service some of the religious forms. He pronounces a benediction, and they sometimes sing "Nearer my God, to thee; nearer to thee."

L. R. Titus, A. R. Woodhams, and others, still answer to the

roll-call, and it was a pleasure to greet these open-hearted comrades, who do their level best for the cause, without fear or favor, and keep the good cheer all along the line.

Joseph Lee, of Fresno, was present, too, and he is one of those who never fail to give a helpful welcome. So I found splendid allies. I was sorry not to meet our co-laborers, Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz, who are such ardent advocates of Liberalism.

San Jose, the Garden City, blooms with morning lustre of thought and hope, in the glory of its flower and fruit.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CHRISTIAN CHAMPIONS.

If what we said last week about the profitless character of discussion with unscrupulous clergymen needed any confirmation, it is furnished by the experience of the Walla Walla Liberal Club with the notorious Braden. It seems that Braden challenged C. B. Reynolds to a public discussion, and that Mr. Reynolds accepted upon condition that Braden should be indorsed by the clergy of the community as a worthy representative of Christianity, and that personalities should be ruled out. The indorsement was furnished; Braden agreed to be decent, and the debate began. To show how much regard Braden has for his own word it is only necessary to call attention to the following from an editorial report in the Walla Walla Daily Journal, a professed Christian paper. It refers to the second night's discussion, and the editor says:

"During the course of Mr. Braden's remarks he called forth a storm of hisses by his uncomplimentary remarks about beer-guzzling Germans generally, and about Mr. Reynolds in particular. He answered not according to the Golden Rule, but flung back an insult which would better have befitted a bully in the prize ring than one who professes to be an expounder of the doctrines and precepts of a divine being."

On the fifth night Braden became so outrageous that Mr. A. Rosenow, moderator, arose and declared that he would not retain his seat and hear himself continually abused and insulted. The conditions of the debate were that there should be no personalities. Those conditions had been persistently violated, and he begged leave to resign. Mr. Reynolds, also, stated that the bounds of forbearance were overreached, and he would not invite further insult to himself and the Freethinkers of Walla Walla by continuing the discussion. He therefore respectfully withdrew. The Daily Statesman tells what followed:

"Mr. Braden then endeavored to continue his address, which was anything but becoming under the circumstances, and was met with hisses, shouts, and general uproar. Order being somewhat restored with difficulty, Mr. Braden again began a bitter tirade upon his gentlemanly opponent, but the audience left as fast as convenience would permit. The discussion is now ended. Many there are who think the cause of Christianity in Walla Walla has not been benefited by the conduct of Mr. Braden."

At its meeting on the following Sunday the Walla Walla Liberal Club passed resolutions justifying Mr. Reynolds in his course; and the Daily Statesman printed the appended letter from a Christian:

"To the Editor of the Statesman:

"I am one of those who, although not believing in the teachings of Mr. C. B. Reynolds, yet admire him as a gentleman and indorse his withdrawal from the debate on Saturday night. I was ashamed of Mr. Braden's remarks, and blushed to think that the Christians of this community were guilty of the folly of placing him in the position of their champion. I am a church-member, but am thankful in my heart that this man Braden was not indorsed by me. I can now fully understand why Mr. Reynolds positively refused to enter into any discussion with this man,

unless he was indorsed by the Christian ministers of this community. That this indorsement was given is truly a misfortune to Christianity. Braden's action has brought strife in the city among friends. His action, instead of doing good, has accomplished much harm that it will take many, many years of urgent Christian endeavor to eradicate. In all charity I say it, he is too much of a bully, too little of a gentleman; he wants to carry his point by vindictive, high-handed personalities, rather than by reason or persuasion. His action is an insult upon the intelligence of the community, and although I was one of those who were anxious to have the debate commence, I must also fully admit that it was a great misfortune to have this man Braden champion the cause of the churches. We were very unfortunate in the matter, and to say that Mr. Reynolds, as a man, showed much more the spirit of a true Christian than the much-professed champion of the cause of Christ and the welfare of the souls of the people, is but giving justice where justice is due. Mr. Braden's action has caused a bitterness, a vicious and revengeful feeling in the bosoms of church people hitherto unknown in Walla Walla, and only yesterday I heard a kind and gentle mother use such cruel and vindictive threats toward Mr. Reynolds, that shame and sorrow caused a deep sigh to come from my heart, and involuntarily I asked myself the question: 'Can such be the teachings of the Bible?' I am one of the Christians of this city that does not indorse Mr. Braden in his actions."

It is a strange circumstance that, after eighteen centuries of triumph, Christianity finds its forlorn hope in such men as Clark Braden and the Rev. I. D. Driver—men who have lost all regard for truth, and who rely upon falsehood and bullying to give them the victory they cannot win by argument. There are doubtless many uninformed Christians who think that their religion can maintain its claims to credibility at the bar of public discussion. It is the duty of honest clergymen to inform these that they are mistaken; that there is no evidence to support the doctrines of the Christian church; that those doctrines are to be accepted upon faith or not at all, and that the oftener Christianity appeals to facts and reason the oftener will it suffer defeat. Let honest clergymen take this course, and they will avoid the humiliation of indorsing champions of the Braden-Driver stripe, who are not fitted either by their intellect or their conscience to speak for any class of people calling themselves enlightened or respectable.

THE REASON WHY.

The Alta California, in deprecating the discussion of religious questions, says:

"We are not aware that there is much profit in such discussions. The church, under whatever form, or by whatever name and ritual it may be known, is always subject to the merely human tendencies of the organized body which controls it. With this tendency it is useless to make uncomfortable and disquieting quarrel. Reformers appear from time to time to correct these merely human abuses, and the masses finally follow them, taking advantage of the simpler dressing in which they array the ever-present religious idea. But all who know the history of the intellect know that beyond the vision and below the horizon lies a time in which the Reformation itself will require reformation, for just the same reasons that made it a necessity. But, meantime, the great universe, the inscrutable physical mystery, the architecture beyond the design of any power that may be seen and measured, moves on in order undisturbed by human contention over its causes; and its testimony renews, generation after generation, that faith in things unseen which is the essence of the religious idea. Why heat the blood and disturb the soul with the acrimony of discussion, and why seek to destroy, rather than reform the church, which is the concrete expression of that idea? And why, again, should the church, resting at last on a foundation as sure as that which underlies the universe, so distract itself over the quips of the infrequent believer in a world of chance and the gospel of haphazard?"

If the editor of the Alta California will carefully read the literature of FREETHOUGHT he will soon discover why Free-

thinkers oppose the church. He will see that they oppose it, first, because they believe it to be a gigantic fraud, and that it teaches as truth what reason and observation pronounce untrue. If we take the Protestant church we find it worshiping as a fetish a book which sanctions as many vices as virtues, and which has been the bulwark of crime and tyranny for hundreds of years. We discover that the Protestant church is a vast machine for the inculcation of superstition. True, it is "subject to the merely human tendencies of the organized body which controls it." It has no other tendencies. Take from the church what man puts into it and there would be nothing left, the church, like God, being made after the minds of human beings. There is not the slightest ground for believing that the ministers of any church preach the word of God, as they all pretend to do. They preach from a certain book, written by men, many of them ignorant. Other men put a certain interpretation upon that book, and call it a creed. No two men could draw the same meaning from the Bible, no two could write the same creed, and no two preachers understand the creed alike. The result is that wrangling, disputes, and crimes form the chief part of the church's history. People outside the church have to some extent civilized the institution, but so long as it exists upon its present basis it has inherent in it all the possibilities for human misery which it contained at the start, and they crop out from time to time just to the extent that circumstances will permit. In order to justify its existence the ministers of the Protestant church must show, first, that there is a God; second, that God wrote a book; third, that the Bible is that book; fourth, that they have that Bible as originally written by God; fifth, that they understand the meaning of the Bible; and sixth, that they are authorized to expound it. If they cannot prove the first of these propositions, they certainly cannot prove the others, and the whole superstructure of the church is without foundation.

So far as the Catholic church is concerned, there has been no Reformation. What is called the Reformation was a breaking away of the more civilized portion of the Catholic church, the Protestant church being the result. The old church remained the same and is the same to-day. No reformation can touch it. Total and complete destruction is the only means that can rid humanity of the Romish curse. It is a mass of superstition from the ground upward; it is founded upon fraud, exists upon fraud, and practices fraud. There is no good in it. Can there be a better reason than this why we should "seek to destroy, rather than reform," the Catholic church?

We would assure the editor of the Alta that the church is not distracting itself "over the quips of the infrequent believer in a world of chance and the gospel of haphazard." Such a believer is necessarily in full accord with the church itself, since it is only under the reign of "chance" that miracles could occur, and a prayer-answering God could give us nothing but "haphazard."

What the church distracts itself over is the discoveries of modern science, the results of modern criticism, and the enlightening processes of Freethought. The Christian believes in the immanence of a divine will, *i. e.*, caprice. He believes that the sun and moon stood still at the command of Joshua, and that to please a petty Jewish king the sun moved backward upon the dial. This is chance and haphazard. The Infidel knows that the universe is governed by law; that cause is followed by effect, and that every effect is preceded by an efficient cause. He knows that everything is as it must be, that the orderly procession of events precludes the possibility of chance, and that there is no

haphazard in nature. This is science, and between it and the church there will be irrepressible warfare until the church is demolished or becomes a temple of the living truth.

THE RUSSIAN BROTHEL.

Judging from the facts that have come to light concerning the Russian church in this city, it is rather more than a pity that the fire which gutted the structure on Powell street last week was not allowed to obliterate the entire edifice. It seems to be settled that the fire was the work of an incendiary, the object being to destroy certain books and records intended for use against criminals in high places, and that the murder of Bishop Vladimir was likewise contemplated. These facts were stated on the day after the fire by a man named Gopchovitch, and on the following night Gopchovitch was murderously assaulted.

The Russian church was established here about the time of the purchase of Alaska by the United States. At first its membership was mainly Greeks, but these have been driven out by Russians and Alaskans. The present Bishop Vladimir is the third high church dignitary who has been at the head of the society. Both his predecessors were murdered, Bishop Kedrolevsky in 1879, and his successor, Bishop Neston, a few years later. The murders, it is confidently believed, were committed by the directors of the society, who had misappropriated its funds and turned the church into a brothel. The priests appear to have been a lecherous lot—gamblers, thieves, drunkards, and the fathers of illegitimate children. People who profess to know assert that Bishop Vladimir's life is in danger. They say that he recently expelled from the church a man who was suspected of an attempt to poison him, and that he abandoned a contemplated trip to Alaska because he discovered that the same man would be aboard the ship he had selected for the voyage.

Out of all the rumor and scandal it is difficult to select the truth, but these facts seem to stand undisputed: That the Russian church in San Francisco is little else but a detective agency, and that while the clergy pretend to be devoting their time to the saving of souls, they are acting as spies for the home government; that the priests are ambitious, dissolute, and immoral, and live riotously upon the funds contributed by their ignorant dupes and the Russian government; that they quarrel among themselves for the spoils of office, and do not hesitate at murder or arson when either is necessary to success or revenge.

The Russo-Greek church in San Francisco is, in fact, about what the church of Rome was when Martin Luther visited that city in the sixteenth century.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, June 2, at 8 o'clock. An address on "Voltaire and Freedom" is to be delivered by Hon. F. B. Perkins. All are invited.

It seems rather strange that there should need to be a "Presbyterian Church North" and a "Presbyterian Church South." That is, it would seem strange if Christians were sincere in their profession of fellowship for all races. But while raising funds to send missionaries to heathen lands, the Presbyterian church and the Methodist church both split over the question of fellowship with the negro in this Christian country. Why is not a colored man's soul worth as much in Alabama as in New Guinea?

We see no cause to doubt the justice of the decision that the Rev. Mrs. Ellen Rinkle, a regularly ordained minister of the United Brethren church, is competent to perform the marriage ceremony. It is, of course, an absurd law that every minister of the gospel should be, ex-officio, a public officer, but so long as it applies to men, there is no reason why women should be excepted.

The action of the authorities of the Catholic church in condemning Galileo for teaching the Copernican system of astronomy is paralleled by the Southern Presbyterian synod of elders, who, in the case of Professor Woodrow, decide that evolution is a fallacy and a heresy. This shows the inconvenience of being bound by dogma. The Presbyterians had to decide one way or the other, and they choose to make themselves ridiculous by deciding against evolution rather than to indorse it at the expense of their creed and Bible.

The number of children in the public schools of San Francisco has increased only 300 in eight years, while the population has grown 100,000, and people are looking about to see where the leak is. Some declare that the census is wrong, and abuse the census-takers. Those, however, who have watched the growth of Catholicism in the city know that the parochial schools have withdrawn the attendants from public institutions.

The Rev. Charles Spurgeon, son of the distinguished London divine, preached in San Francisco last Sunday. As Mr. Spurgeon during his trip to the Yosemite had paid ministerial attentions to another man's wife and been threatened with a thrashing by an angry husband, his arrival here was attended with considerable *ecclat*, and he drew a large audience to listen to his sermon on salvation.

The American Catholic pilgrims to Rome and Jerusalem were stoned and insulted at Trieste, notwithstanding that Trieste is a Catholic city. The papers say, too, that the missiles were thrown by the co-religionists of the pilgrims. It is only the vigilance of the secular officials that keeps the Christians of the different sects from cutting one another's throats.

MR. GLADSTONE did not set the world a Christian example when he caused the arrest of a cabman who upset him in the streets of London. Under the doctrine that the other cheek must be turned when one is smitten, he should have invited the jehu to take a drive at him in the opposite direction.

THE demurrer in the case of Harman and Walker, Valley Falls, Kan., has been overruled, and the case will go to trial.

W. S. BELL, of Chicago, lectures in Odd Fellows' Hall, Oakland, Sunday, June 2.

BOOKS.

We have for sale at this office, among other works:

"John Ward, Preacher." \$1.50.

"Yone Santo," see advertisement.

"Self-Contradictions of the Bible." 15 cents.

"The Truth Seeker Annual" for 1889. 25 cents.

"Liberty and Morality," by W. S. Bell. 15 cents.

"The System of Nature," by Baron D'Holbach. \$2.

"Robert Elsmere," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Price, 50 cents.

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

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Colonel Forsyth, one of the leading raisin producers of the United States, has just returned from a careful inspection of all the raisin-growing districts of Europe, and says that California raisins, in addition to supplying the American market, are destined soon to take a large share of the London business.—Reno, Nev., had a quarter-million fire on Sunday last. Many residences were destroyed and families left homeless.—The town of Haywards, Alameda county, is torn up over revelations concerning a prominent church-member named Bullock, whose seventeen-year-old daughter charges him with her ruin. The girl asserts that her father has sustained criminal relations with her ever since she was eight years of age.—Professor Le Conte, of the California State University, will take a year's vacation, his first protracted rest in forty years.—Preparations are being made for a grand celebration of the Fourth in San Francisco.—The Rev. A. Diedrich, of Portland, Or., acted the good Samaritan towards a destitute young man named Schneider, two months ago, taking him in and boarding him, and the villain repaid his kindness by criminally assaulting the clergyman's two daughters, aged seven and nine. Schneider is in jail.

The discovery of the body of the missing and murdered Dr. Cronin, of Chicago, is one of the sensational developments of the past week. Cronin, who was an Irish-American, and prominent in the home-rule movement, was killed by persons unknown, and his body stripped and thrown into a sewer, where it was found by workmen.—Dr. Tanner, the faster, states that he has so disciplined his body that he can enter the trance state at will, and is to allow himself to be buried for four weeks in that condition. His object, he claims, is to call public attention more directly to the dangers of burial alive, and the uncertainty of all so-called signs of death, except decomposition.—The Sunday law in Cleveland, Ohio, had the effect of closing the front doors of saloons in that city last Sunday, but there was no difficulty in obtaining admission at the side entrances.—The Rev. Henry Greenfield Schorr, the young assistant rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of Baltimore, committed suicide last Sunday. Business troubles are given as the cause.—A half-dozen of the robbers who attacked and plundered Army-Paymaster Wham in Arizona, a short time since, have been apprehended. Some of the miscreants are said to be Mormons.—Laura Bridgeman, deaf, dumb, and blind from two years of age, made widely famous by Charles Dickens in his "American Notes," and also by many public references to her wonderful intelligence, died May 24 at the South Boston Asylum, where she has long dwelt, aged sixty.—The trustees of the Hartford, Conn., Theological Seminary have voted to open all courses of the institution to women on the same terms as to men. It is the first institution of the kind in the country to undertake theological training for women.—Mormons from Utah and Idaho are settling in the British possessions north of Montana.—Appropriations for pensions this year amounted to \$88,400,000.

Robert Lincoln, our minister to England, has reached his field of usefulness and has presented his credentials to the queen.—Dr. Mackenzie, physician of the late Emperor Frederick, is about to bring suit against the Times and Steinkopff, proprietor of the St. James Gazette, for publishing a letter written by Steinkopff, in which he accused Dr. Mackenzie of conspiracy while treating the emperor.—Mr. Gladstone was knocked down by a cab in the streets of London last week. He immediately regained his feet, caught the cab, and had the driver arrested.

The Straight Tip.

The Iron Mountain Railway, a branch of the Missouri Pacific system, has given notice that all unnecessary Sunday trains, both passenger and freight, will be discontinued on that road after May 1. It does well. Any railroad that is in the habit of running unnecessary trains on any day in the week ought to discontinue them if it wishes to make any money.—American Sentinel.

"Looking Backward," a socialistic romance which has been termed the "Uncle Tom's Cabin of Industrial Slavery," by Edward Bellamy. Price, 50 cents.

OBSERVATIONS.

The fourth and last of Mr. Putnam's course of lectures occurred, as announced, last Sunday evening. Mr. H. W. Walker was divided against himself on the question whether the meeting was larger than the previous one or not, but he voted unanimously that the lecture was the best of the series.

Professor Schultheis opened proceedings with a piano solo of great merit, and then the choir took up the refrain and gave two surpassingly fine songs. Mr. Schou presided, and introduced the "pilgrim and stranger," Brother Putnam. Mr. Putnam had lectured only eight times during the preceding week, and but once that day, and he was therefore comparatively fresh. The lecture was a new and original one which I had not previously heard. It dealt with the church in national affairs, particularly its monopoly of the proceedings on the centenary of Washington's inauguration. It reviewed the services of Paine, Jefferson, and other unbelieving fathers of the Republic, and contained allusions to Mr. Depew's oration and its failure to do justice to the author-hero of the Revolution. The speaker showed how various forces had combined to dissipate the old theology of the church, and how the church, feeling its influence over the human mind slipping from it, seeks to exercise political control through ecclesiastical laws. The audience was wide awake and enthusiastic, and expressed its appreciation by applauding with gratifying frequency.

The choir sang again, and Mr. Schou voiced the sentiment of all present when he stepped upon the stage and gave a large Alameda county bouquet to each of the singers.

An attractive programme is prepared for the meetings of the Freethought Society during June. On the 2d Mr. Perkins lectures on "Voltaire and Freedom;" on the 9th, Mr. Bell speaks; on the 16th, J. L. Hatch; on the 23d President Childstrom points out "Our Destiny," and on the 30th, Mr. Thomas Curtis will give us his deepest thought on "Matter and Life." The proceedings of each meeting will be noted in FREETHOUGHT under the head of Observations.

An article in another place includes a letter by George Washington, showing that the father of his country had the true commercial spirit, and also a taste for the spirit which is denominated ardent. Some of his state papers are regarded as the best specimens of a simple and lofty style, while the following poem, addressed to a young lady, indicates that he could touch the harp gently as occasion might require:

Oh Ye Gods, why should my Poor, Resistless Heart
Stand to approve thy Might and Power.
At Last Surrender to Cupid's feather'd Dart
And now lays bleeding every Hour
For her that's Pityless of my grief and Woes
And will not on me Pity take
I'll sleep among my most inveterate Foes
And with gladness never wish to wake
In deluding sleepings let my Eyelids close
That in an enraptured dream I may
In a soft, lulling sleep and gentle repose
Possess those joys denied by Day.

A man whose attention was taken up with swapping off bad negroes for good rum could not be expected to spend much time studying up the rules of grammar and versification, but he should have written better poetry than that, or none at all. It is understood that Washington was jilted by the young lady to whom the above poetry was addressed, which proves that ever the right comes uppermost and ever is justice done.

A correspondent of a daily paper suggests that California establish a state lottery like that of Louisiana. From a home-industry point of view, the suggestion is a valuable one. In spite of laws against lotteries, and the general sentiment against gambling, there is no doubt that a large majority of the people of this state try their luck monthly in the Louisiana lottery, tickets in which are often at a premium, and the San Franciscan buys them as regularly as he pays his rent, often more regularly. It is estimated that a half-million dollars a month goes from California to Louisiana twelve times per year. Occasionally somebody draws a prize, but it is of no value to him in the majority of cases,

for the reason that he almost invariably invests it in more tickets, which prove to be blanks, or spends it riotously. The outgo is six million dollars annually; the return (perhaps) one million, and the balance of five millions represents a pecuniary leakage which must seriously affect the prosperity of the state. The law is powerless in the matter, since people buy the tickets with the greater avidity, because the sale is surreptitious. As the correspondent alluded to says, were California to establish a local lottery, this vast sum would remain in the state. I suppose that twenty-five per cent. of the receipts would pay the expense of conducting the scheme; fifty per cent. might be devoted to prizes, and the remainder might be appropriated for the salaries of legislators, including the chaplain, and other public improvements.

The morality of lotteries is not considered in this connection, except so far as may be involved in the remark that a lottery here is as moral as elsewhere, and that a lottery conducted by the state does not differ essentially, in point of wickedness, from the lotteries carried on by the churches.

MAY 30.

I see them bearing their flowers to-day
To the spot where the heroes sleep,
And I think of an unmarked soldier's grave,
Where Virginia's breezes sweep.
And I wonder if some one plucks a flower
By the rivulet of Bull Run,
And lays it above the dust of him
Who made me a soldier's son.

The day that is gone we live no more,
But I close my eyes and think,
As the chain of memory stretches back,
And I follow it link by link.
And, spanning eight and a score of years,
I return to a Christmas day
When the streets are full of marching men
And the air with their banners gay.

But I have sight for only one,
A man with a bearded face
And a kindly eye, and a firm, strong tread,
As he walks in a forward place.
I watch the train move out of town,
With its smoke and its clanging bell,
And the smoke takes form of clouds of war,
And the clang is a funeral knell.

He wore the blue as a soldier should,
He was honest and true and brave;
He gave his life for the nation's life,
And his pay was a soldier's grave.
A random shot, and above his corse
On rushes the battle's tide,
And while the stars shine out that night
They bury him where he died.

So I watch them strewing their flowers to-day
On the spot where the heroes sleep,
And I think of an unmarked soldier's grave
Where Virginia's breezes sweep.
And I wonder if some one plucks a flower
By the rivulet of Bull Run,
And drops it above the dust of him
Who made me a soldier's son.

G. E. M.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURES.

Raymond, May 28,
Grub Gulch, May 29, 30, 31,
Fresno Flats, June 1, 2, 3,
Hornitos, June 4,

New Sanel, June 6, 7,
Ukiah, June 8, 9, 10,
Covelo, June 13, 14, 15, 16.

THE two articles on "Agnosticism," in "The Popular Science Monthly" for April and May, will be followed by two more in the June number. One of these is by Professor Huxley, in rejoinder to Dr. Wace and the bishop of Peterborough; the other, by Mr. W. H. Mallock, is entitled, "Cowardly Agnosticism," and criticises Professor Huxley's objections to the above phrase.

Taylor's "Diegesis," by the Rev. Robert Taylor. A discovery of the Origin, Evidences, and early history of Christianity. \$2.

Judge Maguire's "Ireland and the Pope," a history of papal intrigues against Irish liberty. Price, 50 cents.

HOW MARY ALICE WAS CONVERTED.

BY HELEN H. GARDENER.

When the usual winter "revivals" began in Greenville, the various denominations decided to combine in the attack upon Satan, and mass their forces in the Methodist church; they were to divide the spoils, so to speak, afterward.

This seemingly innocent arrangement looked perfectly fair to the general public and to sinners at large, but the Baptist and other clergymen shook their heads in private and showed a marked dis-relish for, albeit they consented to, the pooling system. They had had experience before. It may not be easy to explain to some persons, but it is, nevertheless, a fact that, having been wrought to a state of religious exaltation or frenzy in a given church, it is within those same walls that the convert tends to cast his lot thereafter, and while a few go, with their friends, back to the church to which they are accustomed, the many cling to the one where Satan was put to flight after a vigorous struggle and charge all along the line.

The decision to mass forces at the Methodist church had come only after a vain attempt to conduct (the previous year) three revivals in the town at the same time. The opinion of the public became so divided as to the relative "power of the Spirit" at the three places that the discussion of the real subjects at issue were lost sight of.

The ungodly hinted that the visiting "boy preachers" and local clergymen were spending more thought on trying to beat the number of converts at the other meetings than on anything else, and the night after the Baptists announced forty-two souls saved the rival clergyman (Methodist), it was said, had boldly claimed fifty-one as his harvest up to that time. The weight of evidence appeared to be on the Methodist side, and certainly the volume of sound was there; albeit the ungodly hinted that certain of the noisiest converts were "stock," as it were, and had been saved each winter with the utmost regularity.

Hints of this nature were so frequently thrown out that it became evident that something had to be done. So when Brother Salter announced that the following Sunday he would open the revival at his church, by a sermon on "The Lamb's Book of Life," he created quite a stir in the congregation by adding that since conferring together the various clergymen had decided to forego revivals in their own churches, and would request their own congregations, and all sinners more or less closely allied thereto, to repair nightly to the Methodist church, where all the preachers would be for the next three or four weeks, or as long as the power of the Lord was manifest in their midst.

Brother Salter spoke as if the "power of the Lord" traveled about from place to place, with all its belongings, and tarried here or there according as invitations were pressing.

He exhorted his flock to welcome and detain, as long as might be, this Power, and it was hinted by the bald-headed old scoffer in the choir that he had clearly intimated that he meant to give his rivals a point or two that might hereafter result in more additions to their own flocks and a greater number of brands plucked from the burning, if they but followed his example.

But all this was merely the prelude to the revival which almost swept the town of sinners of mature years and left only the hopelessly skeptical or the palpably too callow for the brethren to work upon. Each denomination disliked to be outdone by a rival, therefore pastoral visits were made, and deacons and "mothers in Israel" urged every man, woman, and child who had ever attended their own meetings to go to the great combination revival the following week, as it was to be the last, and a special effort was to be made to increase the number of converts very greatly, so that there might be a fair division afterward, when they were formally taken into the various churches.

Mary Alice and her friend Isabel were the only two lambs belonging to one of the Sabbath-school classes who had not, previous to this last week, gone up for prayers, and after weeping and praying and wrestling with the Lord night after night announced themselves saved, and been made objects of great rejoicing forthwith.

The "mourners' bench" was so crowded by wretched "seekers" wedged in between men and women who knelt by them to

talk with, pray over, and weep for them, that it was no unusual thing to see one of the elders or deacons give a sort of flying leap in order to get past one group and to another.

The church was filled with groans and the sound of weeping. "Amen!" "Praise the Lord!" "Come down now, dear Lord!" "Bless his holy name!" and such other ejaculations, were so mingled with sobs and groans, and cries of "Save me!" "Save me!" "I'm lost! lost! lost!" that the nerves of a stronger person than poor little Mary Alice might well have been unstrung by the prevailing excitement. The child became terrified. She had not been allowed to attend such a meeting before; but her mother, a timid woman, had been wrestled with that day, and half convinced that she might really be standing between the child and some possible good for the future. She had, therefore, allowed her to go with her friend Isabel and an older sister.

Groans, cries, shouts, prayers, and exhortations were inextricably mingled in the group about the mourners' bench. One preacher was crying out, "Thank God, another sinner saved!" "Plucked from the burning! Escaped from hell-fire!" while other despairing souls that failed to feel that thrill of nerve and sense that follows on excitement and overwrought nature, felt themselves abandoned, indeed, of the Lord, since this was their third or fourth or even tenth night at the "altar," and still they were conscious of no change.

Each exultant cry of conversion filled them with new terror, and numbed sense and paralyzed hope. "Is my name written in the Lamb's book of life? Ask that, sinner; ask now!" shouted one above the noise and tumult. "I must know now! Now, Lord!" "Is mine there?" "Look, Lord, look!" shouted others.

The idea swept like a fire across the surcharged congregation wedged tightly together, in air so vile and close that hysteria was superinduced as an inevitable consequence.

"Is mine?" "And mine?" "Is mine, Lord?" "O God, look, look!" shouted one old clergyman. "Make me sure Lord; quiet my soul. Look, Lord, look in the G's!"

The old man's name was Gifford, and in spite of the air, the tumult, the religious frenzy, in spite of all, there was a smile which was almost an audible flutter as it passed over the congregation. Some one saw how fatal this would be, and struck in, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, weak and wounded, sick and sore." The old hymn caught the nerves of the vast body, and the volume of sound that swelled on the air almost drowned the groans and shouts of the newly-converted or still wretched "seekers." Mary Alice and Isabel stood pale and trembling, too young to have been subject to the slight touch of comedy which had almost broken in upon the solemnity of the occasion.

Just then one of the clergymen, a tall, thin, dark, and terrible looking man, bent over the two children, took both their small, trembling hands in his, and asked solemnly, "Do you want to go to hell?"

The poor, trembling little wretches disclaimed any such desire as well as they could, with the tears fast coming to their eyes and their little throats dry and stiff.

"All of your Sabbath-school class are saved. Only you two repel the Lord. Only you two grieve his holy spirit. Do you think he will forget you? He is looking at you now, now!" and his explosive voice made Mary Alice almost jump out of her small boots, while Isabel fell to weeping bitterly.

"He is touching your wicked heart at last," said he, addressing Isabel. "Come while there is yet time. Come! come! come! The gate of hell yawns for you. This may be your last chance, come!"

Both children were now in floods of tears and wholly unable to think at all, while he half led, half carried them forward to the "mourners' bench" (now somewhat thinned out) amid the applause and gratulations of the entire congregation. The children were at once made the subject of a long and loud and orally punctuated prayer by Brother Gifford, who, all unconscious of how perilously near he had brought the tense nerves of the congregation to laughter, now wrestled with the Lord in supplication that he might give these two "precious lambs one more chance to flee from the wrath to come—that they might cease to

do evil and learn to do well from this time forth, even forever more."

But the moment they had found themselves freed from the terrible face and voice of the dark clergyman, who had made personal inquiries as to their desire in regard to a future abode, their healthy young nerves reacted and the strangeness of the situation so distracted their attention that they forgot to cry.

But presently Isabel fell to again and wept as though her poor little heart would break; thereupon Mary Alice's sympathetic soul joined in, and the brethren, feeling that both were truly "under conviction" and fairly on the road to salvation, left the two small sinners alone while they wrestled with older and less sensitive culprits.

By and by their sobs ceased, their tired little eyes closed; both children slept peacefully, kneeling there at the "throne of grace," with their curly heads resting on their diminutive arms, and they on the velvet-cushioned railing.

At last all of the other seekers were assisted to their feet, but these two knelt on. "Praise the Lord! Thank his holy name!" said the dark clergyman, fervently. "At last! At last!"

He felt that these two had been hard to reach, but now their "conviction" was deep and sure. He bent down between them, and the first words of his dreaded voice awoke the two children, who sprang to their feet, forgetting how or why they were there. They both essayed to smile in a polite and propitiatory way.

"Has light come? Do you feel at peace with God?" inquired the dark clergyman.

"Yes, sir," said they, and smiled again.

Then there was much rejoicing and hand-shaking, and it was announced that two more vile sinners had found Christ: The children felt that some way they had done a very good thing, indeed, and began to experience that sense of elation which praise from their elders is sure to produce in a sensitive child. Their little faces were radiant. Many shook their hands, kissed them, and otherwise showed their approval of the new course they had adopted. "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name" was sung lustily, in which the two little voices piped up, and were much commended therefor.

The next day, Isabel and Mary Alice were of the opinion that they ought to feel very different from their old, wicked selves; but somehow they were unable to be quite sure that they did. They thought that they should have lost all taste for play, and were shocked that dolls and "hide'n coop" still had attractions for them. This they set down as a snare for their feet, laid by Satan himself, who they had no doubt was on their track at that very moment. They concluded it would be safest to sit down with their backs against the doll house—as he could not then come up suddenly behind them—and they could then give their minds to thoughts of the next world.

"Wasn't it beautiful last night?" said Mary Alice, with a distinct shiver.

"Mm," noncommittally, from Isabel.

"Do you think God's as glad as they said, 'cause we are n't going to hell now?"

"Of course he is! How you talk!"

Mary Alice felt crushed; but by and by she recovered, and asked quite seriously, "What did you cry about last night, after he stopped talking to us, I mean, up at the mourner's bench?"

"I couldn't think of anything to cry for at first," confessed Isabel, "but afterward I thought of poor, dear little Nellie at home, and then I had to cry. I always do. What did you?"

"'Cause you did. I always have to if anybody else does," Mary Alice replied quite simply. There was a pause. Then she asked in an awestricken tone,

"Do you suppose our religion's good if we got it that way? You bein' sorry 'cause you had a idiot sister at home and me bein' sorry 'cause you was sorry 'cause you had a idiot sister?"

"I don't see how anybody could have anything worse to cry about than that," replied Isabel, hotly. "My mother says it is the sorriest thing in the world, and besides, she cries about it, and I guess she knows what's good to cry about."

"Is that what she cried about when she got religion?" inquired the persistent Mary Alice.

"I don't know. Guess so," said Isabel.

"Let's ask her, and—" began Mary Alice; but Isabel broke in,

"Well, you can if you're a mind to, I sha'nt. I've got my religion now. The preacher said so, an' I'm goin' to join the church next Sunday and get it over. Then I guess ole Satan'll let me alone. He don't know I was cryin' about Nellie."

"That's so," said Mary Alice, much relieved, and the following Sunday they were "taken in on probation," with the promise of full membership in six months if they did not backslide in that time. They did not, and are now "full members in good and regular standing"—converted through the influences of an idiot in the family and a fanatic in the church.

BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity teaches a belief in a personal—therefore necessarily finite—creator, endowed with infinite attributes; as omniscience, omnipresence, etc.

Buddhism (by which term we mean the esoteric form included in theosophy) denies creation and affirms eternal evolution, recurring in cycles, obedient to intelligent laws. These laws, upon ultimate analysis, resolve themselves into the great unknowable first cause, in which personality finds no place. It thus far entirely agrees with the deductions of science.

Christianity recognizes only soul and body.

Buddhism divides man into several principles, which manifest through the body as a vehicle.

Christianity teaches salvation through the grace or favor of its personal God.

Buddhism relies upon individual exertion, only aided by advice and guidance.

Christianity teaches the forgiveness or remission of sin through personal intercession and favor.

Buddhism teaches Karma, or the eternal relation of cause and effect, on the moral and spiritual planes as surely as upon the material. It recognizes no forgiveness; only expiation.

Christianity denies evolution.

Buddhism strongly affirms it; and is here again in accord with science.

Christianity denies reincarnation, or the repeated return to earth of the evolving monad, or soul.

In Buddhism this is a basic belief.

Christianity recognizes in Christ a personal savior; an incarnation of its personal creator.

Buddhism affirms that Christs, Buddhas, and other avatars are only glorious developments of the spiritual power potential in every human soul.

The Christian believes his single experience in matter of however brief duration is followed by an eternal heaven or hell, as the case may be.

Buddhism teaches innumerable *post-mortem* states, each exactly corresponding to the deserts of the personality, and created by it according to immutable law, and each ending with ultimate rebirth.

If we now examine into a few only of these differences with closer attention to detail, we shall be still better able to judge of their respective merits.

The personal Jehovah of the Christians seems to be an immeasurably inferior conception to the Parabrahm of the Buddhist, or the Ain Soph of the Kabalists. As painted in the Old Testament, he is simply a magnificent man. Instead of the text as it now stands, it might, with greater justice, read: "And man created God; in the image of man created they him." The Jewish Jehovah is infinitely superior to man in some respects, infinitely worse in others. He creates man and "repents" of his act and, like a disappointed inventor, destroys his imperfect designs. He delights in blood and suffering, is offended with Cain, who offers the pure first-fruits of the fields, and is pleased with Abel's carnivorous cruelty in sacrificing the firstlings of his flocks. He directs his chosen people, when fighting with their enemies, to slay the strong and vigorous, the aged and weak, the mother and babe, with an inhuman and appalling mercilessness, and only excepts from the massacre the young and lovely virgins. He promptly betrays his people into the power of their enemies if

they offend or disobey him. He leads them into temptation and deals out fearful punishments if they yield. He is jealous of his worshippers, revengeful toward his enemies, merciful and kind only to those who love and obey him. He is unstable in his decisions, repenting now of his love and again of his anger. He is to be revered, feared, and obeyed precisely as men in ancient days revered, feared, and even worshiped their mortal rulers.

In Buddhism, on the contrary, there is no personal interference. The personality is under the action of an impersonal law, of which it is folly to predicate justice or injustice. If we set certain causes in action certain effects will result; if we originate a different set of causes, still other effects will follow—all in accordance with fixed and unchangeable law, entirely disconnected in either case with any desire to punish or reward, or feeling of love or anger toward us. We have the most perfect freedom of choice in our actions. The evolutionary impulse, however, compels us to choose daily and hourly, and such choice is moulding our future destinies and preparing the conditions of coming existence.

Again, in the Christian dogma of the forgiveness of sin, reason sees the grossest injustice. The murderer, who sends his victim unprepared into eternity, and consequently into hell, rarely fails in reaching heaven himself. He has the opportunity for personal intercession and consequent forgiveness. Forgiveness is Christianity's fatal defect. Protestantism looks with horror upon the alleged sale of "indulgences" by the Catholic church during the Middle Ages, and yet forgiveness is an ever-present, entirely gratuitous indulgence. Sin is enjoyed with little fear indeed, if immunity is assured in the form of future pardon.

The effect of this dogma has always been viewed with distrust by scientific moralists. More than a hundred years since, a writer upon this subject, while speaking of the tendency of the Greeks and Romans to attribute their action to angelic or demoniac influence, says: "St. Paul adopted the still more comfortable doctrine of grace, which served full as well to emancipate the consciences of the faithful from the shackles of practical morality."

If it be true, as Buddhism and science both affirm, that there is no cause without its corresponding effect, then the far-reaching consequences of this error become at once apparent. Lulled into fanciful security by the false mirage of promised forgiveness, the soul indulges in acts which can not but produce terrible effects in physical and mental suffering.

Compared with this tenet, the Buddhist doctrine of Karma, or the conservation of force upon the moral plane, is infinitely superior. It satisfies both reason and justice. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." It bars favor and precludes accident. No soul is lost because of circumstances over which it has no control. There is ample opportunity in its successive material incarnations. Nature permits it to try again, and again, and again. The rich and nobly-born are now reaping the Karma of past lives, and perhaps creating new, which will land them at their next rebirth in the lowest slums of poverty. So is the eternal balance ever struck. No error is possible, for our own hands enter each item in the great book of accounts.

Nor will the Christian belief in a single incarnation of the soul bear the light of reason or justice. To examine one point alone is sufficient. All its various sects, without exception, teach that newly-born babes, especially if they are baptized, go directly at death into eternal paradise. The Christian father, then, who first baptizes and then destroys his infant, would be acting with perfect consistency. If he permits it to live, he risks for it the awful peril of its succumbing to the temptations of life and so losing its soul. If, on the contrary, he takes its life, he assures its happiness forever. It is obviously unfair to the poor, tempted "grown-ups" that babes should be saved simply because they are fortunate to die before they have an opportunity to fall. The fact agrees but poorly, too, with the leak-stopping dogma of "original sin."

In truth, reincarnation guided by Karma—which, in another respect, is the magneto-molecular affinities generated by the ego during the material phases of its existence—is the only key to much that must otherwise remain a mass of hopeless contradictions and inconsistencies. The single birth brings man, with no

will or volition of his own, upon the earth plane. His bodily traits and his social conditions are forced upon him; or, worse still, are a mere matter of shame. He may be born Prince of Wales or a Hottentot. In either case he must accept the prescribed formula of "faith," after which both prince and blackamoor spend a "never-ending eternity" side by side, twanging harps in praise of him who has so graciously "saved" them.

How great a contrast this last is to the Buddhist doctrine of an ever-becoming, an eternal progression, until, at some period so distant that it eludes even the imagination, man shall become one with the creative wisdom and energy which bade him forth on his cycle of evolution.—JEROME A. ANDERSON, M. D., in the *Argonaut*.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON AND THOMAS PAINE.

The San Jose Mercury magnifies Alexander Hamilton as the "Father of the Constitution," resents any attempt to belittle the greatness of his character, and says that "next to Washington he will always stand in the history of the Republic."

It is true that the framework of the Federal Constitution, adopted by the Convention on the 17th of September, 1787, was constructed by Hamilton, a delegate from New York. But such was the imperfection of the instrument that it became a Herculean task for Hamilton to induce the States to ratify it, and his own state, New York, held off until July 26, 1788, before it gave its consent, while North Carolina did not ratify it until November 21, 1789, and Rhode Island until May 29, 1790.

Nor would the constitution of 1787 have been adopted at all, but for the understanding that a series of amendments, already outlined, to make it more republican in its character, would speedily be adopted.

Those amendments, twelve in number, were accordingly submitted at the first session of the Federal Congress, in 1789, and ten of them were ratified in the course of a year. Without those ten amendments the Constitution would have proved a dead failure. And those amendments are almost a literal repetition of articles contained in the bill of rights prefixed to the constitution of the state of Pennsylvania, adopted in 1776, which were framed by Thomas Paine. A complete copy of that bill of rights will be found in Paine's "Dissertation on Government." It is true that Paine does not distinctly say that he drew up the said bill of rights, but the evidence that he did is conclusive, not only from his treatment of the subject but from the style of the document itself. It contains sixteen articles, the first one of which is as follows:

That all men are born equally free and independent, and have certain natural, inherent, and unalienable rights, amongst which are, the enjoying and defending life and liberty; acquiring, possessing, and protecting property, and pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety.

This article is substantially repeated in the second paragraph of the Declaration of Independence, which has been proved to have been drafted by Paine. And to show that the two contemporary papers had a common author, the word "independent" in the above bill of rights was originally written in the draft of the Declaration of Independence, but was stricken out by Congress. And not only that, but other changes were made in the same paragraph, which, as reported, conformed more nearly to the articles of the Pennsylvania bill of rights.

Should it be asked, "Why did not Paine claim the authorship of the said bill of rights?" the answer is he was not that kind of a man. Most people think that he was as open an agitator as Henry George. On the contrary this very "Dissertation on Government," published in 1786, is the first literary work to which he signed his own name. For eleven years he had been the most successful pamphleteer ever known (to say nothing of the Letters of Junius, which he had previously written in England from 1769 to 1772), and yet all his essays up to 1786 were anonymous, his usual signature being "Common Sense." Nor did he avow himself the author of another essay until 1791, when he defended the "Rights of Man" against the assaults of Edmund Burke on the revolutionists of France. After that he became known to the public as a political writer, just as "Boz" became known as Dickens. But yet Paine continued to use the signature "Common Sense" down to the last years of his life, rarely

signing his own name to an essay. He was one of the most secretive and philanthropic men that ever lived, and what was still more extraordinary, from first to last he steadfastly refused to receive the profits on the publication of his writings, which always had an immense sale.

W. H. BURR.

Washington, D. C., May 17, 1889.

RELIGION.

"The leading error of the human mind, the bane of human happiness, the blind guide of human reason, is religion." Thus spoke one of the ancients two thousand years ago, and the truth of his assertion is made apparent not only by history, but by present conditions. Religion has enslaved the mind of man and cursed his existence from the very beginning of the race, and as ignorance and fear must have surrounded and encompassed him at that time, the origin of religion is plainly evident. Knowing nothing of natural laws, and fighting for existence against the destructive forces of nature; finding good and evil in every condition of life, no wonder ignorance led to superstitious beliefs, and a God to be worshiped and a devil to be feared found birth in his brain and became the basis of all religions. But the question now rises, How much longer is mankind to be enslaved by the crude superstitions of remote and ignorant ancestors? Isn't it about time that reason, based upon known facts, should supersede the fears of ignorance as a rule for human action? Hasn't the progress of mankind been retarded long enough by the worshiping of an unknown God, and the degradation of reason by the exaltation of faith, alias credulity? It would seem so; and yet the attempt to perpetuate religion, and to engraft its senseless doctrines upon the minds of the people, is the life work of numberless fanatics and the persistent endeavor of many good but deluded enthusiasts.

If religion was of any practical benefit to the world, it would have some reason for deserving perpetuity, but while the fact confronts us that it is an unmitigated curse, the most desirable thing about it is its extinction. Religion depreciates the value of this life and exalts the importance of the next, of which it knows absolutely nothing. Natural desires are denounced as sinful, and to crucify the flesh is supposed to give God pleasure, in return for which the reward of such will be great in heaven. Consequently this world is not good enough for religious people, and they pine and whine for spiritual things where the soul can bask in the sunshine of glory, and imaginary possibilities will be realized in place of present realities. To one who retains his reason and takes a practical view of existence as we now find it, nothing seems more nonsensical and idiotic than to neglect the present for an unknown future; and while residing in a material world and occupying a body of flesh and blood, I for one purpose to seek happiness and pleasure in sensible instead of spiritual dreams. That physical comfort is the basis of all happiness is an undeniable fact; and none but religious fanatics will attempt to live a spiritual life in a material world. You can't do it, for conditions are not right; and all efforts to neglect or suppress, to stamp out or rise above the laws of matter, are evidence of pure and unadulterated foolishness. As our pet superstition, Christianity, seems losing its grip on the minds of the people, an attempt is being generally made to replace it with theosophical teachings, which are inseparably connected with Buddhism. Though Theosophy denies being a religion with creed and code, it does advance all the idiotic and impractical theories of Oriental religions. The "killing of desire" is one of the leading articles in the April number of the Theosophist published in India and widely circulated in this country, and the hobby of theosophy is to develop spirituality by holding matter in contempt, and persistently trying to crush out every natural desire—to "shift the centre of consciousness" and become a spiritual what-is-it? Says the brilliant writer under the head of "killing desire," there are two plans for so doing; one is to kill it by ignoring it whilst still remaining in its sphere, and the other is to rise above it entirely. This latter process he declares cannot be explained in words, but "must be grasped if at all by the intuitions." Just so! and thus is another startling truth revealed to an ignorant world from far-away India, where two religious sects were created

from one, because of inability to agree on these important questions: "May salt be preserved in horn by the monks for future use?" "May solid food be eaten by them after the hour of noon?" "May fermented drinks which look like water be drunk?" "May seats covered by cloths be used?" Colonel H. S. Olcott is now engaged in the important work of uniting these two halves of the Buddhist church, and in a late address for that purpose, he says: "Does it seem worth while that the vast Buddhist family should be estranged from each other for such questions as these?" That they have been, shows conclusively what senseless imbeciles religion produces.

The poorest people on the face of the globe, the most servile, abject, and the most destitute of energy, ambition and progressive characteristics, are found in India; and still their religion, which, in connection with climate, has made them what they are, is considered desirable for other nations; and a writer clamoring for a universal religion thinks their Buddhism would fill the bill. Says he: "It is unnecessary to attempt to describe the benefit that would result from the establishment in the United States of a universal religion for the masses. America is ripe for it, and only needs the earnest efforts of a few brave, self-sacrificing souls who will stand firmly by their convictions, to bring it to successful issue." Let us hope he is as much mistaken regarding possible success, as he is in regard to the need of such a religion, and I believe he is. What the masses really want is better food and more of it; comfortable homes and the necessities of physical existence. Their "spiritual welfare" is not bothering them much, and if the mind of childhood could escape the influence of a mercenary priesthood, whose business is to pervert reason and distort the intellect, religions of all kinds would cease to prevail. The world has never known a religion that did not hold this world in contempt; that did not denounce nature and nature's laws, and strive to demonstrate that bodies of flesh and blood are an injury to man's spiritual nature; that to be pure he must rise above the flesh and everything material. I have no patience with that class of lunatics who find nothing in this world as it should be, and who regard it as sinful to eat a square meal of victuals; whose idea of purity is impotence and poor health; whose idea of spirituality and consumption is synonymous, and whose idea of life is a stagnant pool without a ripple on its surface.

I have no wish to crush one natural desire, or to become too "pure" for my body and earthly surroundings; I want the good things of this life, and propose to have them when I can; and keeping constantly in mind the fact that temperance in all things is conducive to health and happiness, I will try to complete the journey to the grave without religion and free from unsatisfied yearnings for heaven.

This world is good enough for me when conditions are right, and the duty of mankind is to regulate conditions for human happiness here and now, and not try to become a spiritual being until nature makes the change.

C. SEVERANCE.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Miss Susan B. Anthony is in this city, says the Indianapolis Journal, a guest of Mrs. May Wright Sewall. Miss Anthony has just returned from Kansas, and her conversation with the reporter yesterday was, of course, upon the theme of woman suffrage. "The work," said she, "is going on in Washington territory very earnestly, our endeavor being to get delegates elected to the constitutional convention of a character to firmly establish woman suffrage in the state's constitution. They had woman's suffrage in that territory, but the Democratic judges appointed by Cleveland declared that the legislature had no right to extend suffrage to women. This was an absurd decision, but it served to keep the women from voting. We want the adjective 'male' left out, so that any citizen twenty-one years old may exercise the right of suffrage.

"During the past winter there have been municipal suffrage bills before the legislatures of nine different states. Some of these came near passing, but not quite. I have not done much traveling during the past few months. I have been in Arkansas. I had a series of meetings there last February. The suffrage ques-

tion is almost entirely new there, but I felt that all the people there needed was speakers to enlighten them, and that when they had knowledge of the subject the people in time would be with us. The legislature of Missouri has just given women school suffrage. This makes sixteen states where women have a right to vote on school questions. Indiana and Illinois have not come into line, neither has Ohio. In nearly all the states women may be elected to the school boards, and in many of the northern states they are elected. In Kansas the counties have women on such boards. I left Leavenworth last Saturday night. I was there through the city election—the third election at which women have had an opportunity to vote. Nearly all over the state it was the law and order ticket—whether the prohibition law should be enforced.

"There are 283 places called 'cities' in Kansas. In 1867 the legislature passed a law giving women the right to sign or withhold signature from liquor dealers' petitions. The liquor interest went to work and had a law passed that in cities of the first and second class it would not be necessary to get women's names to the petitions. After this they again went to the legislature, and had settlements of 250 and more made cities. Now the whole state is under the rule of women, and they have the absolute control of all laws for the suppression of the social vices. They hold the balance of power, and are learning to use it. There are three cities where women have full official boards, absolute control, mayor and common councils, etc. These places are Oskaloosa, Cottonwood Falls, and Ross-ville."

WASHINGTON AND PAINE.

Philip Schaff, "D. D.," LL. D., in a recent article on George Washington, says of the "father of his country:" "He made no mistakes; there are no black spots on his reputation."

Now, while Washington was a great and wise man, justly honored not only in America but throughout the civilized world, he was not perfect, and neither his private nor his public life was without "mistakes." The real Washington, like the real Lincoln, was very human; neither was faultless. Both are entitled to our respect and gratitude because of their high character and great services; but it is not necessary to ignore their limitations and deny their mistakes in order to invest them with superhuman qualities.

The following letter by Washington to Capt. Job Thompson, dated "Mount Vernon, 2 July, 1766," is alone enough to show that Washington was far from perfect:

SIR: With this letter comes a negro (Tom), which I beg the favor of you to sell in any of the islands you may go to, for whatever he will fetch, and bring me in return from him:

One hhd. of best molasses.

One ditto of best rum.

One barrel of lymes, if good and cheap.

One pot of tamarinds, containing about 10 lbs.

Two small ditto of mixed sweetmeats, about 5 lbs. each.

And the residue, much or little, in good old spirits.

That this fellow is both a rogue and a runaway (tho' he was by no means remarkable for the former, and never practised the latter till of late), I shall not pretend to deny, but that he is exceedingly healthy, strong, and good at the hoe, the whole neighborhood can testify, and particularly Mr. Johnson and his son, who have both had him under them as foreman of the gang; which gives me reason to hope he may, with your good management, sell well, if kept clean and trim'd up a little when offered for sale.

I shall very cheerfully allow you the customary commissions on this affair, and must beg the favor of you (lest he should attempt his escape) to keep him handcuffed till you get to sea, or in the bay, after which I doubt not but you may make him very useful to you.

I wish you a pleasant and a prosperous passage, and a safe and speedy return.

In eulogizing Washington, Schaff gratifies his priestly spite by reviling the man whose pen, during the Revolution, was as powerful as the sword of Washington. He says:

Even Washington in his lifetime had his revilers and slanderers. Tom Paine, the Infidel, had the impudence to bark against this cathedral, and to publish this attack against the president: "As for you, Mr. Washington, posterity will be at a loss to decide whether you are an apostate from good principles, or whether you ever had any." Where is Tom Paine now, and where will the modern advocate of his Infidelity be in the next generation?

It is true that Paine wrote a letter reflecting severely, and no do doubt unjustly, on Washington; but the letter was addressed to Washington, and while he was living. It was written, too, when Paine was stung to indignation by the indifference to his fate shown when he was in a French prison by Washington's administration. He had rendered this country great service during the Revolution, and he felt keenly the neglect of Washington when the latter could by his influence have aided him. What Jefferson afterwards did, and what Monroe wrote, are well known. Washington's course in this matter is fairly open to censure, but it does not justify the strong language which Paine used. But if Paine erred in thus writing Washington under a sense of neglect and ingratitude, what shall be said of Schaff's article—written to praise one patriot and at the same time to disparage the character and ignore the services of another, because of his religious belief?

"Where is Tom Paine now?" His memory is cherished by millions, and every year his character and services are better understood and appreciated, and it is probable that his praises will be spoken in every land where liberty is loved, long after the name of "Philip Schaff, D.D., LL. D.," has ceased to be known among men. Within half a dozen years, one Christian minister has quoted Paine's statement of his religious belief as "true religion," and another has claimed him as a representative of the "best and most enlightened Christianity" of this century. Paine's "Infidelity" was no finality, but it was clearly in the direction of truth, and he was a brave pioneer in religious as well as in political reform. The orthodox clergy still hate him, and allow no opportunity to pass without abusing him. "A live ass may kick a dead lion."—B. F. U., in the Investigator.

OREGON STATE CONVENTION.

To the Liberals of Oregon:

The members of the Silverton Secular Union, of Silverton, Oregon, hereby cordially invite all the Liberals of Oregon to meet with them in mass convention at Silverton, June 22 and 23, 1889, for the purpose of organizing a state association on the basis of the Demands of Liberalism, to co-operate with the American Secular Union. The association thus formed is to represent no intellectual creed, but simply equal rights and impartial liberty. It is to be organized in the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the words of General Grant—"Keep the church and state forever separate."

All in favor of these great ends, so necessary to the preservation of Republican and Democratic institutions, are solicited to be present for fraternal co-operation. In union there is strength.

J. W. McCLURE, President of Silverton Secular Union.
R. D. ALLEN, Secretary,
MRS. CARRIE FITZGERELL,
H. D. MOUNT,
E. WOLFARD, } Executive Committee.

Good Friend Parsons.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I see by your late issue that it takes money to run a Freethought paper—more than I was aware of. Your friends have come forward generously to your aid; and now, as you are still on praying grounds, you may put me down for \$10 per year.

San Jose.

SAMOS PARSONS.

Practical Work.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I am truly thankful that the paper will be sustained. We cannot do better than to send a gift of two or three or more papers to those we think would read them. By so doing spread the Liberal ideas on progress and give the superstitions of the past a thorough airing. Find \$5 inclosed.

But keeping the paper alive is not all that is needed. We need local organization, and must sustain meetings, or we soon lose the interest that our workers in the lecture field create by a course of lectures.

We have eighteen names pledged to sustain meetings in Santa Ana, Orange, and Anaheim—50 cents monthly, due the first of the month. When but few turn out it does not pay to hire a hall; so during the sum-

mer we will meet at the parlors or gardens of believers, and thus save a little sum to pay speakers that may visit us. I do wish that some of the reverends would get up courage to debate with friend W. F. Jamieson, as I really think he could do a mighty work on this coast face to face with clergymen. Our Presbyterian, Rev. Elliot, is said to have answered Putnam after he left. I did not hear it, though one who did declared it was an easy thing to do. But my guess is that it will be a hard thing for those who heard Mr. Putnam, to forget the telling points he made on "Robert Elsmere." I find that the uncharitable Christians prefer to shun out-spoken Liberals rather than converse with them. But all we have to do is to assert our respectability by our lives and work to make the Nine Demands popular, and cultivate our social natures by meeting to sing, recite, and read, interspersed by short speeches, which will make us all wiser and more capable to meet our opposers and sustain our ideas with dignity. Above all let us learn to avoid error and search for truth.

Anaheim.

K. PARKER.

"The Universe Analyzed."

To the Editors of Freethought:

I have just read this excellent work, by John R. Kelso, and desire to express a few thoughts upon its merits.

Such a work is much needed at the present time, when old and ignorant ideas of the creation are being changed to a knowledge of the true laws of the formation of worlds through evolution.

It is time the world had a new genesis, as all religions are based upon a cosmos, and erroneous conceptions of the universe and the laws governing it, when thus perpetuated, are hardest to dislodge from the mind.

That "the universe is eternal," must be admitted, and this is far less difficult than to conceive of a god or gods existing in an eternal vacuum before creation began.

It is all-sufficient to reason from the known to the unknown in the contemplation of infinity. This is so plainly shown in this work that a child might grasp the idea, and thus be far better fitted in after years to solve other problems of existence than when taught the absurd ideas of Bible chronology and anthropology.

I fail to see why so lucid an author rejects the word "duration," as its application to time is the same as the measurement of distance to space. Without a sense of duration one would need be in space where there were no revolving worlds to measure time. We need the word duration, or its equivalent, in speaking of this fragment of time, and of the unfolding of our little solar system, though we are unable to grasp the infinity of duration, or of infinite space, yet we can measure both in a limited sense.

The religion of humanity, which is to supersede all creeds in the near future, will be based on the right understanding of the universe and the laws governing all formations and sentient life.

This book is of much value in assisting the mind to discover errors of past teachings and to find the truth.

L. HUTCHINSON.

THE SUMMER AND FALL CAMPAIGN.

S. P. Putnam has the following lecture appointments in Oregon and Washington:

Silverton.....Or., June 22, 23,	Pomeroy ..W. T., Aug.....26,
Stayton....." " 24,	Union.....Or. " 29, 30,
Mills City....." " 25, 26,	Baker City, " Sept.....1,
Turner....." " 27,	Prairie City, Or, and vicinity, Sept.
Eola....." " 28,	4, 5, 6, 7, 8,
Canby....." " 29, 30	Fox Valley.....Or., Sept. 9, 10,
Molalla....." July 3, 4,	Long Creek....." " 11, 12,
Kalama.....W. T., " 6, 7,	Hamilton....." " 14, 15,
Starks Point, W. T., and vicinity,	Monument....." " 16, 17,
July 9, 10, 11, 12, 13,	Hay Stack....." " 18,
Astoria.....Or., July 14,	Lone Rock....." " 19, 20,
Stella.....W. T., " 15, 16, 17,	Fossil....." " 21, 22,
Oswego.....Or., " 18, 19,	Hillsboro, Or., Sept., 25, 26, 27, 28,
Arnold's Grove.. " 20, 21,	North Yamhill...Or., Sept.....29,
Coos county, Or., July 22 to Aug. 4,	Forest Grove...." " 30,
Coburg....." Aug.....7, 8,	Talent, Or., and vicinity Oct. 3, 4, 5,
Lebanon....." " 9,	6, 7,
Olympia...W. T., " 11, 12,	Linkville.....Or., Oct. 11, 12, 13,
Buckley...W. T., " 13, 14,	Sacramento.....Cal., Oct. 20,
Davenport, " " 17, 18,	San Francisco....." " 27,
Rosalia, W. T., and vicinity, Aug.	Los Angeles and vicinity the month
19, 20, 21, 22,	of November,
Dayton....W. T., Aug....24, 25,	San Diego and vicinity the month of
	December.

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Nature's Religion.

What precept prompts our minds within to dwell
Upon the themes beyond our mortal view?
Can one become profound enough to tell
Things which the wisest never dreamed they
knew?

'Tis said, without a hope for future life
(A future state which many claim to know),
Our functions here would be in constant strife,
Our dwelling dark and dreary here below.

With those let hope inspire who are inclined,
For well some solace in them found a place;
And those who know that state may lead the
blind—
A nobler duty ne'er was given grace.

What's dark and drear in life's simplicity?
What, though our path be cropping out with
thorns?

In Nature rough are gems of rarity;
Philosophy our task of life adorns.

With reason high enthroned and truth our shield,
With right within and duty for our guide,
Are we not armed, then, for the battlefield—
To conquer Fear and banish Error's pride?

These weapons crown with vict'ry human life,
E'en though in bliss eternal we are laid;
They cause us to be men in manly strife,
And, for our cooling comfort, make the shade.

To Superstition let us bid adieu,
And reason out our way as best we can;
There is naught else for us that we can do
And still remain and be an honest man.

If from Effects to Cause we cannot trace
Phenomena most grand, or spirical,
'Twere better far to turn an honest face
Than credit thought of any miracle.

And would it not be best to never know
The causes Nature's mighty hands display,
Than be the victim—savage is the blow—
Of false, though pious, teachings of the day?

The Light of Science, Progress, and the Truth,
Is at command to aid us to divine
The better way to live to age from youth.
Oh, may that light of noon-day ever shine!

Humanity's a field of broad domain,
Where Mercy, Love, and Charity may dwell;
It demonstrates this life were not in vain,
Impelled to duty needs no Heaven nor Hell.

O Freedom, open wide thy pearly gate!
Let Reason stand emblazoned on thy throne!
Enlightenment and truth necessitate
Thy presence and thy counterpart at home.
W. W. BURGESS.

A LAWYER of Temple Court was looking
over some papers his German client had
brought, and every signature had a menace
in it, as it stood: "A Schwindler." "Mr.
Schwindler, why don't you write your name
some other way; write out your first name,
or something? I don't want people to
think you are a swindler." Vell, my Got,
sir, how much better you think that looks?"
And he wrote: "Adam Schwindler."

SIR CHARLES BOWEN told a story at Lon-
don, of a nameless American town. The
town contained three places of worship. All
three were crowded Sunday mornings with
worshippers. One Sunday, however, the
devout people of the three churches found
the pulpits empty, and they dispersed with-
out hearing the sermon. The explanation
was given by a fun-loving young lady who
had addressed to the clergymen an anony-
mous note, containing this sentence: "Fly;
all is discovered." They fled.

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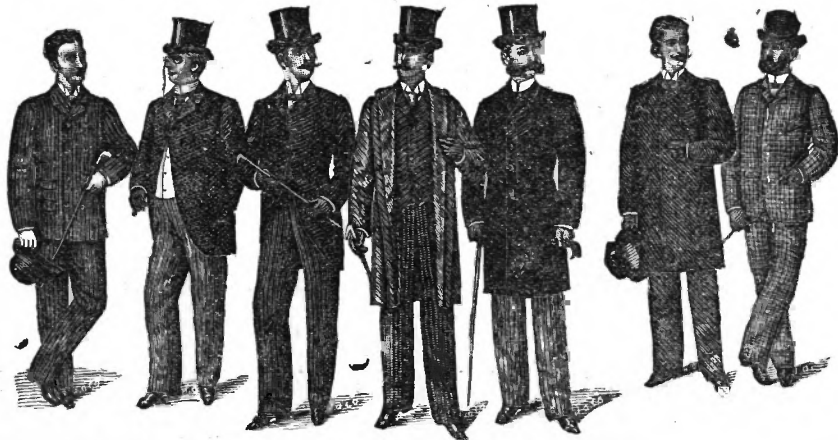
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"My son," said the father, after relating the story of the Prodigal son, "tell me which of the characters in the narrative you are most inclined to sympathize with?" "Well, papa," replied the child, "I think that I should be disposed to sympathize most with the calf."

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VOL. II—No. 23.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1889.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - JUNE 8, 1889.

THE courts of Sidney, N. S. W., have decided that a Sunday paper cannot recover pay for advertisements, as the contract is illegal and void. A fair construction of this ruling would make it impossible for a clergyman to collect his salary.

THE National Secular Society, of England, holds its annual gathering in London June 9. Charles Bradlaugh will preside, which prevents him from being present at the unveiling of the Bruno monument in Rome, occurring on the same day.

THE discussion of the Sunday question announced to take place between Elder Jones of the Seventh Day Adventists and the Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, secretary of the American Sabbath Union, has fallen through. Elder Jones is ready and anxious for the fray, but Mr. Crafts is not.

REPORT has it that Medium Colby will return from his sojourn in the north and renew his warfare with the Chronicle. Mr. Colby is charged with being Parson Rains, of Hearne, Texas, and pleads not guilty. It is a question in which the general public has to a considerable extent lost its former interest.

WHEN the people of Japan adopted a constitution guaranteeing "liberty of the press" they evidently did not know what the phrase meant, as one journalist and two printers have just been sentenced to long terms of imprisonment for criticising the emperor. There seems to be left in Japan a remnant of the delusion that an emperor is more than a man.

THE pope shows his fear of trouble at the unveiling of the monument of Bruno, whom his predecessor burnt at the stake, by ordering that on the day of the ceremony all the papal guards and police shall keep within the grounds of the Vatican, and that those on furlough return immediately. He needs to guard his palace against the people of his own city who know him best.

OUR commissioners to Berlin are reported to have effected a treaty with Germany and England restoring home rule to Samoa. Germany and America are to have a counsellor on the islands, and England's representative will act as arbitrator when the others fail to agree. So far as Germany is concerned, therefore, we

may look for peace, but who can hope to see our home politicians agree over the question whether the policy adopted is that of Bayard or Blaine?

THE Rev. John H. Hooper, of New York city, being guilty of lying and contumacy, besides bearing a bad reputation generally, has been deposed from the pulpit and expelled from the church. Concerning his experience somebody asked, "The ministry does not pay very well, does it, Mr. Hooper?" He replied, "They give you hell for pay." Theological students may thus take warning.

THE dinner and celebration at Camden, N. J., last week in honor of Walt Whitman's seventieth birthday was a well-timed tribute. Whitman's poetry is of the robust order, so plain that everybody knows what it means, and so natural that it touches every heart. He holds the mirror up to men, and perhaps that is why the Comstock crew, seeing themselves reflected, denounced him as coarse and obscene.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, June 9, at 8 o'clock. An address on "Liberty and Morality" is to be delivered by W. S. Bell, of Chicago. All are invited.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Raymond, with half a dozen houses, lies at the foothills of the Nevadas, the railroad terminus, where passengers, after paying a dollar for breakfast, take the coaches for Yosemite. Every day there is a stream of travel quite varied and interesting in aspect. Raymond, although small, concentrates in itself much of the life of California. The "old settlers" are here, and where half a dozen are gathered together there is no monotony. Something is going on. Unique characters present themselves. There is a study for the philosopher and the painter, which becomes quite dramatic at times as one watches the picturesque movement. The iron horse here strikes the solitude of the immense hills, and hesitates to go farther. The wood-chopper, the miner, the railroad-men, the village-blacksmith, the forty-niner, the "wreck of humanity," the prosperous adventurer, the sturdy farmer of a thousand or ten thousand acres, the stage-driver, the herder, congregate in this straggling hamlet with some new feature every day. Mingled with these is a perpetual ripple of fashion from all parts of the world. Outwardly, Raymond might seem intensely dull in the hot shining days to the habitant of the Palace Hotel or Fifth avenue, but from the standpoint of universal human nature, this little corner of the world teems with novel admixtures of the world, the flesh, and the devil. It coruscates with real life. There is no artifice and no hypocrisy. There is no "upper crust" or crust at all. It is motion continually, "wave running on wave" from morning to night.

I found friend Buckingham at the old post, just where I found him a year ago, and working away like a philosopher, although he is almost three score and ten. He couldn't be idle, and will never rust out. He is the same ardent Freethinker as ever, and a generous contributor to the sinews of war. He believes in the glorious future of Freethought; that the battle is to be fought and won for Liberty and progress. So at his carpenter's bench he touches the deepest heart of life and hope, and enjoys the wealth of honest thought.

Judge Maxwell is also our coadjutor, whose broad shoulders can bear almost any burden. He does not hesitate to do his share when called upon, and give the hand of welcome; and so the way of Freethought becomes pleasant in this rugged country.

George Bates decorated our hall with the star-spangled banner and the portraits of Ingersoll, etc., and thus added much to the enjoyment of the occasion. The spirit of beauty breathed amid rude surroundings.

Edward Fenney was chairman of the meeting. The hall was about full, which was as much as we could expect from the scattered population. The lecture was well received, although I guess pretty near half the audience were Christians, but of the Liberal sort that like something new now and then. I could not ask for more appreciative listeners. After the lecture, from about ten to one o'clock, the mazy dance was pursued, and the strains of the violin supplemented the philosophy of Freethought, which of course is a part of the cheerful "religion of humanity."

McKee, Bowen, Green, Judge Woods, and others I was glad to greet again. The day I spent here was in some respects as "good as a show," for these pioneers put much sport and humor in their day's work.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard still entertain the traveler, and good things are not lacking on this "verge of the vast wilderness."

On Wednesday morning I climb the wide and rolling hills, about twelve hundred feet, to Grub Gulch—a name indicative of plenty to eat. It was named from the fact that in old days the miners could always make here a "grub stake," whatever might be their luck in other directions. The weather is hot here as at Raymond, the thermometer running up to 100 and 106, but the atmosphere is so dry that it is quite endurable, and in the shade with a little breeze it is comfortable, and when night comes on there is a marked change and one needs a blanket and can sleep comfortably until morning, and the mornings are quite fresh and attractive with bright sunlight and songs of birds. This is a cosy and really handsome place near the heart of the Sierras. There are many trees, pine and oak, scattered over the encircling heights, where the grass is still green, and here and there are vivid openings in which a most beautiful picture is presented of the distant blue plains, quivering in a golden sheen, in a frame-work of glittering sky and many folding wooded hills. One must sit still and take it quite easy during the middle of the day. The slightest motion will make one sweat. But when the sun drops behind the hills, and his flaming arrows soften in the breezy twilight, and the hot clouds turn to luminous palaces of exquisite color, and the stars peep forth, there cannot be a more lovely place than this mountain gorge. Soft sceneries extend and break into far-off splendid vistas. The grandeurs of the mountain prospects are not displayed, but there could not be anything more enchanting than these lustres of tree and rock and grass and mingling declivities, which to the wandering eye unexpectedly disclose to remote panoramas which seem to reach a hundred miles away.

I find friend A. B. Anderson to be about the biggest Freethinker I have struck. He is nearly a seven-foot Kentuckian, but every inch of him is for humanity and progress. He keeps the hotel at this place, and everything is comfortable. He is a pioneer, well-known over the state as a man of influence and independence. He is always ready to put his shoulder to the wheel. The Christians expect to meet him in heaven, notwithstanding his heretical views, for they recognize that he would make a good member of society. I have no doubt that friend Anderson is as sure of heaven as any of the believers, for he is ready to lend a hand to any that deserve it, which is the most certain way to win salvation whatever or wherever it may be.

I was pleased to meet our most radical ally, A. W. Poole, formerly sheriff of Placer county, and deputy United States marshal, who has had much experience of early Californian life and its rough and oftentimes romantic events. He has never depended on "Christian faith" to carry him through his arduous labors. He overflows with energy, and it would be impossible for such a man to tie to anything less than universal humanity and common sense. It is good to greet a comrade who won't let the grass grow under his feet.

Capt. J. W. Smith is also in our ranks here, and a "true blue" Liberal. His wife is a Christian, but declares that she will not be outdone in liberality by the "other side," and has generously aided our meetings with music and musical instrument. So the rainbow of peace shines over this mountain home. There is no quarreling. All agree to disagree. This is quite delightful, and has made my labors exceedingly agreeable. When all Christians are like some of our Christian friends here, and shake hands with the Reformer and Freethinker, there will be a pretty good millennium for this world.

Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs are staunch friends of progress. Mrs. Stubbs has had a remarkable experience. She was educated in the Catholic religion. Her family are of the orthodox church, and it was simply a great struggle, with but little support and sympathy, to break away from these strong associations and be a Freethinker. But it was done, although with many tears; which shows how brave woman can be for the truth when the issue is fairly made.

Mr. and Mrs. P. McCarthy, if they are not exactly Freethinkers, are right good Liberals and are ready to welcome truth from any source, and prefer the substance rather than the fashion. It is a pleasure to meet with such intelligent and genial people.

Mrs. Hawks, my good Methodist friend, came every night with her three children. She said she wanted to know what was going on, and wanted her children to know too. She wasn't afraid to hear and judge for herself, and she desired her children to enjoy the same privilege. That is the method of Methodism that I like.

I had the fortune to visit the Gambetta mine, and make the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. John Haley, who live in a snug little cottage, with portico embowered with vines and shaded with trees. It is one of the loveliest resting spots I have found. The winds play gently through, the hum of the mill mingles with the bird songs, flowers attract the eye, and books and papers from all over the world; signs of gentle luxury contrast with wild views, and through the woven green lattice is flashed one of the loveliest scenes of the hills and plain. My host is liberal both in heart and mind. He is main owner in the Gambetta and directs its operations. It is one of the best paying mines about. Mr. Haley believes in Ingersoll and thinks it will take about five

hundred years for the world to appreciate all that he has done. I spent a delightful half hour with this genial friend, who has been all over the world, a traveler, a man of business, and who has made something both for himself and humanity, by his labors and skill, and has learned from nature the noblest wisdom of books.

The lectures were well attended, and where all the people came from I can hardly tell. The music had something to do with it. They have a band here, and an excellent one for so small a village. I don't believe any village of its size can boast of so fine a company of musicians. Walter Mills, and his two sons Walter and John, only ten and twelve years of age, Walter Smith, Messrs. Trojohovich and Josovich, are those who contributed so much to the success of the lectures. After they had discoursed music, in the cool night air for a while, Mrs. Smith and Mr. Poole and his son Charles Poole, gave some delightful songs, and so with the eloquent and stately introduction given by Mr. Anderson, the chairman of the meeting, I had just as good a "send off" as any clergyman ever could have with his troops of angels and archangels, and I felt like doing my level best, and I hope I did. It seems to me that we had a pretty good camp-meeting.

I shall have to put off further remarks until next week. I am still at Grub Gulch and living on the fat of the land;—but the mail coach is lumbering down the hills. Mails are such uncertain affairs in this country that one must avail himself of the first chance or he will be apt to get left. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

INHUMAN FANATICS.

The Law and Order Society of Pittsburgh, which desired to arrest the speakers at the last Congress of the American Secular Union held in that city, has again come into disgraceful prominence. Last Sunday night a benefit performance to aid the Pennsylvania flood and fire sufferers was advertised to take place at one of the Pittsburgh theatres. The fact came to the knowledge of the Law and Order Society, and the performers were notified that they would be arrested if they appeared upon the stage. There are some Christians who appear to be as heartless as their deity.

"CRAZED BY RELIGION."

Twice have these words appeared in the daily papers of San Francisco during the past week, and twice has revivialism borne the fruit of insanity. Miss Annie Larsen, a girl of twenty, attended the revival services of D. L. Moody, and was "converted." She spent her time thereafter, day and night, praying for forgiveness of her sins. She threw her whole force into the work, and when her screams for mercy disturbed the neighborhood, the commissioners of insanity sent her to Napa. Another young woman, Mary McDonald, has the same history. Conversion a few weeks ago produced violent religious dementia. She imagined herself possessed of the keys of heaven, which angels were endeavoring to wrest from her. She was also committed to the Napa insane asylum.

There is need for a revival of common sense among the people of this world. Why do not all the doctors, all the editors, all the public men, rise up and inform those within the reach of their voices and influence, that this Christian superstition is a delusion; that there are no gods, no devils, and no angels; that there are no rewards and no punishment beyond this life; that the churches and all other ecclesiastical institutions exist upon false pretenses, and that religion is only ignorance touched with

insanity? All sensible people know that such are the facts. Then why not recognize the truth and have done with this harvest of maniacs?

A RECREANT DEITY.

If ever the God whom the world worships as the controller of all events had an opportunity to intervene for a good purpose, that opportunity was presented at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, last week. Thousands of people of that city went about their accustomed ways unconscious that a vast volume of water was about to burst upon and overwhelm them. The deity that watches the sparrow's fall had no eye for those beings whom he had created in his own image. He gave no warning, and twelve thousand lives were the cost of his negligence. Then when the disaster fell he stretched forth no helping hand. Flood and fire, woe and desolation, and no aid from the source from which, the Christians tell us, all good things come. Who knows how many prayers went up from the struggling mass of humanity that drifted away to death upon the Johnstown flood? We cannot tell, but we know those prayers were not answered. And while thousands of his children were being sacrificed, this God, if we accept the the Christian picture, sat idly upon a jasper throne somewhere above the clouds, and saints of all the ages stood before him twanging golden harps and singing the praises of his mercy and glorious justice.

It seems to us that there is nothing in the universe quite so useless as God, unless it is the impostors who pretend to be his mouthpieces.

LATEST advices state that the demurrer in the case of Harman, Walker, and Harman, of Valley Falls, Kan., has been overruled by Judge Foster, and the defendants must stand trial on the charge of "obscenity"—a charge so absurd, so unjust, and so infamous, that no one who has read the matter complained of can dwell upon it and keep his temper. It is quite easy to see how ignorant bigotry might formulate the complaint against these men, but it is discouraging and irritating to realize that any man with sufficient shrewdness to get a seat on the bench could be so unscrupulous as to entertain it. We do not much wonder that the Harmans and Walker are Anarchists.

SEVERAL weeks ago the corner stone of a public school was laid at Pleasanton, Alameda county. The Masonic order in the town participated. A few days later Rev. Terence Caraher, the Roman Catholic priest of Misson San Jose, in a letter to the press denounced the Masons, asserting that the order was opposed to the church and to American institutions. A member of the Masonic order replied and arraigned Father Caraher for his communication, saying that he was not even an American citizen, and had no shadow of justification in his attack upon Masonry. The discussion had the effect of bringing the priest into court to take the oath of citizenship.

MR. W. H. SNYDER, formerly attorney-general of Pennsylvania, has been stopping at the Palace Hotel. He is a friend of President Harrison, and to a reporter who interviewed him he asserted that Mr. Harrison is still a devout believer in the efficacy of prayer, and prays regularly every day. We do not believe that this testimony to the piety of our chief executive will raise him greatly in the estimation of sensible people. Piety and rascality, "simple faith" and intellectual inferiority, are so suggestive of one another that the world is losing confidence in the value of religious professions.

THE New York Sun says that the Nineteenth Century Club is not likely to long maintain its existence. It is becoming evident that Courtlandt Palmer, the founder and first president of the club, was necessary to its life. He gave to it his time and means; his suggestive mind furnished it with interesting themes for debate, and his extensive acquaintance with men of thought and learning enabled him to secure speakers who could entertain and instruct. New York "society" will wait long for another Courtlandt Palmer to give it something to think about besides the inanities with which it is accustomed to amuse itself.

MR. WILLIAM NOBLE, the tailor, has closed his store on Stockton street for a week or two, and gone to Cazadero, in Sonoma county, for a vacation among the trout. Before he went away he called on FREETHOUGHT to have his address changed, and to leave a gold piece as a token of good will. If Mr. Noble finds a man in Cazadero wearing a Freethought badge-pin, he may know it is Mr. H. F. Ebers, like himself a staunch supporter of the cause. We commission each to extend the courtesies of the occasion to the other, and charge the same to us.

"THE Pope's Death Imminent" is the startling headline in last Sunday's papers. If Pope Leo XIII. is about to die we hope he will see the propriety, before his death, of acknowledging that his claim to infallibility is a sham; that he has no authority for his title of vicar of Christ, and that the church over which he presides is a vast political machine for destroying liberty and augmenting the powers of designing priests. With such a confession upon his lips he might die in such peace as no sacrament can bestow.

FREETHOUGHT acknowledges with gratitude the receipt of a cheering letter and a lift of \$10 from Capt. Robert Davis of Lunenburg, Mass.; also some good business advice, four subscriptions, and a gold eagle from Mr. Philip Cowen, of Petaluma; and a pleasant call and \$20 from Mr. N. B. Parnell, of Tracy. Mr. R. Blackburn, of Colusa, who took the fourteen-dollar diamond charm, and paid five dollars on his subscription is remembered. To all those who have lent a hand—Thanks.

THE Carrier Dove, our able Spiritualist contemporary, warns the public against investing in the Summerland lots, near Santa Barbara, without careful inspection. A correspondent of the Dove reports that the projected "Summerland" is the most unsightly place he ever saw, though he has been in nearly every state in the Union, while another affirms that the people of Santa Barbara look upon the scheme as a huge swindle. There are doubtless two sides to the matter.

THE great disaster at Johnstown, Pa., was not without its "miracle." The Catholic church of the Immaculate Conception was wrecked by the flood, yet a large number of persons testify that when an entrance was forced into the ruin the statue of the Blessed Virgin was found to be untouched and unsullied as on the day it was made! It is a devil of a miracle, and a most useful one, that preserves a graven image and lets ten thousand people drown.

Is suicide to become epidemic among clergymen? Last week we had to report the death of the Rev. Mr. Schorr, of Baltimore, by his own hand. This week it is the Rev. William F. Gage, of Hartford, Conn., who, on June 1, ended his life by jumping from the fourth story of a hotel. A Catholic priest in New York, named Greenfield, killed himself May 25.

WE indorse the course of Frank Bean, of Van Horn, Iowa. He was attacked by White Caps in the name of the Lord, and standing at his door with a piece of iron two feet long he laid out six members of the mob in rapid succession. If more people would follow the example of Mr. Bean, these self-constituted custodians of morality would soon retire from office.

A young lady of Santa Barbara who is interested in the construction of a new Methodist church recently wrote to Grover Cleveland and President Harrison asking for funds. She offered, in return, to send some pretty moss pressed upon a card. Both Cleveland and Harrison responded, the former with five dollars and the latter with ten cents.

WE observe the name of friend Oliver Hinckley among the incorporators of an extensive carriage company in this city. Mr. Hinckley's card will be found in our advertising columns, and we hope whenever readers of this paper want a good rig at a moderate price they will call upon him.

PREACHER BULLOCK, of Haywards, who went away from home suddenly two weeks ago when charged with criminal conduct toward his daughter, was found worshipping in a Seattle church the following Sunday evening. His course illustrates that, in his mind at least, religion has nothing to do with morality.

LAST week was full of excitement for our contemporary, Mr. Choynski, of Public Opinion. Mr. Choynski himself was arrested on a charge of libel, and his boy Joe came out second best in a prize fight. The case of each is to be retried, and may the best man win.

THERE are said to be about two hundred and fifty thousand Indians in this country, nearly twenty-nine thousand of whom are church-members. From this it appears that a larger percentage of Indians than of white men join the church.

ALTA: "It is just discovered that many of the Bibles distributed by missionaries in China are used in the manufacture of shoe soles. Well, they benefit the Chinese sole, after all." Rats!

MR. FRANK KNOWLES apprises us of the formation of a Secular Union at Des Moines, Ia., with a membership of thirty and cheering prospects.

MR. A. H. SCHOU reports a well-attended and very enjoyable lecture at Odd Fellow's Hall in Oakland last Sunday evening by W. S. Bell.

OREGON STATE CONVENTION.

To the Liberals of Oregon:

The members of the Silverton Secular Union, of Silverton, Oregon, hereby cordially invite all the Liberals of Oregon to meet with them in mass convention at Silverton, June 22 and 23, 1889, for the purpose of organizing a state association on the basis of the Demands of Liberalism, to co-operate with the American Secular Union. The association thus formed is to represent no intellectual creed, but simply equal rights and impartial liberty. It is to be organized in the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the words of General Grant—"Keep the church and state forever separate."

All in favor of these great ends, so necessary to the preservation of Republican and Democratic institutions, are solicited to be present for fraternal co-operation. In union there is strength.

J. W. McCLURE, Pres., S. S. U., R. D. ALLEN, Secretary,
MRS. CARRIE FITZGERELL, H. D. MOUNT, E. WOLFARD,
Executive Committee.

OBSERVATIONS.

The last meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society reflected lustre upon the cause, the hall being filled to the doors with an intelligent audience. Mr. F. B. Perkins, the lecturer of the evening, proved to be a most engaging speaker, and "Voltaire and Freedom" was handled with all the skill that comes from familiarity with the subject and ability as an orator. Mr. Perkins is a big man, with broad shoulders and a broad mind, and he is one of the ripest scholars I have ever met.

In the absence of President Chilstrom, Mr. Lemme took the chair. As an opening Professor Schultheis wandered over the piano until he had found all the notes of some great composer's overture, and then proceeded to fill the hall with them.

Mr. Perkins at the outset explained that in an hour he could say but very little of what there was to be said about Voltaire, but he would devote himself to answering some of the current lies concerning this greatest man of his century. Like others who made themselves unpopular in religious circles, Voltaire was the object of unending abuse. It almost seemed as if Judas Iscariot had been given a rest since Voltaire came on the stage. He was as much a Protestant as Martin Luther, yet by Jesuitic strategy the Catholic church had succeeded in convincing Protestants that he was their enemy, and the Protestants mistakenly joined in the hue and cry against him. Catholic cunning and Protestant stupidity had thus combined to do injustice to the greatest of Protestants. Voltaire's attack, the speaker said, was not directed especially against the deity, for he believed in a God. He did not oppose the spirit of Christianity. His phrase, "*écrasez l'infame*" (crush the infamous), had no reference to Jesus Christ, as his enemies endeavored to show. The grammar of the French language forbade that it should be so interpreted. What Voltaire fought was the French or Gallican church of his day, and Mr. Perkins, by a brief summary of the facts about that institution and the men at the head of it, made it quite apparent that Voltaire was justified in his course. The lecture closed with a number of anecdotes illustrating the wit and genius of the great satirist.

Upon invitation from the chair Mr. G. L. Henderson addressed the meeting. His remarks were complimentary to the lecture, which he characterized as an apotheosis. Mr. Henderson looks scarcely older than he did a dozen years ago. He still holds the Positivist philosophy, exalts the heart as more worthy of admiration than the head, and regards woman as the highest product of evolutionary processes. His contact with nature at Yellowstone Park has rendered his style a trifle freer than used to be allowable in the Liberal Club, and he likes to make the wild western eagle scream.

Mr. Schou could not be present at the meeting here outlined, and the need of a collection made his absence much repined. But Brother Walker worked this side, and Brother Williams that, and soon a merry grist of coin fell jingling in the hat, while Mr. Schultheis improvised sonatas in B flat. The thanks of the society to the speaker are returned, and credit for their services is due to all concerned.

About everybody in San Francisco has seen an old gentleman who goes about the streets bareheaded, selling papers and peddling a two-bit pamphlet entitled "Conversations or Street Dialogues with Father Elphick." The pamphlet is not worth any more than the author charges for it, and it contains about what a man who has nothing valuable to impart to the world might be expected to write. Father Elphick's hobbies are that the head should never be covered by a hat, that no meat or cooked food should be taken into the stomach, and that none but white clothing can be safely worn. He does not smoke or chew tobacco, or drink anything but water, and he has lived for eighty-one years. I met him a few days ago. He walks with a cane, is bent half double, and has a bald spot on his crown. He looks nearer ninety than eighty. His habits of life may be conducive to longevity, but after reading his pamphlet I am convinced that if inordinate vanity were fatal, he would have died young.

Our religious contemporary, the Golden Gate, announces with some display a gift of land worth forty thousand dollars, for the

advance of spiritual truth as represented by the above paper. I speak of the Golden Gate as a religious contemporary because I notice in it of late a tendency toward the use of the pious phraseology peculiar to religious prints. The donor of the \$40,000, Mrs. Sleeper, is spoken of by the editor as a "grand soul;" he accepts the "sacred trust" with a "prayerful heart;" assures Mrs. Sleeper of a "shining abode" among the "immortals;" says her generosity crowns her "as with an aureole of the life divine," and in other ways socks sanctity into his composition regardless of expense. Furthermore, Editor Owen says: "We have the positive assurance of our spirit friends and guides" that "other noble hearts will be opened in due time to aid in this grand work." Then he invokes: "In thine own time, blessed immortals, not ours—we wait and trust." This is beautiful and restful, but forty thousand dollars would pay for a good many yards of it at market rates for pious resignation.

Mr. G. L. Henderson, from Yellow Stone Park, Wyoming, made FREETHOUGHT a call the other day, and seeing him revived memories of old times. In May, 1876, Henderson & Brown, coal and real estate dealers, rented the building at 141 Eighth street, New York, and christened it Science Hall. Shortly afterward D. M. Bennett moved the Truth Seeker into some upstairs rooms, the Liberal Club came in from Plympton Hall where it had previously met, and the place became the general Freethought headquarters. During the previous winter Mrs. A. C. Macdonald inaugurated some Sunday night meetings on Broadway where Prentice Mulford lectured. Mr. Bennett also delivered there his lecture "An Hour with the Devil." Mr. Henderson picked these meetings up where they broke off, and transferred them finally to Science Hall, and out of them sprang a society called the First Congregation of the Religion of Humanity. Associated with Messrs. Henderson and Brown were T. B. Wakeman, Porter C. Bliss, Henry Evans, Ed. King, Edward Searing, Charles Codman, Courtlandt Palmer, Augusta Cooper Bristol, and others whose names I do not recall. I have heard Courtlandt Palmer say that his connection with the members of this society changed him from a conservative to a Liberal thinker. The society was exclusive. It would not admit D. M. Bennett to membership, and I believe some protested against having the Truth Seeker in the same building. Their objection to Bennett was his tolerance toward Spiritualism, and Stephen Pearl Andrews was excluded on the same grounds. An old German doctor named Habel became interested in the religion of humanity. As he appeared to understand it, Positivism meant what some call social freedom, as the discussion of marriage formed a good part of the proceedings of the society. When Dr. Habel died he left the First Congregation of the Religion of Humanity about five thousand dollars and his library. I have never seen his will, but I have heard that the money was to be used in agitating for the removal of moral taint from illegitimate children.

Messrs. Henderson and Brown soon established a paper called the Positive Thinker to advocate the doctrines of the First Congregation, etc. The type for the paper was set up in the basement under Science Hall by Mr. Henderson's son and daughters, who thus learned the trade. The outward and visible appearance of the Positive Thinker was decidedly amateurish, and when the youngsters had got so they could do their work fairly well, the paper died.

Mr. Henderson soon afterward left New York. The First Congregation continued to meet, but, as near as I can remember, it over-exerted itself in endeavoring to readjust the props under our social institutions, particularly the institution of marriage, and dissolution set in. At the last roll-call, several years ago, less than a quorum responded. As I said, Mr. Henderson left New York. Then the Truth Seeker moved away; the Liberal Club found new quarters; Hugh Byron Brown was lost in matrimony, and secluded himself in the rural felicity of Long Island; and Science Hall as a Liberal headquarters became a memory.

It takes but a few years for scores of prominent figures to pass from view. If the friends of a decade ago were to meet again in Science Hall, how many distinguished ghosts would be among them—Bennett, Andrews, Leland, Palmer, Eyans, Bliss, Mc-

Watters, and many others. It was almost like meeting these once more when Mr. Henderson dropped in the other morning, for they seemed to accompany him, and I was glad to be with them all again. M.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The most appalling disaster of the century overtook the people of Johnstown, Pa., on Friday, May 31. Swollen by floods, a large reservoir above the city burst its dam, and the whole town was swept away. The loss of life is placed at 12,000. The floating houses and driftwood became massed in several places and caught fire, and many persons perished in the flames. The loss of property can hardly be estimated. The floods at other places caused fearful damage and loss of life. The mines at Mt. Carmel, Pa., were flooded and 6,000 miners thrown out of work. At Carlisle the loss reaches \$200,000. Harrisburg was half under water. Eighteen people were drowned at Elmira, N. Y. A general appeal for aid for the sufferers has gone out, and will be met both by the people and the government. Governor Waterman, of California, issues a proclamation calling meetings for united action.—Dr. J. M. Bowers, who has been in the county jail for two years under charge and conviction of poisoning his wife, whose life was insured for \$17,000 in his favor, has been granted a new trial.—Bishop Vladimir of the Greek church in San Francisco issues a public appeal for funds to repair the church building recently damaged by fire. As the church is a Russian state affair, it may be well to let Russia stand the expense of rehabilitating the sanctuary.

The captain of the steamer *Caroline Miller*, from St. Marc to New York, reports that his ship was fired at by a Haytian iron-clad, May 15.—There is little new light on the Cronin murder mystery. The inquest was held last Monday.—On May 29 a certificate for a pension was granted to Philip Flood, formerly a private in Company E, Forty-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry. The amount of arrears allowed by the Pension Office in his case is \$15,289, his disability dating back to November 14, 1862. This is the largest first payment on record in the Pension Office.—The coroner's jury in the case of Bishop, the deceased mind-reader, found that the cause of his death was coma, and that the doctors acted in good faith, though hastily. The doctors were discharged.—A party of male and female Mormon missionaries is creating great excitement in the vicinity of Tuscola, Ill. They have broken up families, separated husbands and wives, and induced several young ladies to travel with them.—H. Melville Fay, the well-known spirit medium and husband of Anna Eva Fay, has just died in a hospital at Cleveland, O., of cancer of the tongue.—The Connecticut House of Representatives has passed a bill giving women the right to vote on the question of the sale of intoxicating liquors.—John J. L. Plunkett and his wife Mary, the high priest and priestess of Christian Science in New York, have just divorced themselves and Mrs. Plunkett has taken another husband.

The police raided the houses of the leaders of the miners' strike at Dortmund, Germany, the other day, and seized a number of letters and a considerable amount of money. The men whose homes were invaded are accused of being socialist agitators. The editor of the *Westphalia People's Gazette* has been arrested on a charge of instigating strikes in the mining regions.—An unfounded rumor of the death of the pope caused great excitement in Rome last week.—The unearthing of another "assassination society" is reported from St. Petersburg.—Lord Dunraven's new yacht, built to contest for the America's cup, is proving herself a very fast boat, but the general belief is that she cannot beat the Volunteer.

Mr. Tucker's Editorial Policy.

From "Liberty."

The editor is at the helm again, as well and sound as ever, and determined to pursue his original editorial policy of pleasing himself first, whether he pleases his subscribers or not.

B. F. UNDERWOOD's address during June will be Silverton, Oregon, care of Dr. J. W. McClure.

PROFESSOR LADD'S BOOK.—"WHAT IS THE BIBLE?"

A volume with the above title, published by the Scribners, within the past year, is a compendium of a larger work in two volumes, by the same author, George T. Ladd, D.D., Professor of Philosophy in Yale University.

The question which is the title of this work will be a surprise to many Christians as well as Freethinkers: to Christians, because it opens a question which they had thought settled centuries ago; and to Freethinkers because the question is opened by an orthodox doctor of divinity of Yale College. Many other surprises meet us in the perusal of the work, and very pleasant ones too, in the form of candid concessions on points where heretofore we have been accustomed to meet only offensive dogmatism.

The author does not claim to be an unbiased investigator. He says in his preface that "the purpose of the book is apologetic. It is written in the interest of faith." Yet he frankly admits that "the seeker for a satisfactory answer to the question, What is the Bible? cannot too early learn that, strictly speaking, no answer to this question can be gained solely by the Bible itself." He says "this book, indeed, appears before us as one, but it is really a collection of books separated by centuries of time with respect to the date of their origin. Moreover, it was centuries before the collection itself became united into a whole by the action and usages of the Christian church. Even the writer of the latest of these books had, therefore, no Bible as a whole before him upon the nature of which he might be inspired to give us a declaration from God."

Here is an admission that for more than four thousand years the world was left without a Bible. Why should the heavenly father leave his children so long without a revelation of his will, if that book is such a revelation, and so essential to their salvation?

He says that "the question, What is the Bible? is a question of fact." "The place of first consideration in the entire discussion is given to the facts. And the facts must, at all events, be frankly, fearlessly, and constantly kept in view." And yet, he says, "it is as Christians that we begin this examination; and as Christians, with faith confirmed, enlightened, and enlarged, we expect to finish it."

He now enters upon his investigation with this preliminary statement: "From the necessities of the case, no general view of the origin and nature of the Bible could precede the time when the different separate writings of which it is composed had all been finished and collected into a canon of sacred scripture. A theory of the inspiration of the Bible in the sense we are accustomed to attach to these words, could not originate, therefore, until some time after the Christian era. Nor have we any means of telling precisely what the biblical writers themselves would have thought, in answer to the modern question, What is the Bible?" (Ch. i, p. 17).

This statement narrows the field of investigation, and brings it within historic time. It also leaves out of the discussion, not only the whole Jewish people who lived prior to the collection of the sacred canon, but also Christ and his apostles; the writers of the New Testament, as well as the old, and also the early Christian fathers. None of these had a Bible.

And now, after all these are left out, who is to answer the question authoritatively, and tell us what is the Bible? We have got past the time when men were supposed to have written by inspiration, and can now look only to men not inspired. And here he asks the question, "How much consideration shall be given to Jewish, and early Christian writers, outside of the Bible, upon the question of its origin and nature?" To this he answers: "The opinion of Jewish rabbi or Christian bishop is in no case an authoritative opinion" (p. 18).

He now comes to the consideration of the unauthoritative "views of the uninspired Jewish and Christian writers," and thinks that "perhaps their chief value consists in this, that the study of them shows what influences operated upon the minds of the men who, without being by any means fully aware of the meaning of their action, were really engaged in fixing the canons of the Old and New Testaments."

And here, to a person of ordinary understanding, the argument

of the reverend doctor becomes exceedingly attenuated. He makes it rest on, not only uninspired, unauthoritative opinion, but on the work of "men who, without being by any means fully aware of the meaning of their action, were really engaged in fixing the canons of the Old and New Testaments."

Here we are taught, by an orthodox doctor of divinity, that the Bible was collected, constructed, and the sacred canons "fixed" by uninspired men who did not know what they were doing! What an admission is this, by a doctor of divinity, writing "in the interest of faith!" How much "faith" can people have in the sacredness of the Bible after learning this fact?

And yet, after these damaging admissions, he says, "We proclaim ourselves among those who believe in the perpetual inspiration of the church of God. And indeed without believing heartily in this, no one can intelligently believe in holy scripture" (p. 19).

And here the question arises, How comes the book to be "holy scripture," which is constructed by uninspired men, who were unconscious of what they were doing? Where does the "holiness" come in? And again, if the men who "fixed" the canons of the Old and New Testaments were not inspired, and "the church of God is perpetually inspired," were these men members of the "church of God?" If not, how happens it that men, not of the church, and "uninspired," have constructed the "holy scriptures" for the church?

And now, after having been told by the author that "the theory of the inspiration of the Bible originated after all the books were written and collected," and that we have no means of knowing what the writers thought of their own work and that the books were collected and "the canon fixed" by uninspired men, we are now told that "the earliest outside view, as it were, of the inspiration of any of the Old Testament scriptures is to be found in the Old Testament Apocrypha" (p. 20).

As the Apocrypha is rejected as authority by all Protestants, this oldest authority for inspiration is no authority. After devoting some pages to the Apocrypha and the Talmud, neither of which is accepted as authority by Protestants, he introduces Philo, a learned but fanatical Jew, who believed strongly in the inspiration of Moses and the Mosaic law, but who did not value so highly the other Jewish writings. He never accepted Christianity. The value of his opinion may be estimated by the fact that he believed not only that the law of Moses was all perfect truth; but also that all truth was contained in the law of Moses. Professor Ladd's estimate of these authorities is given in these words: "In Philo, as well as in the Talmud, we find little genuine wheat after much beating of straw."

So far, then, he has introduced no real authority in support of the inspiration of the Bible. He next introduces Josephus, another learned Jew, who was born A.D. 37. He, like Philo, had fantastic ideas of inspiration, and particularly of the inspiration of Moses. He also thought that many others, of his own time, were inspired, and that he himself had inspiration of a high order. But Professor Ladd seems to place no value on the opinion of Josephus.

He then turns to "the fathers of the ancient Christian church," and after referring to their differences, and their agreements, he says: "As to the nature of the Bible, however, no one well-developed doctrine exists in the ancient church." . . . "What is now understood as biblical science did not exist; the time for a comprehensive and well-established doctrine of the origin and nature of its sacred writings had not yet arrived in the history of the church" (p. 29).

After referring, at considerable length, to the conflicting views of the fathers of the first two centuries, as to the Old Testament, and its curious allegorical interpretation, he says: "Thus Origen could speak in the highest terms of the inspiration of the Hebrew Bible, in every jot and tittle of its contents, and yet also speak of 'scandals and offenses and impossibilities' as cleaving to its letter."

He also says: "Some of the heretical writings of the age went so far as to make a direct attack on the trustworthiness of the Hebrew scriptures. We find the 'Clementine Homilies,' for example, complaining of the prophecies of the Old Testament as obscure, foolish, inglorious; the so-called Mosaic laws are affirmed

to have been written five hundred years after Moses (although it ought not to be said in public that those chapters were added so late to the Bible, lest the unlearned multitudes be disturbed)" (p. 31).

It seems that there were differences of opinion as to the character of the so-called Mosaic writings even at that early day; and that the allegations of these so-called "heretical writings" were in exact harmony with modern biblical scholarship. After stating that the fathers quoted from the apocryphal books as "divine scriptures," he says, "We see, then, that the ancient Christian church had no developed doctrine of sacred scripture; no one self-consistent view with respect to its details" (p. 36).

"Of the New Testament writings, however, the church took a more fresh, untrammelled, and distinctively Christian view" (p. 36). And yet, he says, "practical and dogmatic considerations finally triumphed over those which had regard rather to truth as ascertained by free and scholarly inquiry."

After alluding to the allegorical and fanciful interpretation of scripture by Athanasius, Eusebius, Ambrose, and Basil, he comes down to Augustine and Jerome, "the two names most prominent in the latter part of the sixth century, and for centuries afterward." He says: "The influence of Augustine upon the development of the doctrine of sacred scripture was indeed deservedly powerful; but it was in many respects very bad. He looked on the Bible, not chiefly as a devout Christian scholar does, but rather as does the dogmatist interested in using it to secure certain practical ecclesiastical ends. No error must be admitted to have occurred in the canonical writers; faith will totter if the authority of the divine scriptures wavers" (p. 39-40).

So it seems that Professor Ladd is only following the example of Augustine when he "writes in the interest of faith."

Of Jerome he says: "The scholar Jerome undertook the laudable but then extremely difficult task of translating the Old Testament into Latin from the original text, rather than from the obscure and debased text of the Greek version. The same prejudice then existed against having traditional errors corrected which has always existed, and which exists even now. It is not strange, therefore, that the work of Jerome was done in a timid and vacillating way" (p. 41).

Up to this point—the end of the sixth century—we have found no answer to the question: What is the Bible? and no evidence of its inspiration that Professor Ladd seems to consider of any value. From this point, until the time of the Reformation, the opinions of Augustine seem to have controlled the church. During these centuries "the cause of biblical study made almost no progress."

Of the Reformation, in the sixteenth century, the professor says: "*It was not the reading of the Bible by the people which produced the Reformation; it was the Reformation itself which procured the reading of the Bible*" (p. 45).

What, then, produced the Reformation? The professor tells us in the preceding sentence: "The love of learning was now increasing and spreading abroad."

At this point we may pause for a retrospective view of the world and of the church. According to Bible chronology, the world had existed and the human family had lived upon it more than five thousand years. According to the teachings of science, in which the church now professes to believe, the world had existed at least forty-eight millions of years; and the human family had lived upon it not less than two hundred and fifty thousand years. And yet, after much talk about a revelation, and a Bible, the revelation was not at all understood by the professed church of God, and "there was no settled, well-defined view of the Bible." The church had ruled kingdoms and empires, temporally and spiritually, for a thousand years; during which time it had suppressed science, and put to death the most distinguished of its teachers. It had caused the death of millions in its bloody wars, and kept the people in such ignorance that those terrible years are still characterized as the Dark Ages. And now, when the "love of learning" begins to produce a "reformation," the church, eager as ever to suppress knowledge, burned at the stake in Rome, the noble Bruno, for no other offense than the teaching of science. Thousands have since shared his fate; and though the power to persecute has, in a great degree, been taken from

the church, its war on science is still kept up, and the Bible is still its weapon. This Bible, this "revelation from God," this "sacred scripture," by whose authority the "infallible church" has burned and butchered millions of innocent victims, is still so little understood that the most educated of the clergy, in our oldest institutions of learning, in the most enlightened branches of the church, are still groping their way through ancient legends of Jewish and Christian mythologies, asking and trying to answer the question: "What is the Bible?" So far we have no answer to the question, from Professor Ladd. We have learned that the Christian church has constructed a book which they call the Bible; and that they are now inquiring into the character of that book.

In future numbers I will try to give the results of the professor's work in trying to solve this difficult problem.

J. W. NORTH.

THOMAS PAINE AND "HIGHER CHRISTIANITY."

To the Editors of Freethought:

Verily the world moves in spite of its creeds and dogmas. That the "heretics of one age become the saints of another" is being verified in Thomas Paine. A sprightly and Christian correspondent of the Daily Union of this city, Mrs. Calhoun, said, in a recent letter from New York, that mere patriotism was not ennobling, there being nothing elevating in the sentiment, "My country, right or wrong," and she longed to see the time when the people would rise to the "higher Christianity" of "the world is my country, to do good my religion."

No one will dispute that this sentiment is a good deal higher than ordinary Christianity; but it is not probable, from her previous writings, that Mrs. Calhoun would have quoted it in that connection had she known its author. But it is a hopeful sign to see Christians aspiring to something higher than the old-time Christianity; and where could they find these higher sentiments better portrayed than in the writings of Thomas Paine? The civilization, which they boast their religion has produced, is due entirely to the "higher" kind, of which Paine was one of the grandest exponents. As to the old low-caste specimens, of which they are very justly getting to be ashamed, their influence has never been elevating. "As a man thinks so is he," hence, those who think their God is a cruel monster do not lack much of being that way themselves. It is natural that they should.

An example of the hardening effect of Christian belief came under my observation this evening, though it was not the first, by many. A refined and agreeable minister of the gospel called with his good lady to see my daughter-in-law, and, she being absent, I undertook to entertain them till she returned. The gentleman amused himself with a newspaper, while I tried to kill time with his wife. Pretty soon he laughed outright, then read aloud the item of news which had amused him, and then his wife laughed with him. It was about a man in this city who had been divorced from his wife, but was so attached to his two little children that he obtained permission from the court to visit them at their mother's home. On Sunday afternoon he went to see the children and found the house empty and the family gone, he knew not whither.

How an incident so sad could create pleasure in the minds of respectable and apparently amiable people, I could not imagine; yet such was the case. Seeing that I did not smile, the lady said she had no sympathy with "that sort of people." Why should she care for God's reprobates? Those who are to sing psalms in heaven with their friends frying in hell, must begin the hardening process here; and they do. It is a natural consequence of their belief, to be either callous or miserable.

The "higher Christianity" of Thomas Paine would have a humanizing influence on "followers of the Lamb" like these, though I can't see where the Christian part comes in.

Take courage in your work, Mr. Editor, you are helping to spread that "higher civilization." We don't accept the word Christianity. It has a bad record, and we repudiate it. Yours for honesty and truth,

MARY A. WHITE.

San Diego, Cal., May 23.

BOUND volumes of FREETHOUGHT for 1888 may be had for \$2.50

HOSPITALS NOT CREATIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But to those who know anything of the life of Buddha, and who have heard anything of the precepts of self-sacrifice and benevolence that he taught, it will be no surprise to find that India is the home of the hospital, as the aim of this great teacher was the endeavor to solve the way of saving men from disease and death. About 324 B. C., King Asoka commanded his people to build hospitals for the poor, the sick, and distressed, at each of the four gates of Patua and throughout his dominions. Of these, Fa Hian, a Chinese pilgrim, writing about 400 A. D., speaks as follows:

The nobles and landowners of this country have founded hospitals in the city to which the poor of all countries, the destitute, the cripples, the diseased, may repair for shelter. They receive every kind of help gratuitously. Physicians inspect their diseases, and according to their cases order them food and drink, decoctions and medicines, everything in fact which may contribute to their ease. When cured they depart at their own convenience.

Another Chinese pilgrim, writing in 648 A. D., mentions a multitude of these establishments. This open-handed generosity to the "poor of all countries" is a contrast to the deeds of the teacher of Galilee, who announced that he had not come "save to the lost sheep of the house of Israel," and seemed to grudge the cure of those of other nations, though (according to the story) it cost him but a word to effect such cure.

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

Respecting insane asylums the record is as little in favor of Christianity. The Egyptians and Greeks cared for the insane in the precincts of some of their temples; the Mohammedans in the seventh century built asylums for the insane at Fez, while the first Christian asylum we hear of was built at Valencia in Spain in 1409. These pagans and unbelievers treated their insane patients with kindness, and sought to relieve them by diversions. It was left for Christianity to devise the mediæval modes of cure, the prison, the chain, the rack, the stake, combined with every form of abuse that ingenuity could devise. This was in the palmy days of the church, when she had full sway. Now, reason

and science once more assert themselves, and the modern followers of Hippocrates and Galen, having no belief in demoniacal possession, have no need to resort to the violent and abusive methods devised by ignorant priests for driving the demon out of his supposed quarters.

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

OUR CENTENNIAL.—THE OTHER SIDE.

Was it not the object of the Centennial to depict, in a graphic, striking manner, the present actual condition of the whole people of the United States as a republic, after a hundred years of experiment, and to contrast it with the monarchical systems of government in the Old World?

In those governments, the greatest good of the fewest number is sought, and perpetuated by inheritance, regardless of intrinsic worth on the part of the individual office-holder or the property possessor; these having been originally obtained by the sword, war, and maintained by laws framed by the conquerors regardless of inherent primitive rights. The king ruled by divine right, which the war-priesthood proclaimed, and the kings and priests divided the spoil. The priests diverted the attention of the common people from earthly things by pointing them to their imaginary heavens. They affirm that woman is the source of all evil to the human family, and that the man should rule over her by divine appointment, as a punishment for introducing sin into the world. And the kings and their aristocracy, under priestly inspiration and at their instigation, in the mean time, take entire possession of the land of the nation, of woman (half the population), and of the mass of the people. The landless people they divide, using one-half as soldiers to keep the other half in subjection, and to maintain their power of possession. In both church and state, it was authority for truth, not truth for authority.

The American Revolution was preceded by an earthquake and a heaven-quake (Napoleon's "war of ideas"). Thomas Paine, Franklin, Jefferson, and their peers, were Infidels to the infidel systems of civil and ecclesiastical governments of the Old World. These constitute "the great whore of Babylon, with mystery written on her forehead." Governments, they proclaimed, were instituted for the good of the people; the greatest good for the greatest number; and by the people and for the people; *vox populi, vox Dei*—the voice of the people being, henceforth, the voice of God. The "Age of Reason" was written and published in place of orthodox mystery and authority. The primordial "Rights of Man" followed; these existed before any government; and "Common Sense" was next in order, and then came the Declaration of Independence—"The Crisis," that brought on the revolution. It succeeded, and a government was established, based theoretically upon the "inalienable rights" of human beings—that all men were created free and equal, and possessed of certain inalienable rights, and government should acknowledge and enforce those rights. Jefferson said, "No man has right to land only in usufruct." No person could believe or disbelieve any proposition, as they willed, or because of authority of either church or state.

The inherent rights of men and women are equal, and there should be equality of the sexes in the family, in society, and in governmental affairs. In the earthly order, woman should have entire control of the sexual relation pertaining to reproduction. In that order education should be universal. Each child born should be equally educated as a citizen of the republic. There should be no monopoly of knowledge, for knowledge is power. And in a republic all the sovereign people should be taught morality—self-supporting industry—hygiene. There would be no place for army, navy, doctors, or lawyers. No priests or millionaires. No poor and no criminals.

Paine said, "The most formidable weapon against error is reason; and I trust that I shall never use any other." "I believe in one God and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life." "I believe in the equality of man, and that religion consists in endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures

happy." A government that was purely secular, conserving the freedom of conscience of sects, and non-sects; from the Infidel founders to the most fanatical Shakers, no sooner was this entirely secular government established than the Catholic and Protestant priesthood united, like Pilate and Herod, to oppose and subvert it by introducing their Gods and Christs into the Constitution, as they introduce poisons under the name of medicine into their own physical systems. The evils that remained after the government went into practical operation—unlimited land possessions, chattel slavery, wages slavery, woman's subjection and disfranchisement, and other forms of wrong, like class-education—brought on the Civil War, costing thousands of lives and millions of property. Now the priesthood of the old heavens and earth are seeking to subvert the "reason" and "rights" of the American people, contrary to their "common sense," and a second "crisis" is impending.

The Centennial has shown up one side of the great American republic—the wonderful prosperity and astonishing social and pecuniary success of the class-educated part of the United States; a class educated in the common schools, then in high schools, academies, and colleges, and, finally, in the military institutions of the miscalled republic of the United States, at the expense of the laboring part of the population, who are the wealth-producing majority. These are left in ignorance and poverty, to become either the chattel or wages-slaves of the non-producing, class-educated part of the population, who had "taken away the key of knowledge" from their fellow-citizens. "Knowledge is power." And thus they became the ruling powers of the state—legislators enacting laws, and then lawyers to interpret those laws, by means of which they monopolized the life-elements of the nation—the land, the money, and the labor of the uneducated men, women, and children of this "boundless continent."

Whilst the governments of the Old World are "founded in force and fraud," beginning with force, the American government is founded in ignorance, and then perpetuated by fraud and force; it ends in a large army and navy, as exhibited in the grand display in the streets of New York and its adjacent waters. The pomp and pride, and glittering display of dress and of music—in war to drown the cries of the wounded; in peace, to captivate the uneducated and ignorant, and render them willing slaves to their educated brothers, who had taken away the key of "knowledge," destroyed their "reason," robbed them of the "inalienable rights" of man—the elements of existence, by which alone life and liberty can be maintained or the pursuit of happiness be successful.

Washington declared that this was not a Christian but a secular government. His private secretary was Thomas Paine, who said, in the crisis of the Revolution, "These are the times that try men's souls." Paine hated war like a Quaker; and the orthodox, war-Christians of all denominations—Catholic included—in both armies, hated "Tom Paine," as they opprobriously termed him, slanderously calling him Infidel and heretic, because he believed in the "Age of Reason," in the "Rights of Man," in "Common Sense," in the equality of men and women, who should be equally represented in making and executing all the laws, social and governmental; and who said, "I believe in one God and no more."

THE SECOND CENTENNIAL.

Let us have another Centennial, wherein shall be brought out, to the blaze of day, the dark side of the picture of the great American republic. In our great cities, Jefferson declared, the people would be piled one upon another, and would devour one another, as under the old-world rule. Is it not true? He said, "No man has right to land except in usufruct." If carried out, there would be no great cities or "cancers on the body politic."

If there be a skeleton in our national house let it be exhibited; let us see things as they are. Take off the covering that is over all people, and the veil that is spread over the face of all nations. Let us have an exhibition, by processions, of the uneducated and robbed classes of society. Empty the slums, pauper houses, hospitals, tenement-houses, jails, and prisons, bringing out the poor and tramps. Give them appropriate emblems, banners, and mottoes. The fifty or a hundred thousand fallen women, with a like number of needle women, would make a grand display, with their friends escorting. Then the landless men, who have

become soldiers and sailors from necessity, who learn to kill their fellows that the rich may feed and clothe and shelter themselves.

Let the "City by the Sea" ask Whittier to write another ode; he knows how to do it. His heart is not turned to stone; it is in the right place. The theme would inspire him, and the Shakers would indorse him.

(Elder) F. W. EVANS.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

"BEDROCK REASONS."

To the Editors of Freethought:

In your issue of May 25, 1889, "J. C. P." sets out his "bed-rock" reasons for opposition to woman suffrage. He says that sovereignty rests upon the strong arms and physical strength of men only. The natural corollary from this that sovereignty rests only in the arms and physical strength of the strongest—that is, as Senator Ingalls claims, "might makes right." That was the basis of absolute despotism, but is not the basis of republican government. William the Conqueror relied upon the strong arm of his retainers to sustain an absolute despotism. There was a concession to the old form of choosing kings by a popular vote. Suffrage was not, at that time, accorded to the whole people, nor to those bearing arms or capable of bearing arms. Commutation of military service was the rule, and he who commuted did so because his land was charged with the military service. Unless he owned land he owed no direct military service to the king. In this country the army and navy are paid by the nation to do its fighting. The police of the several states are paid by their respective governments to do police duty. If fighting is to be based upon the ability to fight or to compel submission to law, then the soldiers and the police alone should vote. This is not the rule of republics, nor is it a reasonable rule.

His second assumption, that the weakness of the land is due to the weakness of women and children, has no relation to the question of suffrage. Physically weak men, old men, paralytic men, provided they can reach the polls, are permitted to vote. Yet in a foreign war or any domestic riot these men would be as helpless as the women, if not more so.

His third point is that the ballot should not be surrendered to "incompetent, unwilling, and irresponsible persons," chief among whom he places the W. C. T. U., backed by the clergy. If this were a good reason for stripping one class in the community of all political rights, why not strike down the class of irresponsible men who vote under the direction of saloon keepers, and of political bosses who stop at no measures to carry an election, and who profess to have the vote of their respective districts for sale to the highest bidder?

If it is the right of an Agnostic or an Atheist to vote according to his views of right, he must concede to others the same liberty of thought and action. The despotisms of the church, by which Freethought was suppressed and the doctrine of heresy declared treason against the state, and punished by confiscation of property, by excommunication on the part of the church, and by being branded as a villain and an outlaw, forfeiting liberty, property, and all the rights of freemen, were based upon the same doctrine of expediency as "J. C. P." contends for—that the community has a right to decide absolutely what is for its best interests, and to invade personal rights to secure the so-called best good of the community.

As I am not a prohibitionist, nor a church-member, I am not defending the right of the clergy, or their followers, to dominate over the state, to suppress Freethought, to make it a crime to be honest, nor am I willing to take the other position that for fear this may come to pass, Liberals should unite to strip Christians of their political rights, or disfranchise the women of this nation for fear that they will tyrannize over Freethinkers.

In New Orleans the female teachers of the public schools had no protection in regard to the payment of their wages, while the male officials took care to use whatever public money there was for the payment of their salaries.

If "J. C. P." will read a late article in "The Journal of United Labor," showing the condition of the working girls of Chicago, who are compelled to work at starvation wages and are forced

almost to prostitution to keep body and soul together, he will see the manner in which we protect women where they have the power. It is all very well to talk of chivalry, but the employing class in this country have no chivalric ideas. They protect their female employees exactly as the slaveowners protected their slaves, and in the same spirit—to obtain the most work for the least pay, and with utter disregard of the health or morals of those they employ.

Many of the members of the W. C. T. U. feel these wrongs and outrages upon their sex, and they desire the ballot so that it may be a shield against these wrongs. It is true that they have made prohibition one of the leading features of their work. It is equally true that many of their members also acknowledge that other measures are needed. And whether prohibition is to be the law of this country or not, is a question to be decided by male votes as well as by the votes of the females. It follows as inevitably in their work, as it has in other reform work, that they will come to think and act for themselves, that they will not be blind followers of clerical leaders. It is enough for us to accord equal rights now, and to trust to the advance of intelligence and honesty to secure to all equal rights in the future. W. S. BUSH.

Seattle, W. T., May 27, 1889.

THE WATTS-DRIVER "DEBATE."

It seems that the recent meeting between Mr. Charles Watts and the Rev. Mr. Driver, at Chicago, was not a debate, after all, notwithstanding Dr. Driver was announced with a flourish of trumpets as the great "answerer" of Infidels and skeptics. E. A. Stevens writes:

After Mr. Watts arrived in Chicago, Dr. Driver said he would not debate, that he had conscientious scruples against discussion; but if Mr. Watts would lead off for an hour each evening, he (Driver) would follow him. His conscience was not troubled, however, at such manifest unfairness. Merton Smith, who represented D. L. Moody, finally agreed that half-hour speeches should be allowed, in which Mr. Watts could say what he pleased and Dr. Driver could use his time as he chose. This gave the Christian champion all the advantage, but we consented, as Mr. Watts could well afford to concede everything, and then, metaphorically, wipe him out. The four nights discussion were reduced to three at Dr. Driver's request, he pleading indisposition and fatigue.

Large and intelligent audiences attended each session, and on some occasions the opera house was fairly packed. It was quite a task to enforce the rule demanded by the Christians, that no demonstrations of approval or disapproval be made, as they were the most frequent violators of it.

The learned doctor of divinity is quite an interesting emotional orator, a student, and connected with a theological university at his home; he is adroit in his discussion, but is no debater, and his greatest ingenuity was evidenced in his evasion of the questions Mr. Watts put to him.

It would be utterly impossible in a single short article to summarize the discussion, or to do anything like justice to Mr. Watts's magnificent championship of secular principles. Thoroughly armed at all points, he is perfectly impervious to the aimless shafts of his orthodox adversary. He is a great compendium of secular history and philosophy, and the skill of his methods is almost marvelous, for his mind and tongue are trained to work in rapid unison, and he is ever ready to clinch with logic and reason the points of his opponent, and to this is added a well-tempered satire that cuts like a Damascus blade. Through the greater part of the discussion he preserves a courteous suavity, and, it might be said, an "insinuating smoothness," but before he closes he marshals his facts and descends on his unfortunate adversary like an avalanche, sweeping all before him.

The lectures delivered Sunday afternoon and evening drew large houses and were applauded to the echo. Both were scholarly productions, evincing a breadth of culture and depth of research strongly contrasting with even the most distinguished doctors of divinity that the Christians could put forth. A large portion of the orthodox element were of that class who, "convinced against their will, are of the same opinion still." It may

be there were a few open to conviction, and still possessed of sufficient intelligence to discern the difference between rationalism and emotionalism. Such must have been impressed with Mr. Watts's forcible arguments. Several new members have been added to our roll of honor, so we know "we have not labored in vain, nor spent our strength for naught."

A resolution of thanks was unanimously tendered Mr. Watts for the ability with which he championed our cause, and the intellectual treat his lectures had proved.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL MANUAL.

One of the most important questions of the times, which must very soon be met by the American people, is that of moral instruction in our public schools.

How to teach children the purest principles of morality without teaching them sectarian dogmas, is a matter involving the very existence of our free public-school system.

Individuals cannot, with propriety, insist that their peculiar religious tenets shall be taught to those children whose guardians do not accept such doctrines, and they have an undoubted right to object to anything being taught in a free unsectarian secular school to which any patron can reasonably make objections.

Recent events in Boston, Chicago, Pittsburg, and other places, show that a bitter controversy on this subject will soon convulse our entire country, and a wise policy requires that some common scheme of moral instruction shall be suggested to our state schools, which shall be acceptable to all.

In a recent Symposium got up by the editor of the Christian Register of Boston, on the main question, "Can morality be taught in our public schools without sectarianism?" a large number of the leading educators of our country of different denominations, including Hebrews, answered in the affirmative. We, who believe it can be done, are bound to show how to do it. With this in view, I venture to make the following practical proposition:

I will contribute \$100 to raise \$1,000, to be offered as a prize for the best practical scheme, in the form of a manual, or other device, for the use of teachers in our public schools, showing how the purest ethics can be taught without teaching such doctrinal tenets as could justly be offensive to either Catholics or Protestants, Jews or Liberals.

This pledge of \$100 is conditioned upon the pledge for this object of the total sum of \$1,000.

When the whole amount of \$1,000 is promised, the subscribers shall have a friendly conference in person, or by proxy, to arrange details and select a committee to act as judges upon the papers submitted, and to award the prize.

Several personal letters have been sent out containing the above proposition, and the following pledges have been promptly made:

R. B. Westbrook, Philadelphia, Pa.....	\$100 00
G. E. Swan, Beaver Dam, Wis.....	100 00
Joseph Sedgebeer, Painesville, O.....	100 00
L. Geiger, Hudson, N. Y.....	100 00
W. H. Forwood, Fort Snelling, Minn.....	100 00

We now need \$500 more. I earnestly appeal to all patriots, and especially to members and friends of the American Secular Union, to subscribe this amount of money at once. We prefer subscriptions of \$100 each, but smaller amounts will be accepted. Let us have at least three more of \$100 subscribers. Let the balance be made up by \$50 and \$25 pledges. Progressive thinkers are often called iconoclasts and destructive critics—tearing down without an effort to build up. There is too much truth in this charge. If we object to the present system of "religious" instruction in our public schools, and in Girard College, and other institutions that should be free from sectarianism, we are bound to show a more "excellent way." The ecclesiastical war between Romanists and Protestants over "religion" in our state schools will at last have to be settled by Secularists and on the Secular principle. Persons holding to the Nine Demands of Liberalism must lead in the great work. Moreover, we Liberals need just such a manual as we propose for use in our own families and societies, to place side by side with Washburn's "Cosmian Hymn Book" and Bierbower's "The

Virtues and their Reasons" and other similar works. Let us now vindicate ourselves from the slander that we are indifferent to the question of morals and that we are mere agitators and theorists. Let us do something for the permanent good of the world.

We hope to have the proposed subscription filled within one week from the time that it reaches our friends through our Liberal papers. Responses may be addressed directly to the undersigned.

R. B. WESTBROOK,
Pres. Am. Sec. Union, 1,707 Oxford street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A FREETHINKER'S MODEL RANCH.

If anyone in California wants to know how to make a living and lay up money on the products of ten acres, he should spare the time to visit the beautiful little home of D. Edson Smith, out on the west side of town. He settled there six years ago in the tall mustard, and went to work to make a comfortable home. If ever a man succeeded, he is that man. We visited his place this week, for the first time in two years, and saw his theories of farming demonstrated. Every species of fruit-tree, nut-tree, and shrub of value on the coast is growing, flourishing, and bearing splendid crops of the best varieties in existence. Between the trees he has every species and variety of the best garden vegetables growing all the time. But he takes care of his ground, and it grows richer all the time. While he raises nearly everything he eats, he always has a large surplus to sell, which pays for his groceries, clothing, etc., and leaves a bank account in his favor besides. His berries are the finest, his larger fruit the best, and his vegetables the nicest that come to the Santa Ana market. He keeps a fine cow, a horse, and two or three hundred chickens. All are put to the best use and are made profitable. Everything he touches prospers. The only secret is that he works. He neglects nothing. Everything is attended to promptly and in the best possible manner. No half-tended stock, no sickly, drooping chickens, no trouble or clouds, no fits of despondency, flourish or grow on his ranch. All is sunshine, hard but agreeable work, and prosperity. The secret is, he toils while others do not. He toils while others play. He improves each shining hour while others sit around and wait for something to turn up. His ten-acre ranch is the model of Southern California, and is worth a visit from all who visit the valley. Lastly, it is not for sale.—Santa Ana Standard.

WHAT THE SECULAR UNION IS DOING.

Charles Watts, editor of the Tronto Secular Thought, bears witness to the activity and efficiency of the American Secular Union in the appended editorial from his paper:

• During our recent visit to Chicago we availed ourselves of the opportunity presented of ascertaining from official sources the nature and extent of the excellent work being accomplished by the American Secular Union. For thirty years we have been in favor of Secular organization, inasmuch as we regard it as being the most effectual means of gathering together and consolidating the elements so very necessary to the success of our movement. Seeing the valuable service now being rendered to our cause by the American Secular Union we are, more than ever, impressed with the advantages of organized effort. Not only is the Union a centre of the great Freethought party of the United States, but in its associated capacity it has special facilities for inaugurating and carrying out measures of reform which cannot be so readily done by individual effort. The Union is now engaged in the formation of branch societies throughout the continent, making a legal protest against the dangerous encroachments of the Roman Catholics, endeavoring to regain the Girard gift which has been wickedly stolen from us by orthodox Christians, and seeking to secure a manual on moral teachings, apart from theology, for the education of the Secular youth. This is the programme of the Union, and its forms a record of practical work which is as creditable to the organization as it will be useful to all Secularists. It appears to us from our personal knowledge that this organization is deserving of the active support of every person who desires to aid in obtaining the triumph of justice, freedom, and mental liberty.

The secretary of the Union, Mr. E. A. Stevens, is undoubtedly a hard worker who is determined not to allow "grass to grow under his feet." Evidently his heart is in the cause, to which he heartily devotes his time and energy. From what we saw during the five days we were in Chicago his powers of endurance would seem to have no end; early and late was he at his office attending to his manifold duties. We sincerely hope that his devotion to and zeal for the cause will meet with that appreciation which they deserve.

We were exceedingly gratified at the promising condition of the Chicago local Secular Society. It is based upon a sound principle, and has the advantage of having the alliance of "young blood and old heads." While the younger members of the society—both ladies and gentlemen—are able and active, they have the supreme advantage of the great experience and freely-rendered services of such well-tried workers as Mrs. Freeman and Mr. Jehu Barr. The society combines rational amusement with intellectual discipline, the great secret of success in such a movement as ours. Not content with having lectures on Sundays, singing, dramatic, and debating classes are held during the week, and thus the co-operation of old and young, male and female, is secured. If these advantages were possessed and judiciously used by all Freethought societies throughout this vast continent, Secularism ere long would be even a greater power in our midst than it is at present.

A Woman's Plea.

To the Editors of Freethought:

In FREETHOUGHT of May 25 were several letters concerning "Women and Politics," and I would ask the liberty of answering the one by "J. C. P." First let me say to him that sovereignty may be the life of all governments where the bayonet is the principal power; as, for instance, it is to-day in Russia. There was once a time when everything was ruled by brute force and only those that were the strongest survived. If men were not endowed with the passions that Nature has given them, women would have been laid beneath the club and our human race would have been extinct.

But in the nineteenth century in a land over which Liberty waves her stars and stripes, and the people claim to be governed, not by sovereignty and the bayonet but by the laws of equity and virtue, I say woman has the same right in the voice of such a government as man has, by reason of her being an intellectual and moral being.

Again, I would like to ask "J. C. P." if the ballot would be any more of a mockery and sham in the hands of an intelligent and moral woman than it is in the hands of an ignorant negro or Chinaman. I think that "J. C. P." has somewhat of that old spirit that was shown in the Dark Ages when representatives of Christianity in grand council discussed the possibility of woman having a soul, as they thought that she was too uncleanly and un-sacred to have one. How absurd it is to us now to think of women as mere things. Please let "J. C. P." remember, too, that all women are not "W. C. T. U's," nor are they all staunch followers of the "clergy." I wonder, as does Elva Davidson, in her letter last week, if we would have succeeded in getting a more pious president or postmaster general than we have now, if the women had voted. Our president will not even read a letter on Sunday, and Wanamaker is entirely too spiritual to have an existence long on this material globe.

Do you not know that the religion and virtue taught at the mother's knee has far more influence over the child than the ministers and school-tutors combined? Lincoln always said if it had not been for his mother's virtuous training he would never have issued the Emancipation Proclamation.

The age of tyranny is past; we are now living in the age of reason, equity, and virtue, and if we want to further advance our civilization from the bonds of superstition and ignorance, let woman step in with her virtue and intelligence and be a co-partner with you. Give her first a chance to use her influence for good; you don't know what she might do. The woman of to-day is not the woman of yesterday. She sees more and more that it is necessary that she too must be interested in these great reforms of our day which so greatly concern the welfare of each and all of us. Give her a chance, I repeat; give her the ballot and then see what the woman of to-morrow may be. I don't doubt that at first there might result an eruption in our government, as the common

result of evolution, but it would be as an earthquake on this mighty earth of ours. It would shake you up for a little time, do a little local damage, make you think something terrible was going to happen, then quietly pass over, and all be for the best of our nation and civilization, finally.

BESSIE VON H. TING.

Pomona, Cal.

BOOKS.

We have for sale at this office, among other works:

"John Ward, Preacher." \$1.50.

"Yone Santo," see advertisement.

"Self-Contradictions of the Bible." 15 cents.

"The Truth Seeker Annual" for 1889. 25 cents.

"Liberty and Morality," by W. S. Bell. 15 cents.

"The System of Nature," by Baron D'Holbach. \$2.

"Robert Elsmere," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Price, 50 cents.

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

Judge Maguire's "Ireland and the Pope," a history of papal intrigues against Irish liberty. Price, 50 cents.

Taylor's "Diegesis," by the Rev. Robert Taylor. A discovery of the Origin, Evidences, and early history of Christianity. \$2.

"Looking Backward," a socialistic romance which has been termed the "Uncle Tom's Cabin of Industrial Slavery," by Edward Bellamy. Price, 50 cents.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURES.

Fresno Flats, June 1, 2, 3,
Hornitos, June 4.

New Sanel, June 6, 7,
Ukiah, June 8, 9, 10,
Covelo, June 13, 14, 15, 16.

THE SUMMER AND FALL CAMPAIGN.

S. P. Putnam has the following lecture appointments in Oregon and Washington:

Silverton.....	Or., June 22, 23,	Pomeroy ..	W. T., Aug.....	26,
Stayton.....	" " 24,	La Grange, Or.....	Aug.....	29,
Mills City.....	" " 25, 26,	Union.....	Or.....	30,
Turner.....	" " 27,	Baker City, "	Sept.....	1,
Eola.....	" " 28,	Prairie City, Or, and vicinity,	Sept.	
Canby.....	" " 29, 30	4, 5, 6, 7, 8,		
Molalla.....	" July 3, 4,	Fox Valley.....	Or., Sept. 9, 10,	
Kalama.....	W. T., " 6, 7,	Long Creek.....	" " 11, 12,	
Starks Point, W. T., and vicinity,	Hamilton.....	" " 14, 15,		
July 9, 10, 11, 12, 13,	Monument.....	" " 16, 17,		
Astoria.....	Or., July 14,	Hay Stack.....	" " 18,	
Stella.....	W. T., " 15, 16, 17,	Lone Rock.....	" " 19, 20,	
Oswego.....	Or., " 18, 19,	Fossil.....	" " 21, 22,	
Arnold's Grove..	" " 20, 21,	Hillsboro, Or., Sept., 25, 26, 27, 28,		
Coos county, Or., July 22 to Aug. 4,	North Yamhill.....	Or., Sept.....	29,	
Coburg.....	" Aug.....	7, 8, Forest Grove.....	" " 30,	
Lebanon.....	" " 9,	Talent, Or., and vicinity	Oct. 3, 4, 5,	
Olympia.....	W. T., " 11, 12,	6, 7,		
Buckley.....	W. T., " 13, 14,	Linkville.....	Or., Oct. 11, 12, 13,	
Davenport.....	" " 17, 18,	Sacramento.....	Cal., Oct. 20,	
Cheney.....	" " 19,	San Francisco.....	" " 27,	
Rosalie.....	" " 20,	Los Angeles and vicinity	the month	
Sprague.....	" " 21,	of November,		
Pasco.....	" " 22,	San Diego and vicinity	the month of	
Dayton.....	W. T., Aug. 24, 25,	December.		

MR. GEORGE H. DAWES, of Pittsville, Wis., will start toward Oregon in July, and would like to make lecture engagements on the route on or near the line of the Northern Pacific railroad. Mr. Dawes has been engaged by Mr. F. Hauswirth, of North Yamhill, Or., to teach a private school, and will lecture on Sundays.

"THE Dawn" is the title of a new eight-page monthly journal emanating from 36 Bromfield street, Boston. It is intended to be an organ of the Christian Scientists.

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Here we a temple raise
On Truth's eternal base
To Liberty;
A temple whose fair dome
Shall point the nations home,
Whose motto bids them come,
The truth makes free.

Oppressor and oppressed
Finding one common rest,
Shall hither come.
Loud let your heralds ring,
Till bond and free shall sing,
Till the last wanderer bring
His tribute home.

See mighty Babel rise,
High towering to the skies
On Shinar's plain;
So superstition's throne,
With thousand tongues unknown,
Has bid the nations own
Oppression's reign.

But in this building fair,
Which we to truth uprear,
The praise shall be
The never ceasing song,
Of the enfranchised throng,
Borne all the earth along,
"The Truth makes free."

Now let us strike the lyre
In strains yet clearer, higher,
To Liberty.
Sing universal good,
Sing the great brotherhood,
Shout over hill and flood,
"The Truth makes free."

Here would we bring to thee,
Transcendent deity,
A priesthood tried.
Priest, hero, statesman he,
Redeemer all must be,
Whose sacred ministry
Can here abide.

THOMAS CURTIS.

Milton's Infirmary.

Teachers hear so many queer answers to
their questions, especially in history, that
they do not often try to recall them; but
one teacher relates an answer which he
thinks worth recording.

Having in mind Milton's blindness, the
teacher had asked a pupil in history:
"Was John Milton afflicted with some
great afirmy?"

"Yes sir," said the scholar, promptly.

"What was it?"

"He was a poet."—Youth's Companion.

An Ungodly Family.

Miss Travis—Ah, Johnny, I have caught
you with a fish-pole over your shoulder!
I shall go right and tell your father. Where
is he?

Johnny Dumpsey—Down at the foot of
the garden diggin' the bait.—Free Press.

THE Southern Presbyterian Assembly
had decided that the evolution hypothesis
is no good; that it is a lowpotheris in fact,
and no proper person will have anything
to do with it.—Alta.

A most remarkable piece of journalistic
enterprise is reported from Oklahoma.
The first man to die a natural death in that
territory was a newspaper man.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby inform the fruit-growers of California
that I have invented a Fruit Drier entirely dif-
ferent from anything I have ever seen or heard
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other than poor and vicious under our present
system. The remedy, the author thinks, is com-
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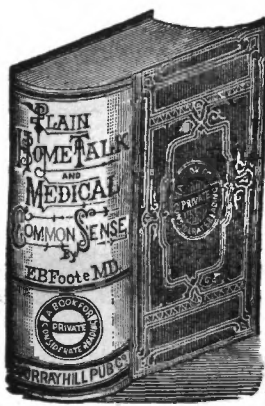
Best Spectacles or Eye-glasses	\$1.00	6 Rogers Bros.' tr.-plated Table-spoons	\$3.40
Gold do., \$5 and	6.00	Solid coin Silver Spoons, marked, per oz	1.60
(Send line of finest type you can read		Silver Thimbles	.30
14 in. from eyes, and I can fit you.)		Elegant 8-day Alarm Clock, worth \$6	4.50
Best Razor (a luxury) \$2; a good one	1.00	4 Best Violin Strings	.50
6 Rogers Bros' best triple-plated Knives	1.75	6 Guitar Strings	.70
" Forks	1.75	Largest Albums, \$1, \$2, \$3, \$4 to	10.00
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N. B. For prices of FREETHOUGHT BADGES see next column of this paper.



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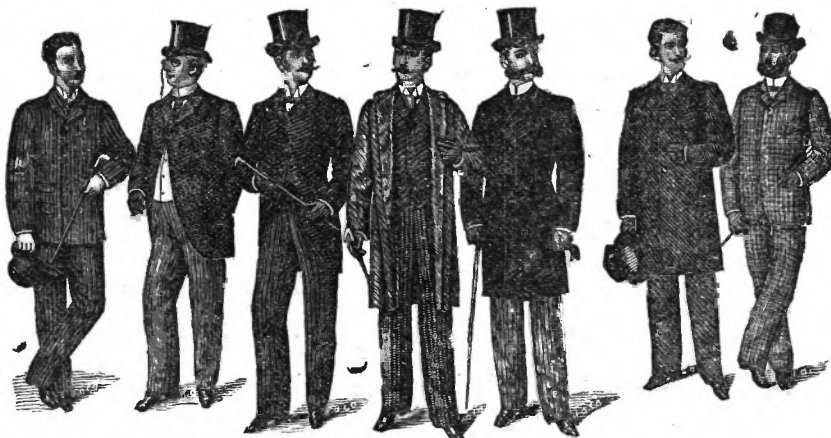
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One Sunday he was pronouncing a glowing eulogy on a departed saint. He raised him in a stately and resplendent progress step by step to the pearly gates. He almost had him safe in heaven when he hesitated and seemed at a loss.

"And brethren," said he—"and brethren, he went in as slick as a mouse!"—
Lewiston Journal.

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Old Farmer Boggs of Boggy Brook
Went to the country fair,
And with his wife he strolled around
To see the wonders there.
"That horse," he said, "Gray Eagle Wing,
Will take the highest prize;
But our old Dobbin looks as well
And better to my eyes.
He is, I know, what folks call slow,
It's far the safest way to go;
Some folks, perhaps, might think it strange,
I really should not like to change.

"And those fat oxen, Buck and Bright,
Don't have so large a girth,
Nor match like them, just to a hair.
But I know what they're worth.
They're good to plow and good to draw;
You stronger pullers never saw,
And always mind my gee and haw;
Some folks, perhaps might think it strange,
I really shouldn't want to change.

"That Devon heifer cost, I heard,
A thousand dollars." "Now,"
Said Mrs. Boggs, "my Crumple Horn
Is just as good a cow;
Her milk, I'm sure's, the very best,
Her butter is the yellowest;
Some folks, perhaps might think it strange,
I really shouldn't want to change.

"Those premium hogs," said Mrs. Boggs,
"My little Cheshire pig
Is better than the best of them,
Although he's not so big.
And that young Jersey is not half
So pretty as old brindle's calf,
Nor is there in the poultry pen
As Speckled Wings so good a hen!"

As Farmer Boggs to Boggy Brook
Rode homeward from the fair,
He said: "I wish my animals
Had all of them been there;
And if the judges had been wise
I might have taken every prize!"

A REVOLUTIONARY joke: "Are those our men?" asked Major Pitcairn, as a squad of soldiers approached along the road near Concord. "No, sir," replied Colonel Smith; "they are minute-men." General Washington believed that it was to this that the British defeat may be attributed.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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A LIBERAL JOURNAL.

VOL. II—No. 24.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1889.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

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FREETHOUGHT.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, }
GEO. E. MACDONALD, } EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - JUNE 15, 1889.

QUEEN VICTORIA sends her sympathy to the homeless and bereaved people of Johnstown. Sympathy is consoling, but it butters no parsnips.

It must discourage the preachers of San Francisco to realize that John Slater, the Mediumistic Wonder, draws a larger congregation every Sunday than can be found in any church in the city.

THE nun's cloister of the Presentation convent on Powell street is to be broken by Archbishop Riordan, and the inmates will go out to do "charitable" work. Said charitable work consists mainly in begging funds to pay taxes and other expenses of Catholic institutions.

"HEAVEN was merciful that the fire was allowed to occur in the daylight." Such is the remark of the Examiner concerning the Seattle holocaust. Perhaps so; but it would have been a rarer exhibition of mercy, and more to the point, if heaven had had the presence of mind to send a smart shower and put the fire out as soon as it started.

THERE is about to be a Catholic revival in the State prison at San Quentin. Father Chappa and some other priests will hold religious exercises in the prison during the week preceding June 23, and on that day Archbishop Riordan officially participates in the services of confirmation and communion. There is a lot of good material for Catholics in San Quentin, as also there is a lot of good material for San Quentin among those who already belong to that church.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Signs of the Times, an "Advent" paper, reports that the natives of Pitcairn Island, in the Polynesian archipelago, observe Saturday as the Sabbath. The correspondent believes there is something remarkable in these heathen "embracing the truth," and adds: "Truly the Lord has gone before us, and has done a work that is a marvel indeed." This circumstance reminds us of another. Some years ago missionaries leaving San Francisco for one of the Southern Islands conducted services regularly every seventh day while making the voyage, and neglected to take note of the twenty-four hours gained by crossing the meridian, so that their day for worship

fell upon Monday. They therefore observed Monday as the Sabbath, and the natives still adhere to the custom. Possibly the missionaries who converted the Pitcairns came from the other direction and introduced Saturday by a similar error. It often transpires that what is termed an act of providence turns out to be only a fluke after all.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has issued an order abolishing all Sunday duties for soldiers except the parade for personal inspection. We fail to see any good reason for this exception. A parade for personal inspection is as much a violation of the Sabbath as a dress parade with music by the band, and reducing Sunday labor is only compromising with the deity. If Sunday is the Lord's day, Christians should observe the whole of it, and trust in providence to repair any damages that may arise from such observance. Until they do this their faith in God will be open to doubt.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, June 16, at 8 o'clock. An address entitled "A Defense of the Agnostic Position" is to be delivered by J. L. Hatch, Esq. All are invited.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Robert Laramore met me at Grub Gulch Saturday morning, and I not only said good-bye to friends, but was greeted by a comrade who has kept the flag afloat among the hills for many a day. Grub Gulch is a somewhat homely name, but it suggests to my mind, at present, beauty of scenery, agreeable labors, cheerful companions, and a bright to-morrow. So I can declare, All hail, Grub Gulch; a diamond in the rough, where nature and humanity have many a glorious sparkle beneath the sun and stars.

Among the big hills we roll along, broad sceneries opening to mighty heights, shaggy forests and wide ravines and canons. At noon we reach Fresno Flats, a snug little village in the midst of trees, with green fields around, a babbling brook winding alongside, and thirsty teams resting beneath the cool branches—for no matter how hot the sun pours down, in the shade the breeze is always gratefully felt. We draw up at the Mt. Raymond House, and the genial host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Downey, offer a welcome retreat from the dusty road. Fresno Flats is not so lively as it used to be in the old mining days, and when the stage coaches to the Yosemite used to travel this way, but still it is not dead, though somewhat out of the way. The prospects are that the railroad will strike it some day, and then it will renew its vitality.

It is not a very good place for preachers. About three-fourths of the people are Freethinkers, or looking in the direction of Freethought. I realized that I was in the midst of friends, and that the campaign would go off with flying colors. The seed had been planted, and the harvest was shining. Robert Laramore

and others have kept books and papers on the go, *avant couriers* of the dawn, and so I found a good lead in the heart of this mountain land. The golden sunset, after the sweltering afternoon, came with soft effulgence over the vast peaks and gentle vale, and my evening's work was such as to give courage, and not exhaustion. The audience was of the inspiring sort—full of keen appreciation. These were the first Freethought lectures given in the place, but the community to which I spoke was alive and well-informed. I discoursed on "The Demands of Liberalism," and there were many Christians present who were sensible enough to agree with all that I advanced. Judge Johnson and Mr. Cobb followed the lecture with remarks to that effect. I lectured Sunday afternoon with the thermometer at nearly 100° to a fair audience, on "The Bible and Modern Thought." At its conclusion Mr. Cobb, a fervent Baptist, announced that he would like to have an opportunity to answer me in the evening. I assured him that he should have all the time he desired. This arrangement brought forth a crowded house. After I had given my review of Moody and Sam Jones, Mr. Cobb followed with a genuine camp-meeting fiery exhortation. I did not find much argument in it, but, as usual, a stirring appeal to the emotions. The main point made was the "safety argument," namely, if Infidelity is true the Christian is all right, but if Christianity is true the Infidel will be in a terrible fix. I answered by saying that if the religion of Rome is true my friend would be in just as bad a fix as myself, for in that case he would have to go below with me, for the religion of Rome would condemn the Baptist to hell without even a chance of immersion hereafter to cool his heretical body. "We shall have to go down together," I said, "and you are no more secure than I." Just as I remarked this the chair in which my friendly opponent sat, by some mysterious hitch, struck a hole in the floor and with a sudden motion he seemed to be disappearing. I told him not to be in a hurry about going to the nether regions, as I certainly should not follow at present. When friend Cobb recovered his upright position he affirmed, without oath, that he guessed he would stay. The practical illustration of the "safety argument" was highly entertaining to both sides of the assembly. The debate went off with cheer, and our friends all feel that a gain has been made, and that the next time there will be a rousing gathering. The opening guns have been very effectual. Judge Johnson has promised to bring on a Methodist elder to defend the faith, and I shall certainly be there when the flowers come in the spring-time.

Robert Laramore has some good allies in this rural fortress—Ambrose Taylor, T. G. Hodge, D. S. Meyers, S. W. Westfall, C. A. Lee, Geo. Merritt, J. W. Johnson, Geo. Bagsby and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Thurman, Mr. and Mrs. Phelps, Mrs. Meyers, Mrs. Westfall, and others. This frontier post touches the very heart of civilization and has something of the metropolitan life in its intelligence and progressive spirit. This is a characteristic of many of the villages of the coast. Where half a dozen houses are gathered together there is a hint of urban advancement and style, while in New England such a hamlet would have the gravity of tombstones.

I was sorry not to meet Joe Crane. Everybody says he is a good fellow. Albert McMillan was there, however, from the mining-camps, having traveled forty miles on Sunday to be present. He has been, with Joe Crane and other prospectors, to the headwaters of King's River, where a beautiful valley, something like the Yosemite, discloses itself. In this valley a mighty mountain rears its splendid brow. The enthusiastic discoverers

named it Mt. Ingersoll, and may this name abide worthy of Nature's noblest forms. Near is another peak of lesser magnitude, and this they called Putnam's Butte. Now that is delightful. What greater honor could be expected in this short and fleeting life? I suppose it is a pardonable vanity to desire that kind of association. It smacks of happy fortune. Alf Hagerman, in the big forests of Santa Cruz, also gave the revolutionary appellation of the Secular Pilgrim to the largest redwood at present known in the county. The trees and mountains thus combine in joyous alliance. I do not deny that there is a sort of exhilaration in these remembrances of ourselves on the vast and awful pages of nature.

Monday morning I bid good-bye to Fresno Flats. I have a warm place for it in my heart, and for the splendid company here of Freethinkers—uncompromising in thought but hospitable to all diversities of creed.

Artist Brown, I was pleased to meet, who takes nature in her royal garniture of absolute reality and not in the cold mists of theological fancy.

George Hull, a veteran of the hills and plains, took me over to Mariposa, thirty miles away. This was my only way to reach Hornitos, where friend Ralph Barcroft has kindled the fires. It was a long day's journey in the hot sun, and we had to climb and descend several ranges of the Chowchillas. The views were sometimes quite dizzying as they stretched in magnificent depth. I could sometimes look sheer down into an immense gulf where the trees at the bottom seemed like little specks, and I shrank back as if I might tumble from the battlemented highway into the vast space.

Our horses tug along, and at three o'clock, up the winding Mariposa rivulet, we reach the little straggling county seat. The first thing that struck my eye was the somewhat imposing Catholic church on a hill—a white building with steeple—and for a moment I was, in fancy, away back in New England and imagined I was journeying into a quaint village like Westmoreland, on the Connecticut, where the first thing that one beholds is the church on the highest summit. But New England has no such places as Mariposa and Hornitos. These mining towns, when the rush of business is over, do present a most dejected, yet at the same time sprightly, aspect! You might think they were three thousand years old, there is such an air of decay about the vicinity. The buildings burnt down are seldom rebuilt, and being massively constructed, some of them with iron doors and shutters, and clay walls, they appear supremely ruinous. Mingled with these are tumble-down shanties, neatly kept gardens, handsome cottages, beautiful trees, verdant ranges along the rugged hillsides—signs of progress, of a still tumultuous and picturesque frontier existence. These "ragged edges" of civilization are among the most interesting spots in the world. It is like an epitome of the ages. All the strata are here. It does look, sometimes, as if California was the most ancient of dwelling places, and that some of these mines were worked in pre-historic eras.

My comrade, Hull, is a genuine worker and a Democrat all over. I have already met those who have voted for the two Harrisons. His record is just the other way. He has voted against the two Harrisons. He sticks to his colors through thick and thin. He rustled around Mariposa, secured Good Templars' Hall, and advertised the meeting by personal effort. For such short notice, a very good and appreciative audience was assembled. I had a chance to make acquaintance with some Liberals, and

the next time I visit this country no doubt the attendance will be far more numerous. The ranches round about are quite thick with Freethinkers. Among them Sam Hogan is a leading citizen and stands up to be counted every time. He lives about six miles from Mariposa, and could not be notified, and I was greatly disappointed not to meet him. Dr. J. T. Turner, Jas. H. Lawrence, S. G. Harris—of the Mariposa News—Jacob Lambert, B. O. Marston, J. A. Ridgeway, and Peter Gordon I found to be of our side, with ready service. I believe the majority of the people are for Freethought. Mr. Ridgeway and Mr. Marston are Spiritualists, but I was delighted to work with such obliging co-laborers. The few hours I spent at Mariposa are fruitful, I hope, of better endeavors in the future.

Early Tuesday morning the stage rattles along for Hornitos, and at noon I arrive at this place of checkered career, where the contrasts of life are almost as intense as in San Francisco itself. The Mexican, the Chinese, the Indian, the American, contribute to the varied scene. Prosperity is side by side with ruin.

Friend Barcroft is a radical Liberal. It did me good to see him, for he is earnest and genial. In the comfortable-looking hotel, which is neatly kept, I avoided the burning rays of the sun and rested to my heart's content. The clouds began to roll over the sky, and the freshening breeze was a luxury indeed. The original name of Hornitos was El Infernillos—the little hell. This was changed to Hornitos, which means the little oven, which is also appropriate, for one might be pretty well baked in its noonday radiance. There is a quantity of gold about here still, and after a good rain many shining particles can be discovered in the middle of the streets. Without doubt mills will be built and the mining industry resumed. Mariposa county is mostly covered by the immense Fremont grant, and the complications and changes of ownership have prevented individual enterprise. Mr. Barcroft has erected a mill, and the outlook for like undertakings is favorable. The riches of the country have not by any means been exhausted.

There was a pretty good number present at the lectures, but the sultry weather and the fact that harvest was ready and must be gathered without delay, prevented those who lived on the ranches from coming. Mr. J. D. Craighan, of Merced Mills, six miles distant, and others put in an appearance in spite of the busy season. There is only one church at Hornitos, the Catholic, and that has only an average attendance of four, including women and children. In the roll of honor of our stalwart friends at this point are H. Deagle, Mr. Brooks—who acted as chairman at the meeting—Chas. Arthur, W. S. Thomas, John Redman, Geo. Beele, R. Arthur, John Branzo, T. H. Branzo, Chas. Pearson, G. Gaghand, A. Bauer, Frank Ocese, J. B. Littlefield, John Lemoile, A. G. Black, Jas. Bauer, E. F. Sylvester, R. S. Welcome, and N. A. Bailey. These friends have generously contributed to the work, and have made my visit to this isolated camp a very entertaining one, and in saying good-bye I hope to see them all again.

After the lecture I was obliged to take a private conveyance and midnight ride to Merced. It was a somewhat wild and weird journey. The foothills make what are called "hog-hollows." The roads, in consequence of washouts, are many, and it is difficult, even in daylight, always to choose the right one. No houses or trees are to be seen, and if we get off the track there is nothing to do but to camp out "till morning doth appear." Once off the highway it is almost impossible to regain it. In fact I believe that midnight road is as hard to travel as Jordan.

Twice the horse got off the main line, and the upheaval of the carriage betokened the danger of a smash up altogether into some bewildering gully.

The prospect was not at all cheering. I guess my guide, Mr. H. M. Daigle, used up about all the matches he had, to discover the lay of the land. The moon was down and the stars were dimmed with clouds. But friend Daigle is one of the kind that never give up, and after various mistakes and turnings back and seeking a more excellent way, we finally emerged to the open plain, and then we could guess the route easily. The sun was just getting up and winking his eyes when we arrived at Merced. It is thus to be seen that Infidelity is no picnic. I have not got over the ride yet, and jotting these notes I feel a great inclination to sleep—as if an orthodox sermon were being dinned into my ears. I will, therefore, pronounce the benediction.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

"THE POWER OF PRAYER."

One of the stories that come from Johnstown, Pa., is that the Rev. Dr. Beam and two hundred Episcopalian parishioners took refuge in a hall on the upper floor of a brick building. Friday evening, when the flood was at its height, and they saw staunch houses toppled over and shattered, and the giant sycamores, hickories, and elms torn from their beds and tossed about like chips, the Rev. Beam called for prayer, and all were rescued.

To make this story good the account should state in what manner the Rev. Dr. Beam and his parishioners were removed from their dangerous position. If the brick building proved sufficiently staunch to withstand the force of the waters, then it would be difficult to trace the rescue to a direct intervention of providence. They would have been saved whether they had prayed or not. If, on the other hand, the building was swept away and the Episcopalians were suspended in the air until the flood subsided, and then dropped carefully on a dry spot, a miracle has occurred worth telegraphing across the continent.

There were of necessity two classes of persons who stood in danger from the Johnstown deluge—those who prayed, and those who did not pray. If all who prayed were saved, and all who did not pray were lost, something is demonstrated as to the efficacy of prayer. Otherwise, nothing of value is afforded in that direction. And it is impossible to believe that among the five thousand lost, none had the presence of mind to offer up a prayer. One late item says:

"The baggage of Annie Chism, of Nashville, Tenn., was found. She was a missionary, on her way to Brazil for the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist church."

Miss Chism was lost on the train covered by the wrecked houses which massed themselves against the railroad bridge. Undoubtedly she prayed, since her calling as a missionary made it a part of her business to do so. Again, a large part of the population of Johnstown was composed of foreigners, the so-called "scum of Europe," mostly Catholics, and it is well-known that the Catholic involuntarily utters a prayer when frightened, as he does a curse when angered. Yet thousands of these lost their lives. From all accounts, therefore, the only case where prayer proved of any avail was that of the two hundred Episcopalians who were gathered in a brick building which presumably was not wrecked.

The efficacy of prayer has been taught for so long that even skeptical persons might be caught praying in an emergency, as drowning men catch at straws. And if by coincidence one prayer

out of ten millions is apparently "answered," the whole world hears of it, while the unavailing prayer is never mentioned. The church is like the lottery companies, which advertise every lucky draw, and say nothing about the millions of blanks.

The late Charles Stephenson expressed in a few lines the whole truth with regard to this matter:

"From the earliest dawn of Nature's birth,
Since sorrow and sin first darkened the earth;
From sun to sun, from pole to pole,
Where'er the waves of Humanity roll,
The breezy robe this planet wears
Has quivered and echoed with countless prayers.
Each hour a million knees are bent,
A million prayers to heaven are sent;
There's not a summer beam but sees
Some humble suppliant on his knees;
There's not a breeze that murmurs by
But wafts some faithful prayer on high;
There's not a woe afflicts our race
But someone bears to the Throne of Grace;
And for every temptation our souls may meet
We ask for grace at the Mercy Seat.

* * * * *
The beams smile on, and heaven serene
Still bends, as though no prayers had been;
And the breezes moan, as still they wave,
When man is powerless, heaven cannot save."

THE BRUNO STATUE UNVEILED.

The ceremony of unveiling the statue of Giordano Bruno at Rome, Italy, took place on Sunday last. Thirty thousand persons, including students and deputations from various parts of Italy, marched in procession through the principal streets. The removal of the canvas covering of the statue was the signal for deafening cheers. The ceremonies were witnessed by the syndec of Rome, government officials, and a large number of senators and deputies. Deputy Bovio, in an oration, eulogized the martyr and declared that to-day there was born a new religion of free thought and liberty of conscience which would be worse for the papacy than the loss of its temporal power. The proceedings throughout were orderly, and King Humbert congratulated the ministry on the absence of disturbance. The memory of Garibaldi was also honored with imposing ceremony.

While these exercises were in process, his holiness the pope passed the time in seclusion. It is reported that he refused to see anybody, and passed three days absorbed in prayer in his private chapel. Four hundred telegrams arrived at the Vatican deploring the unveiling of the Bruno monument. All the ambassadors accredited to the Vatican met Sunday evening in the pope's chapel.

There has been something of a change in Rome during the past three hundred years. On the 17th of February, 1600, by order of the Inquisition, Bruno was burnt at the stake as a heretic, a Freethinker, and all other heretics secluded themselves. To-day, by order of the Freethinkers, a statue is raised to Bruno, and it is the pope of Rome who goes into seclusion. Then the church was supreme; it was the state, the law, and the gospel. To-day "the vicar of God has been pushed from the throne of the Cæsars, and upon the roofs of the Eternal City falls once more the shadow of the Eagle."

In the erection of this monument the Freethinkers of America have borne their part nobly. The committee called for \$1,000 from American Freethinkers, and before the date of the inaugu-

ration of the statue \$1,120 had been raised, while nearly \$50 remains in the hands of the American committee, received too late to be available.

So Bruno is avenged. For teaching the truth the church put him to death as a heretic. She thought she had ended Bruno and heresy at the same moment, but out of the ashes of the man rises a statue that will stand or be renewed when the Vatican is in ruins, and the heresy which he taught rises up to confront Catholicism and to extirpate it. The pope exists to-day in Rome only by virtue of that toleration which he denied to Bruno, and denounces that religious freedom to which he owes his own life. It is no wonder that shame counseled him to conceal his face on the day when Bruno was honored.

THE SUNDAY LAW IN GEORGIA.

It appears that Mr. Day Conklin, of Forsyth county, Georgia, has broken the so-called Sabbath. Following is the indictment found by an intelligent grand jury:

STATE OF GEORGIA, }
Forsyth County. }

The Grand Jury, in the name and behalf of the citizens of Georgia, charge and accuse Day Conklin, of the county and state aforesaid, with the offense of misdemeanor for that the said Day Conklin, on the second day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight, in the county aforesaid, with force and arms did unlawfully, then and there, pursue the work of his ordinary calling upon the said second day of December, eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, which was then and there the Lord's day, by cutting timber and clearing lands and by digging and other work then and there, did said work and said cutting timber and said clearing and said digging, not then and there being work of charity, and not then and there being work of necessity, the said Day Conklin then and there being a tradesman, the said Day Conklin then and there being an artificer, the said Day Conklin then and there being a workman, the said Day Conklin then and there being a laborer, the said Day Conklin then and there being a farmer,

Contrary to the laws of said state, the good order, peace, and dignity thereof. Forsyth Superior Court, February, term, 1889.

GEO. R. BROWN, Solicitor-Gen.

We understand that the trial of this case is set down for August next. The law of Georgia provides that any person who shall upon the Lord's day (commonly called Sunday) "pursue the business or work of his ordinary calling, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor;" and that all moneys arising from fines imposed for such offenses shall be used for the purpose of establishing and promoting Sabbath-schools in the county in which the offense is committed. This is a good enough union of church and state to satisfy the people of Georgia, the law being of the double back-acting kind that not only secures the sanctity of Sunday but puts money into the treasury of the churches.

The indictment found against Mr. Conklin, charging him with resorting to "force and arms" in clearing lands of timber, is almost equal to the effort of Justice Van Orden, the Boonton official who accused C. B. Reynolds of "contumaciously reproaching the being and existence of God and the scriptures as contained in the books of the New and Old Testaments." What the people of Forsyth county need is not so much a Sabbath-school as a common, every-day institution where the rudiments of learning can be "then and there" imparted to their grand jury and solicitor-general.

"THE GLORY OF INFIDELITY," one of Mr. S. P. Putnam's best lectures, is published in a handsome pamphlet. The price is 10 cents, and the work may be obtained by addressing this office.

BOUND volumes of FREETHOUGHT for 1888 may be had for \$2.50

OREGONIANS, RALLY!

It is hoped that many Liberals of Oregon will gather at the Convention to be held at Silverton, June 22 and 23. The importance of state organization cannot be overestimated. The growing work of the Liberal party will not be fully accomplished without this unity of effort. There is legislative action on hand, besides constant agitation and enlightenment among the people. In addition to this there should be the cultivation of the spirit of fellowship. We need to become acquainted, to see each other, to have a broad fraternity.

The people of Silverton have shown their earnestness in this matter. They have labored nobly in the cause and with splendid success. There could not be a better place for a meeting of this kind.

Besides the hall which they have built for Universal Mental Liberty there is a beautiful grove in the vicinity where there will be plenty of room for all. I suppose arrangements will be made for a basket-picnic on Sunday, June 23. Let friends from far and near come and make this a festival for Freethought. Such joyous gatherings are of great benefit. They give inspirations that will not be forgotten, and open the future with promise and enthusiasm.

This Convention will undoubtedly mark an era of great progress in the Liberalism of Oregon. The advance within the last two years has been most encouraging. To continue this advance the field of effort must broaden. Local societies through a state organization can make their influence far more deeply felt.

Let every Liberal of Oregon who realizes what can be done for the future, who sees the importance not only of individual but of social growth, and of state and national co-operation make an earnest effort to be present at this Convention and aid in its success. Oregon should be in the front rank in the glorious work for liberty and progress.

S. P. PUTNAM.

THE half-way, temporizing method of dealing with the woman's rights question leads to some ridiculous results. A case in point has just arisen in Montana. During the session of the last legislature of that territory, a bill was passed giving women the privilege of practicing law in Montana. Judge Blake in the District Court at Helena, June 8, rendered a decision in a case where a lady, Miss Knowles, as a deputy constable, served a garnishee on the Northern Pacific railroad to secure payment of a judgment obtained by a grocery firm against a woman to whom the company owed a certain amount of money. His decision in brief is that women may not hold offices in the territory except where the statutes specially provide that they may, and as the law only makes women eligible to school offices, all appointments conferring upon them the right to act as notaries or constables are void. The judge held that Miss Knowles was not a person in the eyes of the law and therefore unfit to perform the duties of a constable. The female lawyer bill was passed solely in the interest of this lady, but opened the doors for women with legal propensities from any section in the United States. Since the accession of Governor White, however, quite a number of women have been appointed notaries public in the territory, and the decision of the chief justice inferentially makes their commissions null and void.

It may surprise some to learn that Massachusetts, whose capital is the seat of modern culture, is the most illiterate state in the Union. The fact is due to the Roman Catholic element, which has taken possession of the large cities and towns.

OUR Advent friends across the bay think that the great disasters of the present time foretell the early coming of the savior. They say we have "reached the time when there is already upon the earth 'distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth.'" We wonder what the Adventists would have thought of Noah's flood. That event occurred thousands of years before the "savior" came upon earth, and nearly two thousand years have since elapsed without bringing the "day of redemption." Christ himself was pretty strong in the faith that the end of the world was near at hand, when he said on a certain occasion that there were some in his audience who would not taste of death till they saw him return with his kingdom. Nevertheless, all who heard the remark have since been gathered to their fathers, and sixty generations have followed them without seeing the son and his cabinet. If Christ's own prophecies so signally fail, what confidence can his disciples have in theirs?

DR. VOELKEL, the editor of the New Free Religious Sunday paper, of Magdeburg, Germany, has been indicted for blasphemy. The blasphemy consists in his having said that even the manner of Christ's death is in doubt, since in the opinion of some he was hanged upon a tree. Just how blasphemy can be made out of that remark it is hard to see, as the cross is called a tree several times in scripture. Acts v, 30, says, "The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye hanged on a tree." Acts x, 39, has "whom they slew and hanged on a tree." Acts xiii, 29, says "they took him down from the tree." First Peter mentions the tree again. If Peter and Paul were residents of Magdeburg, they would have to be indicted along with Dr. Voelkel. As the London "Freethinker" observes, "such prosecutions are a scandal to the government which institutes and the people which tolerates them."

THE editor of the Golden Gate replies to the aspersions upon himself with regard to the Spiritualist colony, Summerland. He says that one of the correspondents of the Carrier Dove has revised his opinion since writing the condemnatory letter, while another wishes to depreciate the value of Summerland because he has lots for sale himself. Mr. Owen further intimates that he is pleased with the controversy, since it will have the effect of keeping an undesirable element away from the colony.

JUDGE FOSTER, in handing down his opinion overruling the motion to quash the indictment in the case of Harman and Walker, says: "It seems to me that the first two of the articles set out are *per se* obscene and indecent in a publication for general circulation." The opinion of Judge Foster in this matter is about as valuable as would be the opinion of a man, in whose family color-blindness was hereditary, on the question whether a chameleon was blue or green.

AN Oakland exchange remarks: "On a recent Sunday a young man in this city had one of his feet crushed while attempting to leave one of the local trains. It might be supposed at first thought that this circumstance would furnish an argument for some of our zealous Sunday advocates, but perhaps its force may be destroyed by the fact that the young man was returning from church at the time of the accident."

MRS. MATTIE P. KREKEL, one of the most eloquent Liberal lecturers in the field, is about to make a tour to the Pacific coast.

This is a rare opportunity for the Liberals of this section to avail themselves of the services of one who is so well fitted, not only to defend our cause, but to educate in its constructive principles. Mrs. Krekel is an earnest student, and an admirable speaker. It is hoped that all Liberal societies and communities will arrange for a course of lectures by this able advocate. The voice and genius of woman are needed in our work, and this representative of her sex should receive a most generous and cheering welcome.

THERE is no call for Brother Pierce, editor of the Pittsburgh Truth, to be exercised over the warning sent out by the business manager of an Eastern journal of Freethought and Reform, wherein the Liberal public is advised to withhold its support from "experimental sheets." Truth is not the paper that is meant.

WE have a few copies of the Truth Seeker Annual for 1887. It contains all the Sunday, oath, and blasphemy laws now in force in the different states and territories. Price, 25 cents.

OBSERVATIONS.

As at the previous meeting, the hall where the San Francisco Freethought Society met last Sunday evening was crowded. No imaginative reporter, such as they have in Oakland, where two hundred can be counted as two thousand without exciting comment, has endeavored to mislead the public as to the actual number present, which was from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five. Vice-president Eastman presided, assisted by Mr. Schou, and a volunteer pianist gave W. S. Bell, the lecturer, a fine musical send-off, for which Mr. Bell thanked him cordially on behalf of the audience.

I had never heard Mr. Bell lecture before, and had a notion that he was rather more serious than he proved to be. He is a great joker and kept his audience in the best of humor. I could not laugh much myself at many of his jokes, because my parents taught me in my youth a certain veneration for age, but I enjoyed the reunion. The antique never loses its charms. Mr. Bell's lecture was upon "Liberty and Morality," which is an admirable array of illustration and argument against the efficacy of what are called "moral laws." The speaker characterized the Sunday law as an attempt to enforce a false religion in the name of morality. Blasphemy laws came under the same head. Prohibitory laws were likewise objected to. In these matters of morality each must act according to his best knowledge and reason. There was more virtue in a wrong act committed with good intentions than in a right act performed under compulsion. Mr. Bell's lecture is printed in a pamphlet and sells for 15 cents.

Mr. Thomas Curtis offered some entertaining remarks on the subject of prayer, which the lecturer had also touched upon. He said the orthodox prayer was something after this fashion: O Lord, you are the greatest and most powerful of all gods. We are miserable, defiled, and undeserving sinners. You have given us many things in the past which we were unworthy of. We are worthy of nothing in the future, yet we ask to be blessed in every way. We deserve to be damned, but are confident that we shall be saved; and for this miscarriage of justice we will repay you with glory and praise until you can't rest.

A man whose name I am not acquainted with next secured the floor. I managed to escape before he had got far into his speech, and others of the audience whom I have seen since have taken me earnestly by the hand and congratulated me upon my good luck. It seems that this society, like other societies maintaining a free platform, is destined to suffer martyrdom unless something is done to repress the ubiquitous bore. It is a cruel thing to call an audience together, treat them to a good lecture and an entertaining after-speech, and then let loose a rambling brawler who will talk the room empty during the first half of a ten-minute address. The whole effect of a meeting is spoiled, as the benefit of a good dinner is destroyed by taking an emetic immediately after eating it. The San Francisco Freethought Society has a good start. There is no lack of entertaining speak-

ers to make its meetings interesting, but the protuberant gabblers will have to be frowned upon with a club if it expects to hold its audiences.

NEXT Sunday evening the lecture is by Mr. J. L. Hatch, and the subject will be "A Defense of the Agnostic Position." Mr. Hatch is an able speaker, formerly a clergyman, and now the religious editor of one of the leading dailies of this city. It is safe to predict an entertaining address, a full house, and plenty of intelligent enthusiasm.

MR. Geo. E. Blaine, formerly of Ohio, has been in San Francisco for a week past. He is at present a resident of Mexico, and has his paper addressed to Guaymas in the state of Sonora. Mr. Blaine is superintendent of a new railroad now in process of construction from Guaymas to Topolobampo. From Topolobampo the road goes, I believe, to Aquiabampo and Alamos, and thence to Deming, Texas. The road will shorten the distance from New York to Honolulu by about eight hundred miles. A Chicago company with a capital of twenty-two millions or some such fabulous sum is backing the enterprise. The scheme was inaugurated on the 16th day of last April by a big dinner given to the officials of Mexico at an expense of forty dollars per plate or thereabouts, and work is going on. Mr. Blaine has effected the purchase of a steam barge in San Francisco to carry rails; also numberless million feet of timber for bridges, and other supplies amounting to thousands of dollars. The projected road is subsidized by the Mexican government to the extent of twelve thousand dollars per mile in Mexican bonds, negotiable in Europe nearly at par, and things are booming. Mr. Blaine is a good talker, and as I am somewhat interested in the Sinaloa colony at Topolobampo I made inquiries of him concerning the prospects of that venture. He said the prospects were not so bright as an ardent supporter of the Credit Foncier ought to wish. The large concessions of land which the colony expected to get were conditioned upon the construction of a certain amount of railroad. The colonists themselves have not sufficient capital to build the road, and now that the present road is to be built the colony's road will not be necessary, and they will find it difficult to secure the capital needed to build and stock it. In reply to questions about the value of property now owned by the Credit Foncier company, Mr. Blaine said he did not think it was very great. The land is good, but needs to be irrigated. A company with large capital might dam the Fuerte river and divert its waters to irrigate the colonists' lands. The Fuerte, however, is a turbulent stream at certain seasons, and the dam would be very costly. He did not think the colonists were prepared to construct it.

THE outlook, therefore, for the Credit Foncier of Sinaloa seems rather dim. The railroad, upon the construction of which Mr. Owen depended to make the settlement an important point between New York and Honolulu, has been superseded by another which strikes the coast twelve miles away, and the key to the situation is thus lost. Mr. Owen's contemplated road would be comparatively valueless if built, and it is a good way from being built. The colonists upon going to Topolobampo relinquish the title of American citizens and become subjects of Mexico. Their success now depends upon raising fruit and grain for the market, and the raising of these depends upon irrigation, which at present is impossible. Again, Mexico affords no market—the people are too poor to buy. Furthermore, Americans cannot compete with Mexican laborers, who are content with eight dollars per month, and a little corn. The climate, too, is against the American laborer. It is hot. They tell of a man who died in Mexico and went to hádes, and the first opportunity he had to communicate with earth he sent for a pair of blankets. Moreover, the Mexican government taxes its subjects about as it pleases. During a late unpleasantness the poll-tax went up to two dollars a week. The resident could pay it or have his property confiscated. If he had no property, he could pay it or go into the army. He might desert from the army, but if caught he would be stood up against a wall and shot full of holes.

SUCH are a few of the adversities which confront the American in Mexico. Mr. Blaine says that he entertains the kindest feel-

ings toward the colonists, and will be glad to give them opportunities of earning a livelihood on the new railroad; but, being a cousin of James G. Blaine, and an ardent patriot, he advises against leaving what he calls the best country under the sun to take up a permanent residence in so undeveloped a locality as Topolobampo.

The readers of the San Francisco Chronicle had a chance to weep over a story told in that paper June the 8th. It came from Fresno. A woman appeared in court with her little girl. The father of the girl had never been married to the woman and refused to have anything to do with her because her character was bad. The woman denied all charges, and protested that she was a lady and had brought her children up as they should be. To test the matter the judge turned to the little girl and inquired if she could say her prayers. "Then," says the Chronicle, "ensued a most touching scene. The little girl without a word climbed from her chair, knelt on the floor of the courtroom, with the policeman, spectators, judge, and her father and mother around her and, folding her tiny hands and lifting her eyes to heaven, she made the grandest defense of a mother's word possible. Slowly, but distinctly, and without a tremor in her voice, the innocent little darling, born with the stain of shame upon her and discarded by her father, lisped in childish accents the Lord's Prayer. As she proceeded, utterly oblivious to her surroundings and thinking only of him who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not,' as she uttered that prayer which many in the room had not heard for years, strong men bowed their heads and sobbed aloud." When the strong men and other spectators had wept all the fire-buckets full the judge had sufficient presence of mind to fine the father fifteen dollars and dismiss the court.

The editor of the Chronicle shared the prevailing emotion and overflowed thus:

That was a striking scene in the Fresno court on Friday when a three-year-old girl bore testimony to her mother's good training by saying her prayers in court. The question turned on the character of the mother, who had been abandoned by the man she had been living with. Though not a wife in name, she claimed to have fulfilled all a wife's duties, and it was to disprove the assertion that she was not a good mother to her two young girls that she besought the judge not to believe such charges. This judge had a touch of Solomon's wisdom, for he settled the disputed question by asking the little one to say her prayers. With childish earnestness and unconscious of the singular surroundings she knelt and repeated the Lord's Prayer. That settled it and established the mother's claim as the most eloquent advocate could never have done it.

Sunday-school stories are generally a trifle weak in the knees, and the present one is not an exception to the established rule. Investigation shows that this woman, whose name is Bayswater, kept a dive a few years ago on Brannan street. She sold that out and hired a saloon at 310 Townsend street, which she now runs. It is a dirty place, frequented by street women and their consorts. Upstairs this Christian mother maintains several soiled beds for the accommodation of herself and patrons. Mrs. Bayswater is a Catholic, and probably does not know the Lord's Prayer, which scrap of ancient literature was taught the little girl by an old woman in the mother's employ.

It is a matter for regret that Mr. Owen Thomas Davies, of Brighton, has not a voice as clear as his intellect. If he had he would be the best biblical debater on the Coast. He likes to lie in wait for the ministers. He lets them have their say, and then lays them out cold and dumb. He was in the office one day this week, and it cost him in the neighborhood of twenty dollars before he could get away. He paid for four or five subscriptions to FREETHOUGHT, left five dollars for the State Liberal Union, and renewed for the Independent Pulpit and Secular Thought, which journals will please take notice and send their bills. Mr. Davis goes to the root of Christianity, and yanks the fibres out of the subsoil. He entertained me with a story about a minister who wanted to convince him of the efficacy of the atonement. Mr. Davies had a twenty-dollar piece in his pocket, and to cut the oration short he told the minister he would give him the coin if he would point out the passage in the account of Christ's life or death containing any reference to an atonement. The preacher confessed that it could not be done. "All right,"

said Mr. Davies, "I knew you couldn't. I merely wanted to test the matter so I might tell you that every time you preach the doctrine of the atonement you preach what you know to be false." The clergyman has never called on Mr. Davies to collect the money.

I find by research that Mr. Davies was right, though I had not seen his statement put so boldly before. The doctrine of the atonement is much like the dogma of the infallibility of the pope. It is an afterthought, and was not formulated, as now taught, until the beginning of the twelfth century, when the festive Anselm sobered off long enough to jot down his notions on the subject.

The gospel account makes it appear that Christ was an unwilling sacrifice, and that except for the treachery of Judas and the bigotry of the mob he might have died a natural death. He thought himself a son of God, and believed that the family would stand by him. He was mistaken. The execution proceeded without interruption, and, as the spectators remarked, though he professed to save others he could not save himself. It seems to be a fact, verified by every page of history, that men who have trusted in God have invariably had their confidence abused.

M.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

A great fire at Seattle, June 6, destroyed some \$15,000,000 worth of property and left thousands of people homeless. The city will be rebuilt at once in brick instead of wood. Surveyors have remapped the burnt district, everybody who is willing to work has been given a job, and loafers are warned away. Eight thousand people are fed daily at two large tents provided for the purpose. Relief funds for the Eastern sufferers are divided with Seattle. San Francisco has raised nearly \$100,000 for the charitable work, and much more is to be done.—The Rev. C. H. Smith, formerly of the Dorchester Pilgrim church, Boston, whom his congregation has mourned as dead for three months, turns up in San Francisco under an assumed name. He was arrested last Sunday, to be detained until the Boston authorities were heard from.—The California Spiritualists' camp-meeting opened last Sunday in the tent on Van Ness avenue near Market street with a good attendance.—Jules Tavernier, an artist well-known on this coast, died suddenly in Honolulu on the 18th ult.—The boycott on the United States Brewery's beer is declared off by the Brewers' Union, terms satisfactory to all parties having been reached.—The Rev. Simon P. Anderson, of St. Louis, who was arrested for forgery upon his arrival in San Francisco a few weeks ago, and afterwards released, is now in jail in St. Louis. He forged the church secretary's name to an order for money, collected the funds, and went on a vacation.—The people of Oleander last week notified the Rev. G. W. James to vacate the colony. Mr. James distinguished himself at Fresno about a year ago by his lectures on social purity, and subsequently went to Los Angeles, where he assumed the duties of the pastorate of the Methodist Episcopal church, from which he was expelled. James, it will be remembered, further distinguished himself while watching over his flock in Los Angeles by permitting his young sister to live with his stepson and beating his wife. He was ordered to leave Los Angeles, which he did about three weeks ago, going to live with his father at Oleander.—Revised estimates of the loss of life in the Johnstown flood place the figures at less than five thousand. Nearly 2000 bodies have been recovered. The work of clearing away the wreckage is being carried on by several thousand men.—There is now a well-grounded suspicion abroad that Dr. Cronin, of Chicago, was not murdered—that the body found was not his. It is stated as a certainty that the clothes discovered belonged to another man. A deeper mystery than ever seems to envelop the whole affair.—Lloyd S. Brice is mentioned as the probable successor of the late Allen Thorndike Rice to the editorial chair of the North American Review.—Leonard Swett, the well-known lawyer of Chicago, died last Saturday aged 63. He was at one time a law partner of Abraham Lincoln, and made the speech nominating the martyr president in 1860. He performed the same service for Judge Gresham in 1888. He also did much toward securing the nomination of General Grant.—Chief

Arthur of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers announces himself opposed to strikes, and advises the engineers to submit to a reduction of wages rather than rebel. Murmurs of dissatisfaction are heard among the members of the Brotherhood.—The Stewart will case has been compromised by Judge Hilton surrendering about \$5,000,000 to Mrs. Stewart's heirs.—Henry George is in Paris, and is attracting much attention. A conference of single-tax advocates was held on Tuesday. An influential French committee, including seven deputies, eight or nine municipal councillors, and a large number of well-known writers on economic subjects co-operated in the meeting; the chiefs of the different schools of land reform of Germany, Holland, Switzerland, Belgium, and other continental countries were present, besides representatives from Great Britain, France, the United States, and Australia.—The managers of four French papers have been sentenced to imprisonment and fine for "insulting" the administration.—It is rumored that our government is not satisfied with the Samoan agreement, as the treaty still awaits official signatures. No further concessions are to be expected from Germany.—The Bruno monument was unveiled in Rome last Sunday in the presence of a vast concourse of people from all parts of Europe.—The massacre of hundreds of Christian converts by Mahdists is reported from Abyssinia.—Queen Victoria has forwarded her sympathy, through Minister Pauncefoot, to the Johnstown, Pa., sufferers.

PROFESSOR LADD'S BOOK.—"WHAT IS THE BIBLE?"

II.

In pursuing the inquiry, "What is the Bible?" Professor Ladd expresses his views with such frankness and force, that condensed statements in his own language will perhaps be the best and briefest presentation of his views. Of the time of the Reformation he says: "The views taken of the Bible were formed in the heat of the most intense partisan controversy."

"It is most important to notice that the theological teachers of the Reformation plainly distinguished between canonical scripture and the 'word of God' which it contains" (p. 47).

Luther is quoted as follows: "The law of Moses, as such, has no applicability to Christians; even the observance of the ten commandments is obligatory simply because they give the natural moral law," etc. "We will neither see nor hear of Moses, for Moses was given only to the Jewish folk, and does not extend to us heathens and Christians." "Go to the Jews with your Moses, I am no Jew; leave me unperplexed by Moses." "He rejects as faulty and mistaken, not only certain passages of scripture, but even entire books, as respects their religious doctrine." "He declares that he can not make out that the book of Revelation is the product of the holy ghost, and affirms that any one may call him a 'fool' who can make James and Paul square; while the epistle of the former is in his estimation a 'right strong' one. He also made light of Jude" (p. 50).

"In their conflicts with Roman Catholicism on the one hand, and with unbelief on the other hand, the Protestant theologians, from about 1600 A.D. to 1750 A.D. were not content with the view of the Bible taken by the early and great reformers. These theologians regarded the absolute infallibility and equal inspiration of all parts of the Bible as a necessary assumption of faith" (p. 54).

This assumption "so remained until overthrown, for although marks of its influence still abound everywhere, as a compacted opinion it is now defended by no biblical scholars, and but few theologians whose judgments are entitled to respect."

"Baxter rejected the view that all parts of the Bible are alike infallible and important" (p. 61).

"Philip Doddridge also did not consider that the inspiration of the biblical books excluded all errors, unless it were of the kind called 'plenary'; and he did not even consider that all the New Testament was written under this 'plenary' inspiration. Inspiration is to be assumed to be 'plenary' in the case of the apostles; but in their case only when there is no evidence to the contrary" (p. 62).

"The progress of research into the real nature of the Hebrew and Greek texts of sacred scripture could not fail to discredit the post-Reformation (*i.e.* the infallibility) theory of inspiration; for

the textual criticism made it obvious that infallibility and certainty in no respect belong to any text recoverable by us. The following question is then inevitable: If God did not intend to preserve a perfectly certain and errorless verbal form of holy scripture for the use of his church, why should he create such a form at the first?" (p. 64.)

There are several other "inevitable questions" that arise in the mind of a candid investigator, at this point in the discussion; and the author of this book, if he had started out to write "in the interest" of truth, instead of "the interest of faith," in other words, if he had not reached his conclusion before he commenced his investigation, would naturally have inquired: Why should a perfect and infallible God wish to give to his creatures an imperfect and fallible revelation of his will? If "God's word" is contained in the Bible, as the professor claims, who put it there? If the Bible contains a revelation from God, and is necessary for human salvation, why was the world left so long without it? He says that "the teachings of geology are true, as to the antiquity of the earth." Now geology teaches that this earth is many millions of years old, and that the human race have inhabited it two hundred and fifty thousand years. No Christian claims that the Bible is even two thousand years old. Now why should the human family be left without a Bible, which is so necessary for their salvation, two hundred and forty-eight thousand years, and then the book, when received, be so imperfect and uncertain that, within the last two thousand years, men have not been able to find out what it is? If men should succeed so poorly in their work, would they not be called failures?

Again he says, "The result of more than a century of inquiry into the authorship of the separate writings of sacred scripture has shown that a number of them have undoubtedly been ascribed by ancient usage to the wrong persons."

"We have seen that the non-Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch in its present form was known to Richard Baxter."

"What difference does it make," asked Luther in his "Table Talk," "if Moses did not himself write the Pentateuch?"

He speaks of "the effect of scholarly opinion as to the impossibility or improbability of connecting various other books of the Bible—Isaiah, Ezra, Nehemiah, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Daniel, Canticles—with the persons whose names tradition has selected as their authors." Also "of the fact that certain books of the Bible were admitted to the canon doubtfully, and were at first and for a long time regarded as belonging decidedly to an inferior rank" (p. 67).

He says that all who have studied the Bible as literature, "within the past century have abandoned the theory of its plenary and verbal inspiration." "The current theological argument has become changed in a way most astonishing... the modern defense of scripture admits without a question that geology is right, and then tries to show how the words of Genesis may possibly be understood so as to accord with the undoubted conclusions of physical science."

He says, "It is no longer possible to demonstrate that the earth does not move around the sun by simply appealing to the narrative of the miracle in Joshua; or to disprove the conclusions of geology as to the antiquity of the earth, and the slow process of its formation, by pointing out that Moses teaches the creation of all things in six days of twenty-four hours."

He admits that the "traditions of the earliest things of the earth and of humanity—traditions of the creation, of the fall, of the flood, etc., of the people which surrounded the Jews—have a common origin with the narratives in the earlier chapters of Genesis." Also that while "the use of the Bible has vastly increased, at the same time the weight of emphasis has been slipping off from the dogma of its inspiration." The post-Reformation theory [*i.e.*, plenary inspiration] has tottered and fallen." "But no equally elaborate and self-consistent doctrine of sacred scripture has arisen to take its place. Certain impressions which entered into the theory—impressions both true and false—are still profoundly influential; they largely determine that view of the Bible and its right uses which guides the unlearned Christian of to-day. But what are the lessons of the facts of history? How shall we shape our answer to the question, 'What is the Bible?' in view of the opinions held by the church of Christ in all the centuries of

its experience with the Bible? We reply with the following summary of conclusions" (p. 70):

1. "No elaborate doctrine of the nature of sacred scripture has yet been constructed and adopted by the Christian church at large."

2. "History shows that certain untenable opinions, foreign to the essence of biblical religion and uncongenial to the spirit of true Christianity, have repeatedly forced their way into the doctrinal views of the church, regarding the Bible."

3. "It is not truly Catholic doctrine that the Bible is the word of God."

4. "An exceedingly unstable condition of opinion in answer to the question, 'What is the Bible?' no doubt still exists."

5. "The Christian church has always regarded it as the most priceless and indispensable office of sacred scripture to be a witness to the person, doctrine, and work of Christ. So far as the Old Testament is concerned, the precise nature of this witness has been much disputed."

6. "It is this work of the holy spirit, in gradually making God known to men as their father and redeemer, which has given us the Bible. The Bible is the authentic record of this revelation."

7. "It follows, then, that the Bible has always been regarded as an authentic and authoritative source of Christian doctrine."

8. "Preaching, exhortation, and paraphrase, have always largely taken the place of sacred scripture."

9. "At no time, except during the *post*-Reformation period, has the inspiration of the authors of sacred scripture been regarded as specially different in kind from that possessed by other believers, or as given to them solely for the purpose of fitting them to compose an infallible Bible."

We have now reached the close of the second chapter and the author has taught us several important lessons. He has taught us:

That the narratives in Genesis about the creation, the fall, the flood, etc., had a common origin with the traditions of several heathen nations.

That Moses did not write the books ascribed to him, and that many other books of the Old Testament are of unknown authorship.

That geology is true as to the age of this earth, and not Genesis.

That the old theory of the plenary inspiration of the Bible "has tottered and fallen," and that no equally elaborate doctrine has arisen to take its place.

That untenable opinions in regard to the Bible have frequently forced themselves into the doctrines of the church.

That the Bible is not the word of God.

That an unstable opinion in regard to the Bible still exists.

That the writers of the Bible were not inspired differently from other believers.

And still he calls the Bible "sacred scripture," "holy scripture," and tells us "it is the work of the holy spirit" in revealing God to men "that has given us the Bible," and that "the Bible is the authentic record of this revelation."

These assumptions, so completely in conflict with his previous statements, and so wholly unsupported by any proof, he leaves with us, presumably to show that he is still writing "in the interest of faith."

In the third chapter he aims to give us the views of the biblical writers themselves as to their own inspiration. He says "the reference of Jesus to certain passages of the Old Testament are simply for illustration, and not to vouch for their historical truth, or for their inspiration."

As to the book of Jonah, to which Jesus referred, he says: "A narrative in which a man is represented as composing a poetical prayer, surrounded with water, his head bound with seaweed, and drifting with marine currents, while inside a monster of the sea, was surely never intended by its author to be understood as literal history. The book of Jonah was written as an allegory" (p. 84).

Again he says, "Not one word in the entire Bible can be found to warrant the theory of a peculiar or peculiarly infallible inspiration given to any one in order to fit him for the work of writing" (p. 98).

Again, in reference to Paul's advice concerning marriage, he says, "In this case we notice that the advice of Paul was governed

by his erroneous impression that the second coming of our Lord was then just at hand. That Paul and the other apostles, during at least the earlier years of their ministry, held this erroneous impression, their writings most abundantly show" (p. 100).

Here is a frank admission that all the apostles were laboring under an "erroneous impression" as to the second coming of Christ. And when we remember that this "erroneous impression" was given by the positive assurance of Jesus himself, Matt. xxiv, 30, 34, the question naturally occurs, Was not he, too, mistaken?

Again he says, "In common with all the previous authors of the Bible, the authors of its latest books never give us a hint that they regard themselves or one another as gifted with any special form of infallible inspiration as writers of sacred books. Nor does their language warrant the conclusion that they would have held any dogma of verbal inspiration as applying to these Christian writings."

If none of the writers of the Bible were specially inspired; if Jesus and all his apostles were mistaken, and if their successors in the Christian church have been teaching and perpetuating these "erroneous impressions" and mistakes, for eighteen hundred years, is it not about time for the people to do their own thinking?

J. W. NORTH.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON'S REMINISCENCES.

To state the idea of conversion and salvation as then understood, one can readily see from our present standpoint that nothing could be more puzzling and harrowing to the young mind. The revival fairly started, the most excitable were soon on the anxious seat. There we learned the total depravity of human nature and the sinner's awful danger of everlasting punishment. This was enlarged upon, until the most innocent girl believed herself a monster of iniquity and felt certain of eternal damnation.

Then God's hatred of sin was emphasized, and his irreconcilable position toward the sinner so justified that one felt like a miserable, helpless, forsaken worm of the dust in trying to approach him, even in prayer.

Having brought you in a condition of profound humility, the only cardinal virtue for one under conviction, in the depths of your despair you were told that it required no herculean effort on your part to be transformed into an angel, to be reconciled to God, to escape endless perdition. The way to salvation was short and simple. We had naught to do but to repent and believe, and give our hearts to Jesus, who stood ever ready to receive us. How to do all this was the puzzling question. Talking with Dr. Finney one day, I said:

"I cannot understand what I am to do. If you should tell me to go to the top of the church steeple and jump off, I would readily do it if thereby I could save my soul, but I do not know how to go to Jesus."

"Repent and believe," said he, "that is all you have to do to be happy here and hereafter."

"I am very sorry," I replied, "for all the evil I have done, and I believe all you tell me, and the more sincerely I believe the more unhappy I am." With the natural reaction from despair to hope, many of us imagined ourselves converted, prayed and gave our experiences in the meetings, and at times rejoiced in the thought that we were Christians, chosen children of God, rather than sinners and outcasts.

But Dr. Finney's terrible anathemas of the depravity and deceitfulness of the human heart soon shortened our new-born hopes. His appearance in the pulpit on these memorable occasions is indelibly impressed on my mind. I can see him now, his great eyes rolling round the congregation and his arms flying in the air like a windmill. One evening he described hell, and the devil, and the long procession of sinners being swept down the rapids of Niagara, about to make the awful plunge into the burning depths of limpid fire below, and the rejoicing hosts in the Inferno, coming up to meet them, with the shouts of the devils echoing through the vaultless arches. He suddenly halted and pointing his index finger at the supposed procession, he exclaimed:

"There, do you not see them!"

I was wrought up to such a pitch that I actually jumped up and gazed in that direction to which he pointed, and the picture glowed before my eyes, and remained with me for months afterwards. I cannot forbear saying that although high respect is due to the intellectual, moral, and spiritual gifts of the venerable ex-president of Oberlin College, such preaching worked incalculable harm to the very souls he sought to save. Fear of the judgment seized my soul. Visions of the lost haunted my dreams. Mental anguish prostrated my health. Dethronement of my reason was apprehended by friends. But he was sincere, so peace to his ashes! Returning home, the night after, I roused my father from his slumbers to pray for me lest I should be cast into the bottomless pit before morning.

To change the current of my thoughts, a trip was planned to Niagara, and it was decided that the subject of religion was to be tabooed altogether. Accordingly our party, consisting of my sister, her husband, my father, and myself, started in our private carriage, and for six weeks I heard nothing on the subject. About this time Gall and Spurzheim published their works on phrenology, followed by Combe's "Constitution of Man," his "Moral Philosophy," and many other Liberal works, all so rational and opposed to the old theologies that they produced a profound impression on my brother's mind. As we had these books with us, reading and discussing by the way, we all became deeply interested in the new ideas. Thus after many months of weary wandering in the intellectual labyrinth of "The Fall of Man," "Original Sin," "Total Depravity," "God's Wrath," "Satan's Triumph," "The Crucifixion," "The Atonement," "Salvation by Faith," I found my way out of the darkness into the clear sunlight of truth. My religious superstitions gave place to rational ideas based on scientific facts, and in proportion as I looked at everything from a new standpoint, I grew more and more happy day by day. Thus with a delightful journey in the month of June, an entire change in my course of reading, and the current of my thoughts, my mind was restored to its normal condition.

I view it as one of the greatest crimes to shadow the minds of the young with these gloomy superstitions; and with fears of the unknown and unknowable to poison all their joy in life.—*Woman's Tribune.*

THE NEW STATES' CONSTITUTIONS.

The Truth Seeker of June 1 contains this sound advice to the Liberals of the Northwest:

Once again we urge the Liberals of the four new states in the Union, Washington, Montana, and North and South Dakota, to be vigilant in seeing that religion does not gain a permanent foothold in the organic law of their states. Delegates to Constitutional Conventions have been selected in Montana and the two Dakotas, and in South Dakota the Sioux Falls constitution has been adopted. This constitution, so far as it relates to the right to worship, or to write, speak, or publish opinions, is exceedingly good, and under it perfect "toleration" of all religions is secured. But we know how easy it is for legislatures to pervert constitutions, and the Liberals in this state as in the other three should endeavor to secure more liberty, and also justice.

They should insist that the Constitution shall provide that no person shall be denied any civil or political right, privilege, or capacity, on account of his religious principles, or lack of religious principles.

They should insist that the Constitution shall prohibit the exemption of any property not owned by the state, county, or town, from taxation.

They should insist that the Constitution shall prohibit the legislature and all state officers from employing ecclesiastics to perform any of their so-called "sacred" functions for which the state has to pay.

They should insist that the Constitution shall debar the legislature from setting apart any day as a holy day, or from passing any law affixing penalties for laboring or playing on any of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year.

They should insist that the Constitution shall prevent the legislature from enacting blasphemy laws.

They should insist that some Constitutional provision shall be made to prevent any money raised for the use of the common schools from being given to schools maintained by churches or for religious purposes, or wherein any religion is taught.

If these things are not insisted upon, the Liberals will find that they are the sport and plaything of the church, and that religion is riding them roughshod, to the detriment of their pockets and the complete loss of self-respect and religious independence. The churches know how to work their points, and they will have men and money from the East without limit. They have got all but one of the states under their thumbs, and secured almost everywhere a practical union of church and state, and will strive mightily to secure the new states. It rests with the Liberals to defeat them, for the "practical politicians" will not oppose an element which influences so many votes.

A Poem from Grub Gulch.

Appended is the narrative of Noah and the ark,
With the lion and the tiger all a-roaming in the dark,
The polecat and the rattlesnake, hyena, and the lamb;
But the sinful little babies did Jehovah drown and damn.
The angels aided Noah,* yes they rounded up the boar,
The polar and the grizzly bear, and countless thousands more.
I can't enumerate them all, but they drove them, great and small,
Up the gang-plank to the steerage where each creature had his stall.
The gorilla was unruly and quite difficult to please—
Looked and acted much like Kearney when he's "cussin" the Chinese—
So they put him in the steerage, but the sportive little skunks
Monopolized the cabin, where they had their choice of bunks.
The angel with the hornets' nest stubbed his toe and fell—
The inmates went exploring round, and Noah shouted, "Hell,
You haven't paid your passage; go aboard some other ark;"
But every buzzing insect made a stinging, sharp remark;
Insisted on their lawful rights, and wouldn't be ignored,
And made themselves familiar with every one on board.
Mrs. Noah very badly fared, with her abundant muscle,
For scant and thin was her attire and innocent of bustle.
Beasts, birds, and reptiles, all embarked, then tight was shut the door,
The angels pulled the stoppers out and down the waters pour.
It rained about a foot an hour, a somewhat soaking shower,
And thus did the Creator manifest his love and power.
The mothers with their babies, as they sought for places drier,
Climbed on the roof of village church and clustered round the spire.
But all their struggles were in vain, the water rose still higher,
For God had doomed them all to drown; then, everlasting fire.
The ark was drifted by the tides on top of Ararat,
Its occupants then issued forth quite destitute of fat,
For they had been almost a year on very scanty ration—
What they lived on I cannot tell, unless 'twas ventilation—
And Captain Noah, when safe ashore, so overjoyed was he,
He planted vines and made red wines, and had a royal spree.
Now here you have the story as I find it in the book,
Where you may find it also, if you have a mind to look;
And if you don't believe it you're forever damned in hades
With all those drowned mothers and their wicked little babies.
Now if I had been Jehovah, the truth I'll dare to tell,
I'd surely drowned the devil, and then closed the gates of hell.
I'd save the coal and sulphur, extinguish all the fire,
Of each damned soul I'd make a saint, with seven-octave lyre.
Don't think I'd be quite happy though, on the great white throne,
If now and then came up from hell an unbeliever's groan.

Grub Gulch, Fresno Co.

A. W. POOLE.

*See sermon of Rev. Talmage.

BOOKS.

We have for sale at this office, among other works:

"John Ward, Preacher." \$1.50.

"Yone Santo." 50 cents.

"Self-Contradictions of the Bible." 15 cents.

"The Truth Seeker Annual" for 1889. 25 cents.

"Liberty and Morality," by W. S. Bell. 15 cents.

"The System of Nature," by Baron D'Holbach. \$2.

"Robert Elsmere," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Price, 50 cents.

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

Judge Maguire's "Ireland and the Pope," a history of papal intrigues against Irish liberty. Price, 50 cents.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Kaiser Henry.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Inclosed please find money order for \$5 toward maintaining FREE-THOUGHT. I have returned blank with signatures for the California State Liberal Union. With best wishes, I remain your friend,
Loomis, Cal.

HENRY KAISER.

For the Cause.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I inclose \$1 to help the cause. Accept it and send FREETHOUGHT for six months to some poor person who cannot afford a paper; or use it in a way you think will do the most good. With best wishes for your success in the good work. Yours truly, S. J. WILLIAMS.

Milwaukee, Wis.

November 3, 1870.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Will you be kind enough to give me the date of the killing of Mr. Crittenden by Laura D. Fair on the ferry boat between Oakland and San Francisco, as I have had a dispute in regard to the time? Are Laura D. Fair and Laura de Force Gordon one and the same person? [No.—Ed.] Inclosed find \$2 for my renewal. Yours for justice.

J. S. MARTIN.

Aunt Elmina's Plea.

Dear Friends:

At last, after weeks of uncertainty and anxiety, Judge Foster of the United States Court has handed down his decision in the Harman, Walker, and Harman "obscenity" case, overruling the motion of counsel to quash the indictment. It is now almost certain that the trial will take place at the next term of court. I hope every friend who writes to me for books or papers will add 10 cents to my dime fund for the defense. I want it to grow and increase till it counts up into the hundreds.

I am proud of each name, of each donor, and feel disappointed at each mail that fails to bring at least one dime toward so good a work. Blessed be the cheerful and timely giver. Yours hopefully,

Snowville, Pulaski Co., Va.

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

A Want Filled.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I took notice of a little article at the head of the "Odds and Ends" column in the Truth Seeker of April 27, from the Jewelers' Weekly, where it says a scarf-pin shield that will protect its wearer from entanglement with a girl's hair would be a boon to mankind. Since ninety-nine per cent of all the girls are more or less religious, or creed-bound to some extent, I recommend all young men that have a mind of their own, and are not afraid to use it, to purchase one of Otto Wettstein's Freethought scarf-pins, price \$4; can be had at Otto Wettstein's, Rochelle, Ill., or at Putnam & Macdonald's, 504 Kearny street, San Francisco, Cal. And I will assure them that it will act as a good preventive from becoming entangled in girl's hair. Try it! Yours for science and humanity,

LEWIS KAISER.

"Yone Santo—The Child of Japan."

To the Editors of Freethought:

We have just been reading the above work, and it makes us wish that intelligent thinkers who have not the fear of the church before their eyes would visit and get at the heart of all so-called heathen civilization. Not only the church direct, but governments called Christian, steadily oppose the truth's being told.

The large-hearted George Eliot, in her memorable letter to Harriet Beecher Stowe, says: "Toward all Oriental people with whom we English come in contact, a spirit of arrogance and contemptuous dictatorialness is observable." We wonder if Mrs. Lewes (George Eliot) sensed the real cause of this arrogance.

From whence does it come if not from the claims of the Christian religion? How can a people who are considered Christians par excellence, national in their religion, and the leading Christian nation of the world, be otherwise than arrogant under the very false idea than they are the guardians of the only religion through which mankind can be saved, all

others being false and their advocates under the displeasure of the ruler of the universe? "We are God's favorites," is the natural language of such ideas. Mrs. Lewes farther says: "There is nothing I should more care to do, if it were possible, than to arouse the imagination of men and women to a vision of human claims in those races of their fellow-men who most differ from them in customs and beliefs."

"If it were possible!" repeats the author of "Yone Santo," from whose postscript we take the above, and then proceeds to say: "If any doubt (as to the difficulty) were imagined to exist, the testimony of those who, during a score of years, have striven to protect the foremost of Asiatic nations from the consequences of injurious foreign association would confirm the fact. Official influences have steadily opposed them, and powerful interests have united to counteract their endeavors."

Now mark the next sentence: "In no part of Europe is it generally recognized that a highly intelligent and progressive Eastern empire is held in subservience, and deprived of its inherent rights by sheer force unjustly and cruelly exercised."

And what is to be the result? The following statement tells the tale.

"The Japanese rulers are well aware that an assumption of Christianity, as a state religion, would smooth away many of their international complications. It is a scandal to the enlightenment of the nineteenth century that the recognition of a nation's inherent rights should be more or less dependent upon a mere formal declaration of faith, but such is the fact."

Can anything demonstrate more fully the infernal nature of that system known as Christian, as manifest wherever it obtains power? An intelligent nation deprived of its rights by a combination of Christian thieves, because not acknowledging as ruler of the universe the hideous monster, the Christian's God.

Why not send a representative of Freethought to Japan, and give him plenty of time to study the domestic relations and the scholarship of that people, and whatever else it might be well for your readers to know? As to "Yone Santo," the power of the church was brought to bear to prevent the publication of the story in book form, but happily, Christians do not own all our publishing houses, though could they succeed in getting their God in the Constitution, they would suppress such as refused to do their bidding.

Send for "Yone Santo," read it, learn it, and thus aid in emancipating the human mind from the control of priestcraft. LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Theological Imposition.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I wish to pay my respects to theologians by calling them, one and all, from the pope of Rome down to the Mormon howler and spouter, the most arrant lot of pretenders on the face of the globe. I do not believe there is a perfectly honest man among all these thousands of "advocates of the supernatural" unless it is among those who are so ignorant of this natural world that we might term them natural born and persistent fools. It seems to me these men—these advocates of supernatural dogmas—have no desire to know the truth nor any fear of believing a lie. Nor is that all, they apparently take much delight in getting others to accept their mind-degrading superstition so that they (the priestly impostors) may keep humanity in mental bondage. They teach, for instance, "the existence of an omnipotent, merciful God." Let us see about this reputed merciful God. If such a being exists, who is responsible for all the evil and injustice in the world? Who is responsible for all the innocent suffering and agony in this world? Do you say there is no evil, injustice, and suffering? How about the thousands that have gone down to a watery grave in ships sunk by the merciless storm? Did God lend a hand? How about the thousands of innocent people burned to death in burning houses? See a lot of children fall with the roof into the flames and fire, and then think of this omnipotent merciful God. Something over a year ago I saw this statement in a paper: A mother goes to the well after a pail of water; she takes her child along, a bright little baby girl. And going down the trail through the grass and flowers she sets the baby down a few moments while she draws the water. Suddenly she hears a heart-piercing cry from her little darling; she looks up and sees a large eagle flying away with her babe. The bird is already high in the air. Look, ye godly! a helpless babe and a helpless mother. Away the little one is borne in the sharp claws of the huge bird to the top of a neighboring barn. There the baby's eyes and its little heart

were torn out and eaten by the eagle. Only a portion of the dead child's body was recovered. Think what must have been the feeling of that woman—worse than a thousand deaths! Did the merciful God show his mercy? Did he ever show any mercy? Can a "nonentity" be merciful? It won't do. This "merciful-God" doctrine is false, and the impostors who teach the lie should be exposed whenever and wherever possible. Why worship a God that does no good? Why waste millions of money on this nonentity in building churches and paying priestly pretenders for telling us falsehoods? Down with the churches and away with the priests—to some asylum where they cannot do so much harm! The world is far better without them. The truth is all that is wanted to make us free. Religion means slavery. Its very foundation is imposition and superstition.

It is nonsense and folly to talk about the supernatural or of its existence while the boundaries of the natural are not known. According to science and reason, this is a natural world, and is governed by immutable law. It is a degradation of the human intellect to lose time in prayers to the nonentity known as God. Nature is seen to do all things of itself without the meddling of the gods. It is proof against miracles. For all things there is a natural cause, and to hear theologians spout about the miraculous and the supernatural makes me tired. They labor simply to promote imposition and for the conservation of superstition. The world has had too much of it, it is time to strike down the false and lift up the true. True men and women, with the sceptre of science, morality, and reason, those emblems will lead to happiness and victory.

We want no more priestly imposition and theological pretension! We want no more God, devil, hell, and heaven. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, will do. More than this means evil.

And I say again, it were better to have no God than one that does no good. During my own short life on this globe I have seen too much suffering and evil to believe that an omnipotent, merciful deity exists. The existence of evil and injustice goes to show that the doctrine of Christianity—of all religions that teach the existence of an infinite and merciful God—is false. The facts are against them; and facts are what count. When religion is the cause of the killing of such splendid women as Hypatia, and the cause of the burning of such splendid men as Bruno, two of the noblest martyrs that ever lived or died, I for one consecrate the last drop of my heart's blood, and the last thought of my brain, to expose the priestly impostor and destroy his imposition of superstition. It must be done for humanity's sake. A religion that sanctions all crimes, that burns men to death for telling the truth, as it did with Giordano Bruno, I say it is a fraud as false as hell. There is no worse book in existence than the so-called Holy Bible. It upholds all crimes, cruelties, and evils, polygamy, tyranny, slavery, murder, human sacrifice, and all the list of unjust doings conceivable by the degraded minds of priests. Read its bloody record, and then consider its so-called "divinity."

What think you of a God that accepts as righteousness the punishment of the innocent and the pardon of the guilty? This triple-headed monster of Christianity is an imposition that should be scorned out of mind. It is a delusion unworthy of any consideration. Let the sun of science shine on the clouds of superstition and see how quickly they disappear. Then look upon the solid earth in the light of science and reason, and who but a theologian will say that this world is not worth our most earnest endeavor to make it better? Yours for the truth,

Salmon City, Idaho.

CHAS. F. BLACKBURN, Atheist.

A Word from Brother Watts.

Messrs S. P. Putnam and Geo. E. Macdonald are doing good work on the other side. Mr. Putnam is working hard in the lecturing field, and judging from his long list of engagements, which we print in another column, his activity is appreciated throughout California. Mr. Putnam is an earnest and persistent worker, and is deserving of all success possible upon the platform. His co-worker, Geo. E. Macdonald, confines his labors to the editorial duties of FREETHOUGHT, each number of which bears marks of his unique ability and experience. We hope and believe that the efforts of these two determined workers will be adequately rewarded.—Secular Thought.

Taylor's "Diegesis," by the Rev. Robert Taylor. A discovery of the Origin, Evidences, and early history of Christianity. \$2.

OREGON STATE CONVENTION.

To the Liberals of Oregon:

The members of the Silverton Secular Union, of Silverton, Oregon, hereby cordially invite all the Liberals of Oregon to meet with them in mass convention at Silverton, June 22 and 23, 1889, for the purpose of organizing a state association on the basis of the Demands of Liberalism, to co-operate with the American Secular Union. The association thus formed is to represent no intellectual creed, but simply equal rights and impartial liberty. It is to be organized in the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the words of General Grant—"Keep the church and state forever separate."

All in favor of these great ends, so necessary to the preservation of Republican and Democratic institutions, are solicited to be present for fraternal co-operation. In union there is strength.

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Stayton.....	" " 24,	La Grange, Or.....	Aug.....	29,
Mills City.....	" " 25, 26,	Union.....	Or.....	30,
Turner.....	" " 27,	Baker City, "	Sept.....	1,
Eola.....	" " 28,	Prairie City, Or, and vicinity,	Sept.	
Canby.....	" " 29, 30	4, 5, 6, 7, 8,		
Molalla.....	July.....	3, 4,	Fox Valley.....	Or., Sept. 9, 10,
Kalama.....	W. T., " " 6, 7,	Long Creek.....	" " 11, 12,	
Starks Point. W. T., and vicinity,		Hamilton.....	" " 14, 15,	
July 9, 10, 11, 12, 13,		Monument.....	" " 16, 17,	
Astoria.....	Or., July ... 14,	Hay Stack.....	" " 18,	
Stella.....	W. T., " 15, 16, 17,	Lone Rock.....	" " 19, 20,	
Oswego.....	Or., " 18, 19,	Fossil.....	" " 21, 22,	
Arnold's Grove.....	" " 20, 21,	Hillsboro, Or., Sept., 25, 26, 27, 28,		
Coos county, Or., July 22 to Aug. 4,		North Yamhill... Or., Sept.....	29,	
Coburg.....	" Aug.....	7, 8,	Forest Grove.....	" " 30,
Lebanon.....	" " " 9,	Talent, Or., and vicinity	Oct. 3, 4, 5,	
Olympia... W. T., " " 11, 12,		6, 7,		
Buckley... W. T., " " 13, 14,		Linkville.....	Or., Oct. 11, 12, 13,	
Davenport, " " " 17, 18,		Sacramento.....	Cal., Oct. 20,	
Cheney... " " " 19,		San Francisco.....	" " 27,	
Rosalie... " " " 20,		Los Angeles and vicinity	the month	
Sprague... " " " 21,		of November,		
Pasco... " " " 22,		San Diego and vicinity	the month of	
Dayton.... W. T., Aug.....	24, 25,	December.		

Eternal Fitness.

According to the Church News (Catholic), the ruins of the tower of Babel have been turned to some account at last. The Carmelites of Bagdad have recently erected a statue of the Virgin Mary on the highest portion of the wall which remains standing. Considerable doubt formerly existed in the minds of many antiquarians as to whether the tower of Babel in reality ever had any connection with the ruins which now go by its name, and some have gone so far as to state that even the site of Babylon (supposed to be the ancient Babel) is at present unknown. But of course this difficulty is now all cleared away by this action of the Romish church. In her supreme wisdom and infallible judgment she has forever decided the matter by celebrating the mass on the spot, and then setting up the statue of the "blessed lady," as before referred to. Well, so be it. Inasmuch as Babel means confusion, and the name is perpetuated in the Greek word Babylon, we can conceive of no more appropriate place for the great mysterious Babylon, the mother of harlots, to set up her idolatrous shrines, and practice her iniquitous mysteries than she has found in this instance.—Signs of the Times.

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"You remember you married me?" the man said.

"Yes."

"And that I said I hoped it would be just as happy a marriage as if you believed in a hell?"

"You said something like that."

"And that you said some folks got all their hell in this world?"

"I might have said so."

"Parson, you was right."—Lewiston Journal.

"Christian Science."

The returns from Salida, Colorado, where a young woman under charge of Christian scientists has just died from the effects of typhoid fever, confirm the position taken by the Times that the so-called Christian science should be confined to colds in the head, or warts, or corns, or mild cases of constipation.—Kansas City Times.

THERE is a grim humor about some of Judge Lynch's executions. A bank president in Southwest Texas made away with all the funds under his charge, and then posted on the door of his institution, "Bank Suspended." That night he was interviewed by a number of depositors, who left him hanging to a tree with this notice pinned to his breast: "Bank President Suspended." Bank suspensions will not occur very frequently in that locality.

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"LET us not waste our time," yelled the temperance lecturer. "Let us not waste our time in dealing with the small saloons and grogshops. Let us go to the fountain-head. Let us go to the brewery, my friends." "All right," chimed in an old soaker from a back seat, "I'm with you."

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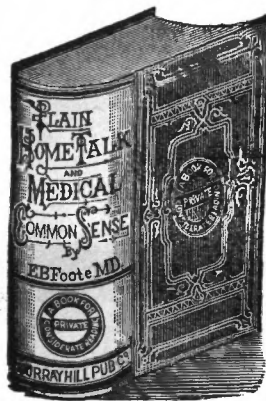
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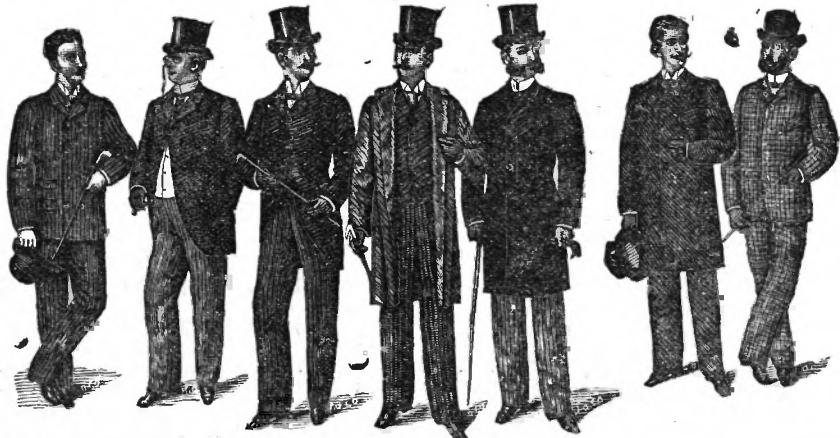
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And was filling his basket very fast;
While you might have seen that his deadly hook
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He caught 'em as fast as a man could count—
Little or big, it was all the same.
One bait was a check for a round amount;
An assemblyman nabbed it and out he came.

He took a gem that as Saturn shone;
It sank in the water without a sound,
And caught a woman who long was known
As the best and purest for miles around.

Sometimes he would laugh, and sometimes sing,
For better luck no one could wish,
And he seemed to know to a dead sure thing
The bait best suited to every fish.

Quoth Satan, "The fishing is rare and fine;"
And he took a drink, somewhat enthused—
And yet a Parson swam round the line
Who even the most tempting of baits refused.

He tried with his gold and his flashing gems,
Hung fame and fortune on the line,
Dressing-gowns with embroidered hems;
But still the Dominie made no sign.

A woman's garter went on the hook.
"I have him at last," quoth the Devil, bright-
ening.

Then Satan's side with laughter shook,
And he landed the Parson as quick as lightning.

Time to Stand Pat.

Mr. Gunsaulus was telling a group of the bibliomaniacs there was nothing so beautiful in a house as a bevy of bright children. "I have a very lovely family," said he. "I hold, as the sinful would say, a bobtail flush."

"What's that?" asked the Hon. Charles B. Farwell, the well-known collector of Bibles and psalm-books.

"We were talking about children," said Gunsaulus, "and I was saying that in our family we have a bobtail flush—four girls and a boy."

Thereupon everybody laughed—everybody except the sage of East Pearson street.

"No," said Mr. Farwell, smiling sadly, "it is evident that you have had no experience in the ways of the world, otherwise you would not make so erroneous an application of terms. You do not hold a bobtail flush: you hold four of a kind—four queens and a jack—a powerful good hand, sir, and I should advise you to stand pat."—Chicago News.

MINISTER (making out record of baptism and in doubt about the date)—"Let me see; this is the 23d, isn't it?" Interested Mamma—"No, sir; it is only the fifth, and two of those are dead."—Minneapolis Tribune.

It was a Connecticut boy who surprised his teacher in reading the other day by his interpretation of the sentence "There is a worm; do not tread on him." He read slowly and hesitatingly, "There is a warm doughnut; tread on him."

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Freethought.

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FREETHOUGHT.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, }
GEO. E. MACDONALD, } EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - JUNE 22, 1889.

THE American exhibitors at the Paris exposition are making this country ridiculous by refusing to have their goods looked at on Sunday.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph furnishes the information that Professor Huxley's third daughter, Mrs. Albert Eckersley, has come over to Mexico to live, her husband being engaged in railroad building there.

THERE are two hundred and seventy-five women ordained to preach and preaching in this country. These are the females, but nearly a hundred thousand women of the other sex are in the same business.

THE following describes a character well-known and admired by American Freethinkers: "Mrs. Annie Besant has great popularity and influence among the Radicals of London. There is a wonderful magnetic attraction about her. Her face in repose can hardly be called handsome, but when animated, her dark, Irish eyes flash fire, and, as one of her lady friends once said, 'She has one of the sweetest smiles I have ever seen.' Her short, curling hair, and the somewhat peculiar attire which she affects, add to her individuality."

IT may be all right for the clergy to assert that disasters are sent upon wicked people in punishment for their sins, but it would be interesting to have them explain why the Methodist excursion train in Ireland was wrecked and a hundred of its passengers killed, half of whom were children. It was supposed that when God put his son to death for the redemption of the world he had done with punishing the innocent for the sins of the guilty. In view of recent facts and clerical utterances concerning them, the atonement doctrine needs remonetizing.

A HEBREW newspaper of Paris has made a careful computation of the number of people in the world of that faith, with the result that the total is given as being 6,300,000. Of this number there are no fewer than 5,400,000 in Europe, the remainder being thus apportioned: Asia, 300,000; Africa, 350,000; and America, 250,000. Taking Europe, the bulk of Hebrew element is in Russia, nearly 300,000, and of these a large portion (768,500)

are in the old kingdom of Poland. Austria has 1,644,000 Hebrews, of whom 688,000 are in Galicia (Austrian Poland) alone. The other European countries come in the following order: Germany, 562,000; Roumania, 263,000; Turkey, 105,000; the Netherlands, 82,000; France, 63,000; Italy, 40,000. The prophecy that the seed of Abraham should be as countless as the dust of the earth is as far from fulfilment as the average Bible prediction.

POOR Pecci! Advices from Rome, says a London dispatch, indicate that the pope is still greatly depressed over the demonstration at the unveiling of the Bruno memorial. Speaking to one of the officials at the Vatican he said that the event was even sadder than were those of 1870, when only the temporal power of the pope was attacked. The present demonstration was an attempt to destroy the pope's spiritual authority, the only power now left him.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, June 23, at 8 o'clock. An address entitled "Our Destiny" is to be delivered by P. O. Chilstrom, Esq. All are invited.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Hopland is in the land of hops, and hence its name. There are two Hoplands now, the old Hopland across the river where the stages used to stop, and the new Hopland where the railroad-station is built; and there is a kind of gentle rivalry between these points, enough to make things appear quite animated in this beautiful valley. Sanel means Round Valley, and is the old Indian name. Massive and imposing hills extending into lovely prospects are on all sides, and the verdant fields and groves of oak intermingling present a magnificent picture amidst the bosom of the mountains. At present only about a dozen houses, including station, blacksmith-shop, stores, and school-house, are at Hopland, but a hotel is about to be built, and other improvements are going on, and undoubtedly this will be a very handsome village one of these days where the whistle of the locomotive has just been heard against the rock-ribbed and wooded heights. A little way from the station are the Duncan Springs in a hollow of the mountains, and around these springs, this summer, from one hundred to two hundred families are to camp. It is a delightful resort. The waters sparkling with bubbling gas from the heart of earth possess excellent medicinal qualities. The road winding over the vast hills to this embowered spot affords splendid views of the valley and its inclosing walls of green and gray, ranks of trees and frowning precipice. A little way off, down the Russian River and overlooking its crystal stream, is "The Lover's Leap," an enormous rock twelve hundred feet high with battlements sheer down to the banks of the river. From hence, it is said, the Indian maiden flung herself to death

because she was robbed of her own true love and was to be forced into hated bonds with another. A romantic story in unison with the grand and desolate scenery.

The days passed in this still, somewhat secluded vale, were days of pleasure and contentment and happy labor. The meetings were well attended, the school-house was nearly full, and in fact there was the largest attendance to the lecture of anything that has yet taken place in the valley. It was a surprise to us all to see so much interest in Freethought.

John C. Weybright and family open their hospitable doors, and here I found the "true hearts" of freedom's band. There is no breath of superstition in this liberty-loving home. Mrs. Weybright has the honor of being the pioneer in the path of progress. Mr. Weybright did once believe in prayer and a God who numbers the hairs of the head and watches the sparrow, but he has now come to the conclusion that man is the only providence worth counting on. He is an enthusiastic Liberal, and devotes himself to the advancement of the cause. He sees the responsibilities of those who have flung off the old superstitions, and that the world must receive the benefit of new ideas. To him and to his family Freethought is "the consecration and the poet's dream."

There are others here ready to advance the cause with "heart and hand." John Huntley, among the old inhabitants of the coast, like most of the advance guard of civilization, has very little faith in the churches. His contact with nature and man in this rugged and progressive country has knocked theology to "innocuous desuetude," and science has been his teacher. His son, Wm. Huntley, a lawyer, is a cultivated and earnest thinker, and does not find even in the precedents of law the highest idea of justice. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Lawrence who have been living about a year on Uncle Sam's domains among the foothills under the shadow of Duncan's Peak, and who are now to become residents of the village, are friends whom to meet is a pleasure, for they look to the morning light also. Mr. and Mrs. L. I. Long were in Mendocino county among the first, and are well-known among the people of this section. Mr. Long is originally of the "Old Granite State" like myself, and I guess he has not lost any of the backbone of those lofty and magnificent hills that encircled the homes of Yankee land. A. H. Thomson, T. J. Fairbanks, Wm. Bolton, Mary L. Higgins, J. J. Hale, Lucy Hale, A. G. McCain, L. N. O'Neil, and others are the comrades of this post who will keep the colors flying. There are no churches as yet to vex the landscape in this happy valley. I hope a Freethought Hall next to the school-house will be the first to ornament these green and wooded slopes, and shine forth from tree and rock with the radiance of unclouded science.

I was agreeably surprised to meet at Cloverdale Mrs. Eugenia Wheeler Clark, who, with her sisters, aided so generously our San Francisco meetings with music. She is now, I believe, among the "footlight flashes" of the theatric world, and is worthy of a brilliant success. I hope, however, these gifted sisters will enliven again our Freethought assemblies, for what is better than music to make the pulses of freedom glow. The world of art must touch to glory the world of thought and struggle. Success to our friends, and crowns of roses upon the mimic stage where life's ideal answers to the heart of hope.

Saturday I come to Ukiah. When I came here before it was by stage from Cloverdale, a distance of thirty miles. The mountains have now been tunneled along the Russian river, and Ukiah is the terminus of the railroad and is improving rapidly. My friends McGlashan and McCowen meet me at the station. They

are our "standbys" here, and without them I fear that little would be done for Freethought in Ukiah. But they don't give up, although they might, with honor, be enrolled upon the "retired list." But, as the young men have not yet come forward, they keep in the ranks, as they have for nearly fifty years back, and so Ukiah is in the line of battle yet. It will be remembered that this is the place where the kerosene lamp was flung at my head by an ardent Christian. The Christians of this community sustained his action and cleared him of all crime, although his reckless act endangered the lives of many. I suppose this was a warning to the Infidel never to come to Ukiah again. The disciple of the "meek and lowly Jesus" who flung the lamp has disappeared with the funds that belonged to others, and it is generally hoped that he has "left his country for his country's good."

The court-house, which is open to meetings of all kinds, was engaged for the Freethought lectures, as before, and it was widely advertised that the lectures would be given in this place, but on my arrival I found that the sheriff had changed his mind and refused to let the court-house be used, on the ground that he feared a disturbance and the destruction of property under his care. Our friends were obliged at an additional expense to procure another place of meeting—Reed's Opera House. Mrs. Reed, the proprietor, did not seem to share the fear of the sheriff, as there was no danger of any disturbance.

The Christians have learned something since I was here last, and have had enough of violent measures. Their method is now the "conspiracy of silence," and to keep as many away from the lectures as possible. To a certain extent they have succeeded. The audiences have not been so large as I hoped for. The churches had a mass meeting on Sunday night in behalf of the sufferers by the flood—not Noah's, but the last one, but both, of course, under the auspices of their God—and I rather think that this meeting was arranged to keep the multitude away from the Freethought lecture. However, there has been no retreat so far as our columns are concerned. Although there are six churches, we don't propose to give them, altogether, the inside track. The future is the battle-field, and our ammunition will last just as long as that of the ecclesiastics. The series of lectures closed on Monday night with a fair audience—some increase on the audience of the night before—and so a gain has been made. There are many Liberals in this place, but they are either indifferent or are afraid of the ban of the churches. The churches are pretty strong, especially the Catholic, which is, of course, something of a political factor. It is in towns like Ukiah that one realizes the tyranny that churches will exert when they have the opportunity. It is just about large enough and small enough for everybody to know everybody's business, and so the clergy can exercise a close surveillance over the community, and if they feel disposed can hurl the anathemas of the church at those who are in open rebellion. In a larger place the churches cannot exercise the social and business influence they do here, and are much more harmless. Since Ukiah is bound to grow it will undoubtedly emerge from this provincial aspect, and with the influx of travel there will come larger ideas and ampler freedom.

Friend Mewhinney, of Pomo, Potter's Valley, was with us for awhile, but could not remain to the end. The farmers are all busy now with the harvest, and this keeps quite a number away from the lectures. Mewhinney is thoroughly outspoken for Liberalism, and is a stalwart ally always. So there is "the Old Guard" in Ukiah—a few "open and avowed Infidels" who are well known and honored in the community, and therefore the

Christians are compelled to show outward respect, and acknowledge the intellectual and moral force of the Secular party. I have hope for the future. This is a beautiful spot. The surrounding hills are lovely. The valleys between are exuberant with fruits and grain. The Russian river winds along like a sparkling ribbon. The mineral springs are near. There are many attractions for the tourist as well as for those in search of home and comfort. Ukiah is on the road to prosperity, and the whistle of the engine is always the note of reform.

On Sunday I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. McGlashan. Mrs. McGlashan is of the broad, liberal Christian school, extracting all the virtue of the venerable religion and leaving out its sectarian dogmas. It was delightful to behold our friend's fireside glow with hope and joy, where the silver light of morn is in the golden eve.

Among the Liberal citizens of Ukiah, who are well known in the community, are B. B. Fox, one of the town trustees, whose indefatigable labors have helped much to beautify the city; Mr. Forse, the stage agent, who for twenty years has given satisfaction to the traveling public by his gentlemanly way of doing business, always in favor of "equal rights and impartial liberty" to man, woman, and child; D. Crocket, of the Davy Crocket stock, for thirty years a resident of this county—"Be sure you are right and then go ahead" always makes a stalwart Freethinker; W. M. Hillman, the miller, who never takes too much toll—no theology in his grindstones; J. Donahue, formerly sheriff and now real-estate agent; W. M. Proudfoot, also a live business man; Thos. Caruthers, Judges Sewell and Manon, members of the bar, known throughout the state; Senator Yell, the handsomest man in the Senate and a brilliant politician; E. Gulsdorf, banker; J. N. Stanley, sheriff—the ablest detective of the state, and one of the most popular men in his party. I don't wonder he did not have sufficient confidence in the Christian believers to let the courthouse be used for my lectures, for in the case of Hamilton the sheriff was obliged to foot the bills for damages, while Hamilton, who flung the lamp, so far as I can find out, never paid a cent and went "scot-free." It is to be hoped that the locomotive, the agent of civilization, will thunder a few ideas of justice into the barbaric, theologic horde of this place. One man, a clergyman, on the jury that acquitted Hamilton, said he was "glad of a chance to strike a blow for the Lord." Hamilton has also struck a blow for the Lord by "blowing in" about twelve hundred dollars of public money, and skipping with "angel wings." I don't blame the sheriff for his refusal. It is the system and conditions that are at fault. It is that the Christians, some of them, are still swayed by the bloody dogmas of the Bible. However, they are improving. Nature and civilization are knocking out inhumanity and the monarch of the skies. The reign of the republic is coming.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

DELINQUENTS.

We have to remove from our list the names of many subscribers who fail to either renew or to order their paper stopped. This is done with regret, because we wish to retain all who are interested enough in FREETHOUGHT to read it. Our list is steadily lengthening, as increased bills for paper, printing, and postage show. Many copies are needed to fill applications for samples, and we are obliged to cut off the delinquents in order to supply this demand. We cannot afford to send the paper free, but it is difficult to understand how any sincere Liberal can take a paper and not pay for it. Reader, if you have received notice that

your subscription has expired, please renew—or let us hear from you. If you cannot renew, drop us a card to that effect, that we may forget and forgive, and part friends.

"SABBATH" OBSERVANCE.

The following comes to us from New York:

"In line with the policy inaugurated by the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, and followed by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, Michigan Central, Bee Line, and other roads operating in connection with the Vanderbilt system, to discontinue, as far as practicable, all labor on their railways on the Sabbath, an agreement has just been reached to close all the city ticket offices in Buffalo on Sunday, beginning with June 9. This will give a large number of men an opportunity to attend church and secure a well-earned rest, and the railways interested are entitled to great credit for this movement. The example should be followed in every city in the United States.

"Owing to the arrival of delayed trains it may be found impossible to close the depot ticket offices, but there is no reason why the city ticket offices of all the railways in the country should not be closed on Sunday.

"Chicago and Buffalo have adopted the 'Sunday closing' rule. What city will be next to have its name placed on the new roll of honor?"

This is accompanied by the appended note:

"To the Editors of Freethought:

"The above item would doubtless be of interest to many of your readers, and is sent you in the hope that you may find room for it in your columns, and thus aid the movement to discontinue, as far as it is practicable to do so, labor in connection with railways on the Sabbath day.

"Very respectfully yours, GEORGE H. DANIELS,

"General Passenger Agent, N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.

"New York city, June 6, 1889."

Mr. Daniels is right in thinking that the above matter will be of interest to our readers. Like ourselves they are interested in noting the various manifestations of hypocrisy in connection with the Sunday-closing movement. This shutting up of a few city ticket offices is a very insignificant beginning compared with what must be done if all labor connected with railways is to be discontinued on Sunday. It amounts to nothing, in fact, so far as reducing the total amount of work is concerned, for Mr. Daniels takes care to inform us that the depot offices will be kept open. Thus people desiring to purchase tickets on Sunday will be submitted to the inconvenience of going to the depot for them, so that while the ticket seller from the city office is attending church or resting, the clerk at the depot is doing double duty. The work done, therefore, is not lessened; it remains the same *plus* the inconvenience to passengers just noted. Exactly how the "railways interested are entitled to great credit for this movement" it is hard to see, since the professed reduction of Sunday labor is not effected.

But there is another side to this Sunday-closing business. The railways of the country are for the convenience of the traveling public, and because they are conveniences the roads receive valuable franchises, large concessions of land, and often subsidies. They ought, then, to be run for the benefit of the people, and not suspended out of regard for Sunday, or for the purpose of increasing church attendance. The public has a right to insist that trains shall be run in such a manner as to best accommodate those who support them.

The cessation of Sunday labor would doubtless be profitable to the railroad employers. They would save the wages of their men on Sunday and could crowd two days' work into the following Monday; but how about passengers forced to lie over at way-stations? How about perishable freight? Would people be willing to wait over Sunday for their mails?

The plea of the Sunday closers is that laborers need one day

of rest in seven, and opponents of the measure are accused of being enemies of Labor. It may be quite true that one day of rest in seven is desirable, but that does not make it necessary for all to rest on the same day; and as long as there is in the country a great army of the unemployed it will always be easy to find men to relieve those who have religious scruples against Sunday labor.

Before leaving the subject we would like to inform Mr. Daniels that Sunday and Sabbath are not interchangeable terms. Sunday is the first day of the week, and the Sabbath is the last. Men engaged in conducting railroads should devote themselves to increasing the efficiency of their service and ministering to the comfort of their passengers. If they do this faithfully their reward will be great, even though they run their trains on Sunday and the Sabbath too.

RELIGIOUS IMPOSTORS.

The Chronicle says:

"The extent of public credulity cannot be measured, if we are to judge of it by the success of the Rev. George Schweinfurth, of Rockford, Ill. This vulgar mountebank, who claims to be Christ, not only has obtained from his dupes a fine house and other property, but he maintains in his mansion nearly fifty women, thirteen of whom he calls angels. When he journeys from one place to another, visiting the members of his church, he wears a crown and carries a portion of his harem in a large coach. His rank imposture and his mercenary character have been laid bare, but these exposures do not appear to damage him. As the number of his dupes increases his own pretensions grow, and his latest announcement is that he is 'the Almighty himself.' A good dose of tar and feathers and a lively ride on a sharp rail would probably be the best way to test his divinity. If it didn't humble his spiritual pride it would probably free Rockford from his presence."

We have not the slightest sympathy with this Schweinfurth, and regard him as a religious impostor, but it is hardly worth while to make war on him so long as religious impostors with a million times more influence, and therefore a million times more dangerous, are gulling the public with their supernatural claims. Let us take only one of them—the pope of Rome—and see whether in comparison with him this pigmy Schweinfurth is, after all, entitled to rank as a religious impostor.

It is charged that Schweinfurth has a fine house and other property. Has he as fine a house as the Vatican palace? Has he as much "other property" as the pope, who is the richest man in Europe? Not a millionth part.

Next, "he [Schweinfurth] has fifty women." What is that beside the nunneries of Catholicism. What is it to even a single convent in San Francisco to which the priests of the city carry keys, and which they enter at will? Does Schweinfurth's offense consist in calling his concubines "angels" instead of "sisters?"

All are familiar with the mercenary character of the pope. His income is millions, and he continually asks for more. As in the case of Schweinfurth, "these exposures do not appear to damage him."

It is said that the Rockford impostor's "pretensions grow." How about the pope's? Did not his pretensions "grow" when he declared himself the vicar of God, when he claimed temporal power over the earth, and when finally he put on the robes of infallibility touching matters of salvation? If Schweinfurth's claims are as pretentious as these, he is indeed an impostor.

The Chronicle ought to have learned from history that its proposed method of testing divinity—namely, "tar and feathers and a lively ride on a sharp rail"—is no test at all. A mob tried a similar test eighteen hundred and fifty years ago on a man whose

claims were similar to Schweinfurth's. They crucified him. His failure to save himself was regarded as evidence of imposture, and he was forced to cry aloud, "My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

If "the extent of public credulity cannot be measured," judging by the success of Schweinfurth, how can it be estimated judging by the success of the pope? Compared with the extent of Christian superstition the Rockford delusion is a mere shadow in the presence of Egyptian darkness.

SHALL IT BE DONE?

To the Editors of Freethought:

Shall the opportunity to put a state into the Union of States, constitutionally and forever protected from the deadliest and most subtle foe to all that is dearest and most sacred to all men who love righteousness and purity, be allowed to pass, and not return again for years to come?

In the galaxy of states, South Dakota may be made the Polar Star of constitutional prohibition.

To all the states, and to all the tribes and all the clans of temperance, we make our appeal. We make it in the language of Deborah, to the tribes and clans of Israel, and we say: "Up! This! this and no other is the day."

The Philistines of rum will soon fill all the plain. It is the plan and purpose of these hordes of rum, who would keep us in bondage to their trade, to concentrate their forces upon us; to pour in their treasure, to overwhelm us by the magnitude of their efforts. Not a state in the Union, not a den of infamy, not a place of vileness will refuse to respond.

Shall not every state, and every church, and every society in like manner, in support of the cause, in contrast, so infinitely noble, so measurelessly grand and higher, come to the help of South Dakota?

But why especially to the help of South Dakota? The reason is obvious. Here, of all places, the promise of success for the friends of temperance, and the friends of God and man is brightest.

Therefore, the rum power will do its best. Therefore, we must do our best.

South Dakota will do its best, or, perhaps not its best, for no state has ever yet done this.

But, when all is considered, South Dakota will do better than ever yet any state did. She will stretch every nerve, bend every energy, and according to her ability pour out her money. Already the money is coming from counties and cities, towns and hamlets, churches and societies.

We request that pastors of all churches take collections for our aid on Sunday, June 30.

All individuals who feel inclined to assist in carrying on this great work in securing the admission into the Union of the first state coming in as a prohibition state, will forward any amount to be devoted to this purpose, to Hon. F. H. Hagerty, treasurer of the Non-Partisan Constitutional Prohibition Organization, Aberdeen, Dakota.

V. V. BARNES, Yankton, President.

W. F. T. BUSHNELL, Huron, Secretary.

We have no objection to giving the foregoing appeal publicity through our columns, though we are not in favor of constitutional prohibition. It can scarcely be a legitimate function of the state to prescribe what people may use as a beverage, or what they may not, and certainly it is not our business to interfere with the citizens of South Dakota in that regard. To express the hope that no unnecessary liquor may be used in the new state is a most virtuous sentiment; but to say that none shall be sold, and that those who do sell it shall be subject to fine or imprisonment, is another thing. The people of South Dakota should make their constitution as short and simple as the necessities will permit. It should be a political instrument, not a moral treatise. It should recognize no religion, exempt no private property from just taxation, provide no special laws for

Sunday, and place no restrictions upon personal freedom. The people are responsible to themselves for the abuse of liberty; the constitution makers will have done their duty when they have so framed their bill of rights as to guarantee that liberty.

No doubt the members of the Non-Partisan Constitutional Prohibition Organization are inspired by an honest desire to do good, but they make the mistake of thinking that constitutions are for the invasion of natural rights instead of for their protection.

LAST year Mr. Ranford Worthing, of San Diego, offered a corner lot worth \$300 to the person who would get the most subscribers to FREETHOUGHT before May 1, 1889. Rather strangely, the entries for the contest were few, and while it stimulated some to activity, nobody seriously endeavored to win the prize. The workers were unselfish enough to do what they could without hope of reward. Mr. Worthing has therefore changed his benefaction to a direct gift to FREETHOUGHT. He writes:

"DEAR FRIENDS: Inclosed please find \$20, my yearly payment on the paper. Sorry I could not send it sooner. With kind regards,
"Yours, RANFORD WORTHING."

There is a world of encouragement in a brief letter like this, and we feel deeper thanks than we are able to express.

J. D. SHAW says, in the Independent Pulpit: "We congratulate the great West in having such a paper as FREETHOUGHT, and we congratulate the managers in being patronized by such a liberal and public-spirited constituency. It is rarely the case that a strictly reform journal can be established without the voluntary aid of sympathizing friends. The plan set on foot by the friends of FREETHOUGHT comprehends an annual subsidy of \$2,000 for the next five years. Christians often sneer at us with the remark that 'Infidels will not back their judgment with their money,' but we are gradually coming to believe that they are as much mistaken about that as they are about who wrote the Bible."

THE Rev. Dr. Hannon, of San Francisco, declares that the recent disasters at Johnstown and Seattle "are terrible and startling messages from God," warning men to be prepared for death and the glories of heaven. If God is as careless of our welfare in heaven as on earth, the gain will not be great. Stronger dams and more efficient fire engines now are worth many years of pious preparation against fire and damns of another sort hereafter.

THE Liberals of North Yamhill, Or., will celebrate the Fourth of July with a meeting, and have secured Mr. B. F. Underwood as the orator of the day. Mr. Underwood will remain in North Yamhill two days after the Fourth and lecture Friday and Saturday evenings. The Freethinkers of the vicinity are specially anxious that church-members should be present.

A NOTE from Coquille City, Or., informs us that Prof. D. C. Seymour is at that place, doing well and feeling well. He will resume "On the Trail," at no distant day. Oregonians are apprised that his address for the summer is 100 South First street, Portland, and that he will answer calls to lecture without money and without price anywhere a hall can be provided.

MRS. MATTIE P. KREKEL, who stands with the first and best woman lecturers on Freethought, starts west from Pittsburg, Pa., July 10. She desires lecture engagements at Denver, Colorado City, and Salt Lake if practicable. Those desiring her services will address her at 438 So. 24th avenue, Omaha, Neb.

ON the walls of Andrew Carnegie's library is the inscription:

"He that cannot think is a fool,
He that will not is a bigot,
He that dare not is a slave."

There are some persons who are accurately described by either of these three lines. They make the best of Christians, particularly Roman Catholics.

THERE is a contention between the Twentieth Century, Hugh O. Pentecost's paper, and Henry George's Standard. The Standard repudiates Socialism, while the Twentieth Century maintains that Georgism is essentially socialistic. Mr. Pentecost apparently has the best of the argument.

A SNOHOMISH subscriber writes us that he takes the Truth Seeker as his Old Testament and FREETHOUGHT as the New. He doubtless takes some other journal as an Apocrypha. There are a number that would fill the bill.

DR. STOCKHAM's work on "Temperance and Prohibition" is for sale at this office. Cloth, 50 cents; paper covers, 25 cents. All temperance people, and especially all Prohibitionists, ought to read it.

THE little Pundita Ramabai, says the Alta, has gone home to Hindoodom with the \$100,000 she received in this country, and has started a school that has three pupils.

THE San Francisco Turn Verein's literary entertainment for the benefit of the fire and flood sufferers last Sunday night netted nearly \$400 for the good cause.

ALL the Liberals of the West and East will send greeting to the Oregon Secularists in convention assembled at Silverton June 22 and 23.

"JOHN WARD, PREACHER," has been issued in paper covers and can now be furnished for 50 cents.

W. S. BELL left San Francisco for Coos county, Or., last Wednesday.

BOOK NOTES.

Charles Watts, editor of the Toronto, Ont., Secular Thought, issues a second edition, revised and enlarged, of his "Glory of Unbelief." Price 10 cents.

"Greeley" is a monthly journal of Natural Science published by Jos. M. Wade, Dorchester, Mass. It is largely given over to the effete science of astrology.

Henry Replogle has republished in leaflet form from Fair Play a touching little story by Bessie Emerson, late companion of J. William Lloyd. It is called "Vacation: One of Life's Shadows."

J. M. Wheeler, of London, is publishing a "Biographical Dictionary of Freethinkers of all Ages and Nations." It is issued in parts, six of which are out, though but one, the first, has reached this office.

The novel by M. C. O'Byrne which has been published as a serial in Secular Thought is brought out in book form by Ellis, Moore & Bangs, 39 Melinda street, Toronto, Ont. In paper it sells for 50 cents; in cloth, \$1.

No. 7 of the Modern Science Essayist, published by Brother James West, of the New Ideal, contains "The Descent of Man" by E. D. Cope, Ph.D.; and No. 8 "The Evolution of Mind" by Robert G. Eccles, M.D. These are really excellent publications, and the price, 10 cents, makes them accessible to all.

A new monthly paper has been started at Minneapolis and St.

Paul, and christened "Reason." It has sixteen quarto pages and devotes itself to "literature, religion, and philosophy." It appears to be Unitarian so far as it is denominational, and fights religious legislation with all the strength of its powerful editorial corps. One dollar per year.

The National Constitutional Liberty League of Boston has collected the "Recent Editorial Utterances of the American Press" on the subject of the medical monopoly established by the "regular" physicians, and published them in pamphlet form. Send ten cents for the same to J. Winfield Scott, Hotel Glendon, Boston, Mass.

Dr. M. R. Levenson has addressed an open letter on "Constitution-Making" to the members of the Constitutional Conventions of North and South Dakota, Washington, and Montana. Dr. Levenson is the well-known advocate of Proportional Representation and the Referendum. The pamphlet may be had for 15 cents by addressing the author at 23 West 73d st., New York.

The Teacher's Outlook is the title of a fat magazine which emanates from Des Moines, Iowa, the Rev. W. G. Todd editor. It will deal with civil, political, industrial, and scientific questions, and the first number indicates that these will be viewed in the light of an intelligent and Liberal mind. The business management of the Outlook is unique—teachers by purchasing a certain amount of stock are entitled to have an article published once a year.

The veteran G. J. Holyoake has begun the publication of an "occasional magazine" which he calls "The Universal Republic." As its title indicates, the object of the publication is to put the welfare of the whole under the control of everyone, or the "federation of the world" into a single republic. Only the first number of this magazine has reached us. It is published at 6 Salisbury Court, Fleet street, London, Eng., at the price of two-pence per number.

Robert Park, M.D., has added a new word to the nomenclature of religious beliefs. The word is "Eufidelity," and Dr. Park says that it means the "positive aspect or status of the intellect in view of the Agnostic philosophy." That is to say, it is the "assimilation of Agnosticism and the harmony thereof with the facts of man's emotional and devotional nature." Eufidelity is a religion, and as a first contribution to it Dr. Park has written a pamphlet on "Faith as an Intellectual Function," which is published by Watts & Co., London.

A deep-down philosophical work is Dr. Paul Carus's "Fundamental Problems," issued in a very handsome book by the Open Court Publishing company of Chicago. Dr. Carus opposes Agnosticism, and would substitute Positive Science. In the place of mysticism he claims to put clear thought; and throws overboard both materialism and supernaturalism for a "unitary conception of the world." No dogma, but religion; no creed, but faith—such is the outline of the work attempted by our author. How well he succeeds each must judge from a perusal of "Fundamental Problems," the price of which is \$1.

A large and handsome volume is the "Life of Albert R. Parsons," by Lucy E. Parsons, his wife. Parsons was one of the Chicago Anarchists who were put to death in November, 1887. It is mainly a compilation of matter printed at the time the case was before the public, omitting any details that would serve to connect the incidents into a history of the offense, the trial, and the execution. Nevertheless it is a valuable work, and shows how, even under a Constitution guaranteeing liberty of speech, men may be hanged for unpopular utterances. It is worthy of note that Parsons and his fellow-victims now stand perhaps higher in the estimation of the public than the men who were most instrumental in effecting their execution.

"Saladin," editor of the London Agnostic Journal, throws the light of his subtle intellect upon the question, "Did Jesus Christ Rise from the Dead?" in a substantial pamphlet of 64 pages with that title. He takes for a text the statement in 1 Cor. xv, 14, "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain," and proceeds to show up the possibilities of

the resurrection story as told in the gospels. It is anomalous that in the nineteenth century it should be necessary to demonstrate by argument that a dead man could not by any possibility come to life again, but the resurrection is one of the dogmas of the Christian church, and there are said to be some who believe it. There are two propositions concerning Christ's resurrection, one of which must be accepted after reading Saladin's work; namely, If he was dead, he did not rise; or, If he rose, he was not dead.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Preparations for an extensive celebration of the Fourth of July in San Francisco are being made, the city bearing all the expense. Joaquin Miller is to be the poet. Trouble is expected with the musicians, who demand \$8 per day, while the celebration committee are resolved to pay but \$6.—Ninety-seven deaths were reported in this city last week against 113 for the corresponding week of 1888. The falling off is attributed to the improved sanitary conditions.—Reports from the vineyard districts promise an unusually large crop of grapes.—San Francisco continues to send money to Seattle and Johnstown, and other cities of the coast are responding generously. It is a noticeable fact that many liberal donations are from Chinese citizens.—A railroad smashup at Saulsbury Station, sixteen miles from Sacramento, June 15, killed a trainman named Wilson and severely injured many others.—Seattle people announce that business there is "bent but not busted," and have gone to work at rebuilding. The banks report that their vaults stood the test well, and business is being carried on in temporary quarters.—The Horticultural Association, of Pomona, after personal inspection, say that the apricot crop there will be fifteen per cent larger than ever before.—The Academy of Sciences has petitioned the Superior Court to dismiss the cross-complaint of the School of Art in the application to construe the will of the late James Lick. The School of Mechanical Art claimed to have an equal interest with the California Pioneers in the \$540,000 alleged to be in the hands of the trustees. The Academy of Sciences claims that the Art School has no interest in it.

Alexander Sullivan, the Irish agitator, is under bonds charged with complicity in the Cronin murder at Chicago. Opinion is divided as to his guilt.—Lightning knocked the steeple off a Catholic church in New York city last Saturday. Reports from the northern Atlantic states indicate extensive damage to property and life by the storm.—A handsome monument to Chester A. Arthur was unveiled in the cemetery at Albany, N. Y., on the 15th.—At the Territorial convention of women held at Cheyenne, Wyo., a resolution was adopted requesting the coming constitutional convention to incorporate a woman's suffrage plank in the constitution.—President Harrison has given \$300 to the flood sufferers.—The bursting of a dam flooded Belletown and Uniontown, Kan., last Sunday, destroying life and property.—The Rev. John E. Cookman, a noted Methodist preacher, of New York, has left his church and joined the Episcopalians. The difference in the salary is not stated.—John Gilbert, the veteran actor, died June 17.—Prohibition was defeated in Pennsylvania last Monday by 165,000 majority.

It is reported from Ireland that the Cronin murder is a serious injury to the Irish cause.—The recent labor conference at Paris was largely dominated by Henry George's single-tax to the exclusion of Socialism.—The Samoan Commission has completed its work at Berlin, and Commissioner Phelps is on his way home.—Lord A. P. Cecil, the evangelist, was drowned in the bay of Quinte, near Adolphustown, Ont., June 13.—A Methodist Sunday-school excursion train was wrecked near Armagh, Ireland, June 12, and nearly one hundred people were killed.

J. J. McCabe's Centenary Address.

Mr. J. J. McCabe delivered a centennial address at Albany, N. Y., which was printed in the Boston Investigator of May 22. The address evoked the following letter:

Dear Mr. McCabe: Your address is excellent both in matter and in spirit. You have the true American idea, which, I trust, is destined to become the universal idea. Your speech was capital.
Newburyport, Mass., May 24, 1889.

JAMES PARTON.

OBSERVATIONS.

The ghastly work done by the Freethought-society killer at the meeting of June 9 made itself felt on the attendance at the last meeting, June 16. I refer to the tedious address of the man with a raucous voice, who, on the first date mentioned, rambled on about god-knows-what for a period of twenty minutes. Nevertheless last Sunday night's gathering was attended by a fair audience, numbering seventy-five or upwards. President Chilstrom occupied the chair, and a fair sprinkling of ladies brightened the occasion with their presence.

At 8:15, in default of Mr. Hatch, the orator chosen for the occasion, Mr. Thomas Curtis was called upon. Mr. Curtis is always prepared to speak entertainingly on any subject relating to Freethought. He was making splendid headway when, after a few minutes, Mr. Hatch came and relieved him.

Mr. Hatch's subject was "A Defense of the Agnostic Position," and he handled it so ably that I have asked for his manuscript to reproduce in these columns, and no doubt it will be laid before the readers of FREETHOUGHT next week.

At the close of the address, which lacked nothing except length, the subject was opened to discussion. Mr. Curtis resumed the floor to put a cornice and roof on his previous remarks, and to decorate the structure with a few flourishes.

The president invited further discussion, with a warning that speakers would be careful to confine themselves to the subject of Agnosticism. As no one responded immediately, I took occasion to inquire if, in the opinion of the Chair, a collection for current expenses would come under that general head. The Chair ruled that it would, and the motion prevailed.

The great disintegrator, the man with the raucous voice, was on deck, and made his usual speech while the audience dissolved. I may here say that Professor Schultheis was not present; he was at the Turners' hall playing for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers. This was commendable. Flood and fire are cruel visitors, but there are others sufferings quite as keen as those inflicted by the raging elements, and among these I count the pain of listening to the speaker aforesaid. Professor Schultheis's skill as a pianist, if he had been present, would have served to lift the audience from a depth of deep woe.

Next Sunday night, June 23, President Chilstrom promises an address on "Our Destiny." As Mr. Chilstrom is a comparative stranger to many of the Liberals of the city, and quite reserved withal, so far as the expression of his opinions is concerned, a great degree of interest attaches to this occasion.

I am aware that the greater part of what I write in these observations is calculated to sooth instead of to lacerate the feelings of the general reader. My remarks last week concerning the statements of Mr. Geo. E. Blaine touching Topolobampo affairs, I fear, have had a contrary effect, and expressions of opinion that reached me shortly after the paper was out almost induced me to publish a retraction. But the first day of this week a man came in to tell me how much he appreciated the aforesaid statements. He said his name was Christie; that he was himself what they call in Mexico a Topolobampo sufferer, having lived in the colony as long as he could. Mr. Christie expressed it as his opinion that the future of Topolobampo was chimerical, and that, like heaven, it must be accepted on faith, the said faith involving a firm belief in the delusion that Albert K. Owen was a little tin god on wheels.

Mr. Christie had scarcely closed the office door on departing before it was opened again, and a man entered, wearing a light suit of summer clothes and a high and broad sombrero. He wore also an attractive rosette of green and red ribbon pinned upon the lapel of his vest; his face was tanned by tropic suns, and he had the earnest look generally of the enthusiast who sees bright prospects just ahead. I inquired if he lived in San Francisco. He said he did at present, but Topolobampo was his home, and he was just from the sunny land of Sinaloa. His name he gave as H. Patrick. Said he: "I want to get several copies of your last paper. There's an article in it that made me laugh, and I want the other colonists to see it. The man that wrote it don't know anything." I acknowledged the cold and

formal accuracy of the statement, and he further said that the vaunted railroad company amounted to nothing. They had cut a few bushes, and scraped away a handful of dirt, and there they had stopped. The proposed route was ridiculous. They might build the road from Guaymas toward Topolobampo, but the Credit Foncier company owned all the land bordering on Topolobampo bay, the only harbor in the vicinity, and the railroad company couldn't touch it without the colonists' consent. On the other hand Mr. Owen's road would be commenced in September and put through from Topolobampo to Fuerte in short order.

Mr. Patrick then went away. He was in the best of spirits, joyous, jubilant, enthusiastic, and did not look in any way like a sufferer. If all that I hear is true, and I don't dare to doubt it, Mexico will shortly be furnished with railroad lines to all points, with twenty minutes at every station, allowing ample time for meals.

Some men are born tired, and never work,
Some men occasionally take a day off at their own expense,
Some have had a holiday involuntarily thrust upon them.
The latter is my case exactly, I sing of the latter.

It is morning, sanctum I sit at my desk, I open letters.
I see stamps for a sample copy, and occasionally a dollar bill,
But not often, or a postal note.
The door opens, I grasp my Editor's Companion, a sash weight
of twelve pounds avoirdupois,
But it is not a book agent, a tract distributor
Or the man who remembers when the water came up to Montgomery street.

I let the sash weight hang by its string, pendulous, vibrant.
My visitor is the Captain, he has plowed the sea, the large
imperious waves;
He offers me a ride in a buggy along the water front, to the
Union Iron Works, the Potrero.
I accept the offer, I enter the buggy, the tires of which are loose,
the shafts rattle at the axle.
The horse is foundered in the forelegs, spavined in the rear,
fifteen years old and upward.

We go along the water front, the ships above us projecting their
bowsprits landward.
It is wash day on board, the sailors' red flannel shirts hang in
the fore rigging,
The street is lined with gin mills to the westward, the doors open,
To the east stretches the bay over toward Oakland—
Rum upon one side of us, and water upon the other,
Shall we turn to the right and get drunk as a fiddler
Or to the left and be drowned in the water?

We go ahead straight as circumstances will permit,
We reach at length the Union Iron works, the Potrero.
In the offing lies the Charleston; with a smokestack large as the
trees in Santa Cruz county.
(She is a cruiser, while the trees are Santa Cruzers, as I remark
to myself suppressing a shriek of laughter.)
Here is a steam dredger, diving, dredging for mud,
Not for the sake of the mud, but for the hole left when the mud
is gone.

Charleston, I salute you! you are for a plaything—
The big boys who run our government will have fun with you.
For the people who pay for you it is not so funny.
Here in the dry dock is the Victoria, having the mud scraped
from her bottom.

Ah, there, Victoria, I greet you. Wait for me, I will not hurt you.
Here is the Rev. St. So-and-so, laid up for a new gilguy,
(Rev. St. is the abbreviation shortwise, comprehensive, used by
the papers for revenue steamer.)

Over yonder is the San Francisco—steel scantling and clapboards
of red iron,
She will make another plaything for the boys who run our
government.

Here is the City of Puebla, we hitch our horse and go aboard
of her.

The men are scraping the machinery, cleaning her engines for the next trip,

Other men are covering her boilers and steam pipes
With Magnesia Sectional Covering, made of asbestos and magnesia,

It conserves the heat, renders the interior of the ship comfortable,
Establishes a temperate climate in the midst of equatorial latitudes.
It is light, dry, artistic, and totally impervious to fire.

When I die I shall order a suit made of magnesia sectional covering.

It will rob death of its sting and the grave of its victory.
I look at the ship all I want to. I discover that she is hollow.
Then the captain takes me back to the office,
Before going up-stairs he treats me to a glass of lager bier.

I am not writing this poem for a dollar and a half, nor to fill up space,

I have just been reading Walt Whitman, and this is the result.
This is the result of a ride to the Potrero, and a perusal of "Leaves of Grass."

Some day I shall have a monument on account of this poem.
Some day the litterateurs will hold a dinner in Camden, New Jersey, in honor of my birth.

So I am not writing for the present, but for the future, not for a dollar, but for glory.

Some people have no poetry in them, but I am full of it.
I do not believe the ocean is chiefly beautiful on account of the clams you can dig on the seashore.

I look upon the statue of liberty as an emblem.
It symbolizes freedom lighting the world by the electric system,
It is not intended, as some suppose, to represent a young woman, just retiring, in the act of turning off the gas.

I started out for a holiday in San Francisco, and bring up, metaphorically, in New York harbor.

Many other have gone that way, literally, crossing the isthmus, working their passage. M.

THE FEMALE SUPERIOR.

There are some truths that need a continual reiteration for years and years before the general public will see and accept them.

The idea that the female is the superior organization—the last, best, and most complete of all life's children—is one of these facts that the world has not yet granted a place in its list of accepted propositions. Nevertheless, it will one day be found there, and it is the duty of all who see things as they actually are to help the world to so recognize them.

Nature's forces always work for the creation of the female; motherhood is the great end to be gained; all births would be of females were the conditions of the best possible, and virgin generation would rule.

The male is merely a case of arrested development. Among bees and ants the main body of the workers are all undeveloped females. Girl-babies have more vitality than boy-babies. Women outlive men as a rule. More males are usually born because it is so rare that all the forces work in harmony for the highest results, but in the struggle for life women come out victorious. In the 50,000,000 of people in this country, there are about 882,000 more males than females, because more males are born. But of the centenarians there are 1,409 men and 2,607 women. The males begin ahead in numbers and continue so till they are in the 16th year, then the girls are more numerous, and continue to gain in supremacy of numbers till death levels all.

This superiority of woman is no degradation to man. He is all he is, no matter how superior woman may be. Woman is all she is, even were there a race of angels still superior to her. The whole study of plant-life proves the superiority of the female, and proves that inferior conditions produce more males—more arrested developments in proportion to complete specimens. The Scientific American says: "In some investigations made with a view to determining the conditions under which male or female individuals are produced in the case of dioecious plants, Dr. Höffman has found that in most, if not all the cases he ex-

amined, dense sowing increases the proportion of the male plants produced; and this results from an insufficient supply of nutriment. As a general law the production of male plants is promoted by the want of an adequate supply of food when in an embryonal condition."

Is it a wonder that, long crushed beneath a dominant male power, woman now begins to see her worth and her rights, and to demand them? To ask for at least political and financial equality; to stand free and erect and independent?

"Oh, the joy of manly selfhood!

To be servile to none, to defer to none, not to any tyrant known or unknown;

To walk with erect carriage, a step springy and elastic;

To look with calm gaze or with flashing eye;

To speak with a full and sonorous voice out of a broad chest;

To confront with your personality all the other personalities of the earth."

ELMINA.

MR. DENNER.

From "John Ward, Preacher."

Mr. Denner had failed very perceptibly since the day before. He looked strangely little in the great bed, and his brown eyes had grown large and bright. But he greeted the rector with courteous cordiality, under which his faint voice faltered, and almost broke.

"How are you to-day, Denner?" his friend said, sitting down on the edge of the bed, and taking the sick man's hand in his big warm grasp.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Denner, with labored breath, "I am doing nicely."

"Has Giff been here this morning?" asked Dr. Howe.

"Yes," the lawyer answered. "He has gone home for an hour. Mary takes excellent care of me, and I felt I was really keeping him too much from his aunts. For his stay is limited, you know, and I am afraid I have been selfish in keeping him so much with me."

"No, no," the rector said, "it is a pleasure for him to be with you; it is a pleasure for any of us. Poor little Lois is dreadfully distressed about you,—she longs to come and nurse you herself; and Helen,—Helen came last night, you know,—she wants to be of some use too."

"Oh, well, now, dear me," remonstrated Mr. Denner feebly, "Miss Lois must not have a moment's uneasiness about me,—not a moment's. Pray tell her I am doing nicely; and it is really of no consequence in the world,—not the slightest."

"Yes," Mr. Denner ended, folding his little hands on the counterpane, "it is worth while to have had this indisposition (except for the trouble it has given others) just to see how good every one is. Gifford has been exceedingly kind and thoughtful. His gentleness—for I have been very troublesome, doctor—has been wonderful. Like a woman's; at least so I should imagine."

The rector had clasped his hands upon his stick, and was looking intently at Mr. Denner, his lower lip thrust out and his eyebrows gathered in an absent frown.

"William," he said suddenly, "you've seen the doctor this morning?"

"Yes," Mr. Denner answered, "oh, yes. He is very kind about getting here early; the nights seem quite long, and it is a relief to see him early."

"I have not seen him to-day," said Dr. Howe slowly, "but yesterday he made me feel very anxious about you. Yes, we were all quite anxious, William."

The lawyer gave a little start, and looked sharply at his old friend; then he said, hesitating slightly, "That—ah—that was yesterday, did I understand you to say?"

Dr. Howe leaned forward and took one of Mr. Denner's trembling little hands in his, which was strong and firm. "Yes," he said gently, "but, William, my dear old friend, I am anxious still. I cannot help—I cannot help fearing that—that—"

"Stay," interrupted Mr. Denner, with a visible effort at composure, "I—I quite understand. Pray spare yourself the pain of speaking of it, Archibald. You are very kind, but—I quite understand."

He put his hand before his eyes a moment, and then blindly stretched it out to his friend. The rector took it, and held it hard in his own. The two men were silent. Mr. Denner was the first to speak.

"It is very good in you to come and tell me, Archibald. I fear it has discomposed you; it was very painful for you. Pray do not allow yourself to feel the slightest annoyance; it is of no consequence, I—ah—assure you. But since we are on the subject, perhaps you will kindly mention—how—how soon?"

"I hope, I trust," answered the rector huskily, "it may not be for several days."

"But probably," said Mr. Denner calmly, "probably—sooner?" Dr. Howe bowed his head.

"Ah—just so—just so. I—I thank you, Archibald."

Suddenly the rector drew a long breath and straightened himself, as though he had forgotten something. "It must come to us all, sooner or later," he said gently, "and if we have lived well we need not dread it. Surely you need not, of all the men I have ever known."

"I have always endeavored," said Mr. Denner, in a voice which still trembled a little, "to remember that I was a gentleman."

Dr. Howe opened his lips and shut them again before he spoke. "I—I meant that the trust in God, William, of a Christian man, which is yours, must be your certain support now."

The lawyer looked up with a faint surprise dawning in his eyes. "Ah—you are very good to say so, I'm sure," he replied courteously.

Dr. Howe moved his hands nervously, clasping and re-clasping them upon the head of his stick. "Yes, William," he said, after a moment's silence, "that trust in God which leads us safely through all the dark places in life will not fail us at the end. The rod and the staff still comfort us."

"Ah—yes," responded Mr. Denner.

The rector gained confidence as he spoke. "And you must have that blessed assurance of the love of God, William," he continued; "your life has been so pure and good. You must see in this visitation not chastisement, but mercy."

Dr. Howe's hand moved slowly back to the big pocket in one of his black coat-tails, and brought out a small, shabby prayer-book.

"You will let me read the prayers for the sick," he continued gently, and without waiting for a reply began to say with more feeling than Dr. Howe often put into the reading of the service,—

"Dearly beloved, know this, that Almighty God is the Lord of life and death, and of all things to them pertaining; as"—

"Archibald," said Mr. Denner faintly, "you will excuse me, but this is not—not necessary, as it were."

Dr. Howe looked at him blankly, the prayer-book closing in his hand.

"I mean," Mr. Denner added, "if you will allow me to say so, the time for speaking thus has passed. It is now, with me, Archibald."

There was a wistful look in his eyes as he spoke.

"I know," answered Dr. Howe tenderly, thinking that the Visitation of the Sick must wait, "but God enters into now; the Eternal is our refuge, a very present help in time of trouble."

"Ah—yes"—said the sick man; "but I should like to approach this from our usual—point of view, if you will be so good. I have every respect for your office, but would it not be easier for us to speak of—of this as we have been in the habit of speaking on all subjects, quite—in our ordinary way, as it were? You will pardon me, Archibald, if I say anything else seems—ah—unreal?"

Dr. Howe rose and walked to the window. He stood there a few minutes, but the golden June day was dim, and there was a tightening in his throat that kept him silent. When he came back to the bedside, he stood looking down at the sick man without speaking. Mr. Denner was embarrassed.

"I did not mean to pain you," he said.

"William," the rector answered, "have I made religion so worthless? Have I held it so weakly that you feel that it cannot help you now?"

"Oh, not at all," responded Mr. Denner, "not at all. I have the greatest respect for it,—I fear I expressed myself awkwardly,

—the greatest respect; I fully appreciate its value, I might say its necessity, in the community. But—but if you please, Archibald, since you have kindly come to tell me of this—change, I should like to speak of it in our ordinary way; to approach the subject as men of the world. It is in this manner, if you will be so good, I should like to ask you a question. I think we quite understand each other; it is unnecessary to be anything but—natural."

The clergyman took his place on the side of the bed, but he leaned his head on his hand, and his eyes were hidden. "Ask me anything you will. Yet, though I may not have lived it, William, I cannot answer you as anything but a Christian man now."

"Just so," said Mr. Denner, politely—ah—certainly; but, between ourselves, doctor, putting aside this amiable and pleasing view of the church, you understand,—speaking just as we are in the habit of doing,—what do you suppose—what do you think—is beyond?"

His voice had sunk to a whisper, and his eager eyes searched Dr. Howe's face.

"How can we tell?" answered the rector. "That it is infinitely good we can trust; 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard'—He stopped, for Mr. Denner shook his head with a fine sort of impatience.

"If you please, doctor!"

The rector was silent.

"I have wondered about it often," the other continued. "I have expected—this, for some days, and I have wondered. Think how strange: in a few days—almost a few hours, I shall know all, or—nothing! Yes, the mystery of all the ages will be mine!" There was a thrill of triumph in his feeble voice. "Think of that doctor. I shall know more than the wisest man that lives,—I! I was never a very clever person, never very wise; and yet, here is a knowledge which shall not be too wonderful for me, and to which I can attain."

He held up his little thin hand, peering at the light between the transparent fingers. "To think," he said slowly, with a puzzled smile, "to think that this is going to be still! It has never been any power in the world; I don't know that it has ever done any harm, yet it has certainly never done any good; but soon it will be still. How strange, how strange! And where shall I be? Knowing—or perhaps fallen on an eternal sleep. How does it seem to you, doctor? That was what I wanted to ask you; do you feel sure of anything—afterwards?"

The rector could not escape the penetrating gaze of those strangely bright brown eyes. He looked into them, and then wavered and turned away.

"Do you?" said the lawyer.

The other put his hand up to his face a moment.

"Ah!" he answered sharply, "I don't know—I can't tell. I—I don't know, Denner!"

"No," replied Mr. Denner, with tranquil satisfaction, "I supposed not,—I supposed not. But when a man gets where I am, it seems the one thing in the world worth being sure of."

Dr. Howe sat silently holding the lawyer's hand, and Mr. Denner seemed to sink into pleasant thought. Once he smiled, with that puzzled, happy look the rector had seen before, and then he closed his eyes contentedly as though to doze. Suddenly he turned his head and looked out of the window, across his garden, where a few old-fashioned flowers were blooming sparsely, with much space between them for the rich, soft grass, which seemed to hold the swinging shadows of an elm-tree in a lacy tangle.

"The warm precincts of the cheerful day," he murmured, and then his eyes wandered about the room: the empty, blackened fireplace, where, on a charred log and a heap of gray ashes, a single bar of sunshine had fallen; his fiddle, lying on a heap of manuscript music; the one or two formal portraits of the women of his family; and the large painting of Admiral Denner in red coat and gold lace. On each one he lingered with a loving, wondering gaze. "'The place thereof shall know it'"—he began to say. "Ah, doctor, it is a wonderful book! How it does know the heart! The soul sees itself there. 'As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof

shall know it no more'—no more. That is the wonder of it! How strange it is; and I had such plans for life, now! Well, it is better thus, no doubt,—no doubt."

After a while he touched the little oval velvet case which lay on the table beside him, and, taking it up, looked long and earnestly at the childish face inside the rim of blackened pearls.

"I wonder,"—he said, and then stopped, laying it down again, with a little sigh. "Ah, well, I shall know. It is only to wait."

He did not seem to want any answer; it was enough to ramble on, filled with placid content, between dreams and waking, his hand held firm in that of his old friend. Afterwards, when Gifford came in, he scarcely noticed that the rector slipped away. It was enough to fill his mist of dreams with gentle wonderings and quiet expectation. Once he said softly, "'In the hour of death, and in the day of judgment'"—

"Good Lord, deliver us!" Gifford finished gently.

Mr. Denner opened his eyes and looked at him. "Good Lord," he said, "ah—yes—yes—that is enough, my friend. Good Lord; one leaves the rest."

Miss Ruth was in a flutter of grief and excitement. "I'll come, of course. I—I had rather hoped I might see him; but what will Deborah say? Yet I can't but think it's better for him not to see two people at once."

Mr. Denner greeted her by a feeble flourish of his hand. "Oh, dear me, Mr. Denner," said she, half crying, in spite of Gifford's whispered caution, "I'm so distressed to see you so ill, indeed I am."

"Oh, not at all," responded Mr. Denner, but his voice had a strange, far away sound in his ears, and he tried to speak louder and more confidently,—not at all. "You are very good to come, ma'am," and then he stopped to remember what it was he had wished to say.

Miss Ruth was awed into silence, and there was a growing anxiety in Gifford's face.

"Ah,—yes"—Mr. Denner began again, with a flash of strength in his tone, "I wished to ask you if you would accept—accept"—he reached toward the little table, but he could not find the leather case until Gifford put it into his hand—"if you would be so good as to accept this; and will you open it, if you please, Miss Ruth?"

She did so, with trembling fingers. It was a daguerreotype of Mr. Denner; the high neckcloth and the short-waisted, brass-buttoned coat and waistcoat showed its age, as well as the dimness of the glass and the fresh, boyish face of the young man of thirty.

"What—what was I speaking of, Gifford?" said Mr. Denner.

"You gave my aunt Ruth the picture, sir."

"Oh, yes, just so, just so. I merely wished to add that I desired to present it to Miss Deborah's sister,—though it is of no value, not the least value; but I should be honored by its acceptance. And perhaps you will be good enough to—to convey the assurance of my esteem to Miss Deborah. And Gifford—my friend Gifford is to give her the miniature of my little sister."

"Yes," said Miss Ruth, who was crying softly.

"Not that I have—changed my mind," said Mr. Denner, "but it is not improper, I am sure, that Miss Deborah's sister should give me—if she will be so good—her hand, that I may say goodbye?"

Miss Ruth did not quite understand, until Gifford motioned to her to lay her little hand in that feeble one which was groping blindly towards her.

Mr. Denner's eyes were very dim.

"I—I am very happy," he murmured. "I thank you, Ruth;" and then, a moment after, "If you will excuse me, I think I will rest for a few moments."

Still holding Miss Ruth's hand, he turned his head in a weary way toward the light, and softly closed his eyes.

Mr. Denner rested.

"THE GLORY OF INFIDELITY," one of Mr. S. P. Putnam's best lectures, is published in a handsome pamphlet. The price is 10 cents, and the work may be obtained by addressing this office.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S LIFE AND AIMS.

Why I was christened Thomas Henry I do not know, but it is a curious chance that my parents should have fixed for my usual denomination upon the name of that particular apostle with whom I have always felt most sympathy. Physically and mentally I am the son of my mother so completely—even down to peculiar movements of the hands, which made their appearance in me as I reached the age she had when I noticed them—that I can hardly find any trace of my father in myself, except an inborn faculty for drawing, which unfortunately in my case has never been cultivated, a hot temper, and that amount of tenacity of purpose which unfriendly observers sometimes call obstinacy. My mother was a slender brunette of an emotional and energetic temperament, and possessed of the most piercing black eyes I ever saw in a woman's head. With no more education than other women of the middle classes in her day, she had an excellent mental capacity. Her most distinguishing characteristic, however, was rapidity of thought. If one ventured to suggest that she had not taken much time to arrive at any conclusion, she would say: "I cannot help it; things flash across me." That peculiarity has been passed on to me in full strength; it has often stood me in good stead; it has sometimes played me sad tricks, and it has always been a danger. But after all, if my time were to come over again, there is nothing I would less willingly part with than my inheritance of mother-wit. I have next to nothing to say about my childhood. In later years my mother, looking at me almost reproachfully, would sometimes say: "Ah! you were such a pretty boy!" whence I had no difficulty in concluding that I had not fulfilled my early promise in the matter of looks. In fact, I have a distinct recollection of certain curls, of which I was vain, and of a conviction that I closely resembled that handsome, courtly gentleman, Sir Herbert Oakley, who was vicar of our parish, and who was as a god to us country folk, because he was occasionally visited by the then Prince George of Cambridge. I remember turning my pinafore wrong side forward in order to represent a surplice and preaching to my mother's maids in the kitchen, as nearly as possible in Sir Herbert's manner, one Sunday morning when the rest of the family were at church. That is the earliest indication I can call to mind of the strong clerical affinities which my friend Mr. Herbert Spencer has always ascribed to me, though I fancy they have for the most part remained in a latent state.

My great desire was to be a mechanical engineer, but the fates were against this, and while very young I began the study of medicine under a medical brother-in-law. But though the Institute of Mechanical Engineers would certainly not own me, I am not sure that I have not all along been a sort of mechanical engineer in *partibus infidelium*. I am now occasionally horrified to think how very little I ever knew or cared about medicine as the art of healing. The only part of my professional course which really and deeply interested me was physiology, which is the mechanical engineering of living machines; and, notwithstanding that natural science has been my proper business, I am afraid there is very little of the genuine naturalist in me. I never collected anything, and species work was always a burden to me; what I cared for was the architectural and engineering part of the business, the working out of the wonderful unity of plan in the thousands and thousands of diverse living constructions, and the modifications of similar apparatuses to serve diverse ends. The extraordinary attraction I felt toward the study of the intricacies of living structure nearly proved fatal to me at the outset. I was a mere boy—I think between thirteen and fourteen years of age—when I was taken by some older student friends of mine to the first post-mortem examination I ever attended. All my life I have been most unfortunately sensitive to the disagreeables which attend anatomical pursuits; but on this occasion my curiosity overpowered all other feelings and I spent two or three hours in gratifying it. I did not cut myself, and none of the ordinary symptoms of dissection poison supervened; but poisoned I was somehow, and I remember sinking into a strange state of apathy. By way of a last chance I was sent to the care of some good, kind people, friends of my father's, who lived in a farmhouse in the heart of Warwickshire.

I remember staggering from my bed to the window on the bright spring morning after my arrival and throwing open the casement. Life seemed to come back on the wings of the breeze, and to this day the faint odor of wood-smoke, like that which floated across the farmyard in the early morning, is as good to me as the "sweet South upon a bed of violets." I soon recovered; but for years I suffered from occasional paroxysms of internal pain, and from that time my constant friend, hypochondriacal dyspepsia, commenced his half-century of co-tenancy on my fleshly tabernacle.

[Presently he became a surgeon in the navy. At Hasler he was under Sir John Richardson, and he afterward served in the Rattlesnake under Captain Owen Stanley. It was this voyage which induced him to begin writing upon scientific subjects.]

During the four years of our absence I sent home communication after communication to the "Linnean Society," with the same result as that obtained by Noah when he sent the raven out of his ark. Tired at last of hearing nothing about them, I determined to do or die, and, in 1849, I drew up a more elaborate paper and forwarded it to the royal society. This was my dove, if I had only known it. But, owing to the movements of the ship, I heard nothing of that either, until my return to England in the latter end of the year 1850, when I found it was printed and published, and that a huge packet of separate copies awaited me. When I hear some of my young friends complain of want of sympathy and encouragement, I am inclined to think that my naval life was not the least valuable part of my education. Three years after my return were occupied by a battle between my scientific friends on the one hand and the admiralty on the other, as to whether the latter ought or ought not to act up to the spirit of a pledge they had given to encourage officers who had done scientific work by contributing to the expense of publishing mine. At last the admiralty, getting tired, I suppose, cut short the discussion by ordering me to join the ship. Which thing I declined to do, and as Rastignac, in the "Pere Goriot," says to Paris, I said to London, *a nous deux*. I desired to obtain a professorship in either physiology or comparative anatomy; and, as vacancies occurred, I applied, but in vain. My friend Professor Tyndall and I were candidates at the same time, he for the chair of physics and I for that of natural history in the University of Toronto, which fortunately, as it turned out, would not look at either of us. I say fortunately, not from any lack of respect for Toronto, but because I soon made up my mind that London was the place for me, and hence I have steadily declined the inducements to leave it which have at various times been offered. At last, in 1854, on the translation of my warm friend, Edward Forbes, to Edinburgh, Sir Henry de la Beche, the director-general of the geological survey, offered me the post Forbes vacated of paleontologist and lecturer on natural history. I refused the former point-blank, and accepted the latter only provisionally, telling Sir Henry that I did not care for fossils, and that I should give up natural history as soon as I could get a physiological post. But I held the office for thirty-one years, and a large part of my work has been paleontological.

The last thing that it would be proper for me to do would be to speak of the work of my life, or to say at the end of the day whether I think I have earned my wages or not. Men are said to be partial judges of themselves—young men may be, I doubt if old men are. Life seems terribly foreshortened as they look back; and the mountain they set themselves to climb in youth turns out to be a mere spur of immeasurably higher ranges, when with failing breath they reach the top. But if I may speak of the objects I have had more or less definitely in view since I began the ascent of my hillock, they are briefly these: To promote the increase of natural knowledge and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life to the best of my ability, in the conviction which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the suffering of mankind, except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is, when the garment of make-believe, by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features, is stripped off. It is with this intent that I have subordinated any reasonable or unreasonable ambition for scientific fame which I may have per-

mitted myself to entertain to other ends; to the popularization of science; to the development and organization of scientific education; to the endless series of battles and skirmishes over evolution; and to untiring opposition to that ecclesiastical spirit, that clericalism, which, in England, as everywhere else, and to whatever denomination it may belong, is the deadly enemy of science.—THOMAS H. HUXLEY, in *Our Celebrities*.

A Centenary Yankee Doodle.

DEDICATED TO UNCLE SAM, APRIL 30, 1889.

Yankee Doodle came to town, a looking for the dandy
That figures in the church to-day to steal the money handy.

CHORUS.—Yankee Doodle, doodle doo, Yankee Doodle dandy,
A lookin' for the parson, too, that hides the money handy.

Said Yankee Doodle to McGlynn, How great is devil master?
He's broad and strong, in Christian wrong the world is sinking faster.

And A. A. Hodge of Princeton said, We'll serve our "common master;"
The Catholics and Protestants, they stick just like a plaster.

We'll rout the Constitution out, and fill you with disaster;
We'll tear the flag, and bring the pope, and he shall be your pastor.

We'll take the children by the ear and lead them to destruction,
And fill the schools with arrant tools, for liberty's reduction.

You cannot know our mind and soul, you cannot see our action;
For like a skunk runs in its hole, we'll hide our Christian faction.

Oh! herds are here to join the fight, the ghost of Cesar's aching,
To show the people might is right—the country's ours for taking.

We'll cut and slash George Washington and LaFayette and all them;
And Thomas Paine, and Franklin, too, you'll see how we will gall them.

They made a home for those that roam, the emigrant so weary;
Our fathers came to bless their name, beside the fireside cheery.

Church tyrants have a devilish god, made up of their idea,
And they prop it up with scourge and rod on the people's backs, that's clear.

And so it crushed the countries old, and they flew here for shelter;
Their grief and pain can ne'er be told, in Christian bloody welter.

Ye spirits now of '76, ye heroes now come under;
Our fighting god is on a bust, he'll lick you all like thunder.

The Constitution he will bust, if once he gets his foot in;
God feels a grudge, you know he must, for his name they didn't put in.

George W. was afraid of him, and the stupid, bloody people,
Who fix up God to steal our bread, and give us church and steeple.

Yes, George he was afraid of it, this buzzard of creation,
That hovered with its dark'ning wing, and struck it from the nation.

Poor Uncle Sam is low and sick, queer god and taffy candy,
His stomach wants to throw it up—help! quick, now all be handy.

The time may come, no blood-stained hands, then Uncle Sam may
praise us;

Our eagle may not scream in vain, for freedom's light to raise us.
And Yankee Doodle, doodle doo, our country's native dandy
May look in vain to find a priest, that's hiding money handy.

O Power supreme, unseen, unknown; O nature's sweetest pleasure;
Come make each happy heart thine own, in wisdom's loving measure;
And to all people let us be a sister or a brother,
And to our country's liberty, a father and a mother.

CHILD (of) UNCLE SAM (initials) C.U.S. (S.)

ADAM AND EVE.

ADAM—"Well, here we are out in the wilderness. Those cherubs say they will never let us back again into the garden."

EVE—"I don't see how we could have acted so if we had not been possessed by Satan."

ADAM—"Oh, why didn't you think of that before? What a splendid excuse it would have been! Plea of sudden insanity and spectral hallucination! Defendants acquitted! Why, we might have been feasting on apples and cocoa-nuts at this moment, instead of having to hunt for acorns among these accursed thistles."

EVE—"Do you know, Adam, I am not sure that we are really so much worse off than we were. We were getting lazy, and sickly, and almost stupid in the sleepy garden. It won't hurt us to have to run about, and use our wits a little. Besides, there are our new clothes."

ADAM—"Oh, yes, a new dress is worth more than Eden to you. It isn't to me."

EVE—"But really now, haven't we gained something? Better have knowledge in the wilderness than ignorance in paradise, say I."

ADAM—"Well, at all events, I know enough to rule you. You had your own way in the garden, but now you are put in subjection to me. That's some comfort."

EVE (aside)—"We shall see about that. I ate the wonderful fruit before you did. I know how to take care of my rights, and so will my daughters."

F. M. H.

MR. WENTWORTH'S CRITICAL DISCOURSE ON ORATORY.

The following remarks were made by Hiram Wentworth before the San Pasqual Debating Society, Saturday evening, May 19:

The mild, brief punishment I am about to inflict upon you will be administered with a careful disregard of the rules laid down by the volunteer critic at our last meeting. According to his instructions, a speaker must not stop to bite off the first sentence of his speech before he begins to chew on the second. If he gets confused, and can't think of what he *wishes* to say, he must keep saying *something*; and if he can't say *anything*, he must keep in motion—keep his oratorical machinery revolving like a windmill. One would suppose from the flippancy and self-assurance with which he laid down the law for speaking, that he was the inventor of oratory, and had secured a patent for it. A person whose constant occupation is the teaching of children (supposed to be his inferiors) is liable to become very pedantic—to imagine that any precept laid down for speaking, reading, or writing which is not in harmony with his own style, is necessarily incorrect—to presume that the scope of his mighty intellect takes in those peculiar talents and qualifications which school teachers always *should*, but seldom *do*, possess, rendering his important services indispensable to the community in which he earns his salt; and to employ the inexhaustible resources of his stupidity in trying to convince his patrons that Nature, in the performance of her manifold duties, by some strange oversight failed to develop his bump of self-esteem, in consequence of which he is now prodigally wasting the godlike abilities of a statesman on the desert air of a school room. Probably Nature's inexcusable mistake, which has brought such dire disgrace on our sorrowing teacher, was made in my favor; for I have more self-esteem than I know what to do with. It is something I have no earthly use for; and I am very sorry that Nature was so criminally careless as to rob him of what he prizes so highly to overload me with that which I cannot appreciate.

But I have wandered from my subject—his last week's criticism. I can see no reason why a speech should not conform to the same rules of punctuation as a written composition—why the tongue of a speaker should be allowed more license in the art of expression than the pen of a writer. The younger members of this society naturally look up to the older ones, and especially to their teacher, for correct precepts, as well as faultless examples, in all that pertains to its exercises, and they ought not to be disappointed or misinformed. Any one who tells them they must speak fluently before they can speak correctly, is not good authority on speaking. The proper way to do *anything* is to do it correctly first, and expertly afterward. My advice to them would be: Never attempt to convey an idea to others before it is completely formed in your own mind; and when you attempt to convey an idea, if any word necessary for its clear expression fails to put in its appearance at the proper moment, don't keep saying "something," nor try to get it in by the windmill process, but stop right in your tracks till it comes. If you were writing, the necessary space could be left blank for the time being; but that dodge should not be used in speaking. Your opponent might fill up the blank with something that might not suit you.

In preparing a speech pay more regard to strength and symmetry than to length and ornament. A good speech may be spoiled by being overloaded with ornaments, as trees are frequently broken down and ruined by trying to bear too much fruit.

When you have expressed an idea on paper, examine it critically to be sure you have used the best words the dictionary af-

fords, and not one word superfluously. Put every idea firmly in its proper place, so that your opponent cannot pick it out and cut your throat with it.

In delivering a speech always bear in mind that improper gestures are worse than none at all. It is much better to stand with your hands in your pockets, or on your hips, or with your arms folded, than to employ them as though you were fighting hornets or killing snakes.

Avoid all affectation, and deliver your speech in the same conversational manner as if you were at home talking with your friends. Don't be afraid to administer a rebuke to either foe or friend, provided it is well deserved; but whenever you take a bull by the horns, be careful not to forget that the horns belong to the bull.

In conclusion I will add: There are those who come here week after week to be amused at the expense of others without taking any part in the exercises themselves, and then go away and complain that there are no good speakers in San Pasqual. To these I will say: Graciously condescend to give us one good example in speaking, and if none of us are able to imitate it, I will guarantee that some of us will make a splendid failure in trying to.

Putnam in Hopland.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Mr. Putnam arrived safely on the noon train of the 6th, and was duly taken to our heart and home. It was the first time we met with him, but we knew him of old through the books and papers. His meetings have been a success here. There were about thirty people out to hear him the first evening, and over fifty the second evening.

There has been a general good feeling aroused in our vicinity, and I was surprised to see so much Liberal thought among us. I had noticed a great lack of church enthusiasm, but was not aware of so much willingness to hear the other side of the question. Considering the small number of people living hereabouts, the attendance was very good.

Being comparative strangers here ourselves, there was no organized effort to secure a large attendance. The bills were posted and scattered about the country, however, and I drove Mr. Putnam around and introduced him to a few of the older and more prominent people of the vicinity. So that, with the little we could do to introduce him, his work will prove useful. I noticed that he sold several of his useful and entertaining books each evening, and that he got quite a list of names to the roll. At noon to-day he will leave us to fill his appointment at Ukiah.

I shall try to be up to hear one of his lectures there. I hope to hear of a more graceful reception for him this time, than he got before. If that most Catholic community attempts its fire-argument again it may result in something more sanguinary to the movers of the crime. People who will shield the perpetrators of such deeds as the hurling of a burning lamp at an opponent in cool and manly debate should be held up to the scorn and contempt of enlightened mankind. I offer no libel upon the community. I only refer to those who planned the contemptible business, and those who helped to shield him from the consequences of it afterwards.

J. C. WEYBRIGHT.

West Hopland, June 8.

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The Better Part.

Better to know the truth, that maketh free,
Than revel in the treasures of the dead;
Better to open thine own eyes and see
Than blindly trust to what men may have said.

Better than dreams of heaven's future bliss,
Or phantom pictures of another life,
It is to live thy future life in this—
Bring heaven down into this vale of strife.

Better to touch with gentle hand a heart
That hath been wounded in the shade of death,
Than from the sinful turmoil stand apart
And gaze enraptured and with bated breath

Into a vision land that fancy weaves
Beyond the clouds that deck eternity.
Better than painting angels on the leaves
Of book or sermon, tale or homily

It is to show that angels walk the earth
Clad in the flesh of pure humanity;
To open well-springs in a land of dearth
And prove man's strength in his infirmity.
—HARVEY REESE, in the London Freethinker.

Not a Serious Matter.

"You had a most glaring typographical error in your paper this morning, Col. Shedgore," remarked the school teacher, as he dropped into the editorial sanctum and took a seat on a pile of exchanges.

"Ha!" exclaimed the colonel, glaring at the cowering form of his proofreader and assistant at the table in the corner, "where was it?"

"About half way down the 'Religious Miscellany' column——"

"Shucks!" said the Texas editor, considerably relieved. "I'll bet \$500 I haven't a subscriber that'll ever see it!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Bad Little Boy.

A small boy, with an unlighted cigarette in his mouth, approached a reverend gentleman on K street yesterday and asked him for a match.

"No, sir," said the holy man; "most certainly I will not give you a match to light that thing." And then, softening his tone somewhat, he added: "My boy, don't you know that those cigarettes will drag you down to hell?"

"Well," said the boy, looking squarely into the minister's face, "I wish they'd hurry up an' do it. I could git a light down there."—Washington Post.

An Old Maxim Changed.

The Canadian legislature has struck a vein of economy. It has discharged a chaplain whose salary is \$400 per year, but resolutely maintains its dignity by retaining an usher of the Black Rod at \$1,350. This looks like a case of spare the rod and spoil the chaplain.—Chronicle.

Defective Terminology.

A highly esteemed contemporary said the other day: "Bring southern youths north occasionally, and northern maidens south, and let the 'work of conciliation' go on." The idea may be well enough in its way, but that is not the term given it by the medical books.—Sacramento Bee.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby inform the fruit-growers of California that I have invented a Fruit Drier entirely different from anything I have ever seen or heard of. It is simple in construction, will be run by steam and, as I firmly believe, will remedy all the defects in other family driers—especially the Zimmermann, which I have used and understand well.

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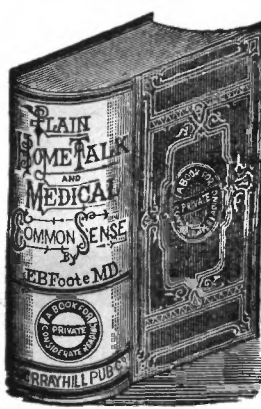
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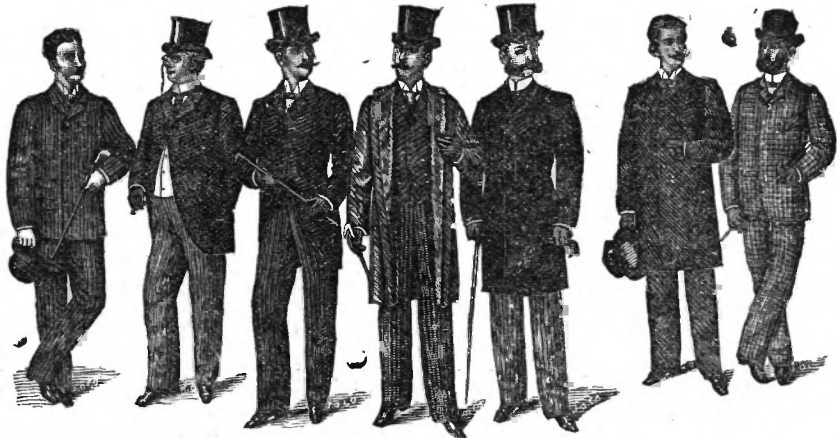
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More than all other features besides,
Is when the base runner resorts to a fall,
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Here's a particular lesson which all may apply
To the every-day contest of life.
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If with safety we'd claim all life's bases, we must
Lay our personal comforts aside,
And, though we dislike to, go down in the dust,
And reach our fond goal on a slide.

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Of a drowsy day in June,
Darling little baby lies,
Crooned to sleep with lullabies.
Look! he smiles—on pinions white,
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Does he see the heavenly train?
No—he only has a pain.

A HARTFORD clergyman tells this anecdote: Early in life, while occupying another charge, he invited a clergyman whom the unregenerate would call conceited and dull to preach in his pulpit. During the sermon our Hartford preacher dozed away in the sweet old way till he was suddenly called on to conclude the service with prayer. Accustomed to regard himself as the humblest of his creator's instruments, and forgetting that he had not delivered the sermon, he began with, "We beseech thee to accept the weak and feeble effort that has been addressed to thee, and more richly to endow thy servant in the graces he so greatly lacks."

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SAID a good brother in a meeting here the other night: "Before I was converted I used to go to the circus, and it took me a week to get over it. Now I ask your prayers for strength to enable me to keep away from Barnum's show that is coming soon, though I confess I should like to see the animals!"—Westfield (Mass.) Times.

VISITOR—"Who's your wife's doctor, uncle?"—Uncle Silas—"Oh, she allus has one o' these 'ere blamed prohibitionists." Visitor—"Why, what do you mean? I thought she was a homeopathist." Uncle Silas—"Wall, 't amounts ter the same thing; they don't neither on 'em b'lieve in takin' nothing."—Judge.

AN Iowa farmer, who believed in having two strings to his bow, put up in his garden this sign: "Boys, don't touch these melons, for they are green and God sees you."—Christian Intelligencer.

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VOL. II—No. 26.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1889.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - JUNE 29, 1889.

LAST Sunday must have been a proud day for Archbishop Riordan. He conducted the mummeries of the Catholic church in the prison of San Quentin, and found that six hundred out of the thirteen hundred convicts were of his faith.

THE Argonaut's article on the Bruno monument and the papal church was excellent, and able, and long, but late. It came after the movement had been inaugurated, the subscription opened, the funds raised, and the statue erected.

COLONEL SHEPARD says that "by fire and water the Almighty is instructing the American people." From the remarks of those who profess to speak for the Almighty we had judged that a good deal of his instruction came in the form of wind.

SEVEN hundred dollars has been subscribed in support of Judge Westbrook's proposition to offer a prize of \$1000 for the best school manual to show teachers how to teach morality without teaching religious dogma. The prize is worth working for.

THE selfishness of the American and English exhibitors at the Paris Exposition in refusing to show their goods on Sunday, has received a merited rebuke. On a recent Sunday a crowd of French workmen, who had no opportunity for visiting the exhibition during the week, removed the canvass from the goods and allowed spectators to look at them. The authorities were sensible enough not to interfere.

QUEEN VICTORIA is given credit for cabling to President Harrison assurances of her distinguished sympathy for the flood sufferers in Pennsylvania. The charges for cable service were paid by the English government. Her son, the Prince of Wales, did better. Being in Paris when Buffalo Bill gave his benefit performance, he bought two tickets to the entertainment. The sultan of Turkey sent \$1,000 to Johnstown.

It is well to inform the secular press that its speculations as to Pope Leo's successor partake of the nature of vanity and a striving after wind. The Catholic Monitor rises to say that when the cardinals meet to elect a pope their councils will be presided over

by the Holy Ghost, who will make all necessary nominations, the cardinals merely ratifying the will of heaven. The Monitor intimates that the above Holy Ghost knows its business and will put the right man in the right place.

THE Meriden, Conn., crockery firm, of which our friend and patron, N. F. Griswold, is the head, have put their business in a co-operative joint stock company, with a dozen of the old employees as shareholders. The capital stock is \$50,000, divided into 2,000 shares. The three members of the original firm hold the balance of the stock, while the rest is divided among twelve employees, who thus become members of the firm and participators in its profits. This is practical co-operation.

THE Evening Post notes that the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Oakland has begun a crusade against cigarettes. A petition is to be presented to the council to prohibit their sale in that city, and the Post hopes to see a law passed suppressing cigarettes altogether. We have rarely seen a more foolish proposition than this. The cigarette—or the cigareet, as the editor of the Post would doubtless mispronounce it—is a disagreeable thing. So is a bad cigar; but the right to sell them is just as valid as the right to sell a pipe or to give away a glass of water.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, June 30, at 8 o'clock. Mr. Thomas Curtis will lecture on "Matter and Life Illustrated by Example."

NEWS AND NOTES.

Tuesday afternoon, June 11, the stage takes me from the Palace Hotel, Ukiah, towards the vast summits which, in the warm, dazzling atmosphere, are clothed in floating blue garments of thin mist that just begin to shine with the mellow gold of evening. The scenery about the road winding through valleys and alongside the steep and wooded hills is varied and attractive, and the journey of eighty miles by stage to Round Valley and Covelo is not quite so fatiguing as it might be without such refreshing prospects and constantly new views. The turnpike to Willets, or Little Lake, is comparatively well kept, and the twenty-five miles between there and Ukiah was traversed with comfortable rapidity. There were immense hills to climb, but broad expanses spreading before the eye at every turn, great gulfs beneath, and shining bare peaks above made the ascent quite entertaining, and I felt in no hurry as we passed from charming scene to scene. Only one passenger was on the coach besides myself, Mr. Duffey, of San Francisco, and as he had been over the route many times he was able to post me in regard to points of interest. Occasionally a house appeared amidst the trees and meadows hemmed in by the mighty hills. My travel-

ing companion knew all about those who lived in them and their history far back to pioneer days. Human nature, like the hills themselves, and the sheep pastures and cattle ranges, acquires in this peculiar country a picturesque novelty, unknown anywhere else on the continent. Romances might be written of vivid and startling occurrences. A forsaken blacksmith-shop was pointed out, in front of which one man killed five men immediately after his own brother had been shot. In less than ten minutes after the shooting began six corpses lay on the ground—an awful record of the fierce passions of frontier life.

At Willetts, a village of about three hundred people and one church, we took supper. The shadow of orthodoxy is evidently upon this remote hamlet. I wondered if any Liberals were about, or if it were possible for a Freethought lecture to be given beside this gloomy sanctuary. Perhaps sometime it may be done, for the world moves. Leaving Willetts, the sunset sank into a brilliant moonlight, and we traveled far on into the corridors of the night, the foliage glittering about our pathway as we swept beneath the forest arches. At midnight's solemn hour, in the heart of the shimmering landscape were seen the twinkling of distant human habitations. Suddenly the driver uttered an unearthly yell more piercing than a trumpet tone. In imagination I could see the drowsy postmaster leap from his momentary couch in answer to that piercing summons. He was ready to change the mail as we drove up to his dimly-lighted office, where the decisive shout had preceded us by about ten minutes. The name of this place is Cahto. Four miles beyond is Laytonville, our stopping-place for the night, or morning rather. We arrive at about one o'clock, and with but little ado I tumble into bed and sleep until daylight. At seven o'clock, behind a couple of dilapidated white horses that looked like death itself, I start for Covelo, twenty-six miles away, eight hours ride over about the biggest hills, I think, I ever yet traversed by coach or afoot. In winter it is impossible to travel these roads except on horseback. Only a few months in summer can the stage run. It is a magnificent drive, however. Such superb scenes I have seldom witnessed. I seemed to be climbing right up to heaven on the lofty back of the hills, up—up—on a vast stairway, till I was actually dizzy as I looked down into the enormous amphitheatres at my feet, not one but a dozen amphitheatres widening into mingling precipices, forests, and canyons for a hundred miles. Black Rock, a thousand feet high, towers in front, while Berger Creek dashes a thousand feet below in glistening cascades through Bear-Pen Canyon. Half way between Black Rock peak and the bottom of the abyss is a beautiful green sward, like a cultivated field, called One-Eyed Elk Opening, because an elk with one eye shot out yielded up the ghost on this particular spot. Opposite to this is Suicide Rock, a frowning mass of stone overlooking the rugged valley. I do not know that anyone committed suicide here, but there really could not be a more appropriate place for such a tragedy. The solitary dramatic scenery, uniting the beautiful with the terrible, not a dwelling to be seen, not a sign of human presence, this might be a fitting frame-work for the grave of the sorrowful spirit who had found every door shut except the door of despair. Climbing, or, one might almost say, soaring with slow eagle's flight over the mountain-top, the two white horses becoming a pair of ghostly wings, slowly flapping in the gorgeous sunlight, this wonderfully suggestive panorama disappears, and another equally sublime and impressive opens upon the other side. In its centre, like a glittering silver thread, with here and there strings of bubbling jewels, flows the

Eel River from the heart of the far mountains. Our horses begin to put on somewhat the appearance of life as they glide down the fluctuating hillsides to the river, which is so deep that we are obliged to cross by ferry, which has been built this last season. Formerly the horses had to swim the stream. Crossing, we mount the last range, higher than any yet, and from its top, about the middle of the afternoon, Round Valley appears in its delightful quietude. This valley is a round valley indeed, from eight to ten miles in diameter. It is charmingly rural—a luminous summer-land in the midst of the wildest mountain scenery. Green pastures mingle with golden harvest fields and shining orchards. The multitude of trees, like a grand army breaking ranks, is scattered over the plain in troops, in single file, or like grand solitary sentinels. In a cluster of oak and cottonwood and balm of gilead, Covelo is distinguished, named after a fortress in Switzerland. Switzerland itself could boast of no more majestic or gentle scenery, grandeur and softness combined, than greets the eye within this vast encircling horizon, untrodden hills frowning upon rose-embowered homes. On the outskirts of the village are the stately residences of some of the cattle kings of the country, who for nearly half a century have lorded it over vast ranges, dividing the mountains among themselves with imperial edict, and forcing those who desired homesteads to vacate or sell out. This is a great sheep and cattle country. Colossal fortunes have been made, and a kind of feudal authority established, and some blood has been spilt. One of these tragic affairs occurred the day before I entered the valley. A wealthy stockman was killed by a homesteader. There are two sides to the matter, of course, but it shows the tumultuous state of society. There are, I believe, more law suits to the square mile in this county than in any other part of the state. Judge Whitney had one hundred and twenty cases on the docket the last term. This is the contribution of Round Valley to the court-business for one session.

However, there is improvement. The good old days of the land-barons are passing. Settlers are coming in. Values are increasing. Homes are multiplying. Some anticipated trouble at the lectures. But nothing has occurred, although a few of the Christians feel pretty bitter to think that an Infidel should dare to cross the mountains and scatter the seed of progress and knowledge in this hitherto secluded spot. There is one church here, the Presbyterian, and it has ruled without opposition, has had strawberry festivals, raffles, lotteries, and everything else its own way. It don't want to be disturbed. The last minister they had was a pretty good fellow, they say. He would look on at a dance and play ball on Sunday when church was over. I do not think the present incumbent would do anything of the kind. He is pre-eminently a proper minister. He sits opposite me at the hotel table, and I can vouch for his clerical conduct. He is of unbending dignity, and truly represents the creed. He is perfectly satisfied with foreordination, and that the number of the damned cannot be made greater or less by any human endeavor. He will play upon the golden harp with unequivocal delight.

Some of the Christians have expressed their abhorrence of Freethought by plastering mud over the bills announcing the lectures. Whether their mud-slinging will amount to anything else remains to be seen. I understand that two clergymen have been imported from Ukiah to speak on Sunday evening. Whether they have brought any kerosene lamps with which to enforce their argument I do not know. But the free spirit of nature, of humanity, and civilization is not wanting in this

mountain land. A majority of the people are undoubtedly Liberal. Many are indifferent, some are afraid, but there are a few willing to let their convictions be known, who believe in honest doubt, and desire to make the world better than it is, not by superstition, but by truth.

Ira C. Hoxie was the first to greet me, and it was by his earnest correspondence that I was induced to enter this remote field. I felt there must be some good where so much enthusiasm for Freethought was exhibited. Mr. Hoxie is an old citizen, honored by all. He is postmaster, and will continue so if the good will and confidence of his neighbors, Republican and Democratic alike, is of any avail. He stands frankly by his convictions, but has not an unkind word for those who think differently. He is willing to be of the "forlorn hope" if that is the only way to victory. No present defeat would chill the ardor of his spirit.

Mr. Louis Lobree, merchant, is also a staunch supporter, and with him his wife, who has no particle of superstition and delights in progressive ideas. The little children, too, who came to the lectures, drink in the spirit of liberty. The baby is in dreamland most of the time, but I don't believe it is haunted by any ghosts. It is a pleasure to meet with these generous allies, who take life with such cheerful and intelligent minds.

Mr. H. T. Tanney is also ready to take the "laboring oar" and row up the stream, and his wife has no fear of standing at the post of duty, or doing pioneer work if necessary. They are both old friends *via* the columns of the Truth Seeker. They brought the children also, and so Freethought spoke to the coming generation, whose bright looks are a promise of the "good time coming."

P. A. Duell is the sturdy farmer who can make the wilderness blossom like the rose. From nature's heart he takes only the true and progressive—the sunlight, and not the darkness. He is well-known for his pronounced Liberalism, and is big enough to stand all the assaults of the enemy. He is a comrade whom one can tie to, and find no signs of failure in head or heart.

Mr. Frank Youree, proprietor of the Rink Hall, generously donated the use of the hall for the lectures. He himself is Liberal-minded, believes in listening to both sides, and giving to all parties fair play. This is everything that can be desired for the progress of Secular ideas. If people will come and hear, half of the battle is won.

I find pleasant sojourn at the Gibson House, where Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Buell make entertainment for the traveler. Although not pronounced in Liberalism, and kindly disposed to all creeds, they have a pretty broad faith in this world, and are much more in favor of giving a good square meal than of saying grace.

John Beaumont is here, and he has made more than a "Sabbath day's journey" to be on hand. He is not afraid to ask for subscribers to FREETHOUGHT whenever he gets a chance. It gives renewed courage to meet so uncompromising a supporter. He has added quite a number to the list of FREETHOUGHT, and with such energetic campaigners there's hope, no matter how rough the way, or how many falter when the real fight comes on.

My young friend Wm. Whitney has helped to make my stay enjoyable. He is in the ranks of Freethought, with more backbone than some soldiers of older growth. He is the right kind of a young America, who sees something more in life than old women's tales and Sunday-school picnics. I was sorry not to make the acquaintance of Dr. Geo. J. Brown, who was away on my arrival. He is a staunch Liberal and ready to be counted.

And so are others—Andrew Dick, Ezra Smith, N. J. Purcell, H. N. Barney, Judge Whitney, Attorney Chambers, etc. I have found warm-hearted friends in this isolated land over which the dreamy future hovers with many a bright possibility. This land is indeed as rich as Canaan. It flows with milk and honey. Almost every fruit can be raised. The soil and climate are excellent. It has a coal mine which may, some day, attract the iron horse. The sheep and cattle make this their home. Some of the best horses in California have been reared in this valley. A flour mill has just been put up with fine machinery. The Indian Reservation is close by, and the war dance mingles with the light of civilization, but the whoop has died away upon the hills, and the fierce son of the forest is as gentle as the sucking dove. Quietly Covelo pursues the path of advancement.

My friend Hoxie at one time owned half of the village and yet he was not so very much of a monopolist, for he only owned his own dwelling and the livery stable. I took dinner with him on Sunday. He has a pleasant family, of scriptural dimensions. I do not remember now how many children he has, and he sometimes forgets, but they are all, down to the jolly baby, bright, healthful, and not much in the shadow of the old faith. They belong to the new. Hoxie has seen many ups and downs, but he has always been a true philosopher, whether camping on the cold mountain, driving a pack-mule, herding sheep, or sorting Uncle Sam's mail. He doesn't expect to be rich, but he means to have a good time in this world, and not cross any bridge until he gets to it.

As to the lectures, they were well attended, considering that the old women of both sexes were on the alert to keep the faithful away, and the weak-kneed Liberal—and with considerable success. I did not have as large audiences as I expected. It was a constant struggle to maintain our own, but I gave the four lectures. The audiences were good in quality, and representative of the most cultivated portion of the community. John Beaumont, who knows the proclivities of the county, wondered that I ventured into such an unpromising land. But the deed has been done and I am well satisfied with the result. Our friends on this wilderness line have blazed the pathway of progress splendidly. They have shown indomitable pluck, and not on any account would I have missed my visit to this beautiful valley, where the heart is beating to the music of a golden to-morrow. I thank my friends here for their courageous ardor, and all along the line they shall find a responsive cheer to their gallant movement.

Monday morning, in the sunshine glittering like a diamond everywhere and making the mountain-tops all aglow, and the foliage like overarching jewels, and the caverns of the forest like soft, radiant chambers where one might dream, beneath the whispering pines, of the new gods and fairies of love which man's exalted brain shall make for his brighter generations, through the vast panoramas—the sweeping hills, the deep-down gulfs of green and gray, the silver shining rivulet, the crystal fountains, the spangled fields—I ascend and descend and wind along from Covelo to Laytonville, where I arrive in the middle of the afternoon, scarcely wearied with the long ride, so attractive were the scenes of the journey, far and near, now narrowing to shady vistas, and anon spreading a hundred miles away. I must thank my companionable drivers who entertained me, their only passenger, with stories of the olden time—of war and hunt, of Indian and bear, of heroism and crime—legends mingling delightfully with the unique and charming pictures of the winding way. E. A. Robinson and W. M. Smith are the names of my genial com-

panions, and I shall always remember my trip with them over the mountain land, and especially the fact that they divided their lunch with me, and supplied the place of a hotel with generous comradeship, for all the way from Covelo to Laytonville there is not a single place for the traveler to meet the wants of an ever-increasing appetite.

All night long, in the glorious moonlight and splendid dawn, I ride from Laytonville to Ukiah. Occasionally I nod and almost tumble off my seat as the wagon gives an extra jolt where the winter floods have left their hollow imprint. Nature's most alluring visions and sweetest face cannot keep the wakeful spirit always in the eyelids. They will droop and emulate the moonlight that "sleeps upon yon bank." As we drew on through the vast arches, toward the chambers of morning, the picture was certainly one of ineffable glory. On one side glowed the brilliant evening star and opposite the still more lustrous morning star, and between hung the argent, paling moon, for right beneath it the sea of dawn was beginning to flame. All around were the huge hills, the shaggy forests, and vast valleys sweeping down towards the ocean that, only a few miles away, was faintly glittering in the gathering mist.

J. O'Neil was my traveling companion from Cahto. He has been living in Humboldt county and now returns to Hopland, where his sons live, who, I think, are of our Liberal host. At any rate my veteran friend said that the ministers had been trying all the year to get him to join the church but he would not. So he is on the right side,

I just had a hand-shake with McCowen as I passed through Ukiah. Tuesday evening at sunset I arrive at San Francisco, just in time to hear the songs of the Salvation army in front of FREETHOUGHT office.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

RELIGION, POLITICS, AND CRIME.

There is a painful cowardice on the part of the daily press regarding the Cronin murder in Chicago, and the secret of it is that the criminals are Catholics and politicians. Mr. Alexander Sullivan, under bail charged with complicity in the murder, is a man with as vile a reputation as could be well imagined. His record includes an arrest for arson, two defalcations in federal offices, one murder and an attempt at another, and an indictment for embezzlement of funds raised for the cause of Ireland and lost at gambling. Sullivan and one Eagan owned a large Irish vote, and sold it to the highest bidder, in return for which Sullivan received the shekels and Eagan the office. These men are prominent in a secret society called the Clan-na-Gael, the object of which is divulged only when some one who incurs its ill-will is put out of the way by murder.

In view of all these facts, it is surprising that any American newspaper could be found to defend a man like Sullivan; but not only are such papers found, but those which dare to speak against him are the exception. As before stated, the reason why this is so is because Sullivan is a Catholic and a politician. The only non-Catholic in the outfit is one Woodruff, and upon him all the abuse is heaped, while Sullivan and his co-religionists are defended against every accusation, whether true or not.

The Cronin murderers are classed with the Anarchists, but they do not deserve that distinction. The Anarchists did not assassinate. When the Anarchists were accused every wild and extravagant tale told against them was paraded as the truth; they had no defenders among those who now plead in behalf of Cronin's alleged assassins. They were not Catholics and they had

no political influence, so far, at least, as the accused men were concerned. There were Catholic Anarchists, but they were never arrested. One of these, a man of such violent speech that he was dubbed "Dynamite" Ducey, belonged to the Catholic church, and boasted that that fact gave him indemnity from arrest, as undoubtedly it did. Sullivan may be innocent, though his record is against him. There certainly ought not to be in this case a manufactured public sentiment sufficient to acquit him if guilty, as in the case of the Anarchists there was a public sentiment that would have hanged them whether guilty or not.

"WHY PRIESTS SHOULD WED."

In 1887 the Rev. Justin D. Fulton, D.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., wrote a book with the above title, and gave his manuscript into the hands of the printers. The firm who had taken the contract to publish the book soon found that they were liable to prosecution if they went on with the work, and refused to proceed, which action left the Rev. Mr. Fulton in the unenviable light of the writer of matter unfit for publication. In his dilemma Dr. Fulton appealed to Anthony Comstock, and that functionary assured him that if he attempted to sell the work he would undoubtedly be prosecuted. Dr. Fulton thought it a shame that the barbarities and immoralities of the Catholic church could not be shown up unless a writer was ready to stand fine and imprisonment, but he was forced to submit. Nevertheless he got the book out, expurgating it somewhat, but leaving the facts about as they stood before, while much that the author wished to say is all the more apparent because covered up.

This book has been before the public for a year, and in spite of the fact that no book-seller who has a Catholic customer would dare to expose it for sale on his counters, it has reached a circulation of twenty-five thousand copies. Nothing, probably, since Boccaccio, has so completely exposed the interior workings of the confessional and the nunnery. Catholics ought to read it. It shows up the moral aspect as Judge Maguire's "Ireland and the Pope" does the political aspect of the Roman church. The price, \$1.50, is calculated to keep it out of the hands of those who might be injured by it, if such there are. We shall be glad to help circulate the work.

THE EVIL AT THE ROOT.

The Chronicle is always in favor of violent measures. Last week we noted that the editor desired that the Rev Mr. Schweinfurth, of Rockford, Ill., should be ridden upon a sharp rail by way of testing his divinity. We pointed out then that such a test would destroy any professed divinity known to the world, as the physical test was tried upon Jesus Christ, who failed under it. Superstition cannot be overcome by persecution, but people may be convinced by argument and demonstration that there is no such thing as divinity, nor ever was. Then they will cease to believe in the Rockford savior or any other savior, and supernatural claims will need no refutation because no one will accept them.

This week the Chronicle would turn its engine of destruction against the "faith-cure charlatans," and recommends that a law be passed to reach them. This is another case where the law could do no good, but on the contrary would do a great deal of harm. To persecute fanatics is to propagate fanaticism. The way to get rid of this faith-cure charlatanism is to go at the root and destroy the credulity upon which it is founded. It is just as reasonable that faith should save the body as that it should save

the soul. Let it be made known to all men and women that faith is a delusion, that all those in the faith business are impostors, and short work would be made of the particular impostors whom the Chronicle condemns. They are all tarred with the same stick, however, from Lourdes and Knock to Allègheny City and Los Angeles, and the material on which they feed is the superstition taught in every church. Destroy the superstition and the faith-cure will die a natural death. Laws on the subject would not be just, even if they proved effective.

THE CHEERFUL GIVER.

One of the most steadfast Freethinkers on this coast is Mr. H. L. Shaug, of Del Mar. When it was proposed that those who could afford to should make up a guarantee fund of \$20 each to insure the continued publication of FREETHOUGHT, Mr. Shaug wrote briefly: "I am onto it."

Another communication just received is as follows:

To the Editors of Freethought:

This being pay day all around, with me, to the various Infidel papers, magazines, etc., of which I am a patron, you will please find inclosed \$22—\$20 to redeem my pledge to FREETHOUGHT, and \$2 for yearly subscription. I trust that this will make me solid, financially, for the ensuing year, and cancel all my former arrangements made with the band on high, for harps, hallelujahs, crowns, halos, and any or all of the paraphernalia in stock and for sale on the corner of St. Gabriel st., N. J. (New Jerusalem) that I may have had, or acquired by heredity or force of superstition during my infancy. I bequeath the same to the Revs. Jones, Moody, Braden & Co., for their own use and benefit; and let them "bust."

H. L. SHAUG.

At this dull season of the year with us, when people are thinking more of saving their crops than anything else, these "extras" fill a want that is keenly felt, and Brother Shaug is hereby assured that he has put us under a debt of gratitude that will never be canceled, though we might be able to repay it with interest.

OUR LOCAL SOCIETY.

The meetings of the Freethought Society at Union Square Hall are drawing very good audiences, considering the lack of advertising or any special endeavor to crowd the house. The hall is not large, but it is filled. There are able addresses and lively discussions, good music on occasions, and pleasant greetings and acquaintanceships. The only thing, in fact, that these meetings lack is sufficient financial support to defray the necessary expenses. The hall rent, which amounts to \$20 per month, is now raised by the uncertain method known as a collection. This, perhaps, is the best way practicable to collect the coin, but people sometimes become careless of the necessities of the occasion, and omit to contribute as generously as they should. For instance, last Sunday night an audience numbering eighty or one hundred contributed \$3.15. This is not flattering to the generosity of those present. A meeting that is worth attending is worth supporting with a donation of two-bits. We suggest, by way of experiment, that visitors who can afford it contribute that amount and help along the cause.

A SUGGESTION TO FRIENDS.

If those who have made up their minds to do something toward the support of FREETHOUGHT, and who have not as yet put their intentions into practical effect, can find it convenient to do so now, while the dull season is upon us, their help will be doubly acceptable.

THE POPE AND BRUNO.

Pope Leo continues to wail over the Bruno statue. In his latest allocution, after bemoaning the general drift of things, he says:

"Such a pitch has now been reached that in this city, before our very eyes, wicked men have been suffered to inflict a lasting insult on the religion of Jesus Christ by raising a statue (an honor due only to virtue) to an apostate."

His holiness, it will be seen, speaks of those who raised Bruno's statue as "wicked men." Why did he not give his opinion of those who burnt the philosopher at the stake? One would judge from his remarks that honoring a man was a trifle more execrable than murdering him. He also regards the monument as an insult to Jesus Christ. It seems to us that Christ and Bruno, if they should meet in the great elsewhere, might extend the hand of sympathy to each other. One was an apostate Jew, the other an apostate Catholic, and both were put to death by religious bigotry. Fortunately for the memory of Bruno there is no mitered harlequin calling himself pope, who pretends to speak in his name. It is no wonder that Leo XIII. does not like to have the statue before his eyes. He must feel something like a murderer haunted by the ghost of his victim. From present appearances, however, he will have to stand it or emigrate.

WHAT can equal the cruel deceit of parents who teach their children that a heavenly father holds them in the hollow of his hand? Says the Twentieth Century: "A pitiful story comes from the Johnstown disaster. When a mother put her little Bessie on a slight raft to float away on the flood, rather than have her drowned like a rat in the house, the little one said: 'Mamma, you've always told me God would take care of me. Will he take care of me now?' The mother said: 'Yes, dear, God will take care of you.' And then the child floated away and was drowned, with thousands of others." There are a hundred thousand men in the United States who draw salaries for no other service than preaching this stupendous fraud, and they will keep doing so as long as fools pay the salary.

THE errant George Chainey has turned up in England. The editor of the Agnostic Journal says: "George Chainey, of America, has called upon us—a man of strongly individualized physiognomy and singularly eloquent eyes and mouth. Misled by certain American journals, we stated some weeks ago that Mr. Chainey had 'found Jesus;' but he assures us that he has not found that personage, and that he has not even looked for him. Mr. Chainey is engaged upon a work dealing with Joan of Arc, and is in good health and equable spirits." We don't believe there is any good authority as to Mr. Chainey's religious status, not even Mr. Chainey himself.

THE Chicago Secular Union, we note, has presented its worthy president, E. A. Stevens, with a beautiful and valuable gold watch as a token of appreciation for his efficient labors. The compliment is deserved. Those who have the welfare of the cause at heart could wish for no better consummation than that a man like Mr. Stevens might be raised up in every city in the Union as a standard-bearer of Liberalism. No other word will express it. He is a hero.

WE have not received our valued exchange, the Golden Gate, for two weeks, and the suspicion is harrowing us that we have said something that has caused Brother Owen to take FREETHOUGHT off his list.

THE Carrier Dove thus states the six theses of Spiritualism: "1st, Fatherhood of God; 2d, Brotherhood of man; 3d, Continuity of life; 4th, Spirit communion; 5th, Personal responsibility; 6th, Eternal progression." Fortunately there are no penalties for disbelief in any of the above propositions.

THE Beacon, a small paper devoted to "free thought, free speech, and social reform," is published at San Diego, J. D. Steell, editor. It seeks to reform our defective political system.

"THE GLORY OF INFIDELITY," one of Mr. S. P. Putnam's best lectures, is published in a handsome pamphlet. The price is 10 cents, and the work may be obtained by addressing this office.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Archbishop Riordan conducted services in the San Quentin Penitentiary last Sunday. He found 600 Catholics for a congregation.—California wines are having a hard fight for first place in New York. Owing to high railroad charges across the continent, French wines can be imported, duty paid, so as to undersell the California product.—A girl at Rincon, near Pomona, has begun suit against a wealthy rancher to recover \$1,500 damages for kisses inflicted upon her against her will by the defendant.—About a month ago a bale of hay dropped upon the head of James B. Hill, breaking his neck. The doctors made an incision in the back of the neck and removed two of the vertebrae—in spite of which Mr. Hill is alive at the present writing, though likely to die at any moment. The case has attracted much attention.—A fire believed to be incendiary destroyed over \$50,000 worth of property in Vancouver, W. T., June 22.—The total amount of money collected in San Francisco for the Johnstown and Seattle sufferers up to June 23 was \$76,484. Of this sum \$50,000 has been sent to Pennsylvania, and \$20,000 to Seattle.—The Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, the great Boston preacher, is in the city. He reports that Christianity is progressing in the East.—Last week there were only 90 deaths in San Francisco against 120 for the corresponding week in 1888.

Twenty-five thousand people are living on charity at Johnstown, Pa. It is believed that some of these are impostors, and the commissaries are to be reduced.—The coming prize fight between Sullivan and Kilrain is attracting public attention to a disreputable extent.—Bob Younger, the bank robber and bandit, under a life sentence at Stillwater, Minn., is seeking release on account of his health. He is said to be nearly dead with consumption.—There are no new developments in the Cronin case at Chicago, except that the pope is reported to have condemned the Clan-na-Gael.—The wife of ex-President Hayes suffered a stroke of paralysis and died Tuesday, June 25.—The convention of the North American Turnersband at Cincinnati is attended by about 1200 delegates.—President Harrison and family are at Cape May.—Rhode Island has rejected its prohibitory amendment.—The four men who robbed the Atlantic and Pacific express last April have been sentenced to twenty-five years each in the Territorial prison of Arizona, at Yuma.—Simon Cameron, the Pennsylvania senator, is near death.—Arizona and New Mexico are agitating for statehood.—Father Marcil, who with his congregation of 700 was sometime since excommunicated by Archbishop Ireland at Red Lake Falls, Minn., has decided to go to Rome and argue his case before the pope.—Three hundred and forty-five Mormon proselytes landed at Castle Garden June 20, on their way to Utah.—The Rev. William E. Howard, of New York, convicted of grand larceny in connection with the Electric Sugar Refining Company frauds, has been sentenced to nine years and eight months' imprisonment at hard labor.

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Gladstone will celebrate their golden wedding July 25.—Inventor Edison is the lion of the Paris exposition. His electrical devices occupy one-third of the entire space allotted to America.—Mgr. Persico, according to the Pall Mall Gazette, reports to the pope that he has proofs of the intention of the Irish to kill him should he return to Ireland.

OBSERVATIONS.

Last Saturday morning I received a note from P. O. Chilstrom, Esq., mailed in Santa Rosa, stating with deep regret that he was unable to so control circumstances as to be with us the following Sunday evening and deliver his address before the Freethought Society on "Our Destiny," as previously announced. Thus it happened that Mr. H. L. Knight was applied to and kindly consented to occupy the platform. On week days Mr. Knight fills the editorial chair of the Political Record, a paper devoted to politics simplified, purified, and dignified. He was attending to these processes when I dropped in on him Saturday afternoon and engaged him to speak. Mr. Knight has an active brain that is always thinking up things to say, so that he needs no preparation for a lecture. He merely connects his thinker with the organs of speech and lets the ideas emerge.

Vice-President Eastman presided, and previous to the literary exercises Professor Schultheis played "Il Trovatore" on the piano. There is no need to say that he played it well. I might remark, however, that Mr. Schultheis is a music teacher, and that if friends of the society can see their way clear to put pupils under his tuition they will be returning good for good. He attends these meetings and offers his services voluntarily whenever his engagements will permit, and a little patronage from those who are benefited by his generosity would be a most appropriate expression of thanks.

Mr. Knight opened his address by saying that he had been fifty-eight years in the Freethought ranks, having inaugurated the propaganda at a tender age. When he was a boy hell was a reality, and infants not a span long were going there daily. He had lived to see the idea of hell pass, as a picture fades and disappears. Mr. Knight made a good Freethought speech and everybody was with him until near the close, when he declared his earnest belief in the existence of a "personal, wise, just, and good God," and in a life beyond this, which would be happy or unhappy according to the deeds done in the body. He said: "Among the advocates of Freethought, pure and simple, God has a vast majority. For all the eloquence of Ingersoll, and the science of Huxley and Buchner, but few have yet resigned themselves to live without God in the world. Atheism is lonesome, and you may count its votaries on your fingers, almost; and however confident Atheism may be that it alone is rational, there are Deists who do not fear the ordeal of debate, but will stand up against the foremost for a Father for this world, a God for man to worship and adore. Yes, a personal God, who knows himself, the universe, and man, and delights to see them all happy in doing what is just and right."

The speaker then proceeded to argue for the existence of "a human soul that will not die with what we call death, but live again to know that God approves of it, and to be happy in that thought." Such thoughts as these, Mr. Knight believed, ennobled and inspired mankind to the highest purpose of human life. In conclusion Mr. Knight said that he was prepared to maintain the foregoing propositions in debate with the ablest tongues and pens. He did not wish it to be understood that Atheism was the sole refuge of Freethought. "God and Liberty" was not yet an obsolete phrase. He was for God and Freethought, one and inseparable, because God is for Freethought, and Freethought would never fail to illustrate and vindicate God. He, the speaker, was getting along in years and approaching the end of this world. He could have no object in misrepresenting himself, and didn't wish to deny his maker whom he expected to meet soon.

During its delivery Mr. Knight's address evoked numerous ironical comments from persons in the audience, and at its close a general feeling was prevalent that somebody ought to set him right. A collection intervened, however, interspersed with music by Mr. Pingree, and then the Chair said the question was open to discussion.

Mr. Paddon led in the debate. In his view the notion that a personal God ruled the aggregate of nature was most absurd. He saw no evidence of any such ruler, but even if there were one we could not regard him as "good, wise, and just." A good God would not permit the suffering which we see all around—the disasters by fire and flood. A wise God would not allow ignorance to be the rule and knowledge the exception, as experi-

ence shows to be the case; and a God who would let the good perish and the wicked survive—who would allow the innocent to suffer for the guilty—was not in any sense a just God, but, on the contrary, one of the worst monsters of which the human mind could conceive.

Mr. Thomas Curtis was a trifle sarcastic in his criticisms of the speaker. He said he had not been in the field so long as Mr. Knight, but he had labored for fifty years in the cause of Free-thought, and if in that time he had got no farther away from orthodoxy than the speaker of the evening, he should think he had lived in vain. There were two methods of thought in vogue. One was to ascertain facts, and upon them to build a theory; the other was to start with a theory and hold to it regardless of all facts which might contradict it. The latter method had been adopted by Mr. Knight. Mr. Curtis intimated that Mr. Knight had misstated the truth with regard to universal belief in God and a future life. There were tribes who had no such belief, and there were religions which did not teach it as set forth by the speaker. Buddhism, for instance, which had more followers than any other religion, was without a supreme being and did not teach any life beyond this earth. When the soul left this world it entered nirvana or nothingness. Brahmanism, another great religion, had no personal deity or personal immortality. Thus Mr. Knight's conclusion drawn from the alleged universal belief in these things was without foundation. Mr. Curtis went on to say that Mr. Knight was indeed growing old. He was in the sere and yellow leaf mentally as well as physically. As the bodily powers decayed the mind relaxed. It felt no longer capable of grappling with the problems of life, and so surrendered itself to the teachings of childhood and amused itself again with the fairy tales which beguiled its infancy.

Mr. Knight was invited to close the discussion. He replied that he had not heard anything to change his belief. For ignorant man to question the ways of the all-wise was like a savage criticising the mechanism of a locomotive. As he previously remarked, he would like to meet the ablest Agnostics and Atheists in discussion and settle the question. A listener here opened the debate by asking Mr. Knight a question, and the Chair was obliged to adjourn the meeting in order to induce the disputants to break away.

This was decided, by all competent to judge such questions, to be the liveliest meeting as yet held by the San Francisco Free-thought Society. There was a touch of the Liberal Club about it.

I am sometimes concerned to know what the eastern part of the country is going to do for Freethought lecturers if some way is not soon devised to check the exodus toward this coast. In 1887, when Mr. Putnam and myself took a pilgrim car for San Francisco, there was but one solitary "Ingersoll of the West" between Puget Sound and the Gulf of California, and he was at that time enjoying a vacation. The changed aspect of affairs now attracts the attention of all. First came Mr. C. B. Reynolds, who shortly returned for Mrs. Reynolds, also an able lecturer, and both have located at Walla Walla. Then came Mr. B. F. Underwood, of Chicago, who is making his second visit within the year. Prof. W. S. Bell got the Western fever, and came later. He promises to locate permanently. Mr. Geo. H. Dawes, of Pittsville, Wis., will be abroad in Oregon shortly as a school-teacher, and he is prepared to lecture evenings and Sundays. Prof. W. F. Jamieson, too, announces that after the first of November he will fill engagements on the coast. Nor is this all. The eloquent Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel, of Kansas City, is to be with us later on. Furthermore, circling about among the hills and other natural scenery, will be observed this summer the altitudinarian form of Professor Seymour on the trail of intemperance and superstition. I might add, *ong passong*, as they say in England, that Mr. Putnam has about seventy-five or eighty engagements ahead of him.

This alarming drift westward in '89 is not wholly without a precedent, since there is said to have been a trend of emigration hitherward in '49, but that was a mere tendency compared to the present rush, which leaves the eastern borders at the mercy of the enemy, except for the presence of Mr. L. K. Washburn and the original Ingersoll of the East, with possibly a few non-

professional lecturers. I once thought, in view of the infrequency of Infidel exponents on the coast, that I might myself renounce the pleasures of life, take vows of poverty and chastity, and, secluding myself in the lecture field, become dead to the world. The necessity for this appears no longer to exist. The want is supplied. The timbered country of the West is full of John the Baptists, and I am looking every day for Putnam to get a call to go East and establish a lecture route along the Atlantic coast. The pioneer work might be arduous at first, but it is the province of the reformer to make the sledding easier for those who come after him.

M.

PROFESSOR LADD'S BOOK—"WHAT IS THE BIBLE?"

III.

On page 135 the author says of the Hebrews: "There is not a particle of evidence to show that they had any other information concerning the truths of nature than such as belonged to all their contemporaries."

"The Biblical writers show no signs of having been inspired so as to be errorless when treating of physical matters; they make the mistakes incident to their times." And here occurs one of his curious inconsistencies. He says: "The biblical writers know no more than others, of the order, laws, and resultants of physical causes; but they *know* that Jehovah is the creator and Lord of the world, and that all things execute his will in righteousness and grace toward Israel, the people of the covenant, and toward the people of the whole earth."

He does not inform us how they know any more about "Jehovah" than of "physical causes;" or how he comes to know that they know. And yet he assumes the fact with great positiveness. He also assumes God's dealing "toward Israel, the people of the covenant," and "toward the people of the whole earth." It is not easy to see what difference the "covenant" makes, when he deals with "the people of the whole earth," the same as with "Israel."

This, however, is only a digression, and he immediately returns to his candid admissions as follows: "The discussion of this cosmogony (that of Genesis) began as early as the attempt to establish the Copernican theory of the solar system. It has now become a comparatively mild debate as to how far geology and Genesis can be reconciled. In all such debate the main conclusions of geology are usually not for a moment questioned by the disputing parties; the inquiry is simply raised and argued as to how far Genesis may be interpreted so as to accord with these conclusions" (p. 136). It would seem that this admission covers the whole ground. If the "sacred," "holy," and "inspired scriptures" have taken so humble a position as to only aspire to be in "accord" with uninspired science, it would seem about time to stop talking of their "sacred," "holy," and "inspired" qualities. When orthodoxy surrenders its very citadel, it should no longer make a pretense of resistance. As to the biblical account of the flood the author says, "Everything about the narrative shows that its author held only the prevalent conceptions of his time" (p. 147).

"The moral and religious doctrine and bearings of the narrative should be recognized without the painful feeling that the trustworthiness and inspiration of the Hebrew Bible must be vindicated by showing the scientific infallibility of the Hebrew writer" (p. 148).

Might not the same thing be said of Greek or Roman mythology as of Hebrew mythology? The "moral and religious doctrine of the narrative" of "Mother Hubbard and her dog" have been drawn by an ingenious writer, without any attempt "to establish its inspiration," or its "scientific or historic infallibility." That Genesis and many other books of the Bible are fiction, is now well known to all scholars; why not tell the truth boldly?

In regard to the miracles of the Bible he says: "The record of every miracle is a historical affair. It must be tested by the rules by which we judge of all history. . . . Each miracle may, therefore, properly be regarded as a special case requiring a special examination" (p. 156).

"The biblical miracles are not to be regarded as violations or even suspensions of the laws of nature."

"Not a few of the biblical miracles merely represent themselves as what we should now call extraordinary combinations or exaggerations of ordinary physical forces" (p. 158).

"Still further, the Bible never represents its miraculous occurrences as though they came about in an absolutely supernatural or wholly arbitrary way" (p. 159).

"The titles by which the biblical miracles are called in the biblical writings do not, of themselves, signify much more than that these events are unaccustomed and notable or astonishing" (p. 160).

"Nor would the essential value of the biblical miracles and the offices they serve be destroyed if the time should come when investigation should discover how those miracles came about" (p. 165).

"Let it not be forgotten, however, that it is necessary to establish the truthfulness of each of these narratives on grounds that are valid for each, and according to the rules of historic inquiry."

"But the record of a miracle is not itself necessarily a miracle. Even the inspired writer, when recording a miracle, may be subject to all the conditions which occasion mistakes in other historical writings." . . . "The Bible, however, nowhere claims for itself perfect freedom from all historical error" (p. 184).

With these concessions we may well ask, what is left of the reliability of the record of Bible miracles? According to these conditions not a miracle of the Bible can be substantiated. Yet as the professor is writing "in the interest of faith" he still thinks there are some miracles, and that they are "wrought by the power of God." But any thoughtful reader who will study his chapter on biblical miracles will, I think, come to the conclusion that the author is trying to let the church down easy from an untenable position. In fact, this seems to be the aim of the entire book.

J. W. NORTH.

A CHRISTIAN LIE.

Ministers tell the people that God is their "loving father;" that he looks after them with tender care, and lo! a Johnstown disaster comes to prove that all that they have been telling the people is false—cruelly, selfishly false. The plain truth is this: There is no power outside of man that cares for man.

Whether there is a God in the universe or not is an open question, but whether there is a God who is a "loving father" to man, is not an open question. That question has been settled in the negative thousands of times. We challenge the Christian church and all of her priests and ministers to show one act of their God that manifests the love of a human parent. If God exists he is indifferent to man's fate; indifferent to his enjoyment or suffering.

This last terrible calamity affords a sufficient illustration of the divine lack of love or lack of power. Here was a city of nearly twenty thousand human beings. Above this city was a body of water four or five miles long and over one mile wide, held in its place by a dam of earth which had become weakened by heavy rains. In a moment, without a sign, this dam gave away and thousands of human lives were lost in less than an hour. Was God watching over the people of Johnstown with tender care? Was he performing the part of a "loving father" to those poor people who, without a word of warning, were drowned and crushed by the mad waters of that awful flood?

The pulpit, in the face of this horrible disaster, should blush with shame to speak of God's "watchful care over the lives of men." How can the Christian explain the absence of his God at this place of danger? How can he reconcile his faith in God's providence with the facts of the Johnstown horror? He will ask us to believe that "God's ways are past finding out." No, they are not. We have found them out.

And the people are finding out the ways of the pulpit too. Such ways are not to the credit of humanity.

It is nothing less than lying for a Christian minister to tell his poor dupes that God "watches over their lives," and will "preserve them from temptation and danger."

Why not tell the truth? Why not admit the facts? What good does it do man to tell him this Christian lie that God is his "loving father?" We know better, and history has a thousand sad pages, stained with human tears, that support this knowledge.

L. K. WASHBURN.

TOO LIBERAL LIBERALS.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I have read nothing lately so fully in accord with my sentiments as the article by Chas. F. Blackburn, which appeared in FREETHOUGHT, June 15. I fully agree with him in saying that the pious frauds and fashionable vagrants, called "ministers," who are eating out the substance of the land, and impoverishing thousands, should be exposed on all occasions.

It seems to me that Liberals generally are too Liberal. They are too liberal with people who will not reason honestly, or discuss religious matters with any degree of fairness. They are too liberal in giving serious attention to assumptive and fallacious reasoning, and to creeds and doctrines based upon the unknown and unknowable. They are too liberal in their estimate of a class of professional impostors, who live in idleness and luxury upon the hard earnings of honest and unthinking labor—a prey upon the sympathies and superstitious fears of women, and the artlessness of innocent and confiding children. The country just now seems to be overrun with these puling mendicants, and every little town is fully supplied with what might be called reverend "dudes."

This little burgh boasts of having the "boss" hand-shaker—a confidential gossip-monger among the unsuspecting and good natured people of the place. Another little town has a clergyman who rides a \$140 bicycle—physicians having recommended bicycling as "a healthful exercise for ministers." What's the matter with the saw-buck and the buck-saw? Another clergyman lately published a card, thanking friends for presents as follows: "Ham, eggs, butter, cakes, fruits, and many other edibles too numerous to mention." No wonder the good man was, as he said, "too full for utterance."

J. C. P.

Turlock, Cal., June 15, 1889.

RELIGION AND LABOR.

It is a fact that religious bodies and organizations generally cut down wages, particularly of printers. The Second Adventist printing concern in Oakland pays its printers but little over half Union rates. And the Typographical Union of this city remonstrates with the Y. M. C. A. for having its work done at a notorious "rat" concern here, which gets women to work six months for nothing, and then (as a rule) turns them loose, to make way for a fresh batch. Turning them loose may, perhaps, be understood in more senses than one; for after their little means have been exhausted in a supposed acquisition of a supposed lucrative handicraft, what can they do (if without means) but "turn loose?" And that may be precisely what Jacob Bacon, better known as "Deacon Pork," desires, though it may be premature to assume it as one of the purposes for which the Y. M. C. A. was organized. Intelligent men, however, should be held in some degree responsible for their acts; and if, by encouraging "rat" offices, the Y. M. C. A. promotes prostitution, its members have no right to plead the baby act to shield themselves from criminality.

It may be that the Y. M. C. A., the Second Adventists, etc., consider starvation as a promoter of piety, taking for their text: "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked." And kickers are especially objectionable in such organizations. "Fasting and prayer," too, are associated as concomitants; and if people won't fast and pray of their own accord, why not (the Y. M. C. A., etc., may reason) compel them to fast, so as to compel them to have a good foundation for prayer, and thereby save their souls? And as for the suffering of their miserable bodies from empty stomachs and crowded quarters, that is a trifle which should not be permitted to interfere with such grand projects of salvation as the Y. M. C. A. and the Second Adventists. Suppose a few hundred thousand persons are annually driven to prostitution and crime by low wages; what is that when thereby the Y. M. C. A. can acquire solid real estate and the other concern get people to keep Saturday, instead of Sunday, holy? Perish the thought that the physical welfare of a few million "mudsills" should block the realization of such brilliant results! Inspired by such reasoning, the Y. M. C. A. will doubtless turn a deaf ear to the request of the Typo-

graphical Union, and continue to patronize Deacon Pork's "rat" concern.—Weekly Star.

DR. WESTBROOK ON INFIDELITY.

The following protest in the Freethinkers' Magazine was called out by the published remark that "the president of the American Secular Union is not orthodox in his Infidelity:"

What is Infidelity, and who may with propriety be called Infidels? The words "infidel" and "fidelity" are from the same Latin root, *fidelis*. In the former the prefix *in* (not) is used, while in the latter it is omitted. The original, *fidelis*, means "faithful," from *fides*, faith. The word faith does not primarily and necessarily refer to what one believes, but to his fidelity to whatever he believes. The more comprehensive and practical meaning of the original word relates specially and primarily to the matter of faithfulness to a trust or contract, and hence, in the language of the law, adultery is denominated "infidelity," because it is a violation of the marriage contract. By palpable perversion of language, and doubtless out of deference to ecclesiastical bigotry and arrogance, lexicographers have added to the original and real philological meaning of the word an arbitrary and utterly unjustifiable definition, founded entirely upon the puritanic *usus loquendi*, and applied it to the matter of a creed, what one believes regarding the dogma of a single sect as to the infallible inspiration of its doubtful scriptures—doubtful as to their origin, doubtful as to what they really teach, and equally doubtful as to the real character and teachings of the alleged founder of the sect. Against this perversion I firmly protest and refuse to be called an Infidel until I shall have been proved unfaithful to a trust. According to the real meaning of the word, I would as soon be called a defaulter as an Infidel. In my judgment, independent investigators and Freethinkers have not been wise in tacitly accepting an opprobrious name without an earnest denial and an indignant retort. No class of men on earth are more free from infidelity than those who are vilified as Infidels by those to whom the stigma properly belongs. In behalf of the Rationalists and Liberals of the world, I flatly deny that they are Infidels, and boldly retort by charging the rankest infidelity upon the paid, professional Christian clergy, with few exceptions, in that they are unfaithful in the search for truth, often suppress it when they happen to find it, and as frequently suggest the false, and even unfaithfully and dishonestly preach what they know to be false. Such men are the real Infidels.

I close with a kindly hint to some of our rationalistic writers and speakers who sometimes use the expression "orthodox Infidelity," or similar words. Herein I think our Homers are caught nodding! Has it come to this, that there are men in our Liberal ranks who are not only willing to be stigmatized as Infidels, that is, as defaulters and unfaithful persons, but tacitly admit that they belong to a sect having a "shibboleth" or standard of orthodoxy like other sects? Can it be true that some Freethinkers cannot tolerate free thinking? Let Liberals beware lest they fall into the secret snares of the narrow bigots who "profess and call themselves orthodox Christians!" Let Freethinkers have no tests of "good and regular standing" except those of moral character, manly honor, and mental freedom.

R. B. WESTBROOK.

A Parable Read.

A laborer at the Dundee harbor lately told his wife, on awakening, a curious dream which he had during the night. He dreamed that he saw coming toward him in order four rats. The first one was very fat, and was followed by two lean rats, the rear rat being blind. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what evil might follow, as it has been long understood that the dream of rats denotes coming calamity. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she, poor woman, could not help him. His son, a sharp lad, who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter. "The fat rat," he said, "is the man who keeps the public house, that ye gang till sae often, and the twa lean anes are me and my mither, and the blind ane is yersel', father."—Scotch Paper.

BOUND volumes of FREETHOUGHT for 1888 may be had for \$2.50.

DISILLUSIONIZED.

The people of Johnstown have lost all their faith in providence. Many of them have thrown away their Bibles, and since the disaster have openly burned them. They make no concealment of this.

During the flood one of the most upright and devout merchants in town was rescued as by a miracle. He was floating on the roof of a house which was whisked around with frightful rapidity. At every revolution part of the roof was knocked away until but a few shingles were left, to which the merchant clung with desperation. Just as he was sinking his slight raft was thrown near enough to a window to permit some friends to seize him by the hand. It was with considerable difficulty that he was dragged in and revived.

As he was lying on the bed a clergyman who was present dropped on his knees and earnestly began to pray. "Leave me," cried the merchant. "This is no time to pray or thank God. I never want to see your face again."

A lady who had lost her husband and four children was gathering together the relics of her home when she came across the family Bible, containing the record of her birth, marriage, and the births of her children. A stranger happened to pass, and tearing the records out she proffered the book to him. The man happened to be a clergyman. "Do you realize, madame, what you are doing?"

"Perfectly," was the reply. "I have no further use for that book. I have always tried to be a consistent Christian woman. I brought up my four girls as strictly as I was brought up, but I cannot read that book any more."

The clergyman thought the loss of her family had turned her head and called the next day. She refused to see him. He sent some of her friends to see her, but after explaining the circumstances she refused to enter into any argument.

Nor are these the only instances. The prominence of these people makes these cases all the more discussed, and many of the survivors—particularly those who had to fight for their lives, who saw their houses dashed to pieces and their loved ones perish before their eyes—only follow their example.—Chicago Times.

PIETY IN THE POST-OFFICE.

Our postmaster-general Wanamaker seems to be running his department in the interest of the Protestant church and general piety. He holds that a man who swears is not as good a man for a public servant as a man who belongs to the church and is too big a hypocrite to express his sentiments in fervent language. Such at least is the doctrine he followed in choosing a postmaster for Portsmouth, N. H. In selecting this office the plum fell to a Mr. Locke. Everyone had supposed that Colonel Sides would be appointed and his name was repeatedly urged upon Mr. Wanamaker. Colonel Sides uses profane language now and then. He contracted the habit while in the army, and it has been aggravated since then by the varying disappointments of New Hampshire politics. Mr. Wanamaker heard of this weakness of the colonel's and said he could not appoint such a man. He also objected to the names of several other well-known politicians, because they were not supported by the Sunday-school element. Before he appointed Mr. Locke Mr. Wanamaker wrote to the secretary of the state Young Men's Christian Association, asking about his church connection. Mr. Locke was thereupon indorsed by five ministers as the favorite of the religious element of the city. Mr. Locke got the appointment at once, although Colonel Sides was the almost unanimous choice of his party, and the Christians are jubilant. It is evident that piety counts heavily with this administration.—The Truth Seeker.

PROF. W. G. SUMNER contributes to "The Popular Science Monthly," as the opening article of the July number, a discussion of the question, "What is Civil Liberty?" in which he reviews the ideas of liberty that have prevailed, and the relations that rights and duties have borne to each other in the past, and points out the tendencies that threaten civil liberty in the present.

A MODIFICATION.

Mr. H. O. Pentecost, of the Twentieth Century, now says:

"Seeing how my recent statement that some Liberals are very illiberal has offended some Liberals I am sorry I said it; not because it is not true, but because I dislike to hurt anyone's feelings. I supposed that everyone knew it, including the editors of the Liberal papers, and it is surprising to notice the asperity with which the statement has been resented by my brother editors of the Liberal sect."

We are glad to observe that Mr. Pentecost is hedging. The way he puts his statement now is not the way he put it originally. It was printed this way:

"The name Liberal describes a number of persons who are about as illiberal as it is possible for human beings to be."

In this original form the plain reading is that all persons described as Liberals are illiberal. In his new form the meaning is that *some* Liberals are illiberal.

Liberal editors may be supposed to possess as complete knowledge of Liberals as Mr. Pentecost—a recent recruit, who will have difficulty in persuading the public that he did not sit before the mirror when he wrote his definition of Liberal—and therefore that they did not agree with Mr. Pentecost may be taken as fairly good evidence that he spoke hastily and without sufficient information. His last statement, that some Liberals are illiberal, is without doubt correct. We know a few ourselves. But that is no basis at all for the sweeping assertion made by Mr. Pentecost.—The Truth Seeker.

The Oldest Bank Notes.

The oldest bank notes are the "flying money," or "convenient money," first issued in China 2697 B.C. Originally these notes were issued by the treasury, but experience dictated a change to the banks under government inspection and control. The early Chinese "greenbacks" were in all essentials similar to the modern bank notes, bearing the name of the bank, date of issue, the number of note, the signature of the official issuing it, indications of its value in figures, in words, and in the pictorial representations in coins or heaps of coins equal in amount to its face value, and a notice of the pains and penalties of counterfeiting. Over and above all was the laconic exhortation to industry and thrift: "Produce all you can; spend with economy." The notes were printed in blue ink, on paper made from the fibre of the mulberry tree. One issue, in 1399 B.C., is still carefully preserved in the Asiatic Museum at St. Petersburg.—Albany Times.

A Lesson of History.

The most vigorous and determined effort to regulate the conduct of the people, directed by the genius of one of the strongest men the world has ever known and supported by a victorious army, the Puritan commonwealth of England, was a conspicuous failure; and it is now admitted that the English people made greater progress in civil and religious liberty and the capacity for self-government under Charles II. than under Oliver Cromwell. The lesson is as valuable to-day as it was two centuries ago.—Providence Journal.

A Picture of the Moon.

A gentleman of this city recently sent one of Taber's enlargements of a photograph of the moon taken at the Lick Observatory by the great telescope to a member of the Royal Astronomical Society in London. The recipient acknowledges its receipt and speaks in the highest terms of the work of the telescope. The photograph is the best the astronomer has ever seen.

THE Altruist is a monthly paper, partly in phonetic spelling, and devoted to common property, united labor, community homes, and equal rights to all. It is published by the Altruist Community, whose members all live and work together, hold all their property in common, and both men and women have equal rights in deciding on all their business affairs by their majority vote. Fifty cents a year; specimen copy free. Address A. Longley, editor, 2 N. 4th st., St. Louis, Mo.

BIBLICAL WINE.

In commenting on the miracle at Cana, Archdeacon Farrar contrasts the "genial innocence of Christ's system" with the "crushing asceticism of rival systems." By way of reconciling this discrepancy desperate efforts are made to uphold the astonishing theory that the *oinos* of the gospel was not fermented wine, but syrup. The ruler of the feast at Cana, it seems, expressed his surprise that the best syrup had not been produced till the guests had well drunk; the accusers of Christ in calling him a winebibber meant only that he was a syrup drinker; it was on syrup that the Corinthians got drunk at the celebration of the Lord's supper; Paul advised his friends to take a little syrup for the stomach's sake, and the same apostle enjoined the church in electing deacons not to choose those who were given to excess in syrup! To such paltering with what every one educated enough to be a clergyman must know to be the truth we rather prefer the preacher who said boldly that if Christ were again to come on earth and persisted in celebrating the Eucharist with wine he would have to be excluded from his own church.—GOLDWIN SMITH, in Macmillan's Magazine.

THESE items are from the Guernsey Advertiser:

Sydney Smith told a story of Lady Cork being so moved by a charity sermon that she borrowed a guinea of him to put in the plate. But she forgot to put it in, and also to repay the money. Of a right reverend bishop he remarked, "He is so like Judas that I am quite converted to a belief in the apostolical succession."

In a small hamlet in the south of England, where old customs were kept up, it was usual for the minister never to commence the sermon until the arrival of the squire. On a certain Sunday a new minister preached, and, not knowing the rule, commenced. "When the wicked man—" He was suddenly interrupted by the clerk springing up and exclaiming, "Please, sir, he has not come yet."

The curate of a Devonshire village has been distinguishing himself in a novel way. He was called in to privately baptize a child, which was unhappily illegitimate. On learning the fact, this nineteenth century pharisee would not pollute his delicate fingers by touching such a tainted piece of humanity but called for a spoon, and therewith poured the consecrated water upon the child as it lay in its cradle. He then poured the water away and threw the basin on the stones to break it, but as it proved too tough he attacked it with a broom, and so succeeded in smashing it.

THE SUMMER AND FALL CAMPAIGN.

S. P. Putnam has the following lecture appointments in Oregon and Washington:

Silverton.....Or.,	June 22, 23,	Pomeroy ..W. T.,	Aug.....26,
Stayton....."	" 24,	La Grange,Or....	Aug.....29,
Mills City....."	" 25, 26,	Union.....Or.	".....30,
Turner....."	" 27,	Baker City,"	Sept.....1,
Eola....."	" 28,	Prairie City, Or, and vicinity,	Sept.
Canby....."	" 29, 30	4, 5, 6, 7, 8,	
Molalla....."	July....3, 4,	Fox Valley.....Or.,	Sept. 9, 10,
Kalama.....W. T.,	" 6, 7,	Long Creek....."	" 11, 12,
Starks Point, W. T., and vicinity,	July 9, 10, 11, 12, 13,	Monument....."	" 14, 15,
Astoria.....Or.,	July ... 14,	Hay Stack....."	" 16, 17,
Stella.....W. T.,	" 15, 16, 17,	Lone Rock....."	" 18,
Oswego.....Or.,	" 18, 19,	Fossil....."	" 19, 20,
Arnold's Grove.."	" 20, 21,	Hillsboro, Or.,	Sept., 25, 26, 27, 28,
Coos county, Or.,	July 22 to Aug. 4,	North Yamhill...Or.,	Sept.....29,
Coburg....."	Aug.....7, 8,	Forest Grove...."	".....30,
Lebanon....."	".....9,	Talent, Or., and vicinity	Oct. 3, 4, 5,
Olympia.....W. T.,	".....11, 12,	6, 7,	
Buckley...W. T.,	".....13, 14,	Linkville.....Or.,	Oct. 11, 12, 13,
Davenport, "	".....17, 18,	Sacramento.....Cal.,	Oct. 20,
Cheney..."	".....19,	San Francisco....."	" 27,
Rosalia..."	".....20,	Los Angeles and vicinity	the month
Sprague.."	".....21,	of November,	
Pasco....."	".....22,	San Diego and vicinity	the month of
Dayton....W. T.,	Aug....24, 25,	December.	

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Testimonial.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Find \$2 to apply on my subscription. I like the paper; more than that, I just admire it and hope I shall be able to take it as long as I live.
Yours truly,
Santa Barbara. MRS. L. P. LANGLEY.

Another Friend.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Put my name in your list of friends to FREETHOUGHT. I will give \$5 each year for the support of the paper for five years, provided I live that long.

The Liberals of this coast ought not to claim for themselves much liberality if the only paper they have should be allowed to die for the lack of support.
San Jose. MRS. CHRIS SCHOFIELD.

Needed In the East.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Inclosed you will find \$2 for one year's subscription to your paper, which I think is the best I have yet read. It is with pleasure that I read of the progress you Liberals are making in the West. Your paper is just what we need here in the East—a paper that is an enemy to superstition and a friend to humanity. I shall do all that I can to support it.
Norfolk, Conn. CHAS. W. RENZ.

A Little Token.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I have a moment's time this, the Lord's day, to send you a little token [\$5] of my appreciation. The books were received and a few distributed. I am charmed with your paper. There is an appearance of business about it. It is not filled with the quarrels of old women and sore-headed men. I want something new. Organization and power is what I want to see—some institution whereby Infidels who die and have money to bequeath may be assured it will be properly handled.
Babylon, N. Y. Yours truly,
P. H. FOSTER.

Our Fair Young Ally.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I send you herewith \$2 for another new subscriber. I am doing all I can to increase your subscription list, and sincerely hope that all other Liberals on the Pacific coast are doing the same. I wish I could join your noble list of \$20 contributors. I am not able to, but I assure you that my sympathies are with you.

As I happen to have both the books that you offer as premiums for one subscriber, I will inclose \$1.50 for a small sized Freethought Badge-pin, and you can let my premium (50 cents) go to pay the balance due on the pin.

With best wishes for the success of FREETHOUGHT, I remain yours most respectfully,
Oswego, Or. ELVA DAVIDSON.

Jones on Moral Questions.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Rev. Sam Jones has departed from your midst, and as he pronounced his work their good, the general wish must be that it remain as he left it, in which case he might well be grateful to the good powers that inspired and sustained his efforts. He claimed to have converted ten thousand souls to ways of virtue; but he said in his last address that "there are some church members so good that they are good for nothing," in which saying there is a great deal. Now, if those ten thousand converts should turn out to be such passive Christians, they had far better remained in their former state, wherein their active wickedness was a perpetual inspiration to actively-disposed Christians to uplift their erring fellow-mortals. Mr. Jones said, too, that "no living man had any right to an opinion on a moral question." In that case, what would become of morality? If the statement be true, then we have equally no right to an opinion on an immoral question. Opinion of a thing is what sanctions or condemns it; it is either right, or it is not right, and if the public dare not say which, who is responsible for its results and consequences? Mr.

Jones's utterances are suited to the thoughtless sinner, but they cannot all be reasoned upon without injuring their logic. Minds that can be alarmed are not going to examine very closely the thing that causes their fear if it relates to their future state of being. When we become thoroughly civilized we shall not play upon the superstition of men to win their bodies to right living; we will dissipate ignorance and sin by enlightening the understanding and assisting reason. M. PULSFIER.
San Jose, Cal.

It Will Bloom in the Spring.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Inclosed find \$2 for the renewal of my subscription to FREETHOUGHT. I will promise to send \$10 additional to my subscription next spring when I renew. At present this part of the state is suffering from a reaction caused by the recent craze for wildcat town lots, and it is difficult to sell any kind of farm produce at a profit. Everything is down to bed-rock prices. I read your statement of the financial condition of FREETHOUGHT. I admire the manly independence of your words when you say "FREETHOUGHT is not a beggar." Of course not, and there is no call for you to work for nothing. If there is a change here for the better (in business), I will do more than I said above. I admire FREETHOUGHT and shall always renew my subscription promptly.
El Monte. Yours truly,
A. H. HOYT.

A Life Sub.

To the Editors of Freethought:

A copy of FREETHOUGHT has arrived. Inclosed find \$3, for which send me your paper one year, and one each of Kemsburg's pamphlets.

I would like to be one of the number to give you from five to twenty dollars per year, but at the present time I am unable to do so and trust you will take the will for the deed. Like many others in St. Paul, I invested heavily in real estate, and now I can lie awake nights and hear the interest grow. I see by the labels that several night-blooming mortgages that I planted last July are about ready to pick. They are as healthy and robust as any I have seen this year, and look as though they might go on several years longer carrying the same large, dark-green wad of interest they have been wearing in the past.

I am very much pleased with FREETHOUGHT, and hope he will continue to grow right along until he is able to take care of himself and parents. You may count on me for a life subscriber; and I will help you all I possibly can—if "my ship comes in." Fraternally,
St. Paul, Minn. JAS. L. MCKELVEY.

The Hornitos Priest.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I notice the statement in a late number of FREETHOUGHT that "there is only one church in Hornitos, the Catholic, and that has an average attendance of four, including women and children." I am sorry to say it is too true. Don't misunderstand me, please. I mean it is too true that we have a church conducted on the so-called Catholic plan, and I am sorry that even four should attend it. Were the church closed it would be far better for the morals of our little town. Let me explain. A few years ago the attendance was very large. A reverend holy scamp officiating in it had the wisdom of the snake. He took people by their foibles. He introduced music. A bevy of our most respectable young ladies, mistaking his intentions, lent their fresh young voices and musical talent to what they thought a good cause, regardless of any denomination. Soft strains of delicious melodies weekly filled the little church and it was not large enough to accommodate all. All of a sudden the reverend scamp found it necessary to emigrate. Ugly rumors as to his "morals" were spread over the country, and the general feeling was decidedly adverse to him.

His successor is nobly supporting the precepts of the Roman Catholic church: *Per fas et nefas*—"Tell a lie to find the truth," "Do as I say and not as I do," etc. He made his *debut* by insulting women, trying to scare money out of his congregation by selling property not his, *i.e.*, lots in a public grave yard, and when refused payment and ordered out of doors, he threatened to desecrate a grave by exhuming bodies! A priest who preaches charity, poverty, abnegation, and brotherly love, and goes to church with a revolver stuck in his hip pocket, insults women, and refuses burial to dead Christians, is a fit representative of a God who threatens to chuck a fellow into eternal fire for the unheard-of crime of

not receiving the sacrament of baptism—instituted by whom? By a renegade Jew who improved upon a religion by baptizing the founder of it.

No wonder the congregation is limited to four. When the Mexican people, the most fanatical nation on earth, desert their church, there must be something rotten in its principles.

HENRY M. DAIGLE.

Hornitos, Cal.

The Watchword.

To the Editors of Freethought:

When Mr. Putnam was lecturing here at Boulder Creek, I told him that some of these times I would send in \$5 for the benefit of FREETHOUGHT and for the crushing of organized superstition. Now \$5 is only one crusher, if I was able I would send in more than one, but I am in hopes that every well-wisher of liberty will send in at least "one crusher," and show the world that ignorance and superstition can be driven from the field. It is strange that a bigot will sacrifice more of his wealth to defend his prison cell than a Freethinker will to defend his freedom, but, nevertheless, such is the case. If the Liberals of the United States would rally, and each one would sacrifice as many nickels for the cause of Freethought as each bigot sacrifices for the cause of bigotry, they would be astonished at the result. This would break the chains of thousands of unfortunate slaves, and drive idle impudence into consternation.

To tell an editor of a Liberal paper to have courage in his good work accomplishes as much as if a steam-engine was told to have courage in its good work. It needs fuel, not flattery, and the same holds good for the Liberal editor. For this reason I would say to the Liberals of this coast: Rally to the support of FREETHOUGHT, and make it the watchword and standard of glory.

J. D. KAUFMAN.

Boulder Creek, Cal.

Once More on the Trail.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Bidding all friends adieu in San Francisco, May 28, I took the iron trail for a more congenial climate than that of California during the hot summer months, and sped away for the cool forests and bays of Oregon and Puget Sound.

The first day out from Sacramento I noticed in the seat in front of mine a heavenly-looking man and woman, with far-away dreamy looks in their eyes, and very pale faces. The man had long, curly hair, while the woman's was short. Their dress was also peculiar, the woman's being similar to a Catholic nun's; the male biped wore a long duster coming nearly to the ground. As the "cut of their jib" was the way we used to hear "them Spiritualists" rated, viz., "short-haired women and long-haired men," I was about to "scrape acquaintance" with them, when suddenly the train came to a halt, and "Upper Soda Springs" was called out. The place lies close to the foot of Mt. Shasta, and in less than one minute the train was emptied, and its human freight was standing around a very large fountain where the sparkling soda water boiled up from the earth. Nearly all had their tin cups or mugs, and were dipping and drinking as if it was the last chance of getting "the waters of life." There are no man-made, poisonous syrups here, but the genuine compound from nature's laboratory, far transcending in flavor and healthfulness the swill of the drug stores. This spring water is quite sweet, and after drinking, the carbonated gas, or whatever it may be, comes up from the stomach, causing the olfactories to tingle with the effervescence. "All aboard!" shouts the ticket puncher, and with a cupful apiece we all take our seats again in the hot and dusty cars. Directly "twenty minutes for dinner" is called out, and we stop at Sissons, nearly 3000 feet above the sea. Here we are all surrounded by the snow banks of the grand old Shasta peaks, the highest being near 15,000 feet, and apparently one immense mountain of snow. The air was so clear that the snow on all sides seemed to be but a few rods away, yet long miles intervened between us and "nature's winding sheet" around these glorious peaks. This is one of the grandest rides on the continent in the hot days, first up the long, winding canyon of the Sacramento river, then a draught at the basin of the good old Mother Nature for her ice-cold soda, then through the great forests of redwood and fir as we climb up the base of Shasta, and last into the embrace of her eternal snows. While others were filling up "with the hash of mortals," your humble correspondent was feasting at the table of the

gods, and drinking in inspiration from the crags and peaks and drifts of Shasta. We are right in the mighty forest. But a few acres have been cleared, but quite a town has sprung up, and 75 cents pays for a good dinner. But amidst all this natural beauty and grandeur, which needs a poet's pen dipped in the fire of inspiration to describe it properly, I heard some strains of "Oh, How I Love Jesus, Bless his Holy Name," and going to the platform of the rear car, there I found my heavenly-looking, long and short-haired friends holding a camp-meeting, first singing some thread-bare hymn, then an urgent exhortation to come to the Lord and be washed. None seemed to want to be washed, for all kept in the background, but the secret was out. My quondam friends were not mediums for angels to come back through and make their earthly racket, but were Salvation Army folks, bent on plunging us all into the pool of blood drawn from "Immanuel's veins." However, nobody was ready for the crimson bath. The old iron horse snorted; the man that feels best when he makes the passenger feel the worst shouted again in his peculiar sweet and melodious voice, "Get aboard," and we were soon over the line in Oregon.

My first appointment for lecture was at Talent in Rogue River valley. I found here quite a large organization of Liberals and Spiritualists, with a fine large hall built and paid for and dedicated, as its name over the door (U. M. L. Hall) indicated, to universal mental liberty. I gave three lectures here in this fine hall for Freethought, and the house was full each time. I met here my radical Spiritual friends, Mr. William Breese and wife and sister, Miss Rossette Waters, Mr. Terrell, wife, and daughters, Mr. Dean, and many others whose names I cannot now recall, but all noble specimens of Freethought and modern Liberalism. Talent is one of the few oases the itinerant lecturer finds as he travels in the desert of superstition and ignorance.

Mr. Breese is one of nature's noblemen, and very enthusiastic upon Spiritualism, the land and labor problem, the marriage question, etc. His wife and sister are equally as great workers for the good time coming, and speak right out their principles, hit or miss; are both fine mediums with no fraud attached, and yet are not Spiritualists, thinking the phenomena may be yet all explained by the laws of psychology, magnetism, etc. They have a beautiful and happy home, to which they make all tired and weary lecturers welcome. I found Dr. Schlesinger of the Carrier Dove here, but just leaving. Mrs. Waisbrooker of Foundation Principles was here for a month some time ago. Professor Bell will be here soon, and later S. P. Putnam.

My last day at Talent was spent away up in the mountains and giant trees of an Oregon forest, my friends having gotten up a little ride and picnic for my benefit, and away up nearly to the clouds, among the gushing springs and mighty boulders, we had an oyster stew and a strawberry festival with plenty of choice music. The violin and cornet made music fit for the spheres, while the echoes from the crags and mountain sides took up the glad refrain. As the shades of evening drew on, our camp-fires were put out, both hind wheels of our wagon locked, and we descended once more to the "haunts of men," tired out with our rambles in the upper air.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

BOOKS.

We have for sale at this office, among other works:

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A PARODY ON ACT IV, SCENE I, "MACBETH."
Dramatis Personæ: Three demons of darkness.—The Devil's Grandmother.

SCENE: The infernal regions; in the middle a boiling cauldron.—Thunder.—Enter three demons of darkness.

FIRST DEMON: Thrice old Balaam's ass hath brayed,

SECOND DEMON: Thrice and once the serpent hissed,

THIRD DEMON: Satan yells: 'Tis time, 'tis time; FIRST DEMON: Round about the cauldron go.

In the poisoned entrails throw,
Great Jehovah's wrathful froth—
Which will do to start our broth—

Blood of Jesus, half a gill,
Certain cure for every ill;

Kidneys of the holy ghost,
Scamp who (c)harm'd St. Mary most.

All the triune godhead's rot
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot;

ALL: Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

SECOND DEMON: Adam's navel, Eva's tongue,
Done with lectures short and long;

Little skunk from Noah's ark,
Lice from Egypt caught i' the dark;

Brimstone from Gomorrah's plain,
Fingers of the first-born slain,

Lump of salt from Lot's wife's arm
Adds perfection to our charm;

Quail and manna, tempting, sweet,
Which the Jews refused to eat;

Skull of Moses, fairly sound,
Which Old Nick at last has found;

Tears of wretched Job, laid low,
Which Mephisto caused to flow;

Blubber cut from Jonah's whale,
And from Abraham's ram, the tail;

For a charm of powerful trouble
Like a hellbroth boil and bubble.

ALL: Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

THIRD DEMON: Tripe from stomachs of the
Which we drove into the brine, [swine]

Root of fig-tree, bare and bad,
Cursed by Christ when he was mad;

Dried up fish-tail from the place
Where five thousand once said grace;

Murderer's scalp, who, tired of vice,
Went with Christ to paradise;

Hand that wrote upon the wall,
And the Duke of Alva's gall;

Crooked nose of wandering Jew,
Spittle of the "chosen few,"

Frog and toad from Irish bog,
Which St. Patrick sent agog;

Bladder of St. Antony,
Toes of popes kissed reverently,

Bits o' skin from monk and nun
Who on earth had lots of fun—

Fan away the awful smell
With a wing of Gabriel—

Add thereto a deacon's chawdron
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

ALL: Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

SECOND DEMON: Cool it now with Calvin's
Then the charm is firm and good. [blood,

[Enter the Devil's Grandmother, speaking to the three demons.]

Well, you are gentlemen, every inch of it,
Though born and bred i' the brimstone pit;

My grandson wished me to come and see
'Bout this theological potpourri.

Your master, indeed, has his hands quite full,
For business is brisk, though it never was dull;

Just now he is gaining many recruits
From theological institutes,

As well as in churches of every color—
Thanks to dear Darwin and the almighty dollar.

My blessings upon you! And now, my boys,
After our labors come pleasures and joys,

So now about the cauldron sing,

Like elves and fairies, in a ring
Enchanting all that you put in.

Music and a song: "Black spirits and white,"
etc. The Demons dance and then vanish with the Devil's Grandmother. H. L. HAELEKE.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby inform the fruit-growers of California that I have invented a Fruit Drier entirely different from anything I have ever seen or heard of. It is simple in construction, will be run by steam and, as I firmly believe, will remedy all the defects in other family driers—especially the Zimmerman, which I have used and understand well.

A model of the above dryer is on exhibition at J. H. Redstone's at No. 1509 Market street.

Mr. Redstone will explain its construction, mode of operation, etc., to callers. He is also authorized to sell the same or organize a company to manufacture and sell said drier on this coast. G. W. THURSTON, Sr.

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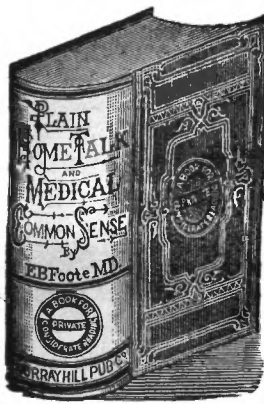
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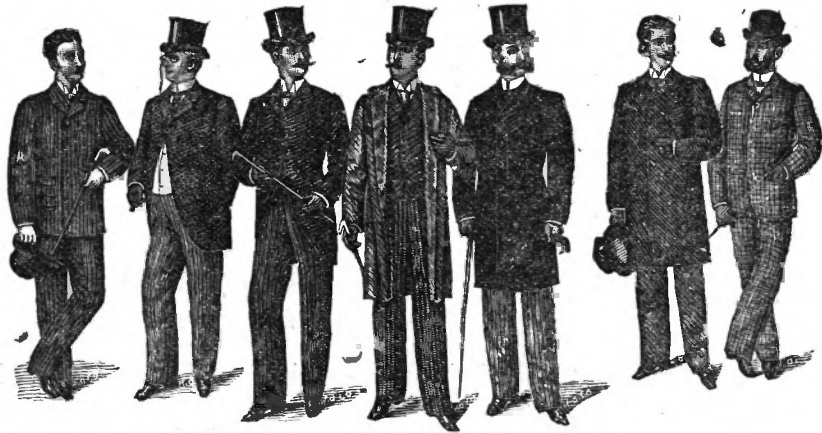
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With dog-skin gloves and funny hat
And such poor, thin legs and a stomach flat?
Eerie and weird it looks to me.
Oh, mother, what can the creature be?"

"Oh, hush, child, hush! 'tis no goblin rude—
'Tis only a harmless stage-door dude."

"But what is a dude, oh, mother, dear?
How did they make a thing so queer?
Did it grow while we were fast asleep
Like the little billygoats or the sheep?
Has Barnum got one in his great show?
When it rains or snows where does a dude go?
It walks like a chicken—can it fly?
Will you tell me about it by-and-bye?"

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - JULY 6, 1889.

OREGON.—ANOTHER STATE SECULAR UNION ORGANIZED.

Pursuant to the call of the Silverton Secular Union, the Liberals met in State Convention at Silverton, Saturday morning, June 22. C. Beal, of Portland, was elected temporary president, and R. D. Allen, of Silverton, temporary secretary. The following committee were appointed:

Committee on Organization: B. F. Underwood; J. H. Olds, of Lafayette; Mrs. Carrie Fitzgerald, of Silverton; B. F. Hyland, of Corvallis.

Committee on Resolutions: Samuel P. Putnam; R. D. Allen, of Silverton; J. K. Sears, of McCoy.

Committee on Nominations: J. W. McClure, of Silverton; J. T. Ford, of Independence; H. Arnold, of Shedd.

Committee on Finance: L. Ames, of Silverton; Robert Scott, of Scott's Mills; Mrs. J. H. Olds, of Lafayette.

In connection with the preliminary organization was celebrated the second anniversary of the Silverton Secular Union, organized June 22, 1887.

An address was delivered Saturday morning by Samuel P. Putnam on "Liberty and Authority." Saturday afternoon B. F. Underwood spoke on "The Absolute Importance of the Separation of Church and State." The Silverton Secular Choir and the Silverton Trombone Band furnished music for the occasion. A large number were present, and between the morning and afternoon exercises there was a basket-picnic in the grove.

In the evening there was a sociable at the hall, under the auspices of the Silverton Union, which was a gratifying success.

Sunday morning the Convention was called together at the hall.

The Committee on Organization reported the following articles of organization, which were unanimously adopted:

CONSTITUTION OF THE OREGON STATE SECULAR UNION.

PREAMBLE.

Whereas, The Constitution of the United States, from beginning to end, in spirit and in letter, is framed in accordance with the principle of the total separation of church and state; and the Treaty with Tripoli, signed by George Washington as a part of the supreme law of the land, declares emphatically that "the government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion;" and

Whereas, Notwithstanding these facts, the administration of the

national government, and the administrations and constitutions of the several state governments, maintain numerous practical connections of the state with the church, thereby violating the spirit of the United States Constitution and the glorious traditions which dedicate this country exclusively to the natural rights of man; and

Whereas, The welfare and peace of the republic, the equal religious rights and liberties of its citizens, and the most precious interests of civilization, alike require that all the political and educational institutions of the nation which are supported by taxation should be more faithfully conformed to the spirit of its fundamental law:

Therefore, We, the members of the Oregon State Secular Union, convened at Silverton, Or., June 23, 1889, hereby associate ourselves together as a permanent organization, and adopt the following

CONSTITUTION.

Name.

ARTICLE I.—The name of this association shall be "The Oregon State Secular Union."

General Object.

ARTICLE II.—The general object of the Union shall be to accomplish the total separation of church and state: to the end that equal rights in religion may be established, protected, and perpetuated.

Specific Objects.

ARTICLE III.—As means to the accomplishment of this general object, the specific objects of the Oregon State Secular Union shall be

1. To urge the adoption of such measures as are necessary to effect the complete secularization of the government in all its departments and institutions, state and national, and shall secure to every American citizen the full enjoyment of his opinions on the subject of religion, whatever they may be, without molestation, disability, or deprivation of any political or civil rights.

2. To advocate the equitable taxation of church property; the total discontinuance of religious instruction and worship in the public schools; the repeal of all laws enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath; the cessation of all appropriations of public funds for religious institutions or purposes of any kind; the abolition of state-paid chaplaincies; the substitution of simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury for the judicial oath; the non-appointment of religious fasts, festivals, and holidays by public authority; the practical establishment of simple morality and intelligence as the basis of purely secular government, and the adequate guarantee of public order and prosperity; and whatever other measures or principles may be necessary to the total separation of church and state.

3. To promote the formation and multiplication of local Secular Unions throughout the state in accordance with the provisions of this Constitution, in order to secure through state and municipal action the accomplishment of the various special reforms above enumerated.

4. To defend through the courts, by the combined efforts and means of the Liberals of the state, any citizen whose equal religious rights are denied, or who is oppressed, on account of any opinions he may have held or expressed on the subject of religion.

5. To promote, by all peaceable and orderly means, active propaganda of the great principles of religious liberty and equal rights, to encourage lectures and the circulation of literature advocating the principles of this organization.

6. In all other proper and practicable ways, to promote the final emancipation of the state from the control of the church, and to foster the development of that natural intelligence and morality which constitute the necessary and all-sufficient basis of secular government.

Membership.

ARTICLE IV.—Any person in sympathy with objects of this organiza

tion may become a member by signing the Constitution. Any person who shall pay twenty-five dollars or more into the treasury shall be entitled to a certificate as a life member. All the persons present as members at the Convention at which this Constitution was adopted are hereby declared permanent or charter-members of the Oregon State Secular Union.

Annual Congress.

ARTICLE V.—The Annual Congress of the Oregon State Secular Union shall be held at such time and place and with such sessions as the Board of Directors may announce; and public notice of the Congress shall be given at least one month previously. Conventions of the Oregon State Secular Union may be held at such places and times as the board of directors shall appoint. All charter-members and life-members of the organization shall be entitled to seats and votes in the Annual Congress.

Officers.

ARTICLE VI.—The officers of this organization shall be a president, four or more vice presidents, a secretary and assistant secretary, a treasurer, a board of directors, an executive committee, and a finance committee. All these officers shall be elected at the annual Congress, and shall hold their offices for one year, or until others are chosen in their stead. The board of directors shall have power to fill any office of the Union that may be left or may become vacant before the meeting of the Annual Congress succeeding their own election.

President.

ARTICLE VII.—The president's duty shall be to preside at the Annual Congress and other Conventions of the Union, and at the meetings of the board of directors; and to countersign all orders upon the treasury duly drawn by the secretary.

Secretaries.

ARTICLE VIII.—The secretary's duty shall be to keep the records, complete lists of members, and other papers of the Union, and also of the board of directors; to report promptly to the board of directors all facts communicated to him by the secretaries of local Unions, and to prepare a careful condensation of the same for the Annual Congress; and to conduct such correspondence as usually pertains to his office. It shall be the duty of the assistant secretary to assist in this work under the secretary's direction.

Treasurer.

ARTICLE IX.—The treasurer, after giving security satisfactory to the board of directors, shall receive and hold all funds of the Union, subject to orders duly drawn by the secretary and countersigned by the president. He shall report the state of the finances of the Union at every Annual Congress, and oftener if required by the board of directors or finance committee; and upon the election of a successor he shall deliver to him all the property of the Union that he may hold.

Board of Directors.

ARTICLE X.—The president, secretary, treasurer, chairman of the executive committee, and chairman of the finance committee, shall constitute the board of directors, which shall be intrusted with the general management and control of the affairs of the Union from year to year. They shall make a full report of their doings on the first day of each Annual Congress. All appropriations from the treasury shall be by vote of the board of directors.

Finance Committee.

ARTICLE XI.—The finance committee shall be composed of three members, elected by the Annual Congress. It shall be their duty to devise ways and means for raising such funds as may be needed for the successful prosecution of the work of the Union, and to carry them into execution with the help of the board of directors.

The chairman of the finance committee shall be elected as such by the Annual Congress, and shall be *ex-officio* a member of the board of directors.

Amendments.

ARTICLE XII.—Amendments to this Constitution may be made at any Annual Congress of the Union by a three-fourths vote of the qualified members present. But no amendment shall be made, unless the proposed amendment shall have been published together with the required public notice of the Annual Congress which is to act upon it.

The only difference in regard to the articles of organization was as to whether there should be a membership fee or not. It

was decided that there should be no fee or assessments, but that the funds of the organization should be raised by voluntary contributions. Mr. L. Ames, of Silverton, and Mr. J. W. Tiffany, of Salem, announced their intention of becoming life members, and without doubt others will follow their generous example.

REPORT OF THE FINANCE COMMITTEE.

L. Ames, chairman of Finance Committee, reported that while the Silverton Secular Union was ready to pay all the expenses of the Convention the books were open for the names of friends who desired to aid, and Mrs. J. H. Olds was appointed to receive subscriptions. The report was adopted and cordially responded to, and without further appeal the necessary funds were raised to pay the expenses of the Convention.

The business session was adjourned, to meet in the afternoon at the grove.

Samuel P. Putnam then delivered an address on "The Church and the Centenary."

Music by the Silverton Secular Union Choir.

At the business meetings of the Convention, Sunday afternoon and evening, the following Board of Officers were unanimously elected:

C. Beal, of Portland, President.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

J. Henry Schroeder, of Arago; B. F. Hyland, of Corvallis, J. D. Garfield, of Marshfield; H. Arnold, of Shedd; J. T. Ford, of Independence; W. J. Dean, of Talent; Moses Hurd, of Newport; John Settle, of Lebanon; F. S. Matteson, of Aumsville; W. J. Booth, of McMinnville; B. W. Dunn, of Lafayette; H. B. Nicholas, of Portland; H. B. Holland, of Salem; J. C. Snodgrass, of Eugene; A. K. Olds, of McMinnville; Mrs. Carrie Fitzgerald, of Silverton; Wm. Sims, of Mills City; G. Trullinger, of Union Mills; O. B. Vose, of Ranier; H. McElsander, Eagle Creek; Wm. H. Breese, of Talent; P. Britt, of Jacksonville; O. Coolidge, of Ashland; W. F. Benjamin, of Roseburg; Jas. Laird, of Dora; Judge Low, of Bandon; T. J. McClary, of Stayton; Miss Elva Davidson, of Oswego; Wm. Chance, of Astoria; Mrs. Carrie E. Haight, of East Portland; Jas. Cleaver, of Prairie City; Mr. Schrum, of Burnt Ranch; J. L. Baisley, of Baker City; Judge Schofield, of Baker City; R. D. Allen, of Silverton; Judge E. C. Brainard, of Union; Robert Scott, of Scott's Mills; Mrs. S. C. Todd, of Forest Grove; W. C. Clow, of Hillsboro; F. Hauswirth, of North Yamhill; G. W. Tiffany, of Salem; Mrs. Laura Bennett, of Corvallis; Wright Forshay, of Silverton; Mrs. H. D. Mount, of Silverton; Hon. R. C. Geer, of Silverton.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Lee Laughlin, of North Yamhill, Chairman; Reuben Wright, of Molalla; B. W. Huffman, of La Grande; J. W. McClure, of Silverton; J. H. Olds, of Lafayette.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

L. Ames, of Silverton, Treasurer; O. Jeldness, of Portland; Mrs. M. J. Olds, of McMinnville.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

1. Resolved, That all American citizens, whether orthodox or heterodox, Christian or non-Christian, possess an equal natural right to hold, to utter, and by all orderly and peaceable means to propagate their private religious opinions; that they all possess an equal right not to be taxed directly or indirectly for the support of religious opinions they do not hold, of religious societies of which they are not members, or of religious services they do not personally approve; that they all possess an equal right to employ their time, and the whole of it, as they judge fit, just so long as they commit no positive trespass on the equal rights of others; that they all possess an equal right to enjoy for seven days in the week all public libraries, art galleries, museums, parks, gardens, or other institutions and facilities for the support of which they are taxed—and not to be debarred from such enjoyment on Sunday because a part of the people do not choose to avail themselves of these things on that day; in fine, that they have an equal right to live under a government which shall respect all men's private religion, but favor no man's.

2. Resolved, That so long as the church insists on retaining its present political privileges in violation of justice, liberty, and equal rights, it is guilty of oppression, sets an example of public unrighteousness, renders

its social influence immoral to that extent, and thus helps to demoralize the community at large.

3. Resolved, That the principle of state secularization means that the free state has its own sufficient basis in the laws and needs of human nature, totally independent of the church; that this basis is the social necessity of maintaining equal rights in religion, genuine morality in politics, and educated intelligence in all the citizens, and that this object is defeated by permitting the church, or any other organization, to usurp its own authority in any degree.

4. Resolved, That we affirm the immense moral importance of the principles of state secularization, and the moral obligation of all good citizens, irrespective of their religious creeds, to join heartily in the movement to carry it more consistently into practice.

5. Resolved, That the Secular Union movement has nothing whatever to do with the Christian religion as such, either to favor or oppose it; that it is directed simply against certain glaring political usurpations of the church; certain actual and greivous interferences, by it, with the state; that the purpose of this movement is eminently positive, defensive, and constructive, not negative, aggressive, or destructive, since it only seeks to carry out more faithfully the principle of divorce between church and state on which the Constitution was founded, and thus fulfil Washington's idea of a purely Secular state.

6. Resolved, That the Bible, being regarded as a book of sacred character and of religious authority by only a part of the people, is to all intents and purposes a sectarian book: and we protest against the permission of its use in the public schools on pretense of its being a non-sectarian book, as a manifest evasion of the truth and a wilful disregard of the equal religious rights of the people.

7. Resolved, That we would most scrupulously respect the right of church-goers to enjoy their Sunday worship unmolested and undisturbed, and we ask them to respect the equal right of those who do not choose to join them, to enjoy their own Sunday in equal freedom.

8. Resolved, That for the purpose of popular education in the principles of state secularization, it is urged that meetings be held, wherever possible, to promote this object: that good literature in regard to the subject be circulated, and that, when practicable, arrangements be made for lecturers competent to expound and defend the principles of state secularization. Furthermore, it is recommended that an effort be made to sustain in this state a permanent lecturer to speak wherever meetings may be called, in favor of the objects of the Oregon State Secular Union.

9. Resolved, That all those journals that are devoted, or that give prominence to the advocacy of the total separation of church and state are entitled to the thanks of this Union, and that the support of all such journals is earnestly requested and urged as a means of promoting state secularization.

10. Resolved, That no funds of this Union shall be devoted to the propagation of any mere religious belief or non-belief, or to any object except that for which the Union is formed, namely, the secularization of the state—or the separation of church and state.

11. Resolved, That the board of directors be instructed to arrange for an annual convention, to be held in Portland during the coming fall or winter, and are authorized to use the funds of the Union to secure the use of available hall and the service of competent speakers, and to advertise widely the meeting and its objects, and thereby arouse a general interest in the subject.

12. Resolved, That the Liberals of the state of Oregon be earnestly requested to raise the sum of three hundred dollars to defray the expenses of the next Annual Convention, to be held at Portland.

The directors, by vote of the Convention, were also authorized to purchase and distribute one thousand copies of FREETHOUGHT containing the report of this Convention. It is urged upon every Liberal of Oregon who receives a copy of this report, to cut out the Constitution and secure as many signatures to it as possible, and forward the same to C. Beal, president, Portland, or J. K. Sears, secretary, McCoy.

In regard to life memberships, it is suggested by L. Ames, chairman of the finance committee, that the payment of the \$25 be made by installments of \$5 each. This course has been adopted by the national organization and will undoubtedly be

adopted by the Oregon Union. All who pay \$5 or more to the \$300 fund for the Portland convention will be credited with that amount and, when the \$25 is paid, will receive a certificate of life membership. It is hoped by this arrangement that at least one hundred Liberals of Oregon will be enrolled for life membership before the meeting of the Portland Convention.

The Convention throughout was harmonious. A great step has been made in advance. The presence of Liberals from abroad evinces general and increasing interest. Under the auspices of the Silverton Secular Union B. F. Underwood delivered, on Sunday afternoon, an address on "The Relations of State Secularization to the History and Progress of the American Republic."

On Sunday evening, after the business of the Convention was completed, and it was adjourned to meet at Portland, Mr. Underwood and Mr. Putnam made addresses on the practical work of Secularism. Mr. Underwood referred to the fact of his being in the state nineteen years ago, and read a letter sent by a friend to the Boston Investigator detailing the situation of affairs. Contrasting that with the present it was seen that there had been a wonderful advance in the Liberal cause, and, although there was still a great work to be done, and bigotry was firmly entrenched, the promise of final success was never brighter than at this moment.

The thanks of the Union and of the Convention are due to the Silverton Trombone Band, and to the Secular Union Choir, for the excellent music furnished at all the meetings.

Pres. J. W. McClure gave the benediction, and the Convention and Anniversary closed with happy memories and increasing hopes.

R. D. ALLEN,

Sec. S. S. U. and Temporary Secretary of the Convention.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Glorious Mt. Shasta dawns upon the view in all variety of wonderful, sublime, and snowy altitudes, as the train goes curving along its mighty base. In the golden afternoon, the gorgeous cloudlands hovering over the vast heights, we climb and descend the Siskiyou into the sparkling Rogue River valley, stretching away in the splendor of harvest fields to the wild boundary of hills where waves the primeval forest. Another night and Willamette Valley, blooming with summer's wealth, enriches the morn. At Silverton there's music in the air, and from far and near the people gather, and the second anniversary of the Secular Union shows no diminution of interest and hope. In connection with this celebration is held the state convention of Oregon Liberals. The secretary's report will be found upon another page. In the morning an address was made on "Liberty and Authority." Then came a delightful basket picnic in the grove. There were very few Christians around this year and all signs of theological combat disappeared. The Secularists had fairly won the day and could enjoy in peace the fruits of their own perseverance. In the afternoon Mr. Underwood gave an excellent discourse on the importance of state secularization. It was an admirable treatment of the subject. In the evening there was a sociable and dance, and the Secular Pilgrim became involved in the mazy whirl. Sunday morning the articles of organization were adopted and the State Secular Union was launched, I believe, upon a successful voyage. I gave a lecture on "The Church and the Centenary." The meeting was at the grove in the afternoon. Mr. Underwood gave an interesting elucidation of the principles of political Secularism as illustrated in the growth of

the republic, from the Revolution to the present time. Sunday evening there were addresses on the practical work of Secularism. Everything was bright and harmonious and both the anniversary and the convention have made a noble impulse for Freethought. Friend Nelson was with us, from Stark's Point, W. T., a stalwart representative from the other side of the Columbia river. I hope that many of our Washington friends will join in the convention to be held at Portland next fall.

There was a good number present from various parts of the state—enough to make the convention a representative gathering. Silverton, not being on the line of travel, could not afford facilities for a large gathering from the outside, but there could not have been a better place for the preliminary convention. The heart of Silverton would give a life of its own, whatever the attendance from abroad.

The forward look is now to Portland.

Monday morning, with friends of Silverton, I attend the funeral services of Mr. O. A. McConnell, conducted by B. F. Underwood. A large number of friends were present. Mr. McConnell has lived in this neighborhood—Butte Creek—for thirty years, a man of pronounced individuality, but respected by all. He never kept his Freethought views to himself. He suffered intensely for months before his death, and it came as a glad release. To him it was rest, indeed peace and joy.

The funeral services were impressive and beautiful, without prayer, without religion, but manly, human, natural.

Mr. McConnell was buried on his own farm, on a lofty mound, by a grove where the sunshine falls. If the spirit could look forth from this palace of rest, by sunlight and starlight, in dawn and evening, a sweet picture would greet the face of death—the valley, the hills, the beautiful woods. A noble couch this, for our heroic friend, who suffered as men seldom suffer from dread disease. Fall, sunlight, upon his grave with peaceful smile; let the songs linger in the overshadowing branches, while the flowers of love and memory grow upon the lofty tomb. Here death shall be forever hallowed by nature's sweetest ministry.

At noon we travel on to Marquamville, a little bit of a place hedged in by melancholy woods, and it does seem when you get there as if you were absolutely cut off from the rest of mankind. Only a dozen houses, a few acres of plain, and interminable forests can be seen. A lecture was to be given in the afternoon by Mr. Underwood. Our little party camped beneath the trees where the platform and benches were built for the occasion. Having eaten an early breakfast, and journeying a number of miles, it may be imagined that our appetites would put a premium upon any kind of eatables, and certainly a better dinner was never devoured beneath the broad canopy of heaven. The remains of sardine boxes will testify to the activity of the market.

After awhile quite a number gathered together to listen to the lecture on "The Truth of the Bible." About half the assembly were Christians. Hon. T. W. Davenport was chosen chairman, and made a very excellent address. Mr. Underwood's lecture was thoroughly appreciated. Some of the Christians, however, found it hard to digest.

Tuesday morning I journey to Waldo Hills, to the ranch of Mr. and Mrs. Blair Forward, where I spent the day, for it happened that Stayton and Mill City could not fill the programme, and so I could throw off the harness in happy contentment. I took dinner with Mrs. Colby, the "grandma" of the family, eighty-three years of age. She is from away down East, originally, and the dish of pork and beans was a Yankee dish indeed. I felt

that Boston could only be a few miles away, and I fancied that Bunker-Hill monument was shining through the clump of trees. Mrs. Colby is of the Edwards family, and the blood of the arch-theologian is in her veins, but not a great deal of his gloomy sermons. She likes the Liberal lectures, but won't admit that she has yet given up the old faith. Her granddaughter, Miss Mary Forward, is altogether out of the ancestral creed, and does not hesitate to join the Secular Union. If Jonathan Edwards could look upon his sixth generation I do not think he would sleep very quietly. He would find that heresy was getting the better of his family theology. Farewell the theology, but welcome the descendants of this mighty old king of terror.

Thursday morning, "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky," between showers we journey. Forward march, to Turner. We arrive in time for the camp-meeting before dinner, and we accordingly endeavor to listen to an orthodox sermon. The preacher promised to be short as it was a cold day, but he spun his matter out so interminably that in order to have a hot dinner we were obliged to leave him somewhere about his sixteenthly or seventeenthly. The gist of his discourse was that people at the present day were getting altogether too smart to believe the gospel of Christ. There was so much truth in this that I was satisfied to hear no more.

I lectured in the afternoon, but only a few were out, though I had almost as large an audience as the preacher did at the camp-meeting.

I was going to lecture in the evening, but a terrible accident prevented—simply heart-rending in its horror, and it was impossible for me to lecture or for friends to listen, for two of our own number were the victims, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. White, aged 76 and 72, Liberals of the Spiritualist faith. They were with us at the afternoon lecture, kindly, ardent, interested in the work, and looking forward with pleasure to the evening meeting. On the way to this meeting their horse became frightened, leaped and overturned the carriage against the fence, and both Mr. and Mrs. White were hurled violently against it. Mr. White was terribly lacerated, but in spite of his awful injuries he hastened to the side of his insensible wife, and cried for help. Help soon came and they were borne to the hotel. Up to the time of writing Mrs. White has been unconscious, nearly twenty-four hours, and it is feared that she is dying of internal injuries. Mr. White has borne his sufferings with wonderful fortitude. A little while ago I said good-bye to him. I could not look upon his face. It was almost torn to pieces. It looks as if both were doomed to death—death sudden and terrible. It breaks the heart to think of it.

Yet barbaric Christians say this was a "special providence." This is what God did to prevent the Infidel lecture.

Next to loving and honoring our suffering friends, and giving them our heart-felt sympathy, is the luxury of hating a God like that.

This has been a strange week indeed, full of startling contrasts. The extremes of life, of joy and sorrow, have been reached, the rosy dawn, the midnight blackness. The very fountains of light have flowed by the face of despair. Life could not have been more beautiful, nor death more terrible, than I have witnessed in these few days. Noble thoughts and inspirations have come, the joy of human fellowship, the grandeur of what will make the world a paradise, and with these the infinite sadness of death, the awful tragedy that no word of man or God has ever made any the less crushing, and never will. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

TO THE OREGON LIBERALS.

Will every Oregon Liberal who receives this copy of **FREETHOUGHT** cut out the Constitution of the Oregon State Secular Union, paste it upon a sheet of paper, and secure as many signatures as possible in his neighborhood and forward to C. Beal, president, Portland, or to J. K. Sears, secretary, at McCoy? It is hoped that every Liberal in Oregon, and all who can in Washington Territory, will arrange to attend the great Convention in Portland on or about October 18, 19, and 20, during the Mechanic's Fair, when there will be half fare on the railroads, and other accommodations for the traveling public. This Convention will be of vast importance to the future work of Secularism in the Northwest. Will not every Oregon Liberal also send his contribution at once to the fund for the expenses of the Convention? It will cost at least three hundred dollars to secure a suitable hall and competent speakers, and to widely advertise. Let not the hands of the board of directors be tied for the want of a little money. Notice the suggestion embodied in the secretary's report concerning honorary life memberships—that the \$25 need not be paid at once, but by instalments of \$5, and that all who contribute \$5 to the present fund can be credited with that amount for a certificate of life-membership. At least one hundred Oregon Liberals should enroll as life members. Also two thousand signatures should be attached to the Constitution between now and the Portland Convention. There never was a better time to advance the cause and make it influential. All contributions can be placed in the hands of C. Beal, president, Portland; A. F. Neunert, treasurer, Portland; J. K. Sears, secretary, McCoy, or L. Ames, chairman of the Executive Committee, Silverton. All contributions will be acknowledged in the columns of **FREETHOUGHT** and a report of the expenditures of the Convention will be duly made.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL MANUAL.

When next Judge Westbrook reports on the matter of the thousand-dollar prize for a manual of instruction in morality without religious dogma, we hope to hear that the full amount has been raised. Up to the time of the latest report the following persons had subscribed:

R. B. Westbrook, Philadelphia.....	\$100
G. E. Swan, Beaver Dam, Wis.....	100
Joseph Sedgebeer, Painesville, O.....	100
L. Geiger, Hudson, N. Y.....	100
W. H. Forwood, Fort Snelling, Minn.....	100
W. H. Pepper, Petaluma, Cal.....	100
Hudson, N. Y., Liberals.....	50
Drs. E. B. Foote, New York.....	25
F. C. Mende, Philadelphia.....	25

This manual, provided one is produced worthy of the high price offered for it, will be the most valuable addition of the century to school literature. The substance of secular morality at present is summed up in the precept, "Be good and you will be happy;" goodness being defined broadly as doing as one would be done by. This, however, forms a most insufficient moral code, and he who should attempt to put it in practice on all occasions would probably in a short time be ready to pronounce it a very fallacious one. We know that the best men have generally been unhappy martyrs, and that those who have done as they would be done by have often lived and died in misery. Religious people have noticed this. They have seen that there is slight attempt at justice in this world, and they have therefore

placed the reward of virtue in the next. Their faith in the correctness of any course of action is not shaken if it turns out disastrously, as they hold that at some future time the judge of all will retry every case and deal out rewards and punishments with unerring wisdom. This is a serious thing for secular moralists to contend against.

Again, there are certain ideas of morality now prevalent in this country, and everybody of intelligence knows that about half of them are false; but it is safe to predict that the writer who tells his real opinion about them will himself be denounced as immoral and his work rejected by the public, even though a broad-minded committee might accept it. Thus difficulties will confront the secular moralist from many directions, and the codifier who produces a work which shall answer all the requirements of true morality and at the same time stand the test of public conservatism will certainly earn the money offered. We are heartily in favor of the experiment, and those who contribute to its success are entitled to great praise. It will be generally admitted that at present there is no written code of morals worthy of acceptance in its entirety. We hope the present effort will supply the deficiency and result in formulating one. In Margaret Deland's wonderful story of "John Ward, Preacher," there is a character called William Denner, who, when about to die, was able to say that he had always endeavored to remember that he was a gentleman. Perhaps a life modeled after that of Mr. Denner would be as high a type as could be taught by any manual of moral instruction.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, July 7, at 8 o'clock. Professor Teutschel will lecture on "Volapuk."

THIS number of **FREETHOUGHT** will reach a thousand people who are not subscribers. All are invited to subscribe. Single subscriptions are \$2 per year, but in order to get new patrons we will give two subscriptions for \$3; three for \$4, or four for \$5. Address Putnam & Macdonald, 504 Kearny street, San Francisco.

WE prefer to take renewals in clubs at \$1.50 rather than to lose subscribers who cannot afford more than that amount, but those who are interested in supporting the paper, and are able to do so, will not object, we are sure, to paying the full price, \$2 per year.

THE proceedings of the National Secular Society's Conference, held at the Hall of Science, London, June 9, are reported in full in the National Reformer of the 16th. Mr. Bradlaugh was re-elected president by a unanimous vote, and Mr. R. Forder secretary. There were many able addresses and no want of enthusiasm.

A NEW JERSEY school teacher named Corkery, in charge of the South Amboy school, read the thirty-eighth chapter of Genesis to his one hundred and fifty pupils last week Friday. He then tore the page containing the story of Judah and Tamar from the book and said: "That gilt-edged volume, now disfigured and labeled the 'Holy Bible' on its back, may be accepted as an authoritative standard of truth and piety in our churches, where hypocrites and thieves abound, but as a text-book of devotion and godliness it is altogether out of place in a public school." Mr. Corkery's resignation has been tendered and accepted.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The new Catholic Cathedral of the Holy Sacrament was dedicated at Sacramento last Sunday. It is the most gorgeous and costly temple of superstition on the coast.—Talmage is coming to San Francisco in July or August.—Sarah Althea Hill Sharon Terry is to appear on the platform as a lecturer. She will make her appearance first at the Grand Opera-house, this city, within a few weeks, and tell the story of her numerous wrongs.—A gang of counterfeiters are working this coast, and considerable spurious coin is in circulation.—The typographical Union of San Francisco forbade its members to parade on the Fourth because non-union bands were employed by the committee.—A half inch of rain fell in some parts of the state last week.—During the fiscal year now closing 1,114,160.69 ounces of gold—648,839.50 ounces fine and 465,325.19 ounces crude—were received at the United States Mint in this city. The amount of coin turned out during the present year was \$23,733,955 40, and during 1888, \$25,701,284 80.—The notorious Chae Chan Ping goes back to China on the next steamer.

The power of the Jesuits in Canada seriously threatens the supremacy of the English government in the dominion. Annexation to this country may be favored as a last resort by the anti-Catholics.—Dr. John McInery, an agent of the Irish revolutionary organizations, is missing from New York, and the Clan-na-Gael is under suspicion of murdering him.—The Cronin case is not likely to come to trial until August.—Dr. McGlynn spoke at a big Anti-poverty meeting in Cooper Union, New York, last Sunday night. Among other things, he said he had arrived at a state where he was not afraid to be called a Socialist or an Anarchist.—The men employed by Andrew Carnegie, the great iron manufacturer of Pittsburg, have decided to strike against the scale of wages offered by the firm.—John J. Plunkett, the Christian science healer, of New York, has begun suit for divorce against his wife, who recently married another man.—Archbishop Corrigan will probably be made a cardinal soon. It is claimed that Cardinal Gibbons is unpopular with the pope on account of his patriotic sentiments.—The funeral of General Simon Cameron, the Pennsylvania senator, who died on the 26th ult., was held at Harrisburg last Saturday.—The governor of Michigan has signed the Local Option bill. This bill practically means prohibition in over one-half of the counties in the state.—Maria Mitchell, the noted astronomer, died at Lynn, Mass., June 28.—According to the new city directory Chicago has a population of over 900,000.—The report of the chairman of the Morgue Committee at Johnstown shows that some 2400 bodies have been recovered. Property losses of nearly \$6,000,000 are reported.—A few nights since an attempt was made to burn the Odd Fellows' Hall in Hindsboro, Ill., because a number of preachers said to be Mormon elders have been holding meetings in it.—Thos. E. Sherman, eldest son of Gen. W. T. Sherman, has become a priest.—Wm. Walter Phelps, late Samoan commissioner to Berlin, has been appointed minister to Germany.

In defiance of the government proclamation forbidding the holding of Nationalist meetings, several were held in various parts of Cork, Ireland, last Sunday. William O'Brien, the editor, was again arrested. The mob stoned the police.—It is said that the pope will decline to interfere in the matter of complaint of some Irish bishops against harsh treatment of Land Leaguers in prison, on the ground that it is their own fault, they having disobeyed the decree against boycotting.—The North German Gazette, published at Berlin, charges that Switzerland promotes the dissemination of social-democratic ideas among the young men of the country. It says that Anarchists having no credentials are allowed to remain in Switzerland without any effort on the part of the authorities to identify them.—Mrs. Mackay has brought action claiming £5000 damages each from the Manchester Examiner and the London Echo for libel in stating that her mother was a washerwoman.

"Looking Backward," a socialistic romance which has been termed the "Uncle Tom's Cabin of Industrial Slavery," by Edward Bellamy. Price, 50 cents.

OBSERVATIONS.

Tim Sheedy, of Brewersville, Ind., has stopped his paper. He was never a voluntary subscriber, as FREETHOUGHT was ordered sent to him by Andy Derming, who paid for it. Mr. Sheedy is a Roman Catholic—to speak euphemistically, one of Pecci's Milesian's—and he writes:

Your paper has not changed my views in the least. I am firmer in the Catholic faith now than I was when I first read your paper. Now Gentlemen you will do me a favor not sending your paper to me any longer as I do not find any connecting link between the principles of the paper & my own.

DO NOT SEND A Nother Copy and Oblige TIM SHEEDY.

Mr. Sheedy's case is hopeless, but his finding no connecting link between the principles of this paper and his own is easily explained. Such a link does not exist. If it did I would hunt it up and pulverize it, or perish with a fractured spine. Nor is there anything strange about Mr. Sheedy experiencing no change of views after reading FREETHOUGHT for a year. A goat might eat an oil painting by Landseer and not thereby become one of the superior creatures depicted by the artist. Still if Mr. Sheedy finds himself a firmer Catholic now than he was when he first read FREETHOUGHT, I can see no reason why he should stop reading it so long as it costs him nothing. If an occasional reference to the pope as a humbug increases his confidence in the pope, and if he desires to have that confidence increased, then this is just the paper he ought to take, even though he should have to pay for it himself. The trouble with Sheedy is that he has not an analytical mind, and, being a Catholic, he wouldn't know what to do with it if he had one.

Dr. F. S. Matteson, of Aumsville, Or., will please accept thanks for a large and fine bird in a stuffed state, but otherwise in good condition, which reached this office on Saturday last through the kindness of Wells, Fargo & Co. I have not yet decided what kind of a bird it is. It stands some eighteen inches high, has mild glass eyes of amber hue, red cheeks, a greenish-blue necktie and white collar; a brown chest-protector, lilac wings, and a tail a foot and a half long, printed in two colors. It is dead, though it appears to have lost none of its beauty by the sad change. It is supplied with a portable rostrum to which its feet are attached by means of a wire passing upward through its legs. This rostrum I have fastened to the top of the frame surrounding the picture of Mr. Putnam. I have decorated the same with a pair of American flags captured by Captain Putnam at Silverton, and from the neck of the bird depends a card inviting the public to subscribe for this journal. The effect is unique, but pleasing. And the gorgeous bird is standing on his four-by-six-inch landing, o'er the photograph of Putnam, just inside the office door, and all visitors who enter pause when they have reached the center of the room and stand bewildered on the editorial floor; and, their vision upward raising, spend a few rapt moments gazing, for such brilliancy of plumage they have never seen before. And a deep and awful mystery fills them when I tell its history—what it is and where it came from—and they wonder more and more, while in admiration rooted, how a thing that's not webfooted could have grown so rare and radiant on the Oregonian shore.

Mr. Thomas Curtis gave an excellent lecture before the San Francisco Freethought Society last Sunday evening on "Matter and Life." The audience was a trifle late, but it arrived there similarly and filled the hall. Professor Schultheis played and Mr. Lemme presided over the festivities. Since Mr. Robert Wade moved to Berkeley he has not attended the meetings, and is much missed. He does not fail, however, to make his weekly contribution. Mr. Schou came over from Oakland; and Mr. Beaumont, of Trinity county, was present. Mr. Beaumont is the philanthropist who went twenty-five miles on horseback from Harris to Covelo to relieve Putnam when he heard that the Secular Pilgrim was on his way to Round Valley. From his knowledge of Covelo Mr. Beaumont thought Putnam would have to walk back to Ukiah. He therefore collected subscriptions to the amount of fifteen dollars, which he placed in an inner and started for the field of action.

But I digress. Mr. Curtis began by saying that the scientist dealt only with facts, and made no pretense of expounding the unknowable. Herein science differed from philosophy, and also from religion, which latter began where science ended, and had the most to say of that whereof it knew the least. Any theologian would give you all the particulars in cases where science is dumb. The chief objection to accepting the conclusions of theology was that they were wholly unsupported by facts, and contrary to reason and probability. Mr. Curtis dwelt upon the law of the correlation of force, and the universal law of cause and effect, which precluded miracles. He spoke of the coal formations, which had conserved the sunlight, so that the gas that now illuminated the room was a reappearance of the light that fell upon the earth perhaps millions of years ago. Mr. Curtis's interpretation of the first verse in Genesis—"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth"—was accepted as worthy of general adoption. The beginning, he said, was unknowable, God incomprehensible, and creation an unexplainable process. Nobody could understand how nothing should cease to be nothing and become something. The inspired statement was therefore equivalent to the following: In the unknowable the incomprehensible performed the inexplicable on the heaven and earth. The speaker closed by exhorting his hearers to carefully examine all alleged facts, and when convinced that they had the truth to stick to it unmindful of consequences.

The lecture occupied a short hour, and was followed by a collection, during the taking of which Mr. Pingree played the piano as well as he could.

The floor being open for remarks, Mr. Knight arose to criticize such arguments of the lecturer as had cast doubt upon the existence of a wise and just God. He had not time to go deeply into the matter. If he had, he intimated, he might leave the audience uncertain as to the truthfulness of some of Mr. Curtis's statements.

Mr. Lund followed, offering the proposition that whatever is right until opposed and shown to be wrong, and spent his ten minutes in this field of optimistic speculation.

A stranger, who did not give his name, pursued an elusive point for the allotted time without catching it, though he convinced the audience that his intentions were good.

After the literary exercises a business meeting was called to act upon the resignation of President Chilstrom, whose business has called him back to Oregon. Upon motion the resignation was accepted with regret. Vice-President Eastman moved the election of another president, and nominated Mr. Thomas Curtis. Mr. Curtis declined and nominated Mr. Macdonald. Vice-President Eastman moved instead the election of some person of ability. Mr. Macdonald moved that in view of the efficiency of the present vice-presidents the motion to elect a president be laid upon the table, which was done.

Treasurer Schou reported that the treasury owed him something over \$7. An affluent member thereupon contributed ten dollars, and the financial soundness of the society was re-established at once.

The programme for July offers the following attractive features: July 7, lecture on "Volapuk," by Professor Teutschel; July 14, "Persecution," by Hon. F. B. Perkins; July 28, "Travels and Views Abroad," by H. W. Faust and a stereopticon; July 28, "Co-operation for Liberals," by C. F. Burgman. Providence permitting, Professor Schultheis will play an overture at each meeting, and Professor Pingree will perform the interlude regardless. All are invited.

Christian Spiritualists.

Spiritualism claims 20,000,000 adherents, which is certainly a very moderate estimate, for there are hundreds of thousands in the so-called orthodox church who are Spiritualists in all but name; that is, they believe the fundamental doctrines of Spiritualism. Thousands in all the churches believe that their departed friends are their guardian angels, watching over them and shielding them from a thousand unknown and unseen dangers, and influencing them in some mysterious way for good. Such persons are to all intents and purposes Spiritualists.—Signs of the Times.

PROFESSOR LADD'S BOOK—"WHAT IS THE BIBLE?"

IV.

The seventh chapter of Professor Ladd's book is devoted to "The Histories of the Bible." He does not tell us, as W. Robertson Smith does, that "all Hebrew history is anonymous." He does not write as a calm, unbiased investigator, whose sole object is to discover the truth and proclaim it. He writes as one who has arrived at a great deal of truth, and is honest enough to tell it, and yet he seems all the time anxious lest the truth, when known, shall impair faith. He writes "in the interest of faith," and tries to let the church down easy from an untenable position. After repeatedly telling us that "the Bible writers have no higher inspiration than all believers;" that "there is no evidence to show that they were specially inspired to write books;" that "they did not consider themselves, or each other, specially inspired;" that "they obtained their facts from tradition, or from manuscripts like other writers," yet he keeps talking of "the inspired scriptures," and the "inspired writers."

On the 186th page he tells us, for the first time, how to detect inspiration in the Bible. He says, "If the writers of these histories show by the very character of their writings that they worthily enter into the divine spirit and intent of the events they record, this is of itself enough to warrant us in speaking of their inspiration." "It is the form of the history, in part, which gives to it such wonderful moral and religious dignity." "For the form is that which the writer of every history imparts to his materials. In this way, then, we may derive a general argument for the inspiration of the writers of biblical history" (p. 186).

He says on the previous page, "The thoughtful reader of the biblical history, from its beginning with the narrative of the creation and fall of man to its close in the founding and first propagation of the Christian church, can not fail to be impressed with its dignity of character."

This spreads his argument for inspiration over the entire book; and yet he immediately says: "The Bible nowhere, either directly or indirectly, makes any claim whatever to an historical infallibility, to a freedom from mistakes, for the writers of its histories."

He then goes on to say, "Not a doctrine of the Christian faith, not even the true, useful, and sufficient doctrine of holy scripture, is in any way dependent upon the historical infallibility of the Bible."

It is not easy to see how a "historic religion," as he tells us Christianity is, can be entirely independent of the accuracy of the historic facts upon which it is based. If Christianity is based on the theory of the "fall of man" and "redemption by Christ," then the "infallibility" of the record of those events would seem to be essential to the very existence of that religion. And yet the professor wipes out the whole story of "creation and the fall," by discrediting the first eleven chapters of Genesis. "The view which the Bible takes of the first pair, as formed from the soil, or from clay, and as existing in happy innocence, was widely disseminated in antiquity" (p. 196).

"The picture of the Garden of Eden, or place where this life began, is also a traditional one and seems not to have originated on Palestinian soil."

"Eden has wandered over the face of the earth from Scandinavia to the islands of the south sea, and has recently been relegated, by an elaborate argument, to the north pole. Even in the Old Testament itself appear traces of the tradition which puts this garden of the blest in the northern mountains" (p. 197).

"Nowhere else in the entire Bible do we find narratives the genuine historical character of which is more doubtful, and the moral and religious value less obvious, than those of the fourth, fifth, and early part of the sixth chapters of Genesis" (p. 198).

"There can be no doubt, then, that the first eleven chapters of Genesis contain a large amount of material the historical character of which it is difficult or impossible to establish. This material is in many particulars strikingly like the traditions current among surrounding nations" (p. 200).

"We must remember, however, that the narratives of the first eleven chapters of Genesis all antedate the time of Abraham" (p. 201).

"It is not likely that we shall ever know precisely what are the

facts with respect to the first beginnings and early stages of Old Testament religion; or even to what extent some of the larger portions of certain Old Testament historical writings can have their historical character vindicated" (p. 208).

"The reader should hold loosely by any opinion as to the perfect truthfulness of these writings."

In regard to the New Testament he says: "It is undoubtedly those narratives of miracles which the gospels contain that have given the principal grounds for denying the historical character and substantial historical accuracy of the gospels at large."

It would seem from this that the professor does not value miracles very highly as evidence of historic truth. And when we learn from other authors that it is not until A.D. 130 that any mention is made of those miracles by any writer, they may well be discredited.

Again he says: "The existence of discrepancies and of historical errors in the gospels is to be acknowledged in the most fearless and frank manner, whenever it is pointed out" (p. 221).

"That it is perfectly impossible to construct a chronology of the life of our Lord in harmony with the accounts of the Evangelists, the whole course of such efforts has made as clear as such a matter can be" (p. 222).

Of the conflicting genealogies of Christ in Matthew and Luke he says: "But it is impossible to harmonize the two genealogies throughout unless we adopt the absurd assumption that all our Lord's ancestors from David onward had two names" (p. 223).

Any effort to harmonize them would seem to be useless, when both of them terminate in Joseph, who according to those gospels was not the father of Christ. In view of this fact, what do the genealogies or their harmonizing amount to?

As to the discrepancies and errors in the Bible, and the effort to vindicate the truthfulness of all of it, he says: "For the true view of the Bible it is comparatively unimportant whether such reconciliation and vindication can be effected or not" (p. 224). And almost immediately he tells us that "Christianity is a historical religion; it centers and grounds itself upon a historical character—upon a person who lived and taught and died here upon the earth, in the presence of men and at a definite period of human history" (p. 225).

"Old Testament religion, considered in itself and also as preparatory for Christianity, is a historical religion" (Ibid).

"Hence," he says, "the supreme importance that we should have a full and trustworthy historical picture of who Jesus was; of how God made the world ready for his coming and for the reception of his truth; and of how he actually manifested himself to those selected and inspired followers who knew him best. History and doctrine are joined in fact and in fate within the biblical narratives. God has joined them together; man cannot put them asunder" (p. 225).

And yet he tells us upon the next page that "the earliest histories of the sacred scriptures, like all other most ancient historical composition, begin in traditions which it is very difficult to verify, and in which it is impossible always to separate the true from the false. The earliest Hebrew traditions so closely resemble those of certain other ancient nations as to show some common root. The primitive method of composing history among the Hebrews was not such as to guarantee that care had been taken to arrive at what we should now consider strictly historical truth" (p. 226).

He further says: "We have no claim to historic infallibility set up within the Bible, or even to unusual freedom from errors of a historical kind. Neither does it appear that God has ever revealed to men the exact character and order of past events where no record of the events themselves has been kept. For their facts the sacred authors of the biblical histories appear always to have been dependent upon the ordinary resources" (p. 227).

He closes this chapter by telling us how to tell inspired writing when we see it, and what the inspiration amounts to.

"The histories of the New Testament—pre-eminently by the gospels, but also the book of Acts—show by their very nature that they were written by men who had the gift of the Holy Ghost. So to enter into the spirit and form of the gospel, and of the life and doctrine of him who is the gospel, as do the writers of these

histories—this is to be inspired. In what their inspiration consisted, both the prologue of Luke's gospel and the closing words of John's gospel suggest, but that it was not thought of by themselves as giving any guarantee of historical accuracy without a diligent search and careful handling of their historical material, the language of Luke's prologue plainly implies" (p. 228).

Here we have, in his own words, the opinion of an orthodox doctor of divinity in the largest orthodox university in America, as to the sources, reliability, inspiration, and accuracy of Bible history.

1. It has its origin in "traditions" common to the Hebrews and the surrounding nations. These traditions of the heathen nations have long since been discarded as "mythology." These same myths, handed down by the Hebrews, have become "sacred history."

2. The story of Eden is a traditional one, and did not originate in Palestine.

3. The Pentateuch, and Judges, Numbers, Jonah, Daniel, and Esther are discredited.

4. The New Testament contains many mistakes, its writers do not agree, and cannot be harmonized.

5. There is no inspiration that reveals a knowledge of past events, or guarantees historical accuracy.

6. The highest evidence of inspiration, is the spirit in which the writers of the gospels and the Acts pursue their work.

One or two facts will show how much this "inspiration" has done for the historic character of the New Testament.

It is stated in the religious encyclopedia of McClintock & Strong (eminent Methodist authors) that one of the Greek manuscripts of the New Testament, the celebrated "Cambridge Manuscript, *Codex Bezae*, is chiefly remarkable for its bold and extensive interpolations; amounting to some six hundred in Acts alone."

"Of the 150,000 various readings which Griesbach found in the manuscripts of the New Testament, probably 149,500 were additions and interpolations" (Waite's History of the Christian Religion, p. 188).

"Literary forgery . . . was practiced by the Hellenistic Jews as a regular trade" (W. Robertson Smith). J. W. NORTH.

THE REV. MR. GRIER'S FAMILY.

From "John Ward, Preacher."

Helen's face had relaxed into a happy smile; again the day was fair and the wind sweet. The garden below her was fragrant with growing things and the smell of damp earth; and while she sat, drinking in its sweetness, a sudden burst of children's voices reached her ear, and Ellen and the two little boys came around the corner of the house, and settled down under the window. A group of lilacs, with feathery purple blossoms, made a deep, cool shade, where the children sat; and near them was an old grindstone, streaked with rust, and worn by many summers of sharpening scythes; a tin dipper hung on the wooden frame, nearly full of last night's rain, and with some lilac stars floating in the water.

This was evidently a favorite play-ground with the children, for under the frame of the grindstone were some corn-cob houses, and a little row of broken bits of china, which their simple imagination transformed into "dishes." But to-day the corn-cob houses and the dishes were untouched.

"Now, children," Ellen said, "you sit right down, and I'll hear your catechism."

"Who'll hear yours?" Bobby asked discontentedly. "When we play school, you're always teacher, and it's no fun."

"This isn't playing school," Ellen answered, skillfully evading the first question. "Don't you know it's wicked to play on the Sabbath? Now sit right down."

There was a good deal of her mother's sharpness in the way she said this, and plucked Bobby by the strings of his pinafore, until he took an uncomfortable seat upon an inverted flower-pot.

Ellen opened a little yellow-covered book, and began:

"Now answer, Jim! How many kinds of sin are there?"

"Two," responded little Jim.

"What are these two kinds, Bob?"

"Original and actual," Bob answered.

"What is original sin?" asked Ellen, raising one little forefinger to keep Bobby quiet. This was too hard a question for Jim, and with some stumbling Bobby succeeded in saying—

"It is that sin in which I was conceived and born."

"Now, Jim," said Ellen, "you can answer this question, 'cause it's only one word, and begins with 'y.'"

"No fair!" cried Bob; "that's telling."

But Ellen proceeded to give the question: "Doth original sin wholly defile you, and is it sufficient to send you to hell, though you had no other sin?"

"Yes!" roared Jim, pleased at being certainly right.

"What are you then by nature?" Ellen went on rather carelessly, for she was growing tired of the lesson.

"I am an enemy to God, a child of Satan, and an heir of hell," answered Bobby promptly.

"What will become of the wicked?" asked the little catechist.

Bobby yawned, and then said contemptuously, "Oh, skip that—cast into hell, of course."

"You ought to answer right," Ellen said reprovingly, but she was glad to give the last question, "What will the wicked do forever in hell?"

"They will roar, curse, and blaspheme God," said little Jim, cheerfully; while Bobby, to show his joy that the lesson was done, leaned over on his flower-pot, and tried to stand on his head, making all the time an unearthly noise.

"I'm roarin'!" he cried gayly.

Ellen, freed from the responsibility of teaching, put the little yellow book quickly in her pocket, and said mysteriously, "Boys, if you won't ever tell, I'll tell you something."

"I won't," said Jim, while Bobby reponded briefly, "G'on."

"Well, you know when the circus came—you know the pictures on the fences?"

"Yes!" said the little boys together.

"Member the beautiful lady, ridin' on a horse, and standin' on one foot?"

"Yes!" the others cried, breathlessly.

"Well," said Ellen slowly and solemnly, "when I get to be a big girl, that's what I'm going to be. I'm tired of catechism, and church, and those long blessings father asks, but most of catechism, so I'm going to run away, and be a circus."

"Father'll catch you," said Jim; but Bobby, with envious depreciation, added—

"How do you know but what circuses have catechism?"

Ellen did not notice the lack of sympathy. "And I'm going to begin to practice now," she said.

Then, while her brothers watched her, deeply interested, she took off her shoes, and in her well-darned little red stockings climbed deliberately upon the grindstone.

"This is my horse," she said, balancing herself, with outstretched arms, on the stone, and making it revolve in a queer, jerky fashion by pressing her feet on it as though it were a treadmill, "and it is bare-backed!"

The iron handle came down with a thud, and Ellen lurched to keep from falling; the boys unwisely broke into cheers.

It made a pretty picture, the sunbeams sifting through the lilacs on the little fair heads, and dancing over Ellen's white apron and rosy face; but Mrs. Grier, who had come to the door at the noise of the cheers, did not stop to notice it.

"Oh, you naughty children!" she cried. "Don't you know it is wicked to play on the Sabbath? Ellen's playing circus, do you say, Bobby? You naughty, naughty girl! Don't you know circus people are all wicked, and don't go to heaven when they die? I should think you'd be ashamed! Go right up-stairs, Ellen, and go to bed; and you boys can each learn a psalm, and you'll have no supper, either—do you hear?"

The children began to cry, but Mrs. Grier was firm; and when, a little later, Helen came downstairs, ready for her ride, the house was strangely quiet. Mrs. Grier, really troubled at her children's sinfulness, confided their misdeeds to Helen, and was not soothed by the smile that flashed across her face. "They were such good children to study their catechism first," she interceded, "and making a horse out of a grindstone shows an imagination that might excuse the playing." But Mrs. Grier was not comforted, and only felt the more convinced of the lost condition of Mrs. Ward's soul.

DID JESUS CHRIST RISE FROM THE DEAD?

"And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain" (1 Cor. xv. 14).

"The writers of the New Testament have staked the truth of Christianity on the actual performance of a single miracle—the resurrection of Jesus Christ. If, therefore, this cannot be proved to be an historical fact, it is a mere waste of time and trouble either to attack any other of the miracles of the Bible, or to attempt to prove their truth. If Jesus Christ did not rise from the dead, all the other miracles which are recorded in the New Testament would not avail to prove that Christianity is a divine revelation" (Rev. Prebendary Row, M.A., "Historical Evidences of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ," p. 3).

Here the ark of the Lord is fearlessly brought out into the front of battle. The truth or falsehood of the Christian faith, by its defenders, is made to depend upon the fling of a die. And the die is hopelessly loaded to turn up, not to Christianity's support, but to its destruction. In short, the truth of Christianity is left to stand or fall by an appeal to the historical proofs of the resurrection of Christ, and they are so notoriously contradictory and unsatisfactory that they are utterly unworthy to be considered historical evidences at all. And, even if the synoptic writers agreed among themselves, which they do not, and even if they were supported by contemporary annalists, which they are not, the resurrection from the dead of Christ, or any one else, would not be established. The amount of evidence must be proportionate to the improbability of the event for which the evidence is adduced, and if every pen in the Roman empire in the reign of Tiberias had left it on uniform record that Christ rose from the dead, the fact would not be established. It would be more probable that every living historian should be mistaken, or even that every living historian should wilfully have lied, than that an event so utterly improbable, so subversive of all experience, should have taken place.

Accordingly, Christianity has elected to stand or fall by a myth so monstrously improbable that it is impossible to discuss it without insulting common sense and outraging the most rudimentary principles of experience and reason. He who discusses the probability of the resurrection of Christ as if it were a grave and legitimate subject for debate, is as demented and absurd as he who would gravely state it. If you set a reasonable thesis before me, O Christian, I will reason with you; but if you set before me a proposition so monstrously absurd that to seriously attack it would only be a logical burlesque, a pedantic mockery, you must not deem me disrespectful if, without noticing it, I pass by on the other side. But if, as in the case with the resurrection monstrosity, you insist on thrusting your devout imbecilities upon my attention, do not deem me discourteous if I reserve reason and criticism for higher purposes, and treat your puerile superstitions with ridicule and contempt.

Having no desire, however, to indulge in undue levity, I shall very briefly examine the "evidences," such as they are, for Christ's resurrection. I do so with pain, humiliation, and sorrow that human ignorance and credulity should make such a task possible, far less necessary. Jack and his beanstalk was just as suitable for the nucleus of a religious system as Christ and his cross; but the one has been taken, and the other left. Christ and his cross is the more blood-stained and crude legend of the two, and would, therefore, receive the readier acceptance by the barbarous mental and moral instincts of priest-manipulated ignorance.

The superficial Christolater must not consider me unduly flippant, when in the same sentence I link with apparent irreverence baby-tales for the nursery and the sacred truths of the church. Several such tales are unmistakably in both the nursery and the church. Astounding as it may seem to the unread hymn-howlers who put on their best millinery and crowd the chapel, the little Red Riding Hood story and the resurrection of Christ story are one and the same. The little Red Riding Hood version is the older, the resurrection of Christ version the more modern. The Jonah and the whale myth is yet another version; and in the gospel according to Matthew the Jonah and the whale

*By Saladin, editor of the Agnostic Journal.

story and the Christ and the resurrection story are made interdependent. I note in a contemporary a timely confirmation of the truth of the book of Jonah, and consequently also of the book of Matthew. I learn with pious satisfaction that the vexed question as to the precise nature of the "great fish" which swallowed Jonah is at last finally settled, for that upon one of the ribs of a whale, 117 feet eight inches long, captured in Simon's Bay, Cape Colony, has been found rudely carved the word "Jonah." The story, it will be observed, is very circumstantial as to the whale's dimensions. I could have borne with a somewhat more definite statement about the carving. Did Jonah affect old English, or Roman, or Akkadian, or do the tremulous characters indicate that the disobedient prophet was, at the period of their execution, partially digested or partially tipsy, or both?

"As Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth" (Matt. xii, 40), quoth the old book; and the statement has my firm belief. "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief" (Mark ix, 24). I believe that the statements as to Jonah and his whale and Jesus and his tomb are equally true; and I am so glad that the holy scriptures—every word of them inspired—brackets the two, so that they must stand or fall together. All that is wanted now to convince even the most skeptical, and thereby "save" the whole world, is a stone out of the holy sepulchre with the word "Jesus" scratched upon it by that hero, to amuse himself during the time he was dead. Then the rib with the word "Jonah" on it, and the stone with the word "Jesus" on it, can be packed up and sent to the British museum, or, better still—to Colney Hatch.

May I point out that the Jonah and the whale story is much older than the time of Jonah, is a solar myth found far back in the legendary dimness of Hindu mythology? (In the "Somadara Bhatta.") Hercules, too, and others prior to the time of Jonah and his post-type, Christ, were swallowed and emeticated. Montfaucon writes: "Some ancients relate to the effect that Hercules was also swallowed by the whale that was watching Hesione, that he remained three days in his belly, and that he came out bald-pated after his sojourn there." There are numerous versions of the same tale, a wolf on some occasions being substituted for a fish. The wolf is well known in ancient Scandinavian mythology to represent the destroying power. The story of Little Red Riding Hood and the wolf is simply another version, and an exceedingly ancient one, of the Jonah and Jesus legend. The story, Hindu in origin, is mutilated in the English version. In the original the little maid, in her shining red cloak (the sun), is swallowed by the great black wolf (night), and she comes out safe and sound when the hunters capture and cut up the wolf (morning). As Max Muller ("Chips," vol. ii, p. 260) observes: "The divine myth become a heroic legend, and the heroic legend fades away into a nursery tale."

Bunce ("Fairy Tales: their Origin and Meaning," p. 161) remarks: "One of the most ancient Aryan or Hindu stories was that there was a great dragon that was trying to devour the sun, and to prevent him shining upon the earth and filling it with brightness and life and beauty, and that Indra, the sun-god, killed the dragon. Now, this is the meaning of Little Red Riding Hood, as it is told in our nursery tales. Little Red Riding Hood is the evening sun, which is always described as red or golden; the old grandmother is the earth, to whom the rays of the sun bring warmth and comfort. The wolf, which is a well-known figure for the clouds and darkness of night, is the dragon in another form. First he devours the grandmother; that is, he wraps the earth in thick clouds, which the evening sun is not strong enough pierce through. Then, with the darkness of night he swallows up the evening sun itself, and all is dark and desolate. Then, as in the German tale, the night-thunder and the storm-winds are represented by the loud snoring of the wolf; and then the huntsman, the morning sun, comes in all his strength and majesty, and chases away the night-clouds and kills the wolf, and revives old Grandmother Earth, and brings Little Red Riding Hood to life again." We celebrate the swallowing up of Red Riding Hood in our pantomimes at Christmas; we celebrate the rising of Christ every Easter in our churches. The Red Riding Hood myth and the Jesus myth are really varying representations of

the same solar principle. The more ancient and beautiful version we consign to our places of amusement; the more modern and repulsive version we relegate to our places of worship. And why? Because for ages the clergy have used the modern version to gull us with in their own interests, and they have managed to keep us very ignorant, and they burnt us if we offered to get in any way enlightened—and, as Carlyle says, we are mostly fools.

O. A. M'CONNELL.

FUNERAL SERVICES IN MEMORY OF A WORTHY MAN.

The friends and neighbors of Mr. O. A. McConnell gathered in large numbers at ten o'clock Monday morning at his home to do honor to one who for many years has been a respected citizen and neighbor.

At the beginning of the services Mr. J. E. Jacobs read the following:

"O. A. McConnell was born at Venice, Washington county, Penn., November 23, 1831; died June 22, 1889, aged 57 years and 8 months. He crossed the plains to Oregon in 1854; married his present wife, Martha A. Wolfard, in Siskiyou county, Cal., January, 1858. The family consists of nine children, all of whom are living."

B. F. Underwood then read an appropriate poem, followed with music by the Silverton Secular Union Choir. Mr. Underwood then delivered the following eloquent tribute:

FRIENDS: We are here to perform the last sad rite over the body of a comrade who has fallen in life's battle, a brother who was one of us, sharing with us the common experiences of life, of youth, and age, but whose joys and pains are now ended in the sleep that knows no waking. But yesterday his voice was heard amongst us; now he belongs to the "silent realm," the realm from which comes no word, no sound, not even the echo of a whisper or a sigh; a realm whose subjects far outnumber all the living, and over which silence reigns universally and supreme.

Our brother has passed through that final experience which sooner or later must come to us all. Death is as natural as life and none among all the living can escape it. It comes often as a friend to relieve us of pain, to release us from an existence which weakness and suffering have rendered only miserable. Superstition has invested death with terror, but there is, in truth, nothing terrible in death. Sad it is when it destroys youth, and puts an end to bright prospects and fond hopes, and when it deprives us of the presence of those who are near and dear; but there is nothing in death to dread when it is divested of superstitious fancies born of ignorance, servility, and fear. It is the living, not the dead—it is they who mourn departed worth, or who suffer the anguish of bereavement in the irreparable loss of companionship, in the sundering of relations, the most precious of all human ties—to whom death is terrible.

Our friends live with us, and in us, even after they have vanished from our sight. Their images are enshrined in our hearts, their words are cherished in our memories, the fragrance of their lives remains with us. A man lives but a few years and dies, ceases, so far as we can see, to exist as a personality; but the influence of his character and the effects of his life continue, a permanent contribution to the intellectual and moral life of the race.

The influence of the dead is incomparably greater than that of all who are alive. That influence, reaching far back, has determined the conditions of the present and made us what we are. All past generations live in us, as we shall soon live only in those who survive us as individuals.

Our brother was a man of stalwart qualities. He was honest, honorable, independent, and courageous. He commanded the confidence and respect of those who differed the most widely from him. Years ago, amidst perils and hardships, he came to this country, where he subdued the forest, made a home, and raised his family. In defense of his convictions, in opposition to popular religious beliefs, he maintained his own views with as much fearlessness as he encountered the obstacles he had to overcome.

in crossing the plains, fording the streams, and climbing the mountains, on his way to this valley. For this he should be honored, and he is by those who can appreciate sincerity, bravery, and self-sacrifice, regardless of speculative belief. His integrity, and fidelity to his convictions, his manly independence, and his influence as an intelligent and well-informed man who did his own thinking; these are the legacy he has left to his family, to his neighborhood, and to his race.

I can say nothing to assuage the grief of wife and children. Their tears are the eloquent expressions of nature, attesting the reality and the greatness of the loss which this family suffer in the death of a husband and father. I cannot say there is no cause for sorrow, no reason for grief. It is folly to speak thus to those who have closed in death the eyes of their dearest friend. The loss is real, and time only can heal the wound which such a death inflicts. But while it is human to feel, it is philosophy to rise above and overcome sorrow, and not allow it to crush us under its weight. The relatives here who mourn have the satisfaction of knowing that he who suffered so severely for weeks and months is now at rest, and that he left to them and to the world the priceless legacy of a manly and courageous life.

The body, followed by his family and a large concourse of friends, was carried to a neighboring mound, on his own estate, and lowered into the grave. With words of farewell by Mr. Underwood, and a parting song by the choir, with flowers upon the dust, beneath the trees and sunshine the remains were placed in the bosom of nature, in undisturbed repose. After pain and toil the cessation had come, which the heroic and struggling spirit had so long desired. His family has the sympathy of a large circle in the loss of a faithful husband and a loving father.

REMARKS AT THE GRAVE.

In this spot where our brother wished to be buried, amidst the sunshine, the trees, the songs of birds, we now consign his body to the grave prepared to receive it. This is the last act we can perform, the last tribute of respect we can offer to the memory of the dead. The friends of the deceased have the consolation of knowing that in this sleep of death, if there is no pleasure, there is no suffering. Suns will rise and set, moons will wax and wane, the seasons will come and go, and the busy world will move on to its destiny, but our brother will heed not the changes. Though the tramp of armies and the shock of battle shake the ground, or the earthquake bury this spot, the event will not disturb him whose body is now given back to Mother Earth, and whose soul survives in the lives of those who are better for his thoughts and deeds. Farewell, brother, farewell forever.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

It is called before the bar of public opinion for a new trial on all its claims. Man is free to think. In the republic, no man and no law can stand in the way of a free discussion. It must be in decent language, that is all.

This has not been the case in Christendom, since the Roman Emperor Constantine, after the Council of Nice, proclaimed, "Christians! The council has defined your God, your Bible, your creed, your bishops, and guides, in this world, and to the next, and the plan of salvation. It is for you to believe and obey. He who will not do so, let his head be stricken off."

This was the religion of Constantine. It became the religion of Rome and the popes. It is the creed of the Church of England, only with Henry VIII. for pope, and Parliament to settle the faith.

An effort was made to fasten it on the United States in the same way, and make heresy a crime. Our fathers listened to the arguments of all the churches, and finally said: "No! we are not satisfied that you have the truth, and we will leave it to our people to examine into it, and follow whatever they deem best. The proclamation of the Roman emperor is annulled, and all the laws of heresy and blasphemy that grow out of it. We are a free people. All laws must be just and equal to all, and all persons have the equal protection of the law."

What! have churchmen no privileges in the republic above others? Has the Bible no defense? Has religion no protection

against science? Can we not silence an unbeliever? Must our religion become a matter of reason and discussion? Shall we have to prove it, or let it slide?

Yes, that is the exact status. Let truth and error grapple, and the best survive! That is the motto of the republic. Give them all a chance! Truth can never be worsted, and error should have no advantage. That is the Constitution and the law.

And all true Americans, all enlightened and generous lovers of freedom, are content with it. They would not change it. Were it not the law, they would make it so to-morrow. Scientists make no complaint. They have no fear but the truths of science will be heard without the force of law to sustain them.

Who complain of this entire freedom? Who want to make religion compulsory? Who want Congress to engage in fixing creeds, and settling catechisms? Who desire to see the president do as Constantine did? Not one! not even one, unless assured that he would adopt their catechism, and proclaim them the true church.

Suppose Harrison should do as Constantine did. Let him say to the people of the United States: "I have advised with such bishops and elders of the Christian church as I found to be learned and correct in doctrine. They tell me this is the true religion of God, of Jesus Christ, and of the Bible. They assure me that they were all divinely inspired to understand this thing, and there can be no mistake about it. You will find it all in the catechism and creed published herewith.

"And it is my pleasure that all men at once receive, believe, and obey said creed, etc.; that they lay aside, burn, destroy, and ignore all other opinions, books, papers, etc.

"And moreover, if any man refuse, or neglect to obey this command, let his head be stricken off; and his books and writings, if he have such, be made into a pile and burned."

What a fury our people would be in! What would become of Harrison? What should we say of him and his proclamation? Could religion be established in that way? Would that proclamation prove the truth of the creed? Would it prove one thing? Would we receive it as conclusive evidence? Surely not! No one would. Religious people would kick just as much as others—more.

Catholics, Mormons, in fact the whole line, would rebel, unless he declared them the true church. They might say the system was wrong, but they would say that the pope, or Joseph Smith, should be the one to make the proclamation. And so with all other sects. They would accept the plan if Mr. Harrison would only call on their bishops to advise and to adopt their form of faith.

But all free men would protest against the whole system, the assumption of any such authority, and the intolerable tyranny of such a course. No man would accept it, but at once defy both the president and his proclamation.

But in those days they did not. The army and the church backed the emperor. The men who refused to obey had their heads stricken off. It was the habit of the people to believe whatever the emperor said, and his religion became the religion of Rome.

It went to England, in fact all over Europe. It had the same proof, the word of the emperor. In course of time the pope of Rome assumed the place of the emperor. He became head of the church and the dictator of all religious opinion.

England seceded from him. But the king became emperor and pope. Parliament were his bishops. They did the same thing, made the same proclamation, and were obeyed in like manner. No proof was offered in any case, only the authority of the king and the parliament.

The same religion came with our fathers to America, and with the king's command. But it was far away, and the command was received with some variation. At length we formed a government of our own. Then came the churchmen and demanded a proclamation like unto that of Rome and England. They were divided, happily. Had they all pulled one way, all been Catholics, of the Church of England, or Methodists, or any other, they would have prevailed. But it was not to be. Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Ethan Allen, and a host of others were there; and Thomas Paine. And they refused. They said, "These things

need proving. The word of an emperor, pope, king, or priest is no proof. Let our people be free, and each man think as he pleases."

This was and is the law, from then till now. But not the practice. The people did not think, and in many places the bigots would not permit them to think. The courts, in their ignorance, supported the priests. Many were punished for blasphemy. The public mind was not up to the law our fathers had made. But all that has passed away with intelligent people. And now, Robert Ingersoll and others stand boldly forth and say: "You have no proof. We demand a new trial in the light of this age. Show us your evidence!" And they have none to show. The church, all the churches here in San Francisco, are invited, challenged, defied, to show their evidence. And they dare not make the attempt. They have not a man in all their ranks who dare stand forth and say, "I can prove the truth of the Christian religion!"

But it must be done, or they must retire. Our people will not rest content with a religion that has no foundation in science, history, common sense, or common justice. They must prove up or die.

H. L. K.

THE SUMMER AND FALL CAMPAIGN.

S. P. Putnam has the following lecture appointments in Oregon and Washington:

Molalla.....	"	July....3,4,	Baker City, Or..	Sept.....I,
Kalama.....	W. T., "	6, 7,	Prairie City, Or. and vicinity,	Sept.
Starks Point, W. T., and vicinity,		4, 5, 6, 7, 8,		
July 9, 10, 11, 12, 13,			Fox Valley.....Or.,	Sept. 9, 10,
Astoria.....Or.,	July ...	14,	Long Creek.....	" " 11, 12,
Stella.....W. T., "	15, 16, 17,		Hamilton.....	" " 14, 15,
Oswego.....Or., "	18, 19,		Monument.....	" " 16, 17,
Arnold's Grove.. "	" 20, 21,		Hay Stack.....	" " 18,
Coos county, Or.,	July 22 to Aug. 4,		Lone Rock.....	" " 19, 20,
Coburg.....	" Aug.....7, 8,		Fossil.....	" " 21, 22,
Lebanon.....	" ".....9,		Hillsboro, Or.,	Sept., 25, 26, 27, 28,
Olympia...W. T., "11, 12,		North Yamhill...Or.,	Sept.....29,
Buckley...W. T., "13, 14,		Forest Grove....	" ".....30,
Davenport, " "17, 18,		Talent, Or., and vicinity	Oct. 3, 4, 5,
Cheney... "19,		6, 7,	
Rosalia... "20,		Linkville....Or.,	Oct. 11, 12, 13,
Sprague... "21,		Sacramento.....Cal.,	Oct. 20,
Pasco.....	" ".....22,		San Francisco.....	" " 27,
Dayton...W. T.,	Aug.....24, 25,		Los Angeles and vicinity	the month
Pomeroy...W. T.,	Aug.....26,		of November,	
La Grange, Or....	Aug.....29,		San Diego and vicinity	the month of
Union.....Or.30,		December.	

THE NINE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall be no longer exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in state legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and in all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the president of the United States or by the governors of the various states, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that the simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality, as such, shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several states, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

IN reply to "Two Subscribers, we would say that church property is not exempt by law from taxation in this state.

THE election of Dr. Dods to a professorship in New College, an important denominational school in Scotland, shows that Scotch Presbyterianism is relaxing its rigidity. Dr. Dods repudiates the full inspiration of the Bible.

CONSIDERABLE matter which we should otherwise print is omitted from this week's FREETHOUGHT for obvious reasons. Thursday, our customary day for going to press, falls upon the Fourth of July, and the paper is pushed one day ahead.

THE body of an unknown man found in the bay last week was mistakenly identified as that of A. D. Cridge, a nephew of William Denton. Mr. Cridge was sufficiently alive to be present at the Single-Tax Society's meeting on Sunday night.

IF the present religious fight in Canada over the Jesuits' Estates act ends in a civil war it will certainly teach the Canadian government a needed lesson. Perhaps, too, the politicians and people of our own country may see in it a warning against permitting church encroachment.

WHILE Dr. R. H. Macdonald, president of the Pacific Bank, was conducting a prayer-meeting in the Silver Star House, the other day, some person stole a valuable horse-blanket out of his buggy at the door. The moral that goes with this incident is lost, and we do not know where to look for it.

THE Sunday law is being strictly enforced in Cincinnati. It cost the president of the Cincinnati base-ball club \$20 for permitting a game to be played on Sunday, June 23, and a restaurant keeper had his case decided against him, though he sold no liquors. Probably when the people get tired of this sort of thing they will rise up and repeal the obnoxious law, which has no foundation in morals, common sense, or justice.

THE Lincoln Times, Davenport, W. T., says: "Mrs. F. C. Reynolds, the talented Freethought lecturer, delivered three lectures in this place during the week. The meetings were fairly attended, and all who heard her were greatly impressed with the almost unanswerable arguments of the lady. She is not only a fluent and very entertaining talker, but has made a study of her subjects and carries conviction with her logical arguments. It is to be regretted that she was not greeted with larger houses, but it is difficult to draw audiences where the attraction is nothing more than a lecture."

BOOKS.

We have for sale at this office, among other works:

"Yone Santo." 50 cents.

"John Ward, Preacher." 50 cents.

"Self-Contradictions of the Bible." 15 cents.

"The Truth Seeker Annual" for 1889. 25 cents.

"Liberty and Morality," by W. S. Bell. 15 cents.

"The System of Nature," by Baron D'Holbach. \$2.

"Robert Elsmere," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Price, 50 cents.

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

Judge Maguire's "Ireland and the Pope," a history of papal intrigues against Irish liberty. Price, 50 cents.

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By Helen H. Gardener. Introduction by Robert G. Ingersoll. Price, 50 cents.

The Tramp's Hint.

He shuffled in and took a chair,
Then fixed on us a stony glare—
We wrote away unheeding
Until the clock struck twelve, and then
We asked him as we dropped our pen,
"Well, sir, what are you needing?"

"Oh, nothin' much—I thought I'd call—
I see you kindly mention all
The folks your village visit.
And I thought 'twould help fill up if you
Should give to me a line or two—
'Taint too much trouble, is it?"

"Just say we're gratified to state
That our old friend and college-mate,
J. Ebenezer Skinner,
Called at our office 'tother day,
Conversed awhile, and by the way,
Went home with us to dinner."

Not a Pleasant Outlook.

Little Bobby—"Ma, will I go to heaven when I die?"

Mother—"If you are a good boy you will."

"Will you go too?"

"I hope so, Bobby."

"And will pa?"

"Yes, we will all be there some time."

Bobby didn't seem altogether satisfied, and after some thought he said:

"I don't see how I'm going to have much fun."—Texas Siftings.

Dead to the World.

Towne—That's too bad about Dingley, isn't it?

Browne—How? What's that?

Towne—Joined the silent majority.

Browne—What! dead?

Towne—No, married.—Time.

A REMARK by Mr. Howell in the course of his late reading in Boston, at the Authors' Fund benefit, as to "How much easier it is to make one's peace with one's God than with one's wife," it seems to have especially tickled the risibilities of the clergy on the platform, for Bishop Potter is reported to have laughed until he was red in the face, and Bishop Coxe laughed until he cried.

THE man who is busy working doesn't have time to read up on the subject of capital and labor, and the man who puts in his time reading on that subject doesn't have time to work. That's why no one reaches a complete comprehension of the difficulty.

VOICE from the head of the stairs—"Mary, has the morning paper come yet?" Mary (who had begun saying good-bye to George)—"How shall I answer him, my dear?" George—"Tell him of course the paper hasn't come yet, as we are just going to press."

PARSON (returning from church to small boy with a pole)—"Do you know where the little boys go who go fishing on the Sabbath?" Small boy (with pride and animation)—"You just bet I do, and I ain't a-goin' to give the snap away, either!"

A THIEF lately stole a contribution box from a church. He went there to prey.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

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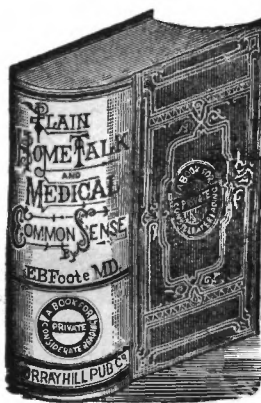
est Spectacles or Eye-glasses	\$1.00	6 Rogers Bros.' tr.-plated Table-spoons	\$3.40
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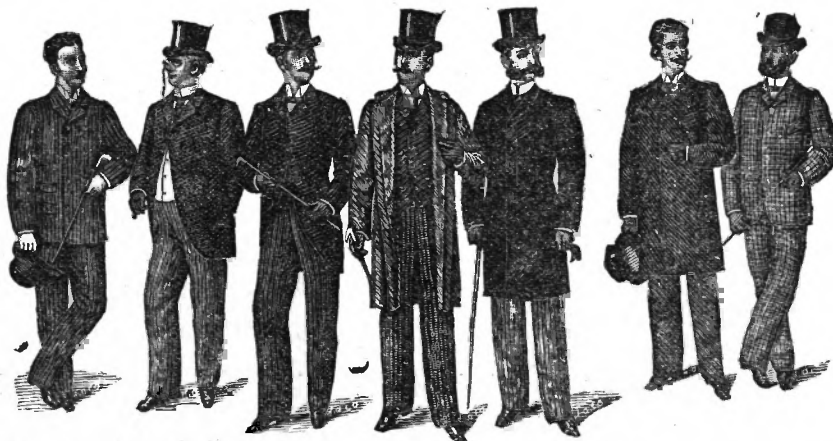
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"Can'st thou read, my friend?"

"I should think so."

"Well, hast thou read the holy gospel?"

"Yes, I have."

"Well, how dare you forget that it forbids a man to strike his neighbor?"

The policeman hesitated a minute, and then collaring the moujik said to the celebrated novelist:

"And you, do you know how to read?"

"Yes," said Count Tolstoi.

"Read the police regulations?"

"No."

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Freethought.

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FREETHOUGHT.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - JULY 13, 1889.

THE news about the prize-fight crowded out the reports of last Sunday's sermons from the morning papers. The reading public will never know what it has lost or gained.

MODESTO is the godliest town in the state. It has less than three thousand inhabitants and supports eight churches. Cleanliness is nowhere near godliness, however, in Modesto, as the town is badly in need of waterworks and a sewage system.

SONS do not always turn out to the credit of their sires. Thus the son of General Sherman has become a Catholic priest. The religion of the general is much like that of Thomas Paine. Being asked what he believed he answered, "I believe in God almighty. That is as far as I have got."

A BALTIMORE dispatch announces that Cardinal Gibbons has received a beautiful present from Pope Leo XIII. It is a large golden and richly jeweled ostensorium, and was sent to the cardinal as a souvenir of the pope's jubilee. The dispatch does not say whether there was anything in it or not, but it is probably not so full as it was before the pope took it with him on his jubilee.

VICAR-GENERAL PRENDERGAST had a big audience at his lecture on the "Lourdes Miracles." He told the story of how a French peasant girl saw the vision of the Virgin up a gulch in the Pyrenees mountains, and how miraculous cures had been effected there ever since. The audience gaped and swallowed, and the daily papers laid a column of the drivel before their readers the next day. It is our opinion that if a brass jackass should get into a Catholic pulpit and hee-honk for an hour, every daily in the city would record its bray as gospel truth.

THE Examiner, of Monday, the 8th, says: "If a general European war should break out to-day, if President Harrison should be assassinated, the pope leave Rome, and Queen Victoria take up her residence in San Francisco, it would be interesting to see what column would first enchain the attention of newspaper readers to-morrow. It would be tolerably safe to bet that three out of four would look first to see how the Sullivan-Kilrain fight had turned out." This is a humiliating confession, all the more

so because true. And the press is largely responsible for the deplorable amount of interest taken in prize-fights. It makes heroes of men on account of their brute strength, their agility, and their hitting powers; yet there is not a man in the world as strong as horse, as agile as a monkey, or with the hitting power of a mule.

MR. COLIN M. BOYD, of the supervisory finance committee, has proposed a scheme which will save the city of San Francisco about a hundred dollars per month, but it is doubtful if its results will be beneficial. Heretofore the commissioners of insanity have been paid for examination of persons suspected of lunacy, whether the patient proved to be insane or not. Mr. Boyd proposes that the doctors shall be paid only for commitments. From an economical point of view the proposition has everything to commend it, but it is nothing more nor less than a bribe offered the commissioners to find every person insane who is brought before them. Considering the liability of sane people to be condemned under the present system, it seems hardly necessary to adopt Mr. Boyd's scheme to populate the asylums.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, July 14, at 8 o'clock. Hon. F. B. Perkins will lecture on "Persecution."

NEWS AND NOTES.

The Oregon mist enveloped Woodburn, fold upon fold, and it did not look very promising for the first Freethought lecture to be given here. But I was happily disappointed. The few Freethinkers did their work well, and the hall was nearly full. A fair beginning has been made.

Mr. W. M. Cline and family, formerly of Silverton, are now residents of this thriving place, and it was mainly through their efforts that the campaign was opened. They are all thoroughly devoted to the cause, and not afraid of work or the avowal of principles. I had a pleasant sojourn in their new home, and I could not find greater encouragement than among these generous allies who contribute youth and enthusiasm to the advance guard.

The misfortune of sickness cast its shadow upon our effort. Mrs. Cline was seriously ill, and our heart-felt sympathy is with our good friends, and hope for health and brightness again.

Major Leonard and others aided in the enterprise, and evidently there is a favorable Freethought element in Woodburn.

H. E. Nelson, son of our friend Nelson, of Stark's Point, W. T., is now located here, and he is one who can be counted on every time for the colors.

From Woodburn I take my way to Canby, where the Methodist camp-meeting is in full blaze. The skies are cloudy, and in view of the unfavorable signs we hold our meetings in the

school-house. We have a larger number than the big tabernacle at the camp-ground. Sunday morning I go to the camp-meeting. About one-half of the multitude linger outside, and seem to enjoy the sunshine and neighborly talk better than the sermons. The sermons have the old refrain. This morning it was on "Sanctification," and the "sanctified" ones were expected to come forward and stir up the sinners. But the sinners seem to be few and far between. They don't put in an appearance. Conversions are scarce. If one does emerge, however, they make the most of him, and give him credit for every possible enormity in order to make him a "burning and shining light." The other day the following confession was made, and the Amens came thick and fast: "I was a horsethief" (Amen! Amen!); "I have had murder in my heart" (Amen! Amen! from all parts of the house); "I have been on a drunk for the last three weeks" (Amen! Amen! Thank the Lord! etc.). The significance of these ejaculations was somewhat bewildering to the bystanders. Evidently the brethren felt they had got hold of a sinner of the first water. Hence the delight manifested.

In the afternoon I lectured in Lee's grove, and there was quite a large attendance. Owing to the uncertainty of the weather signs, there was not a great number from abroad, but enough for a good hand-shake. In the evening the school-house was full to overflowing, and many went away for want of room. The audience was twice that of the camp-meeting, although the ministers "volleyed and thundered." The result is quite encouraging. If the Freethinkers of Canby would club together and build a hall, they would be the commanding element in the community, and I look forward to the carrying out of such an enterprise.

L. P. Howard is one of our earnest workers at this point, and, take them altogether, from the grandfather and grandmother, who are still in the prime of life, to the little babies, the Howards make a regiment for Freethought. The babies are just as ready to stand up and be counted as the veterans, and are not at all afraid to express their sentiments upon the platform as well as elsewhere. I found them jolly coadjutors, both when asleep and awake. Beneath the trees and in the changing sunshine and cloud, Mt. Hood glittering magnificently through the vista, I pass a delightful day in this rural home, where labor mingles with cheerful thought and the inspirations of the glad to-morrow.

Mr. and Mrs. George Knight are also among our genial entertainers, and Miss Ella and Miss Laura, the children, are of our "band of hope," although Miss Ella, who has a bright genius for music, does play for the orthodox Sunday-school; but the next time, in the new hall, I expect she will make the strains vibrate for liberty and progress.

Down by the grove Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Lee and family keep the gentle fires of Freethought aglow upon the hearthstone. The grandmother likes to speak a good word for orthodoxy, but I guess that comes from a natural benevolence for the "under dog" in the intellectual fight, which of course is creditable to head and heart. The Lees are Liberal in every direction, and take in both worlds with a broad vision, and don't lose the glory of earth in the contemplation of summerland. The beauty of nature and the spirit of humanity blend in this forest temple.

Wm. Barlow, the orthodoxy of whose wealth is thoroughly recognized by the churches, is a staunch Secularist, and is ready always to lend a hand and keep the wheels of progress in motion. He proposes to give \$50 for the new hall. Mr. Lee offers

twenty. If others respond like this it looks as if the Church of Humanity would prevail. Dr. Knight is one of the "peculiar people." It is pretty difficult to tell which side he really belongs to. He attended all the lectures, and said he should watch me close, and catch me on the hip if possible. However, he didn't seem to find the occasion, and, take it all in all, it strikes me the doctor defends orthodoxy only in a Pickwickian sense, and I don't believe he expects to be an angel according to John Calvin or St. Paul.

Wm. Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Dasheil, Mrs. May, and others are in the ranks of progress. W. W. Jesse and friends were present from New Era. Mr. Jesse says he has been dead and buried since I saw him last, having had a severe attack of typhoid fever, but he still remains in the flesh as large as life. George Johnson was present from Oregon City, and he has determined with the ringing of the Bell to make an attack on orthodoxy. Mr. J. E. Coates has taken to himself a better half since I was here, and all agree that this is both fair and Wright.

Tuesday I return to Turner. Our friend Mrs. White, who received such severe injuries, did not recover consciousness, and died on Saturday morning and was buried on Saturday evening. A bright life was suddenly quenched in darkness. Helpless to avert the dread disaster, the heart is still strong to revere the memory of one who has made so much sunshine for this world. Mr. White is recovering, and bears his sufferings with fortitude. Although 76 years of age he seems to have the energy of youth.

Uncle Small and Grandmother Small greet the pilgrim with Liberal cheer. Uncle Small is bound to hold the fort, if nobody else will. He doesn't take very kindly to the clergymen, but is willing to give them a square meal if they will pay the average price. He doesn't believe in supporting the churches, for he declares that he can do his own preaching if he wants any.

Dr. and Mrs. Matteson, of Aumsville, have worked faithfully to bring out the Liberal element in this land of orthodoxy. The Methodists and Campbellites have it about their own way. The audience was quite slim, but I am not discouraged. The Freethinkers might present a good front if all would show their colors. Many just now are afraid to do this. It is a matter of business to keep still and let the churches rule.

Wm. Sims stands for Freethought like the granite hills, and he was with us at Turner—always a generous pioneer.

The birds of the air shall tell who else was present at Turner. It should be sung, not written.

Molalla, with its splendid success, will give courage for a year's hard work. I arrive here July 3, and give an afternoon discourse to about two or three hundred, but the gala day is the Fourth of July, and I don't believe there was a grander celebration anywhere in the state. At dawn the thundering salute greeted the unfurled banners, and from mountains and woods far away, and streams and fields, wended the solitary horseman, the crowded wagon, the buggy with just room enough for two, the hack with always room for one more, the buckboard swaying like the wind, and vehicles of various sort. Some traveled on foot. All trooped to the magnificent grove where the gorgeous sunlight, from a cloudless sky, was softened and glorified in the thick green branches, and the glittering arcades made a cool retreat for the multitude. By ten o'clock two thousand had gathered together in the spacious forest—a bright, varied, cheerful gathering of men, women, and children—all intent on a glorious celebration of the nation's holiday. The Molalla Brass Band discoursed music whose martial strains floated with the starry banner.

Robert Divine gave a bright opening speech and then read the Declaration of Independence. That is the kind of a divine we want, one who never utters a prayer, but talks good sense. I then gave an address on "The Centenary of the American Republic." After that came music and dancing. President Trollinger gave me a seat at his table, spread upon the greensward, and the lunch proceeded to the entire satisfaction of all. In the afternoon the multitude again came together, and I addressed one of the largest assemblages of the campaign. A good many orthodox were in the crowd, but they took the matter presented without much ado. Afterward sounded the music for the young folks and dancing, which was kept up until the silver moon took the place of the golden sun. The old folks gradually dispersed. Everything was peaceable and a more enjoyable picture was never presented than these woods, alive with people, where not a single boisterous or quarrelsome word was spoken. I believe that this was the largest gathering, under the auspices of Freethought, in the country. The grove makes a most beautiful temple of nature and humanity. Near by is Wright's spring, the most sparkling water I have yet tasted. Our Molalla friends may feel proud of this superb gathering. The day was brilliant, and never was hope more shining for the hosts of Freedom.

A large number of names were received for the Oregon State Secular Union, and the work is thus going forward to ever larger results and broader fields.

Our Molalla friends intend to make Wright's Grove a central point for this section—to build a pavilion and accommodations for visitors. This delightful spot will be historic in the annals of Freethought. The verdant, delicious scenes shall feel the throb of freedom's undaunted soul.

If I begin with the Wrights and the Trollingers and the Klises and the Linns, where shall I end the bright roll of the hundred and more friends I met at this brilliant festival? To name them all would take quite a page of FREETHOUGHT, and so we must let the names rest in happy memory while the faces and the greetings shall be for hope—hope of the splendid future, when humanity "shall be good and great and joyous, and beautiful and free."

The forest sings along our pathway its hymns of cheer. The rivulet and the fountain sparkle to the answering flowers. The sky rolls away its clouds and gives its sweetest face of blue. And when the sunset comes the golden banners answer to our flag of freedom. And the silver moon, shining through the glorious roof of leaves upon the twinkling feet that keep time to merry strains, and the midnight stars hailing the white sea of dawn; these will make more beautiful the path of toil. And all of Nature's wealth and glory shall weave eternal promise for the struggling heart.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

A DEFENSE OF CATHOLICISM.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I am at a loss to understand why Liberals should continually turn their heaviest guns against the Catholics. From close observation and a life-time acquaintance with them, as well as other denominations, I am inclined to believe that of all the religious sects in the United States the Catholic is the most consistent and the most conservative.

It matters little to us what has been done in olden times, or what is still being done in foreign countries. The burning of "John Rogers" and Servetus is now nothing to us. If the Catholic clergy are plotting the overthrow of our republican government, and the establishment of a hierarchy in its stead—as many seem to think—it is no more than Protestantism is openly and boastfully attempting.

The Catholic bishops of the United States have frequently declared

that no such conspiracy among them has ever existed, and that they, as a religious sect, have no desire or disposition to interfere or to meddle with governmental or national affairs. There is nothing in the history of Catholicism, in the United States of America, to warrant a denial of this assertion.

I hold that all religions (and especially the Christian), whatever forms they may assume, are dangerous to our liberties; and it seems to me that Liberals and conservatives have enough to do to watch and guard against the constant encroachments upon their liberties by the ignorant and howling fanatics of the Protestant churches. Much has been said of late about illiteracy among Catholics. This senseless outcry I believe to be false—lying statistics to the contrary notwithstanding. I am not prepared to say that the Catholic religion is not as good as the best, or that the Catholic schools are not as free from sectarianism as any other. I am not sure that Catholic education is not superior to the fussy, experimental, and bugological teachings of Protestant schools; or that Catholics as a class are not as intelligent, as law-abiding, and patriotic as any other. Let us give the devil his due.

J. C. P.

Turlock, Cal., June 30, 1889.

We believe that no Liberal has ever criticised the Catholic church for inconsistency or lack of conservatism. It is quite a consistent institution. It has always been consistently wrong. It has always advocated intolerance and has always practiced it. The church of Rome is likewise conservative. It is opposed to innovations, and therefore to progress. We differ with our correspondent, however, when he says it "matters little to us what has been done in olden times, or what is still being done in foreign countries." An institution is to be judged by its record rather than by its promises. We know that the Catholic church has ruined every country in which it has had the controlling power. As Ingersoll says, it reduced Ireland to a harp, Spain to a guitar, and Italy to a hand-organ. Ireland is still under the heel of the pope, who has always intrigued with her enemies; Spain is the most ignorant, superstitious, and Catholic country on the globe, and only since Italy pushed the vicar of Christ from the throne of the Cæsars has that nation been more than a mere "geographical expression." In America the church attacks about the only institution of which we have any reason to be proud, namely, the public schools. She has already captured every other citadel. Our politicians blacken the shoes of the pope's minions whenever ordered to do so. The Catholic vote is bought and paid for with political favors. Wherever there is a strong Catholic element, as in our large cities, government is corrupt, illiteracy is on the increase, and the prisons are crowded; and a majority of the corrupt, the illiterate, and the criminal are Roman Catholics, although that church claims only one-sixth of the entire population.

The burning of John Rogers counts against the Catholic church, and so would the burning of Servetus if the Catholic church had had anything to do with that crime. Murder on the record of a church forms as great a blot as it does on the record of an individual. The church still justifies the persecution of Galileo and the burning of Bruno, and shows no repentance over the infamies which have marked her entire career. She would repeat them all if she had the power.

Our correspondent's doubt as to the truthfulness of charges against the intelligence, loyalty, and patriotism of Roman Catholics would disappear at once if he would take the trouble to inform himself on the subject. It is notorious that parochial school training is vastly inferior to that of the public schools. Even Catholic parents are aware of this fact, and the greatest vigilance is necessary on the part of priests to keep them from withdrawing their children from church schools and sending them to the public institutions. In all competitive examinations, civil service and

other, the pupils of parochial schools fall far behind. As to the law-abiding character of Catholics, the prison statistics are a sufficient testimony. Archbishop Riordan found six hundred of his co-religionists at San Quentin, June 23, 1889, and two hundred and fifty of them received the "sacrament." In the matter of patriotism Catholics differ from other citizens in that they own allegiance to the pope of Rome, a foreign potentate, instead of the government of the United States.

When Mr. J. C. P. has carefully digested these facts he will have no further excuse for being at a loss to know why Liberals should continually turn their heaviest guns against the Catholic church.

A RELIGIOUS DISCUSSION.

A very interesting discussion of orthodox religion has just been published in the columns of the Fresno Republican. It was opened innocently by Judge J. W. North, of Oleander, who addressed the editor of the Republican in order to call attention to the Rev. Minot J. Savage's striking article in the June number of the North American Review. The judge alleged that Mr. Savage had shown the "utter baselessness of the popular religious theories known as orthodox," and added that the article, coming from one of the ablest thinkers of the country, was fraught with deep significance.

There seems to have been no occasion for a reply to Judge North's letter, but the Rev. Martin Judy felt called upon to say something, and he supplied the public with the information that Mr. Savage had been assaulting evangelical Christianity for many years, and that if he should keep on for twenty years longer "he might have about as much effect upon it as a little child would have upon Gibraltar if it should attempt to demolish that fortress with its little fists."

Judge North replied by asking the Rev. Mr. Judy what constituted orthodoxy, and whether he had not recognized vast changes of front in religion within the past few years. During that time the church had given up many things which it had been heresy to question. Men who once lost eminent positions for their opinions had been reinstated and their views accepted. Once Genesis was the Gibraltar, but it had been demolished by science, and geology reigned in its stead.

The Rev. Mr. Judy, in rejoinder, asks "permission to pass over the alleged facts and take up," etc., etc. Judge North, in returning to the fray, says that the reverend gentleman's wish to "pass over the facts" reminds him of a man in the lower part of the state who used to say, "Laying joking aside and throwing facts in the shade, we will go on," except that Mr. Judy did not care to lay joking aside; he only wanted to throw facts in the shade. The judge then gives his authority for the facts previously stated, and implores Mr. Judy to consider them. But Mr. Judy, in his next letter, is as obdurate as ever. He desires to leave vexed questions to God, while he goes on preaching the gospel as he understands it, and drawing his salary. He goes back to the original figure of Christianity as a rock with Infidels hammering their fists against it. And then he withdraws from the discussion; and considering the small amount he accomplished his readers will probably wonder why he ever went into it.

Judge North, in conclusion, expresses regret that a discussion which was just approaching some important truths should have ended so suddenly, and intimates that if Mr. Judy had given his readers more facts and less dogmatism, and had appealed to reason instead of authority, he would have had more influence with the people at large.

This discussion, we learn, has attracted more attention than anything of the kind that has ever taken place in Fresno. With the consent of both parties we should be glad to republish it in full. Also anything further that either may have to say upon the same subject.

THE CHEERFUL GIVER.

The appended letters deserve recognition in eloquent thanks. The writers have placed us and this paper under the deepest obligation:

HUDSON, N. Y., June 23, 1889.

MESSRS PUTNAM & MACDONALD: I inclose twenty dollars toward sustaining the publication of FREETHOUGHT, and hope for you that success which, if dependent on your efforts, would be assured. Your ambition and enthusiasm in the cause will naturally incline you to continue the publication of FREETHOUGHT so long as there is a fair prospect of its becoming self-sustaining within a reasonable time, without which I would caution you to discontinue before allowing the paper to impoverish you.

Faternally yours,

J. A. SMITH.

Unfortunately, or fortunately, as the case may be, there is no chance for FREETHOUGHT to reduce the circumstances of its publishers. They are of the class who have everything to gain.

Another letter—this from an earnest, talented, and Liberal woman—reads briefly:

NIPOMO, July 2, 1889.

EDITORS OF FREETHOUGHT: Inclosed please find fifteen dollars, which, with what I sent before, makes the amount of my promised contribution for 1889. Wishing success to FREETHOUGHT, I am very truly yours,

MRS. JOHN ROBINETT.

Surely success ought to follow such encouragement.

An unexpected friend in the new state up north introduces himself laconically with this note:

ROSALIA, W. T.

TO THE EDITORS OF FREETHOUGHT: Inclosed please find twenty dollars. You will send FREETHOUGHT to my address and that of another sent herewith. The balance you can use as you please. WM. FISK.

To all these excellent friends, and to others whose helping hands have been extended, we again say, Thanks! They may have the satisfaction of knowing that it is through their sacrifice that FREETHOUGHT at present exists.

Then, again, here is a letter whose advice should not be overlooked. It is from W. F. Freeman, of Stockton, who sends two renewals and three new names, and writes:

"It won't do for you to be dependent on contributions. You must have a good paying list of subscribers, which can be secured to FREETHOUGHT by every present subscriber paying promptly his own dues and getting a new patron once or twice a year. A little money and effort from each would assure success and win deserved credit for Liberalism."

Mr. Freeman is one of those exemplary Liberals who follow the advice they give to others. He is an indefatigable worker for FREETHOUGHT, which is indebted to his efforts and influence for two score subscribers in Stockton and elsewhere.

Nothing could be better for the paper than that each subscriber should consider himself an agent authorized to solicit and forward subscriptions, reserving the expense incurred for posting, registering, or purchasing money orders. In this way our list would increase with constantly accelerating velocity.

In the foregoing letters friends have laid before them both example and precept. It seems to us that the example must prove contagious, and the precept be considered worthy of following by all who find it practicable. In that belief we ask our patrons to give the matter their serious attention.

BOUND volumes of FREETHOUGHT for 1888 may be had for \$2.50.

THE people of North Yamhill, Oregon, celebrated the Fourth of July this year in a manner creditable alike to their liberality and their patriotism. A long procession, in which were thirteen young ladies dressed in white, and on horseback, representing the thirteen original states, marched to the music of a brass band to a grove near the village. Hon. Lee Loughlin, who presided, made an appropriate speech from the stand, and a young man read the Declaration of Independence. Patriotic songs by half a dozen singers, and the sweet strains of the band, made the woods vocal with music. Many had come from different parts of the state to hear the oration announced to be delivered by B. F. Underwood, and this was a prominent part of the celebration. There were present 4000 people. The oration was bold, direct, and dealt in a vigorous manner with current questions of a national character. It praised Paine for his great services, and spoke of the importance of the complete secularization of the state, and yet it gave general satisfaction, and was liked the better for being a departure from the old stereotyped Fourth of July oration. A barbecue, a base-ball game, athletic sports, and a trotting match on the race course, were among the features of the day. No accident and no disturbance of any kind marred the harmony of the celebration, which was enjoyed by old and young. An effort was made by the committee of arrangements to secure a minister to open the proceedings with prayer, in deference, no doubt, to the wishes of the religious element; but the effort was not successful and there was one celebration from which prayer was omitted, as it was from the Constitution of the United States. The affair is pronounced the most successful of the kind ever held at North Yamhill.

DR. WESTBROOK's article on "Infidelity" recently published in FREETHOUGHT and other Liberal papers sets forth the author's objections to that term quite learnedly. Nevertheless the world has elected to call us Infidels; Freethinkers have accepted the title, and there seems to be no help for it. There is nothing opprobrious about the word as generally understood and employed, and the many great names marshalled under its banner would redeem it if there were. In the ultimate analysis there are objections to almost any name unbelievers in Christianity could assume. Even "Freethinker" is ambiguous, since there can be no absolute free thought. People think according to evidence, which they cannot control, and free thought is as unthinkable as free will. He who would be a free thinker according to the original meaning of the words must throw off the influence of facts and experience, provided such a thing were possible, and form his conclusions without premises. "Freethinker," however, is a title that Infidels or Rationalists have chosen, and, as understood, it answers the purpose admirably. And, after all, if a consensus of the competent should decide that the word Infidel or Freethinker was inappropriate and objectionable, there would still be a large number of the most active opponents of sacerdotal encroachments who would declare that either was good enough to describe their attitude toward current superstition, and go on using one or both just the same.

THE pope has sounded an alarm of war, and announces his intention of leaving Rome for some place in Spain. A correspondent of the New York Herald says: "The pope, through the cardinal secretary of state, has sent a copy of his lately pronounced allocution to all the powers, accompanied by a note asking whether they will interest themselves in his condition or not. No decision will be taken until the result of this new note is seen.

I have reason to believe that the Italian government has foreseen and provided against the effect of this note with the powers. It is certain that all reports of the pope's departure are disseminated from the Vatican itself. They are, therefore, generally believed to be merely the means of exciting the attention of Europe, but I have reason to believe that in certain events his departure may really be decided upon." Catholics in this country place little dependence upon these rumors, as, should the supreme pontiff leave his present quarters, his title of bishop of Rome would be forfeited. A pope living outside of Rome would be like a president of the United States residing in a foreign country.

HENRY W. GRADY, of Atlanta, Ga., got off this piece of flapdoodle the other day before the graduates of the University of Virginia:

"Let it be understood in my parting words to you that I am no pessimist as to this Republic. I know that my country has reached a point of perilous greatness, and that strange forces not to be measured or comprehended are hurrying her to heights that dazzle and blind all mortal eyes—but I know that beyond the uttermost glory is enthroned the Lord God Almighty, and that when the hour of her trial has come he will lift up his everlasting gates and bend down above her in mercy and love. For with her he has lodged the ark of his covenant with the sons of men."

There are men on this coast who will bet dollars against doughnuts that Mr. Grady does not know what he is talking about.

THE Pacific Union, a paper "devoted to the interests of Laborers and Producers," takes the Twentieth Century across its knee and gives the editor a whaling for expressing doubts about the efficacy of prayer. There ought not to be two sides to a question so easily settled. If Mr. Hines, of the Pacific Union, believes that prayers are answered, let him make a test case and pray for something. If he can show that prayer brings the desired object, all skeptics will be put to rout. We believe, however, that Mr. Hines is sufficiently intelligent to know beforehand that he may pray at a mark the rest of his life and never hit it.

FAITH-HEALING has claimed another victim. Numerous deaths have occurred in East Los Angeles in families where "faith-cure" is practiced. Physicians are not called and sick persons are not permitted to receive medical care. The last case is that of the two-year-old son of the Rev. William Shepherd, of the Holiness church. The boy was taken sick with diphtheria, and no remedy except prayer being administered he died July 4. The parents are described as cultivated and intelligent people, and perfectly rational upon all questions except the efficacy of prayer.

WE are once more cheered by the weekly recurrence of our esteemed contemporary, the Golden Gate, the only Spiritualist paper on the coast with a forty-thousand-dollar bequest. By the way, the Gate still publishes its "form of bequest" for the use of those who wish to leave it money. Does it want the earth as well as the spheres?

THE Freethinkers' Magazine for July reports that its five-dollar sustaining fund is in a flourishing condition. We note among names of donors several who have extended the helping hand to FREETHOUGHT. May prosperity attend Brother Green and all his generous patrons.

THE faith cure kills two where it saves one. Ed. French, a wealthy real-estate dealer of San Diego, went crazy recently from mental excitement caused by attending "divine health-cure" meetings, and died July 4.

THE Blair Sunday bill in Kansas is to be discussed vigorously. The Rev. Mr. Gault has been employed by the Christians to champion the bill, traveling over the state for that purpose, and W. F. Jamieson has been sent for to follow Gault and challenge him for debate everywhere throughout Kansas.

"THE Glory of Infidelity," by that clear reasoner, Samuel P. Putnam, has been placed upon our table, and we find it an epitome of thought, embodied in twenty pages." So observes neighbor Choynski, of Public Opinion.

It is said that twenty-thousand copies of "John Ward, Preacher," have been sold since the work was issued in paper covers.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The business portion of Bakersfield, Kern county, and many residences were destroyed by fire last Sunday. The loss is placed at one million dollars.—Gen. W. A. Pile, who was known during the war as the "fighting parson," died at Monrovia, July 7, aged 61.—The military bandsmen who obeyed the order of the Musical Union instead of their superior officers, and refused to play on the Fourth, are undergoing court martial for mutiny.—Two millions' worth of property went up in flames from Ellensburg, W. T., July 5. The people left homeless appeal for aid.—A. Waite, editor of the Santa Ana Herald, fell dead as he arose from his bed Friday morning, the 5th. He was an old settler and pioneer newspaper man.—Five constitutional conventions are now under way in Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Washington, and Idaho.

Striking laborers in Duluth, Minn., assaulted a body of policemen last Saturday with clubs, stones, and firearms. They were repulsed with a loss of thirty killed and wounded, and quieted down.—Thomas Ewing Sherman, son of General Sherman, went through the mummery of ordination as a Catholic priest at Baltimore last Sunday.—Hailey, Idaho, was burnt out last week. Losses foot up nearly a half million.—The extension of Chicago's boundaries give the city a population of 1,200,000.—The Massachusetts Rifle Team, now in England, has won several matches from British marksmen.—The Conemaugh valley has been deluged again with floods and the temporary improvements swept away.

A dispatch from Rome says that the pope has indicated his preference for Cardinal Lavigerie as his successor.—Thomas P. Gill and Joseph R. Cox, Nationalist members of Parliament, were arrested in London Sunday. They afterwards left for Drogheda in charge of officers.—Wilkie Collins, the English novelist, has suffered a partial stroke of paralysis, and his condition is considered serious.—Many of the friends of Henry George are urging him to become a British subject and enter Parliament for a Scotch district.

BOOKS.

We have for sale at this office, among other works:

"Yone Santo." 50 cents.

"John Ward, Preacher." 50 cents.

"Self-Contradictions of the Bible." 15 cents.

"The Truth Seeker Annual" for 1889. 25 cents.

"Liberty and Morality," by W. S. Bell. 15 cents.

"The System of Nature," by Baron D'Holbach. \$2.

"Robert Elsmere," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Price, 50 cents.

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

Judge Maguire's "Ireland and the Pope," a history of papal intrigues against Irish liberty. Price, 50 cents.

"JOHN WARD, PREACHER," has been issued in paper covers and can now be furnished for 50 cents.

Taylor's "Diegesis," by the Rev. Robert Taylor. A discovery of the Origin, Evidences, and early history of Christianity. \$2.

OBSERVATIONS.

Some weeks ago FREETHOUGHT printed a story from the other side of the Atlantic relating how an ignorant Irish mechanic put four 7's on a coffin to express 28, which was the age of the deceased. When the priest at the grave-side read the inscription he remarked pathetically that Michael was only 7777 years old, and then exclaimed, "Tare an' ages! how did he escape the flood?" The exclamation, I thought, contained the nub of the joke, but it seems I was mistaken, for the Argonaut now gives the yarn and winds it up with the words, "He was seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven years old."

This shows how easy it is for different people to have different ideas about what is really funny, and reminds me of the Methodist Bishop Huntington's attempt to repeat a joke in an article that he contributed to the Forum a few years ago. The pun, which was an old one, originally consisted of the sarcastic remark that when the Puritans landed in the New World they first fell upon their knees and then fell upon the Aborigines. The bishop, as I remember, put it forth in a new dress. He said they "first knelt in prayer and then fell upon the previous inhabitants."

Another case of the lost joke occurred when Mr. C. B. Reynolds and myself were giving stereopticon lectures. He had a picture labeled "Sunrise." It represented a little girl looking out of the window in the morning. In our rehearsal, when he was getting off his "cackle," as he called his descriptions, he said, "This represents sunrise, or daughter-rise." I added "if you wish me to particularize." He accepted the amendment, and that night gave it to the audience as "sunrise, or daughter-rise if you want to be particular about it." He thought the joke a success, but I felt as though my amendment had been lost before it got to the house.

Col. Elliott F. Shepard says the deity sent the flood upon Johnstown. The Rev. Dr. Nelson, and several other local parsons, make a similar charge. So it seems that those who have the most love for God are the first to accuse him. Another view of the matter is given by Elder Bartlett, a Seventh-Day Adventist, who repudiates the above hypothesis, and throws the blame on the devil, who, he avers, was present in proper person and superintended the disaster. And now, totally ignoring these able theories, the coroner's jury returns a verdict to the effect that the weakness of the dam caused the accident. In view of these conflicting opinions, a few indictments are in order. The accused parties should be brought into court and plead to the charge, so that an anxious world may know once for all whether the Johnstown horror was caused by Satan, Jehovah, or Jupiter Pluvius.

C. Severance, of Los Angeles, knows when to rejoice and when to weep. He is the carpenter who beat the six day's record walking for work, and then came to the conclusion that if times were as dull in Judea in the first century as they are in Los Angeles in the nineteenth, the probability was that the Son of Joseph went into the redeeming business not so much to save the world as because he could not get anything to do at his trade, and had to make a living some how. Mr. Severance is moved to write as follows:

REASON TO REJOICE.

EDITOR "M.": There is something so marked and characteristic about the style and expression of certain writers, that their productions can be instantly detected; and we do not have to read the article entire and signature attached to discover the author. As I read the "poem" on page 391 in FREETHOUGHT I was so forcibly struck with the Walt Whitman style, that, except for a few admissions made by yourself, I should certainly have thought him the author. I have no recollection of ever seeing such a close imitation; and when I encountered the line beginning, "Ah there, Victoria. I greet you," the close resemblance to his "rude, firm" style was so noticeable I shouted with joy. Here, said I, is reason to rejoice, for the mantle of Whitman (who will ere long "pass over" and cease to produce his abnormal poetry) has fallen upon one who bids fair to rival the original inventor of that kind. The Pacific Slope has risen

equal to the emergency, and we behold a new candidate for fame immortal, with monument and dinner included. As an humble admirer of the "good gray poet," I greet you and salute you as a most worthy recipient of his mantle, which, though it has fallen a little more previous than usual, has done so none too soon to allay the fear that the supply of that kind of poetry was soon to be exhausted. Your first effort to supply the public demand is a grand success, and no "expert" can conscientiously say, as some of the unappreciative have said of Whitman's own productions, that "it is extravagant, paradoxical, hyperbolic, nonsensical, insane, dull, vile, nauseous drivel." The whole poem is so clearly comprehensive that its entire meaning is grasped even more readily than the following beautiful and touching lines from Whitman himself:

"I am old and young;
Of the foolish as much as the wise;
Regardless of others, ever regardful of others
Maternal as well as paternal;
A child as well as a man;
Stuffed with the stuff that is coarse,
And stuffed with the stuff that is fine."

But comparisons will only serve to show the superiority of your efforts, and not believing any more are necessary to establish that fact, I will close by hoping you will keep on until all who hunger for the style embodied in "Leaves of Grass" are fully sated. Thine truly, C. SEVERANCE.

I quite agree with Mr. Severance that my poetry is a good deal better than anything Whitman ever wrote. I am now engaged in critically comparing my "Farewell to the Rev. Samuel Jones" with fragments from Tennyson's "In Memoriam." If I decide that mine is the best, Whokeen Miller will be called on to defend his title of poet lariat.

The proceedings of the last meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society were deeply interesting. The little hall was full of people, mostly intelligent. Mr. Kellogg exercised the piano with musical results; Vice-President Eastman filled the chair with dignity and efficiency, and an increased number of ladies gave the assemblage the appearance of an enlightened congregation. Brothers Ferguson and Pingree, by being absent, disappointed those who are always glad to welcome a large Alameda county contingent, though others from Oakland were there as usual.

A song from the Cosmian Hymn Book having been sung by all who possessed a voice attuned to melody, the Chair introduced the speaker of the evening, Professor Teuschel, who spoke upon the subject of Volapuk, the newly-invented language designed to supersede Chinook, Pigeon English, and other commercial dialects now employed on the coast. The next to the last letter in the word volapuk is pronounced like a German *u* un-laut, and should have two dots over it. The sound may be produced in this country by arranging the mouth in proper shape for drinking out of a spring, and then saying "ee" in a calm tone of voice.

Professor Teuschel's accent indicates his German origin, and the way his name is spelled shows the necessity of a reform in current orthography. In opening his address the professor drew attention to the need of verbal intercourse among people of diverse vernaculars, and said there were three ways to accomplish it, namely, by the employment of interpreters, by learning foreign tongues, or by the adoption of a universal language. He considered the last method the easiest, and Volapuk had been invented to make it possible. Some have claimed that English is adapted for universal use, but he rejected that view. English grammar and orthography were irregular and inconsistent. A language whose spelling was so flexible that a word spelt Constantinople might be pronounced Jerusalem without violating the rules of orthoepy did not recommend itself for world-wide adoption. The author of Volapuk, the speaker said, is John Martin Schleyer, formerly a Catholic priest, but now retired from the church. Professor Schleyer knows fifty languages, plays nine musical instruments, and is a poet and journalist of ability. He has translated Volapuk into twenty-one languages, and publishes

a paper that has a circulation of three hundred thousand copies. Professor Teuschel added that the news of his having lectured before the San Francisco Freethought Society would be communicated to the above journal and spread to all parts of the world. Volapuk is largely made up of existent languages, being one-third English, one-fourth Latin, and one-fifth German. The rest is original. The professor said that Volapuk was not calculated to replace any national tongue, but to be the language of commerce and travel and those having foreign correspondents.

Professor Teuschel offers to teach Volapuk to the members of the society free of charge if a class can be formed to study it. The printed grammar of the language costs fifty cents, and can be learned in a few hours.

Remarks upon the able and instructive address to which we had listened were opened by Professor Miller, who mentioned the large number of persons now speaking the English language, which he believed would one day be universal. The more obscure tongues and dialects were dying out and being superseded by the language of dominant races, particularly English. The lecturer, however, had convinced him of the practicability of introducing Volapuk, although he had come there prejudiced against it. It would prove vastly useful as a commercial medium of intercommunication, and he wished its teachers the greatest success.

Mr. Jones, a Welshman, said that English was gradually driving his native tongue out of existence, though his countrymen were making efforts to preserve it. He held that a common tongue among the less educated classes of large cities would be of great value, as it would put laborers of different nationalities on a better understanding.

Brother Schou said that previous to hearing Professor Teuschel he had put the lecture down as probably the worst of the season. Since hearing it, however, he had changed his mind entirely. He was in favor of almost anything in the place of English, which he had found it impossible to master. He had not been able to express himself intelligibly since he left Copenhagen. Spelling troubled him most. He wrote words the way they sounded to him, but, some way or other, his correspondents couldn't seem to understand what he was driving at. Mr. Schou is fast becoming a humorist, and will be elected to deliver a set address before long if his talent continues to develop at the present rate of speed.

Professor Teuschel closed the discussion, saying that it was for the use of persons in Mr. Schou's dilemma that Volapuk had been invented. He related a very interesting test to which the new language had been submitted in Europe. The editor of a German paper called the Echo took an extract from a scientific work, printed in German, and had it translated into Volapuk, in which form it was sent to two Volapuk students in each of twelve countries, with the request that they translate it into their native tongue and return their translation to the Echo. The two translations in all cases agreed with each other, and were, besides, better translations than could be made from the German direct to the other tongues.

The professor expressed his pleasure at addressing the Freethought Society, as he was sure of a thoughtful audience. The society, upon motion of Mr. Faust, gave the speaker a hearty vote of thanks for his excellent discourse.

At the next meeting Hon. F. B. Perkins will speak upon "Persecution," and attendants may be certain beforehand that they will listen to a thoughtful and highly literary treatise on the subject.

DURING the past few weeks B. F. Underwood has been lecturing in Oregon, at Portland, Salem, McMinnville, Lafayette, Silverton, Scott's Mills, Markumville, Ranier, North Yamhill, Forest Grove, and other points. He will remain in Oregon during July and August, speaking at several other places in the state. His address for July is North Yamhill, Or., care of Hon. Lee Laughlin.

W. F. JAMESON will deliver four lectures in Monte Vista, Col., Sundays, July 14 and 21. Freethinkers in Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, and Missouri can now engage him to deliver a course of lectures. During the fall and winter he will lecture in the Eastern states. Address him at Coryell, Colorado.

CHRISTIAN UNFAITH.

We believe it was that noted divine Dr. McCosh, of Princeton College, who said the church had more to fear from a weak and illogical defense of its theories by foolish and inconsiderate preachers than from all the attacks of Infidels. The fact finds ample illustration in the following editorial in the Seattle press of the 20th inst. The editor says:

We see it stated that Johnstown sufferers have lost all faith in Providence, and that some of them have thrown away their Bibles.

This is all nonsense. Any system of theology that teaches that such an accident as the breaking of a defective dam was the "act of God" is rather "too thin" to respect man's faith in his maker. Common prudence would have suggested the strengthening of the dam, and had its suggestions been heeded this great calamity would have been prevented. "Water will run down hill," so says the old proverb, and it is very certain to do so when there is nothing to prevent it. The leaving of that body of water in its unsafe condition was the greatest act of criminal negligence the world has ever seen. Man must suffer for his own folly and neglect, and he ought to blame himself and not Providence. The man who violates the laws of nature must suffer the consequences, for there is a penalty attached to every infraction of these laws, and that penalty is always inflicted on saint and sinner alike. One of nature's laws says fire will burn, and the man who puts his finger into the fire will be very sure to get it burned. The citizens of that ill-fated valley had no right to believe and did not believe that the eternal laws of gravitation would be indefinitely suspended to shield them from the legitimate results from their negligence. Nor do they believe that this fearful affliction was the "act of God." Perhaps a few who have blunted moral conceptions and whose minds are crazed by grief, may have been guilty of using unbecoming language, but it is not probable that any great number of the people have lost faith in an overruling Providence. The people of Seattle might with greater propriety say that the burning of their city "was an act of God," for it was caused by an accident against which they had no means of providing, yet it would be criminal folly to claim that it was an unjustifiable act of Providence.

Here is a professed Christian (at least we infer so from his attempted vindication) who at one stroke wipes out of religious faith the idea of miracle, the foundation upon which the whole fabric of Christianity rests. - "Water will run down hill," will it? How about the water of the Red Sea, which stood like walls while the Israelites passed over "dry shod?" And that river whose waters rolled back when smitten by the prophet's mantle? Didn't water run down hill in those days? "Fire will burn," will it? How about the fiery furnace and the three Hebrew children? How about the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, where God sent Lot to warn the righteous of impending ruin? And there's the flood. Did not God send Noah to warn the people of the terrible affliction that was to come unless they departed from their wicked ways? Is there not now a God in Israel? Has he of whom it was said "not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice" gone into a far country? And have the votaries of the church abandoned the belief in miracles? True, no prophet came to warn the citizens of Johnstown; no, not even the righteous among them, of a deluge as real and as terrible to them as was that which we are told covered the whole earth to the then inhabitants. No Lot came to Seattle to tell them to up and away while the Lord purified that fated city with fire. Nay more. The man who flew to warn the people of Johnstown of the coming flood was himself overwhelmed and drowned.

Is it not also written that to him who has faith "all things are possible, even to the removal of mountains?" Were there no prayers of faith at Johnstown? Can the surviving mothers of Johnstown forget the little girl who, with bended knees and hands and eyes raised to heaven, prayed to her maker from a floating roof while the torrent hurried her to destruction, and not feel that such a sight should move him who notices even a sparrow? Have these mothers blunted moral perceptions? That is what the Press says of them. In one breath it says water will run down hill, sweeping thousands to a watery grave, that fire will burn, though life and treasure melt before the flames, and in the next assures us of an overruling Providence. A religion such as the Press seems to advocate is like the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out.

It is idle to prate of the negligence of the people of Johnstown. The many were doubtless ignorant of the danger. Fault or crime, if there be any, lies with the wealthy who kept the useless reservoir in existence for their own pleasure. But how-

ever this may be, the effect will be the same. Believers in all religions lose faith in the God who deserts them in their hour of trial, and the statement of the Press that God does not interfere with the laws of nature is equivalent to an admission that there is no God—at least of the kind the clergy have taught us to worship.—The Commonwealth.

DID JESUS CHRIST RISE FROM THE DEAD?

II.

But, to come to exoteric grounds. The first "evidence" of the resurrection I will allude to is that of the resurrected one himself. Christ ventured a prophecy in regard to his own death and resurrection; and, to support the resurrection story, the prophecy turned out false! Quoth he: "Behold we go up to Jerusalem; and the Son of Man shall be betrayed unto the chief priests and unto the scribes, and they shall condemn him to death and shall deliver him to the Gentiles, to mock and to scourge and to crucify him; and the third day he shall rise again." "The Son of Man shall be betrayed into the hands of men, and they shall kill him; and the third day he shall be raised again." "An evil and adulterous generation [Christ's polite and gentlemanly reference to his contemporaries] seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given to it but the sign of the prophet Jonas; for as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." Now, distinctly the "Son of Man" was not three days and three nights in the heart of the earth. I am quite well acquainted with the apologetic quibble of Christian theologians in regard to the Jewish mode of computing time, and that it is contended that the day on which Christ was buried and the day on which he rose from the dead should each be reckoned as a complete night and day. The Holy Ghost inspires Mark and John to disagree by full three hours as to the time of the day when Christ was crucified, and the other two gospels do not mention the hour at all. But all the four gospels seem to agree as to the hour when he gave up the ghost—namely, 3 P.M. of our time. We know when his grave was first declared to be empty; so, in order to determine how long he remained in the tomb, it is of the utmost importance to determine when he was buried.

According to the custom at such executions, Christ and the two thieves should have remained on their respective crosses till they expired, even if, as was often the case, they did not expire for several days. But, in this instance, the Sabbath of the Passover was at hand and it was unlawful for a body to be left on the cross on the Sabbath. The Sabbath commenced at sunset. If the culprits were not dead by that time, their death must be accelerated. The two thieves—who seem to have had more vitality than their fellow-sufferer, the "Son of God"—were found not to be dead, so their legs were broken, to put an end to their sufferings. Christ was taken for dead, so they did not take the trouble to break his legs; but a soldier wantonly pricked him on the side with a spear, and in conformity with the law, all three were taken down before the Sabbath began.

But after the Sabbath had commenced, "when the even was come," Joseph of Arimathea called upon Pilate to beg the body of Jesus. The time of the Passover was about the beginning of April, when sunset in Palestine would be from half-past eight to nine o'clock, in our time. The word translated "even" in Matthew and Mark means late at night, or at a late hour. Joseph of Arimathea did not go to Pilate till the even had come, and it would, no doubt, take him some considerable time to be introduced to the presence of Pilate, to present his petition, to go from Pilate's residence to Calvary, to obtain the body, to embalm it, and to carry it to the rock-tomb in the garden. Candor must compel the reader to admit that it would hardly be possible that Christ could be placed in the tomb before ten o'clock on Friday night, according to our time; and really the facts of the case make it more probable he could not be buried till close on midnight, or about three hours after the commencement of the Jewish Sabbath.

Having dealt with the hour of Christ's burial, let us advert to the hour when he was discovered to have left the sepulchre. This

*By Saladin, editor of the Agnostic Journal.

can be fixed with tolerable precision. Matthew's words are: "And late of the Sabbath day, when beginning to dawn towards the first from the Sabbath." The dawn would, in Palestine, at that time of the year, be about half-past three o'clock in the morning, of our time. "And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalen and Mary the mother of James and Salome had brought sweet spices that they might come and anoint him. And very early, the first day of the week, they came into the sepulchre, at the rising of the sun." But when they arrived at the tomb, early though the hour was, Christ had already risen! No exertion or quibbling ingenuity can possibly, when the matter is thus candidly examined, demonstrate that Christ was in any imaginable sense three days and three nights in the grave. If Christ could make from ten o'clock on Friday night till half-past three on Sunday morning three days and three nights, he would perform quite as striking a miracle as rising from the dead. Neither did he rise on the third day from his burial. Taking it for granted that he had only just risen when the Marys reached the tomb—and, as I will show, he had risen many hours before that—he had been in the grave only twenty-nine hours and a half, which is not equal to a day and a half, inclusive of night, whereas there are seventy-two hours in three days; in other words, he did not, even on this hypothesis, remain half the time in the grave he had prophesied he would. It must be remembered, however, that he drew a parallel between his three days and three nights in the heart of the earth and the residence of Jonas for three days and three nights in the whale's belly, and I have no doubt he was quite as long in the heart of the earth as Jonas was in the whale's belly—perhaps even longer.

And this is the sort of thing the Christian religion admits it is based on. It thereby concedes that it is a phantom, sitting on a shadow, eliciting the worship of fools. The Lord's other prediction in regard to his *post mortem* exploits is quite as unfortunate as his three days and three nights affair. He promised to one of the thieves that he should be with him that day in paradise. Now, from the Apostle's Creed—and surely it ought to know—we are informed that Christ did not go to paradise at all, but that "he descended into hell." When the crucified and broken-legged thief reached paradise, and could not find "the king of the Jews" there, but was told "he had gone to hell," he must have felt wroth that the Jew had gulled and deceived him. Hundreds of thousands since, O crucified and broken-legged thief, have had thy experience of this Jew! With all the piety and reverence that the subject deserves, may I ask if this Jew found hell too hot for him, that he returned before his time, thereby enrolling himself in the list of false prophets, and throwing ever since the necessity upon his hireling priests of attempting to juggle twenty-nine hours into the length of seventy-two.

But I think I am able to show, on incontestable evidence, that, if Christ rose at all, he rose on the very day on which he was buried. According to Matthew, a guard of Roman soldiers was placed at the entrance of the sepulchre to watch that no dead person came out, and that no living person went in. But Matthew admits that one night had passed before the guard was placed at the door of the tomb. If Christ rose at all, he rose on that night. Every one acquainted with Roman militarism, with its unbending and inexorable discipline, does not need to be assured that the smartest corpse that was ever laid in a tomb would not be able to pass a Roman guard without being reduced to the kind of corpse that does not require a sealed stone and a squadron of soldiers to keep it from rising. If Christ rose at all he rose before the soldiers walked sentry in front of his tomb; in other words, he rose on the very night of the very day he was placed in the tomb. The story of the Roman soldiers falling asleep is too feeble and clumsy to merit serious refutation; and that the soldiers were bribed to say they slept is, if possible, more preposterous still. The penalty for sleeping while doing sentry work would be death, and it requires a rather liberal bribe to induce a man to offer himself for instant execution. If there be any such bravo on record, I have not heard of him, and I cannot quite see what use the bribe for which he gave his life would be to him, even if he took it with him into his coffin.

The most extraordinary Roman soldiers that Rome ever heard of were those soldiers that were set to watch the tomb of Jesus.

They managed to fall asleep simultaneously in order to allow Jesus to pass unseen, and when they awoke for a bribe they deliberately committed suicide by admitting that they had slept—an admission that meant instant execution. Was ever invention so stupidly desperate and mendacity so recklessly absurd as that invention and that mendacity upon which rests the story of the resurrection, upon which the whole fabric of the Christian faith has elected to stand or fall? The base is too pureile to support a story told by an idiot for the purpose of imposing upon a fool. Being buried about ten o'clock P.M., and getting up and leaving the grave before sunrise the next morning, is Christ's way of "doing" three days and three nights. He had been only about six hours on the cross, and was a young and presumably healthy man of thirty or thereby. An ordinary man of his age would live as many days on the cross as he lived hours; for, no vital organ being injured, the sufferer hung by the hands and feet, first in pain, and then in stupor till he ultimately expired in syncope and exhaustion. A nail through each hand and a nail through each foot for six hours did not and could not kill Christ, or any other fairly strong man of thirty. Joseph of Arimathea's tomb, although attractive enough to induce a real corpse to remain there permanently, was not attractive enough to be the permanent residence of a person recovering from a swoon and finding that he was fairly well, thank you, except for certain pricks and scratches upon his hands and feet—troublesome enough in their way, but not sufficiently serious to keep him, at a safe distance, from laughing at the Roman soldiers keeping guard over an empty tomb.

It would require higher authority than that of Christ and his biographers to convince any classical scholar that he escaped from the tomb after the Roman guard had been set. That every soldier on the vigil slept at his post is one of the most incredible of the incredible statements we are expected to believe in order to be "saved." Go to the excavated streets of Pompeii, which lay for nearly two thousand years buried in scoria and lava. Vesuvius spoke in thunder, and belched hell. Multitudes, frantic with terror, were photographed by Death; and their imperishable presentments yet remain! But, amid the huddled and distorted masses of fleeing and panic-stricken men and women, there is one form that stands to this day erect in stone—one who from the iron lines of duty and discipline could not be forced by Vesuvian thunders, nor driven by Vesuvian fires; but who stood erect at his post, daring and indomitable, while the gulf of burning lava deepened and deepened around him, now reaching to his knees, and now to his unconquerable heart. That sentinel's petrified remains speak to us of the character of Roman militarism—of its sense of discipline and duty. This is the type of the man whom the writer of the gospel according to Matthew libels by alleging that he slept at his post. Let the stony lips of that exhumed sentinel of Pompeii speak. Their daring and triumphant silence proclaims that Matthew is a slanderer and Christianity a lie.

PUTNAM REVIEWED AGAIN.

On Sunday evening, June 30, at the Christian church in Ukiah, I was quite well entertained by Elder Sherard's review of Samuel Putnam's lecture on "Moody and Sam Jones" delivered at the opera-house on the 9th inst. The elder's discourse was delivered in his usual eloquent style, although his method is rather lawyer-like, presenting the most favorable points of testimony for his side of the question, and suppressing such as were unfavorable.

Withal, I must say I was agreeably disappointed at the gentlemanly manner in which he handled his subject (notwithstanding the discourse consisted largely of sharp criticisms, instead of sound logic), and its freedom from the vituperation or slanderous epithets so commonly dealt out to Freethinkers in theological discussions; and after all his sharp criticisms of Infidelity, on some points there appeared to be perfect agreement between him and Mr. Putnam. Mr. Putnam said it was truly marvelous how such men as Moody and Jones could succeed in gathering so large congregations, but concluded it was through the shrewd management of the church—"the church having put on a business suit." To

all of which the elder readily gave assent; and as a "matter of course," he said, "she meant business." Here I will remark that my intention at the outset was not to review the reviewer at length, but just to make a few remarks as to the coincidence between the reviewer and the reviewed.

Now Putnam, in his lecture, adverted to some of the leading church doctrines, such as predestination, or election and reprobation, total depravity, etc., in other words, the Calvinistic creed, as at least being a branch, if not the foundation, upon which Christianity rests. And here again is a perfect agreement between the elder and Mr. Putnam, as the former said he "did not pretend to defend Calvinism."

Elder Sherard announces his subject for next Sunday evening's discourse—"Freethought, What is It?" Therefore, we will wait patiently for the conclusion in order to be able to determine how far the elder has progressed in his conversion to Infidelity.

Ukiah, Cal., July 5, 1889.

T. McC.

Queries for Believers.

If God devised the Christian plan
To save from hell poor sinful man,
And has the means to do the work
What causes him the job to shirk,
While Satan takes the most and best,
And you've hard work to get the rest?

If Jesus suffered on the cross
To pay for sin, to save from loss,
Poor sinners worthy to be crammed
In fires eternal with the damned,
How is it for two thousand years
The crowds still go with moans and tears?

"If peace on earth, Good will to men,"
Was sung by angel voices, when
Your Christ was born who came to save
The wretched marching to the grave,
Why do all Christian nations still
Use rifles, swords, and guns to kill?

Why don't you tell the rich their sins
And show where modest virtue wins?
Why preach in fashion's temples grand
While those you talk to steal the land?
Their thievish plans so well succeed
Because religion hides the deed.

The gospel to the lost you preach
Should bring some help within their reach.
But all your claims to heavenly aid
Seems useless, unless money's paid,
And all your talk of "love to God,"
To common people sounds like fraud.

If Christ returned among the poor
As once you say he came before,
You'd crucify him now, as then,
Because he cursed fine gentlemen.
Our pharisees, like those of old,
Are ready to sell their souls for gold!

Vain queries these, we don't expect
Replies to get from "God's elect,"
But if this truth's once understood,
Mankind is saved by doing good,
Salvation's road is simple, plain;
These queries are not asked in vain.

—THOS. CURTIS.

RELIGIOUS INTOXICATION.

There is no doubt that human beings often become intoxicated, although they may be total abstainers. Indeed, asceticism in one direction often tends to excess in another, and we cannot conceal from ourselves certain dangers attaching to modern religious observances. Some mothers very rightly object to their daughters, for example, spending the whole of Good Friday in church without proper food or sustenance of any kind. One lady states that her daughter commenced at six o'clock in the morning, and remained in church until five o'clock in the afternoon. After an hour's interval she returned to the church again, and remained there until late at night. Recently a service, entitled "Tenebræ," has been started by certain of the clergy, which consists of the gradual extinguishment of all lights as the service proceeds, until the whole building is enveloped in dark-

ness. Mothers, quite rightly, object to the youth of both sexes attending such services, and they regard them as calculated to reintroduce all the vice and evil attaching to revivalist services of the past times. What with communions from 5 A. M. onward, watchings, confessions, church duties, and the multifarious services which certain clergymen now endeavor to induce young ladies to undertake, the happiness of many families and individuals is becoming undermined.

For a clergyman who is bound by solemn vows to inculcate morality, sobriety, moderation, virtue, and a tender regard for others, to use his church for organizing and enforcing religious excess in every direction is to prove himself an unfaithful steward, dangerous to the best interests of young and old alike. If some check is not put to the unwholesome excitements fostered by certain of the clergy, many a daughter's health will be undermined, if her life is not ruined, through the influence of her so-called father in God. In the interests of morality, of sobriety, of health, of sober sense, and of the national life we protest against religious excess of all kinds, and we look upon the clerical intoxication here referred to as a social danger which, if unchecked, must soon result in the degradation of many of the rising generation.—London Hospital.

A RELIGIOUS WIND.

To the Editors of *Freethought*:

Your correspondent attended the Campbellite camp-meeting at this place, June 27, where about sixty or seventy people were collected to listen to a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Sicafoose. During the singing Mr. Putnam (who was to lecture at Turner on that afternoon and evening) and another gentleman and two ladies walked in, and took seats in the auditorium. Blessed is the Secular lecturer who is unknown to a Campbellite congregation. There is no flutter in the audience, and no craning of necks and staring eyes, as if Old Nick had just walked in, and Mr. Putnam and party attracted no undue attention. The preacher was a pleasant speaker, and from his assumed premises got along as well as such speakers usually do. But he was illogical, of course; and if Mr. Putnam had been going to follow him he would no doubt have been more cautious. For instance, the speaker told of a "great Infidel, one of the greatest minds of the age," who had renounced Infidelity and espoused Christianity. But he prudently withheld the name. Well, supposing so improbably a statement to be true, what does it prove? Simply no more than a Christian preacher leaving the church and going over to the Infidel does—no more. An apostate from Christ does not prove that there was no Christ. Neither does an apostate from Infidelity prove there was a Christ. The facts remain the same.

And when the preacher said that a man in his sins could resist God, so as to render it impossible for God to turn a man from sinfulness, although greatly desiring to do so, he probably depended on the ignorance and stupidity of his audience, that they would not see how silly it all was. How can man be able to resist an omnipotent God?

Had an Infidel made the statement, from the rostrum; that the Campbellites taught that man was more powerful in anything than God, what a howl of pious indignation would have gone up from Dan to Beersheba! But to require a Christian preacher to be logical would be equivalent to requiring him to be silent. Small wonder that the air around about here became so impregnated with piety that "the wind" tore down the notices of Mr. Putnam's lecture! But what is strange is the report that this "wind," in some instances, wore legs and trousers, and in another, it wore skirts. This same "wind" also appears to have done its work in the night, lest it should be "seen of men," very probably. If "Infidels" (Seculars) cannot improve on this sort of civilization they had best quit. But Secularism here is growing, steadily and surely. It has come to stay; and orthodoxy will no longer have entirely its own way.

S.

Turner, Or.

"Looking Backward," a socialistic romance which has been termed the "Uncle Tom's Cabin of Industrial Slavery," by Edward Bellamy. Price, 50 cents.

TALMAGE A FAKIR.

Speaking of poor shows, I went to hear Rev. T. De Witt Talmage this blistering Sabbath afternoon. He was billed to speak to a "mass meeting of young men" at the Y. M. C. A. Hall. No ladies were admitted, so the public supposed that things unfit for publication would be said. The hall, therefore, was well filled.

Any clergyman earnest in his profession would have been inspired by such an audience. Mr. Talmage wasn't. He faced a couple of thousand men, mostly young, and instead of talking to them like a man, and pointing out the superiority of a life of self-restraint and cleanliness over one of self-indulgence and dirt, he put himself on exhibition as an attraction for more than an hour.

The Bible as a book was his theme. He said things about it that he knew were not true, and that every man with the merest smattering of knowledge of biblical criticism knew to be untrue. He has a dreadful voice—worn, harsh, and stridulous. Yet with this organ, as discordant as a keg of nails, he essayed flights of rhetoric rivaling the rainbow in gorgeousness. You could see that they were not spontaneous, nor even prepared for the occasion, but were bits of old refuse garreted in his memory.

He drew pictures. One of his chaste and reverent imagings was the Savior on the world's stage, with the Old Testament prophets as an orchestra—Moses leading—and the twelve apostles as footlights. The greatness of God was illustrated by Mr. Talmage posing as David wielding the baton and leading a grand choir composed of men at the bottom, angels at the top, and clouds and mountains—the latter endowed with musical rocks and cedars—between.

He even gave imitations of the varying tones in which the Almighty calls back sinners who have wandered from the fold, fifty, a hundred, and a thousand miles.

I never heard anything so blasphemous before, so cheaply and prosaically blasphemous. Talmage is an actor, but a very bad one. He is pitifully self-conscious. He knows he is a humbug, but in addition to that he has the egotism of a Guiteau. A more unpleasant person can't be fancied. But he understands the crowd and succeeds with it. He is the tank dramatist of the pulpit.—Evening Post.

THE DARKEY'S PRESENCE OF MIND.

Not long after the war a circus came to Montgomery. It was the first circus that had been there in a long time, and attracted an immense crowd, especially of the negroes. The most interesting feature of the entertainment was the balloon ascension. The negroes had never seen anything of that kind, and regarded the spectacle of a man sailing up into the clouds very much as they would have looked upon Elijah going up in his chariot of fire.

The balloon sailed away eight or ten miles, and came down in a field where some negroes were plowing. Terrified at the spectacle of a chariot coming down from heaven, they verily believed that the last great day had come, and, remembering all their shortcomings, fled away in terror of the approach of the awful judge.

One gray-headed and rheumatic old negro was unable to get away. He could follow the plow, but could not run, and the chariot came down upon him with terrible swiftness. In that awful moment his whole life rushed upon him, he thought of all the petty sins he had committed, and the ghosts of a hundred chickens seemed to rise up in judgment against him. But in that desperate emergency his mind did not desert him, and remembering that politeness always counted with his earthly master, he quickly decided to greet the Lord of heaven and earth in becoming style. As the aeronaut touched the earth and began to untangle himself from the meshes about his car the old darky, with an air of profound obeisance, removed the wool hat from his shiny pate, bowed low and said with pious unction:

"Mornin', Mars. Jesus; how you lef' your pa?"—Atlanta Constitution.

EXTRA copies of No. 27 of FREETHOUGHT sent to Oregon subscribers this week are for campaign purposes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Never "Backed Out."

To the Editors of Freethought:

Never in all my life did I "back out" from a debate. I am aware that one of Gaud's ministers has published to the world that W. F. Jamieson "backed out," to use his euphonious term. There is not a syllable of truth in the assertion. I will send soon the testimony of two unimpeachable witnesses that it was Braden himself, not I, that "backed out." I never saw one of Christ's ministers yet that had either sense or logic enough to cause any robust Infidel to fly the track.

Coryell, Colo.

W. F. JAMIESON.

Still Remembered.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Inclosed find \$2, for which please send FREETHOUGHT one year to address given. You see I don't quite forget you. I intended to have sent you something for the fund before this. I am very sorry Mr. Putnam could not come to Boulder this year. The money was all subscribed for three lectures, and I did most of the soliciting myself, and could have raised much more if necessary. I tell you what, there are very few real believers here at present—none, I think. They think they believe, but not one could stand the test that Jesus was alleged to have given in the seventeenth and eighteenth verses of the last chapter of Mark. At least, I will offer \$25 each for all that can stand that test, and let me apply it, as long as my goods and chattels hold out. Success to you and the paper. I have a few more names that I hope to gather into the great fold of your subscription list before long. Yours fraternally,

Boulder, Col.

L. Z. COMAN, M.D.

Ukiah Sustains Her Reputation for Christian Charity.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I see that in Mr. Putnam's "News and Notes" of Ukiah lectures he omitted one incident worthy of mention. His lectures were previously announced through our town papers, and just two or three days before the arrival of the appointed time, I began posting our bills; but I soon discovered the remains of the most of them scattered around the streets. However, as our supply of printed posters became exhausted, I resorted to the pen for reinforcements, and so kept it up day after day—always keeping two or three ahead of this "vandalism" until Sunday, when I found it necessary to engage a scribe to perform the writing while I sedulously plied the bill sticking. But Sunday, about the warmest day of the season, the task proving too much for me, I was obliged, in the afternoon, to invest an extra four-bits for an additional bill sticker in order to keep pace with the "vandals;" so at the end of the race we came out victorious, some two or three ahead and nobody hurt. Thus you see, Mr. Editor, Ukiah is determined, at all hazards, to sustain the reputation so conspicuously earned on Mr. Putnam's former visit. T. McC.

Ukiah.

"Looking Backward."

To the Editors of Freethought:

I received the copy of "Looking Backward," sent to me but recently, and have read it with considerable interest.

It was a convenient way, and not altogether impossible, the author took to project himself so far into the future. And how fortunate to have relatives of his first love discover his resting-place!

I can follow his picture of the happy future of mankind, and realize its easy fulfilment, conditioned, of course, on the educational principle. It is the most perfect, liberal, rational, and natural of any solution of the labor and social questions I have ever seen. How hopeful his twentieth century! How real his dream of the nineteenth, where he walks the streets of the old Boston, and where he comes to the home of the first Edith, and explains to those at table the condition of society and the causes, the remedy, and consequent comfort, plenty, and happiness. What surprise, aversion, scorn, contempt, and hatred is aroused. And how certain just such pictures will haunt the memories of coming generations, if, indeed, this present one passes without a vivid realization of some such objective lesson.

While I do not feel competent to criticise the work without another, and perhaps more careful, reading, I cannot help noticing that the second

Edith seemed not to belong to either the educational or the industrial order of the twentieth century. At least, she seems not to have had anything to do except shop a little, and entertain her newly-found Silurian or centenarian. It seemed a little odd, too, that she should choose the less perfect man of the nineteenth century instead of one of the more perfect models of her own time.

It may be scientifically blissful for man to enjoy the advantages of the future embodied in a lady love, but how about the woman who chooses a looking backward course?

J. C. WEYBRIGHT.

Hopland, Cal.

On the Trail.

To the Editors of Freethought:

From Talent I had a long all-night ride to Roseburg, where my young friend, and prince of drivers, and a true-blue radical, Jimmy Laird, met me and took me to Coos county on the ocean. We passed through the beautiful valley of Looking Glass river, which is very fine, but, shades of Sheol! it was hot enough to make the fabled father of lies ashamed of his best efforts to bake sinners. After a dinner at the Half-way House we climbed to the cool ridge of the Coast Range, where the panorama of snowy peaks, immense forests, the distant blue Pacific, the valley behind, was inspiration enough for once, and I rejoiced that I was a Liberal gipsy bound for I knew not where. We started down the western slope, and soon we found we needed our overcoats, for the chill, damp winds from the ocean greeted us with a hurrah that soon cooled the fevered brow. We journeyed down the north fork of the Coquille, a wonderful gorge or canyon, in many places only wide enough for the wagon, and so rough and rocky was our road that it seemed impossible that our "bus" could go much further. A pilgrim needed ten hands and a pair of wings to keep from falling out, sometimes, on the rocks a thousand feet below, or in a cataract of water. I have been everywhere except "on the hard road to Jordan," but this flying and falling down "the trail" of the Coquille takes the cake. But "Jimmy the Laird" brought us through to his ranch at the end of the canyon, safe and sound, only if we had been beefsteak we certainly should have been tender from the pounding we took.

The Laird family made us welcome to their Freethought home, where the clouds and the mountain-tops often meet, while the walls of this cavern hem us in, and the sombre forest in all its dark beauty closes around us like a pall. Here it was cool enough for a fire in the huge fire-place in one end of the room.

All things come to an end; so did my first night on the Coquille. One day more of these lovely roads, that did beat hell, and I was at Coquille City, where I met my friends H. H. Nichols and T. P. Brimegar, who had everything all arranged for a course of five lectures in the fine new hall. My stay in Coquille was very pleasant and profitable, but there is very little Freethought yet developed. Nichols, Brimegar, and Harrington are alone and have to do picket duty by paying the bills and skirmishing all along the line; but they are square-toed and live workers, and swear that Freethought shall win if it "takes all summer."

Myrtle Point, further up the river, was the next place to be taken, and it surrendered the very first night by the brass band (it was Sunday) playing "Hail to the Chief," "Hail Columbia," or hail somebody. Any way, the band is a splendid one, and all fine, noble, true-blue Liberals, who gratuitously opened all my lectures here but one. I found two-thirds of the town Freethinkers, and took a good list of subscribers for FREETHOUGHT.

Myrtle Point is a new town, but growing fast, at the head of steam navigation, and finely located among the myrtle groves and fir forests of the upper Coquille. Here I was at home at the Myrtle Point Hotel with G. W. Majory, Jr., proprietor. Here the weary traveler is at rest, and the table groans with the fat of the land, all for \$1 per day. Where is the "Melican man" that could ask for more? Mr. Ed. Bender is the merchant and postmaster; Orvill Dodge, architect and builder; H. Schroeder, farmer and miller; Frank Poore, the barber and painter of the Point; Joseph Whitesill, Chas. E. G. Dietz, druggist; T. G. Lowe, who keeps the Exchange, a neat quiet place to read the news, take a smoke, or "get a nip;" Dr. Flentze, the only physician "in the city," and a gentleman and a scholar too, he is, with a big practice; J. C. Brown, landlord, keeps the Lehnerr House, and is marshal of "the city." This is another "grotto of comfort," where everything is first-

class and home-like, but no room for orthodoxy with its old-time foolishness. Mr. Brown and wife are rustlers from away back, and are not afraid to keep the banner of U. M. L. flying. All of these and many more are among new-found friends and sturdy helpers.

I gave three lectures here to good audiences, read the life lines, past, present, and future, of a large portion of the people, bade them a Free-thinker's adieu of "good be with you," and stepped aboard the little steamer Ceres, for Arago, to meet my big-hearted workers for the cause, J. H. Schroeder and wife and eleven sons and daughters, who have for twenty years been carving out a splendid home among the grand old forests of Coos county. I gave four lectures here in the pavilion and skating rink to good audiences, who came from all around in the bush, and one good brother and friend came ten miles from away up in his mountain home. McNorton is a "crazy Spiritualist," but we need a million more just as lunny, to help open the door for Freethought to come in. There should be no fight between Infidels and Spiritualists; they can stand shoulder to shoulder up to the dead line, and then if our brothers, "the Immortalists," can show us the way "over there," there will not be a single Agnostic or Infidel but will gladly enter into the joys of the summer land, Ingersoll not excepted. Our work is the same here, to batter down the wall of superstition and elevate humanity. This country is full of Freethought, and a more intellectual, intelligent audience I seldom find. Putnam and Reynolds have done a grand work here. Brother Bell follows me, and several others will come to Coos during the fall. This is a good country to immigrate to. Crops never fail, plenty of government land all around in the hills heavily timbered, close to navigation, healthful, rich soil, good fruit country; very seldom any ice or snow, plenty of coal, cheap lumber, and fish; cool summers, very few flies or insects; everybody prosperous; very few mortgages, no railroads, but ocean ports, and big wages paid in the mills and lumbering camps. What more could a man ask for? And then the flag of universal mental liberty is flung to the breeze in every town and hamlet. This is freedom's outpost.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

THE SUMMER AND FALL CAMPAIGN.

S. P. Putnam has the following lecture appointments in Oregon and Washington:

Astoria.....Or., July ... 14,	Fox Valley.....Or., Sept. 9, 10,
Stella.....W. T., " 15, 16, 17,	Long Creek....." " 11, 12,
Oswego.....Or., " 18, 19,	Hamilton....." " 14, 15,
Arnold's Grove.. " 20, 21,	Monument....." " 16, 17,
Coos county, Or., July 22 to Aug. 4,	Hay Stack....." " 18,
Coburg....." Aug.....7, 8,	Lone Rock....." " 19, 20,
Lebanon....." ".....9,	Fossil....." " 21, 22,
Olympia...W. T., ".....11, 12,	Hillsboro, Or., Sept., 25, 26, 27, 28,
Buckley...W. T., ".....13, 14,	North Yamhill...Or., Sept.....29,
Davenport, " ".....17, 18,	Forest Grove... " ".....30,
Cheney... " ".....19,	Talent, Or., and vicinity Oct. 3, 4, 5,
Rosalie... " ".....20,	6, 7,
Sprague.. " ".....21,	Linkville.....Or., Oct. 11, 12, 13,
Pasco....." ".....22,	Sacramento.....Cal., Oct. 20,
Dayton...W. T., Aug.....24, 25,	San Francisco....." " 27,
Pomeroy...W. T., Aug.....26,	Los Angeles and vicinity the month
La Grange, Or....Aug.....29,	of November,
Union.....Or. ".....30,	San Diego and vicinity the month of
Baker City, Or. Sept.....1,	December.
Prairie City, Or. and vicinity, Sept.	
4, 5, 6, 7, 8,	

One thing the Irish people should remember—that every advance they have made, every right gained has been from non-Catholic leaders, while on the other hand, every loss, every degradation has come from their connection with the Roman Catholic church.—American Citizen.

"I do not believe that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and so the object of this movement is an effort to change that feature in our fundamental law." So said Rev. W. D. Gray, secretary of the Missouri National Reform Convention. And he was afterwards elected secretary of the permanent state organization—the Missouri Sabbath Association.—American Sentinel.

RHUBARB BITTERS impart a delicious flavor to all drinks, cure dyspepsia, promote digestion, and regulate the bowels. Try them. A. G. Wood, 323 Eddy st., S. F.

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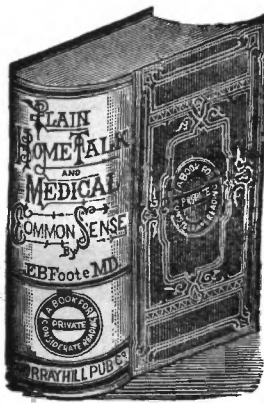
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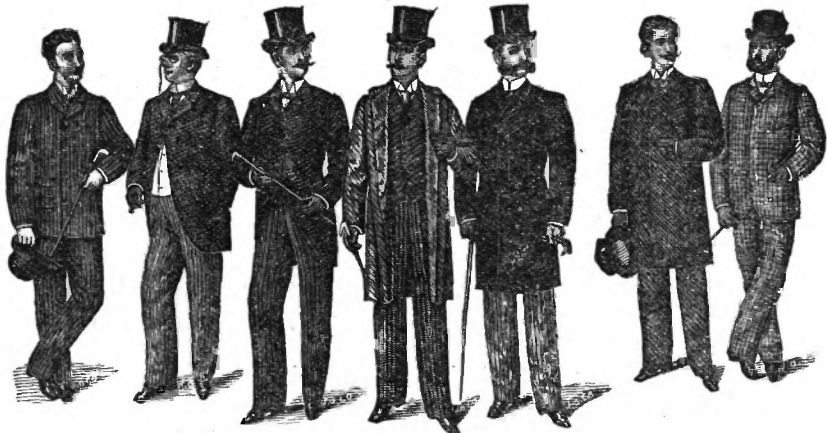
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THE government has totally suppressed the Lutheran Church in Russia. This is one of the beauties of a union of church and state which the National Reform Association and the Roman Catholics are endeavoring to effect in this country.

IN commemorating their national holiday on the 14th our French citizens should not have neglected to make a prominent note of the fact that California is the only state in the Union except one whose laws would have permitted them to have their parade and other festivities on Sunday. The fall of the Sabbatarian Bastille is worth celebrating.

TO PROMOTE the advancement of knowledge the Daily Examiner gave a Paris Exposition ticket to the best scholar in our public schools. In pursuance of the same object the Examiner last Saturday devoted a half column of space to the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Lick Academy of Sciences, and two columns (illustrated) to a prize-fight.

THE laying of the corner stone of the new Academy of Sciences building to-day was remarkable in that neither prayer nor praise constituted a part of the ceremony. Of course the Academy knows its own business. But it seems to us that this is taking considerable chances in an earthquake country.—Daily Report, July 12.

The Report errs in saying that neither prayer nor praise constituted a part of the ceremony. It is true that prayer was very appropriately omitted, but all the speakers paid glowing tributes of praise to James Lick.

IN a letter to the editor of the London Agnostic Journal, the ex-reverend, ex-Infidel, ex-Spiritualist, ex-Theosophist, ex-Gnostic George Chainey defines his present religious belief. He says:

"In America the majority who have the name Freethinkers are merely No-thinkers. As a party, they think I am fickle and changeable, when every step I have taken has been impelled by one unchangeable purpose—to seek the truth in love. When I gave my lecture in Paine Hall, on the strength of which they reported me an orthodox Christian, I stated distinctly that I was a Buddhist and a Mohammedan as well as a Christian, and that I had no more fear of being called such, because, with Emerson, I saw that Jesus Christ belonged to the true race of prophets. He saw with open eye the mystery of the soul."

Mr. Chainey may possibly think he is searching for the truth,

but he is looking in the wrong direction to find it. Buddhism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, which he professes to have embraced, contain about all the errors the human mind is capable of falling into.

COL. ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD, president of the National Sunday-Law Association, owns a controlling interest in the Fifth avenue stages, which he refuses to run on Sunday. The American Catholic News explains why. It says: "The truth is that there is no money in running the Fifth avenue stages on Sunday; so they are employed in Central Park, where the demand on 'the day of rest' is greater than the stages run there on week days can accommodate."

SECULAR THOUGHT, Charles Watts's paper, published at Toronto, Canada, has changed its color and the style of its heading, and promises to take a fresh hold and advocate Secularism more powerfully than ever. There is need of it in Toronto, as Mr. Watts reports that in that city on Sunday "all business is suspended, street cars are not allowed to run, newspapers are not permitted to be sold, and the pulpits have a complete monopoly of public attention."

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, July 21, at 8 o'clock. H. W. Faust will lecture on "Travels and Views Abroad," illustrated by stereopticon.

NEWS AND NOTES.

It is a beautiful day on the Columbia river, which sparkles with a million silver billows. The low, green islands shine along. The soft hills, wooded, and interspersed here and there with green and golden fields, and ornamented with half-hidden dwellings, embrace the beaming stream. The boat sweeps along with boisterous song. The overhanging canopy, packed with white clouds upon the horizon, or spreading off into glistening smoke, in which luminous mountains are faintly seen, the central dome an intense blue, glorifies the mingling pictures ever changing around this sea-like tide. The day is a glorious and dreamy spell. The heart forgets labor, and only beauty, joy, wonder, fill the immense expanse. It is a day for hope of the far and perfect splendor of humanity, when these sweet scenes of nature shall be transformed to living virtues; when the martyrdom of man shall give its crown of fire to his paradise of love and peace.

I spent a few minutes in Portland with friend Beal, whose silver age still looks to the dawn, though sorrow's darkest wing has dimmed life's fairest jewel. A daughter has become a star of memory, and is no longer the morning radiance. But the enthusiasm of his spirit is undiminished, and he is ready for the work and victory. He is planning for a noble convention in Portland next fall, and I believe his brightest anticipations will be realized.

On the lofty hill overlooking the Willamette is the home of Mrs. Carrie E. Haight, East Portland, and here, whether early or late, I always find a hearty welcome and the atmosphere of genuine Freethought. The picture of myself, referred to in last week's "Observations," underneath the gorgeous Chinese pheasant with outspread pinions, is the work of Willie Haight, who delights and excels in the creations of the artist. Friend Sutton, formerly, like myself, a clergyman, has found out that humanity is too good to be damned, and has concluded to preach no more sermons, but lend a hand in the harvest fields of real life. Lois Waisbrooker is also in this charming circle. She looks as if she might melt away at any moment into thin air, but she is a sturdy reformer and has not the slightest idea of passing over, for she has a pretty large contract of radical work on hand. She is writing a book, and in the meantime talks good sound sense to our Spiritualist friends, and persuades them to let the "other world" go, and do a little hauling and pulling for the car of progress here. Of course this is not quite so nice as holding communion with the spirits, but it strikes me that it is supremely beneficial all around, and that the good spirits on the other side will not feel neglected if we cease to "commune," and take the laboring oar. I hope friend Lois will not give up her mission of keeping the Spiritual "express train, through," on the track of this world, where it can occasionally stop "twenty minutes for dinner." We can't help getting hungry, and tired, and sleepy, even if we are immortals, and there are times when it is a great deal better to eat than to pray. I therefore shout amen to this ardent, uncompromising reformer. May her shadow never grow less.

Our friends the Hights have what I call a good thing in the way of a fanning-mill, although I do not know anything more about farming and fanning than Horace Greeley. However, I can tell the difference between wheat and oats, and that it is a desirable thing to separate them. This is what the fanning-mill does in a very neat and expeditious way, superior to anything else on the planet. Our friends want somebody to come in with one or two thousand dollars capital and help to put this invention upon the market. They have already advertised in FREETHOUGHT, but I feel like calling special attention to this matter, for I know my friends to be thoroughly reliable. I do not want one to go on my judgment, but I do feel like saying to any who read these notes, and desire to go into business with a capital of one or two thousand dollars, that here is a chance—that is, they can inform themselves about the matter and judge for themselves. The object of FREETHOUGHT is to bring friends together in social communication, and if any benefit can accrue from this, all right. We don't want to go it blind in theology or business. Of course I lay down no law for poker. I don't know anything about it. Therefore if anyone is looking about for a business opening I simply advise them to enter into correspondence with Mrs. Carrie E. Haight, East Portland, Oregon.

Of course I called at Charlie Saunders's "corner grocery" where everything is in apple-pie order, and our friend Charles is kept busy, and like a Liberal gentleman as he is, popular with all. I missed Grandma Saunders and Miss Orlie, and the others, but they are in the golden sunshine of California, and I will not see them until November. Professor Seymour promised to put in an appearance for the Fourth of July, but he didn't do it, and so I missed a hand-shake. I understand that Portland is progressing rapidly. Well, October will tell the story, and two thousand Freethinkers, in convention assembled, shall give the pledge of the glorious "good time coming."

Saturday I come down upon Kalama like "the wolf on the fold." The Christians are startled. They didn't know what to make of the Infidel. Did he have horns and hoofs, or what? They tried to keep him out of the Grand Army Hall, but it wouldn't do. The lecture on Saturday night was in the school-house, and Sunday afternoon and evening, in the Grand Army Hall. There were not a great many present at the lectures. Only a few Freethinkers are here. They are good, what there are, and mean business. The Christians are ignorant and prejudiced. Between the two extremes there is a big mass of indifference. But the ball has been set rolling and it will roll on. My friend Geo. G. Svensson is a host in himself. He keeps the world moving round about Kalama. He has the cosmopolitan spirit. He has been quite over the world in the navy of the United States, and he has come pretty near being eaten by cannibals. Therefore he is not afraid of the Christians. He has a fine library, and keeps copies of FREETHOUGHT and Liberal journals always on the go. He was the wheel-horse at Kalama, and right gallantly did he do his duty.

W. D. Close, of the Havana House, is a comrade true, post-commander of the Grand Army here, and a Liberal. I greet him as a fellow soldier, and if any pilgrim is drifted to Kalama I advise him to go to the Havana House.

John Lysons, of Carrollton; C. F. C. Hoffman, Chas. Hunter, O. T. Skolend, Victor Wisell, and others, are in our ranks of Freethought, and having entered for the war they propose to keep the flag a-flying.

Kalama was once a flourishing place, with three thousand inhabitants. Then came the fire-fiend, and blackened ruins took the place of the busy settlement. The railroad removed its shops, and Kalama received what is called a "black eye."

But it has too good a location to be permanently disabled. It is county seat of Cowlitz county. It has good farming lands about it, off from the river. It is a profitable shipping-point, in some respects better than Portland. It has a delicious climate. Just now the views about it are delightful, in the glittering morning and cool, golden evening. The river is a mile and a half wide here, and presents a magnificent appearance in the floods of sunset or the splendor of the moon. Some day a fair and prosperous village will shine along these verdant heights, and the shore will greet the mighty river with the music of progress.

I am on the river now, as my opening sentences declare, and, having just taken a recess and eaten a splendid dinner, I am in a very happy frame of mind. I enjoy the majestic scenery. The boat skims along like a bird. The river broadens. The sea is coming with its shining leagues. The sky is softening, for the sun is sinking to its gorgeous couch. The clouds begin to quiver with gold. There are preparations for a royal night of a thousand stars and the silver moon—when river and the ocean meet, and each shall strive to give to the other the jewels it has gathered, the one from the mighty mountains and plains, the other from where the orient and occident mingle their resplendent hues.

F. C. Scharnhorst, widely known for his liberality and interest in Freethought, met me at Kalama, and stayed through the campaign, and is now with me on the boat, going to Astoria, Stark's Point, Gray's River, and Barney's. He is a soldier from head to foot, and is bound to be at the front and stand by the guns through thick and thin. He glorifies old age with the martial enthusiasm of youth.

Astoria looms in view, a city by the sea, of boundless possibilities. On the varied hillsides its dwellings glitter. The broad

stream stretches to Gray's River and Stark's Point. The mountains are luminous in rugged forms. Beyond the bar the mighty ocean sends its million waves to the golden west. A beautiful scene indeed it is—a wonderful immensity of blazing lights and colors, and vast expanses, and blue heights trembling in the glowing heavens.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

On the Columbia, July 8, 1889.

LET SECULARISTS BE ACTIVE.

The Constitutional Convention of Washington Territory was organized last week, and on Tuesday the committee began the consideration of the proposed constitution. The Ministerial Association is making an active effort to secure exemption of church property from taxation. Owners of private educational schools will insist that they are entitled to the same exemption, and the two classes will form a pool for mutual aid. The Young Men's Christian Associations, the trustees of orphan and other "homes" controlled by the various sects, will present their claims to exemption, and so will the managers of private hospitals.

The friends of justice should organize at once and circulate petitions for the equal taxation of all property not owned by the United States, the state, counties, cities, or other municipal subdivisions. The exemption of private property from equal taxation should be prohibited, and to secure this end all in favor of it should send in to the member of the convention from their own districts their protests against such exemption.

The session may last but thirty-five days, as by that time the appropriation for expenses will be exhausted. Prompt action is therefore necessary to secure the required provision.

The people of the other prospective states should also take the same course with regard to any movement for the practical union of church and state.

THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE.

The French people made a good choice when they selected the date of the demolition of their state-prison as a day of celebration. The Bastille was something like the Tower of London, where many an innocent person has been imprisoned. The secrecy connected with it and the strictness of its discipline caused it for centuries to be regarded with horror and awe, for the unfortunate person who once found himself immured in the Bastille generally left hope outside. No one was safe while the prison stood. Any person was liable to be arrested and conveyed to it, unknown to friends, unconscious of the offense charged, and without any other form of law than the *lettre de cachet* signed by the monarch or a secretary of state. These orders, historians say, were sometimes given on the request of a court favorite, or royal mistress, with blanks to be filled up with names as they chose, and thus became the instruments of caprice or malice.

Voltaire was among the many other celebrated persons who occupied apartments in the Bastille. He spent nearly a year there on suspicion of having been the author of satires which gave offense to the royal aristocrats. One old man named Latude languished in confinement more than forty-seven years before the benignant Louis XVI. opened the door of his cell and gave him his liberty. It was outrages like these that led to the destruction of the prison and finally to the Revolution.

On the 14th of July, 1789, upwards of twelve thousand people, armed with whatsoever they could lay their hands on, appeared before the Bastille and demanded its surrender. The governor

at first feigned compliance with their demands and then suddenly opened fire on them. This settled the doom of the old fortress. The people brought cannon to bear upon its walls and carried it by storm. Their first act was to set free the prisoners; the next to massacre the treacherous governor and his garrison. So the Bastille fell, and the municipality of Paris gave orders for its complete demolition, which were carried out. On its site to-day stands a large column erected to the memory of the heroes of the Revolution of July, 1830.

The 14th of July is particularly a day of the people. The aristocrats do not celebrate it, as is shown by the action of the commander of the man-of-war Duquesne, now in this port, who not only held aloof from Sunday's celebration, but forbade his men to take part in the exercises.

THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

The laying of the cornerstone of the Academy of Sciences calls to mind once more the generosity of its benefactor, the Infidel, James Lick. California is indebted to him for the finest observatory in the world, and San Francisco owes to him her prospective School of Mechanic Arts, future free baths, and some of the finest statuary that stands in her public places. Add to these and other gifts the Pioneer Hall and the Academy of Sciences, and the great work done by James Lick begins to be realized.

The address of President Harkness, published in another column, gives a very good history of the Academy up to date. We can only hope that the future management of the munificent gift may be according to the intention of the donor, so that the institution may be an honor to him as he was an honor to the state, the country, and the world.

RANFORD WORTHING's address on "Law and Government" is creating some discussion in the San Diego Beacon, in which paper it originally appeared.

"The people of Johnstown," says the San Diego Beacon, "are losing their faith in providence. Samuel P. Putnam's 'Why Don't He Lend a Hand?' is now in demand among the disillusionized sufferers."

We have nothing to do with the differences between our Spiritualist contemporaries; but when the "Sower" speaks of Dr. Schlesinger's paper as the "Carrion Dove" we cannot help saying that we wish things were otherwise.

Our subscriber W. H. Galvani, of Spokane Falls, celebrated the Fourth by issuing the first number of his Labor paper, the Northern Light, a four-page weekly journal. Brother Galvani appears to have all the ability and enthusiasm necessary to successful journalism.

We can heartily indorse the New York Truth Seeker in its tribute to Mrs. Mary W. Bennett, the widow of D. M. Bennett, contained in the following words: "Mrs. R. B. Hayes, wife of Ex-President Hayes, is dead, stricken with paralysis and living but a few days after the stroke. The religious papers are extolling her to the skies. The Advocate says: 'Those who only heard of her religious ways and the exclusion of intoxicating liquors from the White House may have thought her bigoted, but those who met her there missed not the wine, such was the unaffected grace of her bearing and the charm of her heartiness.' Say nothing but good of the dead, is sound charity, but we cannot

forget that it was Mrs. Hayes's 'religious ways' that kept D. M. Bennett in a prison cell for nearly thirteen long months, and brought the keenest anguish to another woman whose unaffected grace of bearing more than equals any charm Mrs. Hayes may have had, and who in her silent sorrow proved herself a thousand times worthier the name of woman than Mrs. Hayes in her regal power, as wife of a president."

THE Methodist Episcopal Church Conference has presented a memorial to the Constitutional Convention of Montana praying the convention to incorporate in the new constitution a clause relating to the strict observance of Sunday. They also pray for a clause prohibiting the manufacture and sale of all intoxicating liquors or stimulants as a beverage.

THE "New Ideal" for July contains thirty-two pages the size of FREETHOUGHT, and all but two are filled by a report of the Free Religious Association Convention, held May 30. The addresses were exceedingly able and interesting, though the speakers, as a rule, did not display a very great amount of robust infidelity.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The centennial of the fall of the Bastille was celebrated last Sunday. In San Francisco some 10,000 people took part in the ceremonies. Many buildings were handsomely decorated, and there was a long procession with numerous bands of music.—Several bloody murders have occurred recently in Chinatown, in which Chinese were the assailants and the victims.—Three prisoners were suffocated by fire in the jail burnt at Jacksonville, Or., on the 12th.—Bakersfield is rapidly rebuilding, about 60 frame buildings being now erected or under way. Brick blocks are to go up on the principal streets.—Fresno lost \$300,000 by three fires last week.—Seattle sends thanks to all who have contributed to the needs of her citizens, and the Relief Committee states that it has sufficient funds on hand to meet all requirements.—The Italian Chamber of Commerce of this city has received information announcing the establishment of a regular line of sailing vessels to run direct between the ports of San Francisco and Genoa, Italy.—Miss Kate Field, the "Apostle of the Grape," who was employed a few months ago by the state board of viticultural commissioners to further the wine industries of California in the East, has tendered her resignation because of the adverse criticism by Governor Waterman upon her methods of handling the funds placed at her disposal.—The body of Jas. C. Flood, the California millionaire who died in Europe, reached this city July 10, and was buried in Calvary cemetery.

The current report that Secretary of State Blaine has resigned is denied on high authority.—The town of Princeton, Butler county, O., was nearly blown away by a cyclone last Sunday. It had thirty houses, a sawmill, and a schoolhouse, all of which are gone.—The strike of Andrew Carnegie's men in Pittsburg, Pa., is settled.—Hadji Hassen Ghooly Khan, the Persian minister to this country, has gone home. He appears to be a low-lived reprobate, and public sentiment has proved too much for him.—The Rev. E. F. Flemon, a colored clergyman, was arrested at Pittsburg, Pa., at the conclusion of church services July 9, and charged with being an escaped murderer from South Carolina.—The Rev. Hudson Smith, who fifteen weeks ago mysteriously disappeared and finally reached San Francisco, has returned to Boston. He does not explain his absence satisfactorily, but it is believed he was mentally deranged at the time of his disappearance. He will probably resume his pastorate at the Pilgrim church soon.—Johnstown, N. Y., has been flooded by a terrific storm, and fifteen lives and much property lost.

Parnell and other Irish leaders have withdrawn from the commission investigating the Times-Parnell matter.—The pope has set the cardinals to discussing the best place for holding the conclave to elect his successor.—The London correspondent of the New York Herald says there is a split in the Liberal ranks

in the House of Commons, one party being represented by Gladstone and Parnell and the other by Bradlaugh and Labouchere.—A number of bishops have petitioned the Vatican to elevate Christopher Columbus to the position of a saint on the anniversary of the discovery of America.

OBSERVATIONS.

It is announced in the Golden Gate that Fred Evans will return to San Francisco on the next trip of the Alameda. Mr. Evans informs the editor of the same paper that many times while in Australia he has been a medium for the production of writing between slates sealed and locked together. I am authorized to offer Mr. Evans the current price for psychographic phenomena if he will cause writing to appear on the inside of the two slates prepared for him before he went to the antipodes.

The Hon. F. B. Perkins spoke at the last meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society. There was good attendance and no diminution of interest. Vice-President Lemme occupied the chair, welcoming the audience cordially, and expressing his pleasure at introducing to them the lecturer of the evening, who would speak upon the subject of "Persecution."

Mr. Perkins was greeted with applause. He spoke with great earnestness and rapidity, and covered a vast amount of ground in his hour's address. Persecution, he said, was the only method ever used with any effect against the spread of Freethought. But persecution was not always of a religious kind. It was the obstinate following with an evil mind of an enemy with intent to make him uncomfortable. There was newspaper persecution, consisting of mean attacks upon some public man. There was industrial persecution, when employees were blacklisted and refused work. In speaking of the early Christian martyrs, Mr. Perkins said that they were not persecuted for being Christians, but because they appeared to be undermining the state. It was not bigotry but patriotism which led the Romans to oppose the Christians, who composed a secret society and were regarded as conspirators. The pagans were not proselyters, and were totally indifferent to the religious belief of others. All religions with a hell were bound to persecute. The hellist justifies his persecution by arguing that the brief agonies he inflicts upon his victim are nothing to the punishment he is saving him from, and if his doctrine were true, it was good luck for an unbeliever to be persecuted. The Christian church persecutes for self-preservation. It has no other argument. Its first campaign was against astronomy, and Copernicus, Galileo, and Bruno were its victims. Defeated finally in this branch of science, it attacked geology, but fared no better. Then came biology, and the church lost again. The next war, Mr. Perkins believed, would be in the domain of psychology—the doctrine of the soul. This followed as a logical sequence, since the warfare began with astronomy, or the outer field of science; narrowed to geology, or the earth; thence to biology, or man himself. In the narrowing process the human mind would be the succeeding stage of conflict. The result will be the wiping out of all revealed religion and miracles. In all these conflicts the church has persecuted to the extent of her power. Clement VIII. had the power to burn Bruno at the stake, but his baffled successor, Leo XIII., could only seclude himself and make faces at the Freethinkers who erected the statue of Bruno on the spot where he was martyred. Protestants were in no sense behind Catholics in the matter of persecution. "That infernal scoundrel, John Calvin," was as bad as any pope, and hell was not of the slightest use without Calvin in it. Christian persecution is not so deadly, but it is just as mean as ever. It breaks out now in some act like the throwing of a kerosene lamp at a Freethought lecturer, as occurred in Ukiah; or tearing down posters, or slinging mud, as happens at other places. The way for Freethinkers to meet persecution and ostracism, the speaker said, in conclusion, was by organizing for strength, and leading upright and blameless lives.

Mr. Knight, following, argued that the teaching of religion by authority was the source of persecution. The church believed itself the mouthpiece of God and was impatient of contradiction.

Mr. Curtis referred to the Garden of Eden as the first scene of

persecution by a corporation consisting of the Father, Son & Holy Ghost. This corporation had "no body to be kicked and no soul to be damned," and it locked out and black-listed Adam and Eve.

Mr. Jones offered some remarks about the persecution at present inflicted on the people of Siberia.

Mr. Williams awoke a lively discussion by suggesting that the collection be dispensed with and that a number of members who could afford it should subscribe from twenty-five cents to a dollar a week to pay expenses. He found it impossible to get outsiders there the second time after the hat had been presented to them once.

Mr. Schou arose in defense of the hat, and argued his case with such eloquence and was supported so unanimously by other speakers, that when Mr. Williams's motion was put to vote it was hopelessly lost.

The next meeting will be addressed by Mr. H. W. Faust, who will illustrate his views with a stereopticon. It is easy to foretell a lively lecture and plenty of fun.

I notice that in the Investigator of July 3 Mr. W. S. Bell reports his success as a lecturer in this city and Oakland. He spoke twice here, of which events he observes:

I cannot say that my not lecturing oftener and getting more pay for what I did is in any way owing to cheap Chinese labor.

About his effort in Oakland he says:

Mr. A. H. Schou made all the arrangements for my lecture in this city. He very kindly introduced me to the audience, and also acted as master of ceremonies in the matter of taking up a collection. I am still further indebted to the gentleman for reporting my lecture through the columns of FREETHOUGHT as "a very enjoyable lecture," as I consider that quite a compliment.

Mr. Schou always makes the arrangements for Liberal lectures in Oakland. He also presides, as a rule, and passes the hat, but this is the first time he has tried his hand at reporting. Mr. Bell may well esteem it a compliment that an exception was made in his case.

Mr. Bell continues:

June 6 I addressed a small but very select audience in San Francisco.

It is now the Society's turn to feel complimented, but I am sorry to say that Mr. Bell's description of his audience applies also to the collection taken on the occasion, which amounted to only \$9.30.

In my report of this lecture I must have implied that there were whiskers on some of the speaker's jokes, for he argues:

After all, it is a question of taste as to the kind of wit one prefers. There is the venerable and antique style, abounding in hoary hairs, and though classic yet flavored mildly with decay and somewhat forcibly reminding one of "chestnuts;" while on the other hand there is the fresh and verdant joke, ornate with pin feathers, and so mild in spirit as to be liable at any moment to die with the pip.

Of course it is all a matter of taste, but the poet has remarked, or is about to remark, that

There's nothing so bright as the new,
There's nothing so dull as the old;
Better a joke with a feather or two
Than a tale that has been thrice told;
Better be fresh with the morning dew
Than covered all over with mould—
Better by several fold.

I am always on the lookout for gems of speech, though sometimes I cannot grasp the thought which the author has clearly expressed. Thus I copy the following from the London Agnostic Journal. It is part of a book review written by the editor, who says:

It is professedly the intuitional reminiscences of the soul of its planes of past existence, and divine adumbrations of its absorption into the Absolute. The aim of individualized entity is to cease to heterogenize and to aspire to homogenize, and the golden rule of wisdom—nay, a rule which in this materialistic age should be written in diamonds—is laid down: "Truth is never phenomenal, but always metaphysical." The Absolute is sequently affirmed to be pure abstract thought; and, as I have frequently insisted, the process of psychic evolution is distinctly from self-externalization into pure subjectivity.

I have not time now to catch the meaning of the above, but I

am camping on its trail and may overtake it. As a home sample of lucid expression I quote a gemlet from a pamphlet on the "Soul's Absolute Proclamation of the Existent System," by J. Alexander Strever, of San Jose. Mr. Strever remarks:

The relative of a condition is the present manifestation of the combination of atoms constituting that condition of nature's gradations, evolving in life's cohesion of the combinations of the conditions of nature's evolution of life's molecular gradations of combinations of soul's universal ascendancy, to eternally reconstitute the same condition of nature at the same point in the existent compass of nature's gradations of combinations in soul's involution of universal descendancy.

A man who has such mental illuminations as that might make himself conspicuous at the head of a torchlight procession if he could time his fulgurations so as to hit a presidential campaign.

Of a different style, but no less striking, is the Fourth of July oration of Mr. Hook, delivered at Concord, in the very heart of Contra Costa county. I will ask the reader to gaze upon this:

The breath of freedom fills our valleys, is wafted to the monarch of nature—Yosemite. Yosemite booms it to Shasta; Shasta bows and reflects it to Columbia; Columbia ripples and dances it to the pines; the pines murmur it to the eternal glaciers of Alaska. The glaciers, with tears of joy, weep it to the Yukon; the Yukon swells and surges it to the shores of Asia, down through the Indian Ocean, through the Red Sea, to the classic shores of the Mediterranean, upon the breath of the lotus-laden Nile to the roving Stanley, back on the breath of the simoon to the Eternal City. Mont Blanc catches its song, Switzerland and France join in the grand chorus. On through the olive groves of Spain to the gates of Gibraltar it battles and thunders until all Europe wonders, while it flies over the fields of England. Across the Irish Sea it sings a song of Hope at the door of the ever down-trodden son of Erin. There the thumb and finger of American science turns the screw that sends it tick! tick! beneath the Atlantic's roar—fathoms deep! Behold, it sits sparkling upon the finger-tips of "Liberty Enlightening the World!" which throw it to the far Sierras. The Sierras glance it to Diablo; Diablo shimmers it to Hamilton; Hamilton sights it to the stars; the stars, in the eternal space, sing it to the angels: "American Liberty still lives, and shall for all time!"

The effete monarchies of the Old World may produce philosophers who can solve the problem of the absolute; the seer of Santa Clara valley may voice the proclamation of the soul, but when it comes to spreading the American eagle the philosopher and seer have to weaken.

The God of day, whose chariot never stops,
Beams brightly from Diablo's mountain tops;
But 'tis the eloquence of Hook that spills
Effulgence over Contra Costa's hills.

ONE of the characteristic touches in Professor Huxley's article on "Agnosticism and Christianity," is that where he points out that the evidence of spiritists' miracles is far superior to that adduced for the invention of the cross, and then puts into a footnote "Dr. Newman's observations that the miraculous multiplication of the pieces of the true cross is no more wonderful than that of the loaves and the fishes, is one that I do not see my way to contradict." Professor Huxley, like Gibbon, puts some of his sharpest observations into footnotes.—London Freethinker.

WE have received a very neat little pamphlet entitled "The Glory of Infidelity," by Samuel P. Putnam, editor of FREETHOUGHT, and one of the best orators in America. We hadn't suspected that there was much glory in being an Infidel, but we will see what Mr. Putnam has to say about it. Anyone desiring a copy of this publication can obtain it by sending 10 cents to Putnam & Macdonald, 504 Kearny street, San Francisco.—Brighton, Col., Register.

LECTURE DATES.—S. P. Putnam's lecture dates for the river are as follows: Coquille City, July 30; Randolph, July 31; Bandon, August 1; Myrtle Point, August 2; Arago, August 3; Fair Grounds, August 4, on which occasion a basket picnic will be held. The Coquille Secular Union will meet at Coquille City July 30.—Bandon Recorder.

ONE of the best of S. P. Putnam's lectures is "The Glory of Infidelity." He has now published it in an exceedingly pretty pamphlet, adding to it a poem on Thomas Paine, which sells for ten cents. Address Putnam & Macdonald, 504 Kearny street, San Francisco, Cal.—The Truth Seeker.

A FREETHINKER'S CONTRIBUTION TO SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE.

LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF THE LICK ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

The ceremonies of laying the cornerstone of the future Academy of Science on Market street, near Fourth, in this city, took place Friday afternoon, July 12. By two o'clock, the hour set for the beginning of the exercises, about 350 people had seated themselves upon the platform prepared for them just inside the fence, and awaited the appearance of the president of the day. The officers of the academy and a number of invited guests took seats upon a platform on the eastern side of the grand floor of the structure. The northern side of the platform touched the massive cornerstone, which swung from a derrick over the hole prepared for it. Upon the platform were Messrs. Percy and Hamilton, the architects; S. W. Holladay, Judge Sawyer, President Harkness, C. F. Crocker, George C. Perkins, Dr. Behr, E. J. Molera, Irving M. Scott, and others. Prominent among the audience were many men well-known in scientific and political circles. Quite a number of ladies graced the occasion by their presence.

It was a few minutes after two o'clock when Colonel C. F. Crocker, president of the day, stepped forward to the table at the front of the platform, and in a brief address announced the object of the gathering. The building whose cornerstone was about to be laid was a lasting monument to the memory of James Lick, he said. The Market-street front will be used for stores and offices, and will show an ornamental facade which will make the building one of the most notable of the city. There will be an assembly-room large enough to accommodate four hundred people; a museum and a library will be among the features of the institution, and on the upper floors will be experimental rooms for the use of the demonstrators of scientific principles. The rentals of the building and the investment of other funds will yield the academy a larger income than is enjoyed by any other scientific institution.

Mr. Crocker introduced Irving M. Scott, who delivered the address of the day upon "The Development of Science."

ADDRESS OF HON. IRVING M. SCOTT.

Mr. President, Trustees, and Members of the Academy of Sciences: It is with no little diffidence that I attempt to address you at this time. The exalted character of your society—known and honored for its profound learning throughout the entire world—might well deter from the undertaking one more gifted by nature and ripe in scholarship than myself.

I am mindful, too, that the world will pronounce upon what is said and done here this day. The laying of the cornerstone of the edifice of the Academy of Sciences of San Francisco, constitutes an occasion of no ordinary moment; and, were the limiting veil of mortality drawn aside, who shall say that it would not discover as a most earnest participant the presence of him whose munificent bequest is its *causa causans*?

But whether this might occur—real or ideal—affects not our grateful remembrance of his magnanimous and generous deed.

This magnificent structure, whose cornerstone we this day lay, will be a monument—a Pharos, whose beams of light will not only affect the grand object of enlightening and elevating man adown the course of time, but will transmit to the latest posterity the name of James Lick as one of the greatest benefactors to science of his time.

The subject upon which I propose to speak on this occasion is "The Development of Science."

Philosophy teaches that all phenomena, whether physical, intellectual, social, or moral, are aspects resulting from the operation of law. Science itself is an exemplification of this form of government.

Euclid of Alexandria contributes to science a treatise on elementary geometry which has ranked as a faultless model of exact reasoning and standard of exact demonstration for nearly twenty-two centuries.

He was the author of several other works on mathematics, as "Conic Sections, Division, and Porisms." He is honored with the title "Father of Geometry." When asked by Ptolemy I. "if geometry could not be mastered by an easier process," he is re-

ported to have answered, "There is no royal road to geometry."

Archimedes of Syracuse is esteemed the ablest of the ancient geometers. He also excelled in mechanics, theoretical and practical, as is attested by his brilliant discoveries in physics and his mechanical inventions. Thus he first determined the true theory of the lever, the method for the determination of specific gravity, invented the endless screw-pump, burning mirrors, catapults, and other engines for throwing projectiles. "Eureka! Eureka! and give me whereon to stand and I will move the world," will doubtless be repeated as long as language is spoken.

With respect to his mathematical achievements he determined approximately the ratio of the circumference of a cylinder to its diameter; the quadrature of the parabola; the solid contents of a sphere, and certain properties of the spiral, known as the Spiral of Archimedes. According to his direction, a cylinder inclosing a sphere was engraved on his tombstone. No advance in theoretical mechanics during the eighteen centuries intervening between Archimedes and Leonardi da Vinci seems to have been made.

Eratosthenes, contemporary with Archimedes, had the superintendence of the Alexandrian library. He determined the interval between the tropics to be eleven eighty-thirds (11-83) of the circumference of the earth; found the circumference of the earth fifty times the distance between Alexandria and Cyrene; ascertained that the verticals of terrestrial gravity converge; wrote "a complete description of the earth in three books—physical, mathematical, and historical, accompanied by a map of all parts then known;" considered the geological submersion of land, the elevation of ancient sea beds, the opening of the Dardanelles and the straits of Gibraltar. In his time no one competent to form an opinion doubted the globular form of the earth, nor the doctrine of its poles, axes, the equator, arctic and antarctic circles, equinoctial points, solstices, colures, and horizon. Eclipses no longer inspired the beholder with superstitious awe. Their true causes had been assigned, so that the periods of their occurrence could be predicted.

At this epoch, figuratively speaking, science was at its flood, not so much at Athens as at Alexandria. Here was the state institution, the celebrated museum, with its library, said to contain 700,000 volumes. Here concentrated the philosophers of the world. The institution numbered at one time fourteen thousand students. It embraced a garden of plants for the study of botany, a menagerie for the study of zoology, and "an anatomical school suitably provided with means for the dissection of the human body."

Also, for the study of astronomy, it contained instruments, as the equinoctial and solstitial armil, stone quadrants, astrolabes, and dioptras. On the floor a meridian line was drawn for the adjustment of the instruments.

The mind dwells with profound delight upon the scene thus presented to view, but saddens to contemplate the gloom that settles upon it. It is a glorious sunset succeeded by a night of many centuries, during which the fountains of science well nigh dry up, and its river ceases to flow perceptibly. The portals of nature, opened by the searchers after truth, are closed and guarded by the evil genii of war, patristicism, bigotry, superstition, and sorcery. War, as a python, crushed in its deadly folds the body, while hydra-headed patristicism repressed thought, perverted and enslaved the mind, that noblest and grandest of all existences. Patristicism, founded on the principle that the scriptures contain all knowledge permitted to man, became, on the decline of Greek philosophy, the self-constituted arbiter with respect to that knowledge and man.

In 1632 Galileo published a work entitled "The System of the World," whose object was to establish the truth of the Copernican doctrine. Its conclusions were unanswerable since they were based upon actual experiments. It furnished a store of facts for the use of other philosophers. We forbear to mention that the only argument adduced to controvert these facts were *ipse dixit* and persecution.

Kepler, availing himself of the experimental data furnished by Galileo and of other facts at his command, sought to determine the laws obtaining in the Copernican system—the laws presiding over the distances, times, and velocities of the planets.

In speaking of his effort he says: "I considered and reflected till I was almost mad." At length, after submitting guess after guess and hypothesis after hypothesis to computation, he deduced the following, known as "Kepler's Laws:"

1. The orbit of each planet is an ellipse with the sun in one of its foci.
2. The radius vector of each planet describes equal arcs in equal times.
3. The squares of the periods of the planets are proportional to the cubes of their mean distances from the sun.

The discovery of these laws relieved the system of eccentrics and epicycles and, so far as tested, fulfilled all the requirements. But as yet their truth was solved but in a partial manner.

Before considering their general solution, let reference be made to the state of philosophy, especially that of mechanics, so indispensable to its attainment.

Of fluxions or calculus it may well be said that "it is one of the greatest, most subtle, and sublime discoveries of this or perhaps any age; that it opens a new world to us and extends our knowledge, as it were, to infinity; that it carries us beyond the bounds which seem to have been prescribed to the human mind—at least, infinitely beyond those to which ancient geometry was confined."

The differential and integral calculus of Leibnitz is supplemented by the calculus of variations originating with La Grange. A knowledge of the calculus is absolutely necessary to thorough analytical research in the higher branches of physical science. Illustrative of its vast scope and inestimable value, let reference be made to the "Celestial Mechanics" of Laplace and to its worthy companion "The Analytical Mechanics of Benjamin Piérce," also, among the invaluable treatises on applied mechanics, to those of Weisbach and Rankine.

Geology, since the time of Avicenna, a thousand years ago, has developed into a noble and highly important science, embracing in its scope a knowledge of the changes that have occurred in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms. In a certain sense, therefore, it has become a cover-all for the sciences. It acquaints us with the structure of the earth from the time the erosion of its surface began. It reads in the earth's strata the unerring record of their formation.

It shows that mountains in some cases have emerged from the sea, and in others have sunk beneath its waves.

From the lessons learned of a particular formation embracing valuable treasures in one locality, it is enabled to direct the explorer to similar treasures on the discovery of a like formation in a different locality. It contributes largely to our knowledge of events that have occurred on the earth since the advent of man. As an instance, it shows by the excavating of pottery and other works of man in the valley of the Nile, that Egypt enjoyed a civilization of no inconsiderable advancement eight thousand years before the Great Pyramid was built and eleven thousand years before Herodotus, the "father of history," was born.

Experiment determines that heat, motion, electricity, galvanism, light, are convertible terms or forms of each other. Thus the heat generated by the combustion of carbon or other substance may be developed as mechanical power, electricity, light, or galvanism.

So, too, may the mechanical power of a stream of water be developed as heat, or transmitted as electricity to a point miles away and thence developed in the form of mechanical power, light, or other correlative form. Heat seems a form of energy, or in other words, heat is energy susceptible to change of form but not to destruction. It may exist as potential or dynamic energy.

"Throughout the universe the sum of these two energies is constant."

This new philosophy acquaints us with the methods of nature in effecting her works—brings us, as it were, into intimate companionship with her, so that without distrust she readily discloses those things which hitherto philosophy had held to be occult.

It enables us to measure and accurately determine the value of heat, light, motion, and electricity, in the known terms of foot pounds.

Its discoveries and inventions mark an epoch in the progress

of science unsurpassed in importance by that distinguished by the immortal discoveries and inventions of Galileo, Kepler, and Newton.

In this philosophy is reached the highest development of science yet attained, eminently a union of the sciences. Other developments may, and not improbably will, be made of a still higher order. Indeed, there seems ample reason for anticipating that the Academy of Sciences of San Francisco will still further distinguish itself by its efforts in augmenting the flow of this incomparably grand and beautiful stream.

Dr. H. W. Harkness, president of the Academy, was next introduced. He spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT HARKNESS.

On the 4th of April, 1853, a little band of lovers of science, seven in number, met in a small room in this city for the purpose of taking steps toward the organization of a society for the advancement of the natural sciences.

These men were Dr. Andrew Randall, Dr. Henry Gibbons, Dr. Albert Kellogg, T. J. Nevins, Charles Farris, Prof. T. B. Trask, and Lewis W. Sloat, all of whom are now numbered with the dead, the last to leave us being our lamented friend Dr. Kellogg. Seldom in civil life has there been an instance where results so important have grown out of the action of a body of men so few in number and most of them in such humble circumstances, for these men were the founders of the California Academy of Sciences, which after more than a third of a century of struggles and vicissitudes comes at last in assured prosperity to lay the corner-stone of its permanent home, to-day.

The early volumes of proceedings serve to show the character of our founders and their fitness for the work they had undertaken. With but few books of reference, fewer types for comparison, and beset by the cares and trials incident to the unsettled condition of society, they were still able to do much good work in their various lines of scientific research. In botany Dr. Albert Kellogg, whose love for the plants he studied was the passion of his life, has left an imperishable record as an honest and faithful observer. His merits are too well known to most of you to need recalling. Prof. T. B. Trask, many of whose notes and papers are found in our earlier volumes, was a geologist of marked ability, who, while most of the men of his day were eagerly engaged in the pursuit of wealth, was exploring valley and mountain in the interest of his favorite science. Dr. Henry Gibbons, another of the seven, was a careful observer in many lines of research, and is perhaps best known to science in connection with his meteorological records.

Time will not permit me to do justice to the many who subsequently became their co-workers. Special mention should, however, be made of the late Dr. William O. Ayres, who as an ichthyologist was undoubtedly the peer of any one of that period. His first paper, published in our proceedings in September, 1854, together with the many which followed, prove that his was a mind peculiarly adapted to scientific research, and his description of the fishes of this coast will always take rank as models of terseness and technical completeness.

Of the list of honorary members Drs. Torrey and Gray, especially the latter, were until the close of their lives, deeply interested in the welfare of our society and unwearied in their assistance to our local botanists.

Of the living members who were identified with the academy at an early period, a few are still actively engaged in scientific work. Dr. J. G. Cooper early contributed valuable zoological papers, and now, director of our museum, still continues his labors. R. E. C. Stearns, for many years an active and efficient member, is now employed and doing good work in conchology in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington. Of Dr. Hermann Behr, who, contributing papers to the academy in 1854, is still engaged in scientific work, too much cannot be said in praise. In his special branch of study (lepidoptera) he is the recognized authority on this coast, and in botany he is equally eminent. In addition to these branches of science, which would be sufficient to burden the mind of an ordinary man, the thoroughness of his early training and his extensive travel and varied studies make him a most valuable aid in other departments of science.

Our limits will not allow me to make mention of those who within the last twenty years have contributed by their scientific labors to the welfare of the society, and indeed it is hardly necessary, as their work is well known to you all.

For many years after its organization the society was much embarrassed by lack of funds, being unable even to pay the expenses of collectors, and so could not gather the material needed by specialists in their investigations, which from this cause were too often mistaken or incomplete. This was the more to be regretted as other and wealthier institutions, being able to employ agents, were eagerly collecting in this new field material of great scientific value which should have been retained within the museums of this state. A few years ago, however, Mr. Charles Crocker gave to the society the sum of \$20,000, to be used in the promotion of original research. This timely gift has been in the past, and will continue to be, of incalculable benefit to the academy.

Another acquisition of great importance was the collection presented by Mr. Crocker and Senator Leland Stanford. This valuable donation will, as soon as we have room to display it, be of great popular benefit, not only as a means of education for the young, but as one of the city's chief attractions.

The meeting of the society, held February 17, 1873, will long be remembered as an eventful one in our history, for on that occasion General John Hewston presented to the academy a deed from James Lick conveying the title to the land upon which this building is now being erected. This was the first intimation of his intention to furnish it material aid, although the deed was subsequently withdrawn, that he might substitute another more in accordance with the needs of the society. This generous gift was supplemented by his making the Academy of Sciences one of the residuary legatees of his estate, and from this source alone we shall at no distant day be in possession of not less than \$450,000, this being in addition to the land upon which the building is being erected.

We should be neglecting our duty if we failed upon this occasion to give expression to sentiments of gratitude to our benefactor, who has so munificently assisted us in our efforts to extend the boundaries of human knowledge.

Truly it may be said of him that in his many benefactions he has built himself a monument more enduring than marble, and so far as it was possible for one in his position to do, he has succeeded far beyond the hope of most of his fellow men in his effort to render his name immortal.

In yonder cemetery there stands a monument, bearing upon its face the name of him who sleeps beneath—that he was born, lived, and died—nothing more. His wealth sent beyond the seas, is in possession of those he never knew, and who will soon forget that he ever lived. Lichens have attached themselves to the stone, and are silently but surely at work to accomplish its destruction, and weeds and tangle hide the neglected grave. Now and again some passers-by will stop in an idle moment to read the brief story, until eventually the broken column disappears, and his name is lost to the memory of man.

Here, on the contrary, is a monument to one who is gone, which, while bringing blessings to countless generations yet unborn, will preserve his name among men so long as governments shall exist to protect the property he has so generously placed in our keeping.

The ceremonies were concluded by the laying of the corner-stone by President Harkness, with a trowel presented for the purpose by E. J. Molera.

The trowel was of silver and bore the inscription: "This trowel was used to lay the corner-stone of the California Academy of Sciences of San Francisco, July 12, 1889. Presented by E. J. Molera."

Dr. Harkness read a list of articles placed in the box imbedded in the corner-stone. Besides coins and newspapers, as usual, they included a photograph of James Lick; a picture of the new Academy of Sciences building; deed of trust of James Lick, dated September 21, 1876; three copies of the constitution of the Academy of Sciences, with names of members in 1876-81 and 1889; Directory of San Francisco for 1889; copy of Irving

M. Scott and Dr. Harkness's addresses upon the occasion of laying the corner-stone; proceedings of the academy in pamphlet form; memoirs of the academy, containing pictures of animals, plants, etc.; report of the Lick trustees; photograph of the great Lick telescope; formal recognition of the transfer of the Lick Observatory to the State University; register of the State University for 1887-88; meteorological reports of Oakland, by Dr. J. B. Trembley; portrait and biography of Governor Waterman.

Under the directions of J. W. Duncan, superintendent of construction, the stone was lowered into place, and with three hearty cheers for the Academy of Sciences, led by Geo. C. Perkins, the proceedings terminated.

HON. A. SCHELL AND THE ALBANY MINISTERS.

The Hon. A. Schell, the Red Mountain vineyardist, of Knight's Ferry, is now in Albany, N. Y., and the following letter which appeared in the Albany Times shows that there, as elsewhere, he is making it interesting for the clergymen:

"AN INTERESTING DISCUSSION."

To the Editor of the Albany Times,

SIR: Under the above head line you gave an account, under date June 24th, of a meeting held by the Protestant ministers of the city of Albany, at which they passed a resolution to read from their pulpits the names of all property owners who rent premises for liquor selling. For one, I propose to save them the trouble, for I am one of them. And while I rent my property under and pursuant to law, and pay taxes on the same, no threat shall deter me from exercising my personal privileges; nor have I any excuses or apologies to make to any of the ministers or any other persons of this city. To those who take exceptions to the exercise and enjoyment of my legitimate rights, I beg to say that their friendship I don't crave; their hostility I don't fear; their religion and principles I despise.

In the New York Sun of June 24 a statement appears to the effect that Mr. James Irvine, of Liverpool, was quoted in the house of lords as saying that 20,000 tons of bad rum and gin are sold annually to the natives along the west coast of Africa by "sincere Christians." If this statement be true, it appears that "sincere Christians" (say nothing about the insincere) are engaged in the liquor business as well as the saloon-keepers in the city of Albany, but not in the small way of the saloon, of selling by the glass, quart, bottle, or gallon, but by the ton. It takes sincere Christians to do a wholesale business in bad rum and gin. I venture to say there is not a saloon-keeper in the city of Albany who would sell bad rum and gin to the natives on the west coast of Africa unless he believes in the Christian religion.

Would it not be eminently proper for these reverend gentlemen to preach to, and pray for, and publish from their pulpits the names of the "sincere Christians" who are engaged in selling bad rum and gin to the natives in Africa? Would not these reverend divines act more consistently and command greater respect if they should first remove the beam in their own eyes, before they attempt to extract the mote that is in their neighbor's?

Are not these men attempting to ride a high horse with a slack rein when they meddle in secular matters? Had they not better preach more of repentance and a judgment to come to their brethren engaged in the African rum and gin business before attempting to deter men in the exercise of legitimate business?

How much taxes do these men pay into the treasury for the support of the municipal and state governments? I venture to say, not a dollar!

Are not these ministers aware that clerical interference in secular matters is distasteful to the great majority of the American people, and that they do more hurt than good to the cause they wish to advance? Few of them had good sense enough to oppose the resolution and decline to publish the names from the pulpit. The Catholic clergymen have much more good sense than the Protestant. They say: We are in favor of temperance, but not in favor of coercion; that coercion infringes upon the private rights of the individual. They occupy the popular side

of the question, and are sustained by the universal sentiment of an enlightened secular community.

A. SCHELL.

Albany, June 27.

JEWISH RESPECT FOR JESUS.

I visited a neighbor yesterday, and found on his table ex-Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost's pamphlet, "What I Believe." I glanced at the index, then at a page here and there in almost each subdivision of the "hastily" written work, and though I was pleased with the apparent earnestness and openness of expression, yet I came to the (perhaps hasty) conclusion that Mr. Pentecost knew very little of the opinions of religious people, who are not Christians, about Jesus. He says in one place that Christ has the respect of those who are not Christians. By that he certainly could not mean unbelievers; they may have tears for Jesus who fell a victim to bigotry as well as they would have tears for Lewis the Light if he were killed by fanatics because of his claim of being "Jesus on earth again." The unbeliever, as a rule, is an educated, intelligent man; he knows that Jesus Christ, according to the Christian story of him, must have been either a lunatic or a fanatic—just what Lewis the Light is in our day. Jesus the Christ had words of sympathy for the poor, and hell in the next world for the rich. Lewis the Light advocates the abolishment of poverty altogether, and emphatically declares that the moment he gets a sufficient number of followers, he will establish hell for the rich on earth.

Lewis the Light is still alive, and commands no respect whatever for his divine claims. Would he command respect if he were killed by bigots and fanatics for his lunny utterances? Not at the hands of intelligent people, I should think.

Mr. Pentecost must have meant religious people other than Christians. Who are they in the civilized world? The Jews stand foremost among them.

The reader, I hope, understands that the title Jew in this age does not belong to a man who professes a certain supernatural belief. One acquires that title rather by the shape of his nose than by the form of his religious or anti-religious thoughts. I am a Jew, though an Atheist. I have met with hundreds of well educated Jews in Europe and in this country, and failed to find one that has any belief in supernaturalism. The so-called reformed Jewish synagogues, known as temples, are filled with Agnostics and outspoken unbelievers. The less religious the rabbi is, the higher salary he commands. Their sermons touch modern ethics rather than Old Testament morality. In fact, the old book is almost absolutely ignored. Wise words from the prophets or kings constitute the texts generally. I was once well acquainted with one rabbi in this country. He spoke on our Thomas Paine celebration, eulogizing the revolutionary hero of our independence as well as of religious thought. In the course of his speech he expressed a belief that in a century hence more temples will be erected to the memory of Paine than to that of Luther. The same rabbi, in a public discussion under the auspices of the local Liberal League, remarked that the Jewish custom of circumcision originated in a belief that it would prevent certain diseases of the body, and he was not scientifically prepared to say whether it would or not. He thought, however, that if it was not a preventive, it was barbarous.

In a private conversation the learned rabbi told me that the synagogue was supported by people who held about the same anti-religious ideas that I do. At this I became impatient, and retorted somewhat angrily: "What, then, do they keep it up for?" He smiled and thought that I was somewhat narrow-minded. He spoke long, very earnestly, as if to convert me to his ideas, which were that the synagogues were not for the purpose of raising religious Jews, but for preventing them from falling victims to Christian idiocy. I believe that he said the whole truth, and any intelligent non-Jew that would visit a Jewish temple and get acquainted with some of its few occupants would soon come to the same conclusion. That Jewish element cannot have much respect for Jesus.

It now remains to investigate the character of the orthodox Jew. In this country not every Jew that claims to be orthodox is really so. Most of them are shrewd business men, and a

seat in the orthodox synagogue is part and parcel of their business transactions. Russia, Poland, and Galizien exhibit, however, a large number of really orthodox Jews. With the character of these Jews I am particularly well acquainted, and know exactly what respect they have for Jesus. In the first place, they call him a "bastard," and, according to their ideas, a child born out of wedlock is anathema itself. When an orthodox Jewish girl falls a victim to lust, and gives birth to a child, the relatives endeavor to murder it before the time which calls for the ceremony of "giving it a name in Israel." If they fail, the ceremony is performed in a way different from that other children enjoy, and a very bad, shameful in meaning, name is given. I was present at one such ceremony. The child was a boy. Generally the ceremony is performed in the synagogue, where as near as possible to the Holy Trunk, which holds the sacred scriptures, a platform is in each case erected, and a "seat of honor" for the child's guardian angel is placed to the right of it. In that case, the janitor, or *Shamos*, put up the platform in a back room, and had no seat of honor because an illegitimate was not supposed to be guarded by any angel. When the door opened and a woman appeared carrying the infant wrapped up in a pillow, the usual *Barooch aboo* ("Blessed be the new comer") did not greet the child. When the unfortunate infant was placed on the platform, it was discovered that the man who does the butchery, which often ends fatally, was absent. He had considered himself too holy and godly and declined to touch the anathemized flesh of a *mamezor* (illegitimate). There was a man in town who claimed to be able to perform that duty, but was not considered very skilled in it and therefore was never given a chance in regular cases. He was immediately sent for. When he arrived and was told of the object, he took offense at first and cursed the *shamos* for calling upon him, but afterwards agreed to do the bloody work.

After the wound is attended to and the flow of blood is stopped, the child is usually carried to the Holy Trunk, which is then open in order that the very scriptures may bear testimony to the ceremony of circumcision. One man holds the infant in his arms, and another, with a glass of wine in his hand, utters blessings, in the course of which he puts a few drops of the liquid on the lips of the child and declares its name "in Israel" to be so and so. In that case, however, the Holy Trunk was not bothered, the scriptures were not called upon to witness, the blessings were cut short, and the name was given with the words "in Israel" left out.

During the ceremony a man wrapped up in a white sheet of cloth with black stripes on, called *talith*, could be seen in the corner formed by the front wall of the synagogue and the Holy Trunk. His right hand in the shape of a half circle was placed in that corner and the head rested on it. He was the rabbi of the town. No circumcision was ever performed in that community without his having the pleasure of holding the highest office in the ceremonial workings. But then he stood absorbed in thoughts about the calamity that had befallen his flock. He took no notice of what was going on, and, a few minutes after the shameful and degrading ceremony was performed and the child was taken away, one of the synagogue staff approached and informed him that all was over. The rabbi then turned his face to the people present, wrung his fingers, and in a clear, distinct voice exclaimed, "O God, may we hope that it will not grow up to be a shame and disgrace to Israel."

I have related the ceremony, to which I was an eye-witness, not for the purpose of ridiculing those truly orthodox Jews. They may be very sincere and idealize the religious institution of marriage and think it proper to perform ceremonies over illegitimates in a degraded manner in order to impress the necessity of purity upon the minds of the daughters of Israel. The reader, however, may draw from it a conclusion as to how much respect a religious Jew (who must be orthodox, or he cannot be religious in the true sense of the word) can have for the illegitimate Jesus. No religious Jew on the face of the earth is supposed to believe that God's interview with Mary was the cause of the birth of Christ. As long as Christians show no natural father for Jesus, the Jew must call him a child of shame, and if religious, how much respect can he have for him?

Between the ages of four and eight I remember myself attending daily a Jewish orthodox school, called *cheder* (the *ch* has the German pronunciation). I was one of about a hundred boys and girls of my age. The teacher, called *Melamed*, had a half dozen assistants, and all of them were very cruel to us little ones. I was the happiest child in the lot; for my father had given strict orders, and accompanied them with extra pay, that unusual patience be bestowed upon me and that neither the hand of the *Melamed*, nor that of any of his assistants, should ever be raised for the purpose of striking me. Our occupation from early morning till the very sunset was that of praying. As not all of us knew all of the prayers by heart, one of the assistants usually led, and we followed. Curious prayers they were. For instance, when I wanted a drink of water I had to tell the assistant, who immediately called out for others who wished to drink, led us all to the barrel in the corner of the room, and in a loud voice said the prayer, which we all repeated thus: "Blessed thou art, O God, the creator of everything by thy word." Then we drank. When I felt the necessity of leaving the room in answer to the calls of nature I had to tell the assistant. As usual, he called out for others similarly inclined. We were led outside, and returned in a line to the wash basin, washed our little hands, and while in the process of wiping them repeated the prayer after the assistant, which generally took about five minutes. In English the prayer would read similar to this: "Blessed be thou, God, that created man with wisdom, with apertures and apertures, notches and notches, protuberances and protuberances, and gave him the knowledge of them, and the use of them," etc. The prayer, which is too funny for anything, and too long to be wholly translated here, can be found in any Jewish orthodox prayer-book and is adapted to both sexes. During the delivery of prayers the assistant would from time to time skin the noses or cheeks of inattentive little boys or girls, and every time he did that I delivered, in my mind, another prayer to God for having created my father with more money than others, for I childishly supposed that the only reason I was not beaten was because my father had much money to pay for it. I afterwards discovered that other children's parents were really rich, while mine were not; but the knowledge of this has only made me bless and love my father more than God, and I don't regret it. There is a day when the children are not required to repeat the objectionable prayer. That day is a holiday for orthodox Jewish children in Russia, Poland, and Galizien. It is also a holiday for the Christian world. It is the birthday of Christ—merry Christmas, merrier to little orthodox Jewish children than those of the Christians.

The belief is that on that day, which the orthodox Jews call *Nittel*, God is torturing Jesus in hell; that Jesus is appealing to his father's sense of mercy by referring to the good things he had done. He had been to Cheder, had the knowledge of the holy scriptures and other Hebrew books, had delivered many prayers, etc., but God is merciless, fries him in hell's fire, then brings him to life and fries him again, and continues the same the whole day till his revenge is satisfied. The orthodox Jew is very glad of God's occupation on that day, and as any indulgence in learning or prayer might divert the Almighty from his engagement and even remind him of some favorable circumstance in the life of Jesus, no true orthodox Jew dares open a book of Hebrew knowledge or utter a prayer. Even the children are prohibited from learning and praying—the only prohibition I, in my childhood, strictly complied with. These people are the most religious Jews on the face of the earth. Their respect for Jesus can be well imagined.

M. S. WARHAFTIG.

MR. BRADLAUGH's motion to abolish perpetual pensions has shown up the peculiar history of one of them. On the list is a small pension standing to the credit of a Scottish peer for the fulfilment of a sinecure office. For two generations not a penny has gone into the family coffers. This peer's grandfather, being in need of ready money, sold the pension to a Portsmouth money-lender, whose heirs and assigns draw it to this day.

THE London Agnostic Journal has struck a happy title for E. C. Walker's "Bible Temperance" which is now running through that journal. It is "Bible and Bung."

DID JESUS CHRIST RISE FROM THE DEAD?

III.

Those whom theology has made imbecile, when they find that they and their myths are being drowned in the river of reason, grasp at straws. I think I hear them exclaim, "Ah, but there is proof of his divinity in his being able to predict, quite apart from minor details, that he should rise from the dead at all." The prediction, I apprehend, was invented after the rise of the resurrection myth, in order to give that myth support. Nay, I feel disposed to assert that Christ himself was invented, in order to be the hero of this exploit and the necessary concatenation and thread of continuity to hold together an isolated number of incoherent and jumbled myths. But even if, as a person, he did exist, and even if he did predict he would rise up from the dead, what then? In his time, and in times antecedent to his, rising from the dead was quite common. In those days, it would seem, when any one felt his grave not quite comfortable, he had nothing else to do but to heave up the mass of earth and turf that lay above him, vault out of the ground, and walk to and fro over the land in his winding-sheet. Æsculapius, Apollonius, Thyaneus, and others, long before Christ's time, raised numerous persons from the dead. Æsculapius, having raised others, at length found it necessary to raise himself from the grave, and this feat was not found too difficult of accomplishment for Prometheus, Juno, Hercules, and Adonis. In the Hebrew scriptures Elijah raised to life the dead son of the widow of Zarepta; and Ezekiel, in the Valley of Dry Bones, out of a supply of osseous rubbish, created a whole army of living warriors. Christ himself reanimated the corpse of Lazarus, even after it was stinking; in fact, people who had left their grave under some pretext or other were, in the good old times of faith, nearly as common as blackberries. On the occasion of Christ's resurrection numbers of the dead got up from their tombs to see what was the matter, and walked about the streets of Jerusalem. But they appear to have discovered that there was nothing in particular going on after all, for they seem to have gone quietly back to their sepulchres, and nobody appears to have taken much notice of them. Where people are devout enough and ignorant enough, the dead are apt to rise; but where folk are neither devout nor ignorant, the dead are not at all troublesome; they are quite prepared to "rest in their graves till the resurrection," and even longer than that, where people are exceedingly knowing.

I need not say that there is no trace of the resurrection of this extraordinary Jesus in respectable and authentic history. The whole of the terrible event which forms the foundation-stone of the Christian fabric seems to have occurred on the quiet, and in the dark. Our whole historic (!) evidence of the event rests upon the slipshod and credulous twaddle of four pseudonymous, rambling, and illiterate documents, written nobody knows where or when, and which four documents are, beyond all hope of reconciliation, at variance with each other, as I shall presently show. "Oh!" I think I hear "the believer" say, "you have forgotten Paul. Even admitting that the four gospels were written long after the occurrence of the events with which they deal, and that they here and there contradict each other, what about Paul, who was actually a contemporary of Christ, and who vouches emphatically for the fact of the resurrection?"

I reply, when Paul was sane he did not vouch for the fact of the resurrection. He was a man with a trained intellect; and, as such, of course, regarded with the utmost aversion the credulous and vulgar dregs of the populace that committed their fanatical excesses in the name of an uneducated man of the mob, Jesus of Nazareth. Paul was a persecutor of the Christians. Paul, in the first century, regarded Christianity as I regard it in the nineteenth. Journeying to Damascus to attempt to do what I am attempting to do now, he had the misfortune to have sunstroke. He lay for some days raving, and at death's door, and when he got on his legs again he found himself a Christian. Like Paul before the event of his sunstroke, I am not a Christian; like Paul, subsequent to suffering from sunstroke, I may become a Christian—in fact, I should be quite likely to become one. I

*By Saladin, editor of the Agnostic Journal.

shall certainly never become a Christian while I am sane; but, like poor Paul, I may become one after I am insane—after, like him, I am suffering from what cerebral pathology calls *pseudo-blepsis*. Paul, moreover, and not Jesus, is the corner stone of Christianity. Allow me to congratulate Christianity upon resting upon a man who, while he was sane, bitterly persecuted it, and who could see no evidences for its truth till after he had suffered from sunstroke.

For ten long years the disciplined and subtle intellect of Paul denied the resurrection, and regarded the whole of the vulgar and barefaced imposture connected therewith as a pernicious figment. But the subtle intellect was paralyzed by a sunstroke, and the poor semi-maniac, who survived the affliction, was disposed to believe in the man-god of the illiterate and the ghost-stories of the vulgar. "I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago (whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell; God knoweth); such an one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man (whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell; God knoweth), how that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter" (2 Cor. xii, 2-4). This is the kind of stuff poor Paul could write after he became a Christian! "Whether in the body or, out of the body I cannot tell"—in other words, whether my head or my heels were uppermost I know not. This indicates the state of mental wreck to which he had to be reduced before he could be persuaded to believe that Jesus Christ rose from the dead. But for the sunstroke on the way to Damascus, the student of Gamaliel, the neo-Platonic thinker and subtle master of Alexandrian lore, never would have believed it. Never to speak of sunstroke affecting mentation and opinion, I know a staunch conservative who became a rabid radical immediately upon recovery from having his skull fractured with a poker; and I have heard the Marquis of Queensberry dilate upon how concussion of the brain ushered him into a new world. No man has read Paul's curious epistles more carefully than I have. They are a deeply instructive psychological study, in their weird conglomeration of metaphysics and madness. Paul has always been to me an interesting character—far more interesting than Jesus. A massive and disciplined intellect is attractive and imposing even in ruin; but I have little affection for the rant of the gospel of the gutter, whether in Capernaum or Birmingham, and the good intentions of fanatical and unlearned mechanics—and I care not whether the mechanic be called Jesus Christ or Richard Carlile—do not atone for the mischief of their ill-balanced evangel.

THE SUMMER AND FALL CAMPAIGN.

S. P. Putnam has the following lecture appointments in Oregon and Washington:

Astoria.....Or., July ... 14,	Fox Valley.....Or., Sept. 9, 10,
Stella.....W.T., " 15, 16, 17,	Long Creek....." " 11, 12,
Oswego.....Or., " 18, 19,	Hamilton....." " 14, 15,
Arnold's Grove.. " 20, 21,	Monument....." " 16, 17,
Coos county, Or., July 22 to Aug. 4,	Hay Stack....." " 18,
Coburg....." Aug.....7, 8,	Lone Rock....." " 19, 20,
Lebanon....." ".....9,	Fossil....." " 21, 22,
Olympia.....W.T., ".....11, 12,	Hillsboro, Or., Sept., 25, 26, 27, 28,
Buckley.....W.T., ".....13, 14,	North Yamhill...Or., Sept.....29,
Davenport, " ".....17, 18,	Forest Grove...." ".....30,
Cheney....." ".....19,	Talent, Or., and vicinity Oct. 3, 4, 5,
Rosalia....." ".....20,	6, 7,
Sprague....." ".....21,	Linkville.....Or., Oct. 11, 12, 13,
Pasco....." ".....22,	Sacramento.....Cal., Oct. 20,
Dayton.....W. T., Aug.....24, 25,	San Francisco....." " 27,
Pomeroy.....W. T., Aug.....26,	Los Angeles and vicinity the month
La Grange, Or.....Aug.....29,	of November,
Union.....Or. ".....30,	San Diego and vicinity the month of
Baker City, Or. Sept.....1,	December.
Prairie City, Or, and vicinity, Sept.	
4, 5, 6, 7, 8,	

'Tis summer, when the nights are warm,
And making love's the fad,
The hammock now has got the job
That the sofa formerly had.

—Lawrence American.

CORRESPONDENCE.

On the Trail.

To the Editors of Freethought:

From Arago I passed up the river to a small settlement called Norway, where they are mostly "Dunkards." I gave three lectures in a nice hall that was generously donated for the purpose, and to very good audiences, a large portion of them being persons who had attended my meetings at Myrtle Point and Arago. I stopped at the ranch of George Carl, who once dwelt on the Rhine away back in the faderland of Germany. Mr. Carl has a large family of interesting children and a beautiful home on the banks of the Coquille. His orchard of plums, prunes, and apples is immense, and loaded until in some cases the trees were breaking down with their luscious fruits. Dairy and fruits, sheep and hogs, lumber and babies, seem to thrive in this prolific soil, which but lately was covered with the myrtle and maple forests of a thousand years' growth. These farms are generally several feet under water two or three times every winter and spring, and everybody moves upstairs, and stock are taken to the hills, or in some cases upstairs too, where they have barns built for the purpose. These sturdy yeomanry do not seem to mind the annual baptisms from the muddy river, for it makes their farms richer each time of the overflow, and while the deluge is on they "git" in boats or long-legged, seven-mile rubber boots. It seems to me very healthful, with no malaria, and a very easy country to make a living in. People possess as much intelligence as though not living in this isolated region. I found my friend Carl a very intelligent man; in fact, he induced me to come to Norway, and worked faithfully to make the lectures a success. Also the McCloskeys, father and son, who keep the store and postoffice; A. H. Snyder and two sons, Mr. Myers, and many others, all good and splendid Freethinkers. George Carl, Jr., is a whole team in himself. There is no orthodox foolishness about these folks. They fear neither gods or devils, do not believe in faith or long-winded prayer; but good, honest, hard work, and "keep your powder dry" is their religion, and expect to die when their time comes, but not in the least afraid of sheol.

W. S. Bell, on his Oregon tour, passed me while at Norway, and lectured two miles below at Arago. "Our Put." will be here before the month is out, and later, Mrs. Krekel the "female Ingersoll" of Liberalism. So Coos county is cooing with Freethought, and the new religion is coming with the tide. My work here completed, I boarded the puffing "baby boat" Ceres, and steam away for Bandon at the mouth of the river, stopping over at Coquille to listen to the biggest Bell that has sounded its sonorous notes in these primeval forests. Comrade H. H. Nichols, one of the few living workers for truth, had advertised Mr. Bell's lecture thoroughly and procured a fine hall, but had a very meager audience to hear our illustrious Bell from Chicago. Mr. Bell is certainly a fine talker and very logical, and his stories and anecdotes do "beat all." He takes the cake for pith and fun, and I think he is bound to succeed on this coast, though he lacks the enthusiasm and magnetism of Mr. Putnam.

I arrived at Bandon by the "surging sea" the next day, and met those earnest workers for the cause, Messrs. Uptons, Tupper, Marshall and son, Titus Nichols, and Emil Wulschleger. All was humming, getting ready for the Fourth, and there seemed but little chance for ye comet "on the trail" to drive a stake or raise a flag—especially as a full fledged Baptist clergyman had two lectures already announced the coming nights on, "Fun and its Uses," and "Cranks and Crankism," with "music by the band," but the band failed to materialize. Nevertheless the Rev. Major Bateman, ex-superintendent of missions for this coast—the speaker—was on time, but had a slim audience at both lectures, and the contribution box only yielded up for his efforts \$2.20—20 cents more than his hotel bill. The major's lectures were fine, radical, Freethought, and were really gems of sparkling Liberalism. He has no personal God, no located heaven or hell, believes in evolution, makes heaps of fun, plays the fiddle, eats yellow-legged spring chickens, hugs the sisters (at least I feel sure he does, for there is a merry twinkle in his eye, and he wears, I judge, a number 16 collar), has a big brain of fine quality, and is quite a power, but would not have his head felt before the audience. Why? Collar too large, and thereby hangs a tale untold which must not come out. This man is doing much good in helping

"the brethren" out of the shell, and has much influence. He claims to have challenged Colonel Ingersoll in San Francisco. I like the major; he is a regular brick, and the best of company. I bided my time till this vicegerent of God was through, and had spoken his speak; then I hung on the wall of the same lecture room my Big Indian Medicine Man, the gorillas and the "belle of the Ashantee Islands," with "heads and faces" all complete, and proceeded to give out in allopathic doses evolution and orthodoxy, science and Freethought, truth and poetry, God's truth and the devil's religion, all from the big jug of reason, which always has the desired effect of purging out superstition. The audiences were small, but this is a very small town and very few people near. My contributions averaged nearly \$4 per night; besides, I was busy through the day with Bandon's knowledge-boxes. Mr. Dalrymple, the professor teaching here, a two hundred pounder, with brains according, was the first one manipulated, and proved to be a grand radical thinker and general in the Freethought army. Bandon has three stores, two fine hotels, good wharf, several cosy residences, the finest of which belongs to Mr. T. Nichols, a subscriber to FREETHOUGHT and the Truth Seeker, and of course a true-blue radical, ready to meet the "pale rider" without fear and trembling. Bandon proper is located on a high bluff nearly level for several miles back from the ocean, covered with a dense growth of evergreens, while right on the edge of the bluff by the sea is a huge rock, perhaps covering an acre, and several hundred feet above the ocean and surrounding forest. This lookout, with the ocean constantly bombarding its rocky base, is one of the grandest I have ever seen. The ever-restless ocean rushing on to devour the land, thunders against the beach from the west, while millions of acres of the giant evergreen forest, almost untouched by the despoiling hand of man, roll away to the east as far as the eye can reach, finally climbing up the sides of the cloud-capped mountains until forest and hill, sky and earth, seem to meet with ardent embrace. The "silver thread of the Coquille," as seen in the distance, leads from the sea to the snows of the Coast Range. Here for a mile or more up and down the coast are hundreds of rocks standing in the water, from a few feet in diameter and in height, to those covering, perchance, an acre, and one hundred feet in height, like grim sentinels guarding the shore from invasion by expected foes. To watch the foam-capped waves roll in and break all over these giant monuments, reared by nature's hand, and listen to their sullen, angry roar, is music to your wandering "altitudinarian's" ears, weird and grand. Into and through one of these largest rocks the waters have cut a narrow channel just wide enough to walk in, while in the middle it has eaten out a cave some fifty feet long by thirty wide and averaging twenty feet in height. Here in this rocky dungeon, with the rushing, boiling waters on every side, I sat alone and communed with nature's God; I sang and shouted and read a poem, but all was lost in the din made by the elements. My bump of sublimity is away up, up, up, and I always feast in this grand commune with Mother Nature in her wildest moods. Nature, thou art all there is, thou art all in all, there is nothing beyond thee, nothing grander or greater; we worship at thy shrine only.

These rocks and caverns can be reached only at low water, and woe betide the man who would fall asleep to this rhythmic music, and be caught by the rising sea. After leaving the grim hole in the wall of rock I found a starfish on the beach with an oyster stuck fast to the center of the shell. I found one or the other was devouring his pard, and while bent over studying the phenomenon a huge wave came silently rolling in and nearly took me off my feet; it knocked off my hat and took it out to sea with the receding flow. I thought of D. M. Bennett in the river Jordan, on his trip around the world. I was alone. I retreated and waited for the hat to come ashore, for I had read in scripture or somewhere else, it matters little, that if you cast your bread upon the waters it will be returned to you, sometimes a hundred fold, and I could not see why hats should not do likewise. Well, it came back, and though only the identical one that went adrift, I was satisfied I had made the experiment, and was not hatless. I would not be laughed at for losing the covering to my 7 by 9 knowledge-box. As I walked back to my lodgings, a wiser but wetter student, I found a dead sea lion as large as a small cow. They are different from a seal, in being much larger and in having two flippers or legs behind instead of one like the seal. They seem to live among the rocks, and crawl all over them like the seals at the seal rocks of your city.

I gave three lectures here. The wind has blown almost a hurricane

every day I have been at Bandon. It is very cool; we have a fire most of the time to sit by, and July too. This I think will make one of the grandest summer resorts on the coast, but must have a railroad, which is now nearly a hundred miles off. It is a most superb town site, with splendid water, air, fuel, and scenery; cheap land, plenty of government land very near, a small harbor and bay; fine fruit country; fine bathing, etc.

The eve of the Fourth I steamed back to Coquille City, and found a hearty welcome at Brother Harrington's cozy home. I joined comrade Nichols at the grand ball given by the old soldiers to increase their relief fund, danced with all the fair matrons and pretty girls that I could induce to take a pard so old and glum; then retired to dream of what might have been and what shall the morrow be. D. C. SEYMOUR.
Coquille, Or.

BIERCE ON CHRISTIANITY.

Among "the vagaries of people who pass through what is known as a revival of religion," the Chronicle mentions one zealous woman's action in throwing her parlor organ into the street, and another's in smashing her new buggy. These may be "vagaries." Possibly one may be truly religious while in possession of parlor organs and buggies. I do not say that one may not; I only say that the imagination which can conceive the founder of Christianity playing a parlor organ or driving a buggy would be an invaluable intellectual equipment to a man of letters. To be a Christian is, I suppose, to be like Christ—not merely to believe in him, but to act as he acted, to live as he lived, in all things possible to be as he was. Always and everywhere he taught the duty of poverty—taught it by precept, taught it by example, taught it so plainly, lucidly, bluntly, that more than eighteen centuries of ingenuity have not been able to pervert the meaning. Perhaps Christianity with all the modern improvements and conveniences is a better religion than the Christianity of Christ. As to that, having neither, I cannot say; it seems to me more "practical;" but if there is a reader of these lines who owns a parlor organ or a buggy or any other property in excess of his actual present need, I tell him plainly that he is not a Christian in the sense in which Christ was a Christian. There is not, in my judgment, a Christian living today. If there were he would be arrested as a lunatic or a tramp. —AMBROSE BIERCE, in the Examiner.

BOOKS.

We have for sale at this office, among other works:

"Yone Santo." 50 cents.

"John Ward, Preacher." 50 cents.

"Self-Contradictions of the Bible." 15 cents.

"The Truth Seeker Annual" for 1889. 25 cents.

"Liberty and Morality," by W. S. Bell. 15 cents.

"The System of Nature," by Baron D'Holbach. \$2.

"Robert Elsmere," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Price, 50 cents.

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

Judge Maguire's "Ireland and the Pope," a history of papal intrigues against Irish liberty. Price, 50 cents.

Taylor's "Diegesis," by the Rev. Robert Taylor. A discovery of the Origin, Evidences, and early history of Christianity. \$2.

"Looking Backward," a socialistic romance which has been termed the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of Industrial Slavery," by Edward Bellamy. Price, 50 cents.

The Minister's Vacation.

A man last Sunday was about to lay his hand upon the door of a church when a little girl in the street said: "You can't get in there, mister." "Why," he said, "Isn't this a church?" "Yes," said the little girl, "but the preacher has gone to Europe for six months and taken God with him."—Detroit Tribune.

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Men, Women, and Gods.

By Helen H. Gardener. Introduction by Robert G. Ingersoll. Price, 50 cents.

How the Sunday Law Works.

First Workingman—"Let's go to the Art Museum."

Second Workingman—"Closed on Sundays, you know."

Third Workingman—"Well, let's take a ride in the stage up Fifth avenue."

Second Workingman—"Don't run on Sundays."

First Workingman—"Gad! then let's go in Von Bier's back door and fill up."

At John Wanamaker's Sabbath School.

"My dear little boy, I'm so pleased to see you poring over your catechism so diligently."

"Yes, 'm. Mr. Wanamaker says if I learn this lesson well, I needn't come next Sunday."

Lofty Aims Loftily Described.

The temperance people of the nation are intending to save the country in spite of the whining sycophancy of subsidized papers, or the tergiversation of political demagogues.—Pacific Union.

THE Widow Starveley—"I can't see, Mr. Houlihan, why you can't wait a couple of days for my rent. The papers say you sympathize with the poor of Ireland." Houlihan—"Huh. Do yez suppose that the people of this great, prosperous country are to be treated on the same basis as the down trodden Oirish."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL Teacher (to new pupil)—"We are taught by the Bible that when some one smites us on the cheek we should turn the other to him. Isn't that a beautiful sentiment?" "Yes, ma'am." "Now, if an enemy were to smite you on one cheek what would you do?" "I'd pound the top of his head off."

THE little boy was on his knees in his little night-dress saying his prayers, and his little sister couldn't resist the temptation to tickle the soles of his little feet. He stood it as long as he could, and then said: "Please, God, excuse me while I knock the stuffing out of Nellie."

My little two-year-old has added something new to the story of Joseph and his brethren. I told him the Bible version of the story, and he seemed much interested in Joseph's coat of many colors. When I had finished he said: "Papa, tell me about his pants."—Ex.

WILLIE—"Ma, do you expect to go to heaven when you die?" Ma—"I hope so." Willie—"Well, if St. Peter lets you take your slippers in he'll have to leave me on the doorstep—that's all."

THE man who was arrested while passing through Kansas for wearing a corkscrew suit and a bottle-green necktie was released under the provisions of the Interstate Commerce law.

St. PETER (to new arrival at the pearly gate)—Do you want to come in?
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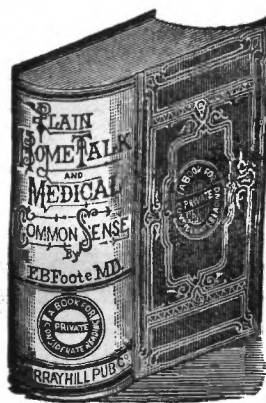
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And I long for the dear old river
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thought's endeavor
I would go where children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands so skillful,
And the child mind choked with weeds,
The daughter's heart grown willful,
And the father's heart that bleeds.
No, no! from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage
I would fly to the wood's low rustle,
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dream away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

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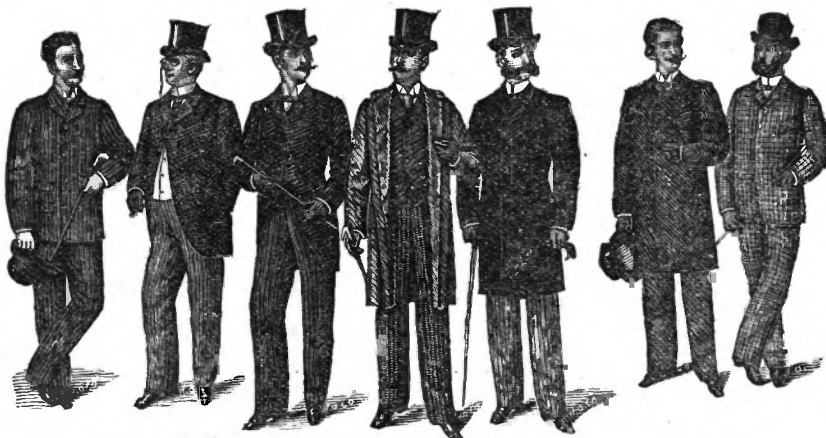
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VOL. II—No. 30.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1889.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - JULY 27, 1889.

IN a recent speech Postmaster-General Wanamaker warned the people of his state that "God will count the prohibition votes in Pennsylvania." The Oregon Scout makes the remark that "the fellow who counts the other votes has the most work."

It seems that Mrs. Annie Besant has become a Fellow of the Theosophical Society. Theosophy means wisdom of God, and involves divine inspiration or illumination. The connection of Mrs. Besant, therefore, with a Theosophical society is one of the queer events of the century.

IN the English House of Parliament, July 22, the government committee on royal grants recommended that the Prince of Wales's quarterly allowance be increased by an addition of \$45,000. Labouchere opposed it, and also the grant to the queen's granddaughter, but Mr. Gladstone voted for both.

THE Chautauquans at Long Beach are distinguishing themselves. Last week the Rev. Dr. Hirst lectured on "Education," and advocated the use of the Bible in schools and colleges. The Tribune reports that he "quoted Huxley and refuted his arguments." Mr. Huxley will probably be saddened when this intelligence reaches him from Los Angeles county.

THE Snohomish "Eye" says: "A religious fanatic at Palouse City killed his wife and two children and then committed suicide last week. He left a note stating that he did not want to live in this sinful world and that he could not leave it without his family, so he thought he would kill them too. He said he and all his family were going to heaven, where Jesus was, and that he first gave them strychnine, but could not bear the sight of their agonies, so he killed them with a revolver."

READERS of the works of Thomas Paine will remember that he once addressed a society of French people calling themselves Theophilanthropists. The members of the society were Deists. They believed in God, but rejected the Bible. According to the London Freethinker, the Theophilanthropists are by no means extinct. They were suppressed by Napoleon I. when he sought to be in favor with the Catholics, but they have held together in

a quiet way and reorganized since 1872. They are now said to number over fifty thousand, mostly small proprietors in the provinces. They have a weekly journal, and have been holding the centenary of the establishment of their faith, which of course they believe to be the religion of the future.

MINNESOTA has a new law under which all executions must take place between the hours of 1 and 4 A.M. The law also provides that newspapers shall publish only a bare announcement of the hanging; but on July 19, when Albert Bulow was hanged for murder, the St. Paul papers contained full accounts of the execution. Prosecution will probably follow, and the result of this attempt to muzzle the press will be looked for with interest. New York has a similar law, and the papers are waiting for an execution in order to violate it.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, July 28, at 8 o'clock. C. F. Burgman will lecture on "Co-operative Liberalism."

NEWS AND NOTES.

It must be reported in the annals of FREETHOUGHT that the campaign along Gray's bay and river was a jolly and successful affair. There was plenty of fun mingled with hard work. All took hold with a will. There was no grumbling, however heavy the laboring oar. The boat sped on and the waters sang as if joyous with our own enthusiasm. To me it is ever a beautiful and varied picture of rippling, winding stream, majestic forests, boat-loads of happy people, blue sky bespangled with gorgeous clouds, birds singing in the branches, and bears crouching in the underbrush. A whole week was passed in intellectual and social enjoyment, and it seemed as if all the Freethinkers had made up their minds to have a grand festival occasion, and jubilant nature was no whit behindhand in the holiday march. She contributed flowers and songs and harvest-fields, and blue and golden days, and shining stars and lustrous moon.

The sun was just rising and glistening all over the expanse of river and sea Tuesday morning, July 9, when the steamer Rival bore me from Astoria to Gray's Bay, twelve miles distant. Hundreds of boats were tossing in the glaring beams, and for miles around the little white sails glittered like the wings of magnificent birds, in ceaseless bouyancy. Nearing Stark's point we were hailed by Comrade Nelson, of Crooked Creek. Transferring the baggage to his skiff, it was not long before we were in the arms of Crooked Creek. The watch-dog's honest bark greeted the stranger, and the humming of the bees on the hillside, and the cackle of a hundred chickens, told that our boatman's ranch was before us, where are to be found all the good things that a hospitable farm can afford, and Freethought places the banner

above the cross. Mrs. Nelson and Miss Emma and Miss Ella have everything ready for the Gray's River trip. We leave behind the galaxy of dolls—twelve of them of various sizes and appearance, formed by Miss Ella into a harmonious Secular Union, with president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, and speaker. The speaker is a black-eyed doll, and evinces in its glance more intelligence than some of the orators of the pulpit. Circling Gray's Bay and entering the river, at noon we are at the homestead of H. P. Anderson, in front of which spread the broad green meadows which he has cleared of forest. Here and there monstrous trunks of half-burned trees testify to the mighty giants that once waved on the banks. Quite a congregation gathered about the table—enough to make a good-sized audience of itself. Here we were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, Mrs. Feistel, P. C. Nelson, and others. At sunset we journey up the river, half a dozen boats full joining from various points, toward the little school-house hidden among the trees on the steep bank. It was a pleasant sight—the soft beams of sinking day, the green woods, the quiet river gently rippled by the lightly moving skiffs. The school-house was crowded; some Christians were present, and one nodded and shook her head with such alternate assent and dissent that it was proposed to furnish a pillow the following evening for the reclining and declining brow. Evidently there was food for reflection, although the digestion might not be all that was desired. On the next evening, Wednesday, the lecture was given at the same place and there were increased numbers. H. P. Miller and wife, and Nelson and Olson were present from Deep River. The next day we join forces and go to the upper school-house at Walker's and Ahlberg's. A lovely ride it was, in the dreamy afternoon, where one seemed to be traveling into the untrodden wilderness. From Walker's to Ahlberg's it is about two miles on the winding road. We were a pilgrim company indeed, men, women, and children. The little babies were not to be left out, but came right along to the lectures, as large as life. Ahlberg lives on Mt. Zion, I guess, a lovely place, back from the river, where the bees hum and the flowers grow profusely, and bright prospects extend before the eye. It seems to be in the midst of an immense solitude. We climb the hill and find a cheerful rest. A kind of beverage made of honey and hops was furnished by our gentle hostess. It is called beer, and Anderson says it is better than lager. I shall not venture to give my judgment. I have nothing to say against lager, but the honey and the hops can't be surpassed. The flavor is exquisite. After this refreshment and a supper the babies fell into line again, and the elders followed suit, and wended down the hillside, through the forest, along the sparkling stream, to the temple of learning on the height, opposite the parsonage. The minister was invited to attend and he came, a lively Methodist clergyman who knows how it is with the good things of life, so far as a Prohibitionist can know what a good thing is. He listened attentively to the lecture and took voluminous notes. The subject was "Moody and Sam Jones Reviewed." At the close of my lecture one of the Christian brethren, evidently of the "church militant," announced that my lecture would be replied to on Sunday morning by the clergyman present. I suggested that it would be a good time to reply immediately; that the platform was free and the preacher could have all the time he wanted. The said preacher declared that he was not ready for immediate action. He wanted time to show my contradictions, false assertions, etc. There was a somewhat beaming smile on the faces of the Christians at this willingness of their champion

to answer when I was far away. They felt that the ground was theirs now, and the Infidel must be defeated. However, the end was not yet.

In the moonlight we travel down the river to Crooked Creek, and the midnight tour is quite delightful. All sorts of mysterious fancies float through the mind as we glide through the darkly gleaming spaces, water below, stars above, and the black forest on either side. An enormous mass of driftwood almost stops our voyage. Just as we approach this a bear is seen amid the branches making his way across. Friend Nelson was anxious to interview the bear and pointed the prow to his fleeting form. The bear evidently did not wish an interview, and I was myself heartily in favor of that conclusion. Not knowing much about the bear, it did not look desirable to scrape an acquaintance. I thought that friend Nelson was rather impetuous, but he seems to know what bears are, and is not afraid to meet them face to face. The bear was lost to view, and down the river we floated, while crackers and shad, with a little cold water that might after judicious investigation pass for "sea-foam," made the time flow merrily along. It is about three o'clock in the morning when we strike the blithesome creek and find a place to sleep. In the early forenoon a kind of cream called "egg-nogg" prepares me for the labors of the day. The first thing I did, after breakfast, was to help churn. This I did in consideration of the fact that Mrs. Nelson had gone sixteen miles the night before to attend the lecture. I do not suppose I would be a very successful dairyman if left to myself. Co-operation is the true way to make butter. In the afternoon the Andersons and Nelsons and Fosters were on hand, and over we went to Stark's Point. The man who owns the hall is so pious that he wouldn't let us dance in it, only lecture. He seems to be a good-natured man, attended the lecture, and did not appear violently opposed. The lecture was "Evolution and Creation." Friend Ahlberg and wife and baby came all the way down the river—twenty miles to and fro. This is quite a trip for a baby to make to a lecture. The little angels, wings and all, couldn't do any better. It is quite delightful to see the people so earnest in this matter and so ready to undergo any labor for the cause. Back, over the beaming waves and underneath the splendid moon, into the glistening shadows of Crooked Creek, we find rest again.

Saturday dawns with clouds and sunshine over the glittering rim of the ocean circling to the fair hillsides of Astoria. This day we go down to Barney's, round Rocky Point, and here they gather not only for the lecture, but for the dance; and I think this is a good way to mix the "grave with gay, the lively with severe." Mr. and Mrs. Butts are Liberals of the true type, and they make the Secular Pilgrim welcome to all that hospitable hands can give. The hall is filled with attentive listeners, except a preacher who happened to be present, but slid out when it became too hot for his orthodox backbone. We met many friends, and in every respect it was a delightful occasion. The music and the dance went whirling on until the merry morning mingled with the stars of the night. I had to go back up Gray's River with Anderson, for it was concluded that I had better make an extra effort and meet the preacher, on Sunday morning, who had advertised to annihilate the Infidel. Armed with the Presbyterian creed, I proceeded to confront my adversary. I knew that I could down him with the creed if nothing else. He tried to make it out that the creed was only a "remnant" of Presbyterianism, for he knew that the creed was a burden too great to be borne even by the Presbyterian church. We tried to keep our

coming a secret from the "brethren," but some how or other it was found out, and everybody knew that there was to be some kind of a war at the school-house, and so they flocked from far and near, and the biggest audience of the season was on hand. My opponent, the preacher, is a young man like myself, not more than half a century old, and a typical Methodist clergyman—the Rev. Mr. Whitmore, formerly of Astoria, now of Eugene. He is sleek and bright, smooth spoken and quite a good talker. He has the points on his side pretty well mastered and handles them with lawyer-like skill of presentation. On the whole I think he did about as well as any of his side. I have listened to for some time, and I guess the Christians would have felt quite jubilant if their man could have had the last word. Evidently he wanted to have the last word, for instead of confining himself to my lecture he roamed over the whole universe and talked upon almost every conceivable subject—prohibition, dancing, Paine's death-bed, etc. In fact, he orated for two hours and a half. He evidently wanted to put us all asleep, but we kept awake and finally, at about two o'clock, he pronounced the benediction. I guess if he hadn't had a sore throat, for the benefit of which he was taking a vacation, he would have spun on until about four o'clock, and then the game would be up, for I was obliged to leave at that time to keep my other appointment. It was then announced that the Sunday-school would hold its session. Mr. Ahlberg protested against this and asked that I be granted an opportunity to reply. The women, however, were in favor of the Sunday-school. They said they would be through in half an hour, and I therefore announced that I would give my reply at half past two. The audience remained through the interval and I had my hour of reply. Mr. Whitmore's main objection was that I had misrepresented the doctrines of the church; that they were not near so bad as I had made them out to be. I confined myself mostly to answering this, and I read the Presbyterian creed and then passages from the Bible, and I think by the time I finished the audience were pretty well satisfied that I had not misrepresented the Christian dogmas. Of course Christians of to-day are ashamed of the creed, and ashamed of many things in the Bible, and they don't like to be reminded of these things, and they say that the Freethinker is like the buzzard searching for carrion. But I replied to this, that we are the surgeon who must search and cut out the bad things in order to preserve the good. My opponent attacked Bennett, Ingersoll, and Paine with the usual misrepresentations of the pulpit. I was glad of the opportunity to put the lie upon these assertions. I told the preacher that I had not the slightest objection to the good things that the Christians were doing. It was no argument in favor of their theology. It was simply an expression of their natural goodness, and they would do just as good things, and better things, if they were not Christians. He said Freethinkers did nothing for education. I referred to Girard College, and pointed out that when the Freethinker did give millions for Secular education, the churches robbed Freethought of the magnificent gift, and used it to build up their own creed directly contrary to the expressed wishes of the testator. I put as much of this sort of artillery into an hour's discourse as I possibly could. I gave the Christians all the hot shot there was in the locker, seeing they had provoked the contest, and meant to trick us out of a chance to reply. They played a shrewd game, and for the first two hours and a half swept the deck. But we had a few trumps left, and, when our turn came, took the odd trick and made the rubber. We led off with Presbyterian creed, and that demoralized them. It was as good as four aces.

In view of the extraordinary discourse of my adversary, lasting from half-past eleven until two o'clock, embracing every variety of subject that had no relation whatever to my lecture, I could not help telling the following story to illustrate the preacher's position: A farmer sent his boy out to set the old hen. When the boy came back, dad asked how many eggs were put under the hen? "One hundred and twenty," said the youth. "One hundred and twenty!" cried the farmer, "What's that for?" "Oh," answered Young America, "I thought I'd give the old hen a chance to spread herself." My clerical critic had his chance likewise, and he did "spread himself."

We had to hurry to the landing, for Astoria must be made by evening. We felt satisfied, and down the river the oars flashed bravely. And here let me put in a word for woman's rights, for the women as well as the men all through our river journeys took the laboring oar, and I don't believe the men could have kept to the front as they did if the women had not thus lent a hand. If woman can row, she certainly can vote. She can paddle her own canoe, and take a man along with her sometimes. We took a hasty but plentiful supper at Anderson's, and said farewell to our generous hosts—Andersons, Hansons, Feistels, etc. At the mouth of the river, our remaining company, the Nelsons, of Crooked Creek, and the Fosters, gave a rousing cheer for the week's campaign, and while they took their course homeward, Mr. John Nelson and Louis Olson, of Deep River, rowed me across to Barney's. Alas! my companions did not know what a wild-goose chase over the briny waters we were bound to make, and then at last fail the wished-for goal.

We were late at Barney's, and every fishing boat was out. No chance to reach Astoria that way. It was decided that we make our way by skiff round Harrington's Point to Elliott's, ten miles off, where we expected to strike the morning's boat from Astoria to Stella. We waited for the flood tide and then voyaged over the vast waste of waters. My companions had already rowed over twenty miles that day, and being at Barney's the night before had not slept any for about twenty-four hours. But they were bound to put me through, and bravely they bent to the task. It was about midnight when we passed the point into the neighborhood of Elliott's. We didn't know exactly where it was, and had to search along the shore for the wharf. At last we struck a scow, and got directions. There are only three or four houses at Elliott's, and all was dead silence when we got to the land. We tied the boat, and had to lift the luggage by rope about twenty feet in order to deposit it in the ware-house. We then proceeded to search for lodgings. We found a little house on the hill, and knocked. A lone voice inquired, "Who's there?" We gave our identity and our wants. The lone voice answered, "Go to the next house. The boys sleep there." So we stumbled down to the next house. We found the door unlocked, and went in and lighted the half-broken lamp. It gave light enough to show one bed. It was evident that we must sleep three together that night. So we stretched ourselves out spoon-fashion and floated off into the land of dreams, expecting that with morning's light all our labors would be over. We got up at sunrise, and looked about for breakfast. Nothing, however, put in an appearance, and it seemed as if we must go hungry until the boat appeared. It was nearing seven o'clock when the "gray-haired man of destiny" confronted us. Imagine our consternation when he informed us that no boat was due that morning on this side the river. All our night's voyage had been for nothing. How was I to get to Stella? If we had known it

sooner we might have crossed the Columbia and taken the boat that went up on the other side. It was too late for that. We were in a pickle head over ears, and no breakfast, and the rain began to pour. All we could do was to tumble the baggage into the skiff, and row to Pillar Rock, four miles off. Perhaps I might get a fishing vessel to take me up to Stella. Arriving at Pillar Rock, it was found impossible to do this. Stella was thirty miles off, and no one would give up a night's fishing to take me there. A night's fishing is worth from twenty to twenty-five dollars. Where there's a will there's a way won't always prove true. There was no way for me. My friends had rowed twenty-five miles, and we were no better off than when we started. The ways of the Columbia steamboats are past finding out. There are two boats on this side every day except Monday. Monday, no boat at all. I am at a loss to know how this accommodates the public. At any rate, it didn't accommodate me nor the hundred and more people at Stella who were waiting for my lecture. I had to surrender to fate. I muttered a prayer or two, but the language of that prayer is inexpressible. I was in a canning factory at Pillar Rock, and as effectually canned up as the Columbia salmon itself. I had to submit. Nelson and Olsen, splendid companions, stuck by me as long as they could be of any assistance. We said good-bye, and hoped for better luck next time. However, no amount of bad fortune can dim the glory of the campaign up Gray's River, and as for the blows of fate, we will try and make up for them in the "sweet bye and bye."

All I could do was to take the boat for Astoria where, after a day's fasting, I got a good meal. I saw my friends George Rowe, A. W. Utzinger, and Wm. Chance and family, who always give the traveler welcome, and the same evening took boat for Stella where I arrived at midnight, just four hours too late for the lecture. People had come from many points. It was the largest gathering ever at the place. I would have given all the gold I had, and more too, to have saved this miscarriage. Alas! alas! if our foresight was only as good as our hindsight what a deal of bother might be saved. For the last two days I have been pursuing knowledge under difficulties. If I had known as much two days ago as now I would have snapped my fingers at fate and Providence. But it would take a divine foreknowledge to keep track of the ways of the Columbia-River boats.

I cannot close without expressing my thanks to the generous friends of Crooked Creek, Deep River, Gray's River, and Barney's Point who have done so much, not only to make the work itself successful and inspiring, but to make the way of the lecturer a most pleasant voyage, so that toil was sweetened with the delights of noble friendship and the genial home.

July 16, 1889.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

WE hope to hear that debates have been arranged in Kansas between the Rev. Mr. M. A. Gault and W. F. Jamieson. Gault is district secretary of the National Reform Association, and author of the following sentiment: "Don't think we are advocating war; but if we are not faithful in the use of these other means, as it was with the anti-slavery question, after they had agitated and petitioned, and used the ballot, they drew the sword; so shall we as a last resort, be compelled to use the sword and the bullet." Mr. Jamieson was one of the first to do battle against the National Reformers. He fought them as long ago as 1869, when the movement was started, and has been in the field ever since.

BOUND volumes of FREETHOUGHT for 1888 may be had for \$2.50.

A PRAYER TEST PROPOSED.

FREETHOUGHT of July 13 contained the following paragraph:

"The Pacific Union, a paper 'devoted to the interests of Laborers and Producers,' takes the Twentieth Century across its knee and gives the editor a whaling for expressing doubts about the efficacy of prayer. There ought not to be two sides to a question so easily settled. If Mr. Hines, of the Pacific Union, believes that prayers are answered, let him make a test case and pray for something. If he can show that prayer brings the desired object, all skeptics will be put to rout. We believe, however, that Mr. Hines is sufficiently intelligent to know beforehand that he may pray at a mark the rest of his life and never hit it."

The editor of the Pacific Union takes the matter coolly and makes a proposition. He says:

"Our esteemed contemporary, FREETHOUGHT, possesses the merit of being exceedingly direct and practical in some of its suggestions at least. In its last issue it is pleased to notice the statements of the editor of the Union in reference to prayer, in a manner and tone which seem to indicate an advanced stage of conviction as to their truth and soundness. The intimation is given that if a little more aid can be afforded from the same source, the result will probably be the conversion of all the 'skeptics' in the country. That, indeed, would be a grand prize; one altogether worthy of a long seige at a 'Throne of Grace.' He wishes us to 'make a test case' for their especial benefit, and appears willing to abide by the result. Well, after 'prayerful consideration,' we have concluded to venture upon the experiment. The 'test' then, shall be this: We (remember, this don't include the manager, Brother Phillips) agree to pray for the space of two weeks that the editors of FREETHOUGHT may not write and publish anything foolish and absurd in the columns of said paper. The editors themselves are to be the judges. The only favor we ask is, that if we fail at any time during the experiment, the particular article evidencing such failure shall be plainly marked and sent to us, so that we may hold up. If no such evidence is given, then at the end of the time specified it shall be called a success, and thereafter we will all agree to 'pray without ceasing.' This we acknowledge to be a severe test, and will require faith on our part fully equal to a 'grain of mustard seed.'"

It strikes us that the Pacific Union wants to risk its money on a sure thing. We do not expect to publish anything "foolish and absurd" in the columns of FREETHOUGHT, and Brother Hines might as well have proposed to pray that the sun would rise every morning during the coming fortnight. Let him agree to marshal his forces and pray to God that the sun may *not* rise on San Francisco for a week, or that it may rise in the West instead of the East, or at night instead of morning. If the prayer took effect, the efficacy of that method would be vindicated. At the same time it would be a no more genuine miracle than if by the same process he should heal the sick, cause a blade of grass to grow, secure a new subscriber to the Pacific Union, or move a grain of mustard seed a hair's breadth. All these things are accomplished by other forces.

Let us have a fair test. Let Brother Hines pray that the circulation of the Pacific Union may double weekly until justice is done between man and man the world over; that the ghosts may vanish from the minds of men, and that the priests may cease to prey upon their superstitions. We will not insist upon his prayer being answered in two weeks; it will be glory enough if it is answered in two decades.

Being the judge in the case proposed by the editor of the Union, regarding the publication of foolish and absurd matter in these columns, we would of course have to decide in his favor as to the facts. After reading Mr. Hines's remarks, printed above, however, some of our readers might decide against him and contend that he had furnished us with the weapons for his own defeat,

A CODE OF MORALS.

Last year the Hon. John S. Hittell, of San Francisco, wrote and the Bancroft Company published a little book of fifty-one pages entitled "A Code of Morals." It is divided into five chapters, embracing Individual Duties, Social Duties, Industrial Duties, Political Duties, and Religious Duties. At the outset it can be seen that the author ignores all claims that morality is of divine origin. It is, he holds, a natural product of the human reason, and progressive in its development. We can trace its growth in history. We can see tribes in which it was creditable to rob or assassinate anyone belonging to another village; in which homicide was the only road to honorable distinction; in which cannibalism, human sacrifices at divine worship, hereditary slavery, unprovoked warfare for slaves and cattle, the ownership of nearly all the land by a hereditary nobility, despotic chieftainship, ecclesiastical persecution, and censorship of the press, were established institutions, and were not only considered politic and just, but were blessed by priests, as of divine origin, to last forever. These Mr. Hittell classes as evils, the overthrowing of which was an important step in moral progress. To aid in the general ethical welfare of our race, it is held, men should recognize the predominance of good in human nature. We should live a consistent life; choose a system suitable for the guidance of all men, and be true to it. We should shun asceticism, crime, and mean selfishness, and study justice and virtue. He confesses that the Golden Rule, "though the best epitome of the highest morality in a single sentence, is not sufficient for the moral guidance of humanity."

Pleasure, our author contends, governs us all:

"Do not assert that you live for others, or that you love your neighbor as yourself. You do not and cannot. If you have a high character, you may sacrifice your money or your life for them, but in such case the sacrifice is made primarily to your affection, and only secondarily to the object of your affection. The greatest and most generous sacrifices are also sacrifices to self, to a noble self-hood."

Furthermore:

"Do not allow others to dictate rules of conduct to you. Examine all the moral codes, including those of the Buddhists, the Stoics, the Christians, the Confucianists, the Epicureans, and the Utilitarians (most of these differ more in name than in spirit) and make a choice for yourself. Be your own man morally."

This warning is given:

"Be prepared to be maligned when you declare that your own enjoyment is the highest purpose and duty of your life. While blind to the weakness of their own positions, bigotry and superstition will grossly mistake and abuse yours, and even kind and learned genius will sometimes be unfair to you."

In his remarks on "Death" the author says:

"No other treasure is more precious to man than his self-respect, based on the consciousness of noble purpose and on the recollection of noble conduct; no other is so secure in its possession, for it cannot be taken away by the fickleness of fortune, as may wealth, office, and a circle of fashionable friends. Let your actions be sweet to-day so that there shall be no bitterness in your cup to-morrow."

Then the necessity of self-respect is advocated; also self-education, physical and mental. "Resist evil. Do not make a sheep of yourself for the benefit of the wolves. Do not encourage and reward violence by cowardly or meek submission."

We would like, if we had the space, to quote a hundred maxims of conduct and self-control. They are all good. Under Industrial Duties we come across sentiments concerning which

there will be wide divergence of opinion. For instance, the following:

"Preserve your own industrial liberty, and respect that of others. Do not obstruct the free play of supply and demand. Do not hamper the career of business talent. Resist every association that dictates the prices of labor or merchandise; that demands as much employment and pay for the incompetent and careless as for the competent and careful workman; that prohibits work by the job; that forbids the strong and active workman to do more than the weak and idle; that commands laborers to beg rather than to accept living wages under the rates adopted by strikers; that depend on crime for the enforcement of their orders; and that organize a minority of toilers receiving high wages in conspiracy against a majority anxious to work for lower wages."

Here are Mr. Hittell's instructions as to the "Greatest Good:"

"Do not subordinate the welfare of the community to the greed or whim of any individual. Never let indulgence to the drone or the evil-doer outweigh justice to the community. Exterminate promptly the professional criminal, the Anarchist criminal, the insane criminal, the professional gambler, the sturdy beggar, and the habitual drunkard. Do not allow infants born blind, deaf, idiotic, monstrous, or seriously deformed to live."

The author opposes Communism, not because of its purpose, but because of its methods. It is a long and sudden jump beyond all governmental experience, whereas every advance should prove its soundness before its successor shall appear. Anarchy is condemned for the reason that it attacks all government, and destroys the only existing protection which the poor and weak have against the rich and powerful. "The most dangerous enemies of the poor are those demagogues who would like to bring on a destructive revolution, and who pretend that the hardships of poverty are mainly chargeable to the officials in power."

Among "Religious Duties" this is placed first:

"Do not despise your body. Do not degrade yourself by fasting, vigils, self-flagellation, or abstinence from any enjoyment that does [not] injure yourself or others. Do not sacrifice the certainties or neglect the opportunities of the world. Treat this life not as a mere probation or introduction to another, but as a sphere worthy of all your zeal and interest, as sufficient in itself to reward your highest ambition."

Certainly those are reasonable sentiments. The following might have been written by Thomas Jefferson:

"You may be told that this or that institution is of immediate divine origin, and must not be modified or destroyed by hostile legislation. If you will read the history of Egypt, Hindostan, Babylonia, Assyria, Persia, Arabia, India, Greece, Rome, Carthage, Gaul, and Utah, you will find that such claims have so often been made falsely that you will be somewhat suspicious. Demand conclusive proof of the divine origin. Remember the legal maxims that the more important the averment and the less consistent with ordinary experience, the stronger should be the proof, and that the evidence must be the best obtainable under the circumstances. It might be difficult to say what would be the best evidences that divine power could furnish to sustain its own work, but they would presumably include indisputable proof that the institution in question, unlike those of human origin, was perfect from the first, and had never suffered the least change by decay, growth, or reform; that the agents to whose care it had been intrusted had been perfect in their wisdom, learning, and justice; and that its influence had been beneficent in every direction. Until some institution can produce such evidence in its own support, you may without impiety legislate upon everything and reform everything."

As long ago as 1856, Mr. Hittell wrote a work entitled, "Evidences Against Christianity." It is just as strong, though not as effective, an attack on the Bible as that made by Thomas Paine in his "Age of Reason." The author speaks of the plan of salvation as "foolishness;" charges rightly that "no book on earth teaches so many conflicting dogmas as the Bible, and declares that belief in Jehovah is a superstition. For that reason we are

rather surprised to find in the "Code of Morals" now under consideration the following:

"You are under no obligation to proclaim doctrines that, by the people around you, are regarded as criminal or injurious to the general welfare. If your neighbors accept false and debasing opinions, you can presumably do more good by teachings that will please and gradually elevate them than by offending them so that they would at once burn, banish, or avoid you."

At this point, it seems to us, our Homer nods. We are inclined to think that if we have a truth we are under a moral obligation to proclaim it. Socrates thought the same; so did Christ, Servetus, and Giordano Bruno; so, also, apparently, did Mr. Hittell in 1856. Any other method would put an end to progress.

But it is not to criticise Mr. Hittell's book, but rather to call attention to it, that this article is written. The Secularists of the country are contributing toward a fund of one thousand dollars to be paid for the best manual on moral instruction without superstition. The present work is in the same direction, and would certainly be of great help to those who might think of competing for the prize. It costs 25 cents.

It is hoped that friends of FREETHOUGHT will not allow their zeal to slacken until every available subscriber among their acquaintances has been brought into the fold. True, this is not the season for reading, owing to busy times and short evenings, but it is well enough to agitate and keep the matter before the people. Sow the good seed now, and gather the harvest in the fall. Every subscriber is authorized to act as our agent to secure new ones.

AFTER reading FREETHOUGHT for nearly a year Mr. A. J. Kalb, of Quincy, Ill., has made a discovery. He writes:

QUINCY, ILL., July 17, 1889.

Messrs. Putnam and Macdonald, Sirs: Please do not send the FREETHOUGHT to me any longer. I do not consider it fit to be in any family. I am ashamed for any person to know that I take it. I did not know its character before I took it. Yours respectfully, A. J. KALB.

Mr. Kalb is the proprietor and manufacturer of a chart of the Solar System, which he endeavored to induce us to advertise and sell. The chart is well enough astronomically, so far as we know, but it is covered all over with scripture texts and pious assurances which make it unreliable as a scientific guide. Hence we declined to handle it, and hence Mr. Kalb's alarming discovery.

TALMAGE has been to Johnstown and reports:

"The stories circulated about Johnstown people having lost their faith in God and given up the Christian religion because of this calamity, I denounce as false and scoundrelly. The pastors tell me there was one such case. On the contrary, there is more Christian devotion than ever before. Even Infidels pray. One of them the afternoon of the disaster, in the upper room of a house which was rapidly filling with water, was overheard to pray: 'O God, if you can give me any aid at this time I will be very much obliged to you.'"

Some years ago Mr. Talmage gave the world an electrifying story about an Ohio blasphemer who was suddenly turned into red-hot stone. Upon investigation by reliable parties the reverend gentleman was shown to be a liar of the first degree. His present performance sustains his previous reputation.

THE National Liberator advertises Bellamy's book, "Looking Backward" thus: "gnikooL."

THE Golden Gate replies to our query by saying that it does not want the earth exactly, "but we want enough of it for a four-story building for the uses of Spiritualism that may cost from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars. The forty-thousand-dollar donation is a glorious pointer in that direction." We hope to see the proposed building erected. It would be a temple of light compared with the orthodox church buildings, though such a structure as the Lick Academy of Sciences is more in keeping with our ideas of usefulness.

THE delegates to the Idaho constitutional convention give early evidence that a secular constitution is not to be looked for. The other day a delegate named Peffly moved that the payment of state funds to religious institutions or for chaplains in legislatures be prohibited, and the dispatches say that he was "well sat down on" by the convention. He also moved to strike out the preliminary incantation, "Grateful to Almighty God," but lost. Superstition appears to have won in the opening skirmish.

A GENUINE case of religious persecution is now staining the records of the Tennessee courts. A Seventh-day Adventist named King, who observes Saturday as the Sabbath, was at last accounts under arrest for cultivating his corn on Sunday. The Sabbatarian bigots would make Mr. King's fate the fate of all American citizens if they had the power; and they are reaching out after it.

MR. HENRY AULL, of Capistrano, Cal., writes:

"I am fully conscious that you are exactly like all the priests of superstition and the despoilers in our Secular affairs; that you don't want overwhelming refutation of your sophistry; that you only want lucre."

A man as wise as Mr. Aull should spell his name as it is pronounced—Owl.

THE former "Arbitrator," a Liberal and Reform paper published at Denver, Col., has assumed the size and form of FREETHOUGHT, and takes a new name, "The Individualist." Quaker Dyer D. Lum, the successor of Albert R. Parsons as editor of the Anarchistic "Alarm," writes for the new journal.

A CHRISTIAN and a Jew, farm employees of A. S. Hallidie, at Searsville, San Mateo county, had a religious discussion last Sunday. The Christian prevailed by the usual method. He drew a pistol and inflicted a wound upon his opponent which may prove fatal.

FROM a circular received we gather the information that James Vincent Sr., formerly of the American Nonconformist, is about to begin the publication of a new reform journal called the "Christna." It will probably be issued from Winfield, Kan.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The Catholics dedicated a school for girls at San Rafael last Sunday. The grounds and buildings cost \$150,000.—The Rev. J. P. Dickinson preached at the Independent Presbyterian church Sunday night on "A Screw Loose." Those who heard the sermon located the loose screw in the preacher's head.—Maurice Walsh, a Cronin suspect, is being watched by the police of San Francisco.—John H. Wigmore, son of a San Francisco lumber dealer, has been appointed professor of law in the University of Tokio, Japan. Wigmore is a graduate of Harvard, and for the last few years has been practicing law in Boston. He is not thirty years of age, but was appointed on the special recommendation of President Elliot of Harvard, because of his eminent ability.—It is reported that a movement is on foot among the merchants who form the New York Chamber of Commerce to induce Congress to repeal the Chinese Exclusion act.—Electric

lights have been set up in Chinatown to illuminate the dark places and prevent crime. The Celestials denounce the strange luminaries as "devil lights."—There is complaint of "extensive carelessness" in the distribution of the Johnstown relief fund.—The state Supreme Court has reversed the decision of Judge Sullivan, who decided the Sharon will case in favor of Sarah Althea, and gives the Sharon estate to Sharon's legitimate heirs.

A monument has been erected at Utica, N. Y., over the grave of Roscoe Conkling. It bears the simple inscription, "Roscoe Conkling. Born October 30, 1829. Died April 16, 1888." The monument is nine feet high and weighs about twenty-five tons.—The Sunday law is strictly enforced in Kansas City, Mo., and last Sunday the town was as dry as Kansas.—The Carson Appeal says forty ministers gathered in that city during the few days preceding the appearance of a company of pretty and scantily clothed women on the stage there last week.—The Law and Order League of Cincinnati, O., shut up the saloons on Sunday, and the saloon-keepers retaliated last Sunday by shutting up all kinds of business places. Fifteen arrests were made.—The Kanawha Valley, Virginia, was flooded by a cloudburst last week. Many people were drowned, and the loss of property reaches millions.—The State Prohibition Convention of Virginia met July 17 and nominated a full state ticket, at the head of which for governor is the Hon. Thomas E. Taylor.—Jay Mapes and Douglass Twell of Columbia College, New York, who have been studying at the University of Edinburgh during the summer season, have acquitted themselves with high distinction in the practical anatomy class of Sir. William Turner. The former obtained first place and the university medal, with 95 per cent of available marks, and the latter third place, with 93 per cent of available marks.—Mrs. Grant has received over \$900,000 from the sale of General Grant's "Memoirs."

A Paris dispatch dated July 21 says: The Anarchists marched in procession to Pere-la-Chaise cemetery to-day and laid wreaths upon the graves of the dead Communists. Herr Liebknecht and others delivered orations at the tombs of Boerne and Heine. A band of Possibilists, headed by Mrs. Besant, also visited the cemetery and decorated the Communists' graves with wreaths, also placing upon them grasses plucked from the graves of the Anarchists executed at Chicago.—The Spanish government has forbidden any demonstration calculated to encourage the pope to come to Spain in the event of his leaving Rome.—The Whitechapel desperado known as Jack the Ripper murdered another woman last week. The police are unable to find the assassin.—The jury in the case of William O'Brien against Lord Salisbury for slander has returned a verdict in favor of Salisbury.

OBSERVATIONS.

A few weeks ago a caller at this office left with me a little book, that he had picked up somewhere in the mines, called "The Evidences Against Christianity;" written by John S. Hittell and published by the author in 1856. One corner of the book is burned away—perhaps some good Christian, at one period or another of its history, tried to cremate it—and its pages are discolored from being watersoaked. On the flyleaf the following inscription is still legible:

TO JAMES NISBET, from his deeply indebted associate, friend, and almost pupil,
THE AUTHOR.
San Francisco, Feb'y 29th, 1856.

Old residents inform me that James Nisbet was a journalist, well-known as editor of the San Francisco Bulletin in its best days, an able, upright man, who gave the paper a character it had never known before, and has not enjoyed since. He had the misfortune, one day in the year 1864, to embark on the steamer Brother Jonathan, from Puget Sound to this port. The vessel missed her course in a fog and went aground on the Crescent City reef, and only a boatload of her passengers reached the land. Mr. Nisbet lost his life, but it is told that while the ship was sinking he wrote his will on a slip of paper, which in some way was saved and admitted to probate. The Brother Jonathan had a large amount of money on board in gold and greenbacks, but none of it was ever recovered. Indeed, it was never learned what particular rock the ship struck upon, and the spot where

she went down is unknown to this day. When the survivors went back to rescue their fellow-voyagers the Brother Jonathan had disappeared forever.

So the little book has a history and a tragedy associated with it, and I have put it on file as a relic. I wish that its distinguished author, who is evidently a Freethinker, would give the world the benefit of his later researches and conclusions.

Visitors to the hall where the Freethought Society meets sat in darkness last Sunday evening and watched the magic lantern pictures which Brother Faust threw on a screen at the end of the room. It was one of the few stereopticon exhibitions I had ever attended when I did not have a hand in running the show, and I was therefore much happier than usual. Mr. Faust took all the responsibility—hung up his screen, worked the lantern, and told what the pictures were designed to represent. If the janitor had been foresighted enough to provide seats for all the people who came, I should not have perspired so freely as I did in rustling for chairs.

Mr. Faust opened with a ship at sea, in which the audience were supposed to be en route for Egypt. After landing us in Alexandria previous to its bombardment, all hands took a spiel through the city. Then the pyramids and sphinx were visited, and other objects of deep interest. The route lay northwest to Italy, giving views in Pompeii. The famous exhumed bakery was shown, where the excavators found eighty loaves of bread in a good state of preservation. Mr. Faust did not avail himself of the sarcasm that some of the same loaves are now to be found on the tables of boarding houses. I once sprang that joke on my Troy audience and it took first-rate. In the course of an hour the voyagers sighted the Brooklyn Bridge, and then we got some California scenery in the shape of magnified fleas and flea eggs. Mr. Faust had been studying the manners and customs of the *pulex irritans*, and stated that a single flea would lay eighty eggs at a sitting, but omitted to estimate how many would be laid by a married one. The way he neglected opportunities of this kind convinced me that he was just the sort of man to sin away his hour of grace without taking advantage of the plan of salvation so freely offered to all. Some vinegar poured upon a glass and placed in the lantern cast the shadows of innumerable living organisms on the screen. Mr. Faust invited the audience to step forward and examine the same, and those who did so showed the people behind them how a man would look with a handful of animated ravelings crawling around and tying themselves into knots on his back. So the exhibition passed off quite pleasantly.

After the lights were turned on Vice-President Eastman spoke eloquently and at great length. His address referred to the collection, and resulted in nearly doubling the usual contribution. The Chair gave visitors to understand that strangers and those not in sympathy with the objects of the organizations were not solicited or expected to put anything in the hat, while for friends who desired to help the cause along no limit was prescribed.

There was no discussion, and no further exercises except the piece of music which Professor Joran played on the piano. Some went away before the close, though people that were wise stayed till the audience arose, and helped display its size; but there are those who'd not repose an hour in paradise.

Next Sunday evening Mr. Charles F. Burgman will address the society on "Co-operative Liberalism."

Sigismund Danielewicz and J. D. Steell, who started in together to publish the San Diego Beacon, got out five numbers. Then they discovered that they could not pull in the same harness. In No. 6 Mr. Steell says, "Although I have always held Mr. Danielewicz personally in the greatest esteem, I have found it impossible to reconcile myself to giving even a tacit countenance to his theories as to the proper solution of the social question." He therefore withdraws. Mr. Danielewicz is lonesome. The editorial chair looks big to him, and he feels small. The office is empty; his pen seems as heavy as a tamping-bar; and when the gloaming deepens into darkness, and the jabberwock whiffles through the tulgy wood, and the Salvation Army comes out, he doesn't conceal that he wants company. Nevertheless, he says, "personal friendship must not interfere with the grand

cause of human progress," and he will "continue to battle on the lines which he has conceived to be the basis of universal harmony." The solitary editor and proprietor does not tell exactly where he stands, and from his mistaking "lines" for a "basis" I judge he has not as yet gained a very clear view of the field before him. There is also an apparent contradiction of terms in his declaration that he will "battle on the basis of universal harmony." If he has found such a basis he should invite universal harmony to come and sit on it.

But I merely wished to remark that if Messrs. Steell and Danielewicz cannot agree on the social question they made a great mistake in founding a paper to discuss social issues. If Mr. Steell is a Nationalist and Mr. Danielewicz an Individualist they are as far asunder as the east and the west. The whole field of social reform lies between them, and the nearer they get together the better chance there is for a scrimmage. When the Socialist and the Anarchist lie down together, the Anarchist will be under the bed.

It seems strange that Messrs. Steell and Danielewicz did not ask my advice on the subject before they started the Beacon. Then the "partnership heretofore existing" would not have had to be dissolved by Mr. Steell, and Mr. Danielewicz would not now feel that "something like remorse was creeping over him."

SUNDAY-LAW HYPOCRISY.

From A. T. Jones's Argument before the Senate Committee.

But the secret of the whole matter is this: As an argument for the Sunday law, these men assert that the great railroad corporations desecrate the Sabbath, and by persistently running Sunday trains, also compel the railroad-men to work and to desecrate the day. They at the same time assert that the men who own the railroads belong to the churches. If, then, the railroads compel their men to desecrate the day, and the owners of the railroads are church members, then who is it but the church members that are compelling people to desecrate the day?

Further than this, they quoted at Chicago the statement of a railroad president, that the roads "get more requests for Sunday trains signed by preachers" than they do from other people. But as the church members own the railroads, and the preachers request them to run Sunday trains, then who is to blame for the "desecration" of the day but the preachers and their own church members? Can't the preachers stop asking for Sunday trains without being compelled to do so by the civil law? In the Chicago convention last month—November 20, 21—Dr. Knowles, who is secretary of this National Sunday-law Union, said that by the influence of William E. Dodge, even after his death, the Delaware & Lackawanna Railroad Company had resisted the temptation to run trains on Sunday until the present year. But five hundred ministers met in conference in New York and used competing lines on Sunday, and by this the hands of the Sunday observance committee have been tied ever since. After that, when the Delaware & Lackawanna directors were asked not to run Sunday trains, they replied:

How can you come to us pleading for us to run no trains on Sunday, when your preachers by the hundreds on Sunday use our rival lines, which do run on Sunday? If your preachers ride on Sunday trains on other roads, we cannot see why they and other people cannot ride on our trains on Sunday. And if it is all right for these other roads to run trains on Sunday—and certainly ministers of the gospel would not ride on them if it were wrong—then we cannot see how it can be such a great wrong for us to run Sunday trains.

That is a very proper answer. No wonder the Sunday committee's hands are tied by it. And yet that very conference of five hundred preachers, assembled in New York last summer, took the first decided step toward the organization of the National Sunday Association, of which Dr. Knowles himself is secretary.

By these facts there is presented the following condition of things: (1) Church members own the railroads; (2) Preachers sign requests for Sunday trains; (3) The church members grant the request of the preachers for Sunday trains, and the preachers ride on the Sunday trains, and other church members go on Sunday excursions; (4) Then the whole company—preachers and church members—together petition Congress and the state legislatures to make a law stopping all Sunday trains! That is to say, they want the legislatures, state and national, to compel

their own railroad-owning church members not to grant the requests of the preachers for Sunday trains. In other words, they want the civil power to compel them all—preachers and church members—to act as they all say that Christians ought to act. And they insist upon quoting all the time the commandments of God, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." But if they will not obey the commandment of God, which they themselves acknowledge and quote, what assurance have we that they will obey the law of Congress or state legislature when they get it, especially as it will rest entirely with themselves to see that the law is enforced? Will they compel themselves by civil law to do what they themselves will not otherwise do? The sum of the whole matter is that they want the civil power to enforce church discipline; and that not only upon themselves, but upon everybody else. The whole system, and all the pretensions upon which this Sunday law is demanded, are crooked.

"J. C. P." CONTINUES THE ARGUMENT.

The article published in your paper July 13, on which you have commented and styled "A Defense of Catholicism," was not intended as a defense of the Catholic religion, but simply as a defense of Catholics as a sect and a class, in contrast with the more dangerous element known as Protestants.

In your strictures on this, you bring grave charges against Catholics and the Catholic church. To one or two of those charges I think there is room for exception.

First. I am not convinced that "Catholics are opposed to progress" simply because "they are opposed to innovations," or that "innovations" are always on the side of "progress."

The sumptuary laws and prohibition deviltries which for many years have obstructed and prevented needed legislation, embarrassed the courts, and distracted our people are all "innovations;" and surely in these matters we have not progressed.

Second. I do not believe that the Catholic church is the only one which has "attacked our public schools."

How long since a convocation of the Protestant ministers of California almost unanimously declared in favor of the Bible in the public schools? You say that "Catholic school training is vastly inferior to that of the Protestant." Perhaps the distinction is in reference to quantity ("cramming") instead of quality; or to frivolous modern fine arts instead of the solid sciences.

"The public schools in danger" has for many years been the great political bugaboo, and the source of a vast amount of party clap-trap. It is now evident that our public school system, under Protestant management, is fast becoming a political machine, the control of which the Protestant clergy are strenuously endeavoring to secure, with a fair prospect of success.

I admit that "an institution should be judged by its record rather than by its promises." But will not the record of the Catholic church compare favorably with that of the Protestant since the establishment of the latter? If, as you say, "the Catholic church has ruined every country in which it has had the controlling power," cannot the same be said of Protestant churches?

Under Protestant government Ireland has been reduced to her present condition. In no country have crueller persecutions and outrages ever been committed than in the American colonies under Protestant rule; and even now, in many of our American states, Protestant piety has inaugurated sumptuary and oppressive laws and religious restraints upon personal liberty almost beyond endurance.

Nearly all the Protestant ministers in the United States have indorsed the following declaration of united religious and political principles, namely, "That we acknowledge Almighty God as the supreme ruler of the universe, to whose laws all human enactments must conform." These are now clamoring for a recognition of God in the Constitution; for a national Sunday law; for a national prohibition law, and a national compulsory education law. They are also asking for the exemption of church property from taxation, and, to secure the enactment of such laws, for the enfranchisement of woman.

From all this the Catholic clergy have stood aloof; nor have they ever attempted to influence, corrupt, or control our legislative bodies. Which then, to judge by their record, is the most dangerous, the Catholic church or the Protestant? J. C. P.

DID JESUS CHRIST RISE FROM THE DEAD ?*

IV.

Having dealt with Paul, who, demented though he was, was the only person with sufficient mental force about him, among all the early Christians, to plant deeply the roots of a new propaganda, I will revert to the resurrection evidence of the four evangelists. I at once admit that it is preposterous to adduce four such ill-attested documents, even if they agreed among themselves, in evidence for the occurrence of such a tremendous impossibility as the resurrection. To the mental temper of the thinkers of the present time, the resurrection of Christ would not be established if all the writers of the ancient world bore detailed and uniform evidence in its favor. On the lines of Hume's inexpugnable argument it would still be more probable that all those writers, knowingly or unknowingly, should bear false witness than that a dead man should rise from the grave. Accordingly, the mutually contradictory four gospels, standing alone, without even the veriest shadow of support from any contemporary writer, is ludicrously inadequate to establish that the resurrection took place. But here, arranged briefly and concisely (A Light to Lighten the Gentiles) are the "evidences" given by the unknown writers of the gospels:

"Luke (xxiii. 49) relates that, from the crucifixion to the death of Jesus, 'all his acquaintance, and the women that followed with him from Galilee, stood afar off' from his cross. Matthew (xxvii. 55, 56) and Mark (xv. 40, 41) name Mary Magdalene and other women as beholding the crucifixion 'from afar.' Whereas John (xix. 25, 27) declares that Mary Magdalene and the mother of Jesus, and her sister Mary, the wife of Cleopas, also the disciple whom Jesus loved, stood 'by the cross of Jesus.'"

"Pursuant to John (xix. 31-38), before Joseph of Arimathea besought Pilate's permission to allow him to take away the body of Jesus—which was most readily granted him—Pilate had, in compliance with the request of the Jews, given an order for the breaking of the legs of the crucified in order to ensure their speedy death, and thereby to hasten the removal of their bodies. Whereas, according to Mark (xv. 43-45), when Joseph, in the evening, applied for the body of Jesus, 'Pilate marveled if he were already dead,' etc.

"In Matthew (xxvii. 60) Joseph of Arimathea is described as laying the body of Jesus once for all 'in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock.' In John (xix. 41, 42) the sepulchre is not only not represented as Joseph's, but it is spoken of, not as a final, but as a temporary place of interment, because it was 'nigh at hand.'"

"Matthew (xxvi. 17-21), Mark (xiv. 12-18), and Luke (xxii. 7-16) place the passover before, not after, the apprehension, trial, crucifixion, death, and burial of Jesus, as does John (xviii. 28; xix. 14, 42)."

"In Matthew (xvi. 21; xvii. 23; xx. 19) and Luke (ix. 22; xviii. 33) Jesus informs his disciples of his approaching death and of his rising again 'the third day,' not 'after three days,'—i.e., on or after the fourth day, as in Mark (viii. 31; com. Matthew xii. 40). In Matthew (xxvii. 62-64) this flat contradiction does not appear either to have opened the eyes or to have puzzled the brains of the pharisees."

"Pursuant to Mark (ix. 31, 32) and Luke (ix. 44, 45; xviii. 33, 34) the disciples of Jesus understood not what he meant when he spoke of being put to death and of rising therefrom. After the death of Jesus the above alleged prophetic communication afforded his disciples no hope of ever seeing him again; but according to Matthew (xxvii. 62-66) the chief priests and pharisees both understood and acted upon it."

"In John (xix. 39, 40) Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea embalmed the body of Jesus, 'as the manner of the Jews is to bury.' In Mark (xvi. 1) and Luke (xxiii. 56; xxiv. 1) the women who beheld where the body of Jesus was laid prepared spices for the anointing it after the Sabbath."

"Pursuant to Matthew (xvii. 66), the chief priests and pharisees made the sepulchre sure by 'sealing the stone,' and placing a 'guard,' whereas according to all four of the evangelists, including even Matthew himself, the women apparently knew not of

the stone having been sealed, and the body of soldiers placed to guard the sepulchre."

"In John (xx. 1) Mary Magdalene is the first to visit the tomb of Jesus. She sees, though it is 'yet dark,' that the stone has been taken away from it. In Mark (xvi. 1-3), when she comes at a later hour—'when the sun was risen'—to the tomb in company with two other women, she knows not that the stone has already been removed 'from the door of the tomb.'"

"In John (xx. 1) the first visit to the tomb of Jesus is made by only one woman, 'Mary Magdalene.' In Matthew (xxviii. 1) by two women, 'Mary Magdalene and the other Mary.' In Mark (xvi. 1) by three women, 'Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James, and Salome.' In Luke (xxiv. 1-10) by more than four women, among whom 'were Mary Magdalene and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James.'"

"In John (xx. 1), on the first visit to the tomb of Jesus no one is seen. In Matthew (xxviii. 2) 'an angel of the Lord' is seen sitting on the stone he had rolled away from the door of the sepulchre. In Mark (xvi. 5) 'a young man sitting on the right side clothed in a long white garment.' In Luke (xiv. 4) the women, on arriving at the tomb and entering therein, see no one at first, but shortly afterwards 'two men' appear standing by them in dazzling apparel."

"In John (xx. 2) Mary Magdalene informs Simon Peter, and the other disciple whom Jesus loved, of the Lord having been taken away 'out of the sepulchre.' In Luke (xxiv. 9, 10) Mary Magdalene and the other women tell 'the eleven' and 'all the rest' of what they had both seen and heard. In Matthew (xxviii. 8) Mary Magdalene and the other Mary ran to convey to the disciples the glad tidings. But in Mark (xvi. 8) Mary Magdalene and the two other women 'fled from the sepulchre,' and said nothing to any one; 'for they were afraid.' Mark xvi. 9-20, is generally admitted to be spurious."

"In John (xx. 3-8) Peter and the other disciple at first apparently doubt the truthfulness of Mary Magdalene's report. In Matthew (xxviii. 10-16) it is implied that the disciples both believed and acted upon the women's report. But in Luke (xxiv. 11) the apostles disbelieve the women, whose words appear in their sight 'as idle tales.' Verse 12 is by many eminent critics regarded as an interpolation."

"Pursuant to Luke (xxiv. 51) and John (xx. 17, 21, 22, 23), Jesus, on the day he rose from the dead, ascended to his Father, and on the evening of the same day he is described by John as imparting to his disciples the gift of the 'Holy Ghost;' whereas, according to the Acts (i. 3; ii. 1-4), there was an interval of forty days between the resurrection and the ascension, and a further interval of ten days before the 'Holy Spirit' was given."

If the four gospels in their details in regard to the resurrection had agreed, the whole affair would, I repeat, still be monstrously incredible to all fairly sane and educated persons acquainted with even the rudiments of the laws of evidence. Each of the four gospel writers was inspired by the Holy Ghost, and the Holy Ghost has taken the trouble to inspire each of them to tell a different story. If this fact does not establish the truth of the resurrection, it at all events proves that the Holy Ghost is versatile and inventive, and that, having inspired four different gospels, all equally true, and all contradicting each other, he is no relation of "Singlespeech Hamilton." For many centuries the mendacious absurdities and irreconcilable contradictions of Holy Writ were known only to the Christian priesthood and in their own interests they had the wisdom to keep the scriptures out of the hands of their dupes. The Reformation came, and the scriptures did get into the hands of the Christian dupes; but by that time they had been duped for so many centuries that they have practically elected to be duped for a century or two longer; so intractable is the human mind, and so insidious are the siren paths of error.

Protestantism got the "open Bible" into its hands; but it was a cowardly dolt that could not read it. It was, moreover, exceedingly busy at the poor, stale old business of begetting children and earning bread for them; so, to save itself trouble, it handed the scriptures over to its paid parsons, that they might do the reading thereof. These parsons found that it was expedient to read therefrom that Christ rose from the dead, for it is always

*By Saladin, editor of the Agnostic Journal.

"the horrible and awful" that takes with the multitude, who do their thinking by proxy. To keep up the deception, those parsons wrote laborious tomes to reconcile the irreconcilable and explain the inexplicable. The lay dupes did not over-clearly see how the irreconcilable was reconciled, and how the inexplicable was explained; but they believed that the parsons knew all about "the deep things of God," and that was enough. An array of learning acts on the vulgar like a spell. How could John Smith, the cheesemonger, doubt that Jesus Christ rose from the dead, when the Rev. Theophilus M'Hellcinder, D.D., had written eleven great volumes on the subject, nearly the half of them Latin, every page bristling with Greek, and every alternate page sacredly mysterious with heavy, square, black Hebrew, or awful with Accadian cuneiforms?

The common sense of ordinary mankind would long ago have rebelled against the array of Christian impostures but for Learning, whose business it has been to bewilder, not to enlighten, the poor beasts of burden upon whose backs it has ever mockingly ridden. Oh, when will the plainest man alive come to the conviction that about the mystery of life and the arcanum of death—about the blank before the cradle and the vacuity behind the tomb—he knows as much as did the most erudite priest that ever lived? How long will the multitude be juggled into supporting a class of charlatans who affirm that they know what they positively do not know? Because huge volumes have been written for falsehood, and splendid churches and cathedrals built to propagate superstition, how long will it be before the simple wayfaring man can be convinced that the right is on the side of a booklet like this, and that truth is indebted to the services of a pen like mine?

"Oh that the wise from their bright minds would kindle
Such lamps within the dome of this dim world,
That the pale name of priest might shrink and dwindle
Into the hell from which it first was hurled,
A scoff of impious pride from fiends impure;
Till human thoughts might kneel alone
Each before the judgment throne
Of its own aweless soul, or of the power unknown."—SHELLEY.

LAW AND GOVERNMENT.*

I can conceive of a state of society wherein "law and government" might not be absolutely necessary. If the golden rule was a practical law, we should need none other. If we had a creator perfect in attribute, through whose unerring hand we had passed as "clay in the hands of the potter," we should necessarily have been perfect beings, having been made by a perfect creator who could not make an imperfect thing "in his own image." But realizing the imperfect nature of the average being, we have to conclude that evolution and not creation is the natural and only law of our beings, and that the invention of creation is the result of the dense ignorance of benighted and undeveloped minds, or else the product of a base and deceitful schemer.

Having come to the unalterable conclusion that we cannot accuse a special creator of being responsible for the imperfections of humanity; and having satisfied ourselves that nothing perfect can be expected from a source subject to myriads of accidental combinations, and that no two human beings can think exactly alike, and that no two are subject to the same requirements, either mental or physical, we cannot expect any great amount of voluntary self-sacrifice for the public good.

Our tastes, desires, and demands are so varied that they cannot all be gratified without conflicting with those of others; and adding to these the various imperfections of humanity as the result of a mistaken policy and a vicious manner of reproduction, it is no wonder that "law and government" are necessary for the best interests of society.

It is probably true that a misconception of natural laws and a false sentimentalism have given us laws which are vicious in their application, and create crime where none would otherwise exist; but these are the result of ignorance, or the peculiar mental pabulum of our law makers, largely controlled by the sentiments of society.

*An essay read by Ranford Worthing before the Progressive League of San Diego, Sunday, June 16, 1889.

Religion, based upon ignorance and superstition, is largely responsible for the foolish and injurious laws upon our statute books; but thanks to an age of reason and science, we will soon produce a necessity for the abrogation of all bad laws.

But that we need laws for the guidance of the good-intentioned, and the control of the bad element in society, is unquestionable; and the only way to avoid the necessity of laws and government is to produce a state of society so perfect that generosity and unselfishness will be the predominating characteristics of its members.

The suppression of crime monopolizes nearly all our efforts at government, and our laws are entirely directed to the protection of government and people against the encroachments of those who seek to rob or destroy them.

This, at once, seems horrible to contemplate, when we realize that we are making laws against ourselves as a people, but then our lack of patriotism, or realization that each individual is or ought to be directly interested in the welfare of all, is astonishing. Government or law to the ordinary person appears to be a despotic master instead of a servant of the people.

We are apt to regard law as a monster octopus reaching out continually to deprive us of liberty and rights; and forget that we are only protecting ourselves individually and collectively by this means.

We have a variety of forms of government, and have ever had since the world was peopled. Among the earliest of which we have any knowledge is the patriarchal form, than which there is no better at the present time. It is not the form of government, but the character of the governors, that give us good or bad government; and a king or emperor with the proper sentiments in regard to humanity might give us the best possible government. But there being no different attributes in the make-up of kings and emperors from those of other men, it follows that they have to be restrained by laws as well as other people. This condition has brought about the gradual demand for the growth of republics, a government by the people; and to my mind the only perfect form of such a government is one simplifying it to such an extent that cognizance of all by all can be possible. The great extent of our country, the facilities for travel, and the absolute freedom of everybody to go and come when and where they please, furnish opportunities for the commission of crime that should be curtailed. Yes, I say the liberties of all persons with criminal tendencies should be curtailed; for no man has a right to endanger my liberties in the enjoyment of life and the pursuit of happiness by committing acts against my happiness; and it might produce happiness to a criminal to deprive me of my rights.

Now, if all the people were divided into communities, of say one hundred families, and each community allowed to make and execute its own laws by calling its members together through a public servant when necessities arise, nearly all necessity for laws or government would soon cease; for the characteristics of all would soon be known, and proper regulations made for all requiring special attention. This would lead to better breeding, as those found to be morally or physically deformed would not be permitted to reproduce their kind, and out of pure self-protection each commune would gradually improve its members until there should be a decidedly better aspect of humanity than now exists. To make it applicable to the nation it would only require sending a delegate of each commune to a meeting of county delegates who should in turn send one to a meeting of state delegates, and they one each to a United States meeting, to make and execute all the laws necessary. Again, all persons desiring to travel or remove from one place or community to another could be provided with passports which would give them the same standing in another place they held at home, thereby protecting all—stopping the free circulation of the criminally inclined incognito.

Some of you will say at once, this is despotism! I will say in reply that nothing but despotism, in one form or another, ever did or ever will protect the good-intentioned from the depredations of the evil inclined. And the purer and better the people the less despotic will their laws be. The tendency to natural improvement in the race by such a course would be so rapid

that a few generations would astonish the most enthusiastic reformer. But as long as people without knowledge of the simplest laws of nature are allowed to herd together and steep themselves in crime and criminal reproduction; and when disturbed as a result of overt acts, to quietly and secretly steal away to some place where they are not known, just so long will we have a state of affairs that calls for redress and reform.

The advantages of the community plan can be given in detail to cover every necessity that can arise for law and government; and a study of it is desired in all its ramifications, which, we doubt not, will develop a knowledge of the capacity for improvement in the human family which will be astonishing.

Don't go about this study on a basis of "original sin," "total depravity," "atonement," or "special creation," but take human nature as developed through natural causes and effect. Observe what has been done through natural laws, and the "modus operandi" of evolution, and study the results. If you have the mental capacity for comprehending what you may observe, conclusions will be reached which will astonish the most sanguine, and prove conclusively that "law and government are necessary for the best interests of the people."

THE RECORD OF CHRISTIANITY.

In the Albany Times of July 2 the Hon. A. Schell has the following reply to a clergyman of that city:

In your edition of Monday I notice the assault of Dr. Dowling, of the Madison Avenue Reformed church, upon Infidelity, which I cannot allow to go unchallenged, and with your permission will attempt to answer. Dr. Dowling is reported as saying that "Christianity is an institution; Infidelity is destitution;" in effect, that the former is constructive, the latter destructive; that one contributes to the reformation, the other to the deformation of character.

I admit that Christianity is an institution—an institution in whose name every crime that figures in the catalogue of crime has been committed. The most fearful wars that have devastated the fair face of earth have been religious wars—one in Europe lasting thirty years—a period of time ten years in excess of the average duration of mankind at the epoch of the Reformation. It is estimated that more men were slain upon the field of battle, or died from the causes produced by the horrors of religious wars, than are contained in the present population of Europe.

To-day Christian Europe, from Moscow on the east to the Atlantic ocean on the west; from the British Isles on the north to the Italian peninsula on the south, is one huge camp of bristling bayonets, Krupp guns, and iron-clads that plow the internal and external waters of the world, ready at any moment to overwhelm man and his habitation in ruin. The inventive genius of man has been taxed in Christian Europe to the utmost by the invention of the most destructive implements of death. Ten millions of Christian soldiers, drilled and armed, stand ready at this moment for the field of carnage and slaughter. It appears to me that this aspect of affairs is a sad commentary on the reformatory and constructive character of Christianity.

Taking a charitable view of Dr. Dowling's comments, has he not unwittingly made a mistake? Is not the destructive side of the question more applicable and befitting Christianity than Infidelity? Christian Russia is on a still-hunt for the Afghans in Central Asia; and the Russian bear is aching for an opportunity to uncover his teeth to the British lion in India. Christian Austria is waiting for a favorable opportunity to advance her grenadiers to the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. Bismarck is ubiquitous in the islands of the South sea, and scheming with other nations for the dismemberment of republican France, which is a continual menace to monarchy in Europe. Parliament has voted \$500,000,000 to increase the English navy, insuring England the continued supremacy of the seas. Even Italy, aroused from her lethargy, is trying to advance the banner of the cross along the southern shores of the Mediterranean. Why, our own beloved United States of America is adding to our navy and building iron-clads as fast as possible to take a hand in the fray. "Sincere Christians," if accounts are true, are trying to subdue the natives of South Africa by sending them

twenty thousand tons of bad rum and gin annually, and are "laying them out" by the thousands as cobalt lays out flies in fly time. I admit that "Christianity is an institution." How could it be otherwise, since Christ said: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword." And the Christian nations of Europe are carrying out this mission to perfection.

I now come to the second branch of Dr. Dowling's discourse—that "Infidelity is destitution," to which I suggest the amendment, "destitution of crime;" and to test the sincerity and confidence of Dr. Dowling in his claims for Christianity, I will make him a proposition: I will give him \$10 for every Infidel whom he will find, upon investigation, in the state prisons and penitentiaries of the country, if he will give me \$1 for every one there who is not an Infidel.

Infidels did not burn five hundred "witches" in three months; nor roast Servetus over a slow fire at Geneva, but John Calvin, a distinguished Christian leader, did. Infidels did not murder five men and thirteen women at Salem for the impossible crime of witchcraft; but Cotton Mather, a Christian minister, did. An Infidel did not sign the death warrant of the innocent and inoffensive Mary Dyer, who was hanged on Boston Common for the crime of being a Quakeress; but Endicott, a Christian governor, did. Quakers were tied to the tails of carts and dragged to death through the streets of Boston by Christians, not by Infidels. Fires of persecution were lit up at Smithfield, and Latimer, Cranmer, and Ridley, three of the most distinguished churchmen of the age, were burnt at the stake, not by Infidels. I leave Dr. Dowling to say by whom. Infidels never invented implements of torture—the iron boot, thumbscrew, and rack; never put anybody into the inquisition; never hounded on the fiendish multitude that massacred twelve thousand Huguenots in France for the glory of God; never persecuted the Waldenses, Albigenses, and Anabaptists. Let Dr. Dowling tell us who did all these things.

The history of the church is the history of blood. If all the innocent blood that has been spilled in the name of Christianity since the days of Constantine were gathered up in one great reservoir, it would be sufficient to float the navies of the world. I admit that Christianity is an institution!

Christianity has been the bulwark of human slavery, compared with which all other crimes pale into insignificance; and in the Bible Christians find justification for this damnable crime.

Infidel France was the first nation in Europe to set the example of freeing her slaves, in the island of St. Domingo. Thomas Paine, whom the Christian church denounces as an Infidel, declared nearly a century ago that "man has no right to property in man."

The strongest opposition the abolitionists had to encounter in New England came from the Christian church. In the South rewards were offered for the heads of Garrison and Phillips; at the North they were denounced and treated with mob violence.

Garrison, Phillips, Foster, Pillsbury, Wright, and Brooke were all so-called "Infidels," and in advocating the abolition of slavery they ran the risk of death at the hands of members of the Christian church. If Mr. Dowling shall deny these facts, I will furnish him and the public proof of the most indubitable character in support of my statements.

A. SCHELL.

RIGHTS OF THE MINORITY.

An exchange prints an extract from the recent writings of Samuel P. Putnam, condemning in the strongest way the American servility to the authority of the majority. Mr. Putnam believes, and he is perfectly right in so believing, that the tyranny of the king has been exchanged in America for the tyranny of the majority. The prevalent idea here appears to be that the minority, as a minority, has no rights that the majority is bound to respect. Only let the majority pronounce upon a question, and it is supposed there can be no appeal from it except to another majority that future exigencies may create. Majorities have interfered in numerous and well-known instances with the rights of man, and hardly a protest has been uttered. Almost everyone immediately submits to the dictates of the multitudinous

tyrant without a moment's question. This is all wrong. It ought to be understood that the rights of individuals are as sacred as the rights of an agglomeration of individuals. Surely the old idea that might is right ought by this time to have died the death of other musty and superstitious dogmas, and been succeeded by an age when universal justice displaces the old-time law of barbarous coercion.

Mr. Putnam makes out a strong case, however, to the contrary. He says that the only liberty of which America boasts is simply the liberty of the largest party. "Wherein," he asks, "is this liberty one whit better than the liberty of the Old World? What difference does it make to me whether I am compelled by two million votes or by the voice of a single despot? My slavery is just as unbearable and just as degrading. Indeed the tyranny of a majority is more oppressive than the tyranny of a king. It allows less resistance; it is more overwhelming and destructive of individual assertion. Why, it is as much as a man's life is worth to differ from his neighbors. He is regarded as either a fool or knave. I affirm that most of the liberty of which we boast to-day is a sham. It is liberty only in show, but not in reality. There are very few free men in the community—very few that will as sturdily defy the rule of a majority as they will the rule of a king. Now, I affirm that the majority has no business to legislate for me without my consent. In the domain of my individuality, where I trench not upon another, I am absolute master; and for any number of millions of voters to come into that domain and assert any kind of authority is as outrageous as for the Spanish Inquisition to do so at the point of the sword. This personal liberty, which is all the liberty that is worth martyrdom for, is not yet understood in this 'the land of the free.' Americans generally think that if they do not have a king to rule over them, there is no tyranny. The fact is, however, that in some things the Americans are more despotically governed than any other nation. They submit to more interferences with personal liberty."

This is a pretty strong way of putting the matter, no doubt; but it is not a whit too strong. We prate of our liberty and pity the poor Russians under their czar. For my own part give me the humane tyranny of a single despot who has his country's interests at heart, and whose sympathies can be awakened to the cry of despair, to the tyranny which is pitiless, heartless, and far more leveling and destructive—the tyranny of the irresponsible majority. This tyranny is generally void of reason, is composed and swayed principally by miserable, barbarous prejudices subject neither to humane instincts nor formulated arguments—is, in fact, a formidable car of juggernaut crushing out all justice and mercy. With Mr. Putnam I deny that there will be any genuine freedom until the rule of the majority is sent to limbo with that of kings; until every man is left to be a law unto himself, so far as he does not violate another's freedom. Of course with liberty there must be justice; but look at the legislation of the majority. How much justice do we find? We find not justice, but almost always selfish despotism. Justice can only come by absolute individual freedom; and in order to assert that freedom we must as sedulously defy the tyranny of a majority as that of an emperor—"ALASTOR," in *Secular Thought*.

W. F. JAMIESON returned to Monte Vista, Col., and gave three lectures, July 18, 19, and 20. He is making up his tour east. He will deliver a series of lectures in Hay Springs, Neb., and will give lectures in Grantfork, Ill., later in the season. He is invited to give several lectures at grove meetings in September at Kent, Ohio. Liberals who wish to avail themselves of his lectures should address him at Coryell, Col.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY reviews the main points of the controversy in which he has been engaged, in an article entitled "Agnosticism and Christianity," in "The Popular Science Monthly" for August. Some of Cardinal Newman's writings also receive a share of criticism.

"Looking Backward," a socialistic romance which has been termed the "Uncle Tom's Cabin of Industrial Slavery," by Edward Bellamy. Price, 50 cents.

The Lectures at Turner.

To the Editors of *Freethought*:

Mr. Putnam has lectured at Turner. That community being very much "priest-ridden," the attendance was slim. There was one solitary Christian believer, however, who showed the courage of his convictions by attending the lecture, and then expressing his condemnation afterward. Such a man is worth something. He first listens, then talks. If talking leads to thinking and investigation, such a one is already half converted. He is worth more anyway than the professing Liberal whose moral courage is unequal to the task of bringing him out. There are many Liberals ("Infidels," if it please the Christian better) at Turner. They are not all outspoken, for fear of Christian persecution, perhaps. In this they err. Christianity governs only by fear and fraud. Those who she thinks fear her, she is most apt to persecute, if she sees in them liberal tendencies; and she is sharp to detect the "unbeliever." "Those who are not for us are against us," is a part of her cruel creed, and she persecutes those most who are most afraid of her. A Secular Union at Turner, with a good share of backbone in it, would soon cool off the little Campbellite hell in this place, and make a more salubrious moral climate, and lessen the smell of brimstone. Even the "wind" would be "tempered" to notices of Secular meetings, and would not blow them down so easily.

But the Christians showed even less moral courage than the Liberal. Not a soul (with the exception above noted) put in an appearance. Like the pope and his cardinals at the unveiling of the statue of Bruno, they kept out of sight. "The prudent man foreseeth," etc. Other Liberal lecturers will follow Putnam.

L. I. BERTY.

Turner, Or.

A Testimonial for Putnam.

Dear Friend Macdonald:

Mr. Putnam has been here and gone. He is a fine man. I like him. Every one who heard him here says the same. The lectures were something grand. Every earnest Liberal should try to hear that man.

Kalama, Wash.

GEO. SVENSSON.

THE SUMMER AND FALL CAMPAIGN.

S. P. Putnam has the following lecture appointments in Oregon and Washington:

Coos county, Or., July 22 to Aug. 4,	Fox Valley.....Or., Sept. 9, 10,
Coburg..... " Aug..... 7, 8,	Long Creek..... " " 11, 12,
Lebanon..... " "..... 9,	Hamilton..... " " 14, 15,
Olympia... W.T., "..... 11, 12,	Monument..... " " 16, 17,
Buckley... W.T., "..... 13, 14,	Hay Stack..... " " 18,
Davenport, "..... 17, 18,	Lone Rock..... " " 19, 20,
Cheney... " "..... 19,	Fossil..... " " 21, 22,
Rosalia... " "..... 20,	Hillsboro, Or., Sept., 25, 26, 27, 28,
Sprague... " "..... 21,	North Yamhill... Or., Sept..... 29,
Pasco..... " "..... 22,	Forest Grove..... " " 30,
Dayton... W. T., Aug..... 24, 25,	Talent, Or., and vicinity Oct. 3, 4, 5,
Pomeroy... W. T., Aug..... 26,	6, 7,
La Grange, Or., Aug..... 29,	Linkville..... Or., Oct. 11, 12, 13,
Union..... Or. "..... 30,	Sacramento..... Cal., Oct. 20,
Baker City, Or. Sept..... 1,	San Francisco..... " " 27,
Crocker City, Or., "..... 2, 3,	Los Angeles and vicinity the month
Prairie City, Or., and vicinity, Sept.	of November,
5, 6, 7,	San Diego and vicinity the month of
	December.

"THE GLORY OF INFIDELITY," by S. P. Putnam, is a brilliant sketch of the history, drift, and purpose of Dissent, showing it an indispensable prerequisite to intelligent affirmation. Price 10 cents; Putnam & Macdonald, 504 Kearny street San Francisco, Cal.—The Word.

REV. J. L. LEEPER, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., sent a letter on the 19th to Treasurer Thompson, of the Johnstown relief fund, asking him if the Ft. Wayne brewers had turned over any money. He stated that they held a picnic on Sunday for the Johnstown sufferers against the wishes of the city authorities, and wanted to know if the money would be accepted, and Mr. Thompson wired back that the committee "would not accept any contributions proceeding from Sabbath desecration under the guise of charity." Oh, how long is the world to be cursed with people like Rev. Leeper and Treasurer Thompson!—Pittsburg Truth.

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Some men might smile at jest and taunt,
But Hadje Hassan Ghooly Khant.

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A young Bostonian, reared beneath the brow of Beacon hill, and educated at Harvard, went to Texas and turned cow-boy. He rapidly caught the spirit of the country, and as rapidly shook off the outward semblances of tender-footed Eastern habit. Rough-bearded, leather-clad, sombrero as wide as the widest, 41-calibre Colts on his hips, he was wild as the wildest. Yet within his bosom still burned the flame of Boston culture and refinement.

One day he was riding with a stranger across the prairie. Turning his head suddenly—he was slightly ahead—he saw his companion make a suspicious motion towards his hip pocket. Without hesitation he drew his revolver and shot him. The stranger dropped like a log. The cowboy dismounted and looked at the body of the victim.

"I wonder if he was really going to shoot me?" he soliloquized. "I'll see."

Turning the body over, he discovered a flask of whiskey protruding from the pocket.

"Poor fellow!" he said in a tone of regret. "I've killed an innocent man, and a gentleman at that. He wasn't going to shoot me; he was going to invite me to have a drink. Well," he sighed, drawing his sleeve across his mouth, "the last wishes of the deceased shall be respected."

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"Men," he said, and his deep voice rang out, clear and strong, over the wild waste of waters that threatened to engulf the stately vessel, "throw those things overboard!"

The sailors went to work with the energy of despair. In less than an hour they had thrown over the side of the vessel the private baggage of a traveling actress and three fashionable cases belonging to a London dude, and the gallant ship, with her leak now high above the water, bounded on her course like a thing of life. Her commander had saved her.

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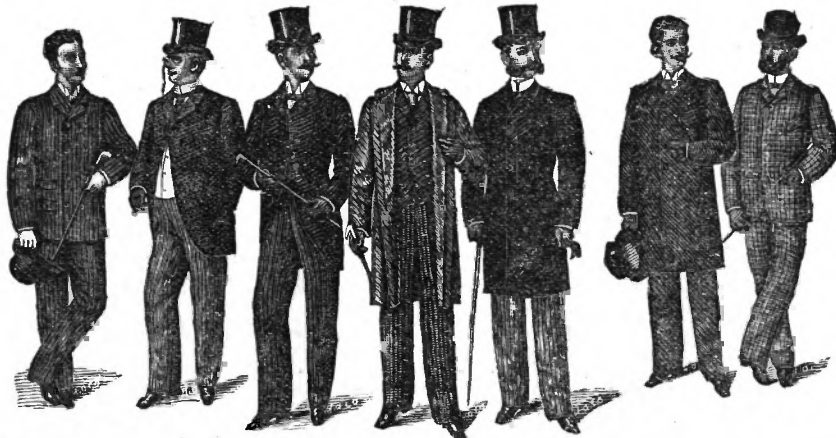
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SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1889.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - AUGUST 3, 1889.

SOMETHING is to be hoped for from Washington Territory in the way of a Secular constitution. The committee on the bill of rights recommends that appropriations of public moneys to religious bodies for any purpose whatever be forbidden.

A SAN FRANCISCO parson has addressed a long communication to the supervisors requesting them to suppress the blowing of locomotive whistles within the city limits. When the ministers cease ringing their noisy church bells the public will have greater confidence in the sincerity of their desire to relieve the city of nuisances.

THE American Sabbath Union sent to the South Dakota Constitutional Convention a communication asking the delegates to insert in the constitution a provision protecting and encouraging Sabbath (Sunday) observance. The matter was referred to a special committee, which reported that the convention had no power to insert such a provision.

THE Weekly Star says: "At a prison reform convention held in this city several years ago, the then chaplain at San Quentin stated that all but five of the prisoners had experienced religion in some form and were believers. In the same speech he remarked that there were five inmates of that institution whom he was certain were innocent. One of the audience asked him if the five, who had not experienced religion, and the five of whose innocence he was certain, were the same individuals; and he replied that they were."

THE messianic delusion which is the foundation of Christianity has recently broken out in Georgia. Two negroes, each claiming to be a reincarnation of the deity, have been preaching among the ignorant blacks of Liberty county. One was shortly placed in an insane asylum, but the other, a man named James, secured hundreds of followers. He teaches the idea of human sacrifice. A dispatch from Savannah dated July 25 says: "Not only is paper money torn up and silver strewn broadcast, but human blood is now demanded as a sacrifice, a result of the story about Abraham offering up Isaac, told on Sunday. The four-year-old boy of Laura Roberts was taken by fanatics, who cross-cut his forehead and breast. His throat was cut and his ears split, the body then

being thrown in a pond. The mother was a party to the butchery. She is a devoted follower of James, and accepted his orders for the sacrifice as of divine origin." Tragedies like this are exactly what might be expected from the doctrine taught; and the doctrine will continue to be taught as long as fools enough can be found to pay knaves for preaching it.

THE latest sensation from Rome is conveyed in the statement that "the Vatican and the Quirinal are doubly guarded owing to information of a plot to blow up both with dynamite. It is rumored that the departure of the pope will be forcibly resisted, and that the government's secret police watch the exits of the Vatican." This dispatch is probably about as true as one-half that come from the Vatican nowadays. The pope is an artful advertiser, and knows how to keep himself before the public as well as does the average actress who is robbed, assaulted, or divorced every six weeks.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, August 4, at 8 o'clock. Jerome A. Anderson, M. D., will lecture on "Good and Evil."

NEWS AND NOTES.

I rather thought there would not be many out on Tuesday evening, July 16, at Stella, on account of the disappointment of the previous day. But they came, nevertheless, from quite a distance about, and the hall was well filled. Friend Kiitering was present from Ranier, and brought good news of the work going on there. The ground has been broken, and the flag flies. Over from Tryon's, eight miles away, a faithful host came, although they had made the journey the night before in vain. They attended the three nights—Dr. and Mrs. S. H. Tryon, Mrs. Jennie Vase Graham, her father Mr. Vase, and Henry Boggess. They had to row over, and besides there were two or three miles of travel by land. Dr. Tryon lives about half-way up to heaven. I hope to visit him and the rest of these undaunted allies sometime, and I guess that will be about as near as I will ever get to the Celestial City.

H. Lawson and sons and family give the usual good cheer to the Secular pilgrim, and here, if anywhere, the star of freedom shines. On the porch we sit, and behold the broad river sparkling in the sun like a winding lake, the wooded shores and shaggy islands. These make a delightful and ever-varying picture as the gorgeous days of sunshine go sweeping on. Friend Scharnhorst is with us, who has been my companion through many travels in this watery world, and as long as he lives he is bound to keep to the front. To vary my boat-ride experiences, friend Lawson provided a ride on horseback, and up into the vast woods we go, climb the hills, and canter to the residence of W.

M. Anderson. He is so immersed in reading FREETHOUGHT that he does not notice our approach. We soon make ourselves known. Anderson has been in the country for nearly forty years, and has done a wonderful amount of work in clearing off the primeval forest. I went down to the logging-camp. The way the logs go into the river after they get started reminds one of sheol. I was tempted to take a ride on these bounding chariots, but concluded that I had not backbone enough for such a flying trip. If one could stand it, however, it would be an exceedingly fascinating journey, and the final immersion in the Columbia would be such a royal baptism that probably every sin would be washed away.

The attendance on the second evening was much larger than on the first, and in spite of the temporary disappointment a victory has been scored. I shall be here in October and give another lecture, and shall also lecture at Ranier and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Howard are on the roll still, and with heart and hand "make freedom's glorious way."

Mr. and Mrs. Herring will pass muster at the judgment seat for good works if not for faith. When I landed in the silent midnight I found a rest and welcome in their hospitable home.

John Deneui, friend Parsons, and others are of our ranks also. Stella, star of Columbia, shines with hope and promise.

Thursday morning I again speed over the mighty river as if through a palace fair.

Kittering is with me as far as Cedar Landing, and here I strike comrade Lawrence, a veteran of the Mexican war, who struck the Oregon shore many a long year ago, and battled with the wilderness. He lives like Diogenes in philosophic leisure, and takes nature at first-hand.

Anderson was with me to Portland, and the Secular pilgrim found him a jovial companion, who knows how to mingle hard work with play, and understands the religion of good things.

At evening I go to Oswego, a kind of a little Pittsburg, on the banks of Willamette about eight miles from Portland. There are factories here, and huge volumes of smoke roll over the town. Miss Elva Davidson and Edgar L. Davidson meet me at the station, and pilot me to the school-house, which is a somewhat dingy-looking temple of learning, in the midst of a beautiful grove. The Christians kicked vigorously because the Infidel was allowed to lecture here. They think they own the school-house, and that it is for their special benefit. The minister in his Sunday's sermon expressed his deep sorrow that there was to be an "Infiddle" lecturer in the place. "Infiddle" is what the Christians now call us. Infidel has got to be so respectable a term that the "fiddle" is now resorted to. Well, there will be plenty of music in that for orthodoxy.

I gave the first Freethought lectures in Oswego. The audiences were not large, but faithful work has been done, and I believe that there will be progress in spite of the smoke and Christianity that now prevails. Oswego is in a somewhat germinal state. It has not yet been fully born. It is a straggling community, and has a seedy look. But these seeds may sprout. There are fine possibilities, and a handsome city may here adorn the banks of the Willamette. Therefore the field is worth cultivating. The country round about is excellent, with good farming and fruit lands, and delightful views of wood and dale, and mountains and lakes. It is a charming place for suburban villas. Undoubtedly as Portland grows there will be elegant residences here. Miss Elva Davidson is our champion worker at Oswego. She went to an Infidel lecture when she was only fifteen months

old, and took it all in, and has been in the front rank ever since. She has made Oswego wheel into line, which has been no easy task. When youth thus gives its splendid enthusiasm to Liberty what an advance will be made. Miss Davidson is one of our youngest laborers in the field, but the work accomplished is worthy of a veteran. With such allies the future brightens to a glowing day.

Her grandfather, J. C. Davidson, has lived here for many years, and now there is quite a colony of the Davidsons—father and sons, grandsons and granddaughters, all in the army of Freethought. I enjoyed a delightful visit on the farm, where the harvest is in full glow and the days are brilliant. Mr. Davidson has sold seven thousand pounds of cherries this year, and they have been shipped as far as Chicago. They are the loveliest cherries I have tasted, and are worthy of paradise itself. If Mother Eve had only eaten these cherries instead of the apple, the human race might have been in a state of innocence yet. Mr. H. Gans introduced me at the meetings, and is not afraid to stand by his colors. He sells goods, and gives a dollar's worth for a dollar, but he doesn't propose to sell his principles.

Mr. S. C. Brown is one of our generous supporters here. He is a student of nature, in the broad sense, as well as in the sense of trying to discover and apply her curative qualities. He does not propose to be a "medicine man" after the old-fashioned theological standard, but in the glory of science. Facts, not fancies, are beneficial to both mind and body.

John Boles, John Confer, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, H. S. Carter, etc., are among our friends in Oswego and vicinity, always ready to give the hand of welcome, and aid the cause.

D. Priestley, of Milwaukee, was also present, and joins the list of FREETHOUGHT. He reports some life in his neighborhood and chances for work in the future. He is ready to do his level best.

Oswego is by no means at the foot of the column, although the Christians have hitherto had the field to themselves. The pulse of progress is here, and the river flowing to the sea promises that humanity shall sometime reach the open ocean of unbounded truth.

Early on Saturday Morning we arise with the sun, and over the rugged hills find our way to Oregon City, where in the morning ray's leaps and flashes the glorious cataract—a mine of wealth, whose white banners are being translated into electric waves that shall roll onward the wheels of industry with radiant pulse.

The golden afternoon finds me at Shedd's, and B. F. Hyland, of Corvallis, and Herman Arnold, are at the station. We drive over to Arnold's ranch, and rest until evening. We meet in the school-house, and a pretty good number are present. This is the first Freethought lecture that the majority of the audience had ever listened to, and they paid good attention.

In the morning and afternoon of Sunday we hold our meetings in the grove. This was called Thompson's grove when the Methodists held their camp-meetings here, but now it shall be called Arnold's grove, for Arnold has bought the farm, and captured the grove. It is said that Thompson was driven into bankruptcy by having to supply too many clergymen with yellow-legged chickens at the camp-meetings. Now it will be a Freethought temple, and the chickens will not flutter, and all the remnant that is now found of the Methodist gatherings is an empty box marked "Hop Bitters." I believe this is the Prohibition drink, "for the stomach's sake." The grove is a lovely

place. The sunlight mingles with the overhanging branches, and verdant roof and walls sparkle as if a thousand jewels were hung on the swaying leaves. Softly sing the innumerable branches, and the shadows dance on the bright, brown floor. The mossy pillars forming delightful arcades gleam in infinite variety. Nature's sweet spirit reigns in this spot, and humanity finds not "the dim religious light," but the richness and pomp of a living world amid delicious scenes. The meetings have been well attended. In the afternoon quite a large number were present from a distance, from Brownsville, Corvallis, etc. A beginning has been made which is quite auspicious. The busy harvest season prevented many from coming. The ball has been started, however, and it will keep on. The future is before us, and Arnold's grove will soon be known as of the most pleasant rendezvous of the Liberal host. Music and dancing will mingle next time with the more solid feature of the occasion. Arnold's grove is christened for freedom and for progress. In the morning I spoke upon the "Demands of Liberalism," and in the afternoon on "The Constructive Methods of Freethought." I could not ask for more attentive listeners than I found under this bright forest canopy.

Friend Arnold is one of our most vigorous campaigners, and Mrs. Arnold and all the family are stalwart Liberals. He is in possession of a noble farm—a half section, radiant with fruit-trees, groves, fields of grain, vines and flowers. He came to this country about two years ago, and people begin to find out that he has brought some new ideas with him. This is the first time Freethought has ever had a show about here. It has come to stay, and Arnold will keep the flag above the cross.

Mr. and Mrs. Hyland join us from Corvallis; also Mr. Harvey Sargent and wife and children, and they all make a bright company. Corvallis is bound to keep on the move. Friend Hyland put Lamberton Brothers on the list of FREETHOUGHT, for which our thanks are due. He keeps the papers and the books on the go, and I never meet him but he buys something, and puts it on the round of missionary work.

Mr. John Cushman and B. S. Martin, of Brownsville, report progress from their post, and I expect to be there sometime in October. The work brightens, the field broadens. Onward for Coos county now.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

July 21, 1889.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

OLYMPIA, W. T., July 22, 1889.—The judicial article of the new constitution is completed, and the lawyers in the convention smile at their success in providing for seventeen judges with good salaries. They insisted that only a high order of talent could be had by fixing salaries which would tempt lawyers of eminence to become candidates. They sneered at laymen, and at the statutes they had passed; and some expressed a supreme contempt for justices of the peace. It is a fact, however, that the lawyers in the late legislatures have composed the judiciary committees, and have had before them nearly every bill that has become a law. If they are full of faults the legal profession is to blame. But the lawyers, with singular inconsistency, have provided for the removal of judges by joint resolution of the legislature, which is not likely to have a majority of lawyers in its membership. The original draft of the section provided for such summary removal without notice to the judge, or a hearing on the charges against him. This was a glaring travesty on justice, perfected by thirteen eminent lawyers who eulogized their profession. A

plain business man, a pioneer, and a Liberal—Edward Eldridge—who believed that every man should have a fair hearing, moved to amend by adding that no such officer should be removed until he had been served with a copy of the charges against him and had been heard in his own behalf; and this amendment saved the reputation of the convention.

The convention will probably submit no separate article on prohibition. What they will do in regard to woman suffrage is still uncertain. Combinations and trades seem to be on foot; and all interests in the line of progress may be trampled upon to subserve the ambition of those who are parcelling out the offices of the incoming state.

Yesterday Rabbi Levy, of Oakland, California, spoke in the Unitarian church at Tacoma. The pastor of the church, Mr. W. E. Copeland, stated, in giving the notices, that he had been requested to call for signatures to a petition for exemption of church property from taxation. He said that so far from asking people to sign it, he would ask them to petition for the taxation of church property. This called out hearty applause, and at its close Rabbi Levy said: "Let the church and the state be wholly divorced;" a sentence which was roundly applauded. To-day the petition of that congregation of Hebrews and Unitarians asking for the taxation of church property on the same basis that private property is taxed was presented to the convention and referred to the committee on revenue. This is a grand step in the right direction. Tax all private property, secular and religious. Lift the burden of taxation only from public property used for public purposes. Let your churches, your hospitals, Young Men's Christian Association palaces, private colleges, and the edifices belonging to private orders—even if a so-called benevolent order—pay taxes according to value for the support of the government. This is equality. This is justice. W. S. Bush.

PRACTICAL EXEMPTION OF CHURCH PROPERTY.

California is rightly called the most Liberal and secular state in the Union. It has no Sunday law, and no law exempting church property from taxation. Nevertheless in San Francisco churches are practically exempt. The Weekly Star calls attention to a statement in Thomas Magee's Real Estate Circular for April, 1887, which gives a list of the churches in this city, their respective assessed valuations, and the taxes paid during the preceding year. The aggregate valuation was \$1,791,875, and the aggregate of taxes paid was \$28,147.28.

The above valuation is made upon the theory that only the land occupied by church buildings should be taxed, since the buildings are of no value for other purposes. The same plea might be made in behalf of theatres, electric light plants, breweries, and ice factories, but we will let it pass, for the Real Estate Circular admits that the saleable value of the property is at least *three times* greater than its assessed value, or nearly \$5,500,000.

So it seems that San Francisco has not much to boast of after all in the way of impartial taxation.

FREETHOUGHT has to pay taxes on every dollar's worth of property in its possession and every cent of money in the till. It is not exempt to the value of a ten-cent pamphlet. The editors, even, must pay two dollars per annum for the privilege of enjoying the climate. We pay this with such cheerfulness as we can command, but we would like to know if there is a clergyman in the city who can show a poll-tax receipt like the ones posted on the walls of this office.

There is great complaint of a shortage of public funds in San Francisco. The city cannot afford to pave its streets decently, and it has no money wherewith to remunerate its school-teachers, who must either wait a long time for their pay or get their orders cashed by Shylocks at a large discount. Meanwhile the church property of the city is "shy" about \$60,000 per annum on its taxes. If there is a Christian in the world who can defend the justice of this sort of thing, we would like to know how he does it.

THE CALIFORNIA STATE LIBERAL UNION.

It is perhaps time for the Liberals of California to be looking forward to the next Convention of the State Liberal Union, which will doubtless be called in January, 1890. There has as yet been no strong effort made to raise the funds necessary for carrying on the work of the Union, but some contributions have been made. Treasurer Schou reports the following receipts and expenditures. The names of donors are given so that if any omissions have been made they may be corrected. Items of expenditure will be presented in the treasurer's report to the congress.

RECEIPTS.		
Jan. 29, 1889,	Philip Cowen,	\$5.00
" " "	A. H. Schou..	2.50
Mar. 6, "	Henry Kaiser,	1.00
" " "	L. R. Titus...	2.00
" " "	A. Derming...	1.00
" " "	F. Butler.....	1.00
" " "	Samos Parsons,	10.00
Apr. 3 "	R. H. Grigsby,	5.00
" " "	L. R. Titus...	2.00
" " "	D. Macdonald,	3.00
" 9 "	W. H. Pepper,	5.00
" " "	J. W. North...	10.00
" " "	J. M. Smith...	1.00
" " "	San Jose Union	5.00
		\$53.50
		Expenditures as per vouchers, 46.65
Total, \$53.50		Balance in Treasury, ... \$6.85
		A. H. SCHOU, Treasurer.

To the Liberals of California:

The report of the treasurer of the California State Liberal Union indicates a spreading interest in the organized work of Liberalism. It was voted at the State Convention to raise one thousand dollars for the work. This probably will not be raised directly. Many lectures have been given throughout the state, the main object of which has been the advancement of the Union. The expenses of these lectures have been paid by local contributions and the money thus used practically for the purposes of the Union has not been placed directly into the treasury, and could not be, under the circumstances, without an amount of tape-work worse than useless. It might be said, therefore, that indirectly several hundred dollars have been raised for the Union. But there should be a general fund of at least two or three hundred dollars in the hands of the directors of the Union for campaign work. The whole state of California should be organized. The Liberals of every locality should be brought into the ranks and their influence placed on the side of Secularism. At present only those places can be visited where the community itself pays the expenses of the lectures, but in the organization of the state many places must be visited where the expenses cannot be paid wholly by the resident Liberals. In this case the general fund can aid. In this way all the Liberals of the state can help push forward the work in every part of the state. This is the object of a fund in the hands of the directors of the Union.

What is wanted mainly is an advertising fund. Moody and Sam Jones draw large crowds because they advertise effectively. If Liberals could do the same amount of advertising they would

meet with the same success. Not having the funds they cannot do it. If fifty or a hundred dollars could be spent in advertising lectures at important places a permanent interest would be created which would render little advertising after that necessary. This lack of means to reach the masses might be supplied by the directors of the Union through a general fund.

It is hoped that Liberals who have a dollar or two to spare will place it in the hands of the treasurer of the Union. During the next four months the campaign will be carried on mainly in Oregon and Washington. November next the winter campaign will begin in California. If, in addition to local effort, the Liberal Union could join forces with a fund of two or three hundred dollars, so that pamphlets and documents might be distributed—and the work at various points be thoroughly advertised, especially in the local newspapers—a much greater result would be attained. By concentrating a little money in the hands of the directors of the Union it can be more advantageously used than by purely individual enterprise. The object of the Union is not to take the place of any individual or local effort, but to supplement that effort. It is hoped that in the early fall the amount required will be in the hands of the Union for this kind of assistance.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM,

President California State Liberal Union.

The following paragraph from an interview with the Rev. Matteo Prochet, of the Waldensian church of Italy, gives an idea of the size of the Bruno demonstration at Rome on June 9, and also of the way the people of Italy regard the pope. It is printed in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Mr. Prochet says:

"The Italian people as a whole are opposed to the pretensions of the pope. The best practical illustration of this, perhaps, can be noted by speaking of the 9th of June last, the occasion of the inauguration of the statue of Giordano Bruno (who was a philosopher and was burned by order of one of the popes). In the procession were some nineteen hundred banners, representing as many different corporations [municipalities], and over one hundred bands from as many different places throughout the kingdom. The Italian press unite in saying that the number of people in Rome on that occasion was greater than for many, many years. These people were assembled there to witness the unveiling of that statue, and while those ceremonies were in progress the present pope was shut up in his palace, which was surrounded by his guards. An editor, in commenting on this, said: 'For once in my life I have spent a whole day in Rome without seeing a priest.' And why was it so? Not in my words but in theirs, 'because they were afraid of the people.' Now what of the king? In a plain suit of clothes and driving his own team he circulated among the great throng, cheered and admired."

There is more Freethought, evidently, in Italy than in America. In this country an anti-Catholic demonstration would be considered colossal if participated in by a thousand persons, and no public man, much less a president, would have the moral courage to show his face on such an occasion.

DR. FOOTE's Health Monthly states that in Ireland the clergy are petitioning that the traffic in ether be restricted, as it is being used there like alcohol, as an intoxicant. It seems, therefore, that if the Prohibitionists anywhere succeed in doing away with the manufacture and sale of alcohol, they will at once have to make the fight over again against such narcotics as ether, opium, and numerous other drugs.

ABOUT twenty progressive people of San Jose have organized a Nationalist Club. The present Nationalist movement is founded on the interest in political reform awakened by Edward Bellamy's book, "Looking Backward."

AN orthodox journal called the "Presbyterian" makes these remarks about the demonstration at the unveiling of the Bruno monument at Rome:

"The half Infidel and wholly radical mob made the streets of the ancient city resound with cries for 'liberty,' and the shoutings from afar must have entered into the ears of the dwellers of the Vatican. The time must have been one of sore trial to the followers of the pope and to the office of Inquisition, which still maintains a shadowy existence. It does not promise much for the genuine religion of Jesus Christ, but it was a disastrous day for the pretensions of the church which for centuries was dominant in the city of Rome."

It is well enough for the Presbyterians to crow now over the discomfiture of the pope; but some day the Freethinkers may erect a monument to Michael Servetus whom Calvin, the founder of Presbyterianism, murdered at Geneva. Then it will not be the Presbyterian's turn to exult.

THERE is a reign of terror among London booksellers. As a result of the imprisonment of Vizetelly for the publication of Zola's translations his firm has suppressed Henri Murger's famous work, and Chato & Windus have burned all their remaining stock of "Boccaccio," "Rabelais," and other mediæval classics. The so-called Vigilance Society, elated by this testimony to the scare it has created, is suspected of now considering a crusade against a well-known edition of the early English dramatists. There are some early Jewish records known as the scriptures which the Vigilance Society might turn its attention to when all milder forms of indecency have been suppressed.

In his letter from Oregon two weeks ago Professor Seymour mentioned the Rev. Mr. Bateman as having refused to allow his phrenological bumps to be examined. The professor surmised that the reverend gentleman knew his own faults and did not care to have them set forth in public, particularly those of a social nature, and the guess proves to be a close one. The Reverend Bateman was shortly afterward detected in adulterous relations with a married woman at Iowa Slough, and the neighborhood has grown too hot for him. The Bandon Recorder of July 20 tells the whole story.

His barbaric highness, the shah of Persia, now on a visit to London, receives no end of Bibles as gifts, and his daily mail is always largely composed of tracts intended to convert him from Mohammedanism. The proselyters are not greatly encouraged by a Liverpool clergyman who, on the Sunday of the Persian monarch's visit to that city, preached a sermon in which he said that Mohammedans were singularly free from the vices of drinking and gambling, and regretted that the Prince of Wales had led the shah out of the paths of virtue by showing him how to bet at the racetracks.

THE celebrated Concord (Mass.) School of Philosophy is no more. Its last sessions were held in the summer of 1887, and though there has been no formal disbanding, the leaders agree in stating that there will no more meetings. Many of the eminent speakers who were conspicuous in its foundation are dead, and no others can be found to fill their places. The institution was a school of metaphysics more than of philosophy, but it served a good purpose as an educator, and we are sorry to hear of its demise.

DAVID LATTIN, a brutal murderer and thief who now lies in the jail at Tacoma, was for five years a member of the Young Men's Christian Association at Spokane Falls.

A CHRISTIAN journal called "Forward," published in Philadelphia, makes the statement that "the building erected by Boston Infidels as a memorial of Tom Paine has been converted into a house of worship." This assertion is well known to be false, but it has its ground-work in the fact that Paine Hall was once leased to a religious body known as the "Day-star Baptist Society," which, after occupying it for some time, finally left the place owing over \$300 for rent! To rent Paine Hall for religious purposes is a rare exhibition of liberality on the part of its managers, but prudence would seem to dictate that they take their pay in advance.

THE average religious editor talks nonsense. The editor of the Presbyterian, for instance, says that "the Agnostic who is opposed to a raid upon the Bible Society" is "an amusing specimen," thereby implying that the majority of Agnostics wish to suppress by force the circulation of the Bible. Just the contrary is true. Agnostics wish people to read the Bible, or such parts of it as are not indecent, and then, after comparing its statements with facts and with one another, decide for themselves whether or not it is the word of God. This is the very process that results in Agnosticism.

THE Waseca, Minn., Chautauquans have begun an action against the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage for \$1,500 damages for failure to lecture before them last year as per contract. Talmage was in St. Paul July 28 and the Chautauquans took advantage of it to get service on him. It is told of Talmage that once in a fit of absent-mindedness he went to Baltimore to deliver a lecture when he had no engagement there. Perhaps he will plead the absent-minded act in the present instance.

THE defection of Mrs. Annie Besant from Atheism to Theosophy is regarded by Mr. G. W. Foote, editor of the Freethinker, as of sufficient importance to be treated of in a pamphlet, which he has written and published, entitled "Mrs. Besant's Theosophy." We regard the incident more in sorrow than in anger. As Ingersoll says, "It is touching when the learned and wise crawl back in cribs and ask to hear the rhymes and fables once again!"

THERE will be a meeting at the Free Library room, 841 Market street, on Thursday evening, August 8, 1889, for the purpose of discussing a system of co-operation elaborated and clearly outlined by Hon. John A. Collins. All who are interested in this important subject are earnestly invited to attend. Mr. Collins will be present and take pleasure in explaining this system, to which he has devoted much study and thought.

A CINCINNATI judge, in the case of a man arrested for selling ice-cream on Sunday, has decided that the law was not broken, as the use of ice-cream had grown to such an extent that it could easily be regarded as a necessity. The defendant was therefore acquitted. Thus another act is added to the Sunday-law comedy.

THE Rev. Mr. Harcourt charges that Mr. John Swett, late principal of the Girls' High School in this city, has been driven out of his position by the Roman hierarchy. We hope Dr. Harcourt will follow up the lead and expose the methods by which Rome controls our public school appointments.

VIKTOR E. LENNSTRAND, the Swedish Freethought lecturer, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment, three months at Stockholm and three at Malmo, for the offense of publicly speaking at those places against Christianity.

OBSERVATIONS.

I desire to thank "Saladin," editor of the London Agnostic Journal, for his good words in his issue of July 6; and in order that the reader may see how much reason I have to be grateful I will quote what he says:

The Macdonald who was the father of our friend, E. M. Macdonald, of the New York Truth Seeker, and of G. E. Macdonald of the San Francisco FREETHOUGHT, was, under the Federal flag, killed in the battle of Bull Run. If, in some other world, his shade take interest in the affairs of this, he will feel proud of his sons, Eugene and George, who, though in their boyhood they had their father "stretched upon a bloody bier," have, two orphan boys, lived to attain to position and usefulness, and, in the vanguard of the human race, to carry forward a flag nobler than that under which their father died. I have long desecrated through the writings of the two brothers that they have heart as well as head; and, although the best qualities of both heart and head are necessary in the leaders of the world's forlorn hope, the latter can be dispensed with rather than the former. The last anniversary of the battle of Bull Run came round, and, away amid "California's pathless world of woods," the memory of the younger of the Macdonald brothers reverted to that gory struggle twenty-eight years ago, which, whatever its national significance, threw him upon the world as an orphan boy; and he composed the following elegiac lines, touching in their artless simplicity, and possessed of a literary excellence which makes us regret that the Freethought journalist has duties so exacting that they prevent the lyrical poet's more frequent communings with his lyre.

The lines referred to are those published under the head of "May 30" in FREETHOUGHT of June 1. The battle of Bull Run, at which Henry Macdonald lost his life, was fought August 28, 1862, and the recurrence of Decoration Day, May 30, recalled that event. A monument standing in Sullivan, Cheshire county, New Hampshire, bears this inscription:

HENRY MACDONALD,
of the 6th Regt.
Instantly killed in the Second battle of Bull Run,
August 28, 1862. Aged 35 years.
Buried on the battlefield.

The monument is a humble one, and it stands in an obscure place, but the men whose names and deeds it records bought their little meed of fame at so high a price that they will not be overrewarded if occasionally we tell the story how they fell.

The Misses Haelke, of Oakland, opened the last meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society with a gorgeous zither duet, and won the heartiest applause that has been heard in the hall since the present organization has occupied it. The attendance was large, all the chairs being filled; a late-comer sat picturesquely in a window, and three or four tried to enjoy the proceedings by putting their heads in at the door.

Herr Gottlieb Lemme presided fluently, introducing the speaker of the evening, Mr. C. F. Burgman, who discoursed on "Co-operative Liberalism." Mr. Burgman looked slightly clerical, and spoke rather solemnly than otherwise, but his voice had the ring of earnestness in it, and no one could doubt that he believed every word he said. The speaker opened with the remark that he had never before stood in the church of the Freethinkers. His audience might not agree with him, but he hoped to interest them in his subject. He had observed that the question of the existence of a God had occupied their attention at a previous meeting. With regard to that matter he would say that he did not accept the God of orthodoxy, for he did not believe that there was evil enough in the universe to justify the everlasting punishment of a single human being. If, however, by the word God was meant the force in nature which produced all the phenomena we behold, then he believed in it, and thought there was a purpose in everything. Superstition, the speaker held, was an effect, the cause being poverty and oppression. A poorly-fed, over-worked person could not be expected to have clear and healthy thoughts. Mr. Burgman attacked the land monopoly vigorously; also the monopoly of coal fields, and recommended that the government should own both. While there was land enough in the country for all and plenty of work waiting to be done, there ought not to be a tramp in existence. He believed that Christian Socialism was a move in the right direction, and invited Liberals to co-operate with the Eastern clergymen who are endeavoring to revive the economical teachings of Christ and to put them in practice.

Mr. Schou made his monthly report as treasurer. The society began the month fifteen dollars behind, but had gained on the debt, and a collection which he proposed to take up would undoubtedly square the account. The collection that followed justified Mr. Schou's anticipations, and proceedings were resumed.

Dr. O'Brock objected to Christian Socialism, or any other religious form of government. Socialism, or science, was for the people and happiness, while religion is for the priests and superstition. The Eastern clergymen who professed Socialism were merely hypocrites. The church's charity is the bones which she throws to the dogs. Dr. O'Brock speaks with the best intentions, but he failed to get his voice naturalized when he took out his papers, and still retains a strong alien accent.

Professor Miller complimented the lecturer as a man having the courage of his convictions. He took the ground that people who found fault with the government were growling at themselves, since they made it. If they desired anything it was their own fault if they did not get it. They must know, first, what they want; second, how to obtain it; and then have the resolution to accomplish the object sought for.

A stranger arose and inquired if this was anybody's meeting, and being assured by the Chair that the floor was open, proceeded to say that men did not combine for a specified purpose because they were reasonable beings. Bees, having instinct only, can work together harmoniously, but if they should stop to reason on the matter they would kick. One would make round cells, another would think square ones better, and so forth. The speaker believed, however, that the same reasoning power which led to diversity would ultimately bring about harmony when sufficiently enlightened.

The next speaker was a lady who announced that this was the era of woman, and that the wrongs under which the race suffers would not be righted until the ballot was wielded by female hands.

In closing the discussion Mr. Burgman replied briefly to Dr. O'Brock, who, he thought, had erred in confounding modern Christianity with the doctrine taught by Christ, whereas there was no similarity between them. Christ would probably take the Congregational church on the corner of Post and Powell streets and saw it up into cottages for poor people. Mr. Burgman indorsed the remarks of the lady who had preceded him. Women should have the suffrage and all other rights enjoyed by men.

At the next meeting Dr. Jerome A. Anderson will speak on the subject of "Good and Evil." The other lectures for August are as follows: Aug. 11, "The American House of Lords," by R. Guy McClellan, Esq.; Aug. 18, "Our Common Foe," by W. O. Howe; Aug. 25, "Truth, with Some Remarks About Lies," by the Hon. F. B. Perkins.

The Idaho Constitutional Convention adopted a preamble commencing with the words, "Grateful to Almighty God," etc., and a member who wanted the phrase left out was, according to the dispatches, well sat down on by the intelligent members of the convention. Of course, to religious persons, some incantation is necessary to every public document, as the cocktail is necessary to the toper before breakfast, but why should they dismiss the almighty with so few words? Our Connecticut forefathers, who bought their rum by the gallon, gave their constitution a good pious send-off. It was in the year of grace 1638 that the following able language first saw the light. The delegates to Connecticut's Constitutional Convention preambled thus:

Forasmuch as it hath pleased the Almighty God, by the wise disposition of his providence, so to order and dispose of things, that we, the Inhabitants and residents of Windsor, Hartford, and Weathersfield, are now cohabiting and dwelling in and upon the river of Connecticut, and the lands thereunto adjoining, and well knowing when a people are gathered together, the word of God requires, that to maintain the peace and union of such a people, there should be an orderly and decent government established according to God, to order and dispose of the affairs of the people at all seasons, as occasion shall require; doe therefore associate and conjoin ourselves to be as one publique state or commonwealth; and doe for ourselves and our successors, and such as shall be adjoined to us at any time hereafter, enter into combination and confederation together to maintain and preserve the liberty and purity of the Gospell of our Lord Jesus, which we now profess, as also the discipline of the churches, which, according to the truth of the said Gospell,

is now practised amongst us; as also in our civil affairs to be guided and governed according to such laws, rules, orders, and decrees, as shall be made, ordered, and decreed.

There was something honest and straightforward in the way these old puritan bigots set forth their intention of using the state to bolster up religion, and they were consistent in going ahead and enacting the following laws:

If any man after legal conviction shall have or worship any other God but the Lord God hee shall be put to death.

If any man or woman be a witch, that is, hath or consulteth with a familiar spirit, they shall be put to death.

If any person shall blaspheme the name of God the Father, Sonne or holy Ghost, with direct, express, presumptuous or high-handed blasphemy, or shall curse in the like manner, hee shall be put to death.

The delegates at Boise City ought to diligently compare their preamble, constitution, and laws with previous legal instruments, and if they earnestly desire to do the handsome thing by the said God, they should adopt the constitution of 1638, with such minor changes as are made necessary by the difference in location. The rigmarole of that document is no more out of place than the one they have in their preamble.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The Astronomical Society of the Pacific Coast met in the library of the Lick observatory on Saturday last, with a good attendance.—One of the mutinous military bandsmen who obeyed the order of the Musician's Union and refused to play on the Fourth has been dishonorably discharged and sentenced to pay a fine of \$50.—A son of Ambrose Bierce, being jilted by his promised wife, who eloped with another man, shot his rival dead and then committed suicide July 26.—The Rev. Dr. John A. Brooks, of St. Louis, who was the nominee for vice-president on the Prohibition ticket last year, lectured at Irving Hall on Prohibitionism last Saturday night. He had a small and not very enthusiastic audience. He said it was the smallest audience he had ever addressed in the United States.—Remarkably high temperatures have prevailed lately in the southern part of the state. On the 27th ult. the mercury stood at 102 in Pomona and 99 in Los Angeles.—The contract with the Union Iron Works of San Francisco for the construction of the coast defense vessel has been signed by Secretary Tracy. The contract price is \$700,000.—A turtle nine feet long, four feet broad, and weighing 2000 pounds was captured off Pigeon Point last week.—Nearly five hundred acres of grain was burned near Merced July 24th. The loss reaches \$5000.—It is decided that the Chinese Exclusion act cannot prevent the passage of Chinamen through United States territory.

Henry George is home from England. He reports a successful campaign for the single-tax idea in that country.—Chairman Jones of the National Greenback Committee has issued a circular in which he says that the Prohibition, female suffrage, and other questions foreign to the financial one will not be incorporated in the Greenbackers' platform.—Chicago suffered from a terrific storm on the 27th ult. It was the worst ever known in the city, immense damage being done to property, and many lives lost.—The Rev. Samuel Earp, of St. Andrew's church, Ann Arbor, Mich., has been removed to a sanitarium suffering from mental troubles. He is in debt for borrowed money to near the amount of \$10,000, and there is poor chance of his creditors getting any of it.—Two women were whipped at Marion, Ind., July 27, by brutal "regulators" who accused their victims of gossip.—Cincinnati saloon-keepers defied the law last Sunday and kept their places open. The police made 150 arrests.—Great forest fires are devastating Montana.—The New York printers are threatened with a reduction of wages, but have resolved not to submit to a reduction of the scale.—George Francis Train has just completed his 100-day fast. He claims to have subsisted on a daily allowance of a half pound of chocolate-and-milk.

Boulangier lost in the late French elections.—The country between London and Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and other centers of England, was electrified last Sunday by the appearance of the Herald special Sunday newspaper train, the first newspaper Sunday train ever run in England. It consisted of a loco-

motive and five newspaper vans.—Louise, the eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales, was married to the Earl of Fife on Saturday last. There was a big splurge over the event.—The trial of the strikers arrested at Breslau, Germany, resulted in the conviction of thirty-two. Henkle, the ringleader, was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude and to be deprived of his civil rights for seven years. Nine others were sentenced to terms ranging from eighteen months to five years at hard labor, and twenty-two were sentenced to from one year to four years without hard labor.—Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone have celebrated their golden wedding.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Olden Times and Modern Chimes" by G. Minson was evidently published for the amusement of the author. Watts & Co., London.

"All About Shorthand" is told in a pamphlet issued by D. L. Scott-Browne, author of the American Standard system of phonography, 251 West Fourteenth street, New York.

"Stepping-stones to Agnosticism," No. III., is entitled "Our Brother Christ," by F. J. Gould. It contains 48 pages; published by Watts & Co., 17 Johnson's Court, Fleet street, London.

"Vitapathy" is a little tractate with a whole volume on the title page. Inquirers can get all the information they want about vitapathy by addressing J. B. Campbell, Fairmount, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A "Co-operative Commonwealth" has been inaugurated in Grass Valley, Cal., and documents setting forth its purposes may be obtained by addressing the Integral Co-operation Central Phalanx at that place.

The "Prodigal Daughter," by Rachel Campbell, is published at the office of Lucifer, Valley Falls, Kansas. It is longer, more interesting, and just as moral as the biblical legend of the Prodigal Son. Price 10 cents.

The Thirty-fourth Annual Report of the Odd Fellow's Library Association gives us the credit of sending FREETHOUGHT to the library gratis. The credit belongs to Mr. C. E. Spofford, who paid the subscription price.

Dr. Richard Chenevix Trench's lectures on "English Past and Present" make two bulky numbers of the Humboldt Library. The subject of the lectures forms a most curious and instructive study. The two numbers sell for 50 cents.

A little bit of a tract entitled "Do the Scriptures Teach the Eternal Torment is the Wages of Sin?" is received from the Tower Tract Society of Allegheny City, Pa. To this query we can only reply that the teaching of the scriptures on the subject does not settle the question one way or the other.

Seven most excellent Lectures on Mediumship are given by Prof. J. S. Loveland in his book entitled "Mediumship," published by Moses Hull & Co., 675 W. Lake street, Chicago. They are entirely free from the metaphysical bosh of Theosophy, and if spirit life were an accepted fact they would be above criticism.

The Humboldt Library now issues from 28 Lafayette Place, New York, the headquarters of the Truth Seeker. No. 110 is "The Story of Creation," by Edward Clodd, price 30 cents, and No. 111 is "The Pleasures of Life," by Sir John Lubbock, price 15 cents. The Humboldt Library is one of the most beneficent literary institutions in the world.

E. B. Foote, Jr., M.D., reviews "Dr. Cyrus Edson's Plea for Compulsory Vaccination" in a 16-page pamphlet. Dr. Foote holds that vaccination as a prevention of small-pox is a medical superstition, and the fact that the proportion of deaths to small-pox cases is just as large now as it was a hundred years before vaccination was discovered goes a long way toward supporting his view. The pamphlet is obtainable, for about 10 cents, from the Murray Hill Publishing Co., New York.

We have received from the Theosophical Book Company, located corporeally at 110 Fremont street, Boston, a work entitled

"Light On the Path," professedly "a treatise for the personal use of those who are ignorant of the Eastern wisdom, and who desire to enter within its influence." The book gives rules for disciples, among them the following: "Kill out ambition. Kill out desire of life. Kill out desire of comfort. Desire only that which is beyond you. Desire only that which is unattainable. Listen only to the voice which is soundless. Hold fast to that which is neither substance nor existence. Look only on that which is invisible alike to the inner and the outer sense." If the author had left the pages of his book blank he would have conveyed about the same amount of information to the public as he has by covering them with meaningless phrases.

The Lucifer Publishing Company of Valley Falls, Kan., issue the Arguments in Support of Demurrer to the Indictment of M. Harman, E. C. Walker, and Geo. Harman, under the Comstock Law, by G. C. Clemens and David Overmeyer, together with Judge Foster's Decision Overruling the Demurrer, in pamphlet form. Parties interested in this case, and all should be, may obtain the pamphlet by addressing either "Lucifer" or "Fair Play," Valley Falls, Kan., and inclosing 25 cents.

The best oral discussion of the Sunday question with which we are acquainted is printed in a large pamphlet of 191 pages by the American Sentinel of Oakland. It is the argument of A. T. Jones before the United States Senate Committee on Education and Labor at Washington, D. C., Dec. 13, 1888. Mr. Jones was given a "hearing" before the above committee to argue against the Blair Sunday bill. Senator Blair was chairman, and one side of the discussion was carried on by him. He interrupted Mr. Jones no less than one hundred and sixty-nine times in ninety minutes, but he found his match in the acute Second-Advent theologian, and if experience had taught him anything he would have kept quiet after the first half-dozen replies from his opponent. Elder Jones was contending not only for the freedom of conscience but for industrial liberty as well; for the Adventists religiously observe the seventh day and conduct their ordinary business on Sunday. A law making Sunday labor a misdemeanor would compel them to be idle on that day and rob them of one-sixth of their time. Mr. Jones had the Bible and common sense both on his side against the proposed bill, and he made the best use of his resources. The price of the pamphlet is 25 cents, and it may be obtained by addressing the American Sentinel, 1059 Castro street, Oakland, Cal.

PUBLICATION OF PROHIBITED OPINION.

To the Editors of Freethought:

In your kind notice of my "Code of Morals," you object to the rule there laid down, that there is no obligation to proclaim doctrines considered criminal or highly pernicious by the community in which one lives. Notwithstanding your objection, I still think I am right.

It would have done no credit to a Protestant to publish his religious opinions in Spain three hundred years ago, nor to an Abolitionist to proclaim his hostility to slavery in Mississippi thirty years ago. The speech that sends a man certainly and almost immediately to the stake does very little good. The cases cited are extreme, but they represent myriads of cases of Christian persecution, and they cannot be left out of consideration in laying down a general principle for human conduct. Other typical cases may be imagined, in which silence about unpopular religious opinions may be excused.

Fortunately there are many men who are so situated that without exposing themselves to great danger, they can safely publish their thoughts about prevalent superstitions. This class is so large, so learned, so able, so earnest, and so influential that the civilized world is moving with wonderful speed and momentum towards its intellectual emancipation from sacerdotal control. Let each do his best and not make unreasonable demands upon his neighbor.

Yours truly, JOHN S. HITTELL.

Editor Baker's Gratitude.

Our thanks are due Edson Smith and R. M. Hargrave for two watermelons, the best we have tasted this year. Come again, gentlemen.—Santa Ana Standard.

THE CHEERFUL GIVER.

BOULDER CREEK, July 24, 1889.

FRIEND MACDONALD: My friend Mr. Joseph Blabon, of Crescent City, Del Norte county, Cal., who is ever and always an earnest and enthusiastic Liberal, wishes me to notify you that he wants to be enrolled among the generous Liberals who are subscribing towards making up the annual deficiency in the publication of FREETHOUGHT. He cheerfully promises \$20 per year for five years, and as an earnest of his promise incloses \$20 to pay for 1889. I forward the same to you inclosed with this letter, which please find and duly credit to him. Wishing health and prosperity to yourself and FREETHOUGHT, I remain

Yours most sincerely, W. S. RODGERS.

OLYMPIA, W. T., July 9, 1889.

FRIENDS: I herewith send \$7—\$5 to help the cause and the balance to apply on subscriptions.

Your well-wisher, GEO. COLLINS.

BOULDER CREEK, Cal., July 8, 1889.

PUTNAM & MACDONALD: According to promise I send you inclosed \$5 toward paying my \$10 per year. It is earned by hard work in the redwoods, but freely given in support of FREETHOUGHT; and long may it live, is the wish of

Yours sincerely, A. A. SPORELAND.

SAN JOSE, Cal., July 24, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Inclosed please find \$7.50, for which send Vol. 1, FREETHOUGHT. The balance use as you please. And you'll hear from us later on, perhaps.

Fraternally, L. R. TITUS.

SHEDD, Or., July 8, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Inclosed you will find check for \$22—\$2 for my next year's subscription, and \$20 for first year's pledge to keep up FREETHOUGHT on this coast.

Yours, H. ARNOLD.

THE OREGON SECULAR UNION.

Dear Freethought:

I have just received the following able and suggestive letter from C. B. Reynolds. His experience in and devotion of soul to our great cause command my respect and admiration, and I will ask you to print his letter. Will the Liberals of Oregon and Washington canvass these and other points through our organ, FREETHOUGHT, and thus hold one of the sessions Brother Reynolds suggests, before our October convention?

WALLA WALLA, W. T., July 22, 1889.

C. BEAL, President Oregon Secular Union, Dear Sir: I congratulate you, and the friends at Silverton, on your success in inaugurating a state organization of Liberals in Oregon. With much patient and persistent entreaty, I have, ever since my advent in the Liberal ranks, urged the necessity of real, practical organization. I am confidently hopeful that Washington Territory will follow the lead of Oregon. As president of the organization—and knowing your great ability, influence, and zeal—I venture to make a few suggestions for your consideration, and urge—if after reflection thereon you approve—you will lay them before the practical, self-sacrificing workers of your state.

Ere there can be a genuine national organization there must first be a number of state organizations, whose accredited representatives or delegates shall constitute the national organization. Ere a state organization can be an effective reality it must be composed of properly authorized representatives or delegates from local societies. Hence it should be impressed on the mind of every Liberal in Oregon that it is to his or her personal interest and advantage to use all possible effort to establish local organization. But there is no possibility of success so long as we build only in the clouds. Specious platitudes and sophisms are poor foundation-stones. Every local society should be organized on strict business principles—on a pay-in-advance cash basis. Romantic visionaries, illiberal Liberals, unwilling to pay reasonable membership fee and at least fifty cents per month, in advance, to support their own local organization, are better counted out; they are barnacles, dead-weights, and, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, dead beats. A Liberal—worthy of the name and known as such—would never be counted out for non-payment. If we have an organization, let it consist of Liberals—those who have the pure and ennobling principles of Liberalism in their hearts, not

mere Bible kickers, loud talkers, who have been expelled from churches on account of mean acts or chronic stinginess.

At the proposed Portland convention, avoid a Niagara of verbosity. Do not pattern after the A. S. U. so-called congress. We cannot afford to have the convention a mere candidating of lecturers.

Every lecture should be carefully prepared for the occasion, expound our principles, in clear and forcible manner state the aims and objects of our organization, and make eloquent appeals to the intelligent to investigate, and to Liberals to show the depth of their convictions by self-sacrifice in helping the cause.

PAYING SPEAKERS.

I have always regarded it as a grave mistake to have public begging at our conventions. Liberal workers—not lecturers—leave their homes and business, subscribe toward the expenses, pay their own fare and hotel bill, and then are humiliated by begging appeals, and, to save the cause, oft give more than they can afford.

Lecturers assume to be leaders. Let them for once lead in the way of a little self-sacrifice. The convention at Portland will benefit lecturers financially more than any others. Those lecturers whose services are especially required by the committee, as a matter of courtesy should be provided for or have their hotel bill paid. This is all they ought to expect. They are paid at all other times for speaking, they can well afford to attend and work at this most important gathering without exacting a fee.

Perfecting organization will result in much greater advantage to lecturers than to all others. I do not believe any of our lecturers are mere mercenaries. If any one of them is unwilling, for the cause' sake, to do all in their power to induce attendance, solicit contributions, pay their own fare there, and do just such work as the committee may require of them during the Portland convention, it will be evidence they are in the work "for greed and gain only." The sooner any such are exposed and given chance "to step down and out" the better.

REAL CONGRESS OF REAL WORKERS.

Above all, sessions should be arranged for, so that the real workers can meet and fully discuss and compare plans and methods of carrying on the work, all pledging to faithfully and zealously carry out the plan agreed on by the majority, thus securing a practical plan of action, so all can pull together and work in harmony.

Let us all strive to heal dissensions; unite for work; waive all questions of favor or disfavor of individuals, and earnestly endeavor to promote the greatest good to the greatest number. Washington is not now prepared to form a separate state organization. It would be greatly to the advantage of Oregon and Washington to unite and form a joint state organization.

Can I assure Liberals that there will positively be sessions devoted to discussions and adoption of a plan of work? If so, write me and I will try and prepare articles for our leading Liberal papers, to arouse interest in the coming Portland convention, among Washingtonians.

Do you not think it advisable to at once commence private appeals for contributions, so you can announce positively no collections at the convention?

Do not hesitate to call on me for any service in my power. If you wish I will write personal letters to every Liberal worker of Washington Territory, whose address I can obtain, urging their attendance, and remitting at earliest a contribution to your treasurer, toward the expenses.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

SECULAR WORK IN OREGON.

Miss Mattie Blaisdell, one of the intelligent and noble young ladies of Portland, is preparing a banner to be presented to the October Convention.

W. F. Miller, of Brownsboro, Jackson county, over three hundred miles away, sends us seventeen new members for the State Secular Union—W. F. Miller, Dolph Carlton, Maude Carlton, C. A. Burnett, W. H. Bradshaw, Mollie Brown, Prof. A. S. Haselton, Mrs. A. S. Haselton, of Brownsboro; John A. Obencham, Carrie C. Obencham, B. F. C. Edmondson, Asbury Beall, of Big Butte; W. S. Gray, H. C. Wright, G. W. Dick, H. A. Bondler, of Masonville; W. W. French, of Eagle Point. Brother Miller says, "I have read with interest the account of proceedings of the Oregon State Secular Union. I hope it will prove a grand success. For in unity there is strength. We cannot expect to gain a victory over the hosts of superstition without a concerted movement. Each Liberal in the state should open his mouth and pocket-book and make the Portland Convention such a success that it will strike terror to the hearts of the enemy. I pledge \$5 on a life membership. There will be quite a delegation from Jackson county. I wish you and the new organization every success. I will carry out all orders to the best of my ability."

Now, my brave Liberal co-workers, who will speak next? As Hypatia and Bruno died for humanity and truth, so let us as bravely bear aloft the banner of universal mental liberty, and two thousand of us strike hands at the Portland Convention.

Portland, Or., July 24, 1889.

C. BEAL,
Pres. O. S. S. U.

DID JESUS CHRIST RISE FROM THE DEAD?

V.

The laborious pedantries and erudite puerilities of theologians have been directed to minimizing the discrepancies in the gospel narratives. Sufficient volumes have been written to impose upon the faithful, but not sufficient to minimize the discrepancies. Matthew alone was aware of the earthquake which opened the graves of the dead and sent them strolling about the streets of Jerusalem. Mark, Luke, and John have considered that a mere trifle, not worth mentioning; and, strange to say, this earthquake, with its post-mortem cantrips of the dead, was not considered a subject striking enough to elicit a single line from the pens of Josephus, Pliny, Suetonius, Tacitus, or Plutarch, all of whom were alive at the time of its alleged occurrence. The Holy Ghost inspired John alone to write that Jesus was pricked on the side with a spear, and to say that blood and water issued from the wound, which, if it prove anything, proves that Christ had suffered from dropsy. John, too, is the only writer that refers to the doubts of Thomas Didymus; and it is probable that, under divine direction, he invented Thomas Didymus first, and then invented the spear-wound for the said Thomas to put his fingers into. Matthew, Mark, and Luke had never heard of the spear-wound and Didymus, or they had considered them trifles quite beneath notice; just as three of the evangelists had never heard of the earthquake and the dead striding out of their graves, or else had considered earthquakes and the streets of Jerusalem trodden by the feet of corpses matters too trumpery to demand a single remark.

These are not the sort of points theologians apply to themselves to. They raise a learned dust, and, in cover of it, shirk the real issue. When they encounter a substantial difficulty they pass by on the other side, and write a hundred and fifty pages to prove the tremendous difference between the northeastern and southwestern side of a hair. This is more easily done than to account for John knowing nothing of the eclipse of the sun when "there was darkness over all the land for the space of three hours." Seneca and Pliny the elder, like John, knew nothing of this wonderful eclipse, although each of them, as remarked by Gibbon, "in a laborious work, has recorded all the great phenomena of nature—earthquakes, meteors, comets, and eclipses—which his indefatigable curiosity could collect. Both the one and the other have omitted to mention the greatest phenomenon to which the mortal eye has been witness since the creation of the globe. The difficulty still unresolved is this: How such events as those recorded in the gospels could have happened and escape the observation of the public at the time, and all notice at the hands of the historians of the period. . . . Now it is of this period the most wonderful events are related that have happened in the world since the (alleged) Mosaic age, and the account of them was first published in the second century after their alleged occurrence, when no living witnesses were alive to deny or affirm their reality. Fortunately there is a contemporary history of the time extant (Josephus) to which we can appeal, and which substantially denies these traditional averments. . . . Is it usual with historians to keep back the most wonderful, the most public, and the most important historical transactions?" (The Jesus of History and Tradition Identified, pp. 162-3.) All the learning and ingenuity of all the saints have never been able to explain satisfactorily how it is that, in giving the words which Pilate caused to be inscribed over the cross, all the four evangelists disagree, and how the disagreement is nearly as marked in their account of Christ's last words before he expired, and also as regards who the persons actually were who first visited his tomb after his sepulture.

The discrepancies of statement among the inspired writers, it is sometimes urged by the faithful, are not in essentials. I reply that the discrepancies and contradictions are palpable and glaring, and every item of information in regard to such a significant and tremendous event as the resurrection claims to be is essential in the last degree. If Christ rose from the dead, and if, on the establishment of this fact, Christianity elects to stand or fall,

*By Saladin, editor of the Agnostic Journal.

every scintilla of evidence is essential, and the suggestion of triviality in the minutest detail connected with an affair so momentous is profanity and mockery.

If the resurrection story were within the bounds of probability at all, I should certainly deem it essential to know, without doubt, who first visited the sepulchre, and were, in consequence, the primary witnesses for the resurrection prodigy. Three of the gospel writers place Mary Magdalene among the witnesses, and John actually makes her the only witness—a magnificent specimen of "gospel harmony" and the uniform action of inspiration by the Holy Ghost! The account of a prodigy, *per se*, utterly incredible, is supported by evidence too puerile and absurd to be introduced into a respectable nursery tale. Am I expected to believe in an impossible event on the authority of a crazy creature like Mary Magdalene? Am I to believe that a man rose from the dead because a woman, who had been a prostitute, and perhaps still was a prostitute, said so? I refuse so to believe; and, if I am to be damned for my unbelief, I say, unhesitatingly, I will go to hell with my reason and my honesty rather than go to heaven without them.

What have I to do with the evidence of a poor hysterical being, who is said to have lived in an out-of-the-way part of the world nearly two thousand years ago, even if she were testifying to the occurrence of an event lying within the range of possibility? A weak, mad creature, out of whom "seven devils" had been "cast," testified that the conjurer, quite as superstitious and almost as ignorant as herself, who had "cast" the "devils" out of her, had risen from the dead; and I am expected to believe her or be lost! Undoubtedly it is upon the evidence of this hysterical and seven-times bedevilled lady of the pavement that the resurrection story, and consequently the whole superstructure of Christianity, principally rests. John, as I have said, makes her go alone to the sepulchre, and, although Mark sends her, accompanied by "the other Mary," whoever she might be, and Salome, he states that she (Mary Magdalene) alone saw the resurrected Jesus. The Christian system is based upon the myth of the resurrection; and the myth of the resurrection the principal witness is a half-crazy prostitute. Verily a glorious and credible creed! "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

As to the other witnesses besides the mad lady of the pavement, God knows who they were. Certain of them saw an angel sitting on a stone; others saw no angel, but saw a young man in white; others saw two men in glistening apparel, and others saw two angels. If, in a police-court, such contradictory evidence were given in regard to a street row, the magistrate would conclude that the witnesses were a pack of stupid, if not drunken, liars, and dismiss the case; but for many centuries these witnesses have been considered strong enough to bear the whole fabric of the Christian religion upon their shoulders, and to form the foundation-stone of a "scheme of salvation" affecting in the most intimate manner the weal or woe of untold millions of the human race.

THE SUMMER AND FALL CAMPAIGN.

S. P. Putnam has the following lecture appointments in Oregon and Washington:

Coos county, Or., July 22 to Aug. 4,	Fox Valley..... Or., Sept. 9, 10,
Coburg..... " Aug. 7, 8,	Long Creek..... " " 11, 12,
Lebanon..... " " 9,	Hamilton..... " " 14, 15,
Olympia... W. T., " 11, 12,	Monument..... " " 16, 17,
Buckley... W. T., " 13, 14,	Hay Stack..... " " 18,
Davenport, " " 17, 18,	Lone Rock..... " " 19, 20,
Cheney... " " 19,	Fossil..... " " 21, 22,
Rosalie... " " 20,	Hillsboro, Or., Sept., 25, 26, 27, 28,
Sprague... " " 21,	North Yamhill... Or., Sept. 29,
Pasco..... " " 22,	Forest Grove.... " " 30,
Dayton... W. T., Aug. 24, 25,	Talent, Or., and vicinity Oct. 3, 4, 5,
Pomeroy... W. T., Aug. 26,	6, 7,
La Grange, Or. Aug. 29,	Linkville.... Or., Oct. 11, 12, 13,
Union..... Or. " 30,	Sacramento..... Cal., Oct. 20,
Baker City, Or. Sept. 1,	San Francisco..... " " 27,
Crocker City, Or., " 2, 3,	Los Angeles and vicinity the month
Prairie City, Or, and vicinity, Sept.	of November,
5, 6, 7,	San Diego and vicinity the month of
	December.

THE LICK ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

To the Editors of Freethought:

The account given in your issue of 20th inst. of the laying of the cornerstone of the Academy of Science, in your city, is of the highest interest. And the scientific address, on the occasion, of Hon. Irving M. Scott, though brief, teems with suggestiveness: "Philosophy teaches that all phenomena, whether physical, intellectual, social, or moral, are aspects resulting from the operation of law. Science itself is an exemplification of this form of government." And in reference to the new philosophy—the transmutation and conservation of force—"It may exist as potential or dynamic energy, and throughout the universe the sum of these two energies is constant."

Oh, multiply these academies, each with a laboratory, and teach by demonstration this scientific, this true, knowledge in lieu of the false, and in one generation "good-bye" can be said to the metaphysical pseudo-science of the dreamy superstitions and dogmatic past, the benighting and debasing relics of barbarism.

Of all the institutions that have come down to us from the "good old times," not a single one is found to be in harmony with or adapted to the present modern conditions. Hence, the sweeping iconoclasm of the age to make room for new institutions or the radical remodeling of old ones.

And while, as to this iconoclasm of old institutions, there appears to be an almost general unanimity, yet with regard to two of them, classical education and class privilege, there is a great struggle by prejudiced conservatism to prevent innovation.

But utilitarianism and equality being the genius of the new orders, whatever remnant there may be of the exclusive or merely ornamental, must go.

The classical education of universities and colleges makes its recipients mere literary dudes, as helpless as they are conceited and snobbish. And being usually averse to labor or business they are entirely "out of touch" with the Industrialism of the age; for the many years devoted to the construing of Greek syntax and making and scanning of Latin verse is not calculated to make a man competent as to business capacity—the universal and imperative requirement. And though it may make him a so-called gentleman, it is inadequate to afford the necessary "tools" to sustain the rank. And the pretentious, aristocratic exclusiveness of these colleges, by ignoring sympathy with the masses, totally unfits their graduates to compete in or co-operate with the prevailing and growing democracy of the age. Their day is passed, let them go, to be replaced by local science academies, where all alike shall be taught a scientific education, one that shall be of practical importance. These will afford an opportunity for all to acquire a scientific education, the one that is alone useful, and therefore alone worthy of the name.

These academies shall be equal to West Point, whose scientific and disciplined graduates, being thoroughly practical, are infinitely superior to the classical omodahns, dudes, and literary dreamers of the old, people-despising colleges.

Hail, our pioneer Academy of Science! the most auspicious institution ever founded on the Pacific Coast, and full co-partner of the Lick observatory, they being, together, a living monument and the grandest in significance ever raised to perpetuate the memory of an individual, because the enlightened philanthropy and boundless munificence of this individual, James Lick, have been dedicated to the great cause of humanity. J. F. San Bernardino, Cal.

AN OREGON GREETING.

The Oregon Scout, of Union, Or., announces Mr. Putnam's lecture there in the following complimentary terms:

"The Liberal lecturer, Mr. Samuel P. Putnam, will be in La Grande on Monday evening next, and in Union on Tuesday evening. It is hardly necessary for us to call attention to the merits of Mr. Putnam as a lecturer, as he is well-known throughout the length and breadth of the country, and has visited our city annually for several years past. He is considered by competent critics to be one of the most eloquent and able speakers

of the United States, and those who go to hear him may be sure of being well repaid for doing so. To those who differ with him in opinion he is ever courteous and kind, and though they should fail to be convinced by his logic, they cannot but be delighted with his brilliant oratory. No admission will be charged and no collections will be taken up. The people of Union and La Grande cannot do better than greet him with crowded houses."

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES OF THE BILQUA.

Mr. Ph. Jacobsen, in a letter to his well-known brother, Capt. A. Jacobsen, gives the following description of the marriage ceremonies of the Bilqua of British Columbia. An Indian who intends to marry, calls upon his intended wife's parents, and arranges with them how much he is to pay for permission to marry the girl. Among people of high descent this is done by messengers, sometimes as many as twenty being sent to call on the girl's father. They are sent by the man's parents before the young man is of age. In many instances both man and girl are not more than eight or nine years old. The messengers go in their boats to the girl's house, and carry on their negotiations without going ashore, where the relatives of the girl are standing. The messengers of the young man's parents praise his excellence and noble descent; the great exploits of his father, grandfather, and ancestors; their wars, victories, and hunting expeditions; their liberality at festivals, etc. Then the girl's relatives praise the girl and her ancestors, and thus the negotiations are carried on. Finally a number of blankets are thrown ashore by the messengers; and the girl's relatives protest, and maintain that the number is not sufficient to pay for the permission to marry the girl. In order to obtain their consent, new blankets are thrown ashore one by one, the messengers continually maintaining that the price paid is too great. Generally from twenty to fifty blankets, each of the value of about half a dollar, are paid.

After this the boy and the girl are considered engaged. When they come to be grown up, the young man has to serve a year to his father-in-law. He must fell trees, fetch water, fish, and hunt for the latter. During this time he is called Kos, which means "one who woos." After a year has elapsed, the marriage is celebrated. At this time great festivals are celebrated. Seven or eight men perform a dance. They wear dancing aprons and leggings, trimmed with puffin-beaks, hoofs of deer, copper plates, and bells. If the groom should be a wealthy man, who has presented to his wife many small copper plates, such as are used as presents to a bride, these are carried by the dancers. The singing-master, who beats the drum, starts a song in which the dancers join. The song used at the marriage festival is sung in unison, while in all other dances each dancer has his own tune and song. The first dancer wears a ring made of cedar-bark. His hair is strewn with eagle-down, which flies about when he moves, and forms a cloud around his head. The groom presents the first dances with a piece of calico, which the latter tears to pieces, which he throws down in front of each house of the village, crying, "Hoip!" in order to drive away evil spirits. These pieces of calico which he throws down in front of the houses have a lucky meaning, and at the same time express the idea that the groom, when he comes to be a wealthy man, will not forget the inhabitants of any house when giving a festival. The dancers swing their bodies and arms, stamp their feet, and show the copper plates to the lookers-on. Then the bride's father brings a great number of blankets, generally double the number of those he had received from the groom, and gives them to his daughter. The bride orders a few blankets to be spread before the groom. She sits down, and he puts his hand upon her head. Then the groom is given for each of the parts of his body one or more blankets. Finally he is given a new blanket. After the bride's father has given a blanket to each dancer and to the drummer, the villagers are invited to a great feast. At this time groom and bride eat for the first time together.—Science.

"Looking Backward," a socialistic romance which has been termed the "Uncle Tom's Cabin of Industrial Slavery," by Edward Bellamy. Price, 50 cents.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mrs. Krekel.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I wish to say to the readers of your paper that we had Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel with us the Fourth of July. She gave the best oration ever heard here, and I am not alone in thinking so. Even the Christians say the same, although they had a reverend here who gave an oration in the morning (Mrs. Krekel spoke in the afternoon) and who was considered the best speaker in the country until after Mrs. Krekel spoke. I never in my life saw an audience swayed so effectually. She gave us a lecture at night on the "Cause and Cure of Crime," to which ten cents admittance was charged. Many Christians went in and paid to hear her, although they were satisfied that she was an Infidel. A great many, in fact, a majority, of the crowd acknowledged that she made a far better speech than did the much petted parson. There was no comparison.

I wish to recommend Mrs. Krekel to the Liberals of the West as a lecturer who will give unbounded satisfaction to all the Liberals and but little offense to Christians. Any community wanting Liberal lectures cannot do better than to employ Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel. S. P. WOOD.

Red Oak, Mo.

In the County of Coos.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I would like to let your readers know how the cause of Freethought is progressing in Coos county. Dr. Seymour has been on the river about three weeks. He lectured a week in Coquille; then at Myrtle Point, Arago, and Bandon. He was well received at all of these places. He won many friends and did good work for Freethought. When he comes again there will be many to welcome him back and shake his hand. He is now over on Coos Bay at Marshfield and Empire. I hear good reports from him. He told me that he found many subscribers for FREETHOUGHT. Liberals will do well to engage him.

Then came W. S. Bell, who spoke at Myrtle Point and Arago, and here (Coquille). He had a good audience here; he only staid part of one day and one night.

We are making big calculations for Putnam and will give a picnic and dance at Arago when he comes. We have a fine new hall now in Coquille. Putnam seems to have the preference over all of the speakers. He was the first one that ventured into this forest and woke up the people. Since that time the fire has not died out. The meetings are becoming more frequent and better attended. Materialists and Spiritualists make common cause against the enemy of Freedom and Freethought and make a strong pull together.

H. H. NICHOLS.

Coquille, Coos county, Or.

Information Wanted.

To the Clergy of Hillsboro, Or.:

GENTLEMEN: The following questions in regard to the soul I respectfully submit to you for your erudite consideration. You who are specially called by your God to save souls for him; you who so profoundly and piously profess to know all of the mysteries of the soul; you who have been educated in the soul-saving trade, and who so continually interest yourselves in the welfare of souls; you who so dogmatically affirm the existence of souls—should be willing to answer any questions pertaining to the soul. You will therefore confer a favor by answering these questions through the columns of FREETHOUGHT. In answering these questions do not answer by simply saying yes or no, but give explicit answers supported by your best evidences. Let your answers be free from religious cant and ambiguous language. I am aware of the fact that some of the questions are of a leading character and out of the course of questions generally discussed in class-meetings and Sunday-schools. If you will kindly answer these questions I will gladly propound another installment in regard to the soul.

1. Where does the soul come from?
2. Is the soul an entity or nonentity?
3. Of what is the soul composed?
4. When does the soul enter the body, before or after birth?
5. In what part of the body is the soul located?
6. If the soul is located in all parts of the body what becomes of that part of the soul contained in an amputated part of a living body?
7. Is the soul an organization independent of the body?

8. Does the soul develop as the body develops?
9. Is the soul of an infant of the same size and weight as the soul of an adult?
10. Is the soul of a negro of the same color as the soul of a caucasian?
11. Is the soul of an idiot as well developed as the soul of an intelligent person.
12. When does the soul leave the body, at death or at the resurrection day?
13. If the soul leaves the body at death, where does it sojourn while waiting for the resurrection morn?
14. If a living person was placed in an air-tight jar, and the jar sealed hermetically, at death how would the soul make exit from the jar?
15. After leaving the body what direction does the soul pursue to reach its final destination?
16. What length of time does it require for the soul to reach its final destination?
17. Where and at what distance from the earth is the soul land located?
18. Has the soul the physical organs indispensable to mental action and consciousness?
19. If not, of what use would the soul be?
20. Is the soul sensible or insensible to pain?
21. Of what shape is the soul?
22. Of what color is the soul?
23. Does the soul retain its sex?
24. When and where are the souls made, or did they always exist?
25. We have five infallible witnesses to prove the existence of matter, viz., hearing, seeing, tasting, smelling, and feeling. By these five witnesses we prove the existence and the component parts of matter. Can you by the aid of these five senses prove the existence of souls?

Hoping, gentlemen, that you will give these questions your earliest consideration, I am yours,
W. C. CLOW.
Hillsboro, Or., July 9, 1889.

Giordano Bruno.

JUNE 9, 1889.

Not from without us, only from within,
Comes or can ever come upon us light
Whereby the soul keeps ever truth in sight.
No truth, no strength, no comfort man may win,
No grace for guidance, no release from sin,
Save of his own soul's giving. Deep and bright
As fire enkindled in the core of night
Burns in the soul where once its fire had been
The light that leads and quickens thought, inspired
To doubt and trust and conquer. So he said
Whom Sidney, flower of England, lordliest head
Of all we love, loved; but the fates required
A sacrifice to hate and hell, ere fame
Should set with his in heaven Giordano's name.

Cover thine eyes and weep, O child of hell,
Gray spouse of Satan, church of name abhorred,
Weep, withered harlot, with thy weeping lord,
Now none will buy the heaven thou hast to sell
At price of prostituted souls, and swell
Thy loveless list of lovers. Fire and sword
No more are thine; the steel, the wheel, the cord,
The flames that rose round living limbs, and fell
In lifeless ash and ember, now no more
Approve thee god-like. Rome, redeemed at last
From all the red pollution of thy past,
Acclaims the grave, bright face that smiled of yore
Even on the fire that caught it round and clomb
To cast its ashes on the face of Rome.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

LECTURES IN OREGON.

Mr. B. F. Underwood, of Chicago, addressed the Liberals of Forest Grove July 14, giving us two splendid lectures; subject, for afternoon, "The New Science and the Old Faith;" for evening, "Evolution versus Revelation."

Both lectures were fine, but the last was simply grand. It would be impossible to give your many readers any idea of the masterly manner in which the subject was handled.

At the close of his lecture he gave his audience a handsome compliment, by telling them that he gave them a much deeper scientific lecture than he at first intended "because he thought they would appreciate it."

On July 21 we had another Liberal meeting, and a very fine lecture from Mr. W. S. Bell, also of Chicago.

On the 4th of August we are to have a called meeting of the Liberals of Washington county to organize under the auspices of the "State Secular Union" as "the Washington County Secular

Union" if that name suits the majority of the Liberals present. We are going to work for a boom in Liberalism.

MRS. SARAH C. TODD.

P. S. I noticed in FREETHOUGHT I had been appointed one of the vice-presidents of the Secular Union. I beg to assure the Liberals that I appreciate the honor very highly, and that I will do all in my power to further the cause of Liberalism.

Forest Grove, Or.

S. C. T.

A CONVERTED PRIEST.

The Rev. A. Jerome P. Matthews, for the past two years Roman Catholic priest at St. Mary's, Bath, has addressed a letter to the members of his congregation, from which we give the following extract: "To the members of St. Mary's Congregation, Bath. My very dear friends: I have to make an announcement which will be painful alike to yourselves and to me. It shall be very brief, for it is sad to me to part from you; it will be sadder for you to learn the cause. After long and anxious thought and study, I have arrived at the conviction that the Jewish and Christian scriptures, though possessing many excellences, are full of legendary and mythological statements, and that they possess no claim to, and manifest no evidence of, divine inspiration; that the Roman Catholic church has no claim to be regarded as a divinely constituted authority; that the Papacy is a human institution, gravely compromised to error and superstition, and therefore injurious to the spiritual and temporal welfare of mankind; that Jesus Christ, though a holy man and ardent reformer, was not the great God of the universe, but the son of Joseph and Mary; that neither demoniacal spirits nor a place or state of everlasting torment have any existence in fact, but originate in ancient mythologies. With these convictions, which I have striven against for a long time without success, it would be dishonest for me to continue as a priest, teaching only the pure theism of natural spiritual religion, which I profoundly believe and desire to promote. I therefore this day return to our excellent and kind bishop the sacerdotal faculties entrusted to me by his lordship." Mr. Matthews was ordained by Archbishop Eyre at Glasgow in 1876. His work as a priest has been chiefly at Plymouth and other places in the West of England, with the exception of some time passed in missionary labors near Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is said that "Mr. Matthews is an excellent preacher and an able controversialist. We understand that he intends seeking a Unitarian pulpit."—HYPATIA BRADLAUGH BONNER, in the National Reformer.

"The Glory of Infidelity."

These words form the title of a lecture by Mr. Samuel P. Putnam, which he has just published at San Francisco. They are words that to an orthodox Christian convey no meaning except blasphemy or all wickedness combined. And yet no man of common intelligence and candor can read this common sense lecture without admitting that it contains a great deal of truth that would benefit all to know, and unique no one in any respect whatever.

"The Infidel," says Mr. Putnam, "is he who is unfaithful. Unfaithful to what?" This is the question to decide whether Infidelity is good or bad, and the lecturer proceeds to answer it in eighteen closely-printed pages. He gives numerous illustrations to prove that while Infidelity is unfaithful to error, it is the harbinger or forerunner of truth, and hence is faithful to progress and improvement. The lecture is well written, and abounds in eloquent passages, as well as free and independent thought. It concludes as follows:

"The old Roman, when he looked upon his country's magnificent conquests and majestic powers, was proud, indeed, to say, 'I am a Roman citizen!' And when I look upon the empire of Infidelity, blazing along the track of human progress, revealing new continents with fresh and golden fruits, fountains of joy, and heights of splendor, then, indeed, am I proud to say, 'I am an Infidel!'"

This able lecture (price, 10 cents) is published by Messrs. Putnam & Macdonald, 504 Kearny street, San Francisco.—Boston Investigator.

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What is the Lord Doing?

"His tender mercies are over all his works."

We are told by the teachers of creeds,
That the mercies of God toward man
Overflow with his sorrows and needs,
In accord with an infinite plan.
Is it true, and the evidence clear,
To a court and a jury, not lax,
This question's important, and fear
Should not close our eyes to the facts.

"All wise, Almighty, All good,"
The case of a fallen world suits,
And the doctrine is well understood
That "a tree should be known by its fruits."
For thousands of years we have tried
Oppression's hard rule among men,
We have cheated, and murdered, and lied.
What was the Lord doing then?

With Europe, its millions in arms,
With Africa, fighting, enslaved,
With Hindoo, and Chinese alarms,
Where is the nation that's saved?
His mercies are for all his works
Then in view of this terrible row
With Frank, German, Russians and Turks,
What is the Lord doing now?

Suppose that the Lord was to die,
And the devil to reign supreme,
Do you think that people would lie
Any more than they do with Him?
Would murder and thieving and crimes,
Under satanic ruling increase?
Would the rogues have more flourishing times
Than under this "Kingdom of Peace?"

Would churches more envious grow?
Would priests more their rivals o'erwhelm?
Would politics more vices show?
If Satan stood fast at the helm?
In view of such infinite wrongs,
With your Lord in his governing chair,
Away with your flattering songs!
What is the Lord doing there?

Let him curb in the mighty who try,
With tyrants, to rob and oppress,
Let him succor the needy who cry;
The sorrowing in their distress.
Humanity, sore, tempest-tossed,
Wants remedies here, he can send,
Poor comfort to those who are lost,
That all will be burned in the end.

—THOMAS CURTIS.

Satisfactory All Around.

"I don't want to break the law," he said, as he stood in the presence of Captain Starkweather at police headquarters the other day.

"You are very kind," replied the Captain. "What is your case?"

"My wife has skipped."

"Indeed."

"Yes; skipped out two days ago. As I said, I don't want to break the law. What is the customary rule in such cases?"

"Let her skip."

"I am not expected to pursue her and shoot somebody?"

"No."

"Thanks. She has skipped. Let her skip. If she returns I overlook and forgive. If she does not I marry the hired girl. Perfectly satisfactory, sir, all around, and I thank you for your kindness."

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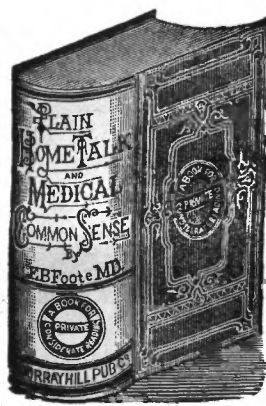
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Jim—"Say, Pete, what you watchin'?"
 Pete—"Jest you hold yer jaw and see. Do you see the guv'nor across the street?"
 "Yep."
 "An' see the minister coming down the street toward him?"
 "Yep."
 "Well, I jest slipped the euchre deck in the guv'nor's tail pocket, and when he meets the minister he'll stop to talk, and pull out his handkerchief to soak the sweat off'n his face. Then there'll be a rev'lution. Yip! Let's mosey; he's yanked the cards."

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A couple of Texas sheep-raisers, being in Austin, went to church. On emerging from the sacred edifice one of them said:
 "I say, Bill, that preacher was hitting at us."
 "You bet he was. He didn't talk about nothing except lost sheep. Got yer pistol?" replied the other.
 "Why certainly."
 "Then let's wait here till he comes out, and give him a chance to explain what he means by them personal remarks."

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In conversation the other day, says the Hartwell, Ga., Sun, an old resident related this anecdote, which occurred some forty years ago: "On Shoal Creek there lived a number of old-time gentlemen with their antique notions of life, with the decanter of old liquors on the sideboard as the cornerstone of their far-famed hospitality and the mainstay of their domestic economy. Notwithstanding the universality of whisky drinking, the churches, as a rule, were more rigid in disciplining their members than they are now. Among those whose membership was at Shoal Creek, was Judge L., and, in an unguarded moment, he took 'too much' and was seen drunk. The next conference promptly appointed a committee to visit the brother, which committee consisted of Judge P. and Judge W. At the appointed day the committee went over to visit the offender, who gave them a hearty welcome, and all took a social drink, which was so often repeated during their stay that they forgot the object of their visit. The next conference called for a report on the case, when one of the gentlemen arose and said that they had labored with the brother and were satisfied. Judge L., who was present this time, made his statement, and finished with the remark that if he ever got drunk again the church would do well to send to him men who were not as fond of liquor as he was himself."

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FREETHOUGHT.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - AUGUST 10, 1889.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH says: "To me Theosophy is hardly on the level of Mormonism, and has only a very minor place among the world's delusions."

THE Rev. Mr. Crafts, who is stumping the coast in the interests of a national Sunday law, got a severe set-back in Oakland last Monday night. The Adventists and Freethinkers "packed" his meeting, so that when he brought out his Sunday-law petition for the audience to indorse, it was rejected by a vote of 102 to 98.

THE Supreme court of Pennsylvania has decided that a marriage solemnized on Sunday is null and void. We may next expect to hear of this same repository of wisdom and justice ruling that a murder committed on Sunday is invalid, and that the man who is killed must show up on Monday morning or be fined for contempt of court.

MANY cities are contending for the site of the Three America Exposition in 1892. New York wants it; so do St. Louis, Chicago, and Washington. San Francisco has not as yet put in its bid, but why not have the exposition here? We guarantee visitors open doors seven days in the week, which is more than the Sunday-law cities of the East can do.

THE Street Committee has refused the request of the Rev. Mr. Reiser to suppress the whistling of locomotives. As the law compels engineers to whistle when approaching the crossings, the committee decided to report that it was better to endure the noise than to have people run over by the cars. Perhaps that thought will be new to the Rev. Mr. Reiser.

ON the first day of the present month the people of Massachusetts and the surrounding country met at Plymouth and dedicated a monument to the memory of the Pilgrim fathers. It was wholly a religious ceremony, of which Scripture reading and the singing of hymns formed a large share. Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, delivered the oration, in the course of which he affirmed that the great reason why we should honor the memory of the Pilgrims is because of their devotion to religious liberty and the separation of church and state. It is strange that this delusion as to the tolerant character of the settlers of New England should

still exist in the minds of intelligent men. The fact is that the Pilgrims had not the slightest idea of religious liberty. They were narrow-minded, bigoted, and intolerant. They persecuted all who differed from them, hanged or banished Quakers, and drowned "witches." Perhaps they deserve credit for their courage and sincerity, but their record on the religious question is little less than infamous.

THE Denison, Texas, Sunday Gazetter reports and reflects: "After two months of prayerful conference of Baptists at Waco, the Rev. M. T. Martin, the popular Georgia evangelist, has been convicted of teaching heresy, and 'impeached.' He is, however, allowed to continue as a 'layman.' How he can be orthodox as a layman, and heterodox as a preacher, is not very clear, supposing him to be a conscientious man. The heresy of Mr. Martin appears to consist in the fact that he taught that assurance of conversion was necessary before baptism."

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, August 11, at 8 o'clock. R. Guy McClellan, Esq., will lecture on "The American House of Lords."

NEWS AND NOTES.

From Drain's to Scottsburg is a somewhat tedious journey. There was a young clergyman with us, however, and a man who could play "Yankee Doodle" with his jawbone, and so there was something to interest as we went up and down the vast hills. The varieties of human nature which one meets on a stage-coach help to while away the time. I pass the night at Scottsburg. The fiddle is brought forth and there is quite a merry-making. The next day, instead of the lumbering stage, the boat takes us down the sparkling Umqua. This journey is delightful. We pass through intricate palisades of hills. They are brilliant in the sunshine. Beautiful shades of green mingle with the brown and gray tints, and columns of white trunks shine amid the living forest. As we glide onward, from the unfolding heights in front new pictures flash in wonderful change. Then the hills disappear, the glittering wastes of sand fade into the misty horizon, the river broadens out, its stream touches the vast Pacific, and the innumerable waves, like careering horses, make a tumultuous splendor far as the eye can see. In faint brilliance the unmeasured ocean slowly rolls beyond. We disembark, and friend Jarvis becomes our charioteer. I had heard that he had been converted during the past year and joined the hardshell Baptists, but a few minutes' conversation convinced me that he was a Christian, if at all, after the fashion of Jim Bludsoe. I don't think he has any inclination "to loaf about the throne." I think he would rather drive the stage for an indefinite period. From the mouth of the Umqua to Empire City is a journey worthy of the gods. The mighty ocean plays its eternal symphony at our feet.

Its million waves rush in melodious strife, and pile to the front and rear of our way as if they would carry us to the caverns of the sea. The wreck-strewn shore, the ghostly mounds of sand stretching away into bleak forests, the sunshine lying in strange gleams of gold on cloudy headlands, while evermore the sea, as if unconscious of the desolation it makes, sings its wondrous song, gleams with soft and tender hues, ripples and dances as if in fairy halls, or thunders and surges with gorgeous billows, seeming now a queen with jeweled breast and lovely smile, and anon a monstrous beast, roaring, and tearing with white teeth, as if it would devour the whole land and we were but a morsel in its gigantic throat; these bewildering, majestic, grotesque, and entrancing scenes—sea and land and sky in awful contrast and subtle harmony—touch and impel the “sea within” so that our own thoughts answer in equal rhythm to the tumult and glory without, and we seem a part of the elemental grandeur, and not the victim of its relentless force. While we are dreaming as if we could dream forever, like Brahma himself, the horses, mindless of everything except the “tramp, tramp, tramp,” keep right on, and, thanks to their sturdy toil, in the gray of the evening the twinkling lights of Empire City, over the bay, greet our view. Leaving the stage and taking again to boat—stemming the tide with the muscular stroke of our oarsman—we find the landing-place, and a cozy supper with mine landlord of the Arago. Before I had finished the meal I had the unexpected pleasure of a good handshake with Professor Seymour, who, for a month or more, has been doing a fine business with the heads and hearts of the people here—feeling of their heads, and touching their hearts to Liberal impulses. Manipulating the bumps of the orthodox cranium, he manages to impart the electric shock of a few new ideas, and so the field is better prepared for the radical worker.

On Friday, July 26, friend Hazard drives me over to Marshfield. Hazard is a royal worker and has done almost all that has been done at Empire City, for the cause. Only a few seem disposed to stay by the colors, and a still less number are willing to help pay the expenses. I think Empire City will eventually swing into line, but time and patience are necessary.

At Marshfield there is always a noble welcome. Friends are many here. The churches, however, are making strenuous efforts, and two new edifices are being built, Catholic and Episcopalian. I lectured on Friday and Saturday evenings to good audiences.

Sunday is a gala day. There is a picnic on North Coos river. The steamer Bertha is chartered for the occasion, and early on Sunday morning it is filled with a merry company of old and young with capacious baskets that promise a luxurious satisfaction to the wants of the hungry man. Away we speed up the broad bay to the river, and soon we are interlocked in the bosom of the hills and voyaging through sublime and beautiful prospects. The steep hills rise on either side, occasionally a handsome dwelling appears, and a well cultivated farm. One might imagine that we were passing through Arcadia, where life flows on in peace and beauty, “where storms do never come, nor billows roar.” The sun shines in mellow radiance, the clouds float like silver, the gentle winds fan the brow, the starry banner tosses from in front of the little steamer that goes puffing on its slow and devious way. From point to point our numbers increase. As the steamer is crowded, boatloads are taken in tow, and as we near the point of destination there is quite a gay flotilla in the rear, which makes a magnificent procession along the watery

path. We were due at ten o’clock, but it was after twelve before we reached Piper’s grove, nearly two miles this side of our campground. The tide was low, and in order to avoid snags, the boat had to pick its way rather carefully. Finally it got aground, and we were obliged to take refuge in the small boats and row up stream. Off we started, wondering if we would ever “get there.” It seemed as if we were enroute for the Celestial City, so many difficulties presented themselves. As we went up the river, Jemmie Hutchinson, who was disporting rather carelessly on the prow, tumbled headlong into the water. For a moment there was a pretty lively scrimmage. He could swim like a fish, and the way he went for the shore was a most interesting spectacle. We held our breath until he was safe, and then as he leaped dripping to the land, we could not help being amused at the happy outcome of the incident. This served as a spicy interlude. Pretty soon we struck an immense raft of logs. There was no going around or over. The rest of the way was a walking-match through brush, through briar, crossing the stream on logs, etc. The greatest problem was how to convey the eatables. It being near one o’clock, there was a general desire for an early dinner, but it seemed a prodigious task to lug those big baskets half a mile or so. By skillful management one boat was pushed by the raft, and into this the provisions were packed, and we went on our way rejoicing. Our destination, The Forks, was reached, and our friends of the “upper country” were present to greet us, and the tables and seats were ready. They had been waiting ever since nine o’clock for the boat to come, but in this case it was impossible to go against the tide. It didn’t take long to spread the table with plenty. Cathcart had prepared a “thoroughbred” chicken for the occasion, and in memory of old times, I enjoyed a part of the ministerial bird. When the good things had been disposed of without a dissenting voice, I gave a lecture on “Universal Mental Liberty,” which occupied the time until the flooding of the tide. We must take our departure then, or not “go home till morning.” So at half past four we are all on the boats again, and the homeward journey begun down the shining river, while the setting sun pours its golden rays over bank and stream. The tide is with us now, and we speed without delay. Day and night were mingling in glorious beauty—star and sunset gleaming as we swept into the bay and moored at the Marshfield wharf. The festival was a most successful one. All were happy and tired, and had a good night’s sleep. When Monday came it seemed to be a good deal like Sunday itself, it was so quiet like.

On Monday evening the series of lectures closes with a full house, and I feel well satisfied with the outlook here. There is progress. The ideas of Liberalism are being understood and appreciated. It is seen that they are not destructive, but constructive, and for elevation and enlightenment. I hope to see a Freethought Hall here. Marshfield is a pretty place, and the climate now is delightful, cool and refreshing. We can look forth upon the bay and sea, and encircling hills, forest-crowned, and the views are varied and attractive. Coos county has many resources. It has coal and timber in vast quantities. It has a fruitful soil along the streams and in the valleys. It is somewhat isolated, being sixty miles from the railroad. However, by steamer, it is only thirty-six hours’ ride to San Francisco. The harbor is a good one—the best on the upper coast, next to San Francisco and the Sound. It is expected that a railroad will be built from Roseburg to Marshfield. The Coast Range is rugged, and it will require skillful engineering to put the railroad through,

but undoubtedly it will be done, and this county will become one of the most flourishing in the state. Empire City and Marshfield would make fine summer resorts. The heat is moderated by the sea breezes, and one does not suffer, while in the interior the thermometer is up to a hundred. There are many tourists sojourning at present. There are interesting geological records. I visited the wonderful collection of Mr. B. H. Cammann, at Empire City. He has spent years in accumulating these treasures of the land and deep—leaves, strange and beautiful, from the unmeasured years. Petrified trees and animals, agates, crystallizations, mosses of infinite variety and exquisite form and color, shells and stones colored as if by some master artist; all these have been gathered in the county and show that it is a marvelous storehouse of the relics of time.

My friend, Mr. F. Marks, has built a new business block, with a handsome town clock. He intends to finish the upper story into a hall and reading room which shall be for science and Freethought. This will be of great benefit to the community, and will help make potent its Liberal forces. I am enjoying the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Garfield, who always welcome with generous spirit, and give courage to the toiler.

I forgot to make arrangements for the moonlight as I promised, but notwithstanding the darkness Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Hilborn and Mr. and Mrs. A. Worth came over the bay to the meetings. These Liberals will keep the flag flying in all sorts of weather.

Our North Coos River friends did nobly in the campaign, and I enjoyed meeting these generous allies; and my thanks are due them for their successful co-operation, to W. W. Glenn, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Cathcart, John Bazzel, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. VanCamp, Robert Haskell, John Chambers, Mrs. Rook, J. R. Bunch, C. Landreth, W. D. L. F. Smith, and others. Freethought will flourish in these mighty solitudes and span the glittering forks of the Coos, so long as this splendid company are ready to "blaze the wilderness."

Mrs. S. M. Bates, Mrs. Mary McLeod, Mrs. F. Marks, Miss Blanche Bates, Mrs. E. W. Sprague, and others, are among the Liberal women of Marshfield who have the courage of their convictions and give the grace of art to intellectual toil, and see in truth the "fair humanities of a nobler world."

Judge Garrison, chairman of the meetings at Marshfield; Wm. Hall, who presided at our camp-meeting on the Coos river; Judge W. H. S. Hyde, W. G. Webster, H. Evans, S. J. Steckel, R. M. Hutchinson, D. M. Hutchinson, A. Hutchinson, and Jimmie, who can not only swim Jordan or any other stream, but talk Freethought; E. W. Sprague, Wm. Hunter, J. M. Arrington, the Rasmussen Bros., the Jacksons, Capt. M. Roberts, John Wilson, Wm. Gilmore, E. W. Guptel, G. J. Earl, S. Archer, and many others, are of the Freethought host in this vicinity, and they make our labors a pleasure indeed, with their goodwill and generous appreciation of all that is done. I have had an experience which enriches both thought and hope; and the sunshine, falling on the radiant hills and far shining sea and growing city, bears within its bosom the promise of world-wide progress; and the heart of humanity, like the mighty ocean itself, gives the glow and splendor of the bright and boundless day to come. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Marshfield, July 30, 1889.

"THERE are two personages," says the Rev. N. F. Ravlin, "who are accused of many things of which they are innocent. These two are God and the devil."

BOUND volumes of FREETHOUGHT for 1888 may be had for \$2.50.

THE GLORY OF A FREE SUNDAY.

It is stated that the Rev. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, field secretary of the American Sunday Association, being desirous of obtaining "a world-wide view of Sabbath observance," corresponded with more than two hundred persons residing in nearly every nation of the world, and asked this question:

"Where have you seen the best Sabbath observance?"

A San Francisco pastor answered:

"Among the Christian people of California."

When it is remembered that California stands almost alone among the states of this Union in having no Sunday law, such a statement as that of the San Francisco pastor is very significant. It shows that California Christians have at least the merit of sincerity, and it shows also that people who believe in Sunday observance will practice it as faithfully where there is no law compelling them to do so as where such a law exists, and even more faithfully according to the testimony quoted.

We are quite unable, therefore, to understand why the Christians of the state should desire a Sunday law. The Freethinkers certainly do not. It would be inoperative except for the purposes of persecution in special cases. Sincere religious people would not be affected by it, while the great mass of citizens who now spend the day in ordinary worldly pursuits would be converted into law-breakers. Nothing is more gratifying in its results than a free Sunday, such as that of California, where we see the devout voluntarily performing what they regard as their religious duties, while those who do not share the belief of their pious fellow-citizens spend the day as suits them best. There is no restraint above ordinary days upon either the devotee of religion or the devotee of pleasure; and each has the same protection under the law. This is practical religious freedom, and anything else would be ecclesiastical despotism.

GIRARD'S UNFAITHFUL EXECUTORS.

The daily papers during the past week have printed the information that the French heirs of Stephen Girard are about to bring suit in Philadelphia to recover property now valued at \$13,000,000, which is held partly in trust by the city of Philadelphia and Mrs. Eugenia Girard, and partly by the state of Louisiana. The ground on which the suit is based is the alleged infraction of the terms of Girard's will. The most important provision of the will was that all the revenues accumulating in the hands of the municipal corporation of Philadelphia were to be applied to certain works of embellishment, charity, and police organization. Fifty-eight years have elapsed since Girard's death, and apart from a college which was established only seventeen years after his death, the city of Philadelphia has done nothing to carry out the intentions of the testator. There are about \$2,000,000 of unemployed revenues accumulated. The parties to bring the suit are Miss Henrietta Girard, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Devars du Maine, of Paris. The former is the niece and the latter the grand-niece of Stephen Girard. They are both poor. The suit against Louisiana will be to recover two hundred and eight thousand acres.

From the perusal of Girard's will, which is published in Dr. Westbrook's work on "Girard's Will and Girard College Theology," we do not gather that the testator's French heirs stand a very good chance to get the property. The clause of the will relating to "embellishment, charity, and police organization" provides that if the city of Philadelphia fail to use the bequest as prescribed

the money passes to the state of Pennsylvania; and if the state fail to apply the bequest to the purpose mentioned, the "said remainder and accumulations" go to the United States of America "for the purposes of internal navigation, and no other." Girard, apparently, designed that the money which he accumulated in this country should stay here, so that Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and the United States, stand between the trustees and the French heirs as conditional legatees. It is a great pity that the men whom Girard entrusted with the care of his immense wealth could not have had the honesty to dispose of it according to his last will and testament. Their unfaithfulness is particularly prominent in the way they have administered his estate as regards the college which he founded. He desired that the teachings in that college should inculcate the purest principles of morality with no admixture of religion, and the trustees have allowed a chapel to be built upon the grounds, and religious teaching has become a part of the curriculum. The trustees should be called to account, and that with the greatest possible dispatch.

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

OFFICIAL CALL FOR THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL CONGRESS.

The next annual Congress of the American Secular Union will be held in Philadelphia, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, October 25, 26, and 27, 1889. It is deemed expedient to hold this meeting where our society was organized in 1876, and where the so-called "National Reform Association" has its headquarters, and has recently held an important convention, and for many historic and other reasons.

The general object of our Association not being well understood, it is therefore often misrepresented. It is deemed proper to here make a brief statement of its leading principles. While our federal and state constitutions are formed on the assumption of the total separation of church and state, yet both the general and state governments maintain numerous practical connections of the state with the church. Moreover, a large, wealthy, and influential organization exists, having for its avowed object the amendment of our federal and state constitutions, so as to recognize and enforce by law certain forms of religious belief and observances, and certain acts of legislation have actually been proposed and discussed in the United States Senate for virtually establishing a form of sectarian religion, especially in our public schools.

Against these innovations and perversions we are organized to protest, and to this end we advocate the equitable taxation of church property; the total discontinuance of religious instruction and worship in the public schools; the repeal of all laws enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath; the cessation of all appropriations of the public funds for religious institutions; the abolition of state-paid chaplaincies; the substitution of simple affirmation, under the pains and penalties of perjury, for the judicial oath; the non-appointment of religious fasts, festivals, and holidays by public authority; the practical establishment of simple morality and intelligence as the basis of purely Secular government, and the adequate guarantee of public order, prosperity, and righteousness; and whatever other measures may be necessary to the total separation of church and state.

To this Congress we cordially invite all true patriots, without regard to their individual religious belief or disbelief, who are willing to work for the maintenance of the Secular principle in our civil government, and to oppose the machinations of sacerdotalists, whether Catholic or Protestant, in their schemes to gain

ecclesiastical supremacy, and destroy the mental and moral liberty of the free citizens of this most successful of all Secular civil governments, in ancient or modern times.

All charter and life members, all vice-presidents, all chairmen of state executive committees, and all duly accredited delegates from local Secular societies are entitled to seats and votes in this Congress. Each local society is entitled to send its president, secretary, and three other delegates. Annual members by payment of one dollar are entitled to seats.

Particulars as to the place of meeting, speakers, and their subjects, etc., will be announced hereafter.

R. B. WESTBROOK, President,

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, E. B. FOOTE, JR., Ch. Ex. Com.

M. A. FREEMAN, Ch. Fin. Com. OTTO WETTSTEIN, Treas.

FAITH AND REPENTANCE.

A clergyman of Boulder, Col., who, through the kindness of a friend, has taken FREETHOUGHT for six months, writes us to discontinue—not because he does not like the paper, but for the reasons that he cannot afford to pay for it, cannot trespass on generosity, and does not like to run in debt. The clergyman, whose name is Campbell, continues:

"In my judgment, the two greatest sins now in vogue are debt and intemperance. I have read each number of your paper carefully including the ads., and while I cannot say that I have received any permanent benefit from it, I think it has done me no harm. It so happens that yours truly believes in God, heaven, and eternal life, and that the only way to get there is by that repentance and faith which Christ preached at Mark i, 14-15. I have never been on your coast, but I have read that yours is a wonderful state. Now, if you Californians have discovered a Yerba Buena, Vinegar Bitters, or other specific that will cure debt, intemperance, and the miseries of mankind, quicker and surer than the repentance and faith aforesaid, by all means trot it out. I know lots of folks that are suffering for it, and if Freethought is that yerb, then the Lord and all good people will bless the names of Putnam & Macdonald for spreading it. See?"

We can agree with our clerical correspondent to the extent of admitting that debt and intemperance are among the greatest evils now in vogue, but there is no ecclesiastical authority for calling them the greatest of sins. The seven deadly sins enumerated by the church do not include either of them. We know of but one honest way of curing a debt, namely, to pay it. We can assure Mr. Campbell that a debt which is paid will never cause him inconvenience provided he holds a receipt. The method to which he refers as laid down in Mark i, 15, "repent and believe the gospel," will not work. The repentance may be genuine and the belief sincere, but it will not buy land. As Ingersoll remarked, "If I owe Smith ten dollars, and God forgives me, that does not pay Smith." If faith and repentance would discharge debt, the Rev. Mr. Campbell should have felt no compunctions of conscience about accepting this paper on trust, as he undoubtedly exercises both these so-called virtues.

Neither will repentance and faith materially mitigate intemperance. Every toper repents while sobering off, and even the devils believe. True temperance consists in stopping when you get enough. Temperate habits must be founded on a robust self-respect, and a knowledge of the pathological effects of physical and mental intoxication. Freethought teaches the virtues of discharging obligations and maintaining sobriety in all the departments of life. It is indeed the Yerba Buena, the panacea, and the summum bonum. The "Lord and all good people" will please send their blessing by return mail.

WE have received notice of the death at Howard, Kan., of N. A. Buckingham, a Freethinker. Mr. Buckingham was forty-six years of age, a native of Essex, Conn. Previous to his death he requested that there should be no religious ceremonies at his funeral, and those who shared his unbelief saw that his wishes were respected.

IN consequence of threatened outrages to the Bruno statue, Adriano Lemmi, Grand Master of the Italian Freemasons, has ordered private detectives to watch in the Campo dei Fiori both day and night. This, says the London Freethinker, will be an occasion of crowing to the rival city of Naples, where there has been a statue of Bruno since 1865.

THE papers report that Mr. Henry Welger, who was last week placed in an asylum, is a Spiritualist, who deludes himself with the belief that the Almighty will transport him to a star. The report is probably an error. Mr. Welger is undoubtedly a Theosophist, and places too literal an interpretation on the Theosophical formula, "*Sic itur ad astra*"—"such is the way to the stars."

IN spite of the burning of Seattle through divine negligence the delegates at the Olympia Convention began the preamble of their new constitution with the words, "Grateful to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe." This acknowledgment was put on record July 31, and August 4 Spokane Falls, one of the finest cities in the territory, went up in flames. Some of the members of the convention argued that Providence would not appreciate the compliment which the others were trying to pay him, and now it looks as if they were right.

THERE is a suggestive remark in President Beal's report of Secular work in Oregon. He says: "If every Liberal would induce every other Liberal to take FREETHOUGHT, what a large amount of labor it would save in making up our convention." Every worker can appreciate the value of that suggestion, for it is well known that about the only Liberals who can be depended upon for co-operation are those who take a Freethought paper. It is the first step in Secular propaganda. A paper coming weekly keeps the reader informed of the progress made, and sustains interest in the work. We cordially invite the Liberals of Oregon to send in their names as subscribers to FREETHOUGHT.

A NEW YORK Spiritualist paper, the Celestial City, reflects upon the Summerland tract at Santa Barbara as follows:

"Far out on the Pacific Slope, hemmed in between a homely range of rugged, knotty, infertile mountains on the one hand, and on the other a dreary expanse of endless sea that has not even the activity of a surf, there lies a miserable, barren waste. Four consecutive months of each year no rains fall upon this parched, far-off land, while the sun's bright rays beat down and dry to pulverous dust the burning soil. Here is wanted to be established the new colony of Summerland, the future home of the Spiritualists of the world. No native fresh water is found within the border lines of this would-be city of the future. All the fresh water it gets for the irrigation of this unfruitful land is forced there through pipes, from a distance of four miles; and year in and year out has this sluggish soil sung its melancholy soliloquy in unison with the listless waters of the calm Pacific. To this forlorn and forsaken ragged edge of the western world are the owners and propagators of Summerland trying, by the wholesale suppression of all information relative to its disadvantages, to induce the people to come, trying to inveigle the innocent and the uninformed into giving up comfortable homes in the fertile fields of the East, and taking up their abode in this wretched colony."

To preserve the amenities, Mr. Owen, of the Golden Gate, de-

nounces the Celestial City as "an unmitigated fabricator of mis-statements," and adds: "We might be pardoned if we expressed ourselves in shorter words."

OBSERVATIONS.

It was not expected that there would be a large attendance at the last meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society, because Dr. O'Brock had been allowed to harass the previous gathering, and the demoralizing effects of his ministrations usually last two or three weeks. Nevertheless, such is the self-sacrificing spirit of the Liberals of the city that nearly every seat was filled. Professor Joran gave a lively piano solo, and the Misses Haelke a piano and zither duet.

Dr. Jerome A. Anderson was down for an address. As he did not appear at eight o'clock there was a temporary suspense, which Professor Miller relieved by consenting to discuss the subject of "Good and Evil." He was doing well, and had got as far as Ormuzd and Ahriman, the Persian representatives of beneficent and malevolent forces, when Dr. Anderson came in and took his place. Dr. Anderson's discourse consisted of four or five pages of typewritten matter, which he read in about fifteen minutes. He took the ground that good and evil were relative terms. The cure for evil was obedience to divine law, and the practice of altruism. He argued that life was made up mainly of evil, but that death would work a glorious change, after which something better might be expected.

The address did not suit the audience very well, as most of the members of the society are Materialists. But plenty of good music and a collection brought repose, and then Professor Miller presented the scientific aspect of the matter. He said that a future existence was beautiful to contemplate, and a belief in it would be consoling if there were any evidence to support it. Obedience to law might also be beneficial, but we must not be too dogmatic about what the law really is. The preaching of Altruism for two thousand years had not increased the world's confidence in it to the detriment of self-reliance and self-help. We are in the midst of conflicting forces. Life is a warfare, with only occasional cessations of struggle, when the mind becomes oblivious to the outward turmoil by indulgence in pleasing hopes and aspirations, or when the senses are soothed by music, the perfect adjustment of sound and rhythm, like that to which we had just listened. Professor Miller was heartily applauded, and after this things were lively enough.

Mr. Faust arose to announce that Mrs. Briggs desired to address the meeting. Mrs. Briggs took the floor and said she was pained to hear such utterances as those of Mr. Miller. If any one was ignorant of a future life it was his fault, as there were many places in the city where the fact in the case could be demonstrated. Mrs. Briggs kindly pardoned the audience for smiling at this assertion, and related some spiritual experience, wherein Mr. John S. Verity, deceased, had spoken through Mrs. Higgs, medium, and denied that he was dead until he had his attention called to it. Those present showed him that he was using the vocal organs of a woman, was clothed in female habiliments, and in other respects differed essentially from a male. The speaker added that Theodore Parker and D. M. Bennett had also spoken through the same medium, thus demonstrating the future state. Mrs. Briggs said that if the Infidels thought they could get along without the co-operation of the Spiritualists they were much mistaken.

Mr. Thomas Curtis testified that he had known Mr. Verity in this life, and accounted him a man of good sense, but if death had so affected his intellect that he didn't know whether he was living or dead, his last state was worse than the first. Mr. Curtis said that as for himself, if he found as many foolish people in the next world as there were in this he should feel like committing spiritual suicide.

Mr. Burgman said that he had been thinking of something to say previous to Mr. Curtis's remarks, but the latter gentleman had confused him so that he had nearly forgotten it. If he were a Materialist, and if he believed there was no hereafter, that this unhappy world was the only one we were destined to occupy, he would commit suicide at once and be done with it. He did not

believe that there was a person in the audience who had not faith in an after life, notwithstanding their seeming indorsement of the previous speaker. They were merely psychologized by his eloquence, not convinced by his argument. Such, indeed, was the maleficent influence of Mr. Curtis that Mr. Burgman had seen people whom he knew to be Spiritualists applauding his diabolical utterances. "You Infidels," said Mr. Burgman, "deserve all the abuse you get. You are more ignorant and illiberal than the Christians, and you don't want to be enlightened," or words to that effect.

Dr. Anderson, in replying to his critics, regretted that he was not an extemporary speaker, but he would do his best. His regret proved to be unfounded, for his closing remarks were much livelier than his opening address. It pained him, he said, to see the question of a future life held up to ridicule, and it astonished him to hear such ridicule applauded by the members of the Freethought Society, who thereby merely showed their ignorance.

Mr. Curtis got in the last word by saying that he ridiculed only that which was ridiculous. If what he had said was open to the same criticism, he hoped to be ridiculed himself.

Then the meeting was adjourned, but the discussion continued. Various members of the society expressed their opinion about the policy of discussing questions like Spiritualism, which were alien to the objects of Secularism. Mr. Lemme said it ought to be stopped. A promising Freethought organization in Los Angeles a few years ago was killed by just this sort of discussion and dissension. Mr. Beaumont said that the Spiritualists not only wearied him, but made him suffer. Mr. Schou said that the lecture did not amount to anything, but the collection was good. Mr. Eastman desired to know who selected the lecturers and who was responsible for introducing the present one. Mr. Furgason handed down the opinion, Mr. Pingree coinciding, that according to the declarations of the speaker there was no affiliation between Freethought and Theosophy. It is apparent that if the man who makes up the monthly programme puts any more Spiritualists on the list his resignation will be called for in no uncertain tones.

The next meeting will be addressed by R. Guy McClellan, whose subject is the "American House of Lords," having reference to the United States Senate.

A SIMPLE SAMPLE COPY.

I know a hardy mining man, who works with pan and pick
In the wilds of Yuba county, where the gold is rather thick.
Sometimes he finds the yield is good, and sometimes pretty slim,
But on a day when he was flush his pard presented him
With a number of this journal, and 'tis thus begins a tale
Of a simple sample copy that was sent out through the mail.

He liked the sentiments thereof, and pocketed the same,
And called upon the writer when he next to 'Frisco came.
He'd sold his dust for legal coin, in twenty-pieces bright,
And wishing to improve his mind, bought everything in sight.
It was a most surprising thing to make so large a sale
From a simple sample copy that was sent out through the mail.

When he'd purchased all he wanted of the books that were the best,
He bought a Freethought Badgepin for to decorate his vest.
He selected several dollars' worth, if all the truth were told,
And paid for everything he got in California gold.
There was never such a harvest, gathered from a miner's haul,
By a simple sample copy that was sent out through the mail.

Then he told me many stories of the mountain, mine, and wood,
Of early California days when times were always good,
But he quite forgot to leave his name or take his books away,
And I haven't seen the gentleman since that auspicious day
When he made so big a purchase, and I made so big a sale,
From a simple sample copy that was sent out through the mail.

There are many brilliant geniuses who set the world aflame,
And lucky dogs who make a stake at some ungodly game,
But good results are often reached by ordinary sense,
And valuable lessons taught at nominal expense.
So lively business may ensue, when other methods fail,
From a simple sample copy that is sent out through the mail.

There is a quite remarkable book published in this city under the name of the "Code of 1650," being some of the laws and regulations adopted by the people of Connecticut two hundred

and forty years ago. I quoted briefly from the laws last week. They are enough to make the modern New England man ashamed of his predecessors, but if he had witnessed the judicial procedure of those days he would probably have been fined for contempt of court. A case tried May 1, 1660, was especially absurd. The record runs as below, to wit, in the following manner: "That Jacob Murline and Sarah Tuttle, being called, appeared, concerning whom the Governor declared, that the business for which they were warned to this court he had heard in private at his house, which he related to stand thus:

"On the day that John Potter was married, Sarah Tuttle went to Mistress Murline's house for some thredd; Mistress Murline bid her go to her daughters in another room, where they fell into speech of John Potter and his wife, that they were both lame, upon which Sarah Tuttle said"—well, Sarah made a remark which the case suggested. "Whereupon," continues the record, "Jacob came in, and took up or took away her gloves. Sarah desired him to give her the gloves, to which he answered he would do so if she would give him a kysse, upon which they sat down together, his arme being about her waiste, and her arme upon his shoulder or about his necke, and he kyssed her and she kyssed him, or they kyssed one another, continuing in this posture about half an hour, as Marian and Susan testified, which Marian, now in court, affirmed to be so."

The governor of Connecticut thought that sort of business ought to be stopped, and he therefore brought the parties into court. Mistress Murline testified that she had heard Sarah Tuttle's demoralizing remark, "but it was a matter of sorrow and shame to her," though she managed to repeat it without fainting. Her son Jacob, the offending youth, "was asked what he had to say to these things, to which hee answered that hee was in the other room, and when hee heard Sarah speak those words, hee went in, when shee having let fall her gloves, hee took them up and shee asked him for them, hee told her hee would if shee would kysse him. Further hee took her by the hands, and they bothe sat down upon a chest, but whether his arme were about her waiste, and her arme upon his shoulder or about his necke he knows not, for he never thought of it since, till Mr. Raymond told him of it at Mannatos for which he was blamed and tolde he had not laide it to heart as he ought.

"But Sarah Tuttle replied that shee did not kysse him. Mr. Tuttle replied that Marian hath denied it, and he doth not looke upon her as a competent witness. Thomas Tuttle said that he asked Marian if his sister kyssed Jacob and she said not. Moses Mansfield testified that he told Jacob Murline that he heard Sarah kyssed him, but he denied it. But Jacob graunted not what Moses testified."

The testimony all seemed to be in Sarah's favor so far, and her father accused Jacob of trying to steal away his daughter's affections. "But," says the report, "Sarah being asked if Jacob had inveigled her, she said no. Thomas Tuttle said that he came to their house two or three times before he went to Holland, and they two were together, and to what end he came he knows not, unless it were to inveigle her. And their mother warned Sarah not to keep company with him. And to the same purpose spake Jonathan Tuttle. But Jacob denied that he came to their house with any such intendment, nor did it appear so to the court."

Here the case rested and the governor took it upon himself to lecture all parties concerned. He "told Sarah that her miscarriage is the greatest, that a virgin should be so bold in the presence of others to carry it as she had done, and to speake suche corrupt words, most of the things charged against her being acknowledged by herself, though that about kyssing is denied, yet the thing is proved." Thereupon Sarah "professed that she was sorry that she had carried it so sinfully and foolishly, which she saw to be hateful. She hoped GOD would help her to carry it better for time to come."

Then the governor took the others in hand. He told Jacob that his carriage "hath been very evil and sinful so to carry it towards her; and to make such light matter of it as not to think of it (as he exprest) doth greatly aggravate. And for Marian, who was a married woman, to suffer her brother and a man's daughter to sit almost half an hour in such a way as they have related was a

very great evil." Mrs. Murline was told that she should not have suffered such scandalous proceedings in her house.

"Whereupon," in conclusion, "the court declared that we have heard in the Publique Ministry that it is a thing to be lamented that young people should have their meetings to the corrupting of themselves and one another. As for Sarah Tuttle, her miscarriages are very great, that she should utter so corrupt a speech as she did concerning the persons to be married, and that she should carry it in such a wanton, uncivil, immodest, and lascivious manner as hath been proved. And for Jacob his carriage hath been very corrupt and sinful, such as brings reproach upon the family and place. The sentence therefore concerning them is, that they shall pay either of them as a fine 20s to the treasurer."

In this manner was the law vindicated, and morality received a lift from which it has never recovered.

I have received the following assurance of the ultimate damnation of myself and Mr. Putnam, which I acknowledge with thanks:

BOWLING GREEN, KY., July 24, 1889.

GEORGE E. MACDONALD & SAMUEL P. PUTNAM: Before I retire for the night I must express my wounded feelings by way of writing concerning the FREETHOUGHT publication. Diabolic is the subject. When God cursed the serpent he drove the man who identified himself with the subtlety of the serpent to deceive the woman to partake of the fruit of the tree God told Adam by eating thereof he should die. But he was obstinate and wilful and stiff-necked and hard-headed, and used the trait of the serpent and beguiled the innocent woman to partake of it; and he ate of it and then cast the blame on the woman whom God had given him. Now, God not only pitied the women, but did comfort her by telling her that her seed should bruise the stubborn head of her adversary, and his seed should bruise her heel; and that they did when they glorified in crucifying Jesus to death. But Jesus had received power over earth and heaven, over death and hell, and none but Jesus has the power to enter where God abides; there is no other name given but the name of Jesus to save penitent sinners. God says, "He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be Damned."

Now, Mr. Putnam, you declare you are opposed to God and his son, our savior. You are laboring to overthrow God's cause. You are searching for imperfections to make the truth appear contemptible. Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved. Except a man is born again he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. Without holiness no man shall see the Lord. If a man disregards God in his heart and thought, God will give him over to a reprobate mind—to do, what?—to do just as free lovers and free thinkers do! They live like the brute that hath no understanding. But God made man capable of performing all what he required of him in his word, and therefore man is accountable for his disobedience, and thereby deprived himself and all his posterity of the divine knowledge and influence of the divine character; hence God drove the rebellious man from his presence, abandoned and depraved, and unless he repents he cannot be saved and in favor with God.

Mr. Putnam, unless you turn from your Infidelity and seek Jesus by a true and living faith, to take all the obstacles which lay between you and your maker, you will never obtain the hope of gaining the new heaven and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness—where Jesus will reign victorious over every rival.

Macdonald, is it your choice to occupy your mind and your time on a subject to make your Damnation sure?

RACHEL BRUSH.

So far as I am personally concerned, damnation is not particularly terrifying, even when written with a large D. I have been damned so many times since I began cavorting in the field of literature that the point of the imprecation now glances off instead of puncturing my epidermis. I have always enjoyed the pleasure of damning back again, and I hope for that happiness beyond this life.

M.

"JOHN WARD, PREACHER," has been issued in paper covers and can now be furnished for 50 cents.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The entire business portion of Spokane Falls, W. T., including nearly forty blocks, was destroyed by fire last Sunday night. The fire started at six p. m., and the firemen were unable to check it in the least. The loss may reach \$10,000,000.—Three boys fishing from a rock below San Pedro point last Sunday were overwhelmed by a large wave, carried out to sea, and drowned.—Robert Tobin, colonel of the Third Infantry Regiment and attorney of the Hibernia Bank, was found dead in his bed on the morning of August 3. He is supposed to have had an attack of rheumatism of the heart.—The British schooner Black Diamond was seized by the U. S. revenue cutter Bush, July 11, for sealing in the Behring sea, and her skins confiscated. She was ordered to Sitka, but escaped and at last accounts was in port at Victoria, B. C.—William Ross, clerk in the Nevada Bank, ran away last week with more than one hundred thousand dollars in cash and notes. He was captured in British Columbia.—An amusing canard in the form of a letter from Mayor Wheelwright of Tacoma to the mayor of Boston, calling for women emigrants to Washington Territory, is said to have caused a flutter among Massachusetts spinsters. Mayor Wheelwright did not write the letter.—A fire started in the parsonage at Greenville, Plumas county, last week, burnt up a Methodist church and several other buildings.

The U. S. cruiser Boston ran on a rock in Narragansett Bay on the 3d and narrowly escaped sinking.—Robbers boarded a train near Kansas City, Mo., last Saturday and "held up" the passengers in a sleeping car, and robbed them of \$175 in cash and two gold watches.—The pugilist Sullivan has been taken to the South to stand trial for prize-fighting.—Only six arrests were made in Cincinnati last Sunday for violation of the Sunday law.—Dr. Brown-Sequard, an eminent medical authority, professes to have discovered a method of rejuvenating old people. It is the juice of freshly killed mutton used as a hypodermic injection. Experiment shows that it is a very effective stimulant, but the medical men do not believe that it is the elixir of life.—Losses by the recent heavy rains in New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey reach nearly half a million dollars.—The Rev. Mr. Melby has eloped from Mankatee, Minn., with a young woman. He leaves a wife and children behind.

The emperor of Germany is visiting England.—Felix Pyatt, the French Anarchist deputy, died Aug. 4. He was 79 years old.—Fifteen hundred men were slain in a battle between the Egyptian troops, under English command, and the rebel dervishes Aug. 3. The dervishes were defeated.—Reports of persecution of Christians by the Mohammedans come from Albania in European Turkey.—England will send two expeditions of astronomers, one to Cayenne and one to the west coast of Africa, to view the total eclipse next December.

George Chainey as a Martyr.

Giving an account of his mental journeyings, Chainey says:

I lost my faith in humanity and became a pessimist, and resolved to give up all attempts at world betterment. Just at this time I was plunged, most unexpectedly to myself, into a series of occult experiences, that demonstrated to every sense the reality of the invisible world and of the spiritual life. I faced my old friends at their convention with a straightforward account of what I had found, but received in return mostly abuse. Stung at last by the ingratitude of some of it coming from those to whom I had been of great service, I struck back, giving blow for blow, and so widened the breach between us.

As a matter of fact, this "account," given at Cassadaga, was itself poisoned through and through with the most untrue statements concerning and the bitterest abuse of his late associates. The "ingratitude" was George Chainey's; the initiative in "abuse" was strongly taken by that gentleman himself, and the return "blow for blow" came, not from Mr. Chainey, but from those he had maligned. His right to follow his intellectual lights wherever they led him—his right to pass from the ranks of the Materialists into those of the Spiritualists—was and is unquestioned, but when he signalized his change of base by violent denunciation of those he left he put himself in the line of fire of the batteries of criticism, and his present posing as a martyr is a most ludicrous piece of anti-climax, to call it by a very mild name.—Fair Play, Valley Falls, Kan.

WASHINGTON AS A SLAVEHOLDER.

The Rev. Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., in an article on George Washington, written in May last, says of his subject: "He made no mistakes; there are no black spots on his reputation." In the same article Dr. Schaff attacked the character and motives of Thomas Paine, and inquired, "Where is Tom Paine now?"

In FREETHOUGHT of June 1, 1889, was published a letter written by Washington to Capt. Job Thompson, evidently a slave-trader, passing over to him a negro named Tom to be bartered off at "the islands" for various commodities, mostly rum. Dr. Schaff does not seem to regard that kind of commerce as a "mistake" or as a "spot" on Washington's reputation. In the appended letter by Daniel O'Connell, the Irish patriot, a different view of the matter is expressed. Considered as an attack upon Washington, it is as severe as anything ever written by Thomas Paine.

SAN JOSE, July 23, 1889.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I have before me a copy of the Clarksville Gazette, No. 25, volume 2, published at Clarksville, Tennessee, November 28, 1829. It is the property of Lyddall Bacon, an esteemed resident of this city, who has preserved it all these many years as a memento which marks the date of his birth. Thinking that you might wish to place it before the readers of FREETHOUGHT, I have copied from its columns the following interesting letter which was addressed to Daniel O'Connell, to the Cork Mercantile Chronicle:

L. R. TITUS.

DERRYNANE ABBEY, September 13, 1829.—SIR: I read in your paper of the 7th an attack upon me by an American citizen, for having taunted the memory of Washington with the fact that he was a slave-owner all his life, and only emancipated his own slaves by his will. Thus having had the use of slavery all his life, and paying this sole compliment to human liberty, that he condescended to allow its blessings to be enjoyed only when he could sustain no personal inconvenience from such enjoyment.

I acknowledge I threw this nettle on the grave of Washington, but I flung it with regret. It was extorted from me by the strong conviction I entertained that the vices of great men are doubly enormous—enormous, as they contradict the tenor of their lives, and enormous by the force of example and the species of palliation which they afford to vulgar criminals, whose vices are unredeemed by one single virtue.

But how has this unworthy citizen vindicated Washington? Why, he has not dared to deny the fact I stated, namely, that Washington had slaves all his life, and only emancipated them at his death. No, that would be too much even from an American slave-owner. But he has sought to diminish the crime of Washington by bringing a false charge against me, and by distorting the sentiments of others; and yet these miserable efforts to wash the only black spot in the character of Washington serve but to show the hopelessness of the effort, and to render the dark shade on his character more distinct.

He says Washington was educating his slaves into a fitness for freedom. He says this gratuitously. But what! Was Washington then so unlucky as not to have succeeded in finishing the education of his slaves until just the day of his own death? Had the slaves a kind of lease for a life of inaptitude for freedom, and was that life precisely like that of Washington? What a precious absurdity! No; every good and every generous man should with me regret this one fault of Washington; but he should admit that it was a deep, though I hope not a damning, spot on his otherwise stainless purity and simple majesty of character.

Washington was one of the greatest men the world ever produced. His patriotism was pure and disinterested. His love of the independence of his native land chaste and correct. He sought for constitutional liberty, not by turbulence and crime, but by adhering to the letter of the law, and to the spirit of the British constitution. Yet when the refusal of the advisers of the crown to listen to peaceful and conciliatory counsels drove him to the field, he made the boastful British rulers rue their stupid obstinacy; he won the laurels of liberty from the invaders of his native land, and he was the principal instrument in con-

verting the land of his birth—oh, glorious destiny!—from being a dependent province of Britain, into an independent and a mighty nation.

It is—it is with unfeigned regret that I find one dark trait in his illustrious character. Nor should I have noticed it, but that my subject led to it, and that I deem it right to raise my humble voice to convince the haughty citizens of America that the slaveholding states are held in abomination by all those whose opinions ought to be valuable. Man is the property of man in about one-half of the American states; let them, therefore, not dare to prate of their institutions, or of their national freedom, whilst they hold their fellow-men in bondage. Of all men living, an American citizen, who is the owner of slaves, is the most despicable—he is a political hypocrite of the very worst description. The friends of humanity and liberty in Europe should join in one universal cry of shame on the American slave-holders. "Base wretches," should we shout out in chorus—"base wretches, how dare you profess love of national freedom, under the sacred fane of Republicanism, with the presence and sufferings of human beings, in chains and slavery?" We have no other mode of assisting our poor enslaved brothers in America, save by raising up the voice of public opinion in their favor, and to the eternal shame and infamy of their taskmasters.

Join with me, friends of freedom, friends of humanity, in consecrating to eternal infamy the owners of slaves in the republic of North America. Nothing can justify—nor whilst I live, shall the example of Washington palliate their crimes. But let us ever cherish the virtues of the illustrious Bolivar, the greatest, in my opinion, and the purest of patriots, who began his career of liberty by giving freedom to seven hundred slaves which were his own property. Blush, virtuous Americans, at this contrast with your great and glorious Washington, who, I repeat it, had slaves all his life, and only emancipated them as against his heirs. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

CALL FOR THE OREGON CONVENTION.

By virtue of the authority vested in us by the Oregon State Secular Union, we hereby call the FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION of said Union to meet in Portland, Oregon, at Masonic Hall, on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 12th, 13th, and 14th days of October, 1889; the object being to secure the total separation of church and state.

The advocates of this measure in Washington Territory are invited to join their Oregon friends in this Convention.

Done at Portland, Oregon, this thirty-first day of July, 1889.

C. BEAL,	} Board of Directors.
J. K. SEARS,	
A. F. NEUNERT,	
LEE LAUGHLIN,	
L. AMES,	

SECULAR WORK IN OREGON.

Dear Freethought:

If every Liberal would induce every other Liberal to take FREETHOUGHT, what a large amount of labor it would save in making up our Convention! But the work shall be done and the subscribers shall be had—in Oregon, I mean.

J. Henry Schroeder, of Arago, Coos Co., is the first vice-president to respond. He will be at the Convention, and tenders his services freely.

G. W. Tiffany, of Salem, is the second vice-president heard from. He pledges thirty-five dollars, and will raise more when he returns from the seaside. He says: "With regard to our Convention in October, I believe it will be a grand success. We must have a fund pledged at the Convention of not less than five thousand dollars, to draw from for future work."

To Henry Weinhard belongs the honor of becoming the first Life Member of the Oregon State Secular Union by the payment of five dollars. This man means business. Let the ninety and nine more now stand up and be counted.

Flegenstein & Meier contribute four dollars, and John B. Garrison sends in two fifty. These gentlemen have more if the work proves to be efficient and honorable. A. F. Neunert, our

treasurer, collected all the money that has been paid in, and has forty dollars more pledged. We shall have a large number of most excellent speakers, and it has been suggested that they hold a meeting every night after the Convention until the close of the Industrial Fair.

Edward Post, the proprietor of that tiptop hotel, the Gilman House, pays four dollars toward the Convention and has more if we mean business.

Homer B. Holland, of Salem, says, "Hope the good God will stay right with you, and guide you to success in your endeavors to tax church property."

C. BEAL,
President Oregon State Secular Union.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

OLYMPIA, W. T., Aug. 4.—The Constitutional Convention of this territory consumes a good deal of time in useless discussion of rules and points of order. The judges have been taken care of, and placed, by legislation in the Constitution, as far as possible beyond the control of the people. On the other hand, in every other article of the Constitution so far reported, there have been limitations placed upon the legislature. The politicians are afraid of the people. The lawyers, who want to be judges, are equally afraid of the people.

The efforts of the representatives of the farmers and mechanics to obtain constitutional provisions for their protection are met by a strong protest from the lawyers that such provisions are legislative, and will drive capital out of the territory. It is a mooted question whether they will not prevent the people from protecting themselves from railroad combinations and from foreign trusts, which are now attempting to control all the leading manufacturing industries of the country.

It is well known that such men as Senator Stewart are largely interested in the development of the mines of the states and territories. People would naturally think that they would be the foremost in standing by the principle that the mines in America should belong to the Americans. As a matter of fact, the great proportion of the mines now belong to foreigners. All the profits in mining go to swell the coffers of foreign bankers, or to support the noble spendthrifts of other lands. The influence of such men is shown in the proposal in Montana to tax mines at the government price per acre. In some states and territories the owners of a mine can estimate its value at whatever nominal figure they please, and exchange it for the entire capital stock of a mining company as full paid stock. This stock is sold outright to foreigners. The legal area of the mine is about twenty acres: the government price, five dollars per acres. It is perhaps capitalized at five millions, and sold to foreigners at a good figure. Why should these men be allowed to drain the country of its wealth, and pay taxes on only a nominal sum?

The Convention has met the churches and surrendered. At first the preamble had no mention of God. The Convention, by a tie vote, refused to adopt it, and referred it back to the committee. The majority of the committee reported the original preamble; the minority reported the following: "We the people of Waghington, grateful to the Supreme Ruler of the universe, do ordain the following Constitution." This was adopted by the votes of men who make no profession of religion, but declare that they are profoundly impressed with a belief that there is a Supreme Ruler. Deed is better than creed. The people will judge them by the provisions of the Constitution. They will ask whether those men were honest, just, or governed by self-interest in forming the instrument? If the Constitution does not protect the equal rights of the people, women as well as men, all the professions of religion and reverence for a good God will be treated as a livery of heaven stolen to serve the devil in. The majority did not pretend that they ordained the Constitution to secure the blessings of liberty. They were consistent in this, for almost to a man, that majority favor the disfranchisement of woman, because they are opposed to extending suffrage. They believe in limiting it, and will do so as far as they can.

When the question of railroad subsidies was under consideration, it was argued long and loud that they who paid taxes alone had the right to vote subsidies, and this was provided for in the

subsidy clause. J. Z. Moore, of Spokane Falls, opposed it on the ground that they had no right to take private property for private benefit, at all, much less from the women who had no vote.

These men believe with Judge Jamieson, of Chicago, "that in the present condition of mankind, in which, for the public good, the principle of exclusion must be exercised, there is no such thing as a right of suffrage. Suffrage is not a right at all, it is a duty, a trust enjoined upon or committed to some citizens, and not to others." That is, at the North, "for the common good," women are not allowed to vote, and ought not to be allowed to vote in this territory. "For the common good" the colored vote of the South is suppressed, and these men make no protest because they hope the white vote will divide upon the question of a protective tariff.

No doubt these Constitution-makers are grateful, not to God, but to the voters who elected them, that they are in power, and can disfranchise the adult women of this territory under the pretense that it is "for the common good."

This phrase gives a new significance in view of the provision in the preamble, that "the right of petition and of the people to assemble for the common good shall never be abridged." "If the common good justifies the disfranchisement of woman, and the Constitution limits suffrage to males, no citizen will have a right to petition for equal suffrage, nor to hold meetings in advocacy of that principle or of any other principle which the majority pretends tends to interfere with the established order of society. Herbert Spencer, Tyndall, Huxley, and Ingersoll, will have no right to advocate their progressive views, if the old fogies have the reins of government in their hands, in the new state of Washington.

The indications now are that the committee on elections will confine suffrage to male citizens. They may submit a separate amendment to the people, but with the hope that it will be voted down. They are not willing to grant to others the enjoyment of the same rights they claim for themselves.

The committee on taxation have been besieged by the clergy to exempt church property. It is probable that they will leave the question open so that the legislature can do this. Some propose that church property be exempt, and that the property of every citizen be exempt to the extent of \$200. This would limit the number of voters, where tax-paying is a qualification for voting. The provision will be adopted, if at all, for the purpose of gilding the pill of church exemption, or to make it easier to limit suffrage on the basis of being a tax-payer.

The Constitution will be lengthy, and the people will have no time to examine it before the election. The only safe rule for the voters will be to vote no on its adoption. W. S. BUSH.

THE SUMMER AND FALL CAMPAIGN.

S. P. Putnam has the following lecture appointments in Oregon and Washington:

Coos county, Or.,	July 22 to Aug. 4,	Fox Valley.....Or.,	Sept. 9, 10,
Coburg.....	Aug.....7, 8,	Long Creek.....	" 11, 12,
Lebanon....	" ".....9,	Hamilton.....	" 14, 15,
Olympia...W.T.,	".....11, 12,	Monument.....	" 16, 17,
Buckley...W.T.,	".....13, 14,	Hay Stack.....	" 18,
Davenport, "	".....17, 18,	Lone Rock.....	" 19, 20,
Cheney....	".....19,	Fossil.....	" 21, 22,
Rosalia....	".....20,	Hillsboro, Or.,	Sept., 25, 26, 27, 28,
Sprague..	".....21,	North Yamhill...Or.,	Sept.....29,
Pasco.....	".....22,	Forest Grove....	".....30,
Dayton....W. T.,	Aug.....24, 25,	Talent, Or., and vicinity	Oct. 3, 4, 5,
Pomeroy..W. T.,	Aug.....26,		6, 7,
La Grande, Or....	Aug.....29,	Linkville.....Or.,	Oct. 11, 12, 13,
Union.....Or.	".....30,	Sacramento.....Cal.,	Oct. 20,
Baker City, Or.	Sept.....1,	San Francisco.....	" 27,
Crocker City, Or.,	".....2, 3,	Los Angeles and vicinity	the month
Prairie City, Or, and vicinity,	Sept.		of November,
	5, 6, 7,		San Diego and vicinity the month of
			December.

"Looking Backward," a socialistic romance which has been termed the "Uncle Tom's Cabin' of Industrial Slavery," by Edward Bellamy. Price, 50 cents.

DID JESUS CHRIST RISE FROM THE DEAD?*

VI.

Desperate has been the advocacy of the clerical advocates who hold the brief of, to them, a lucrative superstition. All that sophisticated ingenuity could do has been done to establish an imposture that pays upon the occurrence of an event that never occurred. Some, Bishop Butler included, have resorted to almost preternatural quibblings, which prove, if they prove anything, that Christ rose and did not rise; that he rose, but in a sense widely divorced from common sense, and so mysteriously subtle as to be incomprehensible to all except a well-paid ecclesiastical defending the incantations by which he carries on his well-remunerated impositions. Others, again, among whom is the Rev. Prebendary Row, presume upon the dense ignorance of ecclesiastical history which characterizes the ordinary "believer." "It is evident," writes the Rev. Prebendary Row, with infinite reliance upon laical ignorance, "that, as far as the fact of the resurrection is concerned, St. Paul and his bitterest opponents in the church must have been agreed as to its truth." (Historical Evidences of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, p. 19.) The reverend gentleman will remember that (quite conformably with being a Christian either in the first century or the nineteenth) Paul and Barnabas, two devoted followers of the "Prince of Peace," had a genuine Christian quarrel. "And the contention was so sharp between them that they departed asunder, one from the other." (Acts xv. 39.) Now, this Barnabas was a bitter enough opponent of Paul, and he did not believe in the resurrection of Christ as the Rev. Prebendary Row alleges Paul's opponents did. In the gospel of the apostle Barnabas it is asserted that "Jesus Christ was not crucified, but that he was taken up into the third heaven by the ministry of four angels, Gabriel, Michael, Raphael, and Uriel; that he should not die till the very end of the world, and that it was Judas Iscariot who was crucified in his stead." Thus the Rev. Prebendary's contention that Paul's opponents agreed with him in his hallucination in regard to the resurrection, is flatly disproved. It is highly probable that it was on this very point that Paul and Barnabas disagreed, and about which their "contention was so sharp." Color is lent to this conjecture by the fact that Barnabas denied that Christ was ever crucified, and consequently he could not be resurrected, whereas Paul, as if to emphasize the negative of the teachings of Barnabas, preached "Jesus Christ and him crucified."

Again, with unbounded reliance upon the ignorance of those whom he addresses, the Rev. Prebendary Row writes: "Our evidence is simply overwhelming that the greatest of all miracles (the resurrection) was implicitly believed in by the entire church within less than twenty-eight years of the crucifixion." (Historical Evidences of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, p. 22.) This is utterly untrue. Barnabas preached Jesus Christ not crucified, and therefore, not resurrected. And, from the inception of the Christian myth, the sect known as the Basilidians sided with Barnabas in denying that Christ was crucified. They alleged that Jesus escaped the cross, and that Simon of Cyrene was nailed to it in his stead. The Koran, it may be remarked, follows Barnabas rather than Paul as to the resurrection myth. Speaking of Jesus, it says: "The malice of his enemies aspersed his reputation and conspired against his life; but their intention only was guilty: a phantom or a criminal was substituted on the cross, and the innocent Jesus was translated into the seventh heaven." I quote from the Koran, by way of implication, that the non-resurrection contention had not by any means been abandoned at the date at which the Koran was written, although I am quite well aware that the divinity of Christ and his resurrection had previously been settled by the votes of a church council. Is the Rev. Prebendary Row not aware that Tertullian speaks of the heresy of the Docetæ existing as far back as the days of the apostles? The Docetæ teach that Jesus died only in appearance, that it was a semblance or apparition of him that expired on the cross. "While the apostles were yet on earth—nay, while the blood of Christ was still recent on Mount Calvary, the body of Christ was asserted to be a mere phantom."

(Coterius Patres Apostol., ii. 24.) Does the Rev. Prebendary Row not know that Dr. Hug, in his "Introduction to the New Testament," describes the Ebionites as "a numerous body of early Christians, who denied the miraculous conception of Christ, and, with the Nazarenes, looked upon him as an ordinary man? They also denied that he suffered on the cross, and asserted that he had flown away to heaven." Is the Rev. Prebendary Row not aware that Mosheim expressly contradicts him, and says that "the prevalent opinion among the early Christians was that Christ existed in appearance only, and not in reality, and that his body was a mere phantom?" (Eccles. Hist., vol. i. p. 136.) Cerinthus, a contemporary of the Apostle John, unfortunately for the contention of the Rev. Prebendary Row, taught that Christ did not rise from the dead, but that he would rise at some future period. (Vide Lardner's Cred. of Gos., vol. iv. p. 368.) The Nicolaitans, referred to by name in Rev. ii. 6, held a similar doctrine. (Vide Greg's Creed of Christendom, pp. 127, 128.) Of over ninety different heresies which sprang up during the first three Christian centuries, the majority, in the first century at least, says Greg, "related almost exclusively to the person and nature of Jesus Christ, on which points we have many indications that great difference of opinion existed, even during the apostolic period. The obnoxious doctrines especially pointed out in the (fourth) gospel appear to be those held by the Cerinthus and the Nicolaitans."

In spite of the Rev. Prebendary Row's assertion that the resurrection fable was "believed in by the entire church," only a mere fragment of that church believed in it. The Corinthians, the Docetæ, the Nicolaitans, the Nazarenes, the Ebionites, the Valentinians, the Markosians, the Cerdonians, the Marcionites, the Bardisanites, the Origenists, the Hierakites, and the Manichees, all denied that Christ rose from the dead. How unbounded is the Rev. Prebendary Row's reliance upon the credulous ignorance of his readers! I, a heretical writer, have to take the trouble to state facts: not being a clergyman of the church of Christ, those to whom I appeal will not take my mere *ipse dixit*, and I have, accordingly, to place my facts before them, and ask them whether they are weighty enough to support my utter and absolute denial of the statement of the Rev. Prebendary Row, that, in its early days, the story of the resurrection "was implicitly believed in by the entire Christian church."

The divinity of Christ, the humanity of Christ (for there were, from the very early times, those that denied the one and those that denied the other), and his resurrection from the dead, were subjects of acrimonious dispute down to the first half of the fourth century. The bitter controversies were first authoritatively pronounced upon at the Council of Nice, assembled by Constantine in A.D. 325. It was this Council that first gave any preponderating weight to the doctrine that Jesus rose from the dead. The matter was put to the vote, among men who lived more than 300 years after the event they were called to decide upon; and, on a show of hands, Christ was found to have risen from the dead. The votes of an ignorant and flagitious priesthood were cast in favor of the statement of Mary Magdalene! With the partisan and narrow instincts of a Protestant divine, the Rev. Prebendary Row takes no notice whatever of this Council of Nice, deeming, perchance, that because he is disingenuous enough not to mention it and the anti-resurrection heresy it involves, I shall be inadvertent enough to forget it.

So far I have condescended to batter to dust these arguments of straw produced by the learned prebendary. I do not for a moment contend that they are worth the unanswerable and merciless contradiction I have administered; but I have dealt with them that the reader may see for himself the kind of arguments which the most learned and able controversialists of which the church can boast are constrained to present when they find it their duty to defend a doctrine so desperate as that of Christ's resurrection from the dead.

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

Judge Maguire's "Ireland and the Pope," a history of papal intrigues against Irish liberty. Price, 50 cents.

*By Saladin, editor of the Agnostic Journal.

HO! FOR PORTLAND.

The Oregonian hits the nail squarely on the head and clinches it on the other side. This great Portland daily, with its large circulation and extended influence, is fearless in its presentation of facts and its pleas for justice. There is hope for the West when her secular press publishes the following leading article. And this is only one of many:

WHAT BIBLE?

The Idaho convention on Tuesday discussed the section of the educational article forbidding the use of sectarian books. We are glad to note that the convention refused a passage to the following amendment:

"Provided, that nothing herein contained shall be construed to forbid the reading of the Bible in the public schools, nor to enjoin its use."

There was a good deal of demagogue talk in favor of this amendment. To acknowledge the influence of the moral teachings of the Bible is one thing, while to make its reading part of the religious exercises in the public schools is quite another thing. If the Bible is to be read, what bible? the Protestant version or the Catholic, or both? the Old Testament which the Jew accepts, or the New Testament which he rejects? Would Idaho teach her children hostility to Mormonism by reading the Old Testament—redolent of polygamy and concubinage—or the monogamic teachings of the New Testament? How could any state expect logically to refuse to support the Roman Catholic parochial schools if it includes among the religious exercises of the common schools the reading of the Bible, that, to the Catholic, is not simply the "foundation of all morality and truth," but is a sectarian book?

Mr. Poe, of Nez Perces, declared that all our laws are founded upon the Bible. Does Mr. Poe think that the divorce laws which rule in nine-tenths of the Union and in England are founded upon the Bible? Does he find the faintest trace of any hostility to polygamy expressed in the Old Testament, even in the Ten Commandments, on which we base our laws which make bigamy, polygamy, and concubinage crimes? Does Mr. Claggett really believe that the Bible is "the foundation of all morality and truth?" Does he really believe that the morality and truth, for which integrity, truthfulness, justice, mercy, temperance, humanity, forgiveness of injuries, self-sacrifice, and obedience to conscience stand, had no evangelists before Christ, or no evangelists after Christ that never had a chance to know Christ?

The Bible has more than once been used to fortify human slavery and all the immorality and inhumanity that it implies; it has been used as the pedestal of the cruel theocracy of puritan New England; it is used to-day to justify polygamy by the Mormon; it is used to justify the sentimental, destructive doctrine of Christian socialism preached by Victor Hugo. So far from being the foundation of all morality and truth, it is a mixture of truth and error, and its ethics are in many places so execrable that they are not only not practiced but are under the ban of both the law and church in all Christian countries. The Bible is no more "the foundation of all morality and truth" than Plato and Aristotle are the foundation of all morality and truth—whether spiritual or scientific. The evolution of all morality and truth did not begin with the Bible nor end with it, and to pretend that it did is as historically untrue as it would be to say that all we know of applied natural philosophy began and ended with Archimedes, or all speculative science began and ended with Aristotle.

With such a mighty educator of the people wielding its influence in favor of justice, truth, and mental liberty, it is indeed a wise decision to have a grand rally of Liberals of Oregon and Washington at Portland, to perfect our organization, that we may help on in the good work, so as to have just claim to share in the glorious triumph of Freethought so soon to be achieved.

Walla Walla, W. T.

F. C. REYNOLDS.

FEMALE SUPERIORITY.

So you have another hobby—female superiority. Be careful you do not ride yourself to death on it. Would not female equality be better? I am very willing that women shall be equal to men, but when it comes to wearing the breeches all the time, I must oppose it. You must let us men have a little rulership at least.

W.

I am not trying to rule men, but trying to show that woman—as the mother of all, as the last full evolution of life-forces on earth, and really the apex of creation, so far as we have yet learned—is really physically, morally, and lovingly, the superior of man.

I am not taking one iota from man, but leave to him, of necessity, every noble quality, every high aspiration, and every mental qualification he has or may yet obtain.

I would take nothing from him that is actually his. To wrest from a usurper what he holds wrongfully is no crime or robbery. The power he has assumed over woman because of her helplessness during pregnancy and motherhood, and which he has used

to bind her in life-long chains of servitude, compelling her to look to him as lord and master, ruler and monarch, is what must and will be forever and henceforth taken from him.

Why, even the Indian woman enjoys far more of natural and inalienable rights than our boasted civilization gives us, though Christianity has deluded us into believing that under her reign woman has been elevated to a condition far superior to that she ever enjoyed under any other form of belief.

To Christianity woman owes it that she is where she now is—a tool of priestcraft and a slave of slaves to husband, father, brother, and son. Christianity has robbed her of her right to the grand sovereignty of motherhood—mistress of all, guide, leader, and true friend of all.

All through its terrible reign priestly power has shut from woman every avenue of light and life that it possibly could, leaving to her only the church and a mythical future as a panacea for all her temporal wrongs, and, to crown the tyranny, boasts that it has given her a liberty no other form of civilization (!) ever allowed her.

But woman herself is coming to the front as her own deliverer. Idolizing her church still, but idolizing truth even more, she is slowly but surely learning how she has been duped and swindled by priestcraft.

Coming for the first time in business relations with the women of other nations, she finds that under other systems of belief women have rights that Christian women are denied. Even the despised Indian woman is the real head of the home, and the child belongs to the clan of the mother, who keeps her own name when she marries. A wife's kindred have a right prior to that of her husband, and, should he mistreat her, have the power to take her from him. She has power to select her own husband too, and should he prove idle, worthless, and lazy, the wife can leave him and take the lodge from over his head and go back to her kindred. The women do the work so as to leave the men free to hunt and go to war.

The Indian wife owns the home and all its belongings, she owns her horses and dogs, and can buy and sell as she chooses, while in most Christian homes the wife and mother owns nothing, not even her children and her clothes.

Is it a wonder that Indian mothers protest against coming under the gilded chains of Christian civilization, and cling to their own selfhood and self-ownership?

"O mother, O sisters dear!

If we are lost, no victor else has destroyed us,
It is by ourselves we go down to eternal night."

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

AND TIME ROLLS ON.

To the Editors of Freethought:

It has been a long time since I wrote you. One can hardly notice the time as it speeds along minute by minute, gathering into hours, hastening on into days, and folding its wings over the lapse of centuries. Last summer our valley was the same. Some new improvements have been added to our list; some have died; some been born, and some of our friends have moved away to take up their abode amid other people and other scenes. The same old hills with their woody ravines and sparkling brooks are here; the same cozy homesteads, environed with wild roses and fragrant with the perfume of an Oregon July. The same broad acres with a burden of waving hay, ready for the sturdy farmer's scythe and the harvester's sickle, are here. The sun tints the hills as he rises and blinks his eyes over the landscape, then paints in his lustre the western skies, and goes to bed just as regularly as if nothing had happened. But every day, yes, every hour, brings forth a new panorama for him somewhere on this broad earth.

We are on the list for a lecture on August 20. About one year ago Mr. Putnam was in Union and delivered a lecture to an intelligent and appreciative audience. Thus it goes. Year by year, with patient labor the time is coming when all these petty differences will be more amicably settled. The ones who so bitterly oppose the child of the nineteenth century will, some day not far distant, come and say, "I see it now." Men and beliefs

are curious things. It will always be that minds will be at variance when it comes to this question of religion. The right will come carrying the laurels of its victory!

When we glance back for a moment and look at the old homestead, its shattered houses and disordered lawns, and think of her with silver hair who read the old, old Bible as regularly as she slept, and whose faith in its teachings were firm and and irresistible, whose hope knew no doubt, we can but feel like crying out in our despair, "she could not be wrong!" But this is one of the tender memories that bind heart to heart; this is what keeps the orthodox so strong, these very old recollections, tender and touching, but they should not hold down the mind in bondage—remember them, but with that affection that belongs not to the grand, austere tribunal of belief, but with the more touching reverence of the fireside ties! The main and principal means of gaining church members is by working and harrowing up the memory and recollections of the person. The question is not brought out to them philosophically and as a matter of right and wrong. In administering its doctrines to the people the church works up every point that has ever been known that could touch the sympathies of somebody and bring tears to the eyes. That is a wrong. If people can be washed into the church in a flood of tears, it is safe to say they can be washed out as easily. Let them be cool and look at this matter by the best view.

But as the world grows older and more enlightened these things will pass away. Some day, if you allow the indulgence, this will be a happier and more prosperous land. The evils that work such injury to-day will all be purged away, and peace will walk the vales where blood has run in rivulets.

"These struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end."

La Grande, Or.

B. W. HUFFMAN.

VERY FEW CONVERTS IN INDIA

Canon Isaac Taylor has shown of late by striking statistical evidence, how very few converts English missionaries gather in for the money expended. Probably personal observation in India would induce him to write still more strongly than he has done. It must be said, however, that here, as elsewhere, statistics prove too much and too little. Hundreds of converts were made during the famine years who have since relapsed, but whose names go to swell the list of "native Christians;" hundreds, if not thousands, are put down as "under instruction," who, every one knows, come to the mission schools for the sake of the secular instruction given, but whom no one in his wildest moments expects ever to become converts. In the Madras presidency, where there are far more Christians than in any other part of India, only 10 per cent. of the pupils in the Protestant Christian schools are Christians, and a single conversion in twenty-five years suffices to throw a whole school into uproar. Still, since the young men and children attending these schools imbibe a higher and, indeed, Christian standard of morals, the missionaries must in justice be credited with an influence for good which cannot be expressed in figures. The living force and growth of Hinduism are evident in every part of India. The immense temple of Madura, for instance, with its stately halls and cloisters, its thousand columns, and its colossal monolithic deities and dragons, is not only thronged with worshipers, but is daily adding both to its structure and to its treasures. It has an annual income of 70,000 rupees, and the Nattukottai Chetties, a caste of native money lenders, are said to have lately spent £40,000 on the fabric. This temple illustrates the adaptive faculty of the Brahmins. Originally dedicated to Minakshi, the fish-goddess of the aboriginal Dravidian races, it was appropriated by the Brahmins, who overcame all theological difficulties by identifying Minakshi with Parvati, the wife of Shiva, and adopting her into their Pantheon. She is the presiding goddess at Madura, but she shares the homage of her worshipers with many gods, rishas or saints, and demons. Among the last-named is a former English collector—Mr. Rous Peter. He paid due respect to the goddess in his lifetime, and now a doorway in the temple is dedicated to his memory and periodically lighted up in his honor. In the north of India, the

neighborhood of the holy land where Krishna spent his youth, is another scene of Hindoo religious liberality. A Guru or teacher from Madras, converted the Seths—the Hindu Rothschilds—from Jainism to a form of Vishnu worship called Sri Sampradaya. The family thereupon expended some £150,000 in the erection of a great temple at Brindaban, near Muttra, besides building a temple in the town of Muttra itself. They annually expend vast sums in the maintenance of priests and Brahmins, the instruction of boys in the Shastras or holy writings, and in feeding the poor.

HE WILL GET THERE.

From the Oregon Scout.

We announced last week that Samuel P. Putnam, the orator, would be in La Grande and Union on the 29th and 30th of July. We were mistaken in this. Mr. Putnam will be in La Grande on the 29th of August and in Union on the 30th. We were "off" in our statement nearly a month. Mr. Huffman, the post-editor of the Journal, sends us a printed list of Mr. Putnam's appointments, and adds:

"Paste this up for reference.
Don't git mixed agin;
Put'll be here bye and bye,
He'll come in thick or thin."

HEAR, HEAR!

From the Port Angeles Commonwealth.

Church property should not be exempt from taxation. The vast majority of the people of Washington are without the folds of the church, and their property should not be taxed higher than church property should escape free.

THE building of the great Congo railway in Africa has been hailed by many as an aid in civilizing and Christianizing the nations; but it is likely to prove more of a curse than a blessing. German whisky, English rum, and French brandy have already poisoned, it is said, one-fifth of the inhabitants of Congo Free State. This is latter-day Christian civilization. Christian England forces opium on China; Christian England, Germany, and France, educate the natives to drink that which will bring them under a worse slavery than they have ever known. Says an English journal: "From a philanthropic point of view, it would be better a thousand times over for the vast population of Central Africa to be converted to Islam and sobriety, than Christianity and alcoholism."—American Sentinel.

A Good Suggestion.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Inclosed is 10 cents for the "Glory of Infidelity." As soon as times get a little better I will try and see what I can do towards getting a few subscribers to FREETHOUGHT. Times are dull here now, and money is hard to get hold of. I have been doing my own thinking for twenty years, and I don't see but that I get along just as well and have as good health as during the twenty years when somebody else did it for me. I believe the quickest way to liberate humanity from superstition is to begin with the children. If Secular Sunday-schools could be organized all over this country it would be a great check on the propagation of superstition. Let us try to build a temple of our own in every town, and have our own preachers, and teach our children the religion of this world and the duties they owe their fellow-men. Teaching superstition to the young is like poison—it soon becomes a necessity. G. E. MOULTON.

San Luis Obispo.

Jamieson's Lectures.

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Probably He Did.

The maiden in a hammock lay,
The day was fair and bright,
The young man sat not far away—
Gazed on the pleasant sight.

The mesh her rounded form entwined
In soft embrace, at ease;
Each ripe perfection, clear-defined—
She wonders if he sees.

She turns half-round to catch his eye,
Moved by coquetry's law,
The hammock tips—the white skirts fly—
She wonders if he saw.

Sunset.

Fast-fading beams their glory throw
With varied hue from low to high;
The enlarging sun, as loath to go,
Leaves half his beauty in the sky.

The live-long day the sun has shone,
And power and life were in his rays;
But not until that sun's near gone
Men fix on him their wondering gaze.

And so with life: we live our day
Without a thought of how it is;
But when that life must pass away
We wonder on the thing we miss.

Needed Their Prayers.

Colonel Dick Wintersmith, sitting under the trees in front of the Ebbitt House the other day, says a Washington letter to the New York Tribune, related the following yarn:

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"I am astonished that you should desire the congregation to pray for our erring minister—you, above all others."

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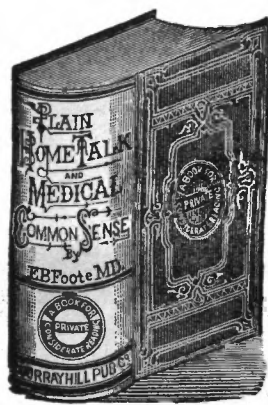
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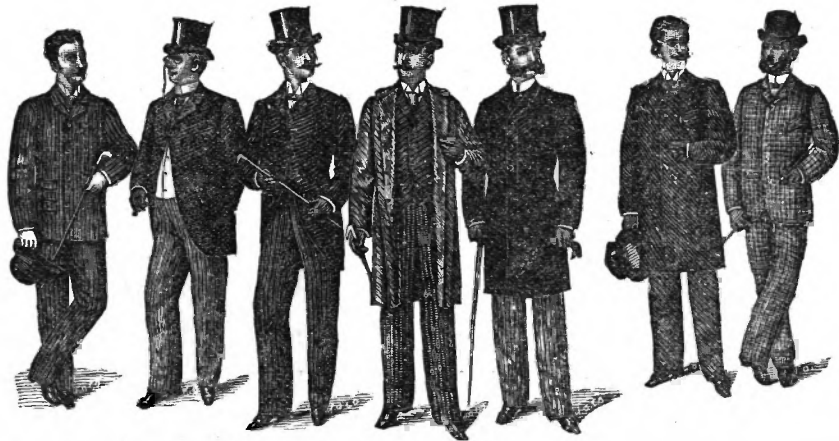
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Though dark the way for us and long
And keen the lurking pain,
Like an assassin hid among
Our hopes and pleasures slain;
There is a day for you and me,
If we the right pursue,
When present ills and pains shall flee,
And life begin anew.

Whate'er thine ills, let them be borne
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DELEGATE PEFLY, of the Idaho constitutional convention, has the courage of his convictions. He objected to the recognition of God or any other ghost in the Constitution, but was voted down. When the convention finally agreed on a form of constitution, recognizing the Christian God, he refused to sign it. We admire his manliness and fidelity to principle.

SUNDAY idleness, or some other cause, is productive of rioting and bloodshed in this and other cities the first day of every week. The men who work on Sunday do not commit crimes, and they are one day's pay ahead of the idlers. Which, then, is best for the morals of the community, Sunday rest or Sunday labor? Until this question is settled, religious people should go slow with their Sunday idleness laws.

To gain the favor of some trade union or other, Secretary Windom has abolished the steam printing presses from the public bureau of engraving and printing, and substituted hand presses. The plea is that more men will be given work by the latter method. It is not believed that steam will be abolished in other departments of public work, but who knows? There are a good many demagogues in Washington.

A RAILROAD is to be built from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and Christian pilgrims to the holy land are protesting. The journey to Jerusalem has hitherto been performed upon donkeys, and the pious devotees argue that the new arrangement will do away with this feature so long associated with the history and traditions of Palestine, and be fatal to religious sentiment. There is a basis of reason for this plea. Abolish all the donkeys, and what would become of reverence for Palestine or the religion that started there?

THE approach of the year 1892, when the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus is to be celebrated, has set antiquarians at work to find out the nationality of the great mariner. The Jewish World newspaper says Columbus was a Hebrew, while the Abbe Perretti claims that he was, like Napoleon, a Corsican. We once heard a Catholic priest in Jersey City, N. J., affirm without fear of successful contradiction that the discoverer of America was an Irishman,

but the fact that Columbus never got on the police force or ran for alderman is rather against that theory.

On August 15 and 16 there was a California State Sabbath Convention at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, in this city. It is understood that Sabbath organizations are to be established in the various counties, cities, and towns throughout the state under the auspices of the American Sabbath Union. The bigots are beginning early, and their movement may grow to a respectable size before the legislature meets again, if it does not die in infancy.

SECRETARY McCoy, of the Young Men's Christian Association, has arranged with the Rev. I. D. Driver, of Portland, Or., to deliver a special course of three lectures on "Infidelity," for the benefit of young men, in Association Hall, this city, upon successive Thursday evenings in September. Driver is a man who rather outdoes Clark Braden as an off-hand liar, and the "young men" will receive about the same amount of benefit from listening to him that they would get from the bray of a perverted jackass.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, August 18, at 8 o'clock. W. O. Howe will lecture on "Our Common Foe."

NEWS AND NOTES.

Coquille is under the shadow of orthodoxy, and the Liberals are somewhat indifferent. Nevertheless an audience of nearly two hundred came together, and the outlook is better than before. Comrade Nichols is always on hand, and by his works shows that he has plenty of faith in the "good time coming." I enjoyed his hospitality. He has built his little cottage in a grove just outside of the village, and here with music and FREETHOUGHT the home-light brightens.

I enjoyed a refreshing drive from Marshfield to Coquille with J. D. Garfield, who takes pleasure in giving the Secular pilgrim the best that is going—be it horseflesh, or otherwise. The first one I struck at Coquille was P. O. Chilstrom, who happened to be on his way to Willamette valley. J. Henry Schroeder, who is bound to make things go, whatever the difficulties of the situation, was present, and of course there could not be discouragement with such efficient support. Cathcart was our body-guard from the bay to Coquille, and his fiery steed kept alongside, except when the smoothness of the road enabled Garfield to give the reins, and spin along at a three-minute gait, which is not bad for these hilly and crooked roads. There was quite a company from various parts to attend the lecture, and the movement here is forward, and not backward.

I had a peculiar experience on Wednesday morning. What strange attraction there is in the awful things of life. When a

crime takes place the scene of it seems to draw one with a wierd magnitism. Coquille has just been agitated by one of the most fearful and extraordinary murders ever committed. Such an exhibition of brutality is seldom experienced, and this was the deed of a man who has lived in the community for many years, been respected, and who would not be believed guilty of such enormity if the evidence were not overwhelming, together with his own confession. In cold blood he killed a mother and a child, concealed the bodies, and waited for the return of the father to finish the bloody work. A desperate struggle ensued, like that of two wild beasts. Finally the attacked party escaped, and the alarm was given. The whole neighborhood was aroused. Hundreds of people thronged to the place, a search was made, and beneath the roots of a giant tree the bodies of the mother and child were discovered. For fear of lynching, the murderer was hurried at once to jail, with his wife, who was supposed to be an accomplice in these terrific crimes. Of this, however, there is no proof. Now that this crime has been made public, it is bruited that this same man has committed several murders in the past twenty years. Such cold-blooded malignity seems impossible. The motive to the present murder is shrouded in mystery, and altogether it is one of the most remarkable cases on record. I visited the place, and viewed the little cabin, the yard, blood-stains here and there, where the tragedy occurred, and the ghastly grave in the woods where the mother and child were burried. The sun was shining blithely in the branches, the sweet songs were in the air. Without doubt, the mother and child were happy that sunny morning, when the assassin crept upon their path. How swift and horrible the change, the attack, the death, the dragging through the woods, the burial, and all the shuddering details of the inhuman transaction. How the deep, dark problem of life and destiny presses upon the heart in view of the scenes of this pitiable tragedy. How can one be so cruel? Whence comes this devastating passion, and what will remove it? Where is the justice of the heavens and the love of God? Could any divine being, looking upon this infinite horror, have withheld his aid? No angel, no spirit came at the tortured mother's cry. Human love, after all, is the only remedy for human hate. Human justice must right human wrong. I could only feel, amidst the beautiful sunshine that was trying to cover up the dreadful terror, that in ourselves only is the providence of the good and just. We only can make those conditions—those divine conditions whereby the heart shall be made loving and noble, and these deeds of blood forever impossible.

In the afternoon, the steamer *Antelope*, Captain Dunham, a jolly steersman, takes us down the shining Coquille. R. H. Rosa, of Bandon, is on board, and Joseph Walser, of Randolph, and I have good company while the boat goes speeding on. I miss Judge Low at Randolph, but find other friends, and a fair audience greets me in the evening. Landlord Tennyson, of the Randolph Hotel, gives me pleasant entertainment, and gathers the people together with the sound of the bell. The hall was full. Randolph has only about a half-dozen houses, and I could not expect a large attendance. I gave the first Freethought lecture here, and the prospects for the future work are favorable.

Thursday afternoon I proceed to Bandon. I always like to come to Bandon, for here the sea spreads magnificently before the view. It dashes against the beach and the mighty rocks. You seem to be looking into eternity with a thousand enchanting pictures in the glowing horizon. There are a few staunch Liberals at Bandon, and Rosa's Hall was quite well filled. Com-

rade Tupper takes good care of me at the hotel. Upton introduces me at the meeting, and so Bandon comes and goes something like a pleasant dream, for I arrive there with the sinking sun, and depart with the early rays of morning. All the sunny forenoon I travel up the placid Coquille River. The immense forests are on either side. Now and then a house appears, with garden and green fields. It is an enchanting, dreamy journey. Nature's solitudes are about, with glimpses of civilization. The sunshine falls into the tracery of the lofty banks, and delicately tinted chambers open to the view. The waters dimple merrily, and flash the dancing beams in brilliant quivering colors.

At Coquille I land, and mine landlord, of the Olive House, furnishes the noonday meal. James Laird, Jr., finds me after my comfortable dinner, and drives me to Myrtle Point, where I arrive in the late afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Brown, whom I met at San Bernardino last year, keep the hospitable fires burning in the Lennherr House, formerly kept by Mrs. Brown's father, Mr. Lennherr, who was the first man to greet me at Myrtle Point when two years ago I was a traveler from the East. Mr. and Mrs. Lennherr have died since I was here a year ago. Mrs. Lennherr was a Catholic, but of gentle and Liberal mind, and her welcome to the heretic was always cordial. Whether in the bosom of the church or out of it, she would be worthy to enter the gates of Paradise. Mr. Lennherr was a staunch, enthusiastic supporter of Freethought, and his faith was undimmed by age or suffering. They both died within a week of each other, and upon their grave shall bloom the flowers of sweet memory. For many years they lived in this community, and friends and neighbors will not forget the virtue that is immortal though death may come.

My old friend, James Laird, who piloted me over the Coast Range, two years ago, is here, not so strong as when I first met him, but as jolly withal, and ever ready to make life happy in spite of misfortune and disease.

Ed. Bender, postmaster, and many other friends I find, and the hall is full. Dr. Easter of the Christian host is busy taking notes, and at the close of the lecture announces that he will answer me on the third Sunday in September. Quite a long way ahead, and the Infidel will be sure to be a long way off. I invited him to give a reply on Sunday evening, and announced that he could have an hour of my time in order to do so. He said that would not give him time enough to prepare. He does not seem to follow the injunction of St. Paul, to be ready to give a reason for the faith that is in him. It takes the doctor more than a month to get his equipments ready.

Saturday, through fields and woods and many gateways, the Lairds and myself penetrate to Arago, where the pavilion stands, and where the house of Schroeder stands, and where the flag floats to every breeze under heaven. Rain or shine, our friend Schroeder is at the front, the work goes on, and the harvest is bound to shine. Here in this handsome home, with the orchards and gardens about, the glimmering fields, and in the distance the line of hills and mighty forests, here one can find the noble inspirations of liberty, and feel that labor is not in vain—that there are hearts who will appreciate, that there are hopes that burn in undiminished lustre, and so one can plunge into the dust of toil and conflict, and hear the music of victory.

Quite a number were present Saturday evening at the pavilion, where I gave a lecture on "Evolution and Creation." After the lecture there was sociable and dance.

Sunday, August 4th, was a festival day, just what Sunday ought to be. Old and young were gathered together. The steamer Antelope brought friends from Coquille. The band was present from Myrtle Point, and a goodly company likewise. It was a lovely day. The sky was cloudless, and the sunlight gorgeous on field and wood and hill. The soft winds made music. Near the pavilion is a beautiful grove. Beneath this leafy canopy the martial strains poured forth. The children played ball and swung in the glittering atmosphere. The young men and maidens went skating in graceful curves over the smooth floor of the pavilion. At noon all gathered about the tables, furnished by the generosity of the Schroeders, and the physical man was well replenished. In the afternoon a large assembly listened to the lecture on "The American Republic."

In the evening the meeting was held at Myrtle Point, and by boat and carriage a large party went from Arago. The band was with us also, and thanks are due our musical friends for the inspiring entertainment which they gave. The hall was crowded. The Christian champion did not appear, and so I was obliged to occupy the entire time with a lecture on Moody and Sam Jones. This closed the series of meetings in Coos county. I find an increased attendance and increased interest. The Liberals are in the majority in this county, but for all that, many are still afraid to take an open stand. A few staunch pioneers do all the work, and without these strenuous allies the cause would lag indeed. Schroeder reports that eight have joined our forces since the beginning of the campaign two years ago, and these eight are of the bone and sinew of the land, and it means something when they take a stand for Freethought. McNaughton says that if I don't find him in the front ranks when I return, I may know that he is dead. I am satisfied of that. There are others just like him. They won't give up. I don't believe any place East or West has done more splendid work this year than Coos county. I am glad to announce that a woman is to make the campaign more brilliant than ever. Mrs. Krekel is to visit here about the middle of September, and I anticipate a noble welcome for this representative of woman's genius. Many will come out to listen to her eloquent voice who would not attend the lectures of a man. As woman is the chief supporter of the church, so I believe that woman eventually will do the most for the emancipation of the world.

S. B. Cathcart, who, from North Coos river, attended all the lectures, and was the last comrade to whom I bade farewell on Monday morning, is county surveyor, and has trodden almost every foot of the country, and knows its resources by personal examination. He is a good one to address in case anybody desires to understand the capacities and expectations of Coos county. This has many attractions. It has a lovely summer climate. Every day that I have spent here has been beautiful, as if made expressly for a holiday. This is an agreeable land for Liberals to inhabit. They will find congenial associations and ample promises of future prosperity. I wish I could mention by name all my good friends in this county, all the good comrades I have met. They are too numerous. They come by the score. I must thank them all together, every one of them, for their earnestness and cordiality and open heart and hand. Every labor has been made bright by these devoted supporters of Freethought, who have made these shining hills and streams and seem like a fireside glory, where warm and true companions of toil and pleasure are ever present. Monday morning the Laids, with a jolly company besides, take me over the dusty way and through

gleaming solitudes of vast and verdant forests to the "Half-way House," the home of my ever-humorous pilot, who sees in nature and man that which makes for mirth, and not for misery. His house is ten miles away from any other residence. It is in the heart of a lovely amphitheatre. The lofty hills are ranked about it. The trees stand up like glistening spires. The huge boulders overhang, covered with radiant mosses. Here the night enshrouds with silver moon and stars, and we rest until the matin hour awakes with music and splendor. Tuesday morning is glorious. The mists roll over the hills softly, glittering with the sun's warm rays. The coast range is before our face. The east fork of the Coquille dashes along amidst vast rocks with gleaming banners. The trees, three hundred feet high, some of them, open into vast arcades that sink into depths of luminous green. The boulders seem like huge fortresses, and slowly we scale the immense heights. It takes five hours to reach the summit. Trees athwart the highway have to be chopped down in order that we may advance. When we do reach the top, how gloriously we dash down to the "Eighteen Mile House," where we get our dinner. With what splendid appetites we reach the goal. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, of Marshfield, with their two children, Elsie, and Tom, who is every inch a young American, joined us at Laird's, and I had the pleasure of riding with them the latter part of the journey, and the spanking team bring me to Roseburg an hour and a half ahead of the stage. Mrs. Bennett and the two children are en route to New York and Europe. A good voyage to them all, and a happy return to the shores of the Pacific. I shall not soon forget our genial friends, especially Tom, who has learned to be a veteran traveler already.

Roseburg shines prettily on the view as we round the hills. The Liberalism here is of that vague order that seldom crystallizes to action. I was glad to meet with Benjamin, of the Plain Dealer, and to sit in the cozy parlor of P. La Motta, who has worked out his own salvation without any regard to the churches, and has found in Freethought a philosophy of life that makes duty a pleasure and gives a heart for any fate.

With a good-bye to friends, I take the midnight train, and through the sleepy hours travel on to the harvest of glory of the Willamette valley, refulgent in the morning's smoky beams.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

WHAT LIBERALISM OFFERS.

A correspondent of the New Ideal discusses the question "What Does Liberalism Offer the Workingman?" The writer finds that Christianity points to the sky and says: "My laboring friend, there is a land where no tramp-law exists! Your sufferings, your sorrows, your many disappointments, the endless hardship and oppression to which you have always been subjected, have all been necessary in order to properly prepare you for heaven. For your hunger here, we will give you the bread of life there. Garments of righteousness will be the reward for your nakedness. The many-roomed mansions shall be your compensation for lack of shelter and a freezing temperature. Best of all, you will have attained spiritual wisdom, and then all will be plain that you cannot understand now." It may be urged in Christianity's behalf that religion does not profess to make people happy in this world. Its mission is merely to save souls for some world hereafter; and it therefore offers the laboring men nothing but post-mortem salvation. But if Christianity could offer every workingman a house and a hundred and sixty acres of land, that would not prove Christianity to be true. A priest may give a

dollar to a beggar, but that does not demonstrate his supernatural mission, and he could increase the amount to a million without strengthening his claim in any degree. Any prosperity that might follow a universal adoption of Christianity would leave the creation story, the fall, the redemption, the miraculous birth of Christ, and all other Christian dogmas, exactly where they are at present—in the category of myth and fable.

But what does Liberalism offer the workingman? It offers him just what it offers the capitalist, the politician, the priest, the king, and the pauper. That is to say, it offers him the truth so far as it has been discovered. Liberalism is not a nostrum. It is not a social or a political system. It bids the workingman to study, to think, and to express his thought. It will not stand in his way, as the church does, and tell him that certain social or political doctrines are heretical. It leaves an open field for the examination of all schemes for progress and the improvement of the race. It gives free scope to the mental faculties, by means of which all deliverance from evil must come; for it would be as reasonable to deny a pupil the use of the multiplication table in solving a mathematical problem as to restrict the liberty of thought in the consideration of any question that vexes the human mind. It might be asked what the multiplication table offers the workingman, and the answer would be that it offers him a method of reaching the truth. So it may be said of Liberalism that it offers the workingman and all others a method and a condition, the only ones through which anything like a satisfactory way out of difficulties can be found. If truth, fact, science, and freedom from the errors of superstition and the tyranny of priests, are worth anything to the workingman, then Liberalism has something of value to offer him.

THE FRUITS OF RELIGION.

The Australian "faith-healing" charlatan, Dr. Alexander Dowie, who was in this city several months ago, left here without having made a deep impression or doing any particular damage; but it seems that Los Angeles was not so fortunate as San Francisco. In that city Dowie did some extensive proselyting, and succeeded in indoctrinating a large number of people with his particular delusion. He taught that bodily ailments could be cured by faith, and that the services of physicians were totally unnecessary. This is of course the logical conclusion from ordinary Christian premises, because if there is a divine power who counts the hairs of the human head and watches the proceedings of sparrows, it is fair to presume that he would pay some attention to the bodily welfare of human beings. As a belief, this "faith" doctrine does no more harm than other superstitions; but the trouble in the present case arises from an attempt to put the preaching into practice, and the results have been fatal in many instances. From the daily papers we learn that the latest case is that of the nine-year-old boy of J. D. Hatch, of Los Angeles. The boy was taken down with diphtheria. The father, a "faith-cure" believer, allowed the case to run its length without calling in medical aid. The police authorities were notified, and investigation showed that the believers had been praying over the child, as is their custom, but did absolutely nothing to alleviate its sufferings. The little fellow was beyond hope, and died shortly after. All the indications were that he had been allowed to slowly choke to death through an ignorance worthy of the Dark Ages.

In this case there was no elaborate examination, but in a previous instance the coroner took pains to secure the fancies and beliefs of the "faith-cure" people. This was in the case of

Howard Shepard, the two-year-old infant of the Rev. William E. Shepard, of the East Los Angeles Holiness church. Mrs. Shepard, the mother of the child, says the report, outlined the mode of procedure of the faith-healers in tones absolutely free from even the tremor of anguish which is supposed to be noticeable in the speech of the most callous parent within a day or two of her child's death. Her husband had been ill, she said, for two weeks from an unknown disease, when her little boy became sick. Several persons told her it was diphtheria, but being a believer in divine healing, she could not think of calling in a physician. As her husband grew worse she called in several sisters of her congregation, and their prayers were efficacious in the case of the man. With the child, the very first prayer uttered drove away a fever, but a relapse followed and the appeals to heaven did not have any force. Mrs. Shepard's refuge, when pressed to explain the tenets of her faith, was invariably the Bible, where she obtained ample justification for her conduct.

Miss Emma Boyer, a neighbor, to whose intervention with the Almighty the pastor believed his recovery largely due, went into the matter at greater length. She said that she was one of the charter members of the Divine Healing organization, and that she formerly was a Methodist. The Lord, she asserted, led her to pray at the child's bedside. She quoted from scripture as the fountain head from which the Divine Healers drew their inspiration, but in being sworn her partly paralyzed right arm added its silent testimony against the efficacy of her faith.

J. T. Patterson, another "divine healer," furnished a curious piece of testimony. All his life, he said, he had been trying to lead sinners to the path of rectitude. He came to the coast for the benefit of his wife's health, and was a firm believer in the power of a direct appeal to God for intervention in the affairs of man. He was called on to pray over the dying child. "But," said he, "I had received a presentiment from God above that he would do nothing for this child, and so of course I refused to say a word for it. One must have absolute faith in the power of God to heal disease, or it would do no good." He cited as an instance his own case. Years ago he was paralyzed in the right side of his head, so that his hearing was destroyed. He prayed, but not having just that degree of implicit faith that was absolutely requisite, his prayer was not answered. Finally, he went to bed one night convinced that he had been heard. "And that very night," said Mr. Patterson, "the Lord reached forth out of the darkness, took my head off my shoulders, cleaned out the disease, replaced my head again, and when I arose in the morning I found that my hearing had been restored." He broke down when asked what God would do with broken limbs, but quickly fortified himself with a scriptural quotation and hurled at his interlocutor the passage from the Bible which read that "the bones of the righteous should not be broken." A whole string of interested witnesses gave their testimony. All made the same protestation of faith in divine interposition, and all took refuge in passages of the Bible that lent support to their views.

The district attorney of Los Angeles, it is said, will endeavor to find some law to cover the case; but it is plainly to be seen that in doing so he will be merely trying to suppress an effect for which there is an adequate cause. As we have said, faith cure is a logical outcome of belief in God and the efficacy of prayer, and the only remedy for the present delusion is a thorough eradication of Christian faith and dogma from the human mind.

"JOHN WARD, PREACHER," has been issued in paper covers and can now be furnished for 50 cents.

THE MISSION FIZZLE.

Sincere promoters of missions will be surprised, and the schemers will be chagrined, at the report which Lieutenant Wood of the United States navy makes concerning Christianity in China. Wood has been much in China and the East, and is able to speak with authority on the subject; and he says that it is not extravagant to assert that the work of the missionaries in China and Corea has been absolutely without any result, except to hold them up to the ridicule of the natives. "It has before been stated, and I concur in the belief," says the lieutenant, "that there is not a Chinese convert to Christianity, of sound mind, to-day within the entire extent of China."

It is explained by the same writer that the converts we hear of in this country are merely menials employed about quarters of missionaries, who for a salary of four dollars a month become converts. But when they are discharged there is no further evidence of their change of mind. The missionaries do not mix with the natives to any considerable extent, and many of their meetings are not only conducted in English, but with the missionaries themselves as audience.

Such a thing as a Corean nobleman or a Chinese mandarin acknowledging the Christian faith, according to Lieutenant Wood, has never been heard of. The missionaries are looked upon about as the Salvation Army is in America, only with ten times the prejudice and contempt. A curious blunder made by them in translating the Bible into Chinese adds to this feeling. The missionaries located in Foo Chow, and learned the language of that locality, which they used in translating. But it so happens that Foo Chow Chinese differs as much from the language of the educated, in which Confucius is given to the people, as the negro dialect of Louisiana differs from standard English. All the people of China reverence this classical language of the country and, though some of them do not understand it, they want high-class literature or none. The Bible, therefore, is to them what Josh Billings's Almanac is to Americans, and no more.

Another thing that must strike an intelligent resident of China as remarkable is that missionaries should go to that country to convert its natives while ninety-nine out of every hundred Chinese in this country still practice their heathen rites. They will no doubt conclude, as many people here have concluded, that the mission movement is merely one of the numerous impostures by which the church wheedles money out of its dupes.

PRIEST GLEASON'S DOCTRINE.

The Catholic church has just finished constructing a \$250,000 college in Oakland, and last Sunday the building was dedicated with appropriate mummeries. An address was delivered by a priest named Gleason, some of whose utterances are worthy of note. As reported by the Alta California he said:

"Those who believe in a purely secular education, being the majority, force upon the minority their will in this matter. It is illiberal and unfair, because it forces upon millions a system which they abhor. If these people claimed to be Infidels or Agnostics their reasoning would be logical, but as it is, they claim to be Christians, yet they forbid that Christianity shall be studied."

That is a lie, because the study of Christianity is not forbidden except in public schools; but what do the Catholics want? Do they want the religion of the minority forced upon the majority? As it is at present, the majority simply refuse to pay for teaching the religious dogmas of the minority—first, because they believe in leaving religion to the family and the church; and

second, because they do not desire to have their children taught what is untrue. Mr. Gleason thinks this is illiberal and unfair. He however hopes for the day when the majority will be on the Catholic side. In that day there shall be no more secular schools. The public schools will be placed on a religious basis; the religious will be combined with the secular, and to this end all Americans are invited by Mr. Gleason to join the Catholics "in this battle to get control of these schools."

Mr. Gleason has a peculiarly Catholic notion of what is illiberal and unfair, and what is not. The maintaining of the secular schools by the majority he denounces as tyrannical; but when the majority become Catholic, then Christianity will be taught in every school, and those who do not like it may emigrate. Such is the Roman Catholic conception of a liberal government and religious freedom.

It has always been supposed that connection with some church was an indication of religious proclivities in a communicant, and that a person's failure to accept the means of grace argued a want of piety. That view is now shown to be wrong by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, Abraham Lincoln's private secretaries, who, in endeavoring to demonstrate that Lincoln was a Christian, write in the Century Magazine for August:

"The fact that he was not a communicant of any church, and that he was singularly reserved in regard to his personal religious life, gives only the greater force to the striking proofs of his profound reverence and faith."

Thus it appears that there is no defense for a public man against the charge of being "religious." Whether he joins the church and professes religion, or not, it is all the same. If he is worth having, the Christians put in their claim. The fact is that Lincoln had no faith except in the sense of Tennyson's remark:

"There is more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

THERE is a sad announcement in the last issue of the Boston Investigator. It is this:

"For the first time in over fifty years, the Investigator goes to press without one line from the venerable editor, Horace Seaver."

Mr. Seaver is afflicted with dropsy, but it is hoped that he may recover, though his age is great. The world will never reach a condition in which it can afford to spare such men as the fifty-years editor of the Investigator.

MGR. THOMAS S. PRESTON said at New York that cremation is abhorrent to the practice and teaching of the Roman Catholic church; that it is an attack upon the doctrine of the resurrection, "the church holding that the self-same body which is buried shall rise again; and that the funeral of a Catholic whose remains had been incinerated could not be attended with any of the rites of the church." What, then, is to become of the early Christian martyrs who perished at the stake?

THE wisdom of the clergyman who declined to pray for rain while the wind was in an unfavorable quarter, is paralleled by that of a Chicago faith-healer who has refused to treat a man for dyspepsia because the patient will eat pickles. The faith which is popularly supposed to move mountains does not, it seems, have a similar effect upon the bowels.

OUR friend Barry, editor and proprietor of the Weekly Star, was called upon to appear before Judge Lawler last Wednesday

morning and show cause why he should not be punished for contempt of court. Believing that Judge Lawler is guilty, in his judicial capacity, of most corrupt practices, Mr. Barry has not been at all backward about criticising the court. Judge Lawler may be an upright jurist, but it looks the other way. Mr. Barry duly appeared, and after his counsel had filed a demurrer and moved to quash the indictment, the case was postponed until next Monday morning.

WE are glad to see that notice made of the Hon. John S. Hittell's "Code of Morals" has called the attention of Mr. Charles Watts to that excellent work. Mr. Watts will publish it serially in *Secular Thought*. We can send the "Code of Morals" to any address for 25 cents.

OBSERVATIONS.

Last Sunday night's meeting of the Freethought Society was a repetition of previous ones in point of interest, and the attendance was good. Mr. Eastman presided, Mr. McClellan delivered the address, and Mr. Schou received the offerings of the people. Before the exercises began a tall stranger who said he was from New Hampshire came in and inquired of Mr. J. A. Williams if the Freethought Society believed in God. Mr. Williams said he guessed some of the members were affected that way, and the man became communicative enough to divulge that he was a Methodist, that he had been but seven weeks in San Francisco, and that his brother was a preacher. He was presented with a seat and a copy of *FREETHOUGHT*, and requested to make himself at home. He listened to the proceedings with apparent enjoyment until the speaker chanced to remark that a Methodist was no better than a Catholic; then he went away.

Zither music for this occasion was furnished by the Misses Haelke, of Oakland, who, as always, played sweetly and harmoniously.

The speaker of the evening, R. Guy McClellan, Esq., took for his subject "The American House of Lords," and stated casually that he enjoyed the distinction of having been the first to apply that appropriate title to the United States Senate. The *Chronicle* of Monday morning gave a report of the lecture, and I will reproduce it here, not because I could not write as good a one myself, but because I desire to encourage the new departure which the *Chronicle* has taken in noticing our meetings. This, then, is the *Chronicle's* report:

"The American House of Lords," said the speaker, "means the Senate of the United States. For thirteen years during the first war with England we did not have that arrogant, aristocratic, useless, brainless body of millionaires known as the United States Senate. The Senate was a conservative body, and now, my friends, I do not like conservatism. Whenever I see a nation that boasts of being conservative, I make up my mind that nation is suffering from the dry rot. It was said that the senators of the United States were to be selected as the choice of the people. Who in the name of heaven ever heard of a United States senator coming before the people on election day? There have been great men, in years gone by, who were in the Senate, but this is not true of recent years. For the past twenty years no man west of the Ohio river has been able to get into the Senate of the United States unless he was a millionaire. Men of intellect, statesmen if you please, are cast aside for ignorant, illiterate, almost imbecile creatures, who, decked in golden robes, purchase their way into the United States Senate. There is not a man in this city who can get a little, petty office in the custom house or mint unless he have the sanction and signature of this body, which is an incubus on the nation.

"The senators, like the congressmen, should be elected by the people. These senators are aliens; they are never voted for, and they might as well be natives of Asia. Blank ignoramuses, who could not even address the Chair, have been sent into that body where men like Calhoun and Webster once sat. We must make our government of and for the people. If we must have

this American House of Lords, reform the system now in vogue, and make them truly the representatives of the people."

This account omits Mr. McClellan's radical utterances on the foolishness of people who bow and scrape before phantoms called gods, and impostors called popes and priests, but it is good as far as it goes. Mr. McClellan was heartily cheered, and congratulated by many on the eloquence of his address.

When the Chair announced that discussion was in order Dr. O'Brock walked nimbly forward. I heard him say: "Der laist sbeaker in his eloquent address hass alluded to whot have we to comblain off." I then went outside and wandered through the corridors until silence denoted that Dr. O'Brock had either stopped voluntarily or been cut off by death. Those who remained in the audience sweat, as it were, great drops of blood.

Mr. Thomas Curtis, venerable but popular, spoke with reference to the subject under discussion. In the matter of senators buying their places, he said the fact that votes were bought shows that votes were for sale. In the popular mind money was stronger than justice. There is little hope for good government except in the gradual growth of man, the abolition of greed, and the teaching of honesty to the young by example as well as precept.

A business meeting was called by the Chair to consider the proposal to remove to a larger hall. Mr. Macdonald opposed moving because the present hall was conveniently situated for him to attend. Mr. Schou said the only objection to the hall, besides its small size, was the music in the hall adjoining, which made him want to go in there and dance. Mr. Curtis suggested that Mr. Schou be allowed to go and dance, provided he would pass the hat for the benefit of the society. Mr. Curtis did not want to move until we could move into Pioneer Hall. The proprietor of the hall, Professor Sanders, said that means would be taken to prevent the sound of the music from penetrating the walls and exciting Mr. Schou. There being no one to advocate removal, the matter was dropped.

I cannot close this brief and inadequate account of a very interesting event without calling attention to the appended note that I have received from Vice-President Eastman. I am therein practically called upon to acknowledge myself a sayer of what is not so, which, in accordance with my long-established custom, I cheerfully do:

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10, 1889.

GEO. E. MACDONALD, *Dear Sir*: In the "Observations" appearing in *FREETHOUGHT* of this date, in the report of the Freethought Society of last Sunday evening, you say: "Mr. Eastman desired to know who selected the speakers and who was responsible for introducing the present one." It is true that I did, in the course of conversation, ask who selected the speakers, but it was not in a spirit of dissatisfaction with the meeting or the speaker, nor did I ask who was responsible for his introduction. I have not at any time objected to Dr. Anderson speaking before the society, but, on the contrary, I expressed a desire, both to Dr. Anderson and to others, that he should have an opportunity to present his views on Theosophy to the society, and, though dissenting entirely from the speaker's conclusions on spiritual questions, I considered that the meeting was a very interesting one, and could see no harm that would be likely to come from allowing Theosophists, Spiritualists, Christians, or the advocates of other delusions and superstitions, to present their ideas to an audience of Freethinkers where opportunity for reply and refutation was also given. Your "Observations," by attributing to me opinions which I had no thought of expressing, place me in a false position toward those to whom I have expressed opinions the opposite of those intended to be conveyed by you, and I feel that injustice has been done me in the matter, for which your love of sarcasm is responsible.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. EASTMAN.

Next Sunday evening, August 18, Mr. W. O. Howe, of Oakland, will speak on the subject of "Our Common Foe."

Visitors to this office may, if they will take the risk, see for nothing as remarkable a picture as many that are exhibited for a high price. I understand that it is designed by Dr. George Newcomer, of Cleveland, Ohio, and it represents nothing less than the moral and intellectual progress of man "from the low barbarian up to the angel or spirit of light." In the lower part of the illustration is one man in primitive attire enjoying a wrestling match with a "Soko," and another presenting a colored woman with a 'possum whose decease he has effected by means of a club. This, the author assures us, represents the "fashion

of their day." The beholder is carried along from this instructive scene to others more pleasing. As man improves he adopts better clothes, until finally the ready-made coat, the boiled shirt, and the suspender are achieved. Soon legalized matrimony catches him, and when he dies he is given expensive burial. At death he is side-tracked among the clouds, where he continues to harass his successors by illuminating their craniums with streaks of light. Among these clouds he exists indefinitely without any visible means of support. Meanwhile the "loved ones left behind," to use an original phrase, are getting along toward a city composed of many valuable houses, every one of which has a cupola on it. When residents get enough of that kind of existence, as I understand it, they ascend to other heavens, "to mingle pleasantly with all the past and coming intelligences in the ages yet to come. Amen!"

Dr. Newcomer endeavors to give an idea of eternity in these poetical lines:

Yes, all systems might vanish, ten thousand timesten,
Reorganize worlds and go back then again,
But where is the end of Old Time, do you see?
No nearer, no nearer than *just where you be!*

In describing this illustration I have been greatly helped by a pamphlet which accompanies it, yet I feel that I have not done the subject full justice. Nevertheless, if what I have said shall enable some erring sinner to lead a different life, I shall not regret the time I have spent trying to find out what the picture means.

The editor of the Golden Gate and William Emmette Coleman have been criticising each other's language. Coleman used the words "ill health," which Mr. Owen says is "frightful English." Coleman shows that "ill health" is correct, but says truly that "frightful" can in no sense describe a grammatical inaccuracy. Having thus demonstrated Brother Owen's fallibility, Mr. Coleman proceeds to lay himself open to criticism, as, for instance, when he uses the words "well posted" in the sense of well informed. "Posted" or "posted up" is a colloquialism unworthy of a writer like Mr. Coleman. Again, Mr. Coleman says: "Dr. James A. H. Murray . . . one of the leading, if not the leading, philologist in England." He of course meant that Dr. Murray was one of the leading philologists of England, if not the leading one; but he took a very awkward way of saying it.

It is strange that these college-bred literary gentlemen should be so liable to err. Even Pixley, of the Argonaut, commits the solecism, "had it not *have* been," which is not much better than "I would of went," used by the pope's Irish.

In considering, recently, the case of the woman in Georgia who helped to sacrifice her boy for the good of her soul, I wrote:

Tragedies like this are exactly what might be expected from the doctrine taught; and the doctrine will continue to be taught as long as fools enough can be found to pay knaves for preaching it.

A paper in the southern part of the state endeavored to reprint the remark, and this is the result:

Sragedies like this are exactly what might be expected from the doctrine will continue to be taught as long as fools enough can be found to pay knives the preaching it.

There is some balm in the reflection that the editor meant well, and did not credit the above to FREETHOUGHT.

In his address last Sunday evening, before the Freethought Society, R. Guy McClellan made the statement that no man could get the lowest position in the custom house or branch mint of San Francisco unless he was indorsed by the ring which controls all elections and appointments, whether of a clerk or a United States Senator. I believe this statement is deplorably true. In fact, I have proof of it. I know a veteran soldier who served four years in the war. He fought in one hundred and eighty engagements on the Union side, and came home with an almost unparalleled record and an honorable discharge, but with disabilities fastened upon him from which he will never recover. By his energy and pluck he has several times placed himself and family above want, only to be thrown back again by ill health and reverses of fortune. His last streak of bad luck left him

penniless, separated him from his family, and landed him in San Francisco without money, without influential friends, and without physical strength to perform hard manual labor.

The recent change of administration caused several vacancies in the branch mint at San Francisco, and this man thought that his record gave him a fair claim to fill one of them. So he laid his case before General Dimond, superintendent of the mint. He told of his record in the army during the war and in the Grand Army of the Republic since the war ended. He had a recommendation signed by all the best citizens, public and private, of his last place of residence, and to this was added the indorsement of ex-Governor Algie of Michigan. He also had a petition from a number of business firms in this city asking for his appointment to the position of guard at the mint, an office that pays a salary of about seventy-five dollars a month. Did he get the position? Up to date, no! Is he likely to get it? About as likely as I am to go to Palestine. M.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK

Marshal Nagle shot and killed Judge Terry at Lathrop, last Wednesday for making a personal assault on Justice Field. —The police of San Francisco have begun a promising crusade against the practice of prize-fighting which has been carried on without interference for many years, to the demoralization of the community. —Francisco Lanterio, the defaulting ex-deputy auditor of Los Angeles county, fled to the mountains of San Bernardino county, but was captured. —The Salvation Army, so the chief of police reports, costs the city of San Diego more than any other organization, as an officer must attend every one of the meetings to keep the hoodlums quiet. The police find it easier to suppress the Salvationists than the hoodlums, and have ordered them to keep off the streets. The sympathies of the better classes are with the Army as against police and roughs. —Spokane Falls is rapidly rebuilding. —Truckee has a committee of "601" who are driving out toughs and other bad characters. —The frequent train robberies in the West should warn people against carrying large sums of money or valuables when traveling. —George Brown, of Grayson, Cal., got into jail last week for trying to shoot S. C. Hanscom, editor of the Modesto Herald. —"California on Wheels" will be back to San Francisco about Sept. 4. —The Idaho Constitutional Convention has completed its work.

The orphan asylum at Augusta, Me., was burned down on Sunday, the 10th. The building cost over \$100,000. —The annexation of Hyde Park to Chicago relieves the locality from the workings of the state Sunday law, which has been a dead letter in Chicago for some years. —Old Lawyer Marsh, who was duped by the adventuress Madam Diss de Bar, has written a book to prove that modern spiritual phenomena are of the same nature as Bible miracles. —The Huns working at the Hecla Coke works, Greensburg, Pa., have been rioting in the interests of more pay. —Experiment demonstrates that the so-called elixir of life discovered by Dr. Brown-Sequard is an effective tonic. —The Massachusetts rifle team which went to England and won every shooting match entered, have returned, reaching New York Aug. 9. —Robert Healy, the Trappist monk who broke his vows thirty years ago, married, and was excommunicated by the pope, died at Anamosa, Ia., Aug. 10, aged 80. —President Harrison went to Bar Harbor, Maine, last week to visit Blaine. He got a cordial reception all along the route. —The great tunnel of the Cumberland Gap, which unites the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia, was opened Aug. 8.

A serious insurrection of native Hawaiians took place at Honolulu the first part of this month. The king's palace was stormed and Kalakaua had to flee for his life. The Honolulu Rifles put down the rebellion, but there was considerable blood shed. —There is a strong movement in England for the reprieve of the Maybrick woman convicted and sentenced to be hanged for poisoning her husband. —The poet Tennyson celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birthday on the 6th. He is about a year older than Gladstone. —The senate court of France has found Boulanger guilty of conspiracy.

ON THE TRAIL.

To the Editors of Freethought:

From Coquille city, on the Coquille, I staged it through the grand old forest of evergreens, circling around among the rocks and hills thirteen miles to Isthmus Slough, where the little steamer Coos took us all on board for Marshfield, the metropolis of Coos county. The Slough widened out into a beautiful bay and in an hour we were at our destination and very comfortably ensconced at the Blanco House. This is a fine little "city" of fifteen hundred people, a regular saw-dust town, which, some day not far in the future, the demon of fire will obliterate, as it is built up entirely of wood and very compact, while a large portion of the streets and lots are covered up one to three feet deep with saw-dust to keep out the tide waters and obviate mud, but it is rather a treacherous foundation to build a solid city on. "Nob Hill," close up behind the town, is not yet utilized for the "Nobs" to build on, but as the fast-growing business needs will soon absorb the low lands, the residences will begin to climb this bluff, which gives a grand view of the harbor and valley all around. At present a grave yard holds Nob Hill in undisputed sway. Why a cemetery is so often perched up on a fine hill to poison all the waters used by the people below is a mystery, for it can make no difference to the dead, laid away in their long, narrow home, where they are put; cremation ought to be the rule. This burying the dead up as near the sky as possible is evidently done to further the superstition of God and heaven being somewhere up in the clouds, so we must carry the dead in that direction. Let us keep the fine views for the living who can see and enjoy them, and either cremate or bury the departed in less sightly and useful places. This world is for the living who can utilize it.

I gave six lectures in Sentaekens Hall. Some evenings many went away because the hall was filled to overflowing, and the interest did not abate until the last lecture was given. Both newspapers spoke very highly of the lectures, one saying that Professor Seymour had accomplished the difficult feat of entertaining a large audience every night for a week. I found a very strong Liberal element here, and some regular workers and enthusiasts for the cause of "universal mental liberty." Mr. J. D. Garfield, the leading hardware and stove merchant, is the leader of Freethought, and talks it whenever the occasion seems to demand. He came here with only a twenty dollar piece, years ago, and out of the forest his big brain and iron muscle have carved a fortune. He has a large store, a big trade, an intelligent and beautiful wife, and children, all Liberals to the core. Mr. Garfield gets up all the lectures, entertains the speakers, and, if necessary, foots the bills, yet the other Liberals always do their part. Mr. George Webster, another whole-souled Freethinker, and believer in a good time now without regard to the future, and a leading dry-goods merchant, is like the Dutchman's wife, "wide out but not long;" weighs about 240 pounds, and has no expectation of "going up," either here or hereafter. Mr. Webster's help in making my visit pleasant and profitable was truly appreciated. Also friend, Garrison, Judge Hunt, Dr. Gussenhover, Lawyer Bennett, Mrs. Fannie M. Bates, Miss Blanche Bates—assistant postmistress—and Willie Bates—the gentlemanly assistant in Mr. Garfield's store—all took much interest in our work, and contributed much to its success. Mr. A. Wirth, wife and children, Mr. Hillborn and wife, all from over the bay, came, in skiffs, nearly every night, four miles or more, to be at the lectures, although it was extremely dark, damp, and foggy. These people's appreciation of my humble efforts I shall never forget; a more kindly and whole-souled folks I think I never met. Mr. Wirth, all the way from "Bingen on the Rhine," has only a few acres cleared and set to berries, and garden, from which he, by much hard labor, makes a living; no team but his boat, and yet this poor, honest, hard-working family of Germans finds means and time to take and read sixteen papers, many of them Liberal papers, and to row, every night for a week, eight or ten miles to hear Liberal and scientific lectures. Our cause of Freethought is safe in such hands and hearts as these. Mr. and Mrs. Hillborn, though getting old and feeble, and Mrs. Hillborn in very poor health, failed to hear but few of either my or Mr. Putnam's lectures—ten altogether. Think of these old folks crossing the bay,

four miles wide, after eleven o'clock at night, dark and cold, going home after listening to a two-hours' discourse. Such strikers as these, from the wind-swept shores of the Atlantic to the golden sands of the Pacific, are what is building up the monument of "Universal Mental Liberty," and raising the "flag above the cross." We cannot fail to win with so much brain, and muscle everywhere enlisted in our glorious cause.

Mr. Putnam came in right away after myself, with equally as good success; gave three lectures in Marshfield and one on North Coos river, to which all the Liberals in Marshfield went and had a grand grove meeting and picnic dinner. "Put" strikes straight out from the shoulder at the monster of superstition which the church has fostered so long—the personal God idea—and is an orator, true and grand, of the sledge-hammer style. He is certainly doing a mighty work, and should be kept busy. My next place of work is Empire City. ● D. C. SEYMOUR.

AUSTRALIAN LETTER.

To the Editors of Freethought:

After considerable delay, which was incidental, I proceed to acknowledge the sample copy of FREETHOUGHT kindly forwarded by you. I was much pleased in reading it and also pleased in lending it, but not so much pleased with borrowers who passed it from hand to hand until I lost sight of it altogether for a time; and having neglected to register the address I was obliged to await its recovery, and now I am at a loss to know whether this, meant, as it is, for a public correspondence, is called for. Some time ago I wrote an article (or whatever you may please to call it) to the Truth Seeker, but not having received a copy of that paper I am in total ignorance as to its fate, and one don't like writing for the waste paper basket if he knows it, nor would any editor take the trouble to read matter repeatedly that was not fit for insertion. Besides, it would be a wanton waste of time and of what the egotistic might mistake for talent; and I may here say that if I don't receive a copy of FREETHOUGHT I can dream of waste paper baskets and matchbox factories until I shall have been convinced that it is more profitable to listen to other people's stories than to insist on having them listen to mine. There is one thing that may be prejudicial to my success as a newspaper correspondent: I pay but little attention to orthography and use any word which may be generally understood to express my ideas. I know that most people are partial to big words, but I never read the medical journal. As regards editors, may I ask whether it is the ideas or an unpopular style of expressing them that is the matter with rejected articles? If it is the former, the accompanying critique* is into the waste paper basket plump, for the ideas are not in accordance with orthodox Freethought.

Judging from the characteristics of the Australians, their great partiality to American literature and indeed American everything, it occurred to me that FREETHOUGHT might gain an extensive circulation in these colonies. It was this fact that suggested to my mind the idea of an Australian correspondent. If the eagerness with which they devoured the contents of the sample copy be an index to final results, it would bid fair for the little stranger. There is no Freethought writer so extensively read here as Ingersoll; his lectures are in the hands of almost every Freethinker, and they give ample testimony of their appreciation of his works through the Freethought press throughout the colonies. Even the clergy don't seem to denounce him from the pulpit in the same bitter manner as they do the local lecturers. If he should visit Australia he would have a grand reception among the Freethinkers, and if he delivered a lecture there is no building in Melbourne (and there are some pretty large ones) could accommodate the audience. The clergy would be there en masse.

Tecoma, Upper Yarra district, Victoria. F. W. HARRIS.

[*We are much pleased to hear from our Australian friend, and would be glad always to have him keep us informed of progressive events in the sixth continent. The "critique" referred to is upon the utterances of an Australian Freethought lecturer printed in "an old Infidel" sheet, and not of sufficient contemporaneous human interest to be worthy the two or three columns of space it would occupy. Something on a live topic would be quite acceptable.—ED. FREETHOUGHT.]

"THE CHURCH OF THE POOR!"

There is something astounding in the barefaced impudence with which the Roman Catholic church makes merchandise of charity. We said on a former occasion in these columns that this political institution is coining money for the building of its magnificent cathedrals by using its poor and unfortunates as pretenses to draw golden supplies from the public funds raised by taxation on non-Catholic property. Whenever in the future, and we hope it may be a near future, the American people shall be, by some specially glaring act of Roman rapacity, roused from their present, curious and almost criminal lethargy in matters of Irish Roman Catholic aggression on American supremacy in all departments of government, they will stare with amazement at the figures which will tell them how a political church can plunder a sleeping state.

That our pen may quickly reach the case of the Indians in our own country and in our own day we reluctantly forego, with all its allurements of intensest contrast between Roman Catholic malevolence, hypocrisy, avarice, and murder on the one hand, and Indian benevolence, innocence, generosity, and suffering on the other, the temptation to let it draw the harrowing outlines of the early domination of the Holy Roman church in the two Americas. By way of instantaneous stride from the coarse and brutal methods of the past to the suave and politic manoeuvres of the present, we will merely set forth briefly the case of the Protestant Oka Indians, who have been long struggling against the rapacity of the Roman church in Canada. Before the occupation of Canada by the English, the French king, under the canon law of the Catholic church, granted to a French Catholic order, called "The Seminary of St. Sulpice," the lands of the Oka Indians as a trust to be used for their conversion to the true church. The remarkable feature in the transaction is that the grant was not absolute, as under Roman Catholic doctrine any Roman Catholic sovereign has the right to take the possessions of any non-Catholic nation, especially if the taking be done in the interest of Holy Mother Church. Through all these generations all the legal documents pertaining to the lands of the Oka Indians have recited the fact that this religious order held the property in trust. But somehow, many of the tribe of the Okas became Protestants, and these have been long and severely harassed by the meek and lowly order of St. Sulpice, which now, although it assumes proprietorship over the land, offers to pay these Protestant Indians a few paltry thousands for their immensely valuable share in this property, and is making desperate efforts to force them away from the homes of their fathers. Fortunate Okas to have their struggle with the One True Church of God in this impious age! If it had occurred in the days of Pizarro, instead of being offered a golden compromise for their rights and the privilege of moving away from their homes, they would have been derided for their claims and burned to death for heresy!

Only a few weeks ago the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions held an annual meeting in Washington. The late plenary council of Baltimore organized a notable committee of bishops, among whom are the archbishops of Baltimore, San Francisco, and Portland, to occupy a position in which influence was required. Of this strongest Roman Catholic committee in America no less august a prelate than Cardinal Gibbons is the head. Before the committee was appointed by the great Catholic convention of prelates at Baltimore, the wife of General William Tecumseh Sherman and her brother, General Charles Ewing, instituted a bureau to look after the interests of the Indians and to represent these bishops before the government of the United States. In January, 1874, Bishop Bayley appointed General Ewing himself Catholic Indian commissioner. The bureau employs religious communities, who, of course, get only their food and raiment for their time, and have at present in operation about forty boarding-schools for Roman Catholic Indians in Arizona, California, New Mexico, Indian Territory, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota, and Montana, at the expense of the United States government. One of the directors resides at Washington for the purpose of making contracts with the government. This contractor, who represents the bishops, receives from the treasury of the United States from

ninety to one hundred and fifty dollars per head per annum to maintain Catholic Indian children in boarding-schools. In 1884, the bishops received from our government for this business, \$65,220; in 1885, \$113,614; in 1886, \$148,744; in 1887, \$214,760; in 1888, \$244,677; in 1889, \$344,545. The contractor is expected to receive for the bishops for the year 1890, \$431,930. So that, in only seven years, \$1,563,490 of public money is delivered over to these influential Roman Catholic bishops, specially appointed on account of their influential positions to carry out a money-making scheme, devised by a Roman Catholic woman whose power is derived from being the wife of a general of the army.

It may not be correct to say that the scheme was devised by Mrs. Sherman or any other lay person. It was most probably devised by the powers which carried it out, and Mrs. Sherman was used on account of her influential husband. The church itself could not, as a matter of policy, make direct application to a non-Catholic government like ours for public money to be handled by the church as it handles all moneys, without accounting to any exterior authority, as it acknowledges none. The establishment of a go-between with a resident contractor is an ingenious and effective contrivance. The contractor gets from the government the utmost dollar for the support of each Indian child. The money goes to the bishops, and they employ unpaid labor, and thus reap as large a profit as possible from their pious business transactions with a government which derives its fund by taxing heretical property. To aid the bishops in their boarding-house business, there is a subsidiary society which raises money by private subscriptions for buildings, etc., so that all the money, from eight to twelve dollars per month, paid by the government to maintain Roman Catholic pickaninnies in boarding-schools goes direct to the bishops to operate the boarding-school business with pauper labor. Many a mechanic's boarding-house is run at three dollars per week at a profit when all the labor is paid for. And this is the institution which calls itself a church, and which claims the title of "The Church of the Poor," while her prelates are called princes, and our streets swarm with Roman Catholic white children, ragged, bare-footed, uneducated, and hungry.—Argonaut.

THE RELIGION OF CARLYLE.

Moncure D. Conway has contributed recently a notable article on Carlyle's religion. Mr. Conway knew the Sage of Chelsea intimately, and states that Carlyle was the most remarkable religious phenomenon he ever encountered. It is generally supposed that Carlyle, while not orthodox, was at least very friendly toward Christianity. Mr. Conway says that such was not the case; on the contrary, Carlyle was so bitter against Christianity that it "appeared as if he felt a sense of personal wrong." For some reason the sweeping, sometimes biting, skepticism of his conversation did not get into his books. One evening, talking of William Maccall, with whom John Stirling had a notable correspondence, Carlyle said: "I remember Maccall; I have lost sight of him, but remember a vigorous way of expressing himself. I recall his breaking out in conversation about elevating the people; 'What can you do for a people whose God is a dead Jew?' A fair enough question. If I had my way the world would hear a pretty stern command—Exit Christ!"

Mr. Conway gives a number of very interesting anecdotes, all illustrative of Carlyle's uncompromising position towards the prevailing superstition. I reproduce a few: Carlyle was invited to pass some days in a country town in Scotland with an old college-mate. They had been fellow-skeptics, and many a time had between them disposed of Christianity. But his old friend had become rich, the leading man in the town, and naturally a zealous supporter of the kirk. He invited the parsons and deacons to meet Carlyle at dinner. According to usage, the host said grace himself; it was a grace so long, unctuous, canting, that Carlyle could not stand it, but broke in with—"Oh, F—, this is damnable!" One Christmas evening he said: "I observed some folk at the corner a little drunker than usual this morning. Then I remembered it was the birthday of their Redeemer." Mr. Conway was present one evening when some

one asked: "Mr. Carlyle, can you believe that all these ignorant and brutal millions of people are destined to live forever?" "Let us hope not," was the emphatic reply. He had never been in a church of any kind since the visit to South Place Chapel, when one day in the country he was persuaded by some ladies to go and hear a famous Methodist. He returned furious about the prayer, which he summed up in these words: "O Lord, Thou hast plenty of treacle,—send us down a flood of it!"—Alastor, in *Secular Thought*.

DID JESUS CHRIST RISE FROM THE DEAD?*

VII.

The flying to heaven is one of the incidents of the resurrection, the "evidences" for which I must deal with. Christ's original garment without a seam fell to his enemies; they cast lots for it. His next habiliments were grave-clothes, and these he left folded up (he had been a tidy sort of person) in the stone sepulchre, when he took it into his head to get up and have a stroll in the streets of Jerusalem. He had, for his stroll, neither his seamless coat nor his grave-clothes. When a person who has been three days dead and in hell thinks of taking a walk he evidently dispenses with clothes, likely as interfering with the physical grace and pedestrian agility he has determined to display. He was first seen by Mary Magdalene at daybreak, she "supposing him to be the gardener." Had the gardener been in the habit of strutting about naked in the presence of Mary Magdalene? To have seen him, or what she supposed to be him, in a state of nudity, seems to have caused no surprise to the quondam seven-deviled Mary.

The tragedy that solemnizes the bloody sweat of Gethsemane cannot impart a shadow of gravity to the screaming burlesque of the hero of the synoptic gospels eating a piece of broiled fish and then going to the top of Mount Olivet for a fly to heaven. The burlesque is badly done. The late H. J. Byron would have made Christ eat fifty swallows, and not a junk of salt fish, if fly he must. The faithful have no way out of the absurdity by urging that his body was not his body, unless they admit that his resurrection was a delusion and a juggle. The body had wounds, and ate fish. It left its clothes behind, too, in the stone sepulchre, as we are assured by Holy Writ; so it must have been a body, and nothing more, strutting about Jerusalem, as naked as Adam was before he arrayed his loins in a phillibeg of leaves. I do not know what the prudes of Jerusalem thought of the holy post-mortem can-can of a nude male god. Let us hope, in the interest of decency, that the resurrected one was arrayed in one of Mary Magdalene's petticoats. If he were not, of course the sooner he flew to heaven, or somewhere hotter, the better.

Where did he fly to? If he had only had a look through a telescope into the illimitable space into which he was about to plunge, he should have allowed Pontius Pilate to have re-crucified him, rather than have leapt off the disc of the earth into the measureless. Even if he flew at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, he must have felt tolerably exhausted before he reached his first station, the moon, 240,000 miles away. How his wounds would smart in the intense cold of the upper air, and how he must have shivered, even if arrayed in the Magdalene's warmest petticoat. How he must have searched about in the moon for, say, another piece of broiled fish, but had, most probably, to regale himself with a lump of brimstone from the crater of an extinct volcano; and after his recent three days in hell, brimstone must have been repulsive to him. At the rate of a thousand miles an hour, he has not yet reached certain of the more distant of the fixed stars which the telescope has revealed to us; and yet, on the furthest verge of telescopic revelation, we have not described a single vestige of the kingdom of heaven. So, if he and Mary's petticoat still hold out, and he has kept flying at the rate of a cannon ball, one thing is certain—he has not yet reached the kingdom of heaven. He was to sit at the right hand of the Father, and I should think by the time he gets there he will not be out of need of a seat—if, indeed, he have anything left to sit with.

*By Saladin, editor of the *Agnostic Journal*.

It is a pity that poor Jesus did not know a little more about the universe he had assisted Jah and the Ghost to "create." He, like many of his more intellectual predecessors, had utterly miscalculated the distance between earth and heaven. Heaven, in his day, was just above the clouds, and on the very shortest notice a god, however gouty, could step down upon the rim of the earth and meddle with the affairs of men. Hell, too, at that time, was just under the earth, and the earth was flat. The earth has since been discovered to be spherical, although its maker was not aware of the fact. Magellan sailed round the globe, and found no hell under it. Nay, more, not only did the earth cease to be flat, but it was found to have both a diurnal and an annual revolution; so that there was really no up and no down! So in what direction Christ flew all depended upon what time of the day he flew. What a pity he was not aware of this! Who knows that he did not fly off in the wrong direction altogether, and that certain of us, when we reach hell, may not find him sitting on the right hand of Beelzebub?

Moral—primus: When you "create" a world; make yourself acquainted with a few facts in regard to it; and do not consent to go and have yourself hammered to a couple of sticks till you know exactly what for, and feel quite sure that you know your way back to where you started from.

Moral—secundus: Men will believe and die in millions to maintain a fable too monstrously absurd to recommend itself to the credence of an orang-outang.

CALL FOR THE OREGON CONVENTION.

By virtue of the authority vested in us by the Oregon State Secular Union, we hereby call the FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION of said Union to meet in Portland, Oregon, at Masonic Hall, on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 12th, 13th, and 14th days of October, 1889; the object being to secure the total separation of church and state.

The advocates of this measure in Washington Territory are invited to join their Oregon friends in this Convention.

Done at Portland, Oregon, this thirty-first day of July, 1889.

C. BEAL,
J. K. SEARS, A. F. NEUNERT, } Board of Directors.
LEE LAUGHLIN, L. AMES,

SECULAR WORK IN OREGON.

Mrs. Carrie E. Haight, of East Portland, vice-president, will take charge of the immense ball and sociable to be held on Monday evening at the close of the Convention. She is now selecting her assistants to help conduct it and introduce the multitude. The admission will be fifty cents a person.

W. C. Clow, of Hillsboro, is the third vice-president heard from. He says: "I am always on deck ready for action. A few of us, in this town, hold the fort and propose to hold it. I heartily agree with C. B. Reynolds. It is sound advice. Will send you a list of Liberals here, put the call in our local papers, and raise some money."

Elder T. H. Starbuck, of the North Pacific Conference of Seventh Day Adventists, writes: "We will send a representative of our denomination to address the Oregon State Secular Union at its meeting in October next."

D. R. Sutton, formerly a Baptist minister but now a rising Liberal in Oregon, went out into Portland, secured a pledge of \$25 now, and \$40 hereafter, and collected \$15.50 as follows: Cash, \$6.50; P. O. Chilstrom, \$1; John Seligen, \$1; Ed. Aliskey, \$2.50; A. H. Devers, \$2.50; Meier & Frank, \$2.

Liberals, in Oregon and Washington, who read FREETHOUGHT, I wish to talk a moment with you. We have to pay fifty cents to the daily journal here for every seven words of a prominent notice of our coming Convention. Will you co-operate with me to save a portion of this expense, by having the call or a notice published in your local papers before the next issue of FREETHOUGHT, and write, or send me a copy of the paper, so I may know that it is done. Second: Invite every Liberal lady and gentleman you meet to attend the Convention. By this concert of action in our common cause we can make a good meeting, and in no other way.

C. BEAL,
President Oregon State Secular Union.

THE PRESERVATION OF MORAL PURITY IN CHILDREN.

I have a little boy of thirteen who will refuse listening to any of the vile talk of his playfellows, and never hesitates to tell his mother, or me, anything which may strike him as strange or suggestive of evil. When he was eleven years old, he happened to fall in with a lot of rough boys using very vile language and telling all sorts of indecent and obscene tales, causing my boy to feel an irrepressible curiosity about the sexes and the generative functions. He wanted an explanation and solution for his doubts, and I was compelled either to give him that explanation or let him go to other sources of information. Now, I am aware of the nature of such sources as are accessible to children, and I was afraid to trust my boy to them.

I obtained a number of books with drawing on the physiology of plants, animals, and man, and commenced with plants. I showed him a great many drawings of the generative organs of plants, calling his attention to the beautiful leaf-like shapes of these organs, and, more particularly, to the difference between these organs in the male and female flowers, the transmission of the pollen and the development of the seed in the female flower. I continued that part of the subject until he ceased asking questions upon it and said he understood the matter.

Then I proceeded to the lowest kinds of living creatures, and pointed out how similar their generative organs were to those of plants. In this connection the incident of contact between male and female presented itself so naturally that the boy almost found it out by himself. The progress from worms and mollusks to fishes, birds, and animals was now so natural as to require hardly any further explanation, the drawings of the generative organs being enough to explain everything to the full satisfaction of the boy. Before we had advanced to man, my boy told me, I need not go any further, he had seen enough of it and thought he understood it perfectly. I was very glad to hear him say so, and much more so when he told me that none of the boys who had ever spoken to him about such matters, really did understand the whole science of it.

Ever since the boy has been fully satisfied upon the subject. He will not listen to anything his friends will tell him upon these secret matters because he esteems their talk idle prating of ignorance. The serious instruction he received upon the subject caused him to receive it in a sort of scientific mood, excluding the possibility of frivolity and prattling levity. No doubt, therefore, this knowledge has eradicated that morbid curiosity with which the suggestions of his companions had filled him, and has thereby preserved him in all his innocence and purity of word and thought.

Another advantage of the scientific knowledge is this, that it gives to the boy the courage of his opinion. He need not now be afraid of being called a baby, and twitted about ignorance. On the contrary he is able to silence his opponents by the superiority of his knowledge. His strength has been increased by the study; his contempt of the ignorance, displaying itself in bad jokes and vile insinuations, has become very pronounced; and his determination to act up to his knowledge and be upright and pure, has grown much clearer and firmer.—A. H. HEINEMANN, in the Open Court.

GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION.

Mr. Warner, chairman of the preamble committee, is to be highly commended for his excellent work and for the courage he displayed in refusing to put God into the preamble simply to gratify a lot of hypocrites who display more greed for spoils than gratefulness to the almighty. There is hardly any possibility of improving the preamble: "We, the people of the state of Washington, to preserve our rights, do order this constitution." It is brief and to the point; it is manly and admirable. The idea of adding "profoundly grateful to Almighty God," etc., is simply hypocrisy on the part of politicians, who think no more of God in dealing in politics than we think about the inhabitants of the sun when dealing with our fellow-men on this planet. If our Solons are disposed to be grateful to somebody while forming the constitution of Washington, let them add to the preamble,

"Grateful to our noble fathers for the sacrifices they made upon the altar of liberty and for the sacred inheritance of the freedom we now enjoy." There is something original in a preamble like this; there is some logic in associating the preservation of our rights with those from whom we inherited them; there is something in it that appeals to the heart of every free-man, whether he is religious or not; and, above all, there can be in it no hypocrisy or "shrewdness in driving a bargain to suit the temperance folks."—Northern Light, Spokane Falls, Wash.

The Moslem's Belief Similar to Christianity.

Every Moslem believes devoutly in a personal God, in an overruling Providence, in the mission and miracles of Christ, whom they designate as the messiah; in the duty of prayer, in the immortality of the soul, in a future state of rewards and punishments, and in the inspiration of the Bible. An educated Moslem, if asked why he does not become a Christian, may not improbably reply that, according to his own interpretation of the New Testament, he is one already. Thus, in a letter lately received from one of my friends, he styles himself "a Moslem and a Christian at the same time."

Though a most pious and sincere Mohammedan, he claims to be one of those "who profess and call themselves Christians," for whom we pray every Sunday that they may be led into the way of truth. They hold that Islam was the latest revelation, perfecting the Christian revelation, just as Christianity supplemented the revelation given to the Jews. Mohammed may be considered as a reformer of Christianity; like Luther he denounced certain superstitions that had grown up, such as monastic celibacy, the worship of images, of the crucifix, and of the Virgin Mary.

The Koran says that God gave the gospel to Jesus to proclaim, and that he put kindness and compassion into the hearts that followed him, but "as for the monastic life, they invented it themselves." "In the time of Mohammed," says one of my friends, "Christianity had become corrupt, as many of your own writers admit, and it was these corruptions that it was Mohammed's mission to reform. We reject the corruptions of Christianity. But we claim to have a final revelation, predicted by your own prophets, just as the coming of the messiah was foretold to the Jews, who nevertheless blindly rejected him, as you reject Mohammed."—Egyptian Note Book.

THE SUMMER AND FALL CAMPAIGN.

S. P. Putnam has the following lecture appointments in Oregon and Washington:

Cheney ... Or., Aug. 19,	Monument ... Or., Sept. 16, 17,
Rosalia ... " " 20,	Hay Stack ... " " 18,
Sprague ... " " 21,	Lone Rock ... " " 19, 20,
Pasco ... " " 22,	Fossil ... " " 21, 22,
Dayton ... W. T., Aug. 24, 25,	Hillsboro, Or., Sept., 25, 26, 27, 28,
Pomeroy ... W. T., Aug. 26,	North Yamhill ... Or., Sept. 29,
La Grande, Or. ... Aug. 29,	Forest Grove ... " " 30,
Union ... Or. " 30,	Talent, Or., and vicinity Oct. 3, 4, 5,
Baker City, Or. Sept. 1,	6, 7,
Crocker City, Or., " 2, 3,	Linkville ... Or., Oct. 11, 12, 13,
Prairie City, Or., and vicinity, Sept.	Sacramento ... Cal., Oct. 20,
5, 6, 7,	San Francisco ... " " 27,
Fox Valley ... Or., Sept. 9, 10,	Los Angeles and vicinity the month
Long Creek ... " " 11, 12,	of November,
Hamilton ... " " 14, 15,	San Diego and vicinity the month of
	December.

"The Glory of Infidelity," published by Putnam & Macdonald, San Francisco, at 10 cents, is written by Samuel P. Putnam, and admirers of the sensible and feeling style of this writer will no doubt want it. Here are the concluding paragraphs:

"I rejoice in the empire that has been won by the perpetual doubts of man.

"The old Roman, when he looked upon his country's magnificent conquests and majestic power, was proud indeed to say, 'I am a Roman citizen.' And when I look upon the empire of Infidelity, blazing along the track of human progress, revealing new continents with fresh and golden fruit, fountains of joy and heights of splendor, then indeed am I proud to say, 'I am an Infidel.'"—The Truth Seeker

The Progress of Man.

Hard was the lot of our fathers, the men of the early world,
 Beast-like, scratching the earth for a niggardly dole of her fruit.
 Wedged in the clefts of the hills, in the hollows of tree-trunks curled.
 Groping in glooms of the cave, starving on berry and root.

Shelterless, weaponless, weak, a haggard and wandering brood,
 Seared by the brand of the sun, by the whirlwind scattered and tossed.
 Buried in drifts of the snow, whelmed by the rivers in flood.
 Flayed by the scourge of the storm, scarred by the dagger of frost.

A wretched and barbarous race, unskilled, at the mercy of all,
 In haste to escape from its foes to the hiding-place of the dead;
 Hunted of hunger, and lean, whose life was a piteous crawl
 From the dark of the womb to the dark of the grave through the shadow
 of dread!

But we! we are cunning and strong, we have made all wisdom our own;
 We have mastered all arts, we have tools and raiment and roof overhead;
 We laugh at the shriek of the winds, we dance on the brute overthrown,
 With his skin we have clothed us about, with his flesh we have filled
 us and fed.

Our fathers, the cowering men of the caves, were the cave bear's prey;
 They fled him, we seek him; the snows with his blood, not ours, shall
 be dyed;

We follow his tracks through the drift, ha! ha! we spear him and slay;
 We feast on the fat of his ribs; we comfort our loins with his hide.

Oh, marvelous progress of man! oh, race of unspeakable craft!
 Oh, strikers of fire from the heart of the rock in a fortunate hour!
 Who have fitted the sharpened flint to the wonderful pine wood haft;
 In the day of your weakness and want, who dreamed of the day of
 your power?
 —H. D. Traill.

Prayers Recommended.*To the Editors of Freethought:*

Since prayers for cooler weather have been offered in the churches, quite a change is noticeable. Some years since, during a long dry spell, prayers for rain were ordered in the church, and sure enough the genial showers came. I am not disposed to question the efficacy of prayers in these matters—especially in cloudy weather. It is a well-known fact that the firing of heavy artillery will shake out the shining drops from the highest and thinnest clouds.

Why, then, upon the same principle, should not the reverberating clang of church bells, the heavy tones of the organ, the united voices of thousands, and the hoarse groans of prayer produce the same effect?

If rain can be so easily produced, why should our people be to so much trouble and expense in making ditches for irrigating purposes? If this one thing needful can be obtained by the mere effort of prayer, I would say at once "Let us all pray." But perhaps the temperance people will object to the use of *distilled* water, coming even from the clouds.

J. C. P.

God in the Washington Constitution.*To the Editors of Freethought:*

Inclosed find 25 cents for three copies of "God in the State." Through the efforts of the different church organizations and the trickery of toadying and unscrupulous politicians, a modified form of "him" or "it" crept into the constitution, and, encouraged by their success in this instance, "God's chosen people" are laboring day and night for a Sunday rest clause and the exemption of church property from taxation.

Liberals are unorganized on the Sound, and while a few are earnestly at work, the many look apathetically at the encroachments of the orthodox wire-pullers.

Talmage will be on the Sound in a few days—probably "imported at great expense" to assist God in running the convention.

B. F. Underwood will visit us in about a month, and it is to be hoped a joint debate of the questions of most vital importance to the new state can be arranged between him and Talmage, to take place at the capital.

The inclosed newspaper clipping will give you some idea of the state of affairs in the convention. Yours for truth, equity, and justice,
 Snohomish, Wash. C. H. PACKARD.

A Clergyman's Error.

In America, a nation of sixty million people, Infidelity has but one representative, and he shuns the light of oral discussion.—James Campbell, V.D.M.

Mr. Campbell, when he penned the above, was not aware that he was writing the most glaring misstatement. I am more inclined to think that

he was ignorantly honest, than that he dishonorably wrote what he knew to be false, as the extract contains two statements that every intelligent person knows to be untrue. Mr. Campbell has often asserted that he was ready at any time to defend his religion and Bible against other denominations, and Infidels in particular. He has also publicly asserted that S. P. Putnam was no debater and that he dare not debate. About two months ago Mr. Campbell was challenged to meet S. P. Putnam in joint debate, the discussion to be held in Hillsboro some time in September. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Campbell will come to the front or show the white feather. He has now the opportunity of meeting three noted representative Liberals. They are all within gunshot, and he should not miss this chance to vanquish the Infidel. What a glorious opportunity to show to the godly people of Hillsboro with what ease the Infidel can be refuted. The question that agitates the people of this burg is, will he meet the Infidel? Echo answers, "It's doubtful." Liberalism has hundreds of representatives. Every Liberal invites discussion, and I ask the Rev. Mr. Campbell to prove his assertion. If he does not wish to meet representative Liberals in discussion the Liberals can accommodate him with debaters from the rank and file. It is incumbent on Mr. Campbell (if he will not meet Mr. Putnam in debate) to acknowledge that he was mistaken. I will conclude by requesting him to prove his assertion that "Liberalism has but one representative and that he fears oral discussion."

W. C. CLOW.

Hillsboro, Or.

The Priests and the People.*To the Editors of Freethought:*

Freethinkers of all ages have been the targets at which the wire-pullers for Jesus have fired their darts of superstition. These heelers care not how mean the act, or how much injury they cause, provided it is for Christ's sake. They improve every opportunity to insult the intelligence of one who does not believe in their creed. They will travel miles to attend a funeral, provided they can officiate, and console the living by telling them that God has killed their loved one as an inducement for them (the living) to love him. It is easier to frighten love *out* than to scare it in, and more in harmony with human passions; but God's ways are mysterious and past finding out. They introduce the hell-born doctrine of vicarious atonement, believe or be damned, come to Jesus or go to hell, and it matters but little what sin you commit while living if you only believe on Jesus, the last one of the sixteen crucified saviors. These virgin-born gods have always been a great source of trouble to mankind. They have been screwed into the imaginations of the credulous so firmly that nothing short of death will loosen their grip. They are the phantoms of the dreary and dark ages of the past. We have had Adonis, Bacchus, Hercules, Horus, Osiris, Mithra, Buddha, and now we have the mythical Christ. Who comes next? We have in the past enthroned and worshiped almost everything visible, from the sun down to snakes; our brains have been crammed with a host of imaginary monsters, heavenly humbugs, ghosts holy and unholy, all for the glory of God and to satisfy the avarice of the numerous heavenly wire-pullers. Our ancestors have been humbugged out of their senses by these theological side-trackers, but science is clearing the main track of their rubbish. Their crosses are now made to read, "Look out for the locomotive (when the bell rings)." We no longer shut our eyes to see God, lest he might play the same old trick he played on Moses. (Possibly, though, that is the reason why preachers shut their eyes when they address the throne of grace, fearing they might see his holiness and glory.) We no longer grow nervous over the incantations of the priests. The people have become sensible while the priests have remained fools.

H. L. SHAUG.

Del Mar.

In order to provide amusement and recreation for the parish, a Baptist church at Wolverhampton, England, has built an annex to its chapel, in which is a billiard-room, a smoking-room, and a bar for the sale of non-intoxicating drinks. The whole affair is controlled by the church officers and is well patronized and popular among the people. But the religious press denounce it bitterly and think the general adoption of such an innovation would be a calamity.

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12 mo., 448 pp., laid paper, with 67 engravings. Price, paper, \$1 00; cloth, \$1 50.

"Good-By."

We say it for an hour or for years;
We say it smiling, say it choked with tears;
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss;
And yet we have no other word than this—
"Good-by."

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,
For him who journeys to the world's far end
And sears our soul with going; thus we say,
As unto him who steps but e'er the way—
"Good-by."

Alike to those we love and those we hate.
We say no more in parting. At life's gate,
To him who passes out beyond earth's sight,
We cry, as to the wanderer for a night—
"Good-by."

By Cold Gradation.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.
We rise by the things that are under feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.
We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.
We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.
Wings for the angels, but feet for men;
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.
Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls,
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.
—HOLLAND.

His Future Professson.

The Rev. Mr. Loftus stopped to talk with Uncle 'Rasmus.
"Good mornin', Brother 'Rasmus," he said. "That's a likely lookin' boy of yours. What's his name?"
"Melchi sadeck, sah."
"What are you goin' to make out of him?"
"A machinist, sah. He's allers 'ventin' suthin'. That other boy's name's Ab-salom."
"An' what are you goin' to make out of him?"
"A lawyer, I spec'. He argifies the life outen me."
"That boy over at the barn is yours, too, isn't he?"
"Yes, sah. His name's Shadrack Abend-nego. He's the laziest, ignorantest, do-nothin' in the township."
"And what are you goin' to make out of him, uncle."
"Well, sah, that's been a subjec' ob much serious momentum to me, and I've prayed a good bit ober it. I've made up my mind to make a preacher outen him. That's about all he's good for."
The Rev. Mr. Loftus walked away, rubbing the end of his nose in a contemplative manner.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby inform the fruit-growers of California that I have invented a Fruit Drier entirely different from anything I have ever seen or heard of. It is simple in construction, will be run by steam and, as I firmly believe, will remedy all the defects in other family driers—especially the Zimmerman, which I have used and understand well.

A model of the above dryer is on exhibition at J. H. Redstone's at No. 1509 Market street. Mr. Redstone will explain its construction, mode of operation, etc., to callers. He is also authorized to sell the same or organize a company to manufacture and sell said drier on this coast.
G. W. THURSTON, Sr.

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With sobbing voice the parson said: "My duty's clearer now;
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 To leave you when you call so loud would be exceeding wrong!"

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 Unto the church at Blanktown. Thus did the parson write:
 "I've wrestled o'er your call with prayer; the Lord bids me to stay,
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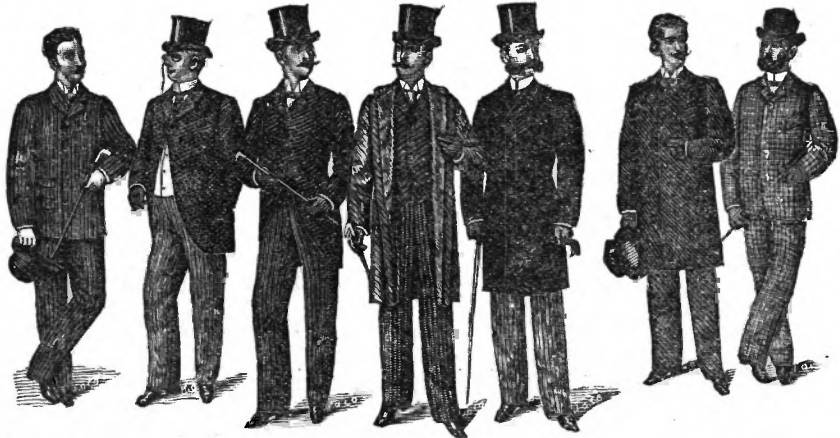
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VOL. II—No. 34.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1889.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

Entered at the Postoffice at San Francisco, Cal., as Second-class Mail Matter Jan., 1888

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - AUGUST 24, 1889.

It has been reported that the Italian government will not allow the pope to leave Italy. That is not so. The government cannot prevent the pope from going personally, but it will not allow him to take the Vatican furniture, treasure, and art objects with him.

THE Catholic church is still the leader of society in the prison at San Quentin. When Archbishop Riordan conducted services at that spiritual retreat a few weeks ago, he confirmed one hundred and fifty. Inspired by his example, Bishop Kip, of the Episcopal church, tried his hand last Sunday, but took only twenty-one distinguished residents into his fold.

THE Sabbatarians are making some progress in this city. Outside of the city they claim a large majority in favor of a reasonably strict observance of Sunday in the state.—Post.

All right. If the majority are in favor of a "reasonably strict observance" of Sunday, let them observe Sunday with reasonable strictness. If they are sincere they can keep Sunday voluntarily, which will please their maker just as much, we think, as it would if they had a law and a constable to make them keep it.

WE do not take any stock in the report that Cardinal Lavagerie is about to inaugurate a crusade for wresting the holy land from the hands of the infidel Mohammedans. Such a crusade would be the height of folly, and the heads of the church of Rome are not fools, whatever the rank and file may be. Besides, if the Moslems were driven from Jerusalem, who would stand at the door of the sepulchre and prevent the warring sects of Christianity from cutting one another's throats in the quarrel about the possession of their savior's tomb?

At the ministers' meeting last Monday, says the Chronicle, "the Rev. Dr Barrows denied the truth of Dr. Crafts's statement that this state had gone backward in morals and religion since the repeal of the Sunday law. On the contrary, he said, there had been a constant and gratifying progress." We hope this is so. Nothing is more pleasing than to see people living up to their convictions, freed from the coercive force of law. The Christian who observes Sunday because he would be jailed if he did otherwise deserves no credit for his action. If, on the other

hand, he denies himself some pleasure out of regard for the day, he at least has the merit of sincerity. To enforce a Sunday law is to put handcuffs on the citizen and send him to church as a culprit in the care of a police officer.

FOR years it has been the custom of the English Christian Evidence Society to send a representative to the London Hall of Science to refute the Infidels. Last year the Secular Federation sent Messrs. Foote, Standring, and others to present the Freethought side of the argument, and these gentlemen performed their duty so faithfully that the Christian Society now declines to meet them.

It is learned from the English Freethought papers that the case against Dr. Voelkel, editor of the Neues Freireligiöses Sonntags Blatt (Germany), is likely to break down. Dr. Voelkel was proceeded against some time ago for a speech delivered at Erfurt, in Rhenish Saxony, wherein he asserted that the mode of Christ's death was hypothetical, as some authorities contended that he was hanged instead of crucified. The state prosecutor, at last accounts, had the matter under consideration.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, August 25, at 8 o'clock. Hon. F. B. Perkins will lecture on "Truth."

NEWS AND NOTES.

The state of Oregon is enveloped in smoke. The sun rolls like a round red disk in heaven, and there is a kind of funeral aspect on everything, as if Father Time had concluded to give up the race and retire. Arriving at Eugene, I found the stage, that "like a wounded snake drags its slow length along," had gone the day before, and I must foot it, or find a private conveyance. Fortunately the latter appeared without much cost, and I proceeded on my dusty journey. I found the driver an "Ingersoll man," and so we had a pleasant trip together. That magic name is something like a Masonic sign. It is a word of interpretation. I tell a man I am a Freethinker, a Liberal, an Infidel, and he does not always quite understand these terms, but the moment I say I am an "Ingersoll man" the cloud disappears and there is a complete understanding. I am no longer a stranger. It is then known just where I stand. "Ingersoll" has done more to introduce people to each other and make good friends than any other word in the English language.

Coburg is a straggling hamlet on the verge of a vast lumber country, and the music of the mill goes merrily on. I never found a more cordial welcome than here, and with the electric handshake all the melancholy of the smoke disappeared. The red sun became Apollo's chariot again. I was looking for a Diamond and the Diamond appeared—John Diamond, beyond

the seventies now, but with the flash of youth still, and the beams of enthusiasm that no age can dim. He came to this country forty-two years ago, and camped with the wild Indians, and he has witnessed a marvelous growth. He is Freethought from head to foot, and living in "single blessedness." He seems to make Universal Mental Liberty his "better half" and lavishes his wealth upon its support. It seems to be his delight to make the toilsome way of the pioneer lecturer happy with good gifts. Age, to him, is illuminated with the undying glory of man's advancement.

At the hospitable home of Senator Coleman I find that genial entertainment which ministers both to the mind and body. In the political world our friend has always been true blue to American liberty—a representative of honesty and independence. Mrs. Coleman is equally radical and advanced, and shows that woman's genius is not under the dominion of the church.

Geo. H. Murch called around in the afternoon. His faith passes "the flaming bounds of space and time," but he is not at all upset by spiritualistic phenomena. He still recognizes the value of this world, and joins our secular forces, and the clergy find in him a level-headed combatant. He is always ready to do his share for the glory and honor of "this world" and to make a plea for common sense and humanity. The way the fur flies occasionally around the ears of the unfortunate theologian would delight the heart of the sturdiest Materialist.

In the shades of evening Mr. and Mrs. John Long arrive to give greeting. It is a busy season, and the harvest wheels are flying. Besides, our friends have just brought twelve hundred sheep from Coos county, and the coyotes are about the land, and hence the shepherds hear another song besides "peace on earth good will to men," and so we do not have all the time for sociability that we desire. But there is a good gathering in spite of all, and our first lecture at this place is most encouraging, and I look with bright anticipations to a return October next. The hall was nearly full, and the lecture on "The American Republic" was well received.

Other friends are here—Alonzo Tofflemeyer, P. J. Blackiston, J. B. Cochran, etc., a generous company indeed, and if all along the line such allies appeared how splendid the result. These give us hope and the golden promise of the future.

I arise at half past five o'clock on Friday morning and take the train for Belleville, where there is just one barn and the station, but Arnold is here and so I am not "a pilgrim and a stranger in a lone land." He takes me to his house, where all the good things of this world help to make the journey delightful, and in the afternoon we pursue our dusty way to Lebanon. We are amply covered with earth by the time we arrive at this scriptural goal. We find John Settle busy at the grain elevator trying to make room for all the wheat that is coming in, for the harvest is more than average. He is eighty-three years of age, but he keeps right at work, simply because he likes to see the world move. I hope he will travel on to a hundred years with the same happy health and hope. Geo. W. Taylor is also hard at it with the harvester, but takes time to come to the lecture and conduct the campaign. He is one of the "Captains of Industry" for golden sheaves of thought as well as the bright fruits of earth. With such there is no failure, be it a summer's or a winter's campaign.

There was a good audience present for the time of year. Just now all hands are at work early and late. Time is precious, and from sunrise to sunset the wheels are making music, and the strawstacks swell like billows on the sea.

X Dr. Foley evidently takes but little stock in the skeleton of orthodoxy, but finds plenty of good living in serving man instead of God. And others I find on the roll of Freethought, and so the "cedars of Lebanon" shall not always wave on the "hills of the lord," but the banners of liberty shall toss over the radiant fields and woods.

I am up again early in the morning Saturday, for a long day's journey is before us—from Lebanon to Albany and from Albany to Portland, and thence, by the Northern Pacific, to Olympia on the Sound, where I arrive at seven o'clock Saturday evening. Comrade Nathan Patterson meets me at the station and guides me to Young's Hotel, where I find liberal entertainment. My genial host, Mr. Young, is on the right side, both for Freethought and a good square meal.

Olympia is a slow place, somewhat after the fashion of a New England village. It has an air of antiquity about it that might suit a Bostonian. It is the oldest city in Washington, so old that it almost has "one foot in the grave." But sprightly youth is beginning to burn through its veins. The railroads are coming in and elegant buildings greet the sight. The forlorn and antique look is disappearing. An immense hotel is being erected which will be an imposing ornament. The iron bands are reaching down to Gray's Harbor. There are resources for the making of a beautiful city.

A large number of Liberals are in the place, but the "don't care" element prevails. However, a few keep on deck, and the ship goes sailing forth with now and then a favorable breeze. The audiences were not large, but they were appreciative, and of such good quality that I have bright hopes of the future.

Miss Lou M. Hartgrove is our real worker here, who puts the vim into those who are willing to act when the way is pointed out. She has had to make her own departure into Freethought. Her parents and family are mostly on the other side. It could not have been otherwise than Freethought with her temperament and practical outlook. She has the gift of independence and was not born to follow without knowing the reason why. She is enthusiastic for the cause and would sacrifice almost any worldly profit for its success; a friend whom it is a delight to meet—so frank and honest and straightforward, and doing the pioneer labor that naturally falls to man, with the delicacy and nobility of woman's heart. I believe that woman will come out ahead after all in the grand work of reform. When woman is once free the Promethean spark will be more brilliant than ever.

It was a rare privilege, also, to meet with Mrs. Sylvester and daughter, who promise to make their beautiful home hereafter a resting-place for the pilgrims of progress. I have not met those of brighter mind or nobler enthusiasm. Theology and all shams, masculine or otherwise, stand but poor show with these keen intelligences. These are the women of the future—logical and intuitive, with the heart of fire and the brain that analyzes. Alas for the "lords of creation" in the new civilization of the race. They must make a "new departure" or abdicate.

Mr. Sylvester was the original settler of Olympia, the first one to own the soil on which the city is now built. He has passed to the majority, but his name shines on the list of veteran Oregonians. The home of my friends is the loveliest in the city, overlooking the broad bay, ornamented with trees, and presenting a noble aspect. The atmosphere of liberty, science, and humanity is in this delightful dwelling.

Nathan Patterson is also an "old inhabitant." He has scarcely been out of town for the last half century, and Olympia could

not do without him for even a summer's vacation, but I hope to see him at our Portland gathering.

My friend Dobbins, of the hammer and anvil, can make the fire glow, and take the sword of Christianity and fashion it into the pruning hook of Freethought. He is a generous worker, and I must thank him for his efficient service.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rawson, Mrs. French, Geo. Collins, N. H. Owings, Chas. Kommensen, E. W. French; Mr. Blodgett, the auditor of the territory; my almost octogenarian friend Mr. Brown; Harvey Spiekerman, Joseph Snyder, of Tumwater; Geo. Hansard, of Seattle, and others have made my visit one of hope and cheer—and I shall always remember Olympia, with its gorgeous pictures of land and water, and quaint scenes of old and new jostling each other in confused variety, as one of my most happy labor fields; and I hope again to visit this capital of a magnificent state.

I was pleased to meet Capt. W. B. Grey, of Pasco, a member of the constitutional convention—and a working member, too—who has a pretty clear idea of what the people want and what is best for them. The Christians kicked against him somewhat, but he was elected nevertheless. It was bruited over his district that he was an Infidel. He received letters and telegrams from all quarters. He answered without fear or favor: "Keep the Church and State forever separate," and "I am willing to grant to every other man the same privileges I ask for myself." On that platform of genuine democracy he was chosen to the convention. It is known that nobody can buy him, and that he will stand for justice right through. I also met Comegys, of Eastern Washington, brother of our Comegys of Snohomish, who has made a brilliant fight during the convention for a purely secular government.

Judge Bush, of Seattle, is here, and he watches the convention with judicial clearness, and his valuable reports are in FREETHOUGHT. All should read them. Macdonald of Ellensburg and Jones of Port Townsend I have also been made acquainted with. I attended one session of the convention. There is plenty of talk, but the work moves on. There are able men in the convention. They have voted out "God" and put "the Supreme Ruler" into the preamble. Grey says that means a twenty-dollar gold piece, and I guess he is about right. I had rather trust in the gold piece any time than in the God if I was hungry or naked.

Just as I was leaving on the boat whom should I meet but D. W. Smith, of Port Townsend? It was a glad surprise. We could only shake hands, for he came on the same boat by which I went, but it does one a world of good to meet so open-hearted a comrade, who never shirks a soldier's duty.

The boat plunges into the sound. The smoke spreads over, and only faint luminous spaces are discovered on either side. The woods are like a delicate fringe—the mountains beyond are scarcely seen. The bubbles roll along the polished steel-blue surface of the waters.

We reach Tacoma in the late afternoon: a busy city, with mighty prospects, uneven streets, massive dwellings, shanties almost ready to tumble down, and the et ceteras of frontier civilization. It is struggling for empire and will win many a jewel, but I doubt if any city of the sound will wear the full-orbed tiara. The trade and manufacturing will be distributed. There will be several flourishing cities, but I doubt if there is one great city like San Francisco or New York. If there is it is impossible at present to decide whether it will be Tacoma, Seattle, Port

Townsend, Port Angeles, Olympia, or Grey's Harbor. All of these places have brilliant prospects of future growth, and like the "pigs in clover," I shouldn't wonder if every one of them got there.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Tacoma, August 13.

THE "SABBATARIANS."

The Sunday-law bigots have had their convention in San Francisco, and Field Secretary Crafts has, presumably, presented the best arguments at his command in favor of a law compelling the people of this state to observe Sunday as a pleasureless holiday. While disclaiming any intention of advocating a union between church and state, Mr. Crafts has not been wholly able to conceal that this is his real object, and other speakers have made no attempt at such concealment. The Rev. Mr. Wheeler, of Sacramento, was candid enough to say that the church asked for Sunday laws in order to support Christianity by the arm of the state. "When you destroy the Sabbath," he said, "you have overthrown the grand religion on which the government rests." Such was the burden of the arguments of a majority of the speakers. But Dr. Wheeler went still further. He claimed that whereas an eminent judge had decided that Stephen Girard, by ignoring the Christian religion, disqualified his trustees from acting, so the legislators of California should be held incompetent and disqualified for having neglected to make provision for sustaining the religion of their fathers!

Thus the cloven hoof shows through the thin disguise of a plea for "Sunday rest for workingmen," in spite of all Mr. Crafts's denials that it is there. He may himself be able to conduct the crusade on a "secular" basis, but he cannot make the other and less cool-headed fanatics do anything of the kind. He may argue that a Sunday law would be perfectly constitutional, but they do not know or care whether it is constitutional or not. In the minds of these gentlemen, not the constitution, but what they are pleased to term the word of God, is the fundamental law of the land. Some of them even mistake their own conscience for other people's, as in the case of the speaker at this convention who declared that every man should be prohibited from indulging in ordinary worldly pursuits on Sunday in order that he may spend the day according to the dictates of his own conscience. This is exactly like putting a man in jail for the purpose of guarding against interference with his liberty to go where he chooses.

One of Mr. Crafts's own arguments is about as bad. He declared that in the government employ the religious man is discriminated against, because the government requires Sunday labor, and the religious man's conscience will not permit him to work on that day, and he therefore cannot enter the service. Now, when this case is looked at as it really is, it will be seen that the discrimination is from the other side. The government does not demand that the employee shall observe Sunday; it is the employee who demands that the government shall observe that day, and because the government declines to obey the employee, the latter's "conscience" forbids him to remain in the public service. The government respects the rights of conscience and accepts his resignation, but the man has not been discriminated against.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that these sabbatarians do not offer some good and valid reasons why Sunday should be a day of enforced idleness, because there are no such reasons. There are perhaps good reasons why people should rest one day in

seven, as there are good reasons why they should work the other six; but a law enforcing six days of work would be no more absurd than a law enforcing one day of idleness. These bigots overlook the difference between a custom and a law. The custom of Sunday observance prevails here among those who wish to keep the day, and such persons need no law to compel them to so observe it. Others have not that custom, and to enforce it upon them by law would be as unjust as to compel the pious to work.

Californians say to the Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts: "Go home. You are wasting our time and your own. You cannot palm off a church movement upon us as a merely secular arrangement intended for our good. The churches of our city do not open their doors to secularists as they have opened them to you. If this is a secular movement, hire a hall, call a mass meeting; give us your argument unmixed with religious incantations called prayers, and musical insanities called hymns. Separate the civil from the religious in your propaganda, and then the simplest of us may believe that you do not intend to mix the civil and the religious by means of your Sunday laws. Until you do this you will not deceive any except those who pay the preachers to do their thinking for them."

We do not think that the Sabbath Union can obtain as many signatures to the petition in favor of a Sunday law as have already been obtained to the protest against such a law.

A BAD, BAD BUSINESS.

The lamentable Terry shooting affair promises to become as sensational through the courts as it has through its own inherent tragic nature. The circumstances of the case may be briefly stated. Judge Field, while on his circuit as associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, was publicly slapped in the face by ex-Judge Terry. Thereupon Judge Field's body-guard, Deputy Marshal Neagle, shot Terry dead.

Terry was a man whose conduct on the bench is spoken of as above reproach; but as a private citizen he had the reputation of a bully and a desperado. Judge Field's record is nearly the reverse of Terry's. In the capacity of private citizen he is blameless, while his judicial record is stained with charges of unfairness and venality. As providence is said to be on the side of the largest battalions, so justice, as administered by Field, has, it is alleged, almost invariably been found on the side of the heaviest purse. He was called upon to decide between Sarah Althea Hill and the heirs of one Sharon, with whom the woman had lived as wife or mistress. Terry pleaded the cause of Sarah Althea, and became sufficiently interested in his client to make her his wife, but she lost her case through Field's decision. She became violent while in court, and charged Field with bribetaking. Field ordered her removed, whereupon Terry interfered, and husband and wife were jailed for contempt of court.

Terry, it is said, vowed vengeance on the judge, but Field, instead of putting Terry under bonds to keep the peace, provided himself with a body-guard, and pursued his calling as before. On Wednesday morning, August 14, the two men met in the railroad eating-room at Lathrop, in San Joaquin county, with the deadly results known to the reading public for the past ten days. As Terry died like a dog, so, as a victim, he was buried with less honor than is often bestowed upon murderers. The Catholic church, of which he, as well as his wife, had been a communicant, refused his body its funeral mummeries, and those with whom he had associated upon the bench and at the bar declined to

recognize him as one of them by adjourning court. Such as Terry may have been, he was a self-made man. In stature he was almost a giant, of herculean strength, and fearless as a lion. But his was a case of arrested development. He never became civilized, and seemed not to be able to learn that the wager of battle has been superseded by less violent, even if less satisfactory, forms of adjudication.

Mrs. Terry now regards herself as the natural avenger of what she calls her husband's murder. She at once caused the arrest of Judge Field, and the formality of apprehending and bailing him has been gone through with. Neagle, the marshal, is in jail, faring better, perhaps, than he ever did before. Mrs. Terry, it is said, endeavored to secure the services of Col. R. G. Ingersoll and Benjamin F. Butler as her counsel, but failed. Judge Maguire, however, has taken the case in hand in association with District Attorney White, of San Joaquin county, who believes that as the killing was done within his jurisdiction, the San Joaquin courts should conduct the investigation and prosecution. He had Neagle in jail at Stockton, but the prisoner was removed to San Francisco under federal authority, and now the first problem to be settled, according to Judge Maguire, is whether or not the United States Circuit Court has jurisdiction to release from custody, on habeas corpus, a prisoner held by a state sheriff under a warrant issued out of a state court of competent jurisdiction. This is a great question—the question of state sovereignty—and if it was the object of the authorities to give the lawyers and jurists something to wrangle over until public interest in the matter is exhausted, they have taken the right course to effect that result. At present Neagle, if tried, would be acquitted, but there may be a reversion of public sentiment by the time his case gets before a jury, sufficient to send him to the penitentiary for life.

Supposing the memory should go back to the time when Sarah Althea Hill became the mistress of Sharon with the understanding that she should ultimately be recognized as his wife. Supposing that Sharon's heirs, in their greed for the dead man's gold, bribed the bench and defeated justice. Supposing we add to these features of the case the assault upon Field and the killing of Terry—it is bad enough already. But supposing that Neagle is convicted of homicide. Supposing the widow of Terry should take vengeance into her own hands, and kill Judge Field as his henchman killed Judge Terry. And supposing, as a final act in the tragedy, Mrs. Terry should expiate the crime upon the gallows. In consideration of all that has happened and all that may happen, there would be many people in the world ready to believe that the whole miserable business had begun and ended with acts of injustice to a woman.

H. L. GREEN announces that the Freethinkers' Magazine for September will be a Bruno number. It will contain a page of the Bruno monument, George Jacob Holyoake will furnish an original article on "The Murder of a Philosopher;" T. B. Wakeman one on "Giordano Bruno in the Past, Present, and Future;" there will be an original poem on Bruno, by Lydia R. Chase; a sketch of the life of Bruno, by Professor Thomas Davidson; also an article on Bruno, by Karl Blind, and much other valuable and interesting matter. Mr. Green will send us a few copies of this number to be sold at twenty cents each.

"Looking Backward," a socialistic romance which has been termed the "Uncle Tom's Cabin of Industrial Slavery," by Edward Bellamy. Price, 50 cents.

We hope the friends of this paper will not forget its necessities during the present rather dull times. Can they not get us up clubs of subscribers—two for \$3; three for \$4, or four for \$5? If not clubs, can not each send us one more subscriber at least?

We hope, too, that all whose subscriptions have expired will renew at once.

THE Youth's Companion, in an article on "Patrick Henry's Death," says:

"Patrick Henry wrote out an elaborate answer to Paine's 'Age of Reason,' but being impressed by the replies to Paine then appearing in England, he directed his wife, shortly before his death, to destroy the manuscript, which she did."

It is related that Benjamin Franklin read the manuscript of Paine's "Age of Reason," and advised the author against publishing it, using the famous warning, "Don't unchain the tiger." Franklin died in 1790, and the "Age of Reason" was not written until 1793, so that Franklin's advice must have come in the form of a spirit communication, but it is nevertheless regarded by the church as good enough material for Sunday-school history. There is no such anachronism in the way of Patrick Henry writing a reply to Paine, but whether he did or not remains an open question. Some statements that we see in religious prints are historical facts, and others are theological fakes.

MR. E. M. MACDONALD, the Editor of the Truth Seeker, has been confined at home and disabled from editorial management, by typhoid fever, for some two weeks, and may continue so awhile longer.

So reads a notice at the head of the editorial columns of the Truth Seeker of August 17. We have information four days later in the form of a telegram which reads:

"Gene is better. Out to-day. A. C. M."

By the time this is before our readers the editor of the Truth Seeker will doubtless be back at his desk. Meanwhile the philosophical articles by Mr. W. L. Colby on "The Elimination of Inconstant Factors" and kindred subjects will engage the public mind.

MR. BRADLAUGH's paper, the National Reformer, says:

"Mr. Samuel P. Putnam, who by sheer hard work is keeping Colorado and the far West fairly alive on Freethought questions, sends us his new pamphlet on 'The Glory of Infidelity.' Mr. Putnam writes vigorously, and is apparently doing some very good propagandist work."

Unfortunately, Mr. Putnam has not been able to penetrate so far into the interior as Colorado this year, but we understand that Mr. W. F. Jamieson is keeping that state fairly alive. The majority of the speakers are in the West now, and New Jersey and the far East are somewhat neglected.

SINGLETON W. DAVIS, the author of a pamphlet on the "Scientific Dispensation of a New Religion," has started a little paper at San Diego called the Silver Gate. It discusses economic problems and temperance, and advertises Mr. Davis's job printing office. In his initial number the editor comes out boldly in favor of a law prohibiting smoking on the streets. This will be likely to get him into trouble with Anarchist Danielewicz of the Beacon.

WANAMAKER apparently has no influence over Postmaster Van Cott of New York, as a special Sunday delivery has just been established in that city, and Mr. Van Cott declares that it will be continued.

L. C. GEERTSON, of Salmon City, Idaho, writes that he never saw harder times in Lemhi county than at present; but he nevertheless sends \$10 as a donation to FREETHOUGHT, together with his own renewal and a new subscriber. We thank Brother Geertson for his example, which shows that enthusiasm for a good cause may always rise superior to commercial depression.

We hope that the readers of FREETHOUGHT are becoming acquainted with Mr. C. F. Burgman, our constant advertiser. He is a thorough Liberal and a conscientious merchant. Arrayed in one of Mr. Burgman's glove-fitting suits, the modest man may for a time forget the remark of the sage that beneath his clothes he is naked.

B. F. UNDERWOOD is to give a course of lectures at Snohomish, W. T., commencing September 4. He will soon after start for California, to lecture in San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, and other places in this state.

THE executive of the Canadian Secular Union have fixed upon Saturday and Sunday, September 14 and 15, for a Convention of Secularists and Freethinkers in Canada. The Convention will be held at Toronto.

We acknowledge the receipt, from Mrs. K. Parker, Anaheim, of \$1 for the expenses of the next Convention of the California State Liberal Union.

HORACE SEAVER, editor of the Boston Investigator, died last Wednesday afternoon, aged 78. Ingersoll will pronounce a eulogy at Paine Hall on Sunday.

MR. HOWE'S LECTURE.

Mr. W. O. Howe, of Oakland, spoke before the San Francisco Freethought Society last Sunday evening on "Our Common Foe." There were, he said, two divisions of his subject, one devoted to demonstrating the nature of our common foe, and the other to demonstrating the remedy. It would be impossible to crowd both into an hour's lecture, and he would therefore give the first half now and the second half at some future time. "Our Common Foe," as conceived by Mr. Howe, turned out to be usury, or interest, which he described as a subtle monster that like a thousand-edged sword reaches out its octopus arms and overshadows the environments of mankind. Mr. Howe demonstrated by mathematical calculations that in one hundred and four years the usurers would own the earth, and hold a three-trillion-dollar mortgage on posterity. The discourse lasted an hour and thirty minutes, and at its close Usurer Schou passed the hat to slow music by Professor Joran.

Chairman Lemme thanked the lecturer on behalf of the audience, and the audience on behalf of the treasurer, and announced that the floor was open for speeches of ten minutes each.

Mr. Curtis responded, and, in opening his remarks, chid the lecturer for the great length of time he had occupied in presenting only one phase of his subject. Mr. Curtis feared that if it took as long to state the remedy as it had taken to make the diagnosis the patient would die before the medicine was ready. The speaker argued that interest, being paid in every direction and charged by all, balanced and neutralized itself. He wished the lecturer the best success, but warned him that if he would become popular he must condense.

Mr. Knight criticised the mathematical calculations of Mr. Howe as the *reductio ad absurdum*. Interest could not accumulate above the sum total of values. There were usurers in the time of Christ, and a thousand dollars put at interest then, according to Mr. Howe's computation, would now amount to more than the entire wealth of the world. Undoubtedly some of those usurers had a thousand dollars out at interest, but no bad results seem to have been entailed on posterity from that cause. Mr.

Knight said he did not agree with Harry George, that progress brought poverty. There was never less poverty than now, never more comfort than is now enjoyed. The great foe of humanity was conservatism, a determination to stand still.

By invitation, Miss Ada Ballou addressed the audience. She did not complain about the length of time occupied by the speakers. She believed in giving men all the rope they wanted, and trusting to luck for good results. The women did not have much of a show in this world, notwithstanding they were the producers of the race. If they did not complain of the kind of usury they were subjected to, the men certainly ought not to murmur over their less serious troubles.

In confuting his critics Mr. Howe said that if he had had more time so that he could give all his address, the matter would have been made clearer. He had been thus minute because presenting the question to people who had not thought upon it. Mr. Howe would grant for the sake of argument that the world was improving, but we must not be satisfied with a little comfort and a little prosperity. So long as there are evils to fight, and improvements possible of attainment, there should be no rest for the reformer.

The next lecture is to be delivered by Hon. F. B. Perkins, whose subject is "Truth." Mr. Perkins informs me that his discourse will involve, also, some pointed observations about lies.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Ex-Judge Terry, who was shot at Lathrop Aug. 14 by Deputy Marshal Neagle, was buried at Stockton on the 16th. The Catholic church refused its auspices; the courts declined to adjourn out of respect to the dead jurist, and there were more curiosity-seekers than friends at the funeral. Neagle will probably be tried in the United States courts, though an attempt is being made to get the case into the courts of the state. Public opinion generally justifies Neagle in the shooting, and his trial anywhere will be mere formality.—"Bill" Higgins, a political boss of San Francisco, died last Wednesday morning.—The various labor unions of the city will have a mass meeting Saturday night, Aug. 24, at Metropolitan Hall to protest against the decision lately rendered by Secretary Windom on the Chinese "tourist" question.—There was a \$20,000 fire last Sunday among the wooden buildings at the corner of Fourth and Townsend streets.—The clergymen of Stockton have unanimously condemned the practice of holding funeral services on Sunday.—The case of most of the recalcitrant National Guard musicians has been finally settled by the imposition of a fine of \$16 apiece. It is estimated that, taking into account their losses from lack of employment since the trouble, this brings the penalty up to more than \$50 each.—The Rev. C. E. Schuyler, pastor of the Congregational church at Petaluma for several months past, has left that place under a cloud. He is charged with misappropriating church funds and with other offenses and was requested to resign, which he did.

The pugilist Sullivan has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment at hard labor in the Mississippi penitentiary.—There was no ball game at Cincinnati last Sunday, as the authorities threatened that if one were played they would break it up by arresting the president and all the players.—The Brown-Sequard "life elixir" is still being experimented with, in some cases attended by fatal results. The weight of testimony is in favor of the process as a tonic or stimulant.—Secretary Windom has written a letter to T. J. Barry of Boston in reply to an inquiry, in which he says that Chinese persons other than laborers may leave and re-enter the country without let or hindrance, provided they satisfy the officers of the fact of their not being laborers and of having lawfully resided in the United States.—Members of the Salvation Army at Helena, Mont., were placed in jail last week for violating a city ordinance forbidding the playing of music on the streets.—The original "Old Black Joe" died at Mount Holly, N. J., Aug. 15. His proper name was Joseph Queen. He was undoubtedly the oldest man in the state, being one hundred and twelve years old. He was a runaway slave and went to New Jersey in 1827.—The Rev. D. M. Helmick, a Methodist preacher of Neola, Iowa, is in jail charged with having shot

down a young man named Carl Palmer without provocation or excuse. The shooting grew out of a feud engendered between Helmick and Palmer over a romantic attachment which the latter had formed with a young lady of the neighborhood.—The wife of Mike McDonald, the Chicago gambler, has eloped with the Rev. Mr. Moysant, her father confessor.

M. Damala, the husband of Sarah Bernhardt, died in Paris, Aug. 18, of cerebral congestion.—It is reported that an attempt was made recently to assassinate Dom Pedro, emperor of Brazil. As he was leaving the palace a man shot at but failed to hit him.—Japan had on July 28 the most destructive earthquake experienced for thirty-five years. Many persons crushed to death and vast quantities of property destroyed is the result.—Another great inundation of the Yellow river, China, has occurred, this time in Shantung, and though the details are meager, it is probable that the loss of life and property will be very great, the immense breach indicating that a wide territory has been flooded.—Boulanger is sentenced by the French Senate Court to be deported to some fortified place and imprisoned.

SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN IN COOS COUNTY.

DEAR FREETHOUGHT: We have again enjoyed one of Putnam's annual visits. I learn from friends at Marshfield that the lectures were well received. The audiences were large and appreciative, at the three lectures delivered there, and the excursion and picnic on North Coos River, as well as the lecture, were a great success.

Putnam's first lecture this year on the river (Coquille) was at Coquille City, thence he went to Randolph, Bandon, Myrtle Point, and Arago. It being harvest time I could not, as heretofore, accompany our friend on his tour.

At Coquille City the "Glory of Infidelity" was well received. The audience was fully as large as at former lectures. The Coquille Secular Union met after the lecture and elected H. H. Nichols, of Coquille City, secretary, I. M. Upton having resigned on account of press of other business. It being late the Union adjourned to meet at Arago on the 4th inst. at eleven o'clock.

The lecture at Arago on Saturday evening was well attended by an appreciative audience, and the young people, as well as some of the older ones, enjoyed themselves after the lecture by dancing until midnight. The greatest enthusiasm was reached on Sunday, the 4th inst., at Arago, it being the last lecture of the series under the auspices of the Coquille Secular Union. There was a picnic in the grove on the fair grounds. Roller-skating occurred at intervals during the day, and the Myrtle Point Brass Band discoursed some of its best selections. The Union met at the appointed time, there being about thirty members present, all of whom became members of the state organization. The Union ordered twenty copies of the "Glory of Infidelity" for distribution, and adjourned to meet at Myrtle Point on the day of Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel's lecture there.

There was a large attendance, quite a number coming from Myrtle Point, Norway, and Coquille City. The "American Republic" received hearty encores and lots of them during the afternoon.

The lecture at Myrtle Point on Friday evening was also well attended, and among the audience was the Rev. Dr. J. P. Easter, M.D., who announced that he would answer the lecturer in September. "He knew that Putnam would not be near enough to hear him then." Brother Easter, when present at a Liberal lecture, generally announces that he will answer it, and September is his favorite month. However, should some unforeseen circumstance occur so that he cannot fulfill his appointment, and September go by, then there is an indefinite postponement. Putnam suggested that he meet him on Sunday evening, the 4th, at Myrtle Point, the audience by vote having invited him (Putnam) to again lecture there, and he would divide time with Easter. Some one in the audience suggested an hour, another two hours, and yet another thought it best to give Easter all night. Easter was offered five dollars and all expenses paid if he would come, but when Sunday evening arrived Easter was conspicuous by his absence.

The announcement drew quite an audience, and I feel confi-

dent that a majority were disappointed; but the disappointment soon vanished after Putnam had started in on Moody and Sam Jones. Our campaign was a grand success, and we now look forward to Mrs. Krekel's visit.
J. HENRY SCHROEDER.
Arago, Coos Co., Or.

CALL FOR THE OREGON CONVENTION.

By virtue of the authority vested in us by the Oregon State Secular Union, we hereby call the FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION of said Union to meet in Portland, Oregon, at Masonic Hall, on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 12th, 13th, and 14th days of October, 1889; the object being to secure the total separation of church and state.

The advocates of this measure in Washington Territory are invited to join their Oregon friends in this Convention.

Done at Portland, Oregon, this thirty-first day of July, 1889.

C. BEAL,
J. K. SEARS, A. F. NEUNERT, } Board of Directors.
LEE LAUGHLIN, L. AMES,

SECULAR WORK IN OREGON.

W. H. Breese, of Talent, Jackson county, is the fourth vice-president to report. His letter is full of inspiration. "Every tear you dry, every smile you cause, will bring you reward of the highest kind. Every obstruction you remove from the path of a struggling humanity will stamp you as one of humanity's saviors. And all this will hasten on the time of which Victor Hugo speaks, that 'in the twentieth century creeds will be dead, wars be dead, royalties be dead, but men will live.'"

Dr. Matteson, of Aumsville, is the fifth vice-president to write. His letter is full of philosophy and a life of experience. He understands the human mind and points out the obstacles to be overcome in our educational work. The doctor sends a fine list of names.

P. Britt, of Jacksonville, is the sixth vice-president heard from. When I opened his letter the first thing I saw was a postal order for five dollars, which I thought was a commission from Wanamaker as postmaster at Portland. Brother Britt's letter is good. He sends some names and says: "I am old and feeble. I take the greatest interest in the welfare of the Oregon State Secular Union and the success of the Convention. I firmly believe that if there is not something done to oppose priests and preachers they will soon put an end to our free institutions."

Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel, of Kansas City, the celebrated dramatic orator, will deliver the opening address at our Convention on Saturday morning, October 12. She will make her home while here with Miss Mattie Blaisdell, at 363 Third street.

Through the columns of FREETHOUGHT I will assign homes for our speakers.

C. BEAL,
President Oregon State Secular Union.

ABERDEEN, OR., Aug. 12, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. BEAL: Your kind invitation to attend the Liberal Convention, Oct. 12, 13, and 14, was duly received, and I will say in reply that I shall certainly be with you on that occasion "if no preventing providence interferes." I am sure there is the material in Oregon and Washington to form one of the largest and grandest Liberal conventions ever held in any part of the whole country. I have been lecturing in Oregon for nearly two months with good success. In no state in the Union in which I have lectured is there a larger per cent. of Liberals than in Oregon. I have had pretty good audiences in almost all the places I have spoken, in spite of the fact that the people have been engaged in harvesting and threshing "from early morn till dewy eve."

We need organization. In no state is organization more practicable. It costs but little to build a Liberal hall in Oregon as lumber is very cheap. In many places there are Liberals who would cheerfully donate all the lumber necessary to build a hall, and others who would haul it, and in many places there are carpenters who would contribute a part of their time towards the construction of the building. It seems that all that is necessary is for some few to go ahead in the community, get up an interest, organize, build a hall, and then they are on their feet.

It seems to me that the convention you are getting up will go a great ways towards setting the ball in motion for secular work in this portion of the north west. We need organization. We need to have all the splendid Liberals of these two states attend the convention. And when I say this I mean the women as well as the men. We have a large number of grand, Liberal women in Oregon. I have not yet seen the heroines of Washington, but I have met with a large number of Liberal

women in Oregon who are ready to take hold and work for the Secular Union. We hope these ladies will turn out in full force at the convention. Portland is a convenient place for thousands of people in Oregon and Washington, and if we do not have a large number present I shall be disappointed. But we expect a grand time there and therefore it is natural to expect that all our Liberal friends and their relations will be only too glad to be at this "feast of reason and flow of soul."

We shall not only set the Liberals to organizing, but we need to point out to them the need of supporting the Liberal journals, and especially must they see to it that FREETHOUGHT receives their full and generous support.

I can hardly imagine what a man can be thinking about who, calling himself a Liberal, does not support any of our Freethought papers. I meet not only Liberals, but I also "meet up with" a great many "half breeds"—persons who call themselves Liberals but do not subscribe to a paper, nor contribute toward the support of lecturers in the field. And the most lamentable feature in the whole business is to find good Liberal men leading such half breeds up to the Liberal lecturer and introducing them as Freethinkers! I am getting tired of that sort of Liberals.

I cannot share in C. B. Reynolds's notions respecting the "little self-sacrifice" of our lecturers at conventions. The fact is we lecturers have plenty of rough and tough work with small pay, and every thinking man knows the fact. We are doing a "little self-sacrifice" all the time, and cannot afford to attend conventions in a city and pay hotel bills. Besides it is not necessary. We have hosts of Liberals and a small support from them will bear the expenses of the speakers. Some people may dislike "begging" in our conventions. But the fact is some of these people who dislike begging are people who left the church because they were too stingy to pay their pew rents. They left the church and came out to call themselves Liberals, and now they are kicking and ready to leave the Liberal ranks because they are called on to pay the fiddler. Begging is the method of the past—and the successful method of the present in the church, in politics, and in all free assemblages. We shall have to stick to this old method until another and a practical method for supporting the speakers is devised.

I hope we shall all have occasion to rejoice in a large, harmonious, and successful convention. Here's my hand.

Yours fraternally,

W. S. BELL.

ON THE TRAIL.

To the Editors of Freethought:

After ten days' sojourn at Marshfield, I took the steamer "Comet" for Empire City, at the mouth of Coos bay. This is an old town, and many of the buildings are empty and in a dilapidated condition, but it has the finest location on the harbor for a town, as it is high and level, and very picturesque. Immediately west of the "city" lies the rippling, shining bay, perhaps a mile wide, then the long peninsula of sand, probably another mile in width, and then you are on the beach of old Pacific, where the breakers never cease to chase each other up and down the coast. The view from Empire, out onto the sea, is superlatively grand. Here is infinity enough without praying to a 7x9 God. Away here in this "sunset land" where solitude is almost supreme, for this country is very little settled as yet, is the place to study nature and forget the blood of the lamb. I stopped at the Arago hotel, a fine, large hotel owned by the mill company, but leased and run by Mrs. Moore with Mr. Briggs, the gentlemanly clerk and manager. The Arago is the largest and finest hotel of the three in the "city," and here they feed the hungry, and the weary are at rest. I gave six lectures in the fine courthouse to large audiences, although a second edition of Sam Jones (at least in style) was running a "distracted" meeting, and had been for the past two weeks. I went one evening to hear the "Rev. Gentleman." His text was "Do you love Christ?" He described the "overshadowing" business. I wish the thousands of readers of FREETHOUGHT could have heard Brother Jones's account of the birth of the young Savior, ah; of that star in the east, ah; of how Herod was out-Heroded by the King of kings, ah. Mr. Jones is a very ignorant man, and claims he was raked in from the slums of San Francisco by the Salvation Army folks. He is a young man, but filled with the "holy unction," as he called it, whatever that may be, to save souls. In a former letter I gave Brother Bell the cake for telling stories, but Bell is left in the shade by this young dominie. He would tell his anecdote with great sensational effect that would bring the house down, and then apply the moral by raving and charging like a madman, until every hair on your head would stand on its own particular end and you could easily imagine the smell of brimstone. His descriptive powers were evidently taxed to their utmost when

he described Jesus carrying the cross up the steeps of Calvary, loaded down to the water's edge with that awful burden, ah, on that fearful day, ah, and when at last, ah, the top of the mountain was reached, ah, and the cross was laid on the ground, ah, and the God of the universe was stretched out on that awful cross, ah, and those terrible spikes were driven, ah, through that beautiful white but quivering flesh, ah, and the blood that was to save the world, ah, began to flow, sinner, for you and me, ah, and when those blood-thirsty Jews raised that cross with its precious burden of the world's redeemer and placed it in that awful hole prepared for it, ah, it struck the bottom of that hole with a dull thud, ah, the sun refused to shine, the earth trembled with convulsions, for lo! a god was to die, ah. I thought of the poem by Lara, "The God Horror."

Still lies the blight of that shadow's night
O'er the fairest fields of earth,
And from the gloom of the dead God's tomb
Stalks forth the wraith of the cursed faith
That on Golgotha had its birth.
O'er all our land that spectre hand
Still holds the dripping knife,
Still hangs the sword o'er the festal board,
And the skeleton guest, in his grave-clothes drest,
Dashes gall in the wine of life.

How long, how long, ye brave and strong,
Will ye cringe to a broken reed
Or kiss the rod of dotard God,
And the shackles of a creed?
Awake, arise, lo! the captive cries
From the gloom of the prison cell,
And the blood and the tears of a thousand years
Are quenching the fires of hell.

Brother Jones kept his Bible-banging meetings up during my week of lectures, but the Empire folks seem to prefer science and Liberalism, for I had the courthouse full all the time, while I understood he had only twenty to thirty for an audience, and these composed of the faithful.

I enjoyed my visit to Empire very much. I found very intelligent and educated people there: Mr. S. H. Hazard, wife and sister; Mrs. McLaughlin, Mr. Stauff, wife and children; Mr. Ploeger, the gentlemanly radical head salesman for the leading dry goods house, who has been everywhere and is a great reader and thinker; Mrs. Cammon and son, whose genial home is a place of rest to weary lecturers, and many others that gave us a hearty welcome to their homes and hearts. A better people we seldom find than in Empire.

Ocean steamers and sailing vessels are continually coming and going. A saw mill with a capacity of 150,000 feet per day; two stage lines to the railroad, eighty to one hundred miles away; logging and fishing camps and coal mines all around; and being the county seat, this place is a fine head center. One day I was out for a stroll and exercise, and found my way into the cemetery. My eye caught sight of the head-stone of James Oliver, while under the name were the beautiful words seldom found on tombstones:

The world was his country; to do good his religion.

Mr. Oliver lived a few years ago on the North Fork of the Coos river in this county, and was a true-blue Freethinker, took several radical papers and many books, and circulated them all up and down the valley, and now it is known as the "Valley of Infidels." Hence Putnam, Reynolds, and Bell all went there to lecture. Let our faint-hearted brethren take courage and keep their "lamps trimmed and a-burning," for there is a mighty work to do.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

"THE Glory of Infidelity" is a very able and interesting and nicely printed and bound pamphlet recently issued by Putnam & Macdonald, 504 Kearny street, San Francisco, Cal. The price is but ten cents, and it should have a large circulation, for its author, S. P. Putnam, is renowned for the pleasing and piquant, clear, vigorous language of his productions.—Plain Dealer.

"THE Glory of Infidelity," by Samuel P. Putnam, is received, and it is one of his ablest lectures. It sustains, all through, the appropriateness of its title. Send ten cents for it, to Putnam & Macdonald, 504 Kearny street, San Francisco, Cal.—Voice of the People.

FRUITS OF CELIBACY.

Facta non verba is a sound proverb. There is nothing more convincing and effectual in combat of error than facts. Especially is this the case when we have to deal with the verbose errors and falsehoods of religion. No better way can be chosen on which to send the conquering hosts against the superstition-barricaded fastnesses of fanaticism, than the broad highroad of clerical depravity, of ministerial rascality, and ecclesiastical corruption. We see specimens of it every day in every telegraph column of every newspaper, although not as numerous in the calendars of criminal courts, as the sanctimonious and unctuous sinners (thieves, lechers, and brutes), have a felicitous knack in slipping the noose of the law from their fat necks over their long ears and dolichocephalous (narrow) crania. Now and then, however, outraged justice gets her work in on some hierarchical "honorary citizen" of Sodom and Gomorrah. I just see in my Swiss papers a sample case—one of unfortunately too many bestialities perpetrated by the savory servants of the savior who said, "Blessed are the pure in heart." But to facts:

On June 7, there stood at the bar of the Criminal Court of the Canton (state) of Lucerne, Switzerland, Joseph Leonz Amrein, of Willisau Land, fifty years of age, Roman Catholic vicar at Emmen, charged with heinous offenses against the principles of chastity. The trial took place with closed doors. Owing to accumulating ugly rumors the school trustees of that place had, upon the deposit of a heavy guarantee, effected the arrest of the dominie just as he was coming out of church and before he had learned of his impending fate, so that he was prevented from following the example of his worthy colleague, Parson Troxler, of St. Urban, who managed to evade the officers of the law and is now safely reading mass in some American parish. The investigation unearthed a state of affairs too grossly brutal and obscene to be even hinted at, too revolting even for the pen of a Zola. In dozens of cases that "man of God" had abused children of from eight to sixteen years, and what he had perpetrated traverses all degrees of sexual perversity, from mere obscenity in language to the most damnable sexual excesses of an unnatural beast. He scattered Satan seed in two communities; for what he did with children of ten to sixteen he taught little ones of from eight to ten years. And this not only during a short period but through a series of years. Before the recent discoveries this wretch had been suspected of unnatural vices while in Grosswangen; the ecclesiastical superiors instituted an examination, but the records were refused the secular authorities by the bishop's commissary and the guilty scoundrel was simply removed to another parish, thence again, and so on until he brought up at Emmen, where the measure finally was full and ran over.

It is described as really diabolical how the criminal enticed the victims of his hellish lust; he "treated" them in taverns and in his apartments; he gave poor boys clothing; and the blood curdles in ones veins on learning of his dark designs and devices; of how he tracked and trapped the victims in by-paths and turn-pikes, as they came from field or factory, and as he visited them in the school-rooms, even. A favorite opportunity for the lecher was on Sunday afternoons when the children would go to the parsonage to get books to read, the parson being librarian of the Pius Society. Many of the children would, however, obstinately refuse to go to the seducing devil any longer.

This state of affairs being abundantly testified to, the public persecutor moved for a punishment of six and a half years in the penitentiary with hard labor, but the Criminal Court, finding the term too short, extended it to seven and one-half years. A few yards of hempen neckwear would have been the right length, for is it not Voltaire who said that there would be no peace and happiness on earth till the last priest be strangled with the entrails of the last king?

Such is the fruit of the celibacy of the Roman Catholic clergy! Such are the men (or at least a lamentably large portion thereof) to whom so many blind, ignorant, credulous, and unsophisticated parents entrust the education of their children!

When will the end come? When light has driven darkness from the fair face of a priest-polluted earth and the cross of Christ is duly recognized by all in its true hideousness as the

voluptuary symbolic relic of the Bacchanalian phallus worship of ancient paganism, which at least had one advantage over its offspring, Christianity, in openly professing its cult of nymphomania and satyriasis.

L. H.

IN THE SIERRAS.

Here the high mountain-peaks are calm at rest,
Grand in the gloom of solitude and snow;
Sublime in their repose, they have impressed
Their sombre glory on all forms below.
The skies of crystal blue above them glow
In one majestic sphere of boundless light,
Where height and depth and distance grandly show
The magnitudes of nature, and invite
The thoughtful mind to some yet loftier height.

For mind expands with oceans, mountains, stars,
Absorbing them, explaining the unknown;
To Nature's secrets breaking down the bars,
It claims the Universe as all its own.
Here it has built a kingdom, there a throne,
Its natural law is that it must desire
To stand on suns and stars, and if alone,
'Tis destined ever onward to aspire,
Forever on, through whirlwind, flood, or fire.

Enter this glorious forest! 'Tis a scene
In which our feelings grow, and growing glow
With the sublimity of all between
The sun above and clouds and earth below.
Within this august place man may bow low
To the Omnipotent; this is his shrine,
High in the mountains, amidst clouds and snow,
And near the heavens; and here the sunbeams shine
To light this fane imperishable, divine.

Its green arcades expand from dizzy spires,
So high they only seem to fade away,
Where light and distance, fainting, each retires
Into the glorious solar realms of day.
Here morn's auroral splendors, in their play
Of crimson radiance and celestial gold,
Give to the clouds and forests their display
Of beautiful sublimity. Behold!
Space arched o'er all, their natural dome unrolled.

No surpliced priest, no mitred bishop here
Has consecrated this to the most high
With pagan pomp, oblations insincere;
But the strong earthquake, passing swiftly by,
And the winged cyclone, shaking earth and sky,
Are the great ministers whose prayers are heard.
Their orisons are thunderbolts that fly
On flame and lightning, scorching creeds absurd,
And are a part of God's most holy word.

Thoughtful and watchful, I have lingered here
Till on day's verge the sun goes down to rest;
I see that glorious monarch disappear
With feelings far too deep to be expressed;
Yet neither can the spirit be suppressed,
For the eternal fountains of the soul
Like a great river's flood flow unrepressed,
Gathering new volume as they near the goal
Of Time; and lo! eternities unroll.

—SIERRA.

Mammoth Grove, Aug., 1889.

SPIRITUALITY AND MATERIALITY.

Although a believer in a spiritual existence which follows this material one, I think this, our present life, has little to do with spirituality. We are now material beings and cannot subsist on spiritual things, no matter how pleasant such are to contemplate or to dream about. In material things alone we find our food, clothing, and shelter; and nothing spiritual can feed the body, give it protection from heat and cold, or provide it with habitation. It is a fact, nevertheless, that many people devote their principal efforts in life to disseminating spiritual ideas, while pretending to ignore and rise above material things; but these same people find themselves dependent on matter for every thought they ever had, and for the sustenance that keeps the life-principle in their flesh and blood. In view of this one fact, what does all their windy verbiage on spirituality amount to? Is it needed? and is the world in any way benefited by it? I have reached the

conclusion that it isn't; and hold that dabbling with spiritual things and dealing with conditions that may or may not exist in another world, is something that works injury to this, by diverting time and attention from the practical affairs of life. I have also noticed that spiritual teachers as a class live very near the material plane, notwithstanding their precepts and advice to others about cultivating spirituality; and most of them—if their health is good—fail to practice what they preach. Spiritual things have always been held up before the masses to lessen discontent by exciting anticipations that would lead them to forget present privations, and divert their minds from the inequalities of life occasioned by unjust laws; while the priest and the politician have worked harmoniously and lived high on the fat of the land. Consequently spiritual things here and now are a mockery and a delusion, and the ignis fatuus of simplicity and credulity. Spiritual teachers were never known to take pay for their services in spiritual things; but invariably demand that the exchange of commodities shall give to them material money or material products. For feeding the masses on windy nonentities, as far as this life is concerned, they obtain the tangible, comfort-giving, life-sustaining necessities of existence. In other words, something for nothing. When hearing any person discoursing on the necessity of cultivating spirituality or the value of spiritual things, I now feel that my time is being wasted and nothing beneficial is received. This material world contains all that we need now, and spiritual things will have their uses when we become spiritual beings in a spiritual world; and not before. In saying this I am not unmindful of the fact that the desire is universal to know what follows death: whether annihilation or a spiritual existence; but when this desire has been satisfied by the knowledge or belief that life continues in a spiritual state, it is folly to neglect material things by striving after spiritual. Too much importance has always been attached to the spirit world, and this one has been neglected in consequence. Our present needs and duties are confined to materiality, and the physical body takes precedence over the soul, because its condition decides the mental states and regulates the happiness of the soul. The state of the body invariably decides the state of the mind, and to deal with practical things in a practical manner, I will remark that this is the motto I nail to the wall of my domicile:

.....
: PHYSICAL COMFORT IS THE BASIS OF ALL HAPPINESS. A HUNGRY :
: MAN IS AN ANGRY MAN. GOD BLESS OUR HOME. :
:.....

It has been said by historians that hunger would throw that great and good man, George Washington, into a perfect rage; and I am somewhat like George in that respect myself. In fact, I have found this complaint general in my observations among the human bipeds, differing in degree, whether "spiritual-minded" or otherwise. Nature is inexorable in her demands, and the pangs of hunger, if unappeased, will plant a little sheol in the breast of man's immortal soul. If her spiritual demands, though unappeased, will create such a disturbance, I have never realized it; neither have I seen those who have. Spiritual wants as far as I know make little disturbance, but let the body want for food, raiment, or shelter, and we realize by unmistakable evidence the power of matter over mind, or body over spirit. You cannot neglect the body and find peace for the soul, and only when its wants are supplied can any person feel or honestly assert that life is worth living. What then is the duty of mankind and the need of the present? Is it to build more churches, to send out more spiritual teachers, and to monkey with metaphysics? No! It is to regulate conditions in this material world so every person born into it can obtain the comforts of life and provide for his physical wants. Provide for the body and the soul will take care of itself; and let this fact be blazoned forth until mankind learns that spiritual things are of no earthly account, and spiritual teachers of all kinds, grades, and characters are simply humbugs and drones, without whom the world would be better off. It is not more spirituality the world wants, but less ignorance, less selfishness, and more of justice and equity between man and man. When the world is properly fed, clothed, and sheltered, and man's material wants and necessities are fully provided for, then, and not till then, will we see the millennium.

The world has been surfeited with spiritual theories, doctrines, and dogmas to better the condition of mankind, but each and all have proved to be total failures for the good and sufficient reason that spiritual things are not adapted to a material world. The combination will not work, and it is about time that fact was generally known and the reign of reason and common sense was established on a purely material basis. Spirituality will do to dream about in our slumbers, but in waking hours materiality alone can satisfy the senses and give comfort and pleasure to life.

C. SEVERANCE.

DID JESUS CHRIST RISE FROM THE DEAD ?*

VIII.

What a pity Christ, instead of learning to get out of the grave and fly, had not made himself acquainted with what, in astronomical language, is known as the *parallax*. In other words, he should have made himself aware of the change of the earth's position in relation to celestial objects. It might have troubled him to, trigonometrically, have tried to find the angle in the triangle, whose apex was Sirius, subtended by a line joining two extremities of the earth's orbit. This might have been work beneath the august dignity of a carpenter-god, but wellnigh as dignified as riding on donkeys and cursing fig-trees. He would have found that the angle at the apex is too small to be appreciated by the nicest instrument astronomy ever had at its command, although the instruments now in the hands of modern astronomers could appreciate the angle were it so much as one second or the 3600th part of a degree. Therefore it has been concluded that, at the very least, Sirius is 19,200,000,000 miles distant from the earth. Christ flying for 1,884 years—at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour—will, by this time, have flown about 16,503,840,000 miles, so that he is many millions of miles from Sirius! Sirius, indeed, is quite at our own doors compared with the remote star system (30 Doradus) which the telescope of Sir John Herschell discovered in the Magellanic clouds of the southern celestial hemisphere. The late Dr. Nichol, professor of astronomy in the University of Glasgow, represents us as in the centre of a sphere whose circumference is 35,000 times as far from us as Sirius, and asserts that, even beyond that circuit, "infinity, boundless infinity, stretches unfathomed forever." But neither in the Magellanic clouds, nor in the remotest star-dust system, has the telescope descried one vestige of the kingdom of heaven or one plume of an angel's wing.

So much for the journey Christ set himself on the day he flew from Olivet. I have shown how many miles he is now distant from Olivet, if he has been flying ever since, summer and winter, day and night, at the rate of a cannon ball. I have not, in my calculation, allowed him a single halt to thrash any one with whip-cords, or thrust any Chorazin to hell. Do you say I am too irreverently literal? I ask you, in all candor and fairness, if you do not wish me to believe that Christ really flew "up into heaven" from the Mount of Olives, what do you desire me to believe? Did he not fly, but only appear to do so, and thereby delude his dupes like a Cheap-Jack, with some sleight-of-hand and a juggler's trick? He must have done the one or the other, or the scripture lies. Take your alternative. Do not evade me by asserting he was a "spirit" of which you and I know nothing. If he were God incarnate, he had a body. Spirit or no spirit, the buoying of a human body into the air is necessarily linked with the concepts of force and space and time. Spirit or no spirit, if he took his body with him, he must have taken it at the rate of so many knots an hour. If he did not take it with him, he is no more clothed with humanity than are the other members of the Trinity. Has he yet overtaken Enoch and Elijah, who also flew to heaven, having a good start of him? Are the whole three still flying through space, like rival hawks in falconry, and ejaculating,

"Deil tak' the hindmost, on they drive?"

O priests of the doomed faith, your Christianity is only a paradigm of insanity, and your church a synonym for a mad-house. Civilization, indeed—we a civilized people! It is only civilized lunacy that can interest itself in the exploits of a flying god.

*By Saladin, editor of the Agnostic Journal.

But the curious fact in regard to Christ's flying to heaven—another fact upon which clergymen never preach—is his having flown twice to heaven, at two different times, and from two different places at least fifty miles apart! Mark and Luke make the ascension occur on the day of the resurrection; and the Mount of Olives, quite close to Jerusalem, has been fixed upon as the perch from which the divine aeronaut flew. But, according to Matthew, he first appeared to the eleven at a mountain in Galilee, the nearest point in Galilee being about fifty miles distant from Olivet! Of course, both accounts must be true; they are both alike inspired by the Holy Ghost. He flew to heaven from Olivet on the day of the resurrection; but, several days after, he appeared to the eleven on a mountain in Galilee. Consequently, as I have said, his ascent must have been accomplished from two different places and at two different times. In other words, he went to heaven in piecemeal or by instalments. Not having started from earth at the same time, the two instalments could hardly reach heaven at the same time. It would be exceedingly awkward, if, when he went to sit down at the right hand of the father, he found that the sitting-down portion of him had not yet arrived. All this is, of course, remarkably easily understood and believed; and any one who believes it will be "saved."

"Palestine was one of the countries most in arrear in the science of the day; the Galileans were the most ignorant of all the inhabitants of Palestine, and the disciples of Jesus might be reckoned among the most stupid Galileans."

"That some of the Christian legends were deliberate forgeries can scarcely be questioned; the principle of pious fraud appeared to justify the mode of working on the popular mind; it was admitted and avowed. . . . The Christian lived in a supernatural world; the notion of the divine power, the perpetual interference of the deity, the agency of the countless invisible beings which hovered over mankind, was so strongly impressed upon the belief that every extraordinary, and almost every ordinary, incident, became a miracle, every inward emotion a suggestion, either of a good or an evil spirit. A mythic period was thus gradually formed, in which reality melted into fable, and invention unconsciously trespassed on the province of history."

The former of these two quotations is from Ernest Renan, the latter from the Rev. Dean Milman. They form the padlock and the key to the mystery of the origin and growth of Christianity. The creed originated amid the exceptionally credulous ignorance of the Jews, and grew amid the pious frauds of the more grossly superstitious among the Gentiles. Under Constantine, for state reasons, it was invested with the purple of empire; and it takes many centuries for Truth, poor and in rags, to slay Error, dressed in purple and fine linen. At last, however, truth has gained a vantage-ground from which victory is almost within her grasp. At last she can thus fearlessly assault religious fables without atoning for her temerity in religious dungeons, or chained to a stake amid the red and angry swirl of religious flames.

THE SUMMER AND FALL CAMPAIGN.

S. P. Putnam has the following lecture appointments in Oregon and Washington:

Dayton . . . W. T., Aug. . . . 24, 25,	Hillsboro, . . . Or., Sept., . . . 27,
Pomeroy . . . W. T., Aug. . . . 26,	North Yamhill . . . Or., Sept. 28, 29,
La Grande, Or. . . . Aug. . . . 29,	Forest Grove . . . " " . . . 30,
Union . . . Or. " . . . 30,	Ranier . . . " Oct. . . . 5, 6,
Baker City, Or. Sept. . . . 1,	Stella, . . . W. T., " . . . 7,
Crocker City, Or., " . . . 2, 3,	Portland . . . Or., " 12, 13, 14,
Prairie City, Or. and vicinity, Sept.	Brownsville . . . " " . . . 16,
5, 6, 7,	Eugene . . . " " . . . 17, 18,
Fox Valley . . . Or., Sept. 9, 10,	Coburg . . . " " . . . 19, 20,
Long Creek . . . " " 11, 12,	Talent . . . " " . . . 22, 23,
Hamilton . . . " " 14, 15,	Linkville . . . " " 25, 26, 27,
Monument . . . Or., Sept. 16, 17,	Los Angeles and vicinity the month
Hay Stack . . . " " 18,	of November,
Lone Rock . . . " " 19, 20,	San Diego and vicinity the month of
Fossil . . . " " 21, 22,	December.

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

"Robert Elsmere," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Price, 50 cents.

SABBATH AND SUNDAY.

The "American Sabbath Union," says the Portland Oregonian, wants a law enacted to enforce abstention from labor on Sunday. Though the Union itself professes to observe the day as a religious duty, in compliance with the command of the almighty, as given through Moses, it wishes the state to command its observance as "a rest day," solely as a measure of secular policy, for the physical and moral well-being of the body of the people. Observed in this way, however, Sunday will not be a sacred day. It will merely be a holiday, and this, in fact, with very great numbers is its significance now.

Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, in his sermons on the subject, says: "The right arm of the Union's work is to promote the religious Sabbath, the left arm is to preserve the civil Sabbath. The religious Sabbath treats Sunday work and dissipation as sins against God; the civil Sabbath considers them only as crimes against man." This is not an ingenuous way of putting the statement. It is found impossible to enforce the doctrine that non-observance of Sunday is a sin against God, and now there is an effort to gain the point through indirection, by making failure to keep Sunday as a day of rest a crime against man.

But if the state is not to enforce observance of Sunday as a sacred day, it cannot possibly make non-observance of Sunday a crime. It can appoint Sunday as a day of weekly rest, a holiday after the manner of other holidays; but if the day of weekly rest stands on this ground it may be observed or not, as persons may or may not wish to observe it. We have now many holidays, but their observance is merely voluntary. The state, unless it forms an alliance with the church to declare non-observance of Sunday a sin against God, has no more ground for its command to men to rest on the Sunday holiday than on the Christmas holiday; and, in fact, since the requirements of modern life make it desirable, and even necessary, that many activities shall continue without interruption of holidays or rest days, the people, or a majority of them, would not want the proposed Sunday law enforced, and hence it would not be enforced. A great many persons now rest on Sundays; some rest on other days of the week as convenience or opportunity allows; and a great many of us would rest not only one day in the week, but seven days in the week, if we could. Necessity, in one form or another, drives most of us to work and keeps us at it. From this necessity the state never can relieve us. We rest when we can, and work because we can't help it.

There can be no dispute over the historical origin either of the Jewish Sabbath or Christian Sunday. How far either is "sacred" must be left to individual feeling, and this again depends on temperament, education, reading, and thought. We know how the Jewish Sabbath originated; the book of Deuteronomy gives us a positive statement. The people of Israel were commanded to "keep the Sabbath day" in commemoration of the fact that God had delivered them from servitude in the land of Egypt; and the account we have in the book of Genesis of the creation, written probably 500 years after the deliverance from Egypt, and after the Sabbath had long been established among the Jews, states that God "rested on the seventh day and sanctified it." The week was a very ancient division of time; there is reason to believe that the Israelites derived it from Chaldea during their sojourn there and before they went down into Egypt, and the Chaldeans, the earliest astronomers, based it on the seven planetary bodies then known, including the sun and moon, and a day of the week was made sacred to each. During the latter part of the period of their sojourn in Egypt the people of Israel had been oppressed with grievous servitude. They had been forced to work under task-masters without rest or holiday, and when they recovered their liberties after the exodus, it was natural that they should seek and receive a revelation authorizing and commanding them to rest one day in seven. Moses presented, as from Jahveh, the God of Israel, the command the people wanted, and the Sabbath was fixed in the constitution of the Jewish state. We make constitutions in a different manner now. They had no constitutional conventions then; Moses went up to Sinai and brought the constitution back. Attested by lightning and thunder, that deeply impressed a people wholly un-

accustomed to such phenomena, the constitution was received and adopted, not as from the "Supreme Ruler of the universe," as the convention at Olympia puts it, but as from the local and tribal god of Israel, a god who was for Israel all the time, and against everybody else.

The Christian world has changed the sacred day, the day of rest, from Saturday to Sunday. For this change there is not even the semblance of divine authority that appears in the sanction of the Jewish Sabbath. Nowhere in the New Testament is the substitution of Sunday for Saturday as "the Sabbath" authorized or enjoined. The first day of the week, or Sunday, is mentioned only eight times in the New Testament, and in none of the texts is there the least hint that the day was sacred, or was thereafter to be so considered. In one place in the New Testament mention is made of a religious meeting held on the first day of the week, and there is no doubt that during the early years of Christianity these meetings became frequent. Jesus was believed to have risen on that day, and these meetings were held chiefly in commemoration of the resurrection. But throughout the New Testament the seventh day of the week is uniformly called the Sabbath, and there is no command for the observance of the first day of the week as a holy or sacred day. The authority for such observances rests partly on a usage of the early church, but chiefly on a decree of the Emperor Constantine who, in the year 321, when that union was made between church and state which the world has ever since been trying to sever, ordained the union of the worship of Christ with the worship of Apollo, and commanded "rest on the venerable day of the sun."

Sun worship, symbolized by the worship of Apollo as the god of the sun, was common throughout the Roman empire. The first day of the week, or Sunday, was the day devoted to this heathen worship. This form of idolatry was almost universal throughout the ancient world. In Gibbon's History, chapter xx, we read: "The devotion of Constantine was peculiarly directed to the genius of the sun, the Apollo of Greek and Roman mythology; and he was pleased to be represented by the symbols of the god of light and poetry. The unerring shafts of that deity, the brightness of his eyes, his laurel wreath, immortal beauty and elegant accomplishments, seemed to point him out as the patron of a young hero. The altars of Apollo were covered with the votive offerings of Constantine; and the credulous multitude were taught to believe that the emperor was permitted to behold with mortal eyes the visible majesty of their tutelar deity; and that, either waking or in a vision, he was blessed with the auspicious omens of a long and virtuous reign. The sun was universally accepted as the invincible guide and protector of Constantine."

The emperor, therefore, commanded the observance of the day devoted to the worship of the sun, not as the Sabbath, which it was not, but under its old astronomical and heathen title, *Dies Solis*, or the day of the sun, which it was. It was a piece of statecraft, designed as a means of uniting the worship of Christ with the worship of Apollo, and Constantine stamped on his coins the name of one and the image of the other. The idea was to create harmony in the empire by making it appear that the religions differed little from each other, and were in fact essentially the same.

Historically, therefore, the observance of Sunday is an outgrowth of sun worship. Having seen the origin of the observance of the seventh day of the week as a holy day, the manner of the change from the seventh day to the first day and the reason therefor, we may be able to get a juster estimate of the assertion that it is a sin against God to do anything on Sundays for which our ecclesiastical teachers have not granted us a dispensation. The other part of the argument, that men work too assiduously and therefore that a weekly rest-day should be ordained by law, may seem to superficial observation quite another thing; but in fact it has its origin in a desire to cause the state to support the church in the claim that non-observance of Sunday is a sin against God. But for this and for their desire to have the day all their own, the ministers of our "Sabbath Union" would care little whether working people had one day's rest in a week, or not. Very probably they would even exhort us against the sin of idleness, when we proposed a rest-day for ourselves.

ELIMINATION OF INCONSTANT FACTORS.

In endeavoring to ascertain the cause of any given class of effects, the rule of logic is, to eliminate, among the many intermingled factors each one of which is suspected of being the cause, those factors that are inconstant. The remaining constant factor, present in all cases, is plainly the cause. Now, an effect whose cause we wish to ascertain is, our present civilization. So we must examine all the countries in which civilization is present, and eliminate all the factors that are by chance present in some countries but not in others; that is, inconstant. The remaining constant factor, present in all countries, will plainly be the cause.

The honor of being the cause of our civilization is claimed by Christians for their religion, and also by Rationalists for Freethought and material development. Application of the logical method gives a test that is decisive. On the one hand, every country that has civilization has Freethought and material development, commenced to get civilization not when it had merely Christianity but when it commenced to get Freethought and material development, and now has civilization in degree just proportioned to its degree of Freethought and material development. On the other hand, those countries that have Christianity only, and have not Freethought and material development, remain still without civilization. Christianity, then, is an inconstant factor, and is not the cause; Freethought and material development, then, is a constant factor, and is the cause.

Having made the general statements, it remains to name the particular facts in proof. To name the countries that have civilization, along with Freethought and material development, is unnecessary; the list is lengthy, and we all know them. To name the countries that are without civilization, having Christianity but not Freethought and material development, is what we will now proceed to do.

There are two such countries, and they afford us excellent test cases. One is Spain. Her situation, on a peninsula, the only contiguous country being France, with whom she has always had a hostility that prevented the introduction of French or other improvements, has helped to preserve her isolated from other nations. The other cause of her isolation has been her religious bigotry. At all events, here she has been isolated for centuries. All this time she has been the most intensely, fiercely, hotly Christian nation in the world. Has this Christianity of which they boast produced in her civilization? No. She is a semi-barbarous country to-day.

Abyssinia is the next example. Christianity was introduced there in the year 300. It has flourished luxuriantly. It has caused the Abyssinians to rave, kneel, pray, cringe, split into sects, kill, persecute, and tell lies about one another. In short, it has had all its legitimate effects. But owing to the geographical situation of Abyssinia, Freethought and material civilization did not get in, and to-day the Abyssinians are savages.

Besides these two countries, a late dispatch from Paris calls our attention to another that will probably serve as an example:

PARIS, July 16.—A letter has been received by the Paris Geographical Society announcing that Count Teleki, who a while ago discovered the big lake Basso-Narok in east central Africa, found a Christian tribe to the north of this lake. They live about three hundred miles southwest of Abyssinia. No white man or native missionary has ever been among them as far as they know, and Count Teleki is the first to give any information about them. He believes that at some distant period in the past they have had relations with the Christian Abyssinians. About eight hundred years ago a princess of the Jewish faith drove out the reigning dynasty in northern Abyssinia, and for a century the Christians were bitterly persecuted. It is thought probable that during this era some Abyssinian families escaped to the south and founded Christian colonies, from whom sprung the Christian natives whom Teleki has found surrounded on all sides by paganism. Their religion is a very debased form of Christianity, but considerable New Testament history has been handed down to them in traditions, and they have a priesthood, the cross, and other emblems of Christianity.

Now, are these savages in any degree elevated above surrounding tribes? Does the explorer say he finds in them the arts and sciences of civilization? If Christianity produces all such good things, why has it not produced them there? Why the remarkable exception? Why do we not read of the explorer, astounded, emerging from encircling tribes of low negro trash sunk in their wicked heathen beliefs, to a state of towers and palaces, learning

and justice, triumphant proof to be thundered at us from pulpits? Information of some such thing is sadly wanted.—Truth Seeker.

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

OFFICIAL CALL FOR THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL CONGRESS.

The next annual Congress of the American Secular Union will be held in Philadelphia, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, October 25, 26, and 27, 1889. It is deemed expedient to hold this meeting where our society was organized in 1876, and where the so-called "National Reform Association" has its headquarters, and has recently held an important convention, and for many historic and other reasons.

All charter and life members, all vice-presidents, all chairmen of state executive committees, and all duly accredited delegates from local Secular societies are entitled to seats and votes in this Congress. Each local society is entitled to send its president, secretary, and three other delegates. Annual members by payment of one dollar are entitled to seats.

Particulars as to the place of meeting, speakers, and their subjects, etc., will be announced hereafter.

R. B. WESTBROOK, President,
E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, E. B. FOOTE, JR., Ch. Ex. Com.
M. A. FREEMAN, Ch. Fin. Com. OTTO WERTSTEIN, Treas.

Buckle's Four Propositions.

I have endeavored, says Buckle, in his "History of Civilization," to establish four leading propositions, which, according to my view, are to be deemed the basis of the history of civilization. They are—1. That the progress of mankind depends on the success with which the laws of phenomena are investigated, and on the extent to which a knowledge of those laws is diffused. 2. That before such investigation can begin, a spirit of skepticism must arise, which, at first aiding the investigation, is afterward aided by it. 3. That the discoveries thus made increase the influence of intellectual truths, and diminish relatively, not absolutely, the influence of moral truths; moral truths being more stationary than intellectual truths, and receiving fewer additions. 4. That the great enemy of this movement, and therefore the great enemy of civilization, is the protective spirit; by which I mean the notion that society cannot prosper unless the affairs of life are watched over and protected at nearly every turn by the State and the Church; the State teaching men what they are to do, and the Church teaching them what they are to believe.

A Logical Necessity.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Inclosed you will find \$2 to pay for my subscription to FREETHOUGHT, and 10 cents for "The Glory of Infidelity."

Your paper has become a necessity to me, and I won't do without it as long as I can pay for it. I wish I had \$20 to send, to help along the glorious cause of Freethought.

WM. SHERMAN.

East Portland, Or.

Why He Cannot Subscribe.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I am in receipt of your letter; also of copy of FREETHOUGHT. You state the importance of sustaining the Liberal papers, to which I certainly agree. You suggest that I subscribe and aid in obtaining subscriptions, with which I would comply gladly if I could. I think FREETHOUGHT one of our best and ablest Liberal papers. But I am now sixty-one years of age, almost, and have devoted my life chiefly to reform—anti-slavery, when it cost much to oppose slavery; woman suffrage, anti-Mormonism, free trade, and the like. I have sacrificed much in opposing the silly superstitions of the church, which were much more popular when I was young than they are now. I am at present a farmer. And farmers were never so poor as now. Tariff taxes on his supplies take all that he can earn. He sells his crops in a free-trade market and buys supplies taxed from 25 to 150 per cent. The Eastern manufacturing states are booming with prosperity, while agriculture is robbed and being crushed out for the benefit of trusts and monopolies. I am too poor to take the Liberal papers—yours among others—much to my regret.

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Very respectfully yours, A. J. GROVER.

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Early Western Journalism.

[The following, from the New York Graphic, is a good story in itself, and besides has for one of its principal characters a gentleman who is now well known in the Liberal ranks, the Hon. Joseph Wolff.]

When William N. Byers, the Colorado pioneer of journalism, first started in to print the Rocky Mountain News he had a pretty tough time of it and experiences lively enough to suit a Ute Indian agent.

News was plentiful enough, and it was not generally supposed that the press would make any editorial attacks upon the citizens of Auraria, as Denver was then called; so one day when Byers found fault editorially with the killing of a Mexican by Charles Harrison, a gambler, the latter's friends, fully armed, gathered about and made an attack upon the log house occupied by the News. The editor and his reporters and type-setters were so surprised at the suddenness of the attack that they did not have time to make any resistance.

Editor Byers was taken captive to Harrison's saloon, called the "Criterion." The crowd wanted to kill him on the spot, and knives and pistols were flourished in his face. Harrison had once been a Mason, and knew that Byers was a member of the fraternity, so, under the pretense of taking him into a side room to talk, he got him out of the place altogether.

Byers was plucky enough, for he ran for his office, and, arming all hands, laid low for the enemy, who came fast enough, and a lively combat took place and one man was killed.

It was just about this time that the Hon. Joseph Wolff, of Boulder, Col., who was a good printer and a handy man about an office, arrived in town from Omaha via a freight train.

He was dead broke, and he made at once for the News office and asked for the boss. Byers, seated on a barrel, was pointed out to him.

"Want any hands?" asked Joe, leaning against the door.

"That depends," said Byers, without looking up.

"Depends on what?"

"Can you shoot?"

"You bet."

"Will you?"

"Of course."

"Well, then," said the editor, getting off the barrel, "here's a rifle and there's a case—go to work."

"What'll I do first," asked Wolff, "kill somebody or throw in a case?"

Byers went to the window, leaned well out, looked up and down carefully, and then turning back, said:

"I guess you'll have time to throw in a handful."

Just about this time the office was in a state of siege, and to write and print what Byers wrote and printed at that time required a greater amount of moral courage,

or what is more commonly called nerve, than is possessed by journalists of the present day.

Many threats were made and more than one combat took place, but the editor came out ahead, and always stuck to the paragraph in his salutatory, which read: "Our course is marked out. We will adhere to it, with steadfast and fixed determination to speak, write, and publish the truth, and nothing but the truth, let it work us weal or woe."

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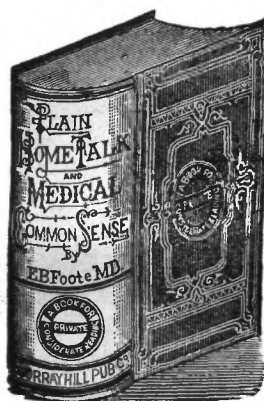
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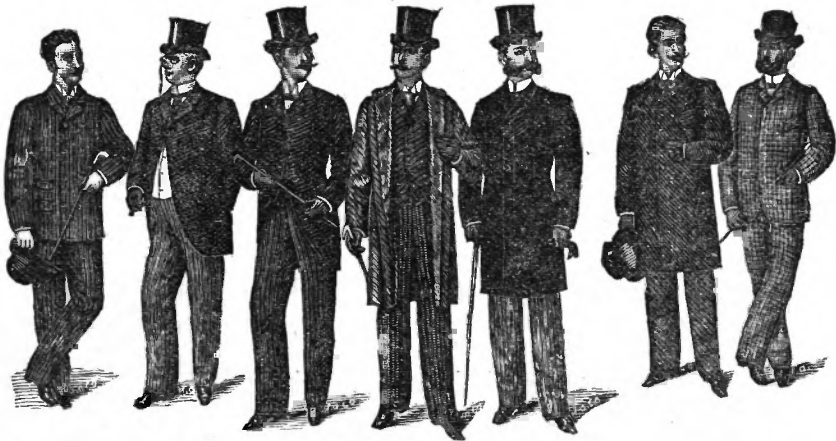
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FREETHOUGHT.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, }
GEO. E. MACDONALD, } EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - AUGUST 31, 1889.

KING HUMBERT of Italy has been excommunicated by the pope, so says the Venice Gazette, on account of his participation in the dedication of the Bruno monument at Rome, June 9. The king does not complain.

ENGLISH manufacturers of idols for heathen countries have over \$1,000,000 invested in the industry, which employs hundreds of hands; and in spite of the large sums of expended on missionary enterprises, Satan still some mischief finds for these idol hands to do.

MR L. K. WASHBURN will probably assume the editorial chair of the Boston Investigator left vacant by the death of Horace Seaver. He has for some time been connected with the paper as lecturer and writer, and no better choice of editor could be made.

THE clergy are anxious to serve the country. Two hundred and fifty of them applied for a chance to fill the vacancy in the corps of army chaplains which occurred August 29. The 249 disappointed parsons will of course pray ardently that the labors of the successful applicant may be abundantly blessed, and perhaps they will do as much good in that way as they would if every one of them had secured the post.

A "BUSTED" politician of Oakland named Ayers, who had been pestering a prosperous politician for a job, was offered five dollars a day if he would stand still and keep his mouth shut. He accepted the proposition and put in last Saturday at his new contract. The same offer should be made to the Rev. Dr. Horton and some of the other Oakland preachers and politicians. The citizens would probably be glad to make a public appropriation to cover the expense incurred.

THE article in this paper by Judge Bush on the Washington Constitution deserves careful reading. It seems that the convention fell far short of framing a constitution sufficiently explicit in its provisions to prevent a practical union of church and state whenever an unscrupulous legislature chooses to bring about such a union. While dealing with the matter of taxation the convention should have settled the question forever by providing that all private property should pay its just share of taxes.

THE majority of the ministry strongly favor the prohibition movement and compulsory sobriety. If this is logical, it should be carried further, and they should entirely abandon their calling—which is one of moral suasion wholly—and turn their attention to the lobby, in order to get laws that will compel the people to be religious, and then compel them to be moral. When Christian ministers advocate compulsory laws for anything, they cease to be teachers, sink their calling, and reach the level of politicians.

THE Rev. William Gleeson, a Romish priest of Oakland, declares that our public school system, as now conducted, is productive of crime against life and property. Gleeson is having a discussion on the school system with the Rev. Mr. Wendte, and in a recent published article he charged that "the American public school system was instituted by the efforts of Fanny Wright, a Scotch irreligionist, who came to this country in 1824." Miss Wright came to America in 1818. We were not aware that she instituted our public school system, but if she did, the Rev. Father Gleeson could do her no greater honor than to give that fact all the publicity possible.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, September 1, at 8 o'clock. Thomas Curtis will speak on "Fifty Years of Freethought."

NEWS AND NOTES.

Buckley has sprung out of the depths of the woods. The new civilization mingles with the ancient forests. Immense stumps are in the middle of the streets, almost big enough to live in. But the fires burn in the heart of them night and day and they are fast disappearing. When evening spreads its mantle a somewhat lurid aspect is presented. One might imagine himself on the confines of hades. The forked flames are leaping here and there in the lofty branches, while heavy volumes of smoke roll from the ground as if in the chambers of the earth were the workshops of the infernal host. But the spirit of man is here, the flowers grow and the green grass, the cottage and the cabin are built, the fireside sparkles, the wheels of industry make music, the rattle and the thunder of the mills are heard, the great trees tumble down, the iron horse speeds and glitters by, and glimpses of a beautiful Eden are caught amid the charred masses of the wilderness gloom. Only a year old is this thriving little city, and it has the vitality of manhood already. It has come to stay. If it has grown in a night it has the promise of the boundless day. I have met nowhere with a warmer welcome or more generous friends.

Coke Ewing is a host in himself—not only willing to do his share but earnest to induce others to do the same. He is an able enlisting officer in the ranks of Freethought. He is a lead-

ing merchant of the place, but is not afraid to speak his thought openly, and he has lost nothing by so doing. A few such men along the line would advance our movement wonderfully. They help to develop our forces by brave and inspiring efforts; and brighter hopes shine on the way of toil.

His mother, Mrs. R. B. Ewing, has been a Freethinker almost from her youth by the simple power of her own thought. Born upon the frontier, in the bosom of the Presbyterian church, she had but few books to read, or other advantages for culture. She had to make her way by innate force into the fair fields of truth. The first book to open her eyes was "Nelson on Infidelity," a plea for the orthodox faith. The very weakness of its arguments convinced her of the false foundations of the Christian religion, and from that time on she has followed the path of common sense and humanity. She is a noble exemplification of the independence of woman. Five years ago she plunged into the wilderness—before the railroad was built, or scarcely a cabin—and took up a claim, and with wonderful pertinacity has held on and made a home. A six-foot man couldn't do any better than this gentle and delicate woman, in the conquest of nature. On the afternoon of Thursday, with Coke Ewing, I wandered through the giant forest to this secluded domicile, about a mile and a half from Buckley. We go along the banks of the White river, where the mills are setting their swift teeth into the stubborn pines and cedars, that are compelled to abdicate their branching freedom and become boards, nothing but boards. Such is the relentless way of civilization. We beheld one of these monarchs bow its shaggy crown, amidst dust and turmoil, to the shuddering earth. It seemed cruel, and if these trees have life how they must revolt against this tyranny. If trees ever have it their own way I wonder what kind of revenge they will take. In a cleared space of about two acres, no other dwellings in sight, is the residence of Mrs. Ewing, in a kind of delicious solitude, where the green and gray ranks hem in from the world; where the river flashes in the verdant shrubbery, and not a sound can be heard save what the birds make, and the winds and rushing stream. Here is the home of Freethought; here are books and papers, and the latest and brightest outcome of man's genius, and mingling with the majesty of the unhewn forest are the fires of the human mind that make the wilderness bloom and blossom like the rose.

B. F. Small, whom I met two years ago at Seattle, is still on the pioneer roll and finds no halting-place for thought or deed, and is always at the front, and keeps up good cheer. He makes the sparks fly, and the anvil chorus rings. Around his hospitable board I found the "feast of reason and flow of soul."

Since I saw my friend last he has taken to himself a wife, and as neither of them believes in the "rib story," equality is the angel of the fireside.

Mrs. Mary Ballard is also a woman without superstition, who studies the problems of life with earnest purpose and finds no use for the churches.

E. M. Goss, Robert Donaldson, Charles Harkens, Leon Emont, D. S. Dundas, A. D. Teuke, A. Wickersham, F. L. Clogston, E. VanAlstine, are on the roll of Freethought. These and many others have made my work at Buckley pleasant and successful. The lectures were largely attended. The school-house was full both evenings. At present there is no church building here and the clergy are rather scarce. They don't find a very adequate support. Buckley is fortunate in its vigorous infancy. But I suppose the grip will come ere long—the hand of priestly power. But in the mean time Freethought is pushing on, the sun is

shining and the flowers are growing, and out of the heart of the gloomy forest this fair village is making its way to wealth and beauty and elegant homes, and the depths of gloom will be succeeded by golden harvest fields.

The Allman brothers and other friends came over from Boise City, and this also has a look ahead and don't propose to trail its colors in the dust.

So everything has a brilliant look. Onward and upward, over and through the Cascades, is my journey now. In the bright sunset Pasco gleams into view, and we cross the mighty river which seems here like a vast lake stretching into misty distances. On from Pasco to Cheney, and the moon rises and the midnight hour is struck before we arrive. A good sleep refreshes for the bright morning. I have a chance for breakfast, and a few words with comrade Jewell, who, unfortunately, is on a bed of sickness, but is cheerful as ever and won't give up the ship. The train starts for Davenport, but when half way there, at Medical Lake, the engine breaks down, and for four hours we are doomed to wait to the music of the solemn pines—and a melancholy music it is—until we hear the whistle of the locomotive that comes to give us a lift. I reach Davenport at about five o'clock P.M., instead of eleven o'clock A.M., but in plenty of time for the lecture, and so I submit to the delay without any expletives. My friend Wilson is ready to greet me, and whenever I see his face I know that everything is all right, and that the flag is flung to the breeze. In a little while I am whisked over the wild and dusty roads to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Nichols, about a half mile from the station, on a gentle eminence overlooking a broad reach of territory, mostly uncultivated but holding the promise of a brilliant future. Mr. Nichols is one of the pioneers of this place but still a young man, and he is making an elegant home on his one hundred and sixty acres. He has planted twelve acres to timber and the trees are growing finely, and in a few years there will be a splendid grove for a Freethought picnic. Numerous fruit trees and vines are also flourishing, and it is demonstrated that this country can be made a garden to vie with any other land in the richness of its products. I had a delightful visit with my friends, who are thorough-going Liberals. I am sorry to report that the little girl was sick Saturday and Sunday, and so the parents could not attend any of the lectures, which was a disappointment all round. Like our grandmother Eve, the little one was too fond of fruit, which, I suppose, is what the theologians would call "original sin." I am glad to say, however, that my little friend was drinking in the sunshine on Monday morning, and was evidently on the road to health. I found my jovial comrade, Peter Selde, hard at work raising a windmill, which is a great deal better than raising a prayer, and will do more—"raise the wind" and shower the parched earth. Selde's handshake and laugh make one feel good all over, for certainly he takes life at the best, and looks to the morning and not to the night. Saturday evening the hall is nearly full. There is an increased attendance upon last year, although not a single clergyman was present, while last year I was flanked by half a dozen.

Sunday morning, amidst showers of dust, but a bright blue sky above, I travel to the ever cheerful fireside of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Ramm, where the Secular Pilgrim has the very best of entertainment, and can continue his journey with renewed courage. Mrs. Ramm has been on the sick list for almost all the past year, but is now better, having visited the golden atmosphere of California. But ill health nor anything else can quench her enthusiasm for Freethought, and Ed. Ramm is just the same, and his house is

good as a Mecca for the pioneers of progress. Always a genial company is present and there is plenty of fun. Mine host relates the following: "A couple of little metropolitan bootblacks had passed three rainy days without a shine. One of them was pious. He prayed the first three days, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' On the fourth day it still rained, and no 'shine' and no nickel. As the prayerful gamin began the usual petition his companion nudged him, 'Say, Jimmie, put in a word for pie this time.'"

Sunday afternoon a fair audience was present. After the lecture I break bread and devour other good things at the table of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, who know how to make the traveler happy without asking a particle of grace. Also we have a little gathering with Mr. and Mrs. Born and their three merry children, and the time flies with joyous wings. In the evening the hall is crowded and the series of lectures closes with a brighter outlook than ever. Davenport is rich in Liberal fellowship. They pull together here. It makes a kind of garden of Eden for the Infidel lecturer. There is not much up-hill work. One feels as if he had plenty of friends and that the world was moving in the right direction.

The Big Bend Country, as it is called round about here, is on the go, indeed. A year ago I had to travel into this country thirty-six miles by team. Now one railroad is already built into Davenport, and another is within four miles and in less than a month will be in the limits of the city. The population has more than doubled since I was here, and a large number of fine dwellings and business blocks have been erected. Everything is favorable for quite a city, and for the development of the resources of the splendid agricultural country in the vicinity.

Monday morning, behind the magnificent team of my namesake, John Putnam, I am whirled to his ranch, where I always find a royal welcome. Mrs. Putnam don't exactly like to be reckoned an Infidel. She likes to picture the Infidel as having horns and hoofs and a ring in his nose, and a brass collar round his neck. She has a fondness for the Christian name, but is no more of a Christian than I am. Her father was a Universalist and called an Infidel in his day, and I rather think that my cousin is more of an Infidel than her father. Her son and daughter, Frank Caverno and Mrs. Connelly, are radical from head to foot, and so we are cousins all around. "Uncle John" has the vim of a pioneer and has "blazed" his own path, and has no use for a sky-pilot. After dinner and farewells we have to hasten to catch the train for Cheney.

Our comrades of former campaigns, Frees and Anderson, could not be with us through all the lectures this time, but are always in trim for work.

Mr. and Mrs. Selde, children and grand-children, sons and daughters, do all make in themselves the color company of the grand army.

Mr. and Mrs. Whittaker were present from Harrington, and they are both staunch and true. I was glad to meet them and place their names upon the roll of honor.

Friend Simmons was with me on my journey to Cheney. His ranch is just outside the city limits, on high ground, making beautiful building-lots for the metropolis of the Big Bend.

Many other friends I meet at Davenport who must be nameless for want of room. Their cordial greetings and generous support will not be forgotten, nor the words of cheer. Always shall this bright land, where the waves of civilization touch its bosom to glittering promise, be a picture of hopefulness and delight, and in the hosts of freedom here are noble allies—devoted leaders

who will always keep to the front—and over these breezy plains our banners shall never droop. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

HORACE SEAVER.

Last Sunday afternoon, says a brief dispatch in a morning paper, the funeral of Horace Seaver, late editor of the Boston Investigator, was held in Paine Memorial Hall. Colonel Ingersoll delivered the eulogy, according to the request of the deceased.

So passes away the oldest Liberal editor, and the editor of the oldest Liberal paper, in the world. We cannot say that he has passed to a higher life, because we do not know; but to us it seems there could be no higher life than that which he led as the advocate of religious liberty and the enemy of superstition.

Mr. Seaver left but brief records for the use of his biographers. He seemed averse to allowing his age to be known. He did not tell of his troubles, for during the past few years he suffered much more than the readers of his paper were permitted to know. In 1888 a volume of selections from his writings, edited by L. K. Washburn, was published under the title of "Occasional Thoughts." It would seem that this should have included at least a brief sketch of the life of so remarkable a man, but it did not. We know, however, that in early life Mr. Seaver learned the printer's trade, and that as long ago as 1830 he printed the first volume of the Investigator for Abner Kneeland; and that when in consequence of religious persecution Mr. Kneeland was obliged to sever his connection with the paper, Mr. Seaver and his associate, Josiah P. Mendum, assumed control of it, the one as editor and the other as publisher. For more than fifty years thereafter no issue of the Investigator appeared that did not contain something from the pen of Horace Seaver.

In early life, we are told, Mr. Seaver married a lady with whom he lived in unalloyed happiness until her death. At her death, he dispensed with the services of a priest, and conducted the funeral himself. He never remarried.

B. F. Underwood, who was a long-time acquaintance of Mr. Seaver, says: "His style had a natural dignity and a Ben. Franklin sort of simplicity. He was an admirer of Shakespeare, and quoted often from him in writing and speaking. Mr. Seaver was an eloquent and effective speaker, and had he cultivated his oratorical and dramatic talents, and exercised them in some popular field, they would doubtless have gained for him a reputation. The most touching funeral address I ever heard was one in which Mr. Seaver, over the dead body of a friend, paid a tribute to his memory. He never tired of dwelling on the great efforts of Webster and Phillips. The latter he thought the most polished and perfect orator of modern times. Mr. Seaver was a man of simple habits and unostentatious life. His naturally generous and charitable disposition made him ever ready to overlook the mistakes and infirmities of his fellowmen. Mr. Seaver's philosophy was that of 'common sense,' and he cared little for idealistic theories and metaphysical speculations. 'One world at a time' (an expression which Ingersoll and others have made familiar to the public the last few years) was Mr. Seaver's motto half a century ago, and he never changed it. During all these years the Investigator advocated unsectarian schools, the removal of disabilities on account of religious belief, the taxation of church property, and the complete secularization of the state. It spoke out boldly for many of the reforms that have triumphed, and for others that have passed through the period of execration, when it required rare moral courage to give them support. Even those who may think they have reason to regret Mr. Seaver's opposition

to Christian beliefs and authorities, cannot withhold admiration of his character, loyalty to his convictions, and brave defense of many a struggling reform."

We hope that a full and faithful account of the life and labors of Horace Seaver will be written and published. It would be a most instructive and helpful work. He perhaps did not possess any surpassing powers either as a writer or an orator. He did not achieve what the world calls great success. He held no high office of position or power. Yet he had a broad and capacious mind, a good memory, the faculty to apply an observation where it would have the most force, a fidelity to facts, an equable temper, a ready pen, and a good address as a public speaker. He was as faithful as the sun, and these qualities won for him from thousands the high esteem and the love which the genius and talent of more brilliant men has failed to gain, though applied to upholding sacred errors and flattering the vanity and ministering to the prejudices of the world. As a lesson and an inspiration his life is not surpassed by that of any character which this century has produced.

INDIFFERENCE.

One of the contentions of Liberalism is that vicarious atonement is immoral, and that a person who shifts to the shoulders of another the burden which he should bear himself is neglecting his duty and shirking his responsibility, and is what in commercial language is known as a "beat." A good many men get through the world by beating their way from the cradle to the grave. There are an equal number who are willing to enjoy all the blessings of civilization and of liberty without doing anything for the promotion of either, and we call attention to this fact for the reason that some of the number are people who are Infidels and profess to be Liberals. We will not say anything about the particular species who take the Freethought papers and never pay for them. They belong to the class that take anything they can get for nothing, whether it is a Freethought paper or a religious one, and there is no help for them short of the grave. We received a notice the other day from one of these fellows who had been taking FREETHOUGHT as a gift for nearly a year. He stated that the sentiments of the paper were, in his opinion, highly dangerous, pernicious, and to be detested, and requested us to discontinue—not at once but—at the expiration of the time for which it was paid, unless the gentleman who had paid his subscription should renew for him! He would not miss a thing he got for nothing though it worked his eternal damnation.

But there is another class, a big class, a most respectable class, of so-called Freethinkers with whom, perhaps, it may be profitable to labor. These are the indifferent people who do not care to take a Freethought paper under any consideration. They say that the world is moving in the right direction, that it is growing more Liberal every day, and that a few years will see the last of the churches. They are partly correct. The world is moving in the right direction, but it is through no merit of theirs that it is doing so. They are passengers who neither work their way nor pay their fare. They are deadheads on the car of progress. They are willing to see others laboring hard, for poor pay, to keep the train in motion. They accept the vicarious atonement and the bleeding sacrifice of those who are crucified daily upon the cross of human selfishness.

Yes, the world is growing more Liberal; but why? For the reason that there are a few men and women who ask nothing but room to stand and work for the advancement of the world.

They do not want money and they do not want praise; they only want to see, before they die, some indication of the dawn of reason over the whole earth. Furthermore, it is for the reason that there are other men and women unselfish enough to give support to those who are doing their work. Because of these—the workers and their supporters and sympathizers—the indifferent man is able to say that the world moves in the right direction. Otherwise he would be either in the church or in the pillory, and there would be no progress.

These indifferentists vary in their activity from the condition of absolute repose to that of occasionally saying a good word for Liberalism or staying with a Freethought lecturer until the hat is passed. Sometimes, when cornered, they will subscribe for a Liberal paper, but they will not renew. Rather will they scratch the universe with a fine-tooth comb to find an excuse for discontinuing. They have "no time to read it." They are "going to move." They "take another paper and can't afford two." They are "obliged to retrench. Times are hard."

The man who does not have time to read a Liberal paper will flounder for three hours a day through columns of prize-fight news. The man who is going to move knows well enough that that is not the true reason. The man who takes the other paper probably owes for it, and the one that has to retrench does not retrench at all except by stopping his paper and discouraging the cause he professes to espouse. Of course there are persons too poor to take a paper, but such cases are rare, and for everyone of them there are dozens who could pay ten subscriptions each and never be inconvenienced by doing so. If what W. S. Bell calls the "half-breeds" would only be honest they would admit that they don't care; that they really don't take interest enough in enlightenment, and progress, and truth to get off the fence on either side; that they hold no particular principles, and are not sure that it pays to have any, and that so long as others are apparently willing to fight their battles for them there is no reason why they should waste their powder.

These conclusions are forced upon us by daily experience. We are assured that nine-tenths of the reasons given by indifferentists for not taking a Liberal paper are hypocritical ones. They are able to pay and they know it. They know that the publication of reform literature is unremunerative, but they appear to think that the publisher can do better work with his hands tied by lack of means and his mind perturbed by discouragement than he would be able to do if these cares were off his mind. They fear that if he can pay for one meal and have enough money left to insure the next one, his brain will do less effective service than it would if he were totally impecunious.

This indifference is the curse of the reform movement. It is the evil which must be overcome, and if every reader would turn his thoughts inward and inquire whether he is paying his way or not, and if not resolve that he will accept no more vicarious services, but immediately discharge his duty to the cause, we believe the battle would be more than half won.

A SECULAR UNION has been formed in Washington county, Or., with the following officers: D. C. Stewart, president; H. O. Hyde, Bruce Huston (Hillsboro), Martin Manning (Greenville), W. S. Hudson (Gaston), Joseph Bucher (Gales City), vice-presidents; Mrs. Sarah C. Todd, secretary; T. M. Hines, treasurer. The Washington County Secular Union will meet the first Sunday in every month, the next meeting being held at Vert's Liberal Hall, Forest Grove, September 1.

THE LADY AND THE PRIEST.

There is a man in Chicago who should have read the Decameron of Boccaccio, taken its lessons to heart, and kicked the Rev. Father Moysant, a Catholic priest, out of his house the first time he darkened its doors. The man's name is McDonald, he is a prominent politician, and the Rev. Father Moysant has run away with his wife. The woman, according to McDonald's statement, was not a giddy girl, and it was not a case of personal infatuation. The priest was scarce better than a tramp when he made her acquaintance—a greasy, ill-mannered reprobate. But the woman became little less than a fanatic in religion, and the brute brought a tremendous religious influence to bear upon her. He had an altar erected in the house, ostensibly for the purpose of worship, but really only as a blind to deceive the husband. The woman was weak mentally; the priest was strong mentally and physically, and with his powerful leverage, the church, she became an easy prey. The intrigue has been going on for two years, the priest having married the woman by talking off her husband's ring and substituting his own, and exacting from her an oath that she would be a wife to him only.

The exposure of this priestly intrigue is something of a new departure. It is generally understood that such performances are confined to the confessional box, and the priests are usually crafty enough to keep their counsel and avoid publicity. Perhaps it will set husbands to inquiring what the relations are between their wives and daughters and the impostors who extort from them their most sacred and private thoughts. If it does, the present deplorable affair may result in some good.

A GOOD WORD FOR JUDGE TERRY.

To the Editors of Freethought:

The inclosed resolutions will doubtless sufficiently refute your remarks in the last issue of FREETHOUGHT. I will, however, add that I have personally known Judge Terry for more than twenty years, and his reputation has not been that of a desperado or a bully. His private life and morals, like his official life and acts, were above reproach. He was not a Catholic, hence he had no claims for burial services by a priest of that church, were he ever so good. However, I am able to say of my own knowledge that his religion, like his politics, was that of Thomas Jefferson. His funeral was largely attended, and by friends. Fifty-three carriages and buggies followed his remains from the church to the cemetery. The watch-dog is dead and the sheep are at the mercy of the wolves. Personally I should prefer to be Judge Terry dead rather than Judge Field living. Yours, W. F. FREEMAN.

Stockton, Cal., Aug. 25.

We are glad to give the foregoing letter space in the columns of FREETHOUGHT; all the more so if our remarks have done injustice to the dead jurist. In stating that Judge Terry had the reputation of a bully and a desperado we wrote advisedly. There is a difference between a man's reputation and his character. His reputation is what the world has to do with; his character belongs to himself and his friends. The meanest man, the most cowardly man, and the greatest hypocrite may bear a spotless reputation, while the courageous and conscientious citizen may be misjudged and condemned to infamy because he will not bend to popular opinion. It is the verdict of history that the reputation of a man passes away with the few generations which succeed him, and that if he have character worthy of admiration it will be vindicated by posterity and will endure when his faults are forgotten.

We know that our friend Freeman is not alone in his estimate of Judge Terry. Other men for whose opinion we have equal

respect have spoken of him as Chevalier Bayard was spoken of, as "a knight without fear and without reproach." Certainly he was no coward, and a clearer vision may reveal that he was less a willing law-breaker than a victim of circumstances which he was unable to control. We should not be at all surprised to learn, when the truth is known, that Judge Terry was the best man present at the shooting.

THE editor of the Truth Seeker, who has been suffering from an attack of typhoid fever, was at last accounts so far recovered as to go back to his desk, a thinner and twenty pounds lighter man.

SEND to FREETHOUGHT office the names of Liberals who might become subscribers, and we will send them sample copies. Get up clubs of subscribers where possible. Two subscriptions to FREETHOUGHT will be given for \$3; three for \$4, or four for \$5. These rates are only for new subscribers for the first year.

THANKS are returned to Mr. John Dibble, of Santa Clara, for a pleasant call and a lift of five dollars for the benefit of FREETHOUGHT. We also acknowledge with gratitude a dollar from Mr. Frank Butler, of Oakland, and a similar sum from A. C. Smith, of Bakersfield, to be put "where it will do the most good."

SOME inquiry has been made as to the cause of Mr. P. O. Chilstrom's resignation as president of the San Francisco Freethought Society. The following from an Oregon paper furnishes the needed explanation:

"On Wednesday evening, August 7, 1889, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Porter, at Forest Grove, Washington county, Oregon, there were married Mrs. M. E. Floyd, of that city, and P. O. Chilstrom, Esq., of San Francisco."

It is not too late, we hope, to extend our congratulations.

CZAR ALEXANDER of Russia has done the best and most popular act of his life by extending a full "pardon" to N. G. Tcherny-chewsky, the poet and political writer, who in 1864 was sentenced to fourteen years of penal servitude in the mines of Siberia. The crime for which he suffered this punishment was writing socialistic articles for a magazine published in St. Petersburg, and his original sentence was prolonged in consequence of numerous attempts made by his friends to effect his escape. He is now sixty years old and broken in health and fortune.

JUDGE LEVY, of San Francisco, has created a law. A question arose in the case of Caroline Jackson, a negro woman born in slavery, for which there were no precedents, and Judge Levy had to make a precedent. Caroline Jackson was the daughter of a slave, and her right to her father's estate was contested on the ground that slaves could make no legal marriages and therefore could have no legitimate children. The court held that emancipation, by raising the colored race from the status of property to that of humanity, legitimized the children. Perhaps when the whole race has reached the status of humanity, some righteous judge will hold that in law, as in nature, all children are legitimate.

EDITOR OWEN, our Spiritual contemporary, gets his editorial matter by "secluding himself from the world and becoming passive and susceptible to those higher and better influences and thoughts which he endeavors to express through the columns of the Golden Gate." Here in Brother Owen has a large bulge on

the rest of the fraternity, who have to wander through great piles of exchanges in order to find items worth commenting upon. Strangely enough, however, this process sometimes turns out as readable matter as the "passive and susceptible" method. The chief drawback of the latter is that while waiting for the "higher and better influences" to manifest themselves, the writer is likely to go to sleep. We have found by experience that an office full of visitors discussing with animation some subject foreign to that of which we are writing at the time, is necessary to the best results from the editorial pen.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK

A fire broke out in McNear's grain warehouse, at Port Costa, about 4 o'clock last Monday morning, and half a million dollars' worth of property was destroyed. The American ship *Armenia*, and the British ship *Honauwar*, two splendid three-masters, were caught by the fire and burned to the water's edge. The fine four-mast British steel ship *Kenilworth* was afire, but before she became a total loss she was scuttled. Besides the ships, the warehouse and thirty-two cars belonging to the Southern Pacific Company were totally destroyed. Port Costa is an important shipping-place for grain on the Central Pacific railroad at the point where trains are ferried across the strait between Suisun bay and the bay of San Pablo.—The United States Senate Committee on the Reclamation and Irrigation of the Arid Lands of the United States arrived in this city last Saturday evening by special train from Truckee. The party is composed of Senators W. M. Stewart of Nevada, John H. Reagan of Texas, and James K. Jones of Arkansas.—The lawyers in the Neagle-Terry case are still arguing the question of jurisdiction. The charge of conspiracy against Field is dismissed.—The Nationalists of San Francisco met in one of the parlors of the Palace Hotel last Saturday evening and organized a club. Burnett G. Haskell was the organizer. In his address he denied being a dreamer or a crank. The Nationalists are practically Socialists.—To keep up the price of muskmelons the commission merchants of this city dumped 1600 crates of that fruit into the bay last week rather than sell them for what they were worth.—Petaluma will suppress the Salvation Army and the gamblers during the fair.—The steam cruiser *Charleston* on her late trial trip developed a speed of 18½ knots per hour for six hours, and is voted a success.—"Bill" Higgins, the deceased political boss of San Francisco, was buried from St. Mary's Catholic church. The politicians are nearly all Romanists.—One man was killed and several injured by a collision of trains on the Oregon Short Line near Meacham station, Or., Aug. 22.—Leong Hang Tsang, the Chinese consul at San Francisco, is charged with embezzling \$300,000 placed in his hands for charitable purposes.

Henry D. Shaw, the St. Louis philanthropist, died Aug. 25.—Statistics show that 84,000 less immigrants arrived in New York during the past six months than in the corresponding period of last year. The largest decrease is in Italians.—Mahone is nominated for governor by the Republicans of Virginia.—A monument to the soldiers of Indiana was dedicated at Indianapolis Aug. 22, President Harrison delivering the oration.—Graham, the cooper, passed through the whirlpool rapids of Niagara last Sunday in a barrel-shaped boat. He went four miles in ten minutes.—The trial of the Cronin murderers was begun at Chicago Aug. 26. Coughlin, Burke, Beggs, Kunze, and O'Sullivan were charged with complicity.

The sentence of Mrs. Maybrick, the woman who poisoned her husband and was condemned by the English courts to be hanged, has been commuted to imprisonment for life.—London dock laborers on strike held a meeting at Hyde Park last Sunday which is said to have been attended by 100,000 persons. The strike is growing and has almost paralyzed business along the river.—Dispatches from Egypt say that a terrible famine prevails at Khartoum and other river towns and that natives are dying by the hundred, the survivors feeding upon the bodies of the dead.—Edwin Arnold, author of the "Light of Asia," is on his way to America, and will travel homeward by way of California and Japan.

OBSERVATIONS.

I am told that I missed much through my inability to attend the last meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society. Mr. Eastman presided, and it is always a pleasure to see our first vice-president in the chair. Then the Hon. F. B. Perkins delivered the address, and there is no speaker in the country I would rather listen to. Also Mr. Thomas Curtis spoke felicitously, and Mr. H. L. Knight wisely and humorously. They always speak in that way. Furthermore, Dr. O'Brock did not have anything to say, and I am one who can appreciate the eloquence of silence. Having felt the blows of sound, it is hard luck to lose the benefit of the poultice. The zither music by the Misses Haelke was unsurpassed; the attendance was large; the collection fulfilled the treasurer's highest hopes, and there was nothing lacking that goes so much to make a successful meeting.

Next Sunday evening the veteran Thomas Curtis will occupy the attention of the audience with an address entitled "Fifty Years of Freethought." Mr. Curtis has been acquainted with most of the reformers East and West, including the late Horace Seaver, and his reminiscences cannot fail to be interesting and instructive.

Horace Seaver, the late editor of the *Investigator*, owed his conversion from Christianity to Freethought to his contact with Robert Dale Owen sometime prior to 1830. He had been educated for the ministry, and was about to commence his career as a preacher, when he heard that the Infidels of Boston were holding meetings in that city. He thought these scoffers should be answered, and expressed that opinion to a learned professor of theology. The latter agreed with him, and said, moreover, that he had no doubt that the young Mr. Seaver was the very man called of God to confound and convert the unbelievers. Under this impression Mr. Seaver attended a meeting of the Infidels, and requested permission to speak, which was politely accorded him. He relates that he arose full of the confidence born of religious conceit, gave the meeting the most overwhelming evidence he had at his command, and sat down under the full conviction that he had dispelled the last illusion of unbelief. He remained of that opinion but a few minutes, for Robert Dale Owen followed him, took up his arguments one at a time, and scattered them to the four winds. When he concluded his remarks every prop was gone from under the young theologian and his case was lost. The more he tried to answer the arguments of Owen the more he became convinced that they were unanswerable, and he discovered that his learned professor of theology could handle them no better than himself, and could refer him to no one who was any better prepared for that task. This awoke in his mind a suspicion that he had been laboring under a delusion with regard to the truth of Christianity. Subsequent investigation changed the suspicion to conviction, the genuineness of which is attested by fifty years of devotion to the cause of Freethought.

SATURDAY, Aug. 24, 1889.—Perhaps one day recently I have been missed from my accustomed haunt. Perchance those who have called to see me have not seen me, but on the contrary I have been invisible to the unaided eye.

Friday is the day of the week that I give to leisure. My week's work begins Sunday morning, and I work hard until Thursday night, when the papers are wrapped and put in the mail sacks. The next day there is not so much strain upon my energies. I like to see visitors then, because I have spare time to devote to them; and whereas on other days I let them state and argue untenable propositions without rebuke, on Friday I debate with them. I strive to entertain all who come, and to put them at ease at once by entering into the spirit of their thought. It is entirely within my scope to discuss anything, from theology to mechanics or sailing a ship, and the other day when a man from Arizona and another from Capay marked out a triangle on the floor and went to playing marbles with the pigs-in-clover spheres, I looked on with interest and encouraged each as much as I could without appearing to display partiality.

So it was last Friday that when a muscular man desired to in-

troduce me to a few feats of agility that he had become familiar with in the mines, I co-operated all I could to make it pleasant for him. There is an innocent trick with a broomstick which I used to perform when a boy, and in attempting to illustrate it on this occasion, something in my ankle gave way with a loud report, and my right foot has been in a state of disuse ever since. I travel now by means of an express wagon, though as I write these lines I am at home with the above member done up in strong liniment and resting idly but independently on a pillow. It knows its importance, and, if disturbed, resents the same by aching like the midnight tooth. The poet now might number me in his list of friends, for I would not needlessly set foot upon a worm, or anything else that is not large and soft. Thus I am a prisoner, with no show for bail, habeas corpus proceedings, or bouquets from my female admirers. Still I do not complain, for it is profitable to stay at home sometimes and see what the neighborhood looks like during business hours. Besides, the view from the window is pleasant. I can see the castle on Telegraph Hill; the Greek church with a dome that looks like an inflated bladder; the convent down in the hollow where the good priest repairs for that comfort which he cannot purchase at the store. I can look out also upon Alcatraz and Goat Island, and see the white-capped waves from the Golden Gate running races across the bay. My next door neighbor is practicing on the piano. Over the way the grocery man stands on the stoop waiting for a hoodlum to come along and paralyze him with a sandclub and go through his till. As I look a small child starts to cross the street with a loaf of bread under one arm and a large pitcher of beer in the opposite hand. Growing weary, the child sets the pitcher down, looks at its foaming contents, becomes dizzy, falls in, and, weighted with the loaf of pumpernickel, sinks to the bottom to rise no more. Neighbors and idlers gather around, and a hush falls over the assemblage when it is realized that the beer is spoiled. A zephyr from Russian Hill comes freighted with sand, and nothing more is visible for half an hour. Then I look again. Beyond the chimneys I see the water once more. There is the captain of a tug dumping in the bay a load of dredgings that he agreed to tow outside Point Lobos. There is a steamer bound for the South Sea isles. Her cargo is partly missionaries and partly whiskey. When the natives of Booloobooloo see her coming they will wade into the Pacific up to their necks to meet and greet her, but it is not the missionaries that they will go wild over.

It is pleasant to sit here and listen to my next door neighbor practicing on the piano, and to see the grocery man patiently await the hoodlum. A little canary skips about in his cage hung in the window. Occasionally he takes the cud out of his mouth and sings a bar from some popular opera. The setting sun reaches through the Gate and plants its banners upon the fortifications of Alcatraz. It puts red lights in the windows on Telegraph hill. It touches the patched sails of a scow wallowing in the bay and makes them as luminous as the white canvas of a yacht that goes careering by. Looking out thus upon sky and water and mountains, thinking whence such glory comes, wondering what may be beyond the purple twilight of the hills, I hear the sound of a silver-plated bell, and slide down the banisters to supper.

Brother Williams, from Utah, tells this story. It is new to me, though the reader may have seen it before: A soldier in the late war lay upon the ground, during a battle, with both legs shot off below the knees. An Irishman heard his groans, and accepted his invitation to shoulder the wounded man and carry him to the rear. He had the footless soldier across his back in a jiffy and started for camp, but he had not gone far when a cannon ball came along and supplemented the work of its predecessor by taking off the soldier's head. The Irishman, however, was insensible of the loss and kept up his march to the rear, until accosted by an officer who inquired where he was going with that trunk. "Faith," said the Irishman, "it's a poor fellow who has his legs shot off, and I'm carrying him to the rear for surgical treatment." "But the man is dead," said the officer; "his head is gone." Paddy looked around at his passenger, saw that the officer had spoken the truth, and then dropped his lifeless burden

with an oath. "Be Jasus," said he, "it's the last favor I'll ever do that feller. His head's gone sure enough, and the deceivin' son of a gun told me it was his legs!"

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

OFFICIAL CALL FOR THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL CONGRESS.

The next annual Congress of the American Secular Union will be held in Philadelphia, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, October 25, 26, and 27, 1889. It is deemed expedient to hold this meeting where our society was organized in 1876, and where the so-called "National Reform Association" has its headquarters, and has recently held an important convention, and for many historic and other reasons.

All charter and life members, all vice-presidents, all chairmen of state executive committees, and all duly accredited delegates from local Secular societies are entitled to seats and votes in this Congress. Each local society is entitled to send its president, secretary, and three other delegates. Annual members by payment of one dollar are entitled to seats.

Particulars as to the place of meeting, speakers, and their subjects, etc., will be announced hereafter.

R. B. WESTBROOK, President,
E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, E. B. FOOTE, JR., Ch. Ex. Com.
M. A. FREEMAN, Ch. Fin. Com. OTTO WETTSTEIN, Treas.

Buddhism in Japan.

Hierophant Olcott, according to the New York Sun, is said after all to be creating a veritable furor on his Buddhistic tour through Japan. At first some of the Buddhist priests gave him the cold shoulder. Then he began to excite popular interest, which was intensified as he went through the larger provincial towns. At Nagoya, a large commercial town between Tokio and Kioto, he had audiences at each lecture of about 4000 people, and it is said that the wildest applause everywhere greets his declaration that the closest relationship exists between the stable progress of the nation and the maintenance of true Buddhism.

The Buddhists who control his tour, seeing the effect he is producing, are hurrying him about, so that he is delivering lectures and orations in three or four different places in the same day. He does not speak a word of Japanese, and his lectures are, therefore, delivered in English and translated on the platform by an interpreter, sentence by sentence, as he goes along. Yet he arouses great enthusiasm. Not only the common people hear him, but also the high officials. In many of the large towns through which he passed special meetings were held at times suitable to officials, at which they alone were present.

A Bruno Anecdote.

It would hardly be reasonable, says the London Globe, to expect a martyr to be extremely prudent in language while the fagots were being set alight for him, and for that reason just before the burning must be a bad quarter of an hour for secret accomplices. At least that is the idea suggested by a story of Giordano Bruno. As he was being led to the stake he cried out to his friend and co-believer: "My ideas will not perish with me. To thee, Ventimiglia, I address a last appeal. Forget not our projects; continue my work." On hearing his name thus publicly proclaimed, Ventimiglia, who was in the crowd waiting to see the spectacle, was sorely agitated, and hastily stole away from the scene, the Campo del Fiori, and after hiding for a few days, managed at last to get away from Rome. He did not quite appreciate the distinction Bruno was conferring on him.

W. F. JAMIESON is announced for a week's lectures in Hay Springs, Nebraska. His address is Coryell, Col. At the close of his Nebraska engagements he goes to Kansas.

"JOHN WARD, PREACHER," has been issued in paper covers and can now be furnished for 50 cents.

BOUND volumes of FREETHOUGHT for 1888 may be had for \$2.50.

THE WASHINGTON CONSTITUTION.

The work of the Constitutional Convention is so far completed that the provisions of the Constitution in regard to secularism may be considered settled. They are:

1. A recognition of "the Supreme Ruler of the universe." This is a bid for the church vote, on the part of Judge Turner and others.

2. That an oath or affirmation may be administered in the form most binding on the conscience of the witness. This is the statutory provision in force to-day.

3. Freedom of conscience.

4. "No public money or property shall be appropriated for or applied to any religious worship, exercise, or instruction, or the support of any religious establishment."

5. "No religious qualification shall be required for any public office or employment, nor shall any person be incompetent as a witness, or juror, in consequence of his opinion on matters of religion, nor be questioned in any court of justice touching his religious belief to affect the weight of his testimony."

The question of the taxation of church property was disposed of by an amendment which left the whole question of exemption with the legislature. Hence if a legislature favorable to the exemption of church property is elected, legislation of that kind can be enacted. Nor need the exemption stop at that point. All property owned by religious societies, and used for school and benevolent purposes, can be exempted. The plea is made that these organizations are devoted to charitable purposes, and thus save the public treasury. But it is equally true that they are under private ownership, subject to private management, and so long as the private individuals who control them choose to limit their aid or charity to a part of the community, the state has no control. The fact is that every homestead which is exempted from sale on execution so far protects the family from being thrown upon the poor fund of the state. The extension of this principle of exemption from taxation to homesteads is demanded quite as much as church exemption. The capital invested in the home is dead capital. It is for the public good that families have a roof-tree they can call their own, where they can feel secure, and from which they cannot be forced upon the street, either at the will of a creditor or of the collector of taxes.

The new Constitution authorizes the legislature to exempt any property used for church or private benevolent purposes. On the other hand it provides for only partial homestead exemption. The article on that point reads: "The legislatures shall protect by law from forced sale a certain portion of the homestead and other property of all heads of families."

This provision is only for the "heads of families"—a phrase which has been construed by our conservative judges to apply only to married men. Only a "portion" is exempt.

In the article on "state, county, and municipal indebtedness," section 7 provides: "No county, city, town, or other municipal corporation shall hereafter give any money, or property, or loan its money or credit to or in aid of any individual, association, company, or corporation, *except for the necessary support of the poor and infirm*; or become directly or indirectly the owner of stock in or bonds of any association, company, or corporation."

The design of this article was to prohibit subsidies to any private business. It was claimed that it was so sweeping that it would prevent aid to the poor, and the words in italic were inserted. As it now reads a county or other municipal corporation can grant to any sectarian institution which is caring for the poor whom it chooses to care for, any amount of aid it chooses, either in direct grants or in a loan of its credit. The provision was unnecessary, and provides an easy way for sectarian societies to live at the expense of the public treasury.

The article on elections shows the greatest illiberality. The adult women of this territory having the other qualifications of voters were electors under the election law of 1888. The Bloomer decision held the law unconstitutional on the ground that the legislature never had the power to permit women to vote. The opinion of the Supreme Court was founded on the false assumption that the organic law of 1853 was in force instead of the Revised Statutes of the United States, of 1874.

An appeal bond was filed, the record made up and filed in the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, and citations issued. This transferred the cause to that court. This opens the judgment below.

"A case is to be heard in the appellate court as if no sentence or judgment had been pronounced below, such sentence, etc., being altogether suspended by the appeal."—Yeaton vs. U. S., 5 Cranch, 281.

"A judgment which has been appealed from cannot be pleaded as *res adjudicata* while the suit in which it was rendered is pending on appeal."—Byrn vs. Prother, 14 La. Anna, 653.

The question whether the election law of 1888 is a valid law, was a question not raised by the record below. It was an admitted fact upon the pleadings that Mrs. Bloomer was a qualified voter. The decision that she was not was contrary to the admitted facts upon the record. It was not proper for the court to go outside of the record to decide the case. If they did the decision only bound Mrs. Bloomer, and when the appeal was perfected in her name, it was not *res adjudicata* as to her.

It follows that the decision was and is wholly inoperative, and the female voters of this territory are now legal voters.

This point was distinctly made by Edward Eldridge, of Whatcom, in the convention, on his motion to strike out the word "male" from the article on elections. This amendment received eight votes: Messrs. Dickey, Eldridge, Joy, Prosser, and Winsor, Republicans; Messrs. Eskelmore and McCroskey, Democrats; and W. L. Newton, Labor. Among the fifty nays were thirty-one Republicans and nineteen Democrats. The article makes citizenship the basis of suffrage. Section 3 excluded idiots and insane persons, who in law are incapable of exercising civil rights, from voting. It also excluded "persons convicted of infamous crimes unless restored to civil rights." This recognizes the person who has civil rights to be entitled to vote to protect them. The exclusion of criminals is a relic of tyranny.

The convention refused to give the legislature power to provide that "there shall be no denial of the elective franchise at any election on account of sex."

A section providing that "no person except a qualified voter shall be elected or appointed to any office, civil or military," was opposed on the ground that minors in the military service could not be appointed to a military office, nor boys appointed as pages in the legislature. Hence it was struck out!

The question of striking out the word "male" from the article on elections is to be voted on at the same time the constitution is voted upon—the first day of October, 1889.

The Republican party, which had a large majority in the convention, has for the sake of party success disfranchised the women of this territory. It has declared in the bill of rights that elections shall be free and equal, and in the election article declared that only males shall vote. It has declared that "no law shall be passed granting to any citizen or class of citizens . . . privileges or immunities which upon the same terms shall not equally belong to all citizens;" and at the same time struck down the right of female citizens to vote.

It has violated the old rule that private property shall never be taken for private use, by providing that it may be taken for private use upon the same terms it is taken for public use. This seizes the property of the women of this territory, and subjects it to private use at the will of the men, who will make the laws and execute them. A large minority of the convention were willing to allow the men to vote subsidies to corporations. This failed. But the limitations upon municipal indebtedness can be lifted by a vote of the men, many of whom do not own property to be taxed.

Nearly every reform measure proposed was voted down, and the Republican party has left behind its record as a party of principle and become a party of spoils. It has created a costly but defective judicial system. It has legislated in the constitution for the benefit of capital and failed to recognize the rights of the citizen. It has framed an apportionment clause for the purpose of securing the floating and purchasable vote of the large cities so as to control the election of two United States senators. The only course for men who honor principle seems to me to be to vote down the constitution if possible; but to vote for the

"Woman Suffrage Amendment," as a matter of principle. If I did not believe in equal suffrage I would vote for the amendment as a rebuke to the men who have so unjustly disfranchised the women of this territory. In the election of state officers and members of the legislature, no vote should be cast for any time men, for any man who has not the courage of his convictions, for any man who is not willing to give others the rights he claims for himself.

W. S. BUSH.

Seattle, W. T., Aug. 21, 1889.

THE SABBATH UNION.

I have attended the meetings of the Sabbath Union, held at the Y. M. C. A. Hall during the past week, and have admired the unanimity of sentiment on the part of the speakers and auditors in regard to fitting their idea of the Sabbath to the shoulders of the rest of the nations. They complain bitterly that the state of California has robbed them of their Christian Sabbath and turned our state over to the Infidels. Inasmuch as the observance of the day is, under our laws, left to the individual conscience of each person, and the Christian has, equally with the Infidel, and the Infidel equally with the Christian, the right to spend the day as he pleases, so long as he does not interfere with the same right in others, it would seem that the only cause these Christians would have for complaint lies in the fact that they are not allowed to make a Sabbath for the rest of us. Their idea, and the one they advocate, is that all business shall be suspended on Sunday. The post-office shall be closed, the railroads stopped, the ferries cease running, and the street cars be left in the stables. No place of entertainment or amusement is to be opened, the innocent and instructive museum and art gallery must be closed, and the public parks, where the weary toiler can take a few hours' recreation, must be shut to him on the only day of the week that belongs to him. In short, every place of relaxation must close, and the only places of business allowed to run on that day are to be the churches. Now, why should the parson's place of business be the only one left open? Why should these men demand that other shops shall close in order that theirs may have business that does not go to them naturally? To gore the other fellow's ox, suppose the non-Sabbatarians of our state, who are in a majority, should call conventions to demand that the churches shall not be allowed to run on Sundays. It would be as fair to close one place as another.

Now I have a suggestion to make to these gentlemen who are so anxious to give the Almighty a day, which he does not seem inclined to take for himself, and that is that, inasmuch as the prayer of the righteous availeth much, and as these gentlemen are of necessity righteous, they call a vast national convention, to continue until their object is attained; that they offer up their prayers to the Almighty, the God whom they worship, and petition him to take one day in seven for himself, and give poor humanity the day of rest which they are so anxious we should have. On that day he could say the sun should not shine, the streams should not flow, the winds and the waves should remain quiescent, the flowers should not bloom, and the accursed digestive apparatus, that causes so much trouble to us all, should not operate; in short, all the operations of nature should be suspended, then these fellows would have just such a Sabbath as they seem to want. But while nature smiles and all out-doors is happy, while creation moves in all her courses on Sunday as on other days; in short, while God himself is a breaker of the Christian Sabbath, poor humanity can be pardoned for refusing to follow the Sabbatarians back to the awful Puritan Sabbath, the one damned day of seven, devoted not to God but to the devil. People to-day are worshiping God, worshiping him in the sunshine and in the groves, worshiping him in happiness and pleasure, and the occupation of the priests is going. They feel it, and know it, and their strong effort to force a dreary Sabbath upon us, to compel us by law to either attend their Sunday shops or waste our time, is the grasping at a straw of the drowning man. It will not succeed. Sunday in California is the poor man's day—the day on which he can enjoy himself with his wife and little ones, on the picnic or in the park, and the Sabbath Union might as well forego its labors, for they will never

put the priestly yoke on the people's necks, after being free from it. When our places of Sunday amusement are closed by law, we will also close the piety shops with the other places of business.

SAN FRANCISCO.

DID JESUS CHRIST RISE FROM THE DEAD?*

IX.

That the graves opened when Christ was executed, but that the dead did not rise till he rose, is a curious incident, upon which preachers never preach. I think I could preach from Matthew xxvii, 52, 53, when I take to the Stiggins line of busines. I can quite see the reason why the graves opened when Christ was executed although the dead did not rise till he rose. It would, of course, take the dead some little time to get ready to rise, and the opening of the grave would give them the necessary light to titivate themselves and attend to their sepulchral toilet. If they implicitly depended upon Christ's promise to give them three days and three nights for this purpose, they must have been put to great hurry-scurry and inconvenience when he got up so long before his time. After a person has lain long enough in the grave to have mislaid one of his tarsal bones and lost sight of his patella, it is no joke to get up at an hour or two's notice. Christ, by not keeping his word (hell proving too hot for him), and by his coming back before his time, must have done these corpses a grievous injustice. If he had redeemed his promise and given the full three days and three nights, the thing might possibly have been managed. But, as it was, I have no doubt, in Jerusalem, one corpse could have been observed jogging down Jezebel street without his tibia, another hurrying down Rahab street without his vertebral column, another sauntering down Sarah street without his ulna, and yet another racing down Tamar street minus his radius and his pelvis. And all this for lack of sufficient time to prepare by way of getting their bones together in order to rise and give the resurrected "Lord" a proper welcome. You have a good deal to believe if you really intend to be "saved."

Paul states that Christ appeared to the twelve after his resurrection. The writer of the gospel of Matthew says he appeared unto the eleven. These writers are each divinely inspired. Although they contradict each other, they both tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and this you must believe in order to be "saved." Judas had previously hanged himself, "and, falling in the midst, he burst asunder, and all his bowels gushed out." But, apparently, after he knew that Christ had risen he had a search for his bowels, found them, stuck them in again, and went careering off to behold the resurrected party he had sold for the thirty pieces of silver! All this we are bound to believe rather than believe that the Holy Ghost was wrong when he inspired Paul to say that Christ appeared to the twelve. But, if you credit Matthew you are bound to believe that dead and eviscerated Judas did not make a search for his entrails and find them; but that Christ appeared to the eleven only. Both accounts, although they flatly contradict each other, you must believe in order to be "saved." In short, in regard to the affair of the resurrection, upon which the entire superstructure of Christism is built, you are compelled to adopt the patristic maxim, "I believe the thing because it is impossible."

Never were statements more notoriously unauthenticated than the statements upon which credulous and uncritical Christendom is to-day resting, or pretending to rest, its eternal weal or woe. No scholar submits that the gospels were written within a hundred years of the time of the events with which they pretend to deal. It is taken for granted that they were written in Greek, with the exception of the gospel of St. Matthew, the Hebrew version of which suspiciously disappeared, while a Greek version mysteriously took its place. The gospels, then, were written more than a century after the alleged occurrence of the events with which they deal, and in Greek—a language unknown to the people among whom the events are said to have taken place.

Is there any person in all the world, acquainted with the veriest rudiments of evidence, who will allege, in the face of this, that the gospels were produced under auspices that involved anything

*By Saladin, editor of the Agnostic Journal.

like historical accuracy. Institute a parallel case. Assume that the history of the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745 had never been committed to writing until the present year. The only materials extant for the compilation of the history are a number of vague and contradictory traditions circulating among the most ignorant of peasants and fishermen in the remote Highlands of Scotland. The historian is ignorant of the language of the people who were the actors in the rebellion. He does not know the Gaelic of Glengarry and Lochiel, nor the English of Sir John Cope, the Duke of Cumberland, or General Wade; but, from the mass of floating and conflicting traditions, he writes his history in Spanish. What would his history be worth? What could be relied upon as veracious and authentic in any statement made about Prestonpans or Falkirk, or Glenfinlas or Culloden? How far should we be justified in relying upon any account we might have as to the coronation at Holyrood, the halt at Derby; and what literal authenticity could be expected in any saying that this historian (writing in Spanish, and basing his work upon the more than century old traditions of the vulgar) might put into the mouth of General Hawley, Prince Charlie, Frazer of Lovat, Lord Derwentwater, Jennie Cameron, or Flora MacDonald?

And yet this hypothetical historian is fairly analogous with the writers of the gospels. He would know as much about Glenfinlas as they could do about Cana of Galilee; as much about the Duke of Cumberland as they could do about Pontius Pilate; as much about Prestonpans as they could about the garden of Gethsemane; as much about Culloden as they could about the crucifixion; as much about the execution of Balmerino as they could about the resurrection of Christ; and this person, writing in Spanish, could reproduce the sayings of Jenny Cameron and Flora MacDonald quite as accurately as the writers of the gospels could the words of Mary Magdalene or Martha the sister of Lazarus. Moreover, in the parallel I have drawn I have understated rather than overstated the difficulties that lie in the way of attaching the slightest credence to the gospel narratives. I have left out of account that we have not even the narrative in bad Spanish, but something more removed than even that from the original traditions. We do not read even the dog-Greek rendering of the gospels, but a rendering of the bad Greek into bad English. (The English of the New Testament is now, to a great extent, archaic and obsolete). According'y, to complete our history of the '45 rebellion on gospel lines we should have to wait till the bad Spanish became obsolete as a living language, and then set interested parties to translate it into, say, the Russian of two hundred and fifty years ago. Then, and not till then, we should have a history of the '45 rebellion as trustworthy as the gospels, and produced under very nearly the same auspices. "As true as gospel" the adage has been to run; "As false as gospel" would be a great deal nearer the mark.

Englishmen of to-day would consider a history of the Young Pretender, written under the conditions I have specified, too preposterous to call for a moment's serious consideration; but a history of Jesus Christ, written under analogous conditions, they deem so authentic that to question it is sacrilege and to assail it blasphemy. And this record of Christ's resurrection, written, say, a hundred and fifty years after the alleged event, and in a language of which Christ was ignorant, receives slavish credence, because the mass of mankind have neither the time, the will, nor the ability to investigate and think for themselves, and have entrusted their investigation to a tribe of Levites, rapacious Kohathites, who flourish in proportion as they contrive to make and keep men ignorant and superstitious.

"Matthew" is pre-eminently the resurrection gospel. It alone of all writings on the face of the earth knows anything whatever about the terrible earthquake which tore the veil of the Temple, rent rocks, and shook the dead out of their graves. It was so obliging and considerate of Jehovah to get up a rock-rending grave-emptying earthquake for the special advantage of the writer of the gospel according to Matthew, and keep the thing quiet from all the rest of the world. But God's ways are not as our ways. He hides certain of his earthquakes, open graves, and trotting corpses from the wise and prudent, and reveals them unto babes and sucklings and—liars.

As "Matthew" is the only gospel that gives the history of this

strictly private and confidential earthquake, we will venture to give a history of the gospel according to Matthew, that all may see how the superstructure of truth is built upon the eternal adamant of truth.

Dupin, a high Christian authority, is candid enough to admit that "we have two versions of the gospel of Matthew in Hebrew—the one by Tilius, and the other by Munster; but it is certain that neither is the original of St. Matthew nor that of the gospel of the Nazarenes. The Syriac, published by Widmanstadius, is neither the original of St. Matthew, which was lost long ago, nor the gospel of the Nazarenes nor Ebionites."

The original of St. Matthew's gospel—not the original MS. is here meant, but also any copy therefrom—"was lost long ago." A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, and I sympathize with the Holy Ghost in the loss of his MS., as I once lost one of mine. I wonder whether an expression of my sympathy with him will induce him to try to have my work restored to me the way his was restored to him. If a man write a book and the MS. is burnt, all is over; but if a ghost write a pamphlet, it is far otherwise. It was generally recognized by the early church that none save spurious copies of the gospel according to Matthew existed. But, in the reign of the emperor Zeno, the bishop of Cyprus had, in a dream, a visit from St. Barnabas, who directed him to a certain plot of ground where he would find him (St. Barnabas) lying buried, and on his breast the original copy of the lost gospel in the handwriting of St. Matthew himself.

To the indicated plot of ground the bishop repaired with attendants with spades. They dug, and found a fresh corpse lying on his back, and clasping to his breast the correct version of the missing gospel. This tale is told by many of the fathers of the church, and gravely recorded by ecclesiastical writers (see Simon's "Critical History of the Text of the New Testament," vol. i, p. 36). It is an exceedingly useful recipe for finding a lost book. In plain English the recipe reads thus: Write the book over again, with little regard to what it was, but with every regard to what you think it ought to be. Then get a corpse, or, with an axe, persuade somebody to become one. Bury the corpse with the MS. you wish to find laid upon his breast. Then say you have had a dream, in which it has been revealed to you where a certain saint or devil lies buried with the volume on his bosom. Pick out a few interested and credulous spadesmen, dig out the corpse and MS., and the thing is done.

I could certainly have my lost romance restored to me on the lines on which St. Matthew's gospel was restored to the ghost; but I do not consider the game worth the candle. All the bother with pen and spade was necessary to be incurred to produce a gospel to save us from damnation; but the same cannot be urged on behalf of a romance which would possibly never have effected more than the relieving of a few hundreds of people from a few hours' ennui, even if it had ever effected that. The gospel of St. Matthew that was found on the breast of the corpse was taken to Constantinople for careful preservation, and it is the version upon which our "Authorized Version" is based to this very hour. Praise ye the Lord!

THE SUMMER AND FALL CAMPAIGN.

S. P. Putnam has the following lecture appointments in Oregon and Washington:

Baker City, Or.	Sept. 1,	Forest Grove.... Or.,	Sept. 30,
Crocker City, Or.,	" 2, 3,	Rainier..... "	Oct. 5, 6,
Prairie City, Or, and vicinity,	Sept.	Stella,..... W.T.,	" 7,
5, 6, 7,		Portland..... Or.,	" 12, 13, 14,
Fox Valley..... Or.,	Sept. 9, 10,	Brownsville ... "	" 16,
Long Creek..... "	" 11, 12,	Eugene..... "	" 17, 18,
Hamilton..... "	" 14, 15,	Coburg..... "	" 19, 20,
Monument..... Or.,	Sept. 16, 17,	Talent..... "	" 22, 23,
Hay Stack..... "	" 18,	Linkville..... "	" 25, 26, 27,
Lone Rock..... "	" 19, 20,	Los Angeles and vicinity	the month
Fossil..... "	" 21, 22,	of November,	
Hillsboro,..... Or.,	Sept., 27,	San Diego and vicinity	the month of
North Yamhill... "	" 28, 29,	December.	

"Looking Backward," a socialistic romance which has been termed the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of Industrial Slavery," by Edward Bellamy. Price, 50 cents.

✕ "A WORD WITH PROFESSOR HUXLEY."

The above is the caption of an article in the North American Review of August, 1889, by Lyman Abbott, D.D. An essay emanating from the pen of so distinguished a scholar of national reputation as an author and a theologian, may, doubtless, very naturally interest a considerable portion of the reading public in its perusal, and especially so with relation to scientific investigators from the bold declaration of its heading.

When a foremost theologian, "accepting the challenge which Professor Huxley has thrown down, saying for himself, and also for the great mass of Christian believers," in thus gratuitously replying to a scientific criticism of the Christian religion, that "any argument will not be expected of him," he most glaringly and falsely denies the simplest of all self-evident truths; for never before has this world-wide controversy between science and religion attained the prominence and absorbing interest as at present; for it has now thoroughly aroused the critical attention of the civilized world, and especially are the English-speaking people of the two hemispheres intensely interested in it, and they do expect argument, to deny which is more than absurd—it is despicably silly. And for a champion to avowedly ignore argument is positive proof that his cause has none; and consequently, that such champion, in undertaking the defense without argument, is an ignorant bigot, or, by the evasion of it, a canting hypocrite. But the recognition by him of either horn of the dilemma is not at all likely to be disturbing to his self-complacency, as he explicitly and emphatically denies the validity and sufficiency of the scientific axiom: "That it is wrong for any man to say that he is confident of the objective truth of any proposition unless he can produce evidence which logically justifies that certainty."

To deny the validity and complete sufficiency of this scientific axiom, is to utterly ignore the plainest common sense conviction conceivable by the human mind. It is with amazement that one is impelled to ask, "Is it possible that a distinguished, scholarly theologian of our time has done this preposterous and immoral thing?" It is indeed true, and by the present pastoral incumbent of the far-famed old Plymouth Church, whose walls in past memorable days reverberated to the remotest confines of civilization the powerful eloquence of the advanced religious and scientific convictions, inspired alike by humane instincts, laborious research, and logical deduction, of the immortal Henry Ward Beecher.

And in lieu of argument, by the antagonist of Professor Huxley's scientific axiom as thus laid down, what are the grounds assumed as the sufficient denial of it? Here is the avowal, as comprehensive as it is extraordinary: "We avow, on the contrary, that all the certainties of the moral and spiritual realm are based on and attested, not by the logical faculty at all, but by an entirely different faculty, by a power of direct moral and spiritual vision. But they are logically incapable of demonstration to men who are lacking in the spiritual vision."

This certainly is the beatific vision by which the poet Cowper became supremely enlightened, and by incessantly singing the praises of which he lost his senses in chronic mania. And it is the same vision, doubtless, by which Milton acquired such a true knowledge of "spiritual certainties" that, in the heavenly war, he saw the archangel Michael, with those mountainous hand-grenades, hurl Satan over the celestial battlements and down to the bottomless abyss, there to "walk on the burning marl" till, not being entitled to the countersign, his opportunity should come to evade the vigilance of the angelic sentinels of Paradise, he clandestinely entered the "blissful seat" and, assuming the protean form of a toad, "ugly and venomous, who wears a precious jewel in his head," he—of course the jewel, not the toad—seduced "God's last, best gift to man," thereby bringing "mortal woe into the world." This enlightening "spiritual vision" in the case of Milton was so strong that

"The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night."

Had these two fine intellects, with the vast number of similar

others, had less of this, Dr. Abbott's "spiritual faculty," and at least some of the "logical faculty," the "teaching by them of the ways of God to man" might have greatly advanced him in the true direction, instead of leading him astray and retarding his progress to a great extent, as undoubtedly their visionary teaching has done. "We take only a languid interest in the critical discussion as to the authority of the four gospels." In view of the charge, sustained by internal and historical proof that these gospels are, besides their positive anachronism and false authorship, the compilations, interpolations and forgeries of various anonymous persons, it is a direct aspersion of Christian intelligence and honesty to declare in these spurious writings—the gospel Jesus being a demonstrated forgery—that "we find in them a portrait of a character which transcends human limitations, and that is enough."

This is professional buncombe, and sounds like the stump harangue of the county candidate bamboozling the "dear people" in order to procure or retain an office.

But as the distinguished doctor of divinity, avowedly disclaiming all logical argument and scientific evidence, assumes to speak for all the "faithful," is it at all probable that the many honest, thinking believers among them will supinely acquiesce in the dogmatic and humiliating climax of the essay?—

"All argument is against the freedom of the will; we know we're free, and that's the end on't."

O shades of the fathers, and Paley and Butler, polemics and apologists, your mantles are spurned by your timid, prevaricating descendants! And, O noble champions, ye Blacks and Fields and Gladstones! though conquered in the unequal strife against science and the "logical faculty," in falling, it was with the heroic demeanor of your brave and loyal faces to the foe; and notwithstanding any attempted defense by your pygmy successors, in your fall the unjust cause of the "great superstition" has received its complete overthrow. *Requiescat in pace.* J. F.

THE FEMALE SUPERIOR.

A friend says:

I see you have in a recent FREETHOUGHT number a short article trying to show that the male is an "arrested development." What a shout of derisive laughter must have gone up among the male inhabitants when they read that article. It was certainly an unusual article. You seem to have "soured" on the sterner sex, more because, as I think, one of them (your husband) has been found wanting. You will be a long time arguing, and fail in the end to prove that nature gave the female a better physical and mental status than the male. I have consulted with many a female and asked which sex, if the choice had been left to them, they should have chosen. The answer almost universally has been, "I could almost curse nature that I was conceived and born a female." I have the first man to see and give expression, "I wish I had been born a female." Women talk, and men act; women are governed by intuition, men by reason.

And in response I would say, it is not to be marveled at that men, who have so long lorded it over women, and called themselves the superior sex, should feel humiliated at being compelled to eat humble pie at last. But if it be a fact that the male is simply a case of "arrested development," why demur? It may be that woman is also arrested, and under favorable circumstances a race might arise superior to her.

But it is fast becoming a conceded fact among scientists that the female is the superior sex, and where the best conditions prevail, females are in the majority.

It is not at all that I have "soured on one man" that causes me to take this position, for I wrote my first article on the subject in one of the first issues of the Truth Seeker, long years before family troubles occurred. It would be little and childish to treat great questions from such a standpoint of personal feeling. Besides, it is not true that I have "soured" on men because one man chose to "go back" on me. I think just as much of man, as a whole, as ever I did. In treating of general questions, one should keep, as far as possible, outside of personal prejudices.

It is no wonder that many women would prefer being men, for woman is oppressed by so many unjust laws and regulations, and is deprived of her rights as man's equal before the law, and in the home. But despite this inequality, I never once wished I was a man, but am proud and glad to be a member of the supe-

rior sex, though knowing myself far the inferior, in many ways, to thousands of noble, wise, true, and learned men. To claim the female as superior, takes not one iota from man. It does not rob him of a single honor he merits. He is now, and will forever remain to be, all he can make of himself. It may take thousands of years to bring woman up to the full standard of her powers and capacities, for she has been so long dominated and enslaved, robbed and crushed, that she has a long way to travel ere she can educate and perfect herself in the arts and sciences as man has done. Remember, it is not so far back since women were shut out from all the high schools and professions, and if a woman happened to invent anything a man patented it. If she wanted a book to be recognized she signed some man's name to it. Many a woman has passed as a male by wearing man's apparel, that she might earn a man's wages, thus proving herself capable, despite her heredity of slavery and oppression.

As to her "intuitions," it is simply her quicker way of reasoning and coming to conclusions. These intuitions are flashes of suppressed mentality that only wait for chances of full development to prove the superiority of the mental calibre of woman.

That the female is really the most courageous is proved by the fact that it is the she-bear who fights most desperately for her young, and it is the female of all animals that are the most dangerous to encounter in battle. The male seldom fights, save for his own protection. It is only where there is male rivalry for the possession and ownership of the female that the male is physically the stronger. Among fishes the female is superior in weight and size, because there is among them no rivalry of this kind.

The great world of organized life is female. Motherhood is the first fact of the continued existence of species. The lowest forms of life are asexual, and yet are really females, producing through virgin generation. The female form is the type of all life. It was the first beginning of life-forms, and is now the supreme head and culmination of physical, mental and moral perfection, as I will try and prove in future numbers on this subject. What is must be accepted, whether it be what we prefer or what we most dislike. We want facts without fear or favor and regardless of personal likes or personal antipathies.

Snowville, Va.

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

CALL FOR THE OREGON CONVENTION.

By virtue of the authority vested in us by the Oregon State Secular Union, we hereby call the FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION of said Union to meet in Portland, Oregon, at Masonic Hall, on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 12th, 13th, and 14th days of October, 1889; the object being to secure the total separation of church and state.

The advocates of this measure in Washington Territory are invited to join their Oregon friends in this Convention.

Done at Portland, Oregon, this thirty-first day of July, 1889.

C. BEAL,

J. K. SEARS, A. F. NEUNERT, } Board of Directors.
LEE LAUGHLIN, L. AMES,

SECULAR WORK IN OREGON.

Miss Elva E. Davidson, of Oswego, is the seventh vice-president heard from. This young lady has never been to school a day, and yet her letter is a beauty. Liberals, do not fear to give your children a secular and liberal education and training. It is the best thing you can do for them. "I am doing all I can to obtain as many signatures as possible to our constitution and will send you the list. I will notify the Liberals in this vicinity of the Convention and urge them to attend. I shall attend during the entire session."

R. D. Allen, of Silverton, is the eighth vice-president to write, who is the ever faithful. He says: "We will be represented somewhat bodily, and financially to the extent of our ability."

J. C. Snodgrass, of Eugene, is the ninth vice-president to respond. "I most cordially reciprocate your fraternal greeting and hail your worthy indications of zeal and hopeful anticipation in this supreme cause of humanity. I will at once present to the Liberals here the several phases of your communication and report as promptly as possible."

Prof. Geo. H. Dawes has settled in Oregon, at North Yamhill, and will speak at the Convention. He is at work for the cause.

A. F. Neunert, our honest and noble treasurer, stepped out and secured \$16.00 as follows: Kuebler & Rometch, \$1.50; F. Wildi, \$1; C. W. Saunders, \$2.50; A. N. Gambell, \$1; J. Fleischer, \$1; E. House, \$2; Dr. W. Cotel, \$1; M. Mesh, \$1; J. H. Burke, \$1; Charles Hegely, \$2; Jennings Brothers, \$2. Mr. A. Meier, who contributed to our funds, died the next day. He was a liberal Jew and highly respected.

The cause is fortunate to have the genuine help of Mrs. Carrie E. Haight. The ball will be a grand affair under her womanly management. She has selected a band of intelligent, noble ladies for assistants, who will give character to all that is done. Ladies will be admitted free; gentlemen one dollar, and a superb lunch free.

I have just received a letter from H. L. Wilson, of Davenport, Washington, saying Mr. Putnam gave two rousing lectures there which were greatly appreciated. He says C. B. Reynolds is writing all over the territory urging Liberals to attend the Portland Convention. If the Liberals of Washington will heed Mr. Reynolds it will become the first Liberal state in the Union.

Liberals of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and British Columbia, will you each one do our cause a favor now, as the Convention on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of October will soon be here? Ask, invite all persons you meet who might attend to come. Write a few letters around to friends to come. Write a communication to one or more papers about the Convention, urging people to come. This will be easily done, as Liberals are generally intelligent.

C. BEAL,

President Oregon State Secular Union.

SILVERTON, OR., Aug. 19, 1889.

DEAR MR. BEAL: Acknowledging receipt of your kind letter received some days ago inviting me to attend the Convention of the Oregon State Secular Union to be held in Portland next month, I regret to say that, owing to engagements in the East, I shall be unable to be with you on that occasion.

Of my deep interest in the objects of the Union I need not assure you. I hope the Convention will prove a great success, both as to attendance and the adoption of wise measures for educating the people in the principles of the Union, and convincing them of the importance as well as the justice of making government conform to these principles. Having been present at the organization of the Oregon State Secular Union, I shall feel especial interest and, I doubt not, pride in the work it is to do.

You ask for suggestions. I am not sure that I can offer any that have not already occurred to you. As to many details, of course, you will have to be governed by circumstances. You are president of the Union, and much will depend upon your own judgment, firmness, and tact.

I think it important that the speeches and discussions be confined to a consideration of the principles and purposes of the organization as stated in the constitution. The Union should not be committed by resolutions or in its administration to any theories or reforms (however good they are in themselves) which are not involved in state secularization. The Convention will, I trust, agree upon some definite plan and method of making the people generally familiar with the whole subject of state secularization, such, for instance, as the history of the exemption of church property from taxation, with the deplorable effect of this policy in France, England, Mexico, and other countries, and the evil and injustice of making schools and colleges sectarian, and restraining the freedom of the people by Sabbath laws and other puritanical legislation. This must be done by circulating good literature relating to the subject, and by lectures, which the people are ready to hear in almost any community in your state. It would be well, I think, if the Union raised funds to keep a lecturer employed constantly in Oregon (and perhaps Washington) to keep this subject before the people. He should be a man of ability and character, and a speaker capable of presenting the principles of the Union in a manner to command attention and respect. Such a man would have no difficulty in getting good audiences, and he would be treated well generally by the press, through which, indeed, he might present the principles and aims of the Union in many of the communities of the state. All these matters will probably be considered by the Union in Convention, and I feel rather like asking you to pardon me for mentioning them.

Hoping that the proceedings of the Convention will be harmonious and that valuable practical work will be done—such work as I know the Oregon Liberals can do if they undertake it—I subscribe myself with best regards, Very truly yours,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

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As It Might Be.

A beggar died last night, his soul went up to God, and said:
"I come uncalled; forgive it, Lord; I died for want of bread."

Then answered him the Lord of Heaven: "Son, how can this thing be?
Are not my saints on earth? and they had surely succored thee."

"Thy saints, O Lord," the beggar said, "live holy lives of prayer;
How shall they know of such as we? we perish unaware."

"They strive to save our wicked souls, and fit them for the sky;
Meanwhile, not having bread to eat (forgive), our bodies die."

Then the Lord God spake out of Heaven, in wrath and angry pain:
"O men, for whom my only son hath lived and died in vain!" —Arthur Symons.

A Laborer in the Vineyard.

"Yes," said the evangelist, after biting a large chew from a plug of black tobacco and expectorating with marvelous accuracy in the eye of a sleeping dog, "I have been a-getting there with both feet lately. The last town I stopped at I raked in twenty converts in one night, and you bet that's big work. I get right down to 'em and let 'em know that if they don't waltz up to the mourner's bench and get religion they'll be everlastingly in the soup, and I generally fetch 'em. Of course there's always a lot of chumps you can't do anything with, but they don't count for nothing. I used to be a heavy-weight slugger, and I have had a book printed describing the scrapes I've been into. When the services is over I sell books to the chaps what's been saved, and make a little stuff that way, but there ain't no money in this preaching business. A feller's got to do it out of pure love for his fellow-men, just like I do it. I want to save as many as I can and give the devil the grand razzle-dazzle, and all the reward I ask is a front seat in heaven when I turn up my toes. Well, I'll have to leave you. I'm going around to see a back-sliding what was converted a week ago, and when I read the riot act to him you bet I'll snake him back into the fold. So long." The noble and self-sacrificing man then moved off on his mission humming a simple hymn the burden of which was to the effect that while the bed-bug had no wings at all he gets there just the same. Truly, the world can never be plunged into utter darkness while such good men throw themselves earnestly into the work of salvation.—Lincoln State Journal.

WHEN Wanamaker put up his money for the Republican party, success followed; but when he publicly prayed for the prohibitionists they went into the soup, which shows that money is more powerful than prayer in politics.

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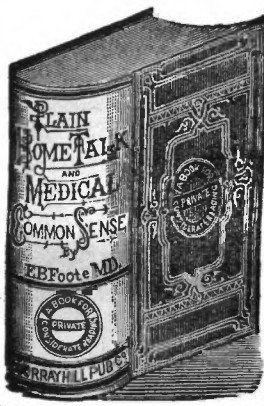
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DR. FELLOWS.

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She was a fair girl graduate, enrobed in spotless white,
And on her youthful features shone a look of holy light.
She bent with grace her dainty head to receive the ribbon blue,
Whence hung the silver medal, adjudged to be her due.
I watched her face with rapture as she raised to heaven her eyes
And moved her lips in prayer as her fingers clasped the prize,
For I knew to education she had pledged her coming days,
To unclasp poor woman's fetters and free her from man's ways.

Time passed. Our pathways parted, but ever and anon
My thoughts would stray toward her, and I'd speculate upon
What my graduate was doing—if athwart the scroll of fame,
Among unselfish workers, had been written high her name.
At last I chanced to meet her, but her books were pushed aside,
While around a dainty garment she sewed the lace with pride;
And at her feet her baby, dimpled, happy, crowing youth,
Upon that silver medal was cutting his first tooth.

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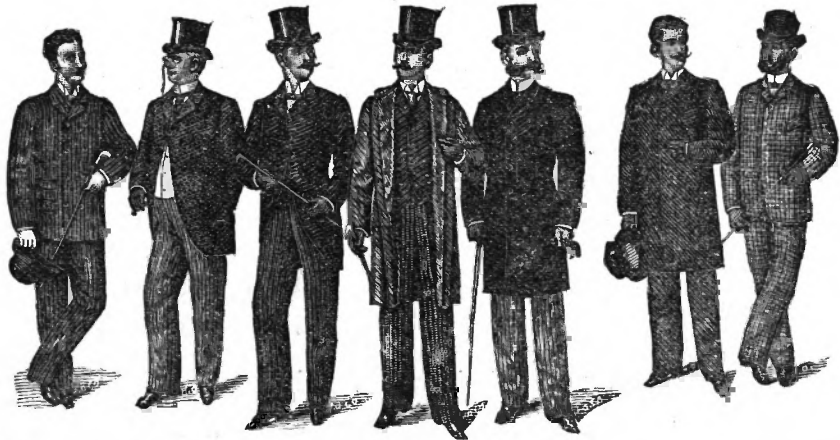
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FREETHOUGHT.

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GEO. E. MACDONALD, } EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - SEPTEMBER 7, 1889.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Cheney, like Spokane and other places, has suffered from the fire-fiend, but is gradually being rebuilt, and with improved appearance. I arrived here on Monday evening, and arrangements were made for a lecture in the school-house and a fine audience was present, much better than I expected. There are but few pronounced Liberals in Cheney, but a large number are evidently drifting out of the old ecclesiastical lines. My friend Mr. Sessions was chairman of the meeting, and introduced me with cordial words. He is deeply interested in Spiritualism, but that does not prevent a pretty clear outlook into the demands of this life, which is the main thing, of course. If we can make things right here, that will go a long way toward making things right hereafter. At the close of my lecture an opportunity was given for remarks pro and con. Rev. Mr. Marvin endeavored to deny my interpretation of St. Paul in regard to the observance and non-observance of Sabbath days. I affirmed that St. Paul was in favor of personal liberty, for he says, "Let everyone be fully persuaded in his own mind"—that is, there is no obligation about it unless one's own judgment makes the obligation. One can observe or not observe according to his individual conviction. Nowhere does St. Paul insist upon the Sabbath observance. The Rev. Mr. Marvin made one important admission, namely, that St. Paul was not talking about the Christian Sabbath, for at that time there was no Christian Sabbath. This is granted, for the Christian Sabbath did not come into existence until the reign of Constantine. This admission on the part of Mr. Marvin overthrows all the divine authority of the Christian Sabbath, and makes it simply of human sanction, which is what I contended for. If the Christian Sabbath was not in existence when St. Paul wrote his epistles then it could not be of divine origin. It is simply an aftergrowth of Christianity. Either way there is a dilemma for the Sabbatharians. If the Christian Sabbath was in existence when St. Paul wrote his epistles, then St. Paul distinctly asserts that its observance or non-observance is a matter of individual conscience, without any divine command at all. If the Christian Sabbath was not in existence at the time of St. Paul, as the Rev. Mr. Marvin asserts, then it is demonstrably of human origin. The Rev.

Mr. Marvin endeavored also to parry my rendering of the declaration of the W. C. T. U., namely, "Unless the Sabbath is observed we are on the way to Spanish bull fights after the Lord's Supper." I affirmed that "we" in the above meant the W. C. T. U. and was equivalent to a confession that the W. C. T. U. were so fond of Spanish bull fights that they would go to them from the Lord's Supper unless prevented by law. Mr. Marvin undertook to show that "we" in this case meant the American people as a whole. I answered that it couldn't mean the American people as a whole, since they did not, as a whole, attend the Lord's Supper. The word "we" could only mean those who attend the Lord's Supper, that is, Christians, and it is frankly admitted that these would go to the Spanish bull fights from the Lord's Supper if there was no legislation to prevent. Mr. Marvin was compelled to assent to the soundness of my statement. The Rev. Mr. Chase, Congregational clergyman of the place, at the close of the lecture declared to me that he was not in favor of the Blair bill, and that numbers of intelligent clergymen were opposed to it. He also put himself in favor of church taxation. This shows that a sense of justice is beginning to prevail among enlightened Christians.

I am well satisfied with the meeting at Cheney. The attendance and interest are a good sign of the future.

My friend S. B. Jewell is quite unwell, but he means to pull through and do a great deal yet for Freethought. He has a heart for any fate, and whatever happens he will depend on nothing but his own self and the truth as he understands it. My best wishes to this generous and suffering comrade.

Thomas Wilce and son, and other friends I find who will keep the flag on high and give heart and hope to the work.

Tuesday, August 20, I go to Rosalia, W. T. This place seems to be going ahead on quite a solid basis. It has a splendid agricultural country about it—one of the finest wheat growing sections on the coast. Rosalia has a bright prospect, and so has its vicinity, for it depends upon the unceasing wealth of the soil. Circling around here into the Palouse country to Colfax and to Lewiston are about eight million acres of land unsurpassed in fertility. The following is the yield of grain on the farm of G. D. Anderson this season, which is not a bad showing: One hundred acres of wheat yielded 3100 bushels or 31 bushels per acre; sixteen acres of oats yielded 1162 bushels or 72 bushels per acre; twenty acres of barley yielded 900 bushels or 45 bushels per acre, of extra fine grain which will weigh out about 48 bushels. There are no trees to be cleared off—the land is rolling, well watered, and the soil is deep and rich.

Abram Dorsey, of Rosalia, and Julius Schur, of Waverly, meet me at the station—comrades good and true. At Smith's Hotel I find liberal entertainment. Mine host and hostess believe in the good things of this life. My friend Schur brings cheerful news from Waverly. They purpose to keep the campaign going there. Friend Wm. Graham has gone up into the Colville coun-

try, and writes me that he has not yet found any Infidels there. But I guess they will come, even in that far-off land, with the railroads and the telegraphs.

Abram Dorsey is our wheel-horse at Rosalia, and goes right ahead, no matter how hard the pull. It is a busy season of the year now. Laborers are scarce and everybody must pitch in. Neighbors have to help one another, and so all are in harness, not as a matter of money, but as a matter of good fellowship. The harvest must be gathered and neighbor must join with neighbor until the rush is over. Under these circumstances I could not expect a very big turnout, but nevertheless the hall was about full on the first night, many of the audience being Christians. On the second evening not so many were out, for the Christians were a little bit afraid of another lecture. On the whole I am quite encouraged. These were the first Freethought lectures ever given at this point, and the results are beyond what friends expected, and the future is one of promise.

Peter Proff is a royal co-worker with Dorsey. He is ready with heart and hand, and gives generous support. He owns three quarter-sections on the edge of the town, and has raised a big family of boys and girls, nine living, and none of them walk within the shadow of the church. Friend Proff has made this life a gospel indeed, of industry, of good living, and earnest thought.

Our good old friend, Wm. Fisk, has plenty of youthful fire in his opposition to orthodoxy. What a pleasure it is to meet him, who is so earnest and devoted to the cause, although he might well leave the contest to younger men. But he is every inch an Infidel and proposes to stay at the front though the evening of life does advance. It brings no melancholy shadow with it, but still the richness of the dawn. With such self-sacrificing friends toil becomes easy, and broad and bright the fields of labor open. With all my heart I thank this veteran of Freethought for his untiring support.

The thanks of Liberals are also due to John Schloman, who generously donated the use of his hall for the lectures.

Miss J. H. West, postmistress of Rosalia, is also of Liberal and cultivated mind, and earnest for Freethought. It is a pleasure to meet with one who shows that the true genius of woman is on the side of liberty and progress.

Thos. Secrist, of Oakdale, gave me a good handshake and wants me at Oakdale next time, and I will surely be there. Dr. Baker, Wm. Howard, M. M. Walsh, also were present from the same place, and are ready for a campaign.

Harry Humphrey, H. W. Goff, Geo. Whaley, R. G. White, and others, are in our ranks and give a soldier's welcome.

Our Christian friends, Reynolds, Smith, and Williams, were not afraid to listen to the lectures and do a little thinking on their own account. If they remain in the fold they will be all the better for seeing "fresh fields and pastures new."

So Rosalia breathes of hope and progress. In the bosom of the hills it shall shine with the rose of dawn, and hail the glad to-morrow. If any friend who thinks of coming to the coast desires to know more about this part of Washington they can write to A. Dorsey, Rosalia, who is well posted and will give the facts of the case—not faith but knowledge.

Thursday I come on to Pasco. I find it quite deserted. Capt. Grey has not yet returned from the Constitutional Convention. Straub is up on the Sound, I hear. I have the pleasure of meeting J. W. O'Kiefe. Pasco still grows, and the sage-brush shines with boundless possibilities. The capitol of the state may

come here. That would give it a boom indeed. The artesian well has not yet struck water, but they are still looking for it. The town is gradually improving and the lands are being settled. The magic of civilization is beginning to work, and the desert is transformed. A new railroad has recently been organized to extend from Pasco to Vancouver by way of Goldendale; Capt. W. P. Grey and J. W. O'Kiefe are among the directors. There is talk of establishing a foundry and machine shop at Pasco. I see plenty of vim among the citizens of this place, and they are bound to go ahead.

I missed meeting Frank Schuneman, who was ready to meet me the day before I arrived. The dates got mixed up somehow, and we were a day apart in our calculations. I had the pleasure of hailing friend Kahlow, who is about to take a trip to the old country and look upon the land of his birth. A happy voyage to our veteran while off duty.

Friday night I reach Walla Walla, where I must remain until Saturday for the Dayton train. So I have a chance to see old friends, and call upon Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, who keep things lively upon this part of the coast. The Walla Walla Liberals are doing splendidly. There are lectures every Sunday evening and the Opera House is full. The ministers keep a discreet silence, except one Brown, who occasionally utters a shriek, but after Reynolds's reply he is "done brown" and the comedy ends. I had a hand-shake with Dr. Calder, Olsen, Rosenow, Niles Vincent, Mrs. Alice Sufferen, Martin S. Twist, Sol Center, etc. Sol Center has married since I was here in accordance with Wordsworth's idyl—

"A woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command."

He is building a beautiful cottage and intends to sit under his own vine and fig-tree and have the cream of life. He deserves it, for he is a man among men always. May the orange blossoms bloom to the golden days. While waiting for the train he gave me a drive over the elegant city, which, after an easy fashion, is advancing to metropolitan proportions. A new railroad—Hunt's—has come in, and this is giving quite an impetus to business. The farmers complain of no harvest, and yet the average yield throughout the country is twenty-two bushels of wheat to the acre. But they are used to twice that, and count the present yield a failure. In the course of our drive we visited the brewery of Mrs. J. H. Stahl—one of the finest establishments in the territory, where they make snow and ice right along by steam. Mrs. Stahl was left a few years ago with a large family to support and a debt of thirty-five thousand dollars. By her own energy and business talent she has paid off the debt, improved the works, and the other day was offered one hundred and twenty thousand dollars for the plant. The president of the United States can't show any better record than that.

While here I heard of the death of Horace Seaver, and the shadow of death came into the midst of bright enjoyment, but a shadow shining with many a star. I shall always remember this man with deepest gratitude—so true and brave and honorable. His noble record of more than half a century gives courage and hope to our toils of to-day. Into the stream of life and progress, into the glow of freedom, comes his undying devotion, and the future of Freethought shall brighten with the rays of his unconquerable spirit.

After waiting seven hours for the train I am en route for Dayton, where I arrive in time for the lecture. I am greeted by a large audience, and I find Dayton to be alive with Freethinkers,

although there are nine churches in the place to a population of about twenty-three hundred. It is the county seat of Columbia county, which is one of the richest agricultural sections in the territory. The yield of wheat this year has been as high as fifty-six bushels to the acre. The average throughout the county is twenty-two bushels to the acre. Dayton is delightfully situated among the folding hills, which stretch about it like shining ramparts, golden and grey glittering along the dark ploughed fields. These hills roll off for miles away, rising at times into steep buttes, but mostly productive of plentiful harvests. The city has many fine dwellings and handsome business blocks. The courthouse is one of the most magnificent in Washington, with a beautiful green sward and ranks of trees about it. There is plenty of water power in the vicinity. There are flour mills; also electric light. There have been two or three big fires, but the place constantly improves. It has the elements of solid growth—a country of unsurpassed fertility. Hunt's railroad will be built in here after awhile, and this will give competing lines for business and travel.

On Sunday and Monday evenings there was increased attendance. The Opera House was filled. The clergymen turned out in force and took notes rapidly. Not all the nine churches were represented, for there are only about two or three clergymen to the nine churches. When the Methodist minister came here he was surprised at the small attendance. He wrote to one hundred of the leading business men of the place inquiring the cause of this effect, or defect, as Polonius would say. He received only eight answers out of the one hundred. The chief reasons that transpired out of the correspondence were these: First—That trout bite better on Sunday than any other day of the week. Second—The vacuum in the pulpit was greater than the vacuum in the pews. The inquiring mind is now at rest.

The audiences were representative of the best elements of the city. Dayton might be put down as a Liberal city, for the majority of the people are that way. But they have unconsciously drifted in this direction, without as yet a thorough mental conception of what Freethought is, and at present only a few among the many are ready to take the laboring oar. But the large attendance is exceedingly gratifying as showing the tendencies of the time and the promise for future advancement.

The few who do take hold with enthusiasm and real understanding of Freethought have made my stay pleasant beyond words to express, and labor here has been a refreshment instead of a toil. I have felt as if I was going with the tide and the sunshine instead of fighting on the frontier against odds. There are veterans here, but the vigor of youth is in the ranks.

Col. W. A. George is beyond the seventies, but he has always kept up a running fire against orthodoxy which has been quite effective. He has been prominent in the affairs of the state as a lawyer and writer, and has taken the line of Gen. Grant—"keep the church and state forever separate."

W. E. Cahill, A. Roth, John Brining, who acted as chairman of the meetings, A. P. Cahill, and H. C. Griffith are of the color guard of our forces here, the young men who will stand by when the old warriors have passed from duty.

Among others who are not afraid to be counted outside the orthodox camp are J. N. Day, brother of our good Liberal friend of Walla Walla, Dr. Day; O. F. Clark, who can give the hand of fellowship although he does embrace more things in heaven and earth than I can find in my philosophy, for he reads the Truth Seeker and is not in subjection to the spirits; also George

Orchard, who thinks that man can live without a brain but not without freedom and justice; Alex. Duffy, W. H. Burrows, A. J. Dexter, D. C. Gurnsey, Frank Gurnsey, J. A. Kellogg, Geo. B. Baker, J. N. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Boggs; Burns, of the Unitarian faith, but not enough to hurt; Hannan, the pioneer of the country, who sticks to the Bible through thick and thin and constantly quotes it to the clergymen, but somehow or other they don't seem to like his quotations any better than if they came direct from Ingersoll or Paine; Mr. Mexter, Dr. Day, S. M. Martin, who renounces orthodoxy but delights in Swedenborg and revels in the infinite consciousness as the source of all human consciousness, and the divine life and the god within, but is willing to leave these questions to science, the Christ of humanity; G. P. Wright, O. B. Logan, who has been on the battle-line of Freethought for many years; R. E. Peabody, of the Chronicle, a paper which dares to have a mind of its own and speak it even if the clergymen are hit and meanness exposed—all these, and more whose names I do not remember, have made a splendid company, so that the days have passed as quickly and brightly as though the harvest were already won. Such delightful associations, mingling with cultivated minds and earnest hearts, prepare for the sterner and darker fields of conflict. Like its beautiful hills, its rippling streams, its shining fields and trees, is the memory of these ardent and generous comrades, and from this happy past I look forward to nobler work, to grander results in the radiant future.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

THE LICK BEQUESTS.

The deed of trust of the Freethinker James Lick, who died October 1, 1876, charged the Board of Trustees to expend the sum of \$1,650,000 for benevolent purposes, besides large bequests to the Pioneers, the Academy of Sciences, and other beneficiaries. The money left to the Society of California Pioneers has been expended in the erection of a handsome building on Fourth street, near the corner of Market, and the Academy of Sciences is in process of construction on Market street, near the corner of Fourth. These two societies are Lick's residuary legatees.

But of the \$1,650,000, although it has been in the hands of the trustees for thirteen years, less than one-half has been applied according to the will of the testator. The trustees were charged to expend—

For a monument in San Francisco to Francis Scott Key (author of the "Star Spangled Banner") the sum of \$60,000. This monument was erected in Golden Gate Park and dedicated on July 4, 1888.

For the Lick Observatory, to contain the most powerful telescope in the world, the sum of \$700,000. The Observatory was completed and transferred to the University of California last year.

For a Home for Old Ladies in San Francisco, \$100,000.

For Free Baths in San Francisco, \$150,000.

For a California Institute of Mechanic Arts—a manual training-school for the boys and girls of San Francisco—\$540,000.

These last three bequests have not been carried out. About once in six months a paragraph appears in the papers briefly mentioning the free baths. At similar intervals the Home for Old Ladies is referred to, and there are occasionally hidden allusions to a school of mechanic arts, but the institutions do not materialize.

And there is still another bequest—

For statuary to be placed in front of the San Francisco City

Hall and to be emblematic of three significant epochs in the history of the state of California, \$100,000.

Considering the present condition of the new City Hall—which could be mistaken for either a ruin or a building in the process of erection, while it is neither, being in a state of arrested development—the trustees might be excused for not pushing the statuary to completion. Nevertheless two years ago competitive designs and models were advertised for, and prizes were offered—the contract for the execution of the group to the first competitor, \$500 to the second, and \$300 to the third. It is said that about twenty-four artists responded to the invitation. All the drawings and models were placed on exhibition and it was announced that a decision would be rendered in a very short time. Since then none of the competitors have heard a word; and the only answer to repeated questions on the subject has been that the trustees could not decide. Of late, however, the opinion has been circulated that none of the drawings were up to the expectations of the trustees.

Now the trustees have taken a new departure. They have offered four sculptors \$750 each for designs, the amount to be paid whether the models are accepted or not. The first design is, in the language of the will, to represent the history of the state, from the early settlements of the missions to the acquisition of California by the United States; the second, from such acquisition by the United States to the time when agriculture became the leading interest of the state; the third, from the last-named period to the first day of January, 1874.

This does not look like business, but when it is considered that one of the parties who will get \$750 for his work is in the employ of one of the trustees, suspicions are aroused that the contract is a job, though a small one. However, if within a reasonable time statuary of a satisfactory character is produced the public will not examine too closely into the way it was done. But if something is not done soon it will be necessary to add another group in order to represent the epoch which passed while the trustees were inactive.

Regarding the other bequests, it is not exaggeration to say that the public is impatient. The baths are badly needed; so are the Institute of Mechanic Arts and the Old Ladies' Home. The trustees have the funds at hand, and know the purpose for which they are intended. In the name of all that is reasonable, why don't they wake up and do something?

THE PORTLAND CONVENTION.

There was never in the history of Secularism in the West so promising and so important an event as the coming Convention at Portland. It will be held at a time when the city is full of visitors from all parts of the Northwest, and also at a time when many of the best Liberal lecturers of the country are able to be present, and these two facts in conjunction should insure large attendance and good enthusiasm.

The Oregon State Secular Union is fortunate in having for a president such a man as Mr. C. Beal. He evidently accepted the office with a view to doing the work which the position involves, and nobly is he performing his task. Nobody can read his weekly communications, reports, and appeals in FREETHOUGHT without feeling a deep interest in the Convention and a strong desire to attend. We hope to hear of an attendance of thousands; of grand speeches, noble enthusiasm, generous contributions, and the general evidences of renewed devotion to the cause of Secularism.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, September 8, at 8 o'clock. Mr. W. O. Howe will speak on "Usury, and How to Abolish It."

FRIENDS OF FREETHOUGHT—and we count every reader as a friend—should remember that the present is the dull season for papers whose circulation is principally rural. Realizing this, they do not need more than an intimation that whatever they are able to do for this paper will be most timely if done now. Send us subscribers, renewals, book orders, or any other form of encouragement you may be moved to extend.

CONSIDERABLE space is occupied in this issue by letters on the coming Portland Convention. It is a timely topic, and full of interest.

JUDGE J. G. MAGUIRE has gone East, and will lecture there on the single tax. Henry George is coming West, and will lecture here on the same subject. Thus the equilibrium of the planet is preserved.

NEARLY half a million people visit the exposition at Paris on Sunday. The American exhibitors cover their goods from the profane eyes of the Sabbath-breakers, and get ridiculed for their puritanism.

IN the cases of fifteen men arrested at Kansas City, Mo., for violating the Sunday law, Judge Boland decided last Monday that the law was unconstitutional. The city attorney will appeal to a higher court.

J. M. WHEELER, of the London Freethinker, having made a trip to Beau'ieu, in an out-of-the-way portion of England, reports that he ran across laborers whose weekly wage, all told, amounted to seven shillings—about \$1.70. At this place the people were so pious that they were afraid to give a drink of water to strangers on Sunday.

JUDGE GIBSON, of Oakland, gave some sage advice the other day to the mother of a girl who showed symptoms of religious dementia. The girl testified that she was never allowed to go anywhere except to church, and the judge admonished the parent to keep her from religious society for a while and let her attend parties and the theatre.

A YOUNG woman named Pennock was sent to the insane asylum last Monday, from this city, crazed with the delusion that God had cursed her and that she was "doomed." There seems to be no end to the number of victims of the mind-wrecking religion taught in our pulpits, and there will be none until the falsehoods of the church are destroyed by truth and reason.

WE have received a copy of the "Fritankaren, organ for Sveriges fritankare," published at Stockholm, Sweden, Viktor E. Lennstrand och Alfred Lindkvist, redaktorer. Not being familiar with the tongue of the Swedes we are unable to enjoy the many good things which the Fritankaren doubtless contains. Editor Lennstrand was at last report undergoing a trial for blasphemy.

WHEN Mr. Frank Dallam, editor of the Lincoln County Times (Davenport, Wash.), goes on a vacation he should be careful

what kind of an animal he leaves in his editorial chair. The long-eared sort of biped who got out the Times of August 23 would ruin the reputation of any paper in a month. A writer who in one brief article can abuse the Freethinker and insult the Christian by saying the latter is no better, has the wrong qualifications for a successful journalist.

WE received last week this touching note:

BOSTON, Aug. 21, 1889.

FRIENDS PUTNAM AND MACDONALD: It is my sad task to inform you that our old friend Horace Seaver passed quietly away this morning at 11:25. Thus we lose a most worthy man. Yours in grief,

J. P. MENDUM.

So may we all pass—quietly, laden with years and with honors, and lamented most by those who knew us best.

STILL another "Christ!" Among the passengers of the Zelandia, which arrived from Australia the other day, was an Englishman who had excited the attention of the passengers by his queer conduct. When the vessel docked he went ashore, leaving his baggage to take care of itself, and wandered along the wharves softly humming and whistling religious tunes. A police officer found him at this occupation and took him in charge. At the city prison he kept his soft melodies going and refused to talk except to say that he came from Sidney and that he was Jesus Christ. He was booked as insane and sent to the Home for Inebriates.

THE Evening Post says:

"A Tennessee judge has instructed his grand jury 'to indict all persons who publicly express Infidel sentiments.' That judge's zeal outruns his judgment. He does not help the cause of Christianity."

The Post evidently never heard of such a thing as religious liberty, but judges the rightfulness of an act according to its effect upon "the cause of Christianity." If the Tennessee jurist's course should result in making a Christian of every person in the state it would still be execrable, as salvation from any possible terrors in the next world is of small account compared with salvation from bigotry and religious intolerance in this.

A WRITER in the Chicago Open Court makes this argument against the single tax: "In the summer of 1854 I belonged to a party of surveyors in California. We were employed by the state to run the section lines of five townships of land in Kern county, near Baker's Ferry. It was then a desolate country—covered mostly with alkali shoe deep, in some places a little sage-brush, and stunted cactus, with some willows by the alkaline pools. I would not have accepted the tract surveyed for my summer's work. The 'God-given right' to the whole 115,000 acres of land would not have supported a thousand jack rabbits. Within the last few years a company, seeing the possibilities of the situation, have flumed Kern river, constructed irrigating ditches, and made this desert productive. Baker's Ferry, a single cabin and a rope ferry, has become a city of 2,000 inhabitants, and the land, absolutely valueless at one time, is now worth say fifty dollars per acre. Now is there any justice in taxing the brains and pluck of these corporators or of those who are occupying these lands now, to equalize my lack of brains thirty-five years ago?" Leaving the single tax out of the question, would not the result have been more profitable to the people if the state or the government had reclaimed these arid lands and let them go to small purchasers at cost? This is a matter to be considered by the Senate Committee now in California.

OBSERVATIONS.

When I limped into the hall where the Freethought Society met last Sunday night Brother Schroeder kindly inquired how the sprained ankle was progressing, and said he trusted I would be in good form for the schaufest of the Turn Verein next month. Many others extended the hand of sympathy, so that I felt it was good to be there.

The meeting being called to order by Vice-President Lemme, the Misses Haelke played their zithers with pleasing effect, and Mr. Thomas Curtis was introduced as the honorable speaker of the evening. Mr. Curtis took for his subject "Fifty Years of Freethought." He said that he had been reared in the bosom and bowels of the Presbyterian church in England, a church known as independent. The members of that society were not numerous, but they were very firm in the belief that members of other churches stood a slim chance of being saved. Mr. Curtis was first led to doubt by being asked to name the father of Christ. He replied, "The Holy Ghost, of course." When solicited to furnish proof of this, he turned to the gospels, but there found that the evangelists traced the genealogy of Jesus to Joseph. He asked a minister about the matter. The minister told him he must not examine; he must believe, otherwise he would be damned. Mr. Curtis said he took the risk, and doubted. In his pursuit of truth he became acquainted with George Jacob Holyoake, Robert Cooper, Thomas Cooper, and O'Brien, author of a Life of Robespierre. At that time, over forty years ago, Bradlaugh was not known. There were meetings at St. John's Institute, where, in the coffee-room, the young men discussed theology.

In 1849 Mr. Curtis came to America and assimilated with the Liberals of Philadelphia. They had a Sunday Institute in the city, Thomas Ilman president, and Robert Walling and James West prominent members. A great convention occurred shortly in New York, with two hundred delegates from all parts of the country. Mr. Curtis went from Philadelphia, and at the convention he met Josiah P. Mendum, Horace Seaver, John S. Verity, and Gilbert Vale, author of the Life of Paine. Great crowds were in attendance, Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose being one of the speakers.

Mr. Curtis related his experience with Joseph Barker in Philadelphia. Barker professed to be a Freethinker, and the Philadelphia Liberal society engaged him to conduct one side of a debate with a local clergyman. The society agreed to pay him fifty dollars for four evenings, but the attendance was so large that they were able to give him nearly eight hundred dollars. Mexican quarters were in circulation in those days, and when they offered them to Barker he refused them because they were light. The society concluded that Barker was a Liberal for revenue only and declined to have anything more to do with him. Here turned to England, joined the Methodist church, and went to lecturing against Infidelity. He denied ever having been an Atheist, but Mr. Curtis had in his possession a declaration in Barker's own handwriting that he (Barker) believed in neither gods, devils, heaven, nor hell. This declaration Mr. Curtis forwarded to Charles Bradlaugh, who followed Barker over the country with it.

The speaker also gave some reminiscences of the antislavery agitators he had known, among them Garrison, Henry C. Wright, Stephen Foster, Abbie Gail Foster, Lucretia Mott, Chas. Birney, and Wendell Phillips.

Mr. Curtis called attention to the change wrought since fifty years ago. France was then in the hands of a mob with the Jesuits in power. Mexico was owned by the Catholic church, and the priests walked over the flag. Italy was ruled by the pope. These countries have since become free.

Within this same time the world has witnessed the growth of modern Spiritualism. Mr. Curtis attended a convention at Rutland, where he met many curiosities in the spiritual line. Elder Evans was there, and A. J. Davis, and a man named Hudson, who gave telegraphic communications from the other world at \$2 per hour. Henry Seybert, who left a large sum of money for the investigation of psychic phenomena, spent \$600 with Hudson for this spiritual telegraphy.

Mr. Curtis's lecture was one of the most entertaining yet given before the society, and he closed amid hearty applause.

The next speaker was Mr. Schou, whose remarks were accompanied by a collection.

Mr. Palanca followed with an address which he had well considered beforehand, and which he was therefore able to give with force and precision. It dealt with the antagonizing forces of authority on the one hand and fraternity on the other.

Mr. Knight spoke by invitation. Religions, he said, were like men. They are born, get old, decay, and die. They must not be changed. A change of the creed is equivalent to an admission that it was previously wrong; that those who accepted it believed a lie, and are therefore lost, although they died in the faith. For this reason creeds are left behind, the people growing away from them.

Mr. Paddon made some references to the unreasonable character of belief in a supreme ruler over the aggregate of nature; Mr. Knight recurred in order to chide Mr. Paddon for his severity, and Mr. Curtis closed the discussion by defending Mr. Paddon's method.

At the next meeting Mr. W. O. Howe, of Oakland, will give the remainder of his address on the abolition of usury.

Last Monday and Tuesday the Chinese residents of San Francisco celebrated the birthday anniversary of one of their deities. The celebration was preceded by a week of charity, during which any poor person in Chinatown could get all he wanted to eat by applying at the right place. The god's name is How Wong. Several hundred years before the Christian era How Wong was a general, and there was never such a prince in friendship or in war. When he fought he slew the Tartars by dozens, and in peace he established free soup houses. He does not profess to be a first-class high-power god, but like the Virgin Mary he does a fair business at prayer-answering, and awhile ago his devotees got so much luck from his influence that they came near being barred out of lottery games; but the gamblers imported a devil as an offset, and so were able to hold their advantage. How Wong is likewise a healer of the sick, and by paying his priest from four bits to a dollar the invalid is entitled to be cured. The god is preserved in the form of a wooden idol, and has a temple on Stockton street.

On Tuesday, attracted by the sound of Chinese music, I went up Washington street to see for myself the Mongolian method of giving vent to the religious emotions. A procession had formed on the street which for true gorgeousness surpassed anything to be seen in the world outside of China. It was gotten up absolutely regardless of expense. There were satin banners as large as the mainsail of a yacht, and requiring three men each to carry them, one holding the staff twenty feet long, and two others bracing it up with poles. There were horses caparisoned in embroidered silk; hundreds of men in silken robes; designs worked in flowers that no sane florist would make for a hundred dollars apiece; band-wagons with silk canopies; gonfalons of wonderful patterns; mimic theatres on wheels; soldiers with fearful but not dangerous weapons; groups representing something or other; living puppets enacting farces; bearded men and bearded women, with fantastic headgear, and everything glittering in all the gold, silver, and mirrors that could be fastened to it. Last of all came the great dragon, carried by about thirty men, whose upper parts were concealed in its body, and whose legs gave it the appearance of a big centipede. The dragon appeared to be a hundred and fifty feet long or thereabouts, and its bearers gave it an up-and-down motion by means of poles which they raised and lowered, and crossed and re-crossed the street to produce the serpentine effect. The head of the dragon would have given John the Revelator a fit of delirium jim-jams. It was mainly mouth, and the mouth was full of terrible teeth and a wallowing tongue. It had eyes made of big round mirrors, horns like barber-poles, and ears wherein a priest might stand and preach an effective sermon. The lunatics who had the head in charge were laboring under the greatest degree of excitement. They charged right and left, thrusting the dragon toward one side and then the other, reared and cavorted and perspired.

During all this the Chinese citizens who filled the sidewalk

showed no enthusiasm. They looked on as became a race of stoics. To them the procession was what a procession of priests is to a lot of Catholics. It was Chinese high mass, or elevation of their host, and presented various other primitive aspects of Romish-pagan mummary. They even had the ark containing the sacred symbols and relics, while one man carried two buckets of hog's blood in which the sins of the people for the past year were supposed to be gathered—buckets and blood to be burned at night as an offering and atonement.

Here are two buckets filled with gore—
Your sins throw in the can,
And then Ah Sin may sin some more
The same as 'Melican man.

When the celebrants had borne the dragon around as long as there was any fun in it, they cavorted back to the temple with him and laid him up for another year.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The laborers of San Francisco turned out about 5,000 in celebration of Labor Day, Sept. 2.—There was a \$50,000 fire at Ukiah, Cal., on Tuesday, destroying the Palace Hotel, a portion of Odd Fellows' Hall, and other buildings.—The San Francisco Cremation Society held its annual meeting on the 4th inst. The society has purchased a lot on California and Laurel streets and contemplates erecting a \$25,000 crematory.—A number of Sandwich Island converts to Mormonism recently passed through San Francisco on their way to Salt Lake.—Long Hang Tsang, the Chinese consul, denies the charges of embezzlement and malfeasance in office, and declares they are all newspaper talk.—Rain fell in Los Angeles, Orange, and San Bernardino counties last Saturday.—The Terry-Neagle-Field shooting case is being tried in the federal court. The question of jurisdiction will be settled later.—The United States Senatorial Committee upon the Reclamation of Arid Lands is inspecting California.—A Catholic priest named Quinn, of Spokane Falls, W. T., was fined \$100 in the police court at St. Paul, August 29, charged with taking indecent liberties with little girls. He had been a teacher in the Spokane Falls Catholic school, and left there to go to Baltimore to defend himself against the charge of immoral conduct.—Tacoma, Wash., had a very narrow escape from a disastrous conflagration on the 29th ult. A fire broke out within the business portion of the city and for a time it looked as if the experience of Spokane Falls and Seattle was to be repeated, but the wind was light and the new engines got the fire under control after it had destroyed about \$75,000 worth of property.

Last Sunday, it is claimed, Cooper Graham, of Philadelphia, went over Niagara Falls in a barrel. He was picked up alive but unconscious, and says he does not want to repeat the trip.—An "uprising" of colored people is reported from Laflore county, Miss., and troops were ordered out Sept. 1. There has been some rioting.—The jurors in the Cronin murder case will be chosen from among the farmers in Chicago's suburbs.—The mother of John L. Sullivan, the pugilist, died in Boston last week. Sullivan was beastly drunk at the time.—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the author and poet, celebrated his eightieth birthday, at Beverly Farm, near Boston, Aug. 29.—Thirty prominent citizens of Galesburg, Ill., are cited to appear before the United States Circuit Court in October as defendants in a suit instituted by Rev. C. A. Nyblandh. Nyblandh was transient pastor of the First Lutheran Church at Galesburg last fall, and was discharged because of reports alleging illegitimate parentage. He escaped a trial on the charge because the case was outlawed. He charges several of the defendants with false imprisonment and others with defamation of character and asks for \$25,000 damages.

The great strike of London coalheavers is still on.—The queen prorogued Parliament Aug. 30.—O'Brien, the Irish editor, was again placed in jail last Monday, at Galway, for holding illegal meetings.—Public sentiment in China is said to be in favor of excluding all Americans. There were at last accounts about a thousand Americans, more than half missionaries, in the Flowery Kingdom.

"Liberty and Morality," by W. S. Bell. 15 cents.

THE OREGON CONVENTION.

W. F. Benjamin, of Roseburg, one of her leading citizens, writes that he will favor me with a list of names, has published a notice of the convention free, and will do so again, in the Plain-dealer. The letter is good, intelligent, and practical throughout, for which our friend has the thanks of the many thousands of Liberals in the northwest. Dr. York and wife write that they will be at the convention and meet their many old friends. In the next issue we will publish a list of twelve to fifteen speakers. And here it would be well to remind Liberals of the reduced rates of fare. I am told they expect 100,000 people here from Sept. 26 to Oct. 26, at the great Industrial Fair. Fifty musicians will be here from New York city at an expense of \$10,000. But the cheapest and best here will be our great re-union of the different branches of the Liberal family.

David Wittenberg, of East Portland, has taken a Life Membership in the Union. I crossed the plains with this honest man in 1862. He was a Hungarian patriot along with Louis Kosuth.

Eldridge Morse, of Snohomish, writes that a delegation will be here to the convention, and that Mr. Underwood will soon deliver seven lectures at this "village on the sound."

Prof. James Roderick Kendell will deliver an address before the convention. E. G. Caukins, of this city, one of Horace Seaver's patrons for thirty years, threw five dollars into the treasury as he passed our faithful Neunert on the street.

The contract is closed by which the grand ball will be furnished with music by Roos & Hodgson's Aerial Orchestra of six professors. Ladies will be admitted free; gentlemen one dollar, and a superb lunch is to be served free by the Portland and East Portland Liberal ladies. This celebrated orchestra will give some of its best selections on Saturday morning, and lead the audience in singing "America," "A Thousand Years My Own Columbia," the Paine song, and other pieces. Liberals should reach here on Friday evening to be present at this morning banquet of speech and song.

James Laird, of Roseburg, writes that he is doing all he can to make up the convention. He is one of our reliable vice-presidents. James K. Sears, of McCoy, Or., is doing all he can to make up the convention by inviting attendance and organizing his forces for that purpose.

The O. S. S. U. has a most excellent secretary in Brother Sears. Louise E. Bennett, of Corvallis, one of the mothers of Liberalism and a vice-president, says they are raising money, some giving five dollars, and will have it here for use in the great cause. She sends a fine list of needed names. We hope this good woman will say a few words at our convention for the encouragement of Latter Day Liberals. Mrs. Lois Waisbrooker will deliver a short address at our meeting, and we send her note for publication. Miss Mattie Blaisdell is at work on a most beautiful and costly banner to be presented to the convention with an address.

As the work proceeds the programme is growing on me, and I am so constituted that I cannot well do two things at once or work well when matters are mixed. Therefore I ask those interested to allow the six meetings on Saturday and Sunday to be devoted absolutely to speech and song. Do nothing else and think of nothing else. Then I have a speaker to open the conference on Monday morning, to be followed all day with five to ten minute speeches, and a ball in the evening. If these are made successful it will be easy to extend the conference one or two days more and have radical lectures at night by our many speakers. As the talk at the Union proper must be on the Nine Demands only, we will find a great desire to hear more radical thought on Liberalism. This will suit speakers and hearers. Let us strike while the iron is hot.

I will invite Liberals through FREETHOUGHT to formulate questions or propositions for discussion at our conference, and will give a few to introduce the matter:

Should Liberals take up public as well as private collections?

Shall we employ one or more persons to deliver lectures to the people on the Nine Demands of Liberalism during the coming year?

How shall we raise money to defray the expenses of the next annual convention?

Shall we select fifteen responsible and worthy persons to become incorporated under the laws of the state of Oregon to receive gifts, devises, bequests, deposits of personal, mixed and real property, to build halls, support lecturers, disseminate literature and support our Liberal papers according to the will of the donors?

Shall the Liberals of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and British Columbia purchase a piece of land in Portland and build a Free-thought Hall or Temple thereon for future use?

Will Liberals examine these and send in others and thereby virtually determine what they will talk about at the conference?

James Wardwell, of Emmett, Idaho, sends five dollars on expenses. It is a case of more dollars than words. F. Hauswirth, of North Yamhill, says: "The call is a good move and should have been done years ago. I am in favor of Liberalism and the secularization of the government. I will be present, give notice in local papers, and raise some money. Here are some names."

W. T. Booth, of McMinnville, says: "I will be at the convention and bring all I can with me. Will bring all the money I can, and raise some from others if possible."

Liberals, this communication is now too long, but a few words yet with you. If you do not come and bring your friends, or if you come to one meeting and go off on business or sight-seeing the next, then I cannot make this meeting. The cause in that event would be discouraged everywhere, as so many expectations have been created. Remember this convention comes in the middle of the great fair. A hint to the wise and conscientious is sufficient.

C. BEAL,
President Oregon State Secular Union.

So far as the question of a large attendance at the Masonic Hall, Portland, Or., Oct. 12, 13, and 14, is concerned, letters from all parts of Washington banish all anxiety; and the shrewd, excellent judgment of the Committee in presenting unparalleled attractions at the opening session, on Saturday morning, Oct. 12, will insure all making especial efforts to be present at the very commencement of the convention.

It is now certain that there will be lectures and addresses by the most able exponents of our principles; a great gathering; a grand rally of leading Liberals; a full report of the convention in all the leading journals of the northwest; the jolliest, merriest, most brilliant and enjoyable ball; the most social and superb supper (free), and the awakening of unbounded enthusiasm.

And yet there is reason for great anxiety, because all this will eventually count for naught, unless the opportunity is improved to fully discuss, decide, and harmonize on some practical plan to carry on the work.

The enemy is vigilant, well organized, provided with abundance of funds, and unscrupulous. Both our state legislatures must be sharply watched; the schemes of the foes of liberty defeated; the needed literature distributed, not alone among the members of our legislative bodies, but also among their constituents at home, so they will be induced to use their influence to insure just and prevent unjust and vicious legislation. The living voice of our representative must be heard, the face be seen, the presence felt, the irresistible arguments of truth properly presented.

Efforts should be made to insure our Liberal papers very large increase of their circulation; every able worthy lecturer receive ample encouragement, that others yet more able may be induced to take the field.

The churches receive over twenty-six million dollars a year for preaching Christianity, superstition, and intolerance, and to carry out their fanatical, liberty-destroying schemes. How needful that every precaution be taken that our limited funds are used wisely, and guarded from possibility of waste or misapplication.

Those powerful organizations, the National Reform Association, the American Sabbath Union, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, have joined forces; pledged themselves to more determined and persistent efforts to enforce rigid observance of Sunday, and to use every lawful means and influence to defeat every candidate for political office who will not pledge

himself to do all in his power to secure "an acknowledgment and performance of the nation's duty to guard and protect the church, by suppressing all public violation of the moral law; by maintaining a system of public schools, indoctrinating their youth in morality and virtue; by exempting church property from taxation, and by providing her funds out of the public treasury for carrying on her aggressive work at home and in the foreign field." (Christian Statesman.)

Liberals of Oregon and Washington, what will you do to defeat these schemes? How much money shall we contribute? In what manner shall it be collected, and how shall our contributions be expended? We must depend on the wealthy Liberals to give generously of their abundance, but let the poorest wage-worker feel that in this struggle he or she is an honored helper, giving from scant store as freely, and more in proportion than the possessor of abundance, thus maintaining independence and doubling their interest in the work; while the wealthy, knowing that all are doing all they can, will be encouraged to come to the rescue in times of great or special need.

We have reached the critical time when every lover of liberty must do his or her full share in helping forward the work.

Come to the convention; let us have a grand, good time. But let the enjoyment of the grand ball and sumptuous banquet be intensified by the delightful assurance "so far we have done our duty—the plan of future work is decided upon, and is one on which all can unite." And then the enjoyment and enthusiasm of the convention will only be the precursor of that glorious celebration of the ultimate victory of Reason, Right, Truth, and Liberty, so soon to follow.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

TO THE LIBERALS OF OREGON AND WASHINGTON: Let every one who possibly can go to the Oregon State Convention of Liberals to be held in Masonic Hall, Portland, Oct. 12, 13, and 14. Railroad fares will be reduced one-half on account of the Pacific Northwest's great fair and exhibition held from Sept. 26 to Oct. 26, so our friends can attend both the fair and convention by paying fare one way.

Upon arriving at Portland I found Brother Beal, the president of the Oregon State Secular Union, overrun with business, getting ready for the meeting and doing herculean work to make it the biggest gathering of Liberals ever held on this coast. Some twelve to fifteen speakers have promised to be here from Chicago, Kansas City, and other places, and the best talent in the country. So let our friends all up and down the coast and over the mountains resolve to lend a helping hand. Come if possible; anyway, send in five dollars, two, or even one dollar, for it takes cash to run a big meeting like this. Several have given \$20, \$10, and \$5, but it will need \$500 at least to pay current expenses—advertising, circulars, preliminary work, etc. The church, the God-in-the-Constitution party, the W. C. T. U., the Y. M. C. A., and the Sabbath Union have appointed meetings here in October, and they are leaving no stone unturned to get control of our laws and bind us to observe their Sabbath and acknowledge their God Jehovah. Their agents are everywhere at work through the preachers and churches at the new states' constitutional conventions, sparing neither work nor cash to carry out their plans. If our friends do not want laws similar to those in Alabama and several other states where a man may be denied the right of suffrage, may be denied his evidence in court, or to sit on the jury, they must wake up to the needs of the hour. Our opponents are rich and strong, and are determined that Infidels shall have no rights that they will be bound to respect. Church power is increasing and concentrating by uniting, monopoly, trusts, corporations, legal steals; all are binding or trying to bind and gag the individual. Hence the need for this convention. We must meet and organize and lay plans, cut out our work so as to work together. We can accomplish but little except we unite and pull together. We want to get rid of the Comstock laws so far as they muzzle the press, the Sunday laws that would make every town and hamlet a sort of graveyard on Sundays, keep God out of the Constitution and hell out of the people, and preachers out of the halls of legislation. If we sit supinely by for this freedom-wrecking party to go on in their holy superstition, we will soon find that we, like the careless flies, are caught in the spider's

web with no way out except by revolution. Carelessness allowed human slavery to be engrafted on this country, and see the cost and waste of life to eradicate it. A worse fate is in store for our grand, glorious country again if we do nothing to checkmate this monster, the united church power.

So, friends, one and all, far and near, take an interest, do your part, do all you can, be resolved to help fight the battle, for it must be fought, and the longer we put off the more bitter and more costly will it be. Come to the convention if possible, but send a remittance (for that will give you an interest) to C. Beal, president, Portland. Comrade Beal is an old man, but honest and capable, and is giving two months' hard labor, without pay, to work up this convention. He is a poor man, but has paid out hundreds of dollars for lectures here in Portland. This is the kind of stuff we want all our friends to show they are made of; so "on to Portland" now with the necessary lucre, and in person Oct. 12, 13, and 14.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

NORTH YAMHILL, Or., Aug. 29, 1889.

C. BEAL, *Liberal Friend*: I received your last letter some time ago, and let me say in reply that I appreciate the efforts you are making to make the convention a success, and I further know that your task is a gigantic one. I hope I can do something to aid in the work. I shall speak in Forest Grove Sunday and in McMinnville the following Sunday, and I shall exhort the Liberals to be in attendance, and assist financially. I shall write a notice of the convention for our county paper. I think there will be several from this place in attendance.

I do not agree with Mr. Bell about exacting pay for lectures at the convention; so far as I am concerned, I shall expect no pay. I am willing to give that much for the cause. I have made many such a "little sacrifice" for Liberalism, and expect to in the future.

You asked that I suggest methods how to make up and carry on the convention. Now, I am a novice in the business of organizations, either in religion or politics, and I am the most recent recruit in the Liberal lecture field, so I think I shall not be presumptuous enough to think I can instruct older and more experienced men.

Hoping that the convention will be a grand success and the work go steadily on, I am,

Fraternally yours,

GEO. H. DAWES.

EAST PORTLAND, Or., Aug. 8, 1889.

PRESIDENT BEAL, *Dear Sir*: In answer to your kind invitation to be one of the speakers at your convention in October I would say: I admire the liberality which leads you to "open communion" with those not of your faith—no, that does not express the idea, for so far as practical work here in this life is concerned I fully agree with you; but what in the eyes of some who call themselves Liberals is as bad as being a Christian, I believe in a future life—am what is called a Spiritualist, and though well aware that the remnants, and often more than the remnants, of church superstition are found in our ranks, I never go back on my colors, but hope to see the day when everything that has grown out of the idea of a personal God will be discarded by every sensible man and woman. Believing in another state of existence, I also believe that the best preparation for it is to live for this while here.

I am in full accord with the Nine Demands of Liberalism, as are all who are willing to do as they would be done by, and will be with you at your convention and do what I can to justify the honor you confer upon me. Fraternaly, LOIS WAISBROOKER.

P. S.—I hope and expect that you will have a grand meeting—one that will extend its influence all over the Pacific coast.

L. W.

DEAR MR. BEAL: Received yours, and I accept your kind invitation and that of the Board of Directors of the Oregon State Secular Union to be present at the annual convention to be held at Portland Oct. 12, 13, and 14. I regard this gathering as of the highest importance and believe that it will greatly help to advance the cause of Liberalism. The objects of such a convention are many. The first thing is to bring those Liberals to-

gether who are deeply interested in the work in their own localities, to become acquainted and join forces for larger action. Earnest Liberals have hitherto been isolated, and the organized power of the churches has not been resisted as it ought to be. If all the earnest Liberals would combine together throughout the state and the Pacific Coast the influence of Liberalism would be increased tenfold. The mere fact of coming together in one body would of itself be a mighty factor.

Again, we need to come together to talk up plans of organization and work—both for state and local purposes. So long as church property is exempt from taxation and Sabbath legislation is maintained there is a pressing necessity for action. But the local work, including not simply political but intellectual, moral, and social advancement, demands serious consideration. We want to know how Freethought can best reconstruct the world of thought, and virtue, and hope, on the basis of nature, science, and humanity. All the experience and wisdom of the best minds should here be brought into requisition.

But a further object of the convention is to arouse indifferent Liberals. Nine-tenths of the Liberals of the country are indifferent. They let things drift. A few in every community have to do the work, and more than half the Liberals will not lift a hand or give a cent in aid of lectures or papers. This is a most unfortunate state of affairs, and the object of the convention is to have so grand a gathering and to bring into play such means of impulse and attraction that beyond the earnest Liberals a power shall reach the indifferent Liberals to arouse them to a perception of the dangers of the situation, and also to kindle in them the enthusiasm of humanity, by which they shall realize that the highest life is not for themselves only, but for all the world. The convention is not, therefore, to be a merely business convention, but also a gathering for the creation of an impulse that shall stir those who are now indifferent to an active interest in the movement.

Furthermore, we want to reach the great general public. We cannot do this by business sessions or by talk among ourselves as to the best plans of work. There must be great gatherings and representative speakers. A business session is of importance, but it cannot reach the masses. The masses, the general public and indifferent Liberals, will not attend a business meeting however interesting and important it may be. Two hundred might attend a business meeting, while two thousand would attend a well advertised meeting addressed by able Freethought speakers. In our anxiety to formulate plans of action, to build an engine, we must not forget that we must make steam; we must create material, and this can be done only by public gatherings at which no business is transacted, but where thought, imagination, and oratory, the most brilliant presentation of our ideas, shall reach the masses, who could be reached in no other way, and if not reached in this way would always be in profound ignorance of Freethought. I refer to this because I notice a tendency to make most of the sessions of the convention business sessions. I think this a mistake. I think two business sessions would be amply sufficient. Methods and means have already been so fully discussed, and working Liberals are so intelligent in these matters that we know what we want and how to get it without much discussion; but I think the main force of the convention should be used to gain and influence the vast indifferent and inimical public by speeches from our best men and women; by a large attendance, those interested gathering from all parts to swell the concourse; by music, if we can have it, also a festival occasion. We want our convention to be reported in the newspapers, and looked upon as an affair of world-wide importance.

These are my ideas of what the convention should be—a little different from what have been given by others, but not so different but what the most thorough harmony can prevail. Our method should be inclusive and not exclusive.

The objects of the convention should be many, not one. The objects as I understand them are: (1) To make fellowship among earnest Liberals; (2) to discuss and adopt best plans of organization for state and local work; (3) to arouse the mass of indifferent Liberals to action; (4) to reach and interest and command the attention of the vast general public—the world itself—to our aims, purposes, ideas, and methods. A convention like

this will certainly be a landmark in the now wonderful advance of Freethought. Yours truly,
SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

A FESTIVAL OF FAITH AT PLYMOUTH.

The two hundred and sixty-ninth anniversary of the embarkation of the Pilgrims for New England, says Moncure D. Conway in the *Open Court*, has witnessed the first celebration of their venture which can be called national. Festivities of Forefathers' Day have been kept up by societies of New England people throughout the country, but the nation has regarded Plymouth Rock as a partly sectional, partly religious symbol. But the Rock has had its national importance. It has an almost ludicrous physical smallness when one sees it, for the reason that it looms so large in pulpit and patriotic eloquence. It has witnessed the transformation of the first church founded by the Pilgrims to Unitarianism. The phases of political faith in the country may be gathered from the orations beside that Rock of Winslow, Webster, Everett, Choate, and Wendell Phillips. If my reader is puzzled about Winslow, let me say that Edward, son of Governor Winslow, delivered the first oration at Plymouth in honor of the Pilgrims. That was in 1774, and in 1775 the same gentleman was an ardent loyalist guiding Lord Percy against the people of Lexington. The "Old Colony Club" of 1769 consisting of seven members was germ of the Pilgrims' Association of to-day, which has managed to enlist the nation, to raise \$200,000, to build a canopy over the Rock, and to set on a hill the colossal figure of "Faith." It bears the names of the Pilgrims to whom, the inscription says, it is "erected by a grateful people in remembrance of their labors, sacrifices, and sufferings for the cause of civil and religious liberty." The statue is made of 14 granite blocks, is 36 feet high, and stands on a pedestal 45 feet. I cannot find the name of the artist responsible for this figure, and thereat do not wonder.

In the absence of artistic merit one may give the figure a realistic-allegorical interpretation. A cynical critic explained that the downward look of "Faith" (though one finger points upward) signifies the godliness that is profitable for this world—exemplified in this instance by the expenditure of \$200,000 for works that should not have cost a fourth of the sum. But Faith's earthward look fairly represents the fact that the Pilgrims meant to found their City of God in this world. The cumbrous blocky figure embodies Calvinism militant. The upward finger proceeds from a fist doubled to deal with the Indians, and also with any who should seek heaven otherwise than the one finger directs. This "Faith" founded Harvard College, and wears Greek drapery; but she clutches her open Bible as if about to hurl it at a Quaker. Her face is that of a Medusa who turned hearts to stone, until some rebelled and turned her to stone.

Supporting the monstrosity are four seated figures, each 14 feet high—Liberty, Law, Morality, Education. Liberty is a Hercules, with helmet and lion's skin, but somewhat Indian-like. Congress paid for "Liberty," and the American Law Association for "Law." This figure—manifestly meant to resemble Webster—holds a book and seems to be giving a judicial opinion, which the American Daniel never did. "Education" is a respectable school dame who favors the Bible in schools, as one may infer from her holding the Decalogue. "Morality" is a theological type, on her breast being the High Priest's jewel with its twelve stones. Beneath these heroic figures are panels of fair but conventional workmanship, representing the Embarkation, the Landing, the Treaty with Massasoit, and the Compact signed in the cabin of the Mayflower. Although the latter sculpture is just under a female "Education," no woman is present.

Plymouthian "faith" was much tried on August 1, the day of dedication. About daybreak something like a waterspout deluged the region, and was followed through the morning by a succession of storms. From a veranda where I found refuge, I looked out on this storm, and reflected that it was just such a southwestern storm that drove the Pilgrims, bound for Virginia, to this beautiful haven. So to the eyes of "Faith" it might appear an impressive part of the celebration; but to the citizens: who had taken such pains with their decorations, the storm was a fire-breathing dragon, roaring angry responses to the cannon:

at the Rock. However, the shining spear of the dragon-pursuer appeared in the west, about noon, and the decorative morning-glories expanded again. The decoration which most interested me was on the front of an old shop, which was overhung with quaint bits of colonial furniture. They appeared far away—as if fragmentary survivals of election and reprobation. In one such piece of colonial furniture, John Carver's chair, ex-Governor Long sat while presiding over the banquet. In a marquee sat some fifteen hundred people, their feet in water, dined and listened to the addresses. From the platform some expected faces were conspicuously absent. The president had not the historic sense to be the first chief magistrate to visit Plymouth Rock, though he was in the neighborhood; and Secretary Blaine passed by to Maine rather than play second fiddle to the Southern Democrat selected as orator of the day, on a platform inscribed—

"Plymouth Rock and Jamestown,
The Pilgrim and the Cavalier,
Once diverse, hereafter forever one."

The selection of Congressman Breckenridge, of Kentucky, as the orator was felicitous. He represents much more than Kentucky. He is perhaps the most historical Southerner living. His grandfather offered in the Kentucky legislature the famous nullification resolutions of 1798, afterwards made a little less radical by Madison for Virginia. His uncle was the states-rights' candidate against Lincoln. The family is from old Virginia, one of the earliest to embrace the Presbyterianism of which this congressman's father was a distinguished preacher. At the present day it is the Presbyterianism of Virginia and Kentucky which most nearly represents the "Faith" symbolized by that bit of Plymouth Rock under stony "Faith's" feet. The Pilgrims did not reach Virginia eight generations ago as they hoped, but they reached it. A Puritan Sabbath, a hard Calvinism, unknown in New England, are familiar in Virginia and in Kentucky—once one of its counties. It has even conquered the Episcopal church. The bishop of Virginia—a lineal descendant by blood of the first apostle of Presbyterianism in the South (Davies)—will not preach in a church where there is a flower. Thus it happens that these Plymouth folk had to go South for a Puritan orator. Mr. Breckenridge had to be preceded by a theistic prayer from the pastor of the first church, now Unitarian. These facts made the orator's figure almost unique. He is a very fine-looking gentleman, with silvered hair and a silvery voice, more eloquent than any orator which New York and the West have left in Massachusetts. No man of equal culture could be found in the North prepared to confess the "faith" of the Pilgrims.

But even this rather "blue" Presbyterian was compelled to repudiate the bigotry and intolerance of the Pilgrims and the Puritans—between whom his distinction was rather technical and antiquarian. He said: "It may even be that for opinion's sake death was inflicted; but no people can remain narrow who hold it to be of divine obligation that every child shall be taught to read and know the Bible." So it appears that even in the last refuges of Puritanism men are reading out of the Bible the many passages demanding death for opinion's sake. There was another suggestive passage in the oration. He spoke of the "freedom" of the Pilgrims as an essential part of their relation to God. "A soul brought consciously face to face with God is necessarily thereafter a free soul." I was reminded of the fact that in the early Virginia colony the clergy were inclined to maintain that the baptism of a negro liberated him. The question was referred to England, where it was decided in favor of the masters. If families of the rank of the Breckenridges in Virginia and Kentucky had earlier worked out this generalization, about the necessary freedom of a soul face to face with God, some modern American history might be less deplorable.

The way in which this impressive orator glorified the faith of the Pilgrims, but repudiated—albeit gently—some of the works by which that faith was shown, and told us that reverence for them meant progress, and that to act and believe as they did might be the most unloving return for their toil, was fitly followed by the singing of Mrs. Hemans's hymn about the breaking waves dashing high on a rock-bound shore. Dr. Channing once visited Mrs. Hemans and told her that there were no dashing waves at Plymouth, and no rock-bound shore. The poetess burst

into tears. But she would have been consoled had she known that the Old Colony folk would go on singing her hymn all the same beside their placid beach. So also we go on singing the praises of the Puritans beside a new moral coast which knows not their rock-bound dogmas, nor their cruel theocracy. On my journey I stopped at Sandwich, eighteen miles from Plymouth, where about two hundred and forty-four years ago some earnest members of the congregation of Rev. Mr. Butcher came to the conclusion that ceremonies and sacraments were irreligious. They became Quakers before George Fox was heard of. These pious people were compelled to assemble in a sort of natural amphitheatre in the woods, where the very "whip-poor-wills" sang of their scourges. Among those persecuted people of Sandwich was an ancestor of Daniel Webster, and an ancestor of John G. Whittier. But we go on singing after Mrs. Hemans (herself a heretic) that the "Pilgrims left unstained what they found—freedom to worship God."

DID JESUS CHRIST RISE FROM THE DEAD?

x.

We have seen that the strong point with the ancient heretics was their denial of the Resurrection on the ground that there was no Crucifixion. Consequently, if we can establish the fact that the Crucifixion most certainly took place, we have gone a long way, if not the whole way, to establish the truth of the Resurrection. Here is testimony, such as it is, to the fact of the Crucifixion.

St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, "the first Christian Emperor," some three hundred years subsequent to the Crucifixion, found the very cross on which the third part of Omnipotence had been fastened with tin-tacks. It must be remembered that this cross was found by no common person. St. Helena was nearly eighty years old at the time; she had to deal with monks, and she had plenty of money; and, if you have plenty of money, there is but little difficulty in discovering the true cross, or any number of crosses, and a few Christs to take a six hours' turn upon them for fifty pounds a piece. Then winners in the fifty-pound stick-and-nail competition would come down and have a long pipe and a quarter of gin with their boon companions, among whom they would subsequently figure as "arf-crucified 'Arry 'Iggin and 'arf-crucified Bill Sykes." Well, besides being very old and very pious, Helena had the advantage of being the mother of "the first Christian emperor," also a very pious person, who murdered his son Crispus and his nephew Licinius, and suffocated his wife Fausta in a steam bath; and all this not when he was a Pagan, but after he had become a Christian.

Helena, mother of "the first Christian emperor," was as pious as her son; and when in her dotage—the very state of mind which predisposes one to "find Jesus"—she went to Jerusalem to ferret out the cross upon which a person had been crucified who, very probably, was never crucified at all.

The Jerusalem monks, who, according to Gregory of Nyssa, (see "Decline and Fall," chap. xxxiii.) were a disreputable gang wallowing in debauchery and general iniquity, found no difficulty in juggling up what she wanted, for the cash and smiles of an empress. She wanted *one* cross, did she? Bless your life, the monks found her *three*! The three crosses were those of Christ and the two thieves; but they had got completely mixed up, and it was impossible to tell which was which. But, if sufficient cash were forthcoming, that could be settled. For cash a monk can easily tell a stick to which a scoundrel has been fastened from a stick to which a God has been nailed. And all this can be effected the more readily if the person for whom it is done is eighty years of age, exceedingly pious, and quite imbecile.

There the three crosses were to be sure; but how were they to tell the cross reddened with the blood of an immortal God from the crosses horrible with the gore of a brace of scoundrels? This is how, according to Sozomen, the thing was done. There was a corpse lying at a convenient distance. The monks took one of the crosses and gave the corpse a thump with it; but the corpse took no notice. Then they took up another cross and

*By Saladin, editor of the Agnostic Journal.

gave the corpse a whack with it; and still the corpse took no notice. Then they took up the third cross and banged the corpse with it; but this time the corpse *did* take notice. Up it got with a hop-step-and-jump and a hallelujah, wondering how the Tartarus it had managed to get restored to life. The monks showed it the pieces of rotten stick with which they had reanimated it, and explained to it that the rotten stick was the cross of Christ, whereupon the corpse fell down upon its half-rotten knees, clasped its hands, turned up its eyes, and glorified the Lord.

Certainly this proves that Christ was crucified, and surely the discovery of the Gospel of Matthew (Resurrection and all) in the grave of St. Barnabas proves that Christ rose from the dead. What more does the skeptic want? He has the proofs of Christ's Crucifixion and Resurrection here placed before him; and all he has got to do is to believe and be "saved." The proofs are, of course, incontestable. Praise ye the Lord.

But should the skepticism of the skeptic be of so obdurate a kind that he still entertains some faint doubts as to the validity of the evidence for the Crucifixion and Resurrection, there are certain quite inexpugnable proofs behind of a nature drastic enough to overthrow the triple ramparts of Doubt. Verily God has not left himself without a witness. The true cross was not only found, but it still remains with us, so that the skeptical may go and see it and believe and be saved. Helena gave a piece of it to Constantine. Whether he used it as a weapon with which to murder his son Crispus and his nephew Licinius I know not. The remainder of the cross Helena left in the charge of the bishop of Jerusalem. The bishop realized a fortune out of it, far more than Christ and his father ever made at the carpentering trade, or his mother Mary ever earned at her business as a barber. ("The Virgin Mary" was a dresser of ladies' hair. See the Sepher Toldoth Jeshu.) The bishop set the cross up in a shed and ran a peep-show. He charged so much a head for a sight of the cross, and did the holy "Walk up, ladies and gentlemen," till the wealth of the Christian monks at Jerusalem enabled them to afford refinements in crime and subtleties in debauchery to which even they had previously been strangers.

By and by the bishop of Jerusalem got a nice handy axe, with which he knocked chips and splinters off the cross of his Lord to sell to the faithful. Faith was abundant, so the market was brisk, and the bits of the cross sold capitably. From bits big enough to make a snuff-box to logs big enough to make a gate-post, were soon scattered all over Christendom. But, in spite of all that was taken off it with axe and saw, the true cross remained intact and as big as ever, the church of Christ gravely putting forth the doctrine that the cross automatically and miraculously repaired itself as often as pieces were hacked or sawn from it. Calvin says of the true cross that a bare catalogue of the pieces of it, and the places where they were to be found, "would certainly fill a goodly volume." And he proceeds to say: "There is no abbey so poor as not to have a specimen. In some places larger fragments exist, as at Paris in the Holy Chapel, at Poitiers, and at Rome, where a crucifix of tolerable size is said to have been entirely made out of it. In fine, if all the pieces which could be found were collected into a heap, they would form a good ship-load, though the gospel testifies that one individual was able to carry it." (Calvin's "Tracts," vol. i, p. 301.) So you see that the cross upon which Christ was crucified was not only found, but there is vastly more of it on the earth at the present hour than poor Simon of Cyrene could carry, even if he had the strength of an elephant. There is in existence, or was until modern times, as much of that doleful tree as would have made a cross whose transverse beam would have been in the clouds. Christ could not have been raised to its *patibulum* or cross-beam by means of fifty of the longest ladders in Jerusalem tied end to end. In further proof I was going to deal with the Crucifixion nails and spear, and the crown of thorns, which the barons of Roumania pawned for thirteen thousand pieces of gold; but, after the evidence of the Crucifixion that I have already adduced, surely he who will not believe deserves all the burning he can get, the gnashing of as many teeth as he may happen to have, and the gnawing of as many never-dying worms as can conveniently be let loose upon him.

But in his anxiety that none should perish, but that all should turn unto him and live, the Lord has been graciously pleased to vouchsafe us still further evidences. He has heaped Pelion upon Ossa by way of proof, in order that everybody should believe, letting hell fall into desuetude and its furnaces smoulder down into cinders. The Empress Helena built a church over the spot from which Christ ascended to heaven. We have seen that he ascended both from Mount Olivet and from a mountain in Galilee at least fifty miles away. But Helena built the church over the spot from which his nether parts ascended, for on the floor of the church remained everlastingly the marks of his feet. It was no use attempting to pave the floor of that church. The marks of the feet tore up the flagstones and sent them spinning out of the way. It was found impossible to cover over those blessed footmarks (see Jortin, vol. iii, pp. 87, 88). No wonder they were ineradicable. What a dint they must have given the ground in their upward spring through the empyrean! The turf must have flown from the divine heels as far as Babylonia and Egypt. With what devotion the faithful climbed that hill and knelt down to kiss the footprints of their flying savior!

The ineradicable footmarks afford incontrovertible proof of the Ascension. The finding of the true cross is unassailable evidence of the Crucifixion; but if Christ was crucified, and if he afterwards ascended, he must, of course, have risen from the dead.

Those more warped by prejudice than conversant with history may object that I have mixed up Gospel and Tradition as if they were of the same historic validity. I reply, and am prepared to deal with all opposition that may be forthcoming, that gospel and patristic Tradition are alike invalid. The miracle of the corpse being re-animated by being brought in contact with the true cross is as well established as the miracle of re-animating Lazarus. The miracle of the ineffable footprints on the spot from which Christ ascended is as fully proven as the miracle of Christ walking on the waters. The patristic legends and the gospel fables belong in all essentials to the same class of religious fictions, the evolution of credulous Superstition and inventive Fraud. The gospels and the legends have alike been filtered to us through the most superstitious and fraudulent circumstances that mark the darkest ages of our race. They come down to us, as we have seen, from a time when religious superstition was in its zenith, and when pious fraud was a regular and recognized profession. Well might the early fathers, to whom we are indebted for Gospel and Legend alike, take up the words of Isaiah: "We have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves."

Paul was the leading Christian of the first century, and he makes the candid admission: "Being crafty, I caught you with guile," and remarks: "For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie to his glory, why yet am I also judged as a sinner? (Romans iii. 7). Justin Martyr and Irenæus were the eminent Christians of the second century, and well did they sustain the mendacious notoriety of Paul in the first. Of Justin Martyr even the judicious and moderate Mosheim is constrained to remark: "Much of what Justin says is wholly undeserving of credit;" while Dr. Whitby admits that Irenæus "scandalously deluded the world with fables and lying narrations." The great lights of the third century—Origen, Eusebius, and Jerome—were no whit behind their pious predecessors as regarded "fables and lying narrations." Well may Mosheim inveigh against the "base audacity of those who did not blush to palm their own spurious productions on the great men of former times, and even on Christ himself and his Apostles." Well may Scaliger admit of the early fathers that "they distrusted the success of Christ's kingdom without the aid of lying." The Rev. Dr. Giles submits that "there is no evidence that either the gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, or the other writings as we have them, existed within a hundred and twenty years after the Crucifixion." Accordingly the canonical books, the apocryphal books, and the patristic legends are one and all the products of the same ages and the same pious forgers. So much, then, for the "Scriptures," which are the only record that Jesus Christ rose from the dead.

BOUND volumes of FREETHOUGHT for 1888 may be had for \$2.50.

JOB.

A tragedy-comedy or vice versa.
SI SLOKUM, Dramatist.

Dramatis Personæ:

JAHVEH, of Blissville.
SATAN, of Sheol.
JOB, of Uz, a man of unbounded faith and unique holiness.
MRS. JOB, of Uz, off-color, religiously.
Sons and daughters at a distance.
"Sons of God," "Job's comforters (unique), messengers, boils, etc.

Scene: Uz, and contiguous territory.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Main street in Uz, Sunday morning.
Enter "Sons of God" on their way to church.
"And Satan came also."

[Enter Jahveh, who takes no notice of his "sons" but accosts Satan.]

JAH. Ah, Satan, is that you I see?

SAT. Am I

That I am, *sui generis*, or a Multiplication table, as it were?

JAH. (Aside) It is Old Nick himself. (To Satan) Whence comest thou?

SAT. From going to and fro upon the earth, And walking up and down in it, my lord.

JAH. A most extended trip, my lord of sheol.

SAT. Well, I should smile.

JAH. What gratifying thing Hast thou discovered in thy longish walk, Grim suzerain of sheol?

SAT. Many things And much have I discovered gratifying.

JAH. (tartly). As how, Satan?

SAT. Have seen that the great earth And fullness, as it were, thereof, are mine By a majority quite large, my lord!

JAH. Alas! I fear you speak too truly, Satan. I have but one, one chosen people, and On them I cannot bet for two straight hours Together—fact! And after all I've done For them, the stiff-necked ingrates. Satan, thou Art raising, sir, the devil here on earth! It must be stopped at once, forget thee not, Or I can't count on e'en a corporal's guard To rally round the flag incarnadined On Zion's mount.

SAT. I raising hell?—excuse The slip linguistic. Raising nothing I. Quiescent I and passive, as against Thy vigor, vim, and hot activity.

Nor reap do I, nor forage on the earth, Pluck not, but simply catch the ripened fruit As in my nets it falls. 'Tis you and your Lieutenants, sir—the fell besotted priests— Who do the scrambling act for human souls, O warlord mighty, yet, nonetheless, fail to Catch on to great extent, my lord.

JAH. Alas!

'Tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true, That you corral full nine in ten of all These human souls, am I most painfully Aware, dread lord of sheol! More to me The wonder how the thing can be, when I Such mighty efforts, not to mention time, Put forth to capture and catch onto these Elusive souls. How is it, lord of Hades? What the cause?

SAT. Flies, great lord of Zion—flies!

JAH. What! flies on me? Great Scott! And after all

My princely offers to the stiff-necked chumps, That those who serve me loyally, nor bend The knee to other gods, shall live unto A good old age and with their fathers sleep? The same accorded unto Abraham, Et al. Eh, flies on me, Satan?

SAT. Aye, lord Of Zion, on thy person insects of The genus musca—flies by common call— Do e'en convene and hold high carnival! I could the cause of their engenderment Reveal, but with the swim, as it goes on, Am I content, my lord.

JAH. Ah! say'st thou so? Keep thine own counsel, Satan; I no odds Do ask of thee. But knowest thou of my Good servant Job, of this the bailiwick Of Uz? that there is none like him in all The earth? a perfect man and most upright Eschewing evil, fearing God.

SAT. Somewhat I wot of this man Job—may say, indeed, I'm onto him, my lord. But doth he fear Thee, God, for naught? I ask. Hast thou not made

Him solid with the world? Hath he not much Of real estate, much cattle, and much grasp Of shekels, or the means collateral Assuring grasp? Give him a set-back now— Black-tongue his cattle, flatten real estate, Burst banks wherein his shekels lie—and hear Him curse thee to thy face!

JAH. Thou knowest not My servant Job. Wouldst't put him to the test? All that he hath is in thy power—smite, But upon him put not thine hand. To this Extent bank I on Job. You see, it costs Me naught; out of his pocket comes it all. Wilt put him to the trial?

SAT. I should smile Extremely. I'll attend to him at once. Will see you later. [Exit. Jahveh and his "sons" then go to church.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Job villa. Job on the back porch smoking.

[Enter Messenger.]

MESS. Say, poss, der Sabeans der ranch haf raited alretty, and gone aboud dere peesness mit der gattles scooped away, py tam!

JOB. Gread Scodd! You say dot, eh?

MESS. Honest Intian, poss, and more as dot alretty—I vas alone lefd der story mit, und dold you; der resd of der roosders haf der checks pass owet.

JOB (bouncing to his feet). Holy Smoke! bud dot was tough, py tam!

[Enter another Messenger.]

SECOND MESS. Golly, Marse Job, deh's be'n a red-hot rain storm—fo' de Lawd deh was—an' dq sheep an' herders was all roasted browner 'n yuh'd bake a 'possum, massa, an' ole Skipper Afrikanus, dat's me, was de on'y hamfat dat got of'n de field to kem an' tole de story; whuffo! Is'e yere, Marse Job.

JOB (prancing like a mad steer along the porch). Py chiminy cracious! bud dot was ruffer as nefer vas, py tam!

[Enter third Messenger.]

THIRD MESS. Begob, boss, them thaivin' spalpeens, the Chaldeans, hav saized an' roon arf the camels, an' done up the droivers, bad cess to 'em, an' arl alone I 'scaped to tell the tale, begorra! Bedad, it war awful, sorr!

JOB (knocked out). Gott in Himmel! Vas dere gomng soom more goot news, dis morning alretty, I don'd know?

[Enter fourth Messenger.]

FOURTH MESS. Hi, ya, bossee Job. Youl sons and dottels havee high ol timee at e wine palkee in youl bigee son's housee. 'Long come bigee cyclone, knockee house gallee west, killee allee evlybody only Bam Boo, he comee tell e talee alle same so, bossee.

(Tearing his jacket, Job lathers and shaves his head, then drops to his knees and worships the "giver of all good," concluding as follows:)

JOB. Py chiminy cracious! I gomes here midowet nodings, and I shall gone pack midout somedings alretty. Der Lort gifs, and der Lort shall dook away der dings he gif. Blessed der names be orf der Lort, vorefer alretty! Amen!

[In the background, enter Satan, looking more or less paralyzed.]

SAT. (solus) Great snakes! this Shepard beats, and Godkin, too, All hollow! Children killed, his cattle gone, Deadbroke, and yet this harried ranchman sticks To Javeh, as to Ethiopians Defunct sticks death! But wait till I shall get *Carte blanche* to touch him on the raw, as 'twere—

Himself afflicting sore. Then shall we see What we shall see!

SCENE 2.—Same as Scene 1, Act I. Sunday morning again, and "sons of God" on their way to "meetin'." "And Satan came also," as before.

[Enter Jahveh, looking pleased with himself.]

JAH. (to Satan). Whence comest thou?

(As though he didn't know.)

SAT. (Giving the same old careless answer.) From going to and fro upon the earth, And walking up and down in it, my lord.

JAH. And hast thou found my faithful servant Job

Of color fast, and warranted to wash?

SAT. Yea, skin for skin; but all that hath a man

Will he give up for life. Put forth thy hand And touch him on the raw, in bone and flesh, And curse thee, will this Job, up hill and down!

JAH. (confident). Behold, he is thy mutton, as it were, But save his life.

SAT. Agree I unto that, My lord. But, ah! for him so hot and humid Will I make it, that cheaper he'll sell out Than Esau did! My lord, I go, but soon Will I return.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Io Victis.

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life—

The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;

Not the jubilant song of the victors for whom the resounding acclaim

Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,

But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,

Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;

Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,

From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day

With the wreck of their life all around them, unpitied, unchecked, alone,

With death swooping down o'er their failure and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus—its pean for those who have won;

While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun

Glad banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet

Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the field of defeat,

In the shadow, with those who are fallen and wounded, and dying, and there

Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer.

Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper—"They only the victory win,

Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon who tempts us within;

Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high;

Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be to die."

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"I'm here. Me. Bill Bugg of Buggville."

"What do you want?"

"I want to grasp the hand of the president of the United States."

"Well, you can't—get out."

"Who can't? Who get out? Not me, Bill Bugg of Buggville! No, sir. I'm a hero of the war and am entitled to recognition by the chief magistrate of a grateful country. I gave my heart's blood to my native land and the president of the United States. I bared my breast to the enemy's bullets, that the United States might be preserved!"

"Go 'long, confound you!"

"—and that Ben Harrison might get a salary of fifty thousand a year—and I want to see him."

"You can't."

"Can't see who? Who is it I want to see? Is it the haughty descendant of a line of kings? Is it a throned monarch? or is it the chosen servant of the people? Is this the abode of royalty or is it the lodging place of a citizen of the republic?"

"Get out or I'll call the dog."

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Thump, thump.

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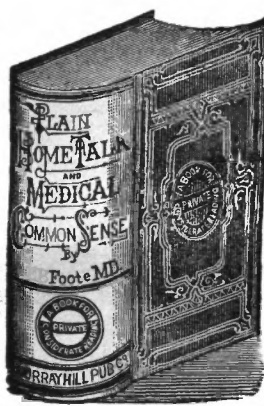
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Prior to the great beginning,
When there was no heaven or earth,
When there was no starlight—sunlight,
When creation had no birth,
When a black and boundless nothing,
Harmless, lifeless, round Him fell,
What occurred to wake his slumber,
What was there to break the spell?

Breathless, cheerless, all-pervading,
Starless, worldless, boundless night
Was the nothing at beginning.
Out of which sprang worlds of light,
Out of which were made the heavens,
Countless worlds remote and near,
And all living, moving creatures
In the depth of sea and air.

Yet we know not what aroused Him
To begin the mighty plan
Of creation in its vastness,
Forming lastly sinful man.
Why did he not leave great nothing
In its harmless, silent space,
Rather than make man so sinful
As to damn the human race?

But 'tis said that man was sinless
Until tempted, when he fell—
Tempted by a subtle serpent
Crawling from the depths of hell;
Pure and spotless as the lily
In its early opening bloom,
Until tempted by the devil
To the shades of sin and gloom.

When that black and boundless nothing,
Harmless, lifeless, round him fell,
Why did God create the devil
Or conceive an endless hell?
If creation sent forth evil,
Or an evil comes of good,
Then where is the point dividing
Satan's works from works of God?

When there was no sunlight, moonlight;
When there was no heaven or hell;
When there was no place for sinning
Or for sinful man to dwell,
Why was silence ever broken?
Why was man to weakness born?
Why was devil made to tempt him
And then leave him here to mourn?

Vast and searching are these questions,
Piercing, probing to the core;
Peering back beyond creation
To great nothing, nothing more.
Vast, though simple, is the question,
Piercing, probing to the core—
Is it true there once was nothing,
Nothing, nothing—nothing more?

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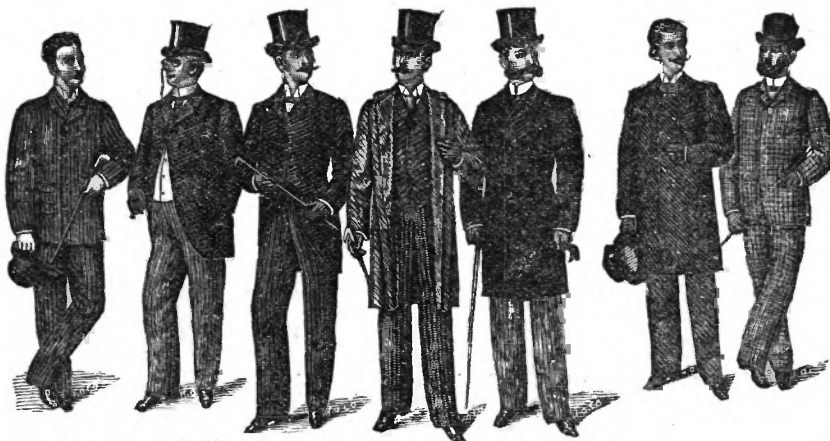
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FREETHOUGHT.

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GEO. E. MACDONALD, } EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - SEPTEMBER 14, 1889.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Returning from Dayton I enjoyed a vacation of one day at Walla Walla, which was not a waste of time by any means. A little throwing off of the harness now and then is good for man, beast, devil, and God. I don't wonder that God rested on the seventh day. It was a very sensible plan. Even the deity cannot change eternal nature, and play must come after work. The "Supreme Ruler of the universe"—a *la* Washington state constitution—needs a rest occasionally. I think he must have been delighted to take a rest after that flood of talk in his honor in the Olympia convention. Following the universal course I threw care to the winds and had a bit of a holiday. Friends Reynolds, Rosenow, Olsen, etc., helped to make the hours sparkle by. Of course we had to talk about the coming convention at Portland, with bright hopes of a royal gathering that shall give fresh courage to all. I find there is a widening interest in this matter in Washington as in Oregon, and a large number are saying that they will come. So far as the purpose of the convention is concerned there is no difference of opinion. We desire to organize, and make plans for larger enterprise. There may be some diversity of view as to the best means of accomplishing the end, but a good talk will settle the difficulty. Liberalism is so absolutely different from orthodoxy that it must have new methods as well as new ideas. Orthodoxy can be organized like a machine, but Liberalism is like a flowing river, a vast ocean, and can't be put into bounds. The law of attraction must be the soul of the organization.

Refreshed with genial intercourse and the splendid work going on at Walla Walla, I push on to the Grand Round Valley of Oregon. Fortunately I am not alone in my journey. Mrs. Reynolds takes the same train, going to the bright Columbia, Stella, and Skamokawa. Mrs. Sufferen is en route to Denver, and Mrs. T. S. Mabry to the more distant orient of Ontario. At Pendleton, Oregon, where we are delayed several hours, I have the pleasure of meeting, for the first time, Mrs. H. Wilbur, of Rud-dock, Or., whose father, Mr. W. R. Jones, of Weston, Or., is an old-time Investigator man, and has borne the brunt of battle for many a day. Waiting for the train was not quite so tedious as

it oftentimes is. We could have a kind of Freethought picnic among ourselves. Besides, interesting and unique characters were among the patient and jolly crowd—a farmer and his wife and big cage with a melancholy bird in it, going back to Kansas. They did not like these sage-brush plains. Another family, with children too numerous to mention, were returning to Missouri, the land of paradise, after many wanderings—all but one, who cried as if her heart would break as she bade good-by. She was obliged to go to Portland to be under the doctor's care; a young girl with no one of her family to accompany. Thus tragedy mingles with comedy while the tide of life sweeps on. Little do we know of the suffering that is near us each day as we pursue the devious ways of this world.

The checkered hours, with light and shade, with smiles and tears, move on, and finally the whistle is heard, the ponderous train rolls into the station, and soon, with innumerable packages—my fellow passengers being women—we find our way to a seat, and feel sure that the train can't leave without us, and even the umbrella is not forgotten. At La Grande I bid good-by to my friends, and if the prayers of the Secular Pilgrim avail anything they will proceed to their destination without accident.

Our pathway is not always strewn with flowers, and sometimes in the twinkling of an eye we are in the desert lands. Such an experience was La Grande. I supposed arrangements were made for a lecture, but nothing had been done, and not a single friend put in an appearance. Huffman had been gone a month, and I guess he was all the Liberal in the place, and things went by default. All I could do was to make a few ejaculations on the uncertainty of human affairs, and take another vacation in the solitude of a hotel. Nothing so solitary as a hotel when you don't know anybody. Every dish has a most lonely appearance. I could have stood it a great deal better if I had been in the pathless woods. Under these circumstances all "solid reading" is impossible, and so I buy a novel and plunge into the world of romance and forget my unblest surroundings by a deal of sympathy with impossible heroes and heroines. How good people are in novels. Everything comes out right there. The train is not behind time. I let La Grande take its course, and I roam through dreamland, and find a lot of jolly friends, princes and princesses, music, poetry, splendor; and the Nine Demands are utterly forgotten as I behold virtue rewarded and crime punished.

I don't know what travelers would do, belated, knocked about here and there, connections missed in some out-of-the-way place, trains late, some smash-up on the road, bridges burned, etc.—with all these haps and mishaps, what *would* one do without a charming book? In an instant the cold reality vanishes and the golden gates of the universe of imagination are unrolled and we walk as if by magic into a land of enchanting wonder.

While at La Grande a solemn funeral procession entered the train. A young girl died suddenly, beloved of all. She was an ardent Christian and on her death-bed had ecstatic visions of

Jesus and described his appearance in vivid language, as if she witnessed an actual glory, and yet her lover, who watched over her day and night, is now a raving maniac. Why didn't the blessed vision save the lover?

But the bright reality itself comes after a while, the warp and woof of life blend with brilliant colors, the desert disappears and the garden blooms again along our wandering steps. At Union everything is as pleasant as can be. Riding up to the hotel I greet, among the first ones, Judge Brainard and Jack Plummer, now of North Powder; and then the Jones Brothers, Vincent, Geo. A. Thompson and family, with another baby since I was here first, and the then baby proudly informs me that he wears dresses no more. It is trousers now, and he walks like a little man. The world moves indeed, for the little folks as well as the big folks, and the first pair of trousers and boots are as wonderful as the discovery of a new planet. I am fully repaid at Union for all the disappointments at La Grande. A good audience is present in the evening, and as some of them came eighteen miles to attend the lecture, I feel that generosity and devotion are as inspiring in real life as in the pages of romance. Besides Plummer, N. G. Blair, G. L. Castle, J. Newman, are present from North Powder; J. B. Eaton, from Cove; S. F. Newhard, from Hot Lake; N. T. Conklin, and others from various points; Mr. and Mrs. N. Tartar from "over the Rhine" long ago, are here, W. T. Goodall, etc. I have no reason to be discouraged with the outlook in this delightful place. Union at present is about three miles from the railroad, and that gives it a somewhat sober aspect, but Hunt's railroad is aiming for this point, and that will quite rejuvenate the place and give it bustle and progress. The scenery about it is fine. The hills stand about in beautiful and varied forms, and the long, wide valley stretches away, and fruitful fields and orchards, and charming dwellings intersperse the scene. The centre of a rich and handsome country, Union has an expanding future.

The Jones Brothers and the Oregon Scout are forward still. These editors have a mind of their own, and prefer to lead public opinion instead of to follow it, and they always give a good welcome to the pioneer.

Judge Brainard takes philosophy in the place of religion, and poetry in the place of piety, and with a large heart and cultivated brain enjoys the blessings of a sound mind in a sound body. He is of healthful ancestry and so will live to a good old age without being born again. It is quite a delight with such a friend, to send the plummet-line of thought into this infinite and mysterious universe.

I was pleased to meet Senator J. W. Norval, of Summerville—where there is quite a nest of Liberals, and the flag of free discussion has floated for many a year. Mr. Norval has never lowered his colors on the political field. His Freethought principles are at the front, and yet the people vote for him just the same.

Jas. Newman, of North Powder, was once a preacher of the gospel, but twenty years ago, as he says, he saw "great inconsistencies in the popular interpretations of the Bible," and he has been moving onward ever since. He has written and published several able articles from the advanced religious point.

I visited Mr. and Mrs. Tarter at their little home where, in the evening of life, amidst flowers and fruits, they have the gold and not the dross of life. Born in the Catholic church, they have left the shadows for the sunshine and the open sky.

Vincent believes in a good leather sole, but he don't seem to

have much faith in the other kind, and so he prospers, and the world moves on. A well shod foot is better than a pair of wings.

I expect next time to visit G. A. Thompson's ranch and see how farming proceeds in this country. The product in this county (Union) has been about an average of twenty bushels of wheat to the acre, some running as high as forty-five and fifty bushels to the acre. There are no better farming lands on the coast than in this Grand Round Valley.

With a good-by to many friends, and bright anticipations of a return, I wait thirteen hours for a train, and at four o'clock in the morning find myself at Baker City. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

A FREE RELIGIOUS UNIVERSITY.

A proposition which, we understand, had its origin with Professor Felix Adler, has been made to found in one of the large cities of the United States a school for the scientific teaching of philosophy, ethics, and the history of religion. This school is not to be pledged to any particular philosophy or to any special view of religion, but all the great systems are to be represented by their advocates. Thus the critical system of Kant will be taught by a Kantian, Spencer's philosophy by a Spencerian. At present there is no institution where divergent systems of thought may meet in free competition. Every educational institution is pledged to dogma. The Princeton college is bound to an antiquated creed; the president of Yale must be an orthodox Congregational minister; Andover must teach Christ and him crucified; Unitarian Harvard is free only in the direction of orthodoxy; that is, students may be more orthodox than their teachers, but not less.

The school of Philosophy and Applied Ethics proposed by Professor Adler is to be divided into three departments:

1. The Department of Philosophy; which will deal with philosophy, logic, psychology, and the theories of morals.
2. The Department of the Science of Religion; including history of the great religions—the Chinese, Egyptian, Hindoo, Persian, Greek, Roman, Mohammedan, Jewish, and Christian. In this department there will be classes for reading the sacred books—the Bible, Koran, Vedas, etc.—in the original or oldest forms.
3. The Department of Applied Ethics, which will embrace education, economics, and practical reform. Here, we presume, will be discussed such questions as rights of property, rates of wages, state rights, functions of government, Socialism, Prohibition, penology, pauperism, and kindred subjects.

It is argued that old beliefs are being given up, and that many who hold that morality gets its sanction from religion will be likely to feel themselves freed from moral restraint when they have escaped from the restraints of religious dogma. It will be the object of the new school to show how morality is founded in experience and may endure when the superstitions associated with it are abandoned.

On the committee who have in charge the plan of the school and the raising of funds for its endowment and maintenance we note the names of Felix Adler, O. B. Frothingham, W. M. Salter, Thomas Davidson, and B. F. Underwood, the last being a special agent appointed to collect money and obtain pledges in behalf of the school.

Every Freethinker must be heartily in favor of this enterprise; and when it is considered how the institutions of superstition are multiplying, how the forces of conservatism are exerting themselves

to control the education of children and students, it is a matter for surprise that the friends of progress have not already provided such an institution as that now contemplated. We would like to see the movement for secular education begin with the exclusion of all religious teaching from our public schools. Then there should be in every large city schools of a secular character, such as that contemplated by Prof. Herbert Miller, designed to prepare youth for college or for the higher school of Philosophy and Applied Ethics of Professor Adler. In this preparatory school lectures on comparative religion, philosophy, and ethics might be introduced. These would fit students for higher courses in other secular institutions, and would forearm them against the dogmas taught in our present universities.

An endowment fund of \$300,000 is considered necessary to make the proposed school a permanent institution. The Union of the Societies for Ethical Culture has already agreed to devote a part of its annual income toward the purpose, and several large amounts, one of \$20,000, have been pledged toward the endowment fund.

RENAN.

To the Editors of Freethought:

About the 18th of September, 1888, at a meeting of Methodist preachers in this city, the Rev. Mr. Urmy read a paper intended to demonstrate that skeptics are inherently afflicted with disintegrating tendencies, which must result in their destruction, if left to their own devices, and advising a clerical boycott.

Without criticising this view (which Mr. Urmy is certainly entitled to hold and express), and without any suggestion as to the practical prudence of his advice, and avoiding all ugly comparisons, I wish to call your attention to certain statements said to have been made by the "Rev. Professor Mansfield," in discussing Mr. Urmy's paper. The newspaper cutting, which was, I think, from the Chronicle, states that he asserted that "he was personally acquainted with Renan, and knew him to be a blackguard, and an immoral man," and that he meant to be understood as saying that Renan was a licentious man.

I do not know the "Rev. Professor Mansfield," nor am I acquainted with M. Renan, but having read many of his best known works, and especially his "Memoirs," I believe the statements of the "Rev. Professor" to be utterly false. In justice to a good man, as I believe, you will do the public a service by learning and publishing the facts.

San Francisco.

Yours truly,

W. W. WINGFIELD.

The statement above referred to was noted in FREETHOUGHT about the time it was uttered, and the Rev. Professor Mansfield was asked to substantiate it, but he never took that trouble. The fact that a man is a Freethinker is deemed by the clergy to be sufficient grounds for slandering his character. We are not acquainted with any life of Renan except his "Memoirs." The charges of Mansfield were wholly new to us, and are not included in the biographical sketches of Renan in the numerous encyclopedias. Until further proof is vouchsafed they may be safely set down as falsehoods.

MR. GLADSTONE has written a letter to the leader of a Bible class in Manchester on the way to study the Bible. He says it must be remembered that the purpose of the scriptures are, "one, to feed the people of God in green pastures; and, second, to afford proof of doctrine. This last," he warns us, "is good and desirable, but not for us all. It requires external helps, more learning, and good guides." That is it exactly. We are to study and believe, and allow others to tell us what is meant by what we read. But why not let the priests read it for us, and take their word for both the matter and its meaning? In other words, why not be Roman Catholics?

PROFESSOR HUXLEY, in a late article contributed to the Nineteenth Century and republished in the Popular Science Monthly for September, takes a very effective way of answering Dr. Wace's contention that we should accept the Bible miracles on the testimony by which they are supported. He quotes from history an account of some miraculous occurrences written down and testified to by one Eginhard, a German historian who held a position in court under Charles the Great about the year 800. The miracles belong to the Catholic church, and are of course rejected by Protestants, but Professor Huxley points out that they are as well attested as any contemporary events, and inquires why he should deny these and accept those of the Bible which are wholly unsupported. Or, as he puts it, the practical question is this: "If you do not believe in these miracles, recounted by a witness whose character and competency are firmly established, whose sincerity cannot be doubted, and who appeals to his sovereign and other contemporaries as witnesses of the truth of what he says, in a document of which a manuscript copy exists, probably dating within a century of the author's death, why do you profess to believe in stories of a like character which are found in documents, of the dates and of the authorship of which nothing is certainly determined, and no known copies of which come within two or three centuries of the events they record?" We doubt if Dr. Wace can give any reasonable excuse for his discrimination in favor of biblical as against ecclesiastically-attested miracles.

THE New Hampshire legislature at its last session passed an act exempting parsonages from taxation to the value of \$2,500, and a joint resolution appropriating \$800 for the salary of chaplain of the state prison. Twenty-five hundred dollars is probably more than the average worth of farms and homesteads in New Hampshire, and \$800 is more than the average wages or income of New Hampshire's workingmen and farmers. Why the discrimination in favor of preachers? In this place we may note the following report of a correspondent from the town of Westmoreland, N. H., to the New England Observer:

"Many are on the sick list.

"The hay crop is bulky, of inferior quality.

"There are very few apples and potatoes, and both of poor quality. The latter are rotting badly.

"The superintendent of highways has had a discouraging task in putting the roads in good condition, owing to their deplorable condition last spring and the washing of so many showers.

"Many fields of corn are now blasting, requiring immediate cutting. The crop will be below an average one.

"The Congregational choir has a supply of new anthems,"

New Hampshire's religion is in much the same state as its potatoes—"poor quality and rotting badly;" its path to Jordan is rough as its highways; and its ministers resemble its corn; yet the crops are taken by the tax-gatherer and religion and the clergy exempt.

THE following testimony to the efficacy of Christianity is extracted from the report of the Rev. T. B. Wood, LL.D., superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Missions in south-east South America: "All over South America the priests are, as a rule, contemptibly ignorant and notoriously corrupt. Many of them are, moreover, vulgar, filthy, and generally vile, avaricious, haughty, oppressive, and hypocritical. . . . The innocence of pious girlhood has no defense possible against the ravenous propensities that lie in wait for it at the confessional. If the anxious mother wishes to save her daughter from this fiendish power, what can she do? Shall she warn them of their danger,

and train them to beware? Many a mother has tried that. But that is like warning them that God is wicked, and they must beware of him; for the priest is to them in the place of God."

THE Hon. Irving M. Scott, of San Francisco, talks like a true disciple of Huxley and Darwin. At the opening of the Mechanics' Institute Fair lately, he was the orator of the day, and the following is from his address:

"The mind was unfitted, as it ever must be, for the investigation of truth, so long as it was restrained by fear of overstepping the bounds prescribed by fancied supernatural beings. The properties and laws of nature may necessarily be intricate, and seem occult; but certain it is that nature not only does not forbid, but, on the contrary, invites the most searching investigation and closest scrutiny of all her laws and works. Prior to the voyage of Magellan around the earth, proving it a globe, the condition of society, the condition of the mind, was not adapted to correct thought and to advancement. False and arrogant doctrines pressed as with leaden weight upon intellect. With the achievement of circumnavigating the globe began the enfranchisement of mind; began true philosophy, and substantial progress. From that epoch the world, in the arts and sciences and industries, and in all things conducive to the welfare and happiness of mankind, has progressed with a constant, accelerating force. This force consists, in an eminent degree, of physical science and its practical application. Physical science, as determined and unfolded by the great master minds of the last four centuries, and as put in practice by the hands of skilled labor, has elevated, ennobled, and dignified individual and social man immeasurably above the highest degree enjoyed or conceived of in the more distant past."

CALIFORNIA has complained somewhat of being ignored by the present administration, and to quiet the murmuring the Rev Henry H. Hall, of San Francisco, has been chosen from among two hundred and fifty applicants to fill the position of chaplain in the United States Army. It is well for California to be recognized in some manner, but we protest that every chaplain is a humbug, and demand that their employment in congress, in state legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and in all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued, whether this state gets an office or not.

THE new constitution of Wyoming will "recognize the deity, but Infidelity shall not affect any privileges of citizenship or destroy the competency of a witness." This form of constitution is growing rather monotonous. Why not so change it that Infidelity will be recognized, but belief in the deity shall not affect any privileges of citizenship? It is not very flattering to the Christian's love of fair play that every constitution must expressly deny to religious people the privilege of persecuting or disfranchising those who do not agree with them.

OF the thirteen hundred policeman in Chicago eleven hundred and seventy-five belong to the Roman Catholic church. Chicago, in this regard, resembles New York to a great extent. The writer once knew a man who wagered a considerable sum that more than one-half the aldermen of New York were Catholics and owned liquor stores. He lost his bet. It turned out that nearly all were Catholics, but only twelve out of the twenty-four owned saloons.

It appears that some proposal has been made urging the clergymen of the country to preach in favor of civil service reform, and the New York Sun objects because it doesn't want them to "preach humbug." We would like to know if there is any greater humbug than the one the clergy have been preaching ever since they wore trousers:

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, September 15, at 8 o'clock. Capt. A. F. Scott will speak on "Catholicism: the Nation's Curse."

FRIENDS OF FREETHOUGHT—and we count every reader as a friend—should remember that the present is the dull season for papers whose circulation is principally rural. Realizing this, they do not need more than an intimation that whatever they are able to do for this paper will be most timely if done now. Send us subscribers, renewals, book orders, or any other form of encouragement you may be moved to extend.

News comes from Germany that the government has taken the salaries of clergymen in hand and fixed the lowest amount that may be paid as a preacher's stipend. It is a good thing. Let it be adopted in this country, and the minimum placed at a million dollars. It might reduce the number of theologians, as high license lessens the number of saloons, but the effect would be none the less salutary on that account; and the laborer is worthy of his hire.

MR. J. D. GRISMER, of Oakland, is more pious than courteous. Last week a man named Reed, living in this city, had occasion to write to him asking him to come to his (Reed's) house Sunday in reference to some business matters. In reply Grismer sent a postal card to Reed, on which he wrote that he would not meet an "infamous blackguard" on Sunday. Reed had Grismer arrested for violating the mails with improper language.

At the second public reception of the Nationalist Club in this city, held in the parlors of the Palace Hotel last Sunday evening, Mr. F. K. Blue is credited with having read a paper on "Economic Evolution as Related to Organisms and Their Adaptation to the Environments Surrounding Them." If Mr. Blue's subject was adapted to the environments surrounding the speaker, he must have addressed a very learned company.

THE sketch of the life of Horace Seaver which we publish in this issue of FREETHOUGHT is from the Boston Investigator, and was doubtless written by the dead editor's friend L. K. Washburn. The man whose career it describes was worthy the immortality given him by the unequalled oration of Colonel Ingersoll.

THE English government has carried its Tithe bill through by a reduced majority. It is a most unjust measure, says the London Freethinker, but there is one compensation—it will make the church still more odious, and help on the work of disestablishment and disendowment.

B. F. UNDERWOOD has just delivered a week's course of lectures at Snohomish, W. T.

BOOKS.

We have for sale at this office, among other works:

"Yone Santo." 50 cents.

"John Ward, Preacher." 50 cents.

"Self-Contradictions of the Bible." 15 cents.

"The Truth Seeker Annual" for 1889. 25 cents.

"Robert Elsmere," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Price, 50 cents.

OBSERVATIONS.

There were just fifty persons in the hall last Sunday night when the Freethought society's meeting opened, and the arrivals and departures kept the number about the same during the whole evening. One of two things will explain the small attendance—either the members of the society do not care much for the abolition of interest, or they have no confidence in Mr. Howe's ability to tell how it can be done.

Vice-President Lemme had the chair, and introduced the speaker. This was Mr. Howe's second lecture, being the sequel to the one delivered last month on "Our Common Foe." Mr. Howe began by saying that on the previous occasion there had been some severe criticism upon his arguments, and sickly attempts to ridicule his style. He did not think his present remarks would be open to either kind of censure.

The subject of the address was "Usury, and How to Abolish It," but the speaker did not develop his thesis very rapidly. At the other lecture I missed the central point of his discourse by not recognizing it when it was reached, so I was more attentive this time, but hardly more successful. At the end of forty minutes the speaker announced that he would define his system, but some neglected branch of the subject attracted his attention and he broke his promise. Ten minutes later he said, "Bear with me and I will shortly present the remedy." This was at 9 o'clock. At 9:15 the lecturer said, "Issue money without interest, and usury will be abolished." As the hour was late he did not have time to elaborate the scheme. A listener said to me:

"There is something wrong in Mr. Howe's method of presenting his subject. He does not feed the audience with ideas fast enough to keep their attention. His hearers do not know what he is trying to prove. His conclusions precede his premises. He spends his time stating well-known and accepted facts and in filling the room with words. He fails to present his case to the jury so that a verdict may be rendered. There is no sequence. The listener exhausts his mental strength in the endeavor to follow the speaker, and has none left with which to grasp his meaning when it is found. I once watched an aeronaut for half a day while he inflated his balloon. When it finally ascended it was out of sight in three minutes, and I was too weary to take much interest in it any way."

Mr. Phillips was the first critic. He said that people generally do not know what money is. They mistake gold and silver for money, whereas those metals are merely barter. He then related how the inhabitants of the island of Guernsey, one of the English channel islands, desired to build a market-house, but had no public funds. They therefore issued a script with which they paid off the workmen and built the market, afterwards redeeming the script with money received for the rent of the building. Thus they got the market without levying a cent of taxes. Mr. Phillips held that the people of the United States could have all the improvements they desired by proceeding in the same way.

A young gentleman, following Mr. Phillips, stated that he was a native of the island of Guernsey and had seen the market and the script. The latter passed current as a legal tender, and was even sought for, as there was a slight premium upon it. The market was a magnificent affair, the best building on the island, and a distinguished English churchman who saw it expressed surprise and grief that so much grandeur should be devoted to meat and vegetables and nothing to a cathedral.

Mr. Palanca made a rattling speech on the injustice of the possession of wealth acquired without labor. He was glad to see the matter under discussion before the Freethought society.

Mr. Knight made the remark that it was surprising how much one man might think he knew about the finance question, while everybody else was of the opinion that he knew next to nothing. Mr. Knight states to the writer that he failed to criticise Mr. Howe's system of finance for the reason that he did not learn what it was.

Mr. Howe, in closing, expressed himself as flattered by the slight criticism his lecture had elicited; also by the good attendance, which showed that people were interested in the subject despite its bony character.

The lecture next Sunday evening will be delivered by Capt.

A. F. Scott, his subject being "The Nation's Curse," in other words, the Catholic church. Captain Scott is an American, a patriot, and a Freethinker, and his utterances will have no uncertain sound.

About three months ago a correspondent of the Signs of the Times, the Second Advent paper of Oakland, called attention to the fact that the inhabitants of the Pitcairn islands, in the Polynesian archipelago, observe Saturday as the Sabbath. The correspondent thought there was something remarkable in these people "embracing the truth," and exclaimed: "Truly the Lord has gone before us and has done a work that is a marvel indeed." I remarked at the time that the islanders' observance of Saturday was probably due to a nautical error.

I have just had placed in my hands a little old book published long ago at Norwich, England, entitled "Catechism of the Terrestrial Globe," in which the following incident is related to illustrate a point:

In the year 1789 a mutiny took place on board a British vessel, called the Bounty, sent to convey bread fruit to the British Colonies in the West Indies: the Mutineers, after turning the commander, Lieut. Bligh, and 18 of the crew, adrift in the boat, proceeded to Otaheite and from that Island eight of the Mutineers with their ringleader and some Otaheitanes set sail, and were not heard of afterwards for twenty years. An American vessel touched at Pitcairn's Island in 1808, and there discovered the survivors of the lost Mutineers. Again in Sep. 1814, Sir Thomas Staines and Captain Pison, of H. M. ships Briton and Tagus, fell in with this Island. The day on which the two Captains landed was Saturday the 17th of Sep. but by John Adams's (the chief of the Colony) account it was Sunday the 18th, and they were keeping the Sabbath by making it a day of rest and prayer. This was occasioned by the Bounty having proceeded thither by the eastern route, and our frigates having gone to the westward; and the Topaz found them right according to her own reckoning, she having also approached the Island from the eastward. Every ship from Europe proceeding to Pitcairn's Island round the Cape of Good Hope will find them a day later—those who approach them round Cape Horn, a day in advance.

In this chain of circumstances leading up to the Saturday observance there seems to be nothing properly attributable to providence except the mutiny.

A lot of people met at the old Tennent farm, near Hartsville, Bucks county, Pa., last week to celebrate the founding of the Presbyterian church in this country. Benjamin Harrison, president of the United States, was one of the speakers, and among other things said:

I must say I have much pleasure in being here, for every impulse of honest pride which stirs your hearts moves mine. I am glad to stand here at the source of a great movement. I am glad to be here to help celebrate one of the most glorious impulses springing from a small beginning, and yet how far reaching in its results and effects. Let us take no backward steps. Let us continue to merit the favor of God and do his work until the world shall cease to move. Let us, my friends, continue to be steadfast to the faith nurtured and strengthened on this sacred spot.

The event commemorated may or may not have been one worth rejoicing over. We have to judge by the life of its founder and the doctrines which the Presbyterian church was organized to inculcate. John Calvin, who made Presbyterianism synonymous with Calvinism, was a murderer. He burned, tortured, and banished heretics, and was as perfect a fiend as the unintoxicated imagination can picture. A partial list of his crimes, published in this journal of May 4, 1889, shows that it was by no virtue of his own that he escaped the gallows.

The Presbyterian church is not responsible for the infamies of its founder, but it is responsible for the doctrines it teaches, which are as bad as Calvin himself. Imagine a crowd of American citizens meeting to rejoice over this, from the Presbyterian creed:

By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life and others are foreordained to everlasting death. These angels and men, thus predestined and foreordained, are particularly and unchangably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished.

Why should people congratulate themselves that God created them for everlasting death?

Think of the Presbyterians of Bucks county joining with Pres-

ident Harrison and Postmaster-General Wanamaker in a jubilee over this comforting assurance:

Men not professing the Christian religion cannot be saved in any other way whatsoever, be they never so diligent in framing their lives according to the light of nature.

We know that in the United States only twenty millions out of sixty millions of the population profess the Christian religion in the sense here meant, namely, as members of the Christian church. Why should General Harrison praise God for the founding of the faith that consigns to everlasting torment two-thirds of the men who voted for him?

Here is another precious truth from the creed whose founding on American soil has just been commemorated:

We cannot by our best works merit pardon of sin. There is no sin so small but that it deserves damnation.

According to that statement, unless a person be wholly sinless his damnation is assured, since the least sin deserves damnation, and God is just. I can see nothing in that fact to make me feel like celebrating.

Furthermore, says the Presbyterian Confession of Faith:

The souls of the wicked are cast into hell, where they remain in torment and utter darkness, reserved to the judgment of the great day. At the last day the righteous shall come into everlasting life, but the wicked shall be cast into eternal torment and punished with everlasting destruction. The wicked shall be cast into hell, to be punished with unspeakable torment, both of body and soul, with the devil and his angels, forever.

If that is a fact, it would be much kinder to conceal it from the world than to found a church to promulgate it, since there is no way of escaping from a fate which is so irrevocably fixed that the number of men predestined to everlasting life or to everlasting death "cannot be either increased or diminished."

But the beauties of the Presbyterian faith—given a local habitation in Bucks county—are not all told. Contemplate this beatitude:

At the day of judgment the righteous, being caught up to Christ in the clouds, shall be seated at his right hand and there openly acknowledged and acquitted, and they shall join with him in the damnation of the wicked.

It must be understood that "the wicked" here does not necessarily or impliedly mean those of criminal or reprobate lives, but unregenerate men, like yourself, dear reader, whose works, "although they may be things which God commands, and of good use both to themselves and others, yet not being done for the glory of God are sinful and cannot make a man meet to receive Christ."

The foregoing is the religious faith professed by the twenty-third president of the United States, in this year of grace 1889, and of our independence the 114th. It is enough to make an American citizen grieve that he was not born a foreigner. Fortunately for our sensibilities, we shall be dead and unable to blush when future generations, possessed of the common sense denied to us, write down our day and generation as an age of ferocious superstition, and condemn us for holding religious dogmas that would "shock cannibals feasting upon babes."

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK

The California State Fair opened at Sacramento on Monday last.—Sam Jones's converted stenographer, J. W. Lee, is in trouble again. While in San Francisco Lee stole an overcoat, and served sixty days for it. He then went to Honolulu, where he is awaiting trial for stealing a watch.—The Native Sons of the Golden West, with other citizens, celebrated last Monday the anniversary of California's admission into the Union. It is a legal holiday.—Governor Waterman pronounces the state prison investigation a farce.—A Sunday-law crusade is in progress in Los Angeles.—There is a movement on foot to erect a monument in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, to perpetuate the memory of California's pioneers.—The Chinamen are digging up the bones of their defunct countrymen buried in this city for removal to their native soil. There is a tax of \$10 on each body disinterred, and the present resurrection of over one hundred will net the city a large sum.—The fire at Ukiah last week burnt up \$50,000 or \$60,000 worth of property, but it will

not weaken the boom in real estate which is now visiting the town.—The Salvation "Army" at Colusa, Cal., consists of only two men, but they were arrested last week for disturbing the peace and jailed in default of \$50 fine.—Sylvestro Morales, the Mexican outlaw who has been committing depredations in the lower part of the state, was captured last week by a constable and party on the shore at the head of the Alamitos bay near Long Beach, Los Angeles county. There was a reward of \$1,200 for his capture, which will be claimed by Constable Keno Wilson, who made the arrest.—The case of Neagle, who shot Judge Terry, is advancing as rapidly as could be expected, but there are no new developments.—Four men were killed by the explosion of a boiler in the California Sash, Blind, and Door Factory, Oakland, last Tuesday. The large engine-house was blown to atoms, and many employees were wounded.

It is denied that Cooper Graham went over Niagara Falls in a barrel, and we are now asked to believe that Steve Brodie has performed the feat in a rubber suit.—Henry Genet, the distinguished politician of Tweed-ring notoriety, died at New York last week.—John L. Sullivan, Massachusetts's favorite son, announces himself a candidate for Congress from a Boston district.—The United States mint at Helena, Mont., has just cast a gold bar weighing nearly 500 pounds. It is the largest ever cast. The bar is the property of the Montana National Bank; it is worth \$100,000, and will be placed on exhibition at the Minneapolis Exposition, and then at New York.—Exercises commemorative of the founding of Presbyterianism in the United States were held in Hartsville, near Philadelphia, Sept. 5. President Harrison and Postmaster Wanamaker were in attendance, and the president delivered an address eulogizing Presbyterianism.—The Rev. J. K. Griffis, pastor of the Baptist church at Waconda, a village in Lake county, Ill., not many miles from Chicago, has eloped with Miss Anna Tidmarsh, a member of his flock, who lived next door to him. Mrs. Griffis is left with her two little boys, wholly unprovided for, her husband having taken every cent of money in the house, and even her jewelry.—Destructive storms are reported from the Atlantic coast at New York and vicinity. The Coney Island and Rockaway beaches suffered most. Great damage to property is reported, but no loss of life.—Congressman Samuel Sullivan Cox, better known as Sunset Cox, ex-minister to Turkey, died in New York on the 10th. He was 65 years old.

The employers of the striking coal-heavers of London assert that an agreement has been reached with their men on the basis of a raise in wages next January. The strikers held a meeting last Sunday and declared they must have the raise November 1. Many of the men have returned to work.—Three priests were recently arrested in the state of Guanajuato, Mexico, for preaching seditious doctrines. On the trial two were declared not guilty. The third was convicted and sentenced to undergo eleven months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$1000. He has appealed.—The bishop of Marseilles, France, has issued a formal protest against the circular recently issued by the French minister of justice, in which the minister reminded the clergy that they are prohibited by law from taking part in the elections. The bishop affirms the rights of priests to intervene in elections and other political affairs.—A dispatch to the London Chronicle from Rome says: The pope has abandoned the idea of leaving Rome, the German government having mediated in his behalf and assured him that in the event of war Italy would strictly respect his position.—Maurice Sand, son of Mme. George Sand, the novelist, is dead, aged 66.—The explosion of a powder magazine in the old city of Antwerp, in Belgium, last week killed several hundred people and nearly destroyed the city by setting it on fire.

It is a fact worth thinking about in all its bearings that over 22,000,000 acres of the soil of these United States are owned by citizens of European countries. This vast acreage owned by aliens is equal to nine states of the size of Massachusetts. The alien English landlords in Ireland, who are charged with responsibility for nine-tenths of the miseries and oppressions endured by the Irish people, do not own half as many acres there as alien Europeans own in this country.—Boston Globe.

REST.

TO MY FRIEND HORACE SEAVER.

The summer's glory waxeth old,
The walnut leaves have turned to gold,
The golden-rod has kissed the sun
To say farewell, its work is done;
While Nature whispers every guest:
"The feast is o'er. A time for rest."

The oriole is clothed in brown,
The wild fowl skim across the town;
The russet leaves are crimson-specked,
The lazy clouds are silver-flecked;
A gray haze fringes east and west—
The song is sung: A time for rest.

The squirrel's hoard is in the ground,
The night owl's hooting echoes round;
The tented fields of garnered corn,
The maple trees of glory shorn,
The acorn's fall, the empty nest,
All tell the tale: A time for rest.

Aurora paints the northern skies,
The stars look down with brighter eyes.
The summer's moon, whose orb of gold
Gave magic power to seers of old,
Now wears the ice king's silver crest,
And soothes the tired earth to rest.

Great Nature first her bounty yields,
Then, guardian of the woods and fields,
Each tiny seed wraps in its cell,
Which snowy mantle hides so well;
And leaf and flower upon her breast
Lie slumbering through the time of rest.

Rest, too, for man, and over all,
Rest for the tired human soul;
Rest from all passion, rest from pain,
A rest to note the loss or gain.
A wintry sky, with moon and star;
The grave beneath the prison bar,
Where each may count for work well done,
And wait the coming summer's sun,
The harvest o'er, be this our quest:
Come calm at last, come time of rest.

San Francisco, Cal.

—THOMAS CURTIS.

HORACE SEAVER.

Horace Seaver was born in Boston on the 25th of August, 1810. He was the second son of Nathaniel and Hannah Seaver, and as a boy was bright and promising, early giving evidence of the kindness and ability which characterized his after life and made him conspicuous among his fellows, in all that marks the superior man. He was descended from good old New England stock, and was proud that his ancestors were American and fought in the great Revolution. He was educated in the public schools, and may be taken as an illustrious example of the soundness of that instruction. He was greatly attached to these institutions, and was wont to attribute the love of justice, liberty, and fair play, that were prominent traits in his character, to the early training in equality and self-reliance which he received while attending the schools of Boston. Their safety and perpetuity he regarded as necessary to the stability of this government, and was ever ready to resist with his powerful voice and pen any encroachment on their rights.

He was named after the once famous Unitarian minister, Horace Holly, and his parents intended that he should follow in the footsteps of this popular man. But early in life, while at Plymouth, Mass., he had the good fortune to attempt the defense of the Christian religion before a debating club, of which he was a member, and was himself so swayed by the arguments of his

companions that henceforth his faith began to wane. After listening to the noted Freethinker, Robert Owen, in Albany, N. Y., Mr. Seaver, who had now given up all idea of becoming a minister, renounced his former theological ideas, and—to use his own words—"dropped the ministerial part of my (his) name, Holly, and ever after retained the heathen part, Horace."

On his return from Albany, where he had worked several years as printer, Mr. Seaver entered the office of the Investigator in the year 1837, as compositor. Mr. Kneeland's trial for blasphemy was then in progress, and on visiting that worthy gentleman later in jail after his conviction, he was so impressed with the fanaticism that had imprisoned him, that henceforth he resolved to devote his life to the overthrow of all forms of superstition and tyranny over the human mind.

About this time, Mr. J. P. Mendum, who had also become a disciple of Freethought, assumed control of the Boston Investigator, and as Mr. Kneeland was unable to attend to all the editorial work, Mr. Seaver was invited to assist him, and in 1838, after Mr. Kneeland had left Boston to reside in the West, he became sole occupant of the editorial chair, thus vacated. Then began that remarkable partnership between himself and Mr. Mendum, which, having continued for over fifty years, has ripened into more than brotherly affection, and is now only severed by the icy hand of death. As one of our contemporaries remarked of him: "From that day to this present time, Mr. Seaver has diligently and heroically labored as compositor, editor, and lecturer, for the development and promotion of the good cause of Freethought, as he has understood its principles and objects. Both in season and out of season, in health and sickness, with scarcely a day's interruption for the last half century, he has stood at his post like a faithful sentinel and asked for no discharge from his warfare in behalf of Universal Mental Liberty, and against religious bigotry, priestcraft, intolerance, and superstition."

He was especially fond of debates, regarding free discussion as a prime factor in the promotion of truth; and every Sunday, before Paine Hall was established, would find him in Hospitalar Hall, the most brilliant and effective of the many able orators who used to assemble there ready to wrestle in debate with such men as Witherell, Verity, King, Burk, Babcock, and others. We are knowing to the fact that many a Christian who dropped into "old Hospitalar" from a spirit of mischief or curiosity, came away after listening to one of Mr. Seaver's forceful arguments, with ideas that led him forever from the faith of his fathers. It was the delight of his friends to find him pitted in debate against some Christian opponent, and unfortunate indeed was that individual to whom it was allotted to defend theology against his scathing attacks. On several occasions have we known these worthies to be so discomfited and dumfounded by the powerful and irresistible logic of Mr. Seaver, that they have rushed from the hall without a word, and left him undisputed master of the situation.

At the meeting held in New York City, May 4, 1845, where was under consideration the adoption of a name under which all dissenters could unite against the common foe, Christianity, it was the eloquent remarks of young Seaver, then in early manhood, that brought order out of chaos, and caused the word Infidel to be adopted by the Convention. H. L. Green, in referring to his appearance at the great Watkins' Glen Convention, held in August, 1878, says: "It was after nine o'clock when we arrived from Boston, and he was of course greatly fatigued, but a large meeting was being held in the town park, and when it was learned that the well-known editor of the Investigator was present, all clamored for a speech. Hundreds who had known him through the Investigator for years were present who had never before seen him. He came forward and spoke for fifteen minutes, and no more eloquent speech was ever before delivered. Every sentence was full of thought and wisdom and good common sense. He reached every heart before him, and if there were orthodox people present (and there must have been a great many) they could but have admitted that a good and great man was addressing them—one who was entitled to the respect of every true friend of humanity." At the State Freethinker's Convention at Albany, N. Y., September 11, 12, and 13, 1885, his remarks charmed the large audience assembled in the Opera

House, and they left profoundly impressed with the worth and greatness of the venerable man who addressed them. Thus it was. He was one of nature's noblemen, and was possessed of qualities that in other and more popular walks of life, had he chosen them, would have covered him with wealth and fame, and ranked him among the fortunate of earth. But who shall say his reward is not greater in the consciousness of a duty well performed, and the impression he has made and is yet to make on the progressive thought of the country?

His life, though long, has been an exceedingly placid and quiet one, and except an occasional absence from home on a lecturing tour, has been mostly passed within the four walls of his sanctum, surrounded by books and the exchanges that he loved to peruse. During the long years of his editorial work—the longest, perhaps, of any living man—he met many of the leading reformers of this troublous period, and numbered among his personal friends such illustrious names as William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Elizur Wright, Charles Bradlaugh, George J. Holyoake, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, James Parton, Parker Pillsbury, and others. Blessed with a philosophic temperament, he was at home in any society, and possessing a rare fund of anecdote and personal reminiscences, was a most agreeable and entertaining companion. But he also loved solitude, and where “none intrude” could be always happy and occupied with his own thoughts.

In physique he was most commanding, his large head and dignified bearing securing to him naturally and at all time the deference of those with whom he came in contact. Personally he was the most kind and agreeable of men. Generous to a fault, he had little regard for money, and would cheerfully part with his earnings to anyone who might solicit assistance. In fact, so heedless was he of his own interests in this respect that it was found necessary for his friends to be constantly on the watch for those who, knowing Mr. Seaver's weakness, were always waiting an opportunity to bother him with their sorrowful tales. He was considerate and good-natured always, easily approached, and would reassure with a smile and a kind word those who might otherwise be disconcerted by his imposing presence. All the employees in the Investigator office loved him and cordially accorded to him that admiration which true greatness ever inspires.

Since the death of his wife in 1848, Mr. Seaver has resided in his brother's family, and to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Lydia Seaver, is due the thanks of all Liberals, for the kind care she has taken of Mr. Seaver during his last illness. He was one of the promoters of the Paine Memorial Building enterprise, and was president of the Paine Memorial Corporation at the time of his death. It was chiefly owing to his hearty and disinterested support that Mr. Mendum was enabled to save the building for the purposes for which it was intended. This will always remain a temple for him as well as Mr. Mendum, and as long as it stands will reflect credit to both. But his greatest monument will ever be the Boston Investigator, for whatever the paper has been for the last fifty years, he has made it. To this work he has concentrated the energies of his intellectual life, the force of his genius, the value of his experience. The effect these efforts have had in moulding Liberal thought and modifying Puritanical ideas it is impossible to estimate; but if the eloquent Ingersoll's words be true, he and his associate have helped to Liberalize a continent. As brave and true men as Mr. Seaver have stood for the right, as honest hearts have suffered for the welfare of mankind; but in our opinion, no philosopher has lived in whom wisdom and courage, firmness and courtesy, have been more happily blended than in the noble one whose life has just ebbed away.

As his life was brave and good, so was his death calm and philosophic. For although he has known for some weeks that death was inevitable, it has caused him no trouble beyond the natural regret that he must part with Mr. Mendum, and was forced to leave the scenes of earth which he so heartily enjoyed. When he learned that his old friend Colonel Ingersoll would speak at his funeral, he manifested a positive pleasure and more than once alluded to it in the days preceding his dissolution. He died as he lived, a Freethinker. He had no faith in religions

of any kind, which he always looked upon as but different forms of superstition, but he did possess in a rare degree that larger faith that, whatever happened, living or dead, would be natural, and therefore right. The complaint from which he suffered was dropsy, and since his first attack, last January, he has been gradually failing, till the end, which came peacefully and calmly.

COLONEL INGERSOLL'S ORATION.

Horace Seaver was a pioneer, a torch-bearer, a toiler in that great field we call the world—a worker for his fellow-men. At the end of his task he has fallen asleep, and we are met to tell the story of his long and useful life—to pay our tribute to his work and worth.

He was one who saw the dawn while others lived in night. He kept his face toward the “purpling east,” and watched the coming of the blessed day.

He always sought for light. His object was to know, to find a reason for his faith—a fact on which to build.

In superstition's sands he sought the gems of truth; in superstition's night he looked for stars.

Born in New England—reared amid the cruel superstitions of his age and time, he had the manhood and the courage to investigate, and he had the goodness and the courage to tell his honest thoughts.

He was always kind, and sought to win the confidence of men by sympathy and love. There was no taint or touch of malice in his blood. To him his fellows did not seem depraved—they were not wholly bad—there was within the heart of each the seeds of good. He knew that back of every thought and act were forces uncontrolled. He wisely said: “Circumstances furnish the seeds of good and evil, and man is but the soil in which they grow.” He fought the creed and loved the man. He pitied those who feared and shuddered at the thought of death—who dwelt in darkness and in dread.

The religion of his day filled his heart with horror.

He was kind, compassionate, and tender; and could not fall upon his knees before a cruel and revengeful God! he could not bow to one who slew with famine, sword, and fire—to one pitiless as pestilence, relentless as the lightning stroke. Jehovah had no attribute that he could love.

He attacked the creed of New England—a creed that had within it the ferocity of Knox, the malice of Calvin, the cruelty of Jonathan Edwards; a religion that had a monster for a God; a religion whose dogmas would have shocked cannibals feasting upon babes.

Horace Seaver followed the light of his brain—the impulse of his heart.

He was attacked, but he answered the insulter with a smile; and even he who coined malignant lies was treated as a friend misled. He did not ask God to forgive his enemies; he forgave them himself.

He was sincere. Sincerity is the true and perfect mirror of the mind. It reflects the honest thought. It is the foundation of character, and without it there is no moral grandeur.

Sacred are the lips from which have issued only truth. Over all wealth, above all station, above the noble, the robed, and the crowned, rises the sincere man.

Happy is the man who neither paints nor patches, veils nor veneers! Blessed is he who wears no mask!

The man who lies before us wrapped in perfect peace practiced no art to hide or half-conceal his thought. He did not write or speak the double words that might be useful in retreat.

He gave a truthful transcript of his mind, and sought to make his meaning clear as light.

To use his own words, he had “the courage which impels a man to do his duty—to hold fast his integrity—to maintain a conscience void of offense, at every hazard and at every sacrifice, in defiance of the world.”

He lived to his ideal. He sought the approbation of himself. He did not build his character upon the opinions of others, and it was out of the very depths of his nature that he asked the profound question:

“What is there in other men that makes us desire their approbation, and fear their censure more than our own?”

Horace Seaver was a good and loyal citizen of the natural republic, a believer in intellectual hospitality, one who knew that bigotry is born of ignorance and fear, the provincialisms of the brain. He did not belong to the tribe, or to the nation, but to the human race. His sympathy was wide as want, and like the sky, bent above the suffering world.

This man had that superb thing which we call moral courage—courage in its highest form. He knew that his thoughts were not the thoughts of others, that he was with the few, and that where one would take his side, thousands would be his eager foes. He knew that wealth would scorn, and cultured ignorance deride, and that all believers in the creeds, buttressed by law and custom, would hurl the missiles of revenge and hate. He knew that lies, like snakes, would fill the pathway of his life, and yet he told his honest thought, told it without hatred and without contempt, told it as it really was. And so, through all his days, his heart was sound and stainless to the core.

When he enlisted in the army whose banner is light, the honest investigator was looked upon as lost and cursed, and even Christian criminals held him in contempt. The believing embezzler, the orthodox wife-beater—even the murderer, lifted his bloody hands and thanked God that on his soul there was no stain of unbelief!

In nearly every state of our republic the man who denied the absurdities and impossibilities lying at the foundation of what is called orthodox religion was denied his civil rights. He was not canopied by the ægis of the law. He stood beyond the reach of sympathy. He was not allowed to testify against the invader of his home, the seeker for his life. His lips were closed. He was declared dishonorable because he was honest. His unbelief made him a social leper, a pariah, an outcast. He was the victim of religious hate and scorn. Arrayed against him were all the forces and all the hypocrisies of society.

All mistakes and lies were his enemies. Even the Theist was denounced as a disturber of the peace because he told his thoughts in kind and candid words. He was called a blasphemer because he sought to rescue the reputation of his God from the slanders of orthodox priests.

Such was the bigotry of the time that natural love was lost. The unbelieving son was hated by his pious sire, and even the mother's heart was by her creed turned into stone.

Horace Seaver pursued his way. He worked and wrought as best he could, in solitude and want. He knew the day would come. He lived to be rewarded for his toil—to see most of the laws repealed that had made outcasts of the noblest, the wisest, and the best. He lived to see the foremost preachers of the world attack the sacred creeds. He lived to see the sciences released from superstition's clutch. He lived to see the orthodox theologian take his place with the professor of the black art, the fortune-teller, the astrologer. He lived to see the best and greatest of the world accept his thought—to see the theologians displaced by the great and true priests of nature—by Humboldt and Darwin, by Huxley and Haeckel.

Within the narrow compass of his life the world was changed. The railway, the steamship, the telegraph, made all nations neighbors. Countless inventions have made the luxuries of the past the necessities of to-day. Life has been enriched and man ennobled. The geologist has read the records of frost and flame, of wind and rain; the astronomer has told the story of the stars, the biologist has sought the germ of life, and in every department of knowledge the torch of science sheds its sacred light.

The ancient creeds have grown absurd; the miracles are small and mean; the inspired book is filled with fables told to please a childish world, and the dogma of eternal pain now shocks the heart and brain.

He lived to see a monument unveiled to Bruno in the city of Rome—to Giordano Bruno—that great man who 289 years ago suffered death by fire for having proclaimed the truths that since have filled the world with joy. He lived to see the victim of the church a victor—lived to see his memory honored by a nation freed from papal chains.

He worked knowing what the end must be—expecting little while he lived, but he knew that every fact in the wide universe was on his side. He knew that truth can wait, and so he worked

patient as eternity. He had the brain of a philosopher and the heart of a child.

Horace Seaver was a man of common sense. By that I mean one who knows the law of average. He denied the Bible, not on account of what has been discovered in astronomy or the length of time it took to form the delta of the Nile, but he compared the things he found in the inspired book with what he knew.

He knew that antiquity added nothing to probability—that lapse of time can never take the place of cause, and that the dust can never gather thick enough upon mistakes to make them equal with the truth. He knew that the old, by no possibility, could have been more wonderful than the new, and that the present is a perpetual torch by which we know the past.

To him all miracles were mistakes, whose parents were cunning and credulity.

He knew that miracles were not, because they are not.

He believed in the sublime, unbroken, and eternal march of causes and effects—denying the chaos of chance and the caprice of power.

He tested the past by the now, and judged of all the men and races of the world by those he knew.

He believed in the religion of Freethought and good deed—of character, of sincerity, of honest endeavor, of cheerful hope, of sympathy—and above all, in the religion of love and liberty—in a religion for every day, for the world in which we live, for the present; the religion of roof and raiment, of food, of intelligence, of intellectual hospitality, the religion that gives health and happiness, freedom and content—in the religion of work, and in the ceremonies of honest labor. He lived for this world; if there be another he will live for that.

He did what he could for the destruction of Fear—the destruction of the imaginary monster who rewards the few in heaven—the monster who tortures the many in perdition.

He was the friend of all the world, and sought to civilize the human race.

For more than fifty years he labored to free the bodies and souls of men, and many thousands have read his words with joy. He sought the suffering and oppressed. He sat by those in pain, and his hand was laid in pity on the brow of death.

He asked only to be treated as he treated others. He asked for only what he earned, and he had the manhood to cheerfully accept the consequences of his actions. He expected no reward for the goodness of another.

But he has lived his life. We should shed no tears except the tears of gratitude. We should rejoice that he lived so long.

In Nature's course his time had come. The four seasons were complete in him. The spring could never come again. He had taken life's seven steps. The measure of his years was full.

When the day is done, when the work of a life is finished, when the gold of evening meets the dusk of night, beneath the silent stars the tired laborer should fall asleep. To outlive usefulness is a double death:

Let me not live after my flame lacks oil,
To be the snuff of younger spirits.

When the old oak is visited in vain by spring, when light and rain no longer thrill, it is not well to stand leafless, desolate, and alone. It is better far to fall where nature softly covers all with woven moss and creeping vine.

How little, after all, we know of what is ill or well! How little of this wondrous stream of cataracts and pools—this stream of life that rises in a world unknown and flows to that mysterious sea whose shore the foot of one who comes hath never pressed! How little of this life we know—this straggling way of light 'twixt gloom and gloom, this strip of land by verdure clad between the unknown wastes, this throbbing moment filled with love and pain, this dream that lies between the shadowy shores of sleep and death.

We stand upon this verge of crumbling time. We love, we hope, we disappear. Again we mingle with the dust and the "knot intrinsicate" forever falls apart.

But this we know—A noble life enriches all the world.

Horace Seaver lived for others. He accepted toil, and hope

deferred. Poverty was his portion. Like Socrates, he did not seek to adorn his body, but rather his soul with the jewels of charity, modesty, courage, and above all, with a love of liberty.

Farewell, O brave and modest man!

Your lips, between which truth burst into blossom, are forever closed. Your loving heart has ceased to beat. Your busy brain is still, and from your hand has dropped the sacred torch.

Your noble, self-denying life has honored us, and we will honor you!

You were my friend, and I was yours. Above your silent clay, I pay this tribute to your worth.

Farewell!

CALL FOR THE OREGON CONVENTION.

By virtue of the authority vested in us by the Oregon State Secular Union, we hereby call the FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION of said Union to meet in Portland, Oregon, at Masonic Hall, on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 12th, 13th, and 14th days of October, 1889; the object being to secure the total separation of church and state.

The advocates of this measure in Washington Territory are invited to join their Oregon friends in this Convention.

Done at Portland, Oregon, this thirty-first day of July, 1889.

C. BEAL,	} Board of Directors.
J. K. SEARS,	
LEE LAUGHLIN,	
A. F. NEUNERT,	
L. AMES,	

SECULAR WORK IN OREGON.

The North Pacific Conference of the Seventh-Day Adventists sends Elder Alonzo T. Jones, an orator from Oakland, California, to address the Convention. He writes: "I thank you for giving me your very best session, and I assure you I will do my best to show my appreciation of the favor. I will try and reach there Saturday if possible." "I will give you good notice in the Sentinel."

G. W. Tiffany, a business man of Salem, Oregon, writes: "Anything in my power to do will be done. I have advertised the Convention in the Polk County Advertiser for the month of September, and in the Weekly Capital journal for the same time. I pay the papers regular rates, and glad to do it. There is too much apathy and indifference among Liberals, and in this is our danger."

D. R. Sutton, knowing that the Secular Union would soon need a little more money, obtained five dollars from H. B. Nicholas, an attorney of Portland, and four dollars from J. H. Fisk, the chemist and assayer.

A letter comes from L. Ames, of Silverton, chairman of the finance committee. He says he has sent out about fifty letters, and that one good brother sent in thirteen dollars. Brother Ames urges that the Convention be confined to the separation of church and state, and all other issues left out. "We will try to have Mr. Watts here at Christmas; have a grand festival and a jolly, good time." Mr. Underwood stopped while at Silverton with this excellent Liberal family.

W. W. West, of Scappoose, says: "I will be at the Convention and bring all I can with me."

B. W. Dunn, of Lafayette, writes: "I will be with you at the Convention; will do all in my power to assist you in the cause, for it is one in which I feel a great interest. Hoping to meet you and other brothers and sisters at the meeting the 12th of October, you may rely that I will do all I can to help make it up."

R. H. Scott, of Scott's Mills, sends five dollars and a good business letter.

Charles A. Stewart, of Cascade Locks, Oregon, sends a fine list of names. Charley has "devotion of soul" in what he undertakes. "There are many Liberals in this place and surrounding country; will notify as many as I can. Will be traveling after to-day and will do all I can for the cause and Convention. Inclosed find a large list of names."

J. Henry Schroeder, our intelligent Liberal brother, of Arago, Coos county, writes: "The cause is progressing and I will send in a list of names. Will make arrangements to publish the Convention in our local papers. I believe it would be well for those

who can to meet before the Convention and mature plans. A caucus the day or evening before would be beneficial. It would accomplish, if nothing more, a better acquaintance and understanding among the workers."

G. R. Higgins, of North Yamhill, says: "I hope the Convention will be a grand success, and it will be if the Liberals do their duty with money and brains. If conducted properly, the meeting will be a blessing to generations yet to come."

There is a man out in Jackson county who has a soul as big as a meeting-house. His name is Wm. H. Breese. He sends thirty-two signers to the constitution and five dollars as follows, from Talent: H. C. Stock, 50 cents; H. Aumerman, \$1; Wm. H. Breese, 50 cents; Rosetta Walters, 50 cents; from Ashland: John Holton, 50 cents; Mrs. H. C. Holton, 50 cents; J. B. Plummer, 50 cents.

Now, my brother and sister Liberals, in all earnestness let me make a direct appeal to you. If you fail to come to this Convention, or come to one meeting and then go off on business, it will be impossible for me to make it up. The cause will be discouraged everywhere, as there have been so many expectations created in regard to it. Come as a matter of duty, conscience, patriotism. This cause can only triumph through devotion of soul. If it fails the word Liberty should be handed back to the person who first spoke it. By devotion of soul humanity can bring to themselves every blessing that it is possible for them to possess. If the inspiration is burning in you it will light your footsteps to the Convention. Confucius said that he did not talk of extraordinary things, feats of strength, disorder, or supernatural beings, but of morality, learning, truthfulness, and devotion of soul.

"Come as the waves come when navies are stranded,
Come as the winds come when forests are bended."

C. BEAL,

President Oregon State Secular Union.

DOWIE, THE FAITH-HEALER.

The oft repeated saying that "Truth is mighty and will prevail," may be an axiom to an ignorant person, but to people who have knowledge of the operation of the forces of nature and have observed the actual results of the world's efforts, it is perfectly plain that truth is not mightier, neither is it more likely to prevail than error. It has been truthfully said that a falsehood by continued repetition will often grow into an established fact, and an erroneous idea freely circulated and allowed to pass undisputed, will finally become an accepted truth.

The history of the world shows that error has held sway as often and quite as much as truth; that error has controlled the destinies of nations as often as truth; that millions of martyrs have been slaughtered in past centuries as the result of the prevalence of error instead of truth; that dynasties and kingdoms have been founded on erroneous theories, and still others destroyed under erroneous apprehensions.

Any profound mind must necessarily comprehend the fact that there is no law directing the forces of nature in the way of truth in contradistinction to the way of error, and that only knowledge of cause and effect will aid us in distinguishing the difference between error and truth.

Ignorance is the mother of superstition, and mother and daughter go hand in hand ever after the birth of the latter.

Ignorance of astronomy gave rise to the worship of the sun through fear engendered by its majesty and evident power. Ignorance of the laws of gravity, attraction, and the law of combinations gave rise to the idea of creation, and the ignorant assumption of special creation gave rise to a mass of error that has retarded the progress of truth for ages and enslaved the mind of man in a bondage worse than the tyranny of all the despots on earth.

In addition to all this we have another phase of error which is error based upon a foundation of truth in disguise; ignorance of cause and consequently a false imputation of effects. This brings me to the subject of this essay, Alexander Dowie, the so-called faith-healer. However, we must not elevate him to the position of a standard-bearer, for there are many such, but simply use him to illustrate a subject that is just now convulsing the

minds of the intellectual and metaphysical world. We have long been cognizant of the existence of certain physical forces so subtle in their natures that the ordinary mind could not grasp their intricacies; but the tendencies of the age, in giving us enhanced mental insight into the intricacies of natural workings, have opened to those who are not cursed with superstition to such an extent that they cannot investigate a knowledge of their force, in a degree sufficient to allow a dawning of the light of electro-magnetic science. I give it this name for want of sufficient technical knowledge of the various qualities of this, the vital force of life, intending to cover all its peculiar phases, or at least to apply its specific qualities called by some animal magnetism, as shown to be that peculiar life-giving principle which uses the system of nerves of the body through which to transmit its forces. The brain is the trunk of the tree of which the nerves running to every part of the body are the branches, and a touch of any of these branches instantly telegraphs a message to the home office in the head. This base of operations has a great variety of functions or sub-offices located in different parts of the brain cavity. Dr. Buchanan has proved that by the application of the hand of a highly magnetic person to certain localities on the cranium, moved in certain directions, certain effects may be produced at the will of the operator; anger, laughter, hate, love, mania, ecstasy, or the exhibition of any of the passions may be produced.

The effect of the magnetism of the mesmerizer on a person susceptible to him is well known, and the effect of the magnetism of a compact body of people upon susceptible persons in that body has been illustrated thousands of times in such audiences as gather around Dowie, Cullis, and others, and especially has it been exemplified amongst the negroes of the Southern states, where, in their meetings, as the result of a free, all-around shake of hands to the music of a hymn, the free flow of magnetism often produces a state of overpowering ecstasy, which results in a dead faint, when the subject is picked up and laid on a bench to recover as soon as the ecstasy passes off.

These so-called "faith-cures," "divine healings," "mind-cures," etc., are all "off the same piece," and are nothing more nor less than electro-magnetic effects. This being the vital force of life has the effect to accelerate and stimulate the sluggish vitality of the system, and thereby throw off diseased conditions, and in the case of slight maladies in a person of negative receptive electro-magnetic conditions, a sudden influx of vital force will have a tendency to suddenly restore them to normal conditions, or at least to start them on the road to recovery, which, if persisted in, will naturally effect a cure, even in chronic cases. Our best physicians recognize the fact that to assist nature to restore normal conditions is the acme of professional accomplishments, and to stimulate to activity the sluggish organ the proper practice. In many cases this is done by the application of electricity generated by a battery. The failure of this kind of an application in many cases has led to the discovery that the quality of electricity is an important factor, and experience has taught that the quality generated by the nerve forces of mankind, when stimulated into active operation by contact between persons possessed of the requisite positive and negative qualities, is best adapted to restore vital action in the system.

Given, then, the premises that electro-magnetism is the vitalizing force of all life, we have a simple formula for supplying the demands made on the system by the decay and death of cellular tissue. It is beginning to dawn on the minds of humanity that the nerve system of the body performs a very prominent function in the life of the individual. Instead of being of secondary importance it is the foundation of all energy, and without which there can be no life. We know, although we do not understand how nor why, that certain persons possess a nerve system of greater power than others, and possibly of different quality in some important respects, and that they can operate that system to produce certain effects on others, and that by augmenting this vital current in those in whom it is weak the energy in the functional organs is increased and the building up of tissue becomes commensurate with the demands of the natural waste occasioned by the wearing out process. We die as the result of sudden or rapid destruction of cellular tissue, through disease or accident

secondarily, or primarily by the sudden destruction of the nerve system by rendering it incapable of action through accident, and if the motive power—electro-magnetism—remains sufficient to keep up the building process under all circumstances then there need be no death; but unfortunately accidental conditions are so numerous that sudden demands for a great increase of vital power cannot be provided for in our present ignorance of these laws of our being, hence death, decay, and disintegration take place and the matter of which we are composed returns to the material universe from whence it came to supply the demand for new forms.

Now, such men as Dowie and hundreds of others possess this power of not only powerful electro-magnetic force, but the power and knowledge of gathering from others and concentrating the whole upon susceptible or negative subjects in a manner to produce powerful effects and hence cure some maladies; but to ascribe this power to a mystical supernatural being and thereby operate on the ignorance and credulity of a superstition-cursed people is not only wrong but it is criminal, because if the truth concerning these things was taught, enlightenment and general benefit would be the result instead of a degrading superstition operating to lessen knowledge by retarding study of and investigation into the source of life, health, and happiness.

The "livery of heaven to serve the devil in" was never more perfectly illustrated than in the operations of Dowie to make money. He shows himself to be a charlatan and full of the sharp tricks of the juggler and the shrewd advertiser. In the first place he uses the medium of prayer and music, which, in an audience trained to believe in the efficacy of prayer, emphasized by a fear of the God to whom they pray, is found to be the best possible medium through which to concentrate the mental and magnetic effect of the people now known. By this means he produces a free and liberal flow of electro-magnetism, which, when directed by him to the susceptible subjects, will necessarily produce a vital effect; but unfortunately it requires conditions in the subject that are peculiar to certain constitutions and not applicable to all, either from the lack of the necessary quantity or quality or condition of the magnetism of the individual. Now, to get rid of these cases, which his knowledge and susceptibilities soon detect by scanning his audience, he resorts to questions, such as, "Do you believe that God made the world in six days?" or some such foolish question, to which, judging by their look of intelligence, he is sure they will answer no, when he will angrily tell them to go away for he can do nothing for them. This is only one of his ways of getting rid of persons he knows he cannot effect, but he is fertile enough to find a way to dispose of all unsusceptible applicants. When he has gathered together a goodly number of those he has had under his eye and voice for several days, and weeded out the positive and unsympathetic ones, he proceeds to work them up into a state of electro-magnetic ecstasy by exhortation, singing and prayer, and then lays hands on the subject, when they are expected to jump to their feet and proclaim the cure. Now, one would suppose that with all the professed goodness of this "angel in disguise" a magnetic influence from him would lead the persons to at least be truthful in their statements made in these states of ecstasy; but, on the contrary, if the witnesses of the miracles of Jesus Christ lied as badly in their statements as to what happened as some of Dowie's chroniclers have, it is no wonder that such miracles are not believed now-a-days. As a sample: One woman said she had been instantly cured of a malady affecting one arm so she had not been able to use it for a long time. I am told by a lady living in the same house with her that she has been doing her own work and carrying a child up and down stairs for the last six months without anyone knowing of any trouble with her arms.

Another woman said she was instantly cured of catarrh which was so bad that she had not been able to speak above a whisper for seven years. One of this woman's neighbors says she has been such a notoriously noisy person that the owners of the house where she lodged had contemplated turning her out of the house several times. Another good old mother in the church, under electro-magnetic excitement, testified to a wonderful cure, and her pastor hearing of it called on her the next day and found her in bed completely prostrated from the effects of the excitement.

Three-fourths of all his cures, when investigated, turn out like these, and go to swell the proofs that all miracles are substantiated by very doubtful proofs, and that the liars in all ages have not all been disbelievers in Christianity.—RANFORD WORTHING, in the San Diego Union.

THE SUMMER AND FALL CAMPAIGN.

S. P. Putnam has the following lecture appointments in Oregon and Washington:

Fox Valley.....	Or., Sept. 9, 10,	Stella,.....	W.T., ".....7,
Long Creek.....	" " 11, 12,	Portland.....	Or., " 12, 13, 14,
Hamilton.....	" " 14, 15,	Brownsville ..	" "16,
Monument.....	Or., Sept. 16, 17,	Eugene.....	" " .17, 18,
Hay Stack.....	" " 18,	Coburg.....	" " .19, 20,
Lone Rock.....	" " 19, 20,	Talent.....	" " .22, 23,
Fossil.....	" " 21, 22,	Linkville.....	" " .25, 26, 27,
Hillsboro.....	Or., Sept.,.....27,	Los Angeles and vicinity	the month
North Yamhill...	" " 28, 29,	of November,	
Forest Grove....	Or., Sept.....30,	San Diego and vicinity	the month of
Ranier.....	" Oct.5, 6,	December.	

The Evils of Religious Superstition.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Inclosed please find \$1 as payment for another six months' subscription to your most excellent and welcome paper FREETHOUGHT.

What can be more ennobling to the human soul than Freethought? It is stepping from the darkness into light. Ever since I learned to reflect and reason for myself I have, step by step, endeavored to free my mind from superstition and, as far as I had the chance, tried to prevail upon others. You therefore may judge that, mindful of my duty as a Free-thinker, circumstances bettering themselves, I shall not fail to assist in the good cause you are so ably advocating; where often, I notice, you are expending mental dynamite to make a breach into the beclouded skulls. Superstition begets errors and wrongs, and the former, universally prevailing, naturally produces the errors and wrongs in that line universally. Most of the woes and misery humanity is suffering from can be fairly traced back to that monster of all evils—religious superstition. It destroys the clear vision of the intellect, corrupts the moral status of man, prevents the free development of his better being, and fosters and creates ignorance, ill-will, and hatred between man and man.

I am pleased and entertained by the correspondence of Professor Seymour "On the Trail." Respectfully yours,

Santa Quin, Utah.

ROBERT NAGLER.

Um!

To the Editors of Freethought:

I received your paper of August 3, 1889, from a friend last night, and have been reading it. On page 40 is some questions, up to 25 kinds. I will answer them all collectively.

1. "The Lord God formed (created) a man of the dust—his body, and then breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." Gen. 2, 7.

From these we understand that a man with a body and a spirit, unitedly is the soul. When the spirit leaves the body, the body is dead. Hence, that body is not a soul, and will not become a soul again until the resurrection day; for the spirit will enter his body, and the body will be resurrected to make it a soul, for salvation or for condemnation. Sometimes the spirit is called the soul in the Bible, but that is only because the spirit is the life of the body, while it is in its body.

2. "Where are the souls—spirits, made?" Answer: At the birth. That is, when the child is born, the spirit enters the body: That child becomes a living soul.

But "when was the spirits made?" I answer that God is the father of the spirits. They are all living spirits, and were so from before the world was made. Job 38, 7, etc. I could say much more of this, but have no time at the present.

3. "In what part of the body is the soul—spirit located?" Answer: In the brain of the head; the spirit is also called, "The mind." Hence, all "Idiots" are "Idiots," or "Ignorants." They with the children are not responsive to any laws, or in other words, they are not under any law. See Rom. 4, 15, 5, 13, 7, 8

4. The spirit—"soul," must first enter its body at the resurrection day, when Christ comes to give every man his dues. Luke 14, 14. Job.

5, 29. Acts 24, 15. Rev. 20, 5, 6., etc. Then she will receive "pain" or the other way.

5. The spirit is in the shape of the man's body, and is of matter as well as the body; a tangible substance, and have a nature as well as man. God himself has nature. See Heb. 2, 16. 2 Pet. 1, 4.

These answers will be sufficient to Mr. W. C. C., of "Hillisboro," Or.

Respectfully,

J. A. STROMBERG.

Priest of the reorganized church of Jesus Christ, L. D. S.

Sonoma, August 23, 1889.

Dr. Foote Revisits Salt Lake City.

Dr. Foote, senior, would announce that he contemplates making a brief visit to Salt Lake City in October. In the spring of 1885, it will be remembered by the readers of The Health Monthly, we visited Salt Lake City for the purpose of exposing and dislodging a pretender who was using the name of Dr. Foote, Jr., and representing himself as the son of Dr. E. B. Foote, of New York. He had established a large practice on the strength of these misrepresentations, and it took several weeks to collect such evidence as would lead Judge Zane to grant an injunction restraining this impostor from continuing to impose upon the community in the way mentioned. But the injunction came at last, and the "Fraud Jr.," as we called him, precipitately fled early one Sunday morning before honest people were out of their beds. While in Salt Lake City we met hundreds of our correspondents and patients of former times and formed many new friendships which led us to promise that we would some day repeat the visit that proved so agreeable to us and so beneficial to many. This time the trip will be made more with a view to recuperation and change than to business considerations, but if those who would like to meet us there would address us to that effect, we will keep all such correspondents posted in regard to our movements and appoint time and place, when and where, we will see all friends, correspondents and patients who may desire an interview whether of friendly or professional character. Professional interviews as usual will be free, no fees being charged except for medicines. Therefore, friends and readers of our publications in the West, write at once, those of you who would like to meet Dr. E. B. Foote, Sr., addressing your letters to 120 Lexington avenue, New York, and if no unforeseen circumstance occurs to prevent the contemplated visit you will be duly notified. All, indeed, in Utah and the adjoining states and territories, who have physical ailments which home skill has failed to relieve, are invited to place themselves in correspondence with us, and when we can appoint time and place for interview we will notify by personal letter. We rarely leave home for recreation, and scarcely ever on professional business, the last time being in 1885 as already mentioned. Patients are visiting us from time to time at our office here in New York from Utah, Idaho, Nevada, Arizona, Wyoming, Colorado, Dakota, Montana, and other western states and territories, and doubtless there are hundreds more who would be pleased to have the opportunity for a personal consultation if it could be had without a long and expensive journey to New York. To all such we send greeting this brief announcement. Send in your names and addresses right away, or as early as possible, and you shall have due notice when the senior editor of this paper arrives in Salt Lake City. Appointments for interviews can be arranged by letter as already stated.

During the brief absence of the senior the junior will take charge of the affairs at home. The genuine Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., author of Health in the Sunbeam, Radical Remedy in Social Science, Bacteria, in their Relation to Disease, Gynecology, etc., who has been constantly engaged in professional work with the senior since 1875-6, at which time he was graduated from the college of physicians and surgeons in New York, is well-known to the readers of the Murray Hill publications and our patients hereabouts. He will be assisted by Dr. L. Cohn who, for fifteen years, has had charge of the German Department in Dr. Foote's office, and by Dr. Hubert T. Foote, brother of the junior, who is at the head of the Sanitary Bureau. In such hands no one is likely to suffer in the temporary absence of Dr. Foote, Sr.—From Dr. Foote's Health Monthly for September.

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

Taylor's "Diegesis," by the Rev. Robert Taylor. A discovery of the Origin, Evidences, and early history of Christianity. \$2.

JOB.

A tragedy-comedy or vice versa.
SI SLOKUM, Dramatist.

Dramatis Personæ:

JAHVEH, of Blissville.
SATAN, of Sheol.
JOB, of Uz, a man of unbounded faith and unique holiness.
MRS. JOB, of Uz, off-color, religiously.
Sons and daughters at a distance.
"Sons of God," "Job's comforters (unique), messengers, boils, etc.

Scene: Uz, and contiguous territory.

(Concluded.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Job at home wrestling with a sudden and surprising eruption of boils, such as no fellow ever heard of before. Groaning as he squats in the ashes of the fire-place, he scrapes himself with a potsherd—a singular way in which to caress boils!

[Enter Mrs. Job.]

MRS. JOB. Olt mans, vy you don'd gurse dot Gott in himmel, und die alretty? Id vas der mosd sensible dings you nefer cood done, I declare do cracious it vas!

JOB. Was ist los mit dir mein frau? Dir pe der mosd voolisher olt vomans I nefer pefore seen alretty. Vy you don'd vall down mit yourselluf? und den got oop and jump yoursellufs ubon, don'd id? Shood der gifer of all goot gif us nod some efls, I don'd know? Shood der sweets he always gif us, und nod soomdings bidder, you voolisher olt voman?

MRS. JOB. Vell, I don'd gare—now. I don'd dook some stocks in der gootnes oof a Gott dot mek pad peesness by der beeples, like haf dit your Gott mit you alretty.

JOB. Dere's vere you vas off der nut kvestion, olt vomans. Now der mout oof you shut oop, und don'd soom silly dings say soom more. Dis vas meinselluf's vunerat, und nod yours, olt vomans.

MRS. JOB. I'd vasn'd eh? Ach! I like do know how dot vas, if it vasn'd soom vunerals of mein alretty. You pe tead proke pusted, wid-owet a gamel, ox, ass, sheeb, goad und nodings; und der kinder vas killed alretty, und here you vas mit more as dwo hunnerd poils your poty ofer, and can'd efen saw some woods do subbort oursellufs mit—it ain'd soom oof mein vunerals, ain'd it? Vell, I dink it must look like dot alretty py dis time.

JOB. Vell, don'd you gone und poil ofer, olt vomans, because all ofer vas I mit poils, und doing meinselluf der heafy peesness—ach!—ouch!—e-o-u-g-h!

MRS. JOB. Und braise you dot Gott vor dose ackes und bains, eh? Und you py him vas true as the hairs py your head, und he serf you like dot! Vell, I deglare, vat sort oof a Gott in himmel vas dot, I don'd know? Haf der udder gotts sooch pad peesness by dere beeples dit? Oof dhey haf, I don'd heard oof id alretty.

JOB. Haf soom batiene, mein frau, py yoursellufs. Id come owet vill all righd py der ent—oh!—ouch!—ouch!

MRS. JOB (sarcastic). Ach! it vill eh? Ven you pe gone deat alretty, und I vas der lone vid-ders midowet a shekel py my names—vas dot all righd, olt man? Subbase dot Gott mek id all righd again mit der gattles und gamels und dings, where vas der kinder dot vos killed by der cyglone I don'd know? Would dhey come pack py us alretty? Soom udder gattles vas der same, but soom udder kinder vasn'd, I guess nod.

JOB. Mein frau—ouch!—I vill marry some young vomans, oof der Lort sbare mein life, und der kinder—

MRS. JOB. Ach! und dot's how all righd in der ents id vill pe, eh? Dot seddles id, olt man.

You dook gare oof dose poils mit yoursellufs und dot young vomans alretty, because mein name vas Valker, you bets sweet your lifes!

[Exeunt in flaming passion.]

SCENE 2.—Same locality. Enter Satan wearing a magic ring, rendering himself invisible to Job.

SAT. By Jove! though cursing he his day of birth,

And growling like a bear with a sore head,
On Jahveh Job doth weaken not a hair!
Such loyalty is most remarkable,
And nothing if not *sui generis*!
Now, how to shake this man's fidelity,
I'm damned if I do know, that is a fact—
Not knowing, I am damned, but damn the odds!
O for a volume of Talmage's sermons—
Forcing the man to read the sermons through;
Companionship with Gotham's famous crank,
Say for a day—almost too cruel, that—
Ha! that would break him quite all up, I'm sure!

But I, alas! can't bring the thing to bear.
Incorrigible man is this man Job,
And hard to catch, I reckon. Verily,
There is none like this man in all the earth!
Jahveh hath *one* that he can bet on sure,
And I am beaten out and out! I here
Am wasting time, and will at once light out.

[Exeunt Satan, with his tail between his legs and feeling very cheap—Satan, I mean, not the tail—well, was ist los mit der tail, too, feeling cheap?]

Job's "comforters," three in number, now arrive on the scene. They emphasize their coming by tearing their jackets, rubbing dirt on their faces, and otherwise acting like idiots. Then they squat on the ground about Job, and for seven days and seven nights not one of the four speak a word, the groans of Job—possibly the others groaned in sympathy—only breaking the silence—what a cheerful picnic that must have been!

At the end of the time mentioned, Job got his talking tacks aboard and broke out into such a wild and preposterous cursing of the day of his birth, that we decline to continue the drama—tragedy-comedy or vice versa. The way he and his "comforters" went on was too insufferably ridiculous for anything, to say nothing of the absurd conundrums propounded to Job by Jahveh, as, for instance, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?" "Who laid the corner-stone?" "Whereon are the foundations fastened?" "Who can stay the bottles of heaven?" [Aha! "bottles" in heaven, eh? What is in those "bottles?" Some of the "ould stoof?"—the "O be joyful," eh?] "Who gave the wild ass his sweet soprano voice?" "Canst thou catch the whale with a pin hook?" "Canst thou pull him out of the soup by the nose?"—and a hundred and one others quite as ridiculous.

If the reader yearns for the dreary drivel that emanated from the mouths of Job and his "comforters," after that cork-up of seven days, let him turn to the book of Job, and revel and wallow in said drivel and those remarkable conundrums.

It is well enough to say, that it "came out all right in the end" with Job, as he gave it out to the old woman—more to shut up her clack, than because he believed it would—he recovering from the effects of that remarkable visitation of boils, and rapidly recovering his losses in cattle and shekels, and by a hundred per cent the better, thanks to his patron, Jahveh. He "got there," too, in the matter of "kinder," raising seven sons and three daughters—what good was this to the ten sons and daughters killed, eh?—as he had lost; but whether they were born of that "young woman," whom he said he would marry, of divers wives and sub-wives, or of the old family wife—if she came back—the Holy Queer does not state, and it is of no consequence, as Toots would say.

And Job lived to enjoy things, putting in one hundred and forty years after that remarkable experience with boils and remarkable "comforters." It goes without saying that he was true to Jahveh to the last, and that there was "none like him in all the earth"—never has been since, I reckon, baring possibly, Talmage, the theologastical tumble-bug of Brooklyn.

THE banana is a great promoter of the national game. It will make almost any man slide to his base.

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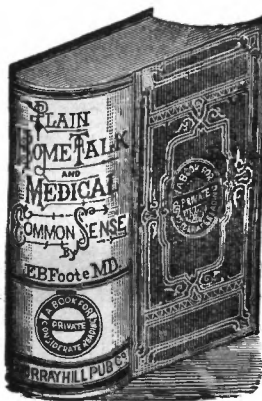
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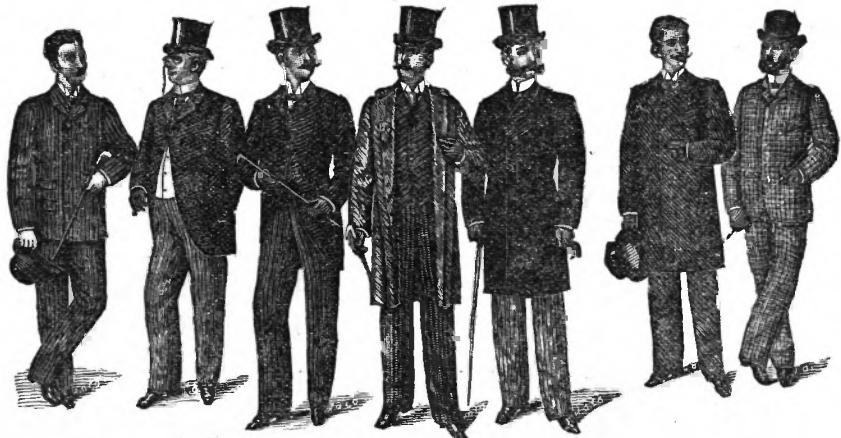
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VOL. II—No. 38.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - SEPTEMBER 21, 1889.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Delayed thirteen hours, and arriving at Baker City at four o'clock in the morning, I was agreeably surprised to meet Dr. H. J. Fuller, who, with true hospitality, was awake at this uncomfortable hour to give me a welcome to his own fireside. The doctor came, about a year ago, from Kansas and has already built up a large practice. He is an open unbeliever and has not the slightest regard for the humbugs of the church. His wide experience of human nature gives him an opportunity for the exposure of pious hypocrisy whose comedy conveys a valid argument. The doctor is respected throughout the community, and his skill is not the less recognized, even by the deacons and clergymen, because of his Liberal opinions. They like to be cured by science in this world, whatever may be the methods of soul-cure hereafter. The doctor has a delightful family, and although Mrs. Fuller is a Methodist of gentle type and the children do go to Sunday-school, there was not much religious gloom in that bright Sunday-morning family circle. There was the joy of humanity. The doctor is wisely generous in his convictions and believes that the freedom of nature will settle all the questions of orthodoxy. In early life he lived at Peoria, Ill., and was among the first to listen to the brilliant lectures of Ingersoll. While the church bells rang we had our Sunday of bright reminiscence and glorious hope.

J. L. Baisley joined company for the dinner hour. His ranch is alongside the mountains and the golden mines, and he himself has been one of the lucky ones, and his cottage where I visited two years ago is beginning to put on the appearance of the palace. All round about Baker the mining industry is increasing, mills are being built and there are many excellent prospects. The wheel of fortune has not forgotten Baisley in its curious twistings and turnings; Freethought comes in sometimes for its share of the glittering treasures.

P. C. Conde was also with us in the afternoon. He is a big-hearted Freethinker, and our thanks are due him for his efficient work. John B. Coleman, president of the Secular club here, has done his level best to keep things agoing, but Freethought is not all dreams and hopes, it is toilsome work, and the ardent desire

meets with many disappointments. Friend Coleman, however, wont give up as long as there is a gun to fire. Baker is a peculiar city. It has the ups and downs and the ins and outs of a mining camp. The people come and go. Still the growth is steady. Baker City has signs of permanent prosperity, and the generous efforts of comrades like Coleman, Conde, and others, will keep Freethought to the front.

Geo. L. Hayes was present and he brings good news from the camps round about. B. W. Carrington, formerly of Montana, is lying on his back, having received severe injuries in a late railroad accident, his engine being thrown from the track. He takes it cheerfully and means to get well by his own pluck; I hope this will be before many days. He invested in Freethought literature as the best medicine for mind and body.

Judge Schofield presided at the Sunday evening meeting. A veteran in the cause, he is always ready for duty.

The hall was nearly full and the reception of the lecture was encouraging. If I could have remained a day or two longer greater results would have been attained, but I was obliged to leave at seven o'clock on Monday morning, by stage, for Cracker City, and I had but little chance for acquaintance and consultation. The elements are here, but it takes time and patience for the combination. I expect to return and devote a week or so to this important place. Giving but one lecture I only had the opportunity to see what could be done but could not do it. The friends I meet here are so cordial, so earnest, and generous in support of Freethought, and Baker City being the centre of an increasing population and trade and industry, I can but look forward to success and progress, and the establishment of a splendid and powerful organization.

I leave the railroad and Baker City for a month's stage journey through eastern Oregon, with happy anticipations.

My first trip of forty miles, through clouds of dust, is to Cracker City, born twelve months ago in the bosom of the hills. Tom McKewen, proprietor of the line, and stage driver, is the jolliest of companions and the journey is by no means lonesome or wearisome as it otherwise might be. At noon we strike into the beautiful broad valley of Sumpter. McKewen owns four hundred and eighty acres in this valley, which is rapidly filling up. He has built the Sumpter Valley Hotel, and big barns about it, and intends to get married in a few weeks, and so I give him all the blessings and good luck that can fall to the lot of a liberal and whole-souled man. We take dinner at the hotel, or station, as it is called. From here I have the fortune to ride in a single rig, with Griffin, McKewen's partner, to Cracker City, where I arrive about two hours ahead of the stage, and have a chance to rest for the evening's lecture.

Cracker City is on Cracker Creek, that tumbles through a wild canyon amidst the shadows of noble pines. An old hunter traveling with crackers, fruit, and sardines, ate his crackers here and called it Cracker Creek; pursued his journey, and on the

banks of another stream disposed of his fruit and called it Fruit Creek; at the next station the sardines disappeared, and this was called Sardine Creek. So runs the legend. At any rate these names are here and Cracker City is now becoming a famous place. It has the largest stamp mill in the state, and the mines are said to be exceedingly rich. It has every appearance of lively business. The white tents mingle with wooden houses, and the big teams come and go laden with brick, lumber, and machinery. A vast building, at a cost of \$150,000, is going up where twelve months ago towered one of the densest forests on the continent. By next Christmas the music of the ponderous wheels and hammers will be heard and the golden streams will pour forth, the star-spangled banner will float over the roof in the brilliant sunshine, and flaunt against the shining hills. The flagstaff was being raised when I visited the mill, but I did not have a chance to witness the unfurling of the stars and stripes. What a wonder these mills are, with their mighty and delicate machinery by which the rough ore, crushed with iron hands, is made to yield, as if to a fairy's needle, its subtlest wealth of yellow gleam! Mr. Donaldson and Mr. Fisher, superintendents of the mill and mine, are a kind of miracle workers in the way they have made this huge building grow from the forests and the rocky earth. My thanks are due to Mr. Donaldson for his kindness in showing me over this superb temple of industry.

Mr. Jas. F. Cleaver and his family, formerly of Prairie City, are here. What is the loss of Prairie City is the gain of Cracker City. Our friends are always ready to work, and wherever they are the fires of Freethought will kindle. The fatigue of the toilsome journey is forgotten when I greet these cordial allies. I am happy to say that in my lecture here I was ahead of all the clergymen in the country. So far not a single religious service has been held in the place, and, of course, no church building has yet mocked the glory of these hills. It is a pleasure once in a while to get ahead of the armies of superstition. Cracker City at present has no magnificence to boast of, but it is beautifully situated and is a fine place for a summer resort, with its brawling brook, inclosing hills that sweep into noble sceneries, embowering forests that make enchanting nooks in moonlight and in sunlight. The bright day-time is exhilarating in its delicious splendor. I enjoyed my stay on this wild frontier where humanity is real, and nature attractive. I gave two lectures to crowded houses, and the results are every way favorable. If the gold only pans out according to calculation, on these heights will float the brightest banner of freedom.

I was pleased to greet Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, formerly of Prairie City, and the little baby, Robert Burns, born the last Fourth of July, a patriotic son of the soil, and the first baby born in Cracker City.

Mr. and Mrs. Hazeltine, of Baker City, are out here camping, taking pictures of the city and surroundings and the face of man, my own among the number, and I find them good Freethinkers in art and humanity.

John Trudell, John Heafon, A. F. Oelrich, J. C. Shelby, are enrolled for FREETHOUGHT. Many others have contributed to the pleasure of my visit and the success of my work, and I hope to greet this vigorous infant city again, with the gold upon its brow.

On Wednesday morning, down the canyon of Cracker Creek, I go to Sumpter Valley Hotel, where, a solitary passenger, I await the buckboard for Prairie City. I am aroused at half-past three Thursday morning. A ride of fifty miles is before me. The

dust is about a foot deep along the road, and rolls so heavily at times that we can't see our way. We eat our peck of dirt without flinching. Three vast ranges have to be crossed before our journey's end. Over the Burnt River Mountain we descend to Middle Fork—to Austin's, where a dinner is provided. In the parlor of this lone hotel hangs the portrait of Ingersoll, and I realize that civilization has put its mark on this wilderness country. At about four o'clock in the afternoon, the beautiful John Day Valley opens to view, with its wide expanses and glittering rampart of hills. Strawberry Butte towers amidst the faint smoke in wild grandeur. I don't suppose anybody would recognize me as the stage drew up at the post-office of Prairie. I was literally incrustated with dust, and whether I was black or white nobody could possibly tell. I began to understand how Lot's wife might have been turned into a pillar of salt. She must have traveled on a buckboard. I myself was almost a pillar of alkali, and it took nearly an hour for me to recover my identity, and find out that I had flesh and blood beneath the dusty embrace of Mother Earth. If Mother Earth would only weep a little in Grant county, her appearance would be wonderfully improved. As it is now, I could almost sell myself for a corner lot, I have so much real estate on my person at the end of each day's ride.

Friend A. S. Blinn was on hand to greet me, the first one. He knew me through thick and thin of Grant-county soil. His welcome is so hearty that I get renewed strength for the campaign before me. He was bound to come to the lecture, although he could stay but one night. He had to return to Granite the next day. Whatever fortune betide him he will stand by the colors. He is a Freethinker from head to foot, and will spend his last dollar to keep things agoing. I hope he will strike it rich sometime, for he deserves it, and I believe he is on the path to nature's golden store.

W. B. Davis has been a good worker here, and I find things in splendid shape. At the first lecture in Prairie, the hall was full. I lecture again on Sunday afternoon. Arrangements are made at John Day and Canyon City, and then I go on across country to Arlington—nearly two hundred miles of staging, but I feel assured of friendly greetings along the way. No Freethought lecturer has ever been through this country, but there is a big Liberal element. Nature and humanity are here, and I have no doubt I can give good reports from point to point.

Our friends at Cracker City and Prairie have adopted what I think, in some places, is an excellent plan. After the lecture comes a sociable and dance. This brings the people together, especially the young folks. Festivities are a part of Liberal development. The sterner duties of life can be better performed after a good play. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

X

THE CHARITY OF THE FUTURE.

The National Conference of Charities and Corrections held its sessions at Union Square Hall, in this city, during the past two weeks. The purpose of this association is to develop the best plans of charitable work and correctional state training, and to unify state and denominational methods. Its members are clergymen, state officials, and private individuals. Its purposes are laudable and it has done some good. Scientific charity is a term heard in its discussions and understood by some of its members.

Christianity pauperized Europe. Science is gradually re-establishing the self-respect and independence of the individual.

Christianity still teaches that to give alms "covers a multitude of sins" and "lays up treasures in heaven." This teaching encourages the vices of the rich, who think that a gift of money will atone for an ill-spent life, and increases the obsequiousness and dependence of the poor.

Christianity has covered Europe and America with work-houses, reformatories, and asylums, and glories in the work. She has made a great mistake. They are a disgrace, not a credit to civilization. Early Athens had no citizen in want and none disgraced the nation by begging. Modern civilization might aim at least as high as pagan Athens.

Poor-laws which give large relief to the people have always been a curse. "England," says Fawcett, "was brought nearer the brink of ruin by the old poor-law than she ever was by a hostile army." Under the operation of this law one-thirtieth of the people of England were paupers.

In 1877, 46,350 people received outdoor relief in the city of Brooklyn. The next year that relief ceased. As a result there were fewer paupers in the city institutions in 1881 than in 1877—in 1877, 1,371; in 1881, 1,171. Yet the city was growing at the rate of 18,000 people per year.

California appropriates \$2,000,000 a year for the six thousand inmates of her state institutions—one two-hundredth of her population, and she a new state that has not half utilized her natural wealth.

We are proud of our asylums and reformatories. We should be ashamed of them. To herd young children in orphan asylums is unnatural and demoralizing. They are branded with the stigma of public dependance; close crowding engenders vice; worthless parents throw their offspring upon the public care. The family is the only proper place for the training of the child. Adoption can protect orphanage. For foundling asylums there is no apology. They are premiums upon vice.

The number of the insane is upon the increase. Asylums do not cure them. Mutual intercourse increases their aberration. They should be kept apart from each other. In the model state marriage will not be contracted where there is strong probability of hereditary insanity. Neither will marriage be entered into by the deaf and dumb. Better the sacrifice of the individual than injury to the mental and moral physique of the nation. The stern Spartan destruction of deformed, diseased, and idiotic children has for us a lesson, if not worthy of imitation, worthy of study. The citizens of the model state should be healthful in body and mind from birth. Prevention is better than cure—which is often impossible.

The sentimental and short-sighted altruism of Christianity has taught mankind to sacrifice its best members for the sake of its worst. To the masses it has taught dependence, instead of self-help; it has made them weak when they should be strong.

Modern science teaches his own work to every one, some work for every member of the state, and self-reliance. It discourages state aid where no equivalent in work is given. It provides work for all, and those who will not work neither shall they eat. No beggars, and no tramps. Neither should be tolerated. The scientific knife cuts to the root of the evil of public dependence, whether it be the growth of poverty or disease. The future will have few public institutions of charity. The reasons for their existence will have largely disappeared. It may be a distant future, but it is a possible one.

Taylor's "Diegesis," by the Rev. Robert Taylor. A discovery of the Origin, Evidences, and early history of Christianity. \$2.

GOD OR THE UNKNOWNABLE.

The most refined conception of the anthropomorphic god worshiped by the religious world presents him as infinite and eternal, but still personal, and possessing the highest of mental qualities—consciousness, will, and intelligence. From this conception the mind parts most unwillingly, for with it departs all power to conceive the great unknown in any terms that are common to it and man. But, if we examine closely the terms consciousness, will, and intelligence, we shall see that they cannot be attributed in any proper sense to the infinite. For consciousness consists of successive states of feeling, caused by the successive impressions of different objects and occurrences. But the omniscient cannot have successive states of feeling and successive impressions. It knows all objects and occurrences at the same time. Divine consciousness is impossible in any such sense as that in which we use the term.

Will, again, implies a motive, but eternal omniscience can have no motive. What can move it or induce in it desire? Will implies an end to be achieved. But an end must be achieved in time or space, and excludes for an interval the willing of other ends; it is therefore inconsistent with that omnipresent activity which works out at the same time an infinity of ends.

Intelligence presupposes existences independent and outside of itself. The changes in it are caused by activities other than itself. Its states of consciousness are successive, caused by the successive impressions made upon it. But the infinite can have nothing external to itself to impress it. If it be said that it created out of itself objective activities which have since produced upon it that series of impressions which are essential to intelligence, then, previous to such creation, it was without intelligence—at a time when intelligence was most needed. The more closely we analyze our own higher mental powers the more impossible we find it to ascribe anything of like nature to the infinite. For this reason this power is justly called the Unknowable and is devoid of all personal qualities.

Man lets go with great reluctance this last conception of God as a possessor in a sublimated degree of his own highest qualities. Is he not a Father? he cries. Can that power which has created in us love and pity and sympathy be devoid of them? Can intelligence come from unintelligence? Can the world proceed without a guiding mind? The heart grows lonely and the mind appalled at the idea of an unsympathetic, unintelligible power driving on the forces of the universe, itself those forces; ever weaving and untwisting the web of life, but touched by no prayer, no suffering; of a nature so removed, so different, that any feelings or mental qualities of man are not possible to it. And yet our own reason convinces us that this is true; that neither will, consciousness, nor intelligence can be ascribed to the infinite and eternal, that have any likeness to the qualities we call by those names, and, if we ascribe them, they must be mere names without intelligible meaning.

And fatherhood, love, and sympathy are equally impossible terms to the infinite, since they imply changes of state and limitations of space and time, that cannot be applied to infinity. Man has always found it hard to part with his gods, and this may be the hardest wrench. But with every idea of God which he has discarded, his own intelligence has enlarged. Neither is it necessary to be appalled or sad at letting go our faith in a personal God. It may be a salutary lesson in humility to be convinced that we are not made in the image of God. But the infinite becomes no less real nor is our part in the universe of less impor-

tance. We may have exaggerated that part; our vanity naturally leads us to do that. But we are of no less value, and, as our intelligence grows, we seem to be of more; though, as compared with infinity, of course, as nothing.

Yet this is certain. We are a part of the eternal energy. Every molecule of our frame is eternal, is a center of force, acting on and acted on by all other forces. The forces of the universe pass into us and pass out. We are part of those forces and they are a part of the infinite. This intelligence of which we think so highly forms, grows, and dissolves. It is one of the many structural forces of nature. That the infinite thinks highly of it (if we may say thinks) is not at all clear. At all events there is no evidence that the individual continues, though the type does. Yet that type had a beginning and will, no doubt, have an end. But the power that is in the type—that is in ourselves, that manifests itself in consciousness—is but a differently conditioned form of the power that manifests itself beyond consciousness. We are a mode of manifestation of the infinite. We always have existed, if not arranged and compacted in structure as at present, yet though scattered far through space still then a part of the infinite, from which we cannot be separated. And, if we value highly our consciousness and intelligence and are loth to part with them, we may remember that they are only one manifestation of the infinite, and all the force and matter that composes them has always existed and will always exist as some manifestation of the same infinite. Instead of crying out because we cannot live forever, we have but to realize that we have lived forever and will live forever. We cannot escape it. Essence of essence, substance of substance, the conditioned power in consciousness of the unconditioned beyond consciousness, and inseparable from the infinite, we have been, we are, and we ever shall be. Is not this a relation closer, more enduring than fatherhood and sonship? It is eternal, and if its conditions before and after what we call life are not understood, neither is the infinite understood, which was before and will be after life, and of which we were and ever shall be a part.

THE RELIGIOUS VIEWS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

William H. Herndon, for twenty years a friend and law partner of Abraham Lincoln, has written a life of that great figure in American History, the sixteenth president of the United States. Unlike many biographies, this appears to be a natural and truthful one. It makes the reader acquainted with the man as well as the president. As Ingersoll says: "Nearly all the great historic characters are impossible monsters, disproportioned by flattery, or by calumny deformed. We know nothing of their peculiarities, or nothing but their peculiarities. About the roots of these oaks there clings none of the earth of humanity." Herndon might have had these words in mind when he wrote his life of Lincoln, so little does their criticism bear upon his work. With regard to Lincoln's religious views particularly the author seems to have been perfectly honest, and as those views are of especial interest to Freethinkers we will make some extended extracts from Herndon's testimony. He says:

Inasmuch as he was so often a candidate for public office, Mr. Lincoln said as little about his religious opinions as possible, especially if he failed to coincide with the orthodox world. In illustration of his religious code, I once heard him say that it was like that of an old man named Glenn, in Indiana, whom he heard speak at church-meeting, and who said: "When I do good I feel good, and when I do bad I feel bad, and that's my religion." In 1834, while still living in New Salem, and before he became a lawyer, he was surrounded by a class of people ex-

ceedingly Liberal in matters of religion. Volney's "Ruins" and Paine's "Age of Reason" passed from hand to hand, and furnished food for the evening's discussion in the tavern and the village store. Lincoln read both these books and thus assimilated them into his own being.

He prepared an extended essay—called by many a book—in which he made an argument against Christianity, striving to prove that the Bible was not inspired, and therefore not God's revelation, and that Jesus Christ was not the son of God. The manuscript of these audacious and comprehensive propositions he intended to have published or given wide circulation in some other way. He carried it to the store, where it was read and freely discussed. His friend and employer, Samuel Hill, was among the listeners, and seriously questioning the propriety of a promising young man like Lincoln fathering such unpopular notions, he snatched the manuscript from his hands and thrust it into the stove. The book went up in flames, and Lincoln's political future was secure.

But his Infidelity and his skeptical views were not diminished. He soon removed to Springfield, where he attracted considerable notice by his rank doctrine. Much of what he then said may properly be credited to the impetuosity and exuberance of youth. One of his closest friends, whose name is withheld, narrating scenes and reviewing discussions that in 1838 took place in the office of the county clerk, says: "Sometimes Lincoln bordered on Atheism. He went far that way and shocked me. I was then a young man, and believed what my good mother told me. . . . He would come into the clerk's office where I and some young men were writing and staying, and would bring the Bible with him; would read a chapter and argue against it. . . .

"Lincoln was enthusiastic in his Infidelity. As he grew older he grew more discreet; didn't talk much before strangers about his religion; but to friends, close and bosom ones, he was always open and avowed, fair and honest; to strangers he held them off from policy."

John T. Stuart, who was Lincoln's first partner, substantially indorses the above. "He was an avowed and open Infidel," declares Stuart, "and sometimes bordered on Atheism; . . . went further against Christian beliefs and doctrines and principles than any man I ever heard; he shocked me. I don't remember the exact line of his argument; suppose it was against the inherent defects, so-called, of the Bible, and on grounds of reason. Lincoln always denied that Jesus was the Christ of God—denied that Jesus was the son of God as understood and maintained by the Christian church."

David Davis tells us this: "The idea that Lincoln talked to a stranger about his religion or religious views, or made such speeches or remarks about it as are published, is to me absurd. I knew the man so well; he was the most reticent, secretive man I ever saw or expect to see. He had no faith, in the Christian sense of the term—had faith in laws, principles, causes and effects."

Another man (William H. Hannah) testifies as follows: "Mr. Lincoln told me that he was a kind of Immortalist; that he never could bring himself to believe in eternal punishment; that man lived but a little while here; and that if eternal punishment were man's doom, he should spend that little life in vigilant and ceaseless preparation by never-ending prayer."

Another intimate friend (I. W. Keys) furnishes this: "In my intercourse with Mr. Lincoln I learned that he believed in a creator of all things, who had neither beginning nor end, possessing all power and wisdom, established a principle in obedience to which worlds move and are upheld, and animal and vegetable life come into existence. A reason he gave for his belief was that in view of the order and harmony of all nature which we behold, it would have been more miraculous to have come about by chance than to have been created and arranged by some great power. As to the Christian theory that Christ is God or equal to the creator, he said that it had better be taken for granted; for by the test of reason we might become Infidels on that subject, for evidence of Christ's divinity came to us in a somewhat doubtful shape."

Jesse W. Fell, to whom Lincoln first confided the details of his biography, furnishes a more elaborate account of the latter's

religious views than anyone else. In a statement made September 22, 1870, Fell says: "If there were any traits of character that stood out in bold relief in the person of Mr. Lincoln they were those of truth and candor. He was utterly incapable of insincerity or professing views on this or any other subject he did not entertain. Knowing such to be his true character, that insincerity, much more duplicity, were traits wholly foreign to his nature, many of his old friends were not a little surprised at finding in some of the biographies of this great man statements concerning his religious opinions so utterly at variance with his known sentiments.

"I have no hesitation whatever in saying that whilst he held many opinions in common with the great mass of Christian believers, he did not believe in what are regarded as the orthodox or evangelical views of Christianity. On the innate depravity of man, the character and office of the great head of the church, the atonement, the infallibility of the written revelation, the performance of miracles, the nature and design of present and future rewards and punishments, as they are popularly called, and many other subjects he held opinions utterly at variance with what are usually taught in the church. I should say that his expressed views on these and kindred topics were such as, in the estimation of most believers, would place him outside the Christian pale. I will not attempt any specification of either his belief or disbelief on various topics, as derived from conversation with him at different times during a considerable period; but as conveying a general view of his religious or theological opinions, will state the following facts. Some eight or ten years prior to his death, in conversing with him upon this subject, the writer took occasion to refer, in terms of approbation, to the sermons and writings generally of Dr. W. E. Channing; and, finding he was considerably interested in the statement I made of the opinions held by that author, I proposed to present him (Lincoln) a copy of Channing's entire works, which I soon after did. Subsequently the contents of these volumes, together with the writings of Theodore Parker, furnished him, as he informed me, by his friend and law-partner, William H. Herndon, became naturally the topics of conversation with us; and, though far from believing there was an entire harmony of view on his part with either of those authors, yet they were generally much admired and approved by him. No religious views with him seemed to find any favor except of the practical and rationalistic order; and if, from my recollections on this subject, I was called upon to designate an author whose views most nearly represented Mr. Lincoln's on this subject, I would say that author was Theodore Parker."

The last witness to testify before this case is submitted to the reader is no less a person than Mrs. Lincoln herself. In a statement made at a time and under circumstances detailed in a subsequent chapter she said this: "Mr. Lincoln had no faith and no hope in the usual acceptation of those words. He never joined a church; but still, as I believe, he was a religious man by nature. He first seemed to think about the subject when our boy Willie died, and then more than ever about the time we went to Gettysburg; but it was a kind of poetry in his nature, and he was never a technical Christian."

No man had a stronger or firmer faith in Providence—God—than Mr. Lincoln, but the continued use by him late in life of the word God must not be interpreted to mean that he believed in a personal God. In 1854 he asked me to erase the word God from a speech which I had written and read to him for criticism because my language indicated a personal God, whereas, he insisted, no such personality ever existed.

It will be seen from the foregoing that, religiously, Lincoln followed closely in the footsteps of Thomas Paine. So much, indeed, do the religious views of the one resemble those of the other that it would be almost impossible to point out any difference. Paine said that his religion was to do good, and Lincoln echoed the sentiment. Paine wrote a work against Christianity; Lincoln did the same, though prevented from publishing it by the means which Herndon describes. Both believed in an overruling providence, Paine's conviction being perhaps the stronger,

and the same is true regarding their notions of a future life.

It is hardly necessary to call attention to the disparity between the position accorded Lincoln and that given Thomas Paine by a thoughtless people. Paine was every inch as great a man as Lincoln, and the latter in issuing the Emancipation Proclamation only carried into effect the words of Paine: "Man can have no property in man." Had Lincoln produced and published as able a work as the "Age of Reason" he would never have been president. The church may overlook unbelief, if held in private, but it never forgives the making it known. But as Lincoln became president, as next to Washington he is "first in the hearts of his countrymen," the church cannot afford to repudiate him, and has no other recourse but to claim him as a good Christian, which she has assiduously done. In exposing this pious fraud Mr. Herndon has done a service both to Lincoln and to Free-thought.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, the distinguished Freethought lecturer, of Chicago, will speak at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, next Sunday evening, Sept. 22, on "Religion in the Light of Evolution." There is no admission fee.

UNDERWOOD'S OAKLAND LECTURE.

B. F. Underwood will lecture in Oakland next Sunday afternoon, September 22, in the Jewish Synagogue, corner of Thirteenth and Clay streets, on "What Shall We Give in its Place?" Admission will be free.

At Hay Springs, Nebraska, while W. F. Jamieson was addressing an audience one evening, during a series of lectures on "Genesis and Geology," the hall building was bombarded with stones from the hands of little sprouting saints for Christ's sake. The Congregational clergyman, who was present, arose and humorously claimed that the missile which had just crashed through the window was aimed at himself and hence could not have been thrown by any of the members of his church. After a few good-natured exchanges between the preacher and the lecturer, as to the "influence of Christianity," everybody conceded that the influence within the hall was better than the Christian influence outside.

MR. E. A. STEVENS has resigned the office of secretary of the American Secular Union, and the office of the society has been moved temporarily from Chicago to Philadelphia, in order that the correspondence and business may be under the direct supervision of the president until the meeting of the Congress the last of October. All letters relating to the affairs of the Union should be addressed for the present to R. B. Westbrook, president of the American Secular Union, No. 1707 Oxford street, Philadelphia.

If children while at Sunday-school are liable to be struck by lightning and killed, as happened to two little girls near Columbia City, Ind., September 15, what greater danger would they incur through staying at home or even going fishing? It is time that Sunday-school story books were revised in accordance with facts.

THE fate of William Gooderham, the millionaire philanthropist of Toronto, will not have a tendency to encourage promiscuous praying. Mr. Gooderham was attending a prayer-meeting in the Home for Fallen Women, September 12, and dropped dead while addressing the throne of grace.

At the laying of the cornerstone of a new church in Washington, D. C., last Sunday, Cardinal Gibbons said: "I rejoice in the growth and progress of the Catholic religion, because I am convinced the growth of the Catholic faith in this country will, more than any other means, promote the welfare and stability of our American institutions." This shows the hypocrisy of Catholic priests. Cardinal Gibbons knows, as everybody knows, that Catholicism has never promoted the stability of any institution except the Catholic church. The growth of the Catholic church in France led to the Revolution; it led to war in Italy, to confiscation of church property in Mexico; it threatens civil government in Canada; and as for Ireland, it has prevented that country from ever having any national institutions. The pope is jealous of all civil rulers who hold office without his sanction, and he looks forward to the time when no president of the United States can take his seat until the papal hands have been laid upon his head. Cardinal Gibbons and some of his priests are endeavoring just now to gain a little cheap popularity by spreading the American eagle, but they are not sincere. The Catholic church is an *imperium in imperio*, a state within a state, and is eating the heart out of this republic.

A MAN named Conklin, whose arrest in Forsyth county, Ga., on a charge of Sabbath-breaking, was noted recently in FREETHOUGHT, has just been tried, found guilty, and fined \$25 and costs, which amount in all to \$46.80. Conklin's offense was cutting wood on Sunday to cook a meal of victuals with. It was shown at this trial that all the people of that section are accustomed to work up their wood as they use it, on Sunday or any other day, but Conklin is a Seventh Day Adventist. He observes Saturday religiously, and the neighbors thought that he was trying to displace the Sabbath of their forefathers, and therefore informed upon him and had him arrested. Conklin is described as a good and industrious citizen who pays his honest debts and is respected by all as a man. It seems that works of necessity are allowable on Sunday in Georgia; that Conklin performed no other work than such as was admitted by all to be necessary, but the state's attorneys took a purely religious view of the matter, and prosecuted him not so much for his offense against the state as for being a Seventh Day Adventist.

In her paper before the Conference of Charities just held in San Francisco, Mrs. Cooper stated a fact which should give religious philanthropists food for reflection. She said that it was not for lack of religious teaching that the convicts in our public institutions first became criminals. Statistics showed that they had pious training, attended Sunday-schools, heard sermons preached, and knew all about the celebration of the mass. What they lacked was not religious instruction but a trade. The lesson is that boys should be taught how to live in this world, not the next.

REPORT says that Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore has issued a pastoral letter calling attention to the allocution of Pope Leo on the unveiling of the monument in Rome to the memory of Bruno. The letter was to have been read in the Catholic churches last Sunday, but we have seen no report of its contents.

PROF. A. T. JONES, Seventh Day Adventist, and the Rev. G. W. Bothwell are debating the Sunday Rest question this week in the Adventists' church, Oakland. Jones argues against Sunday laws, with casual references to the fact that Sunday is not the Sabbath.

FRIENDS of FREETHOUGHT—and we count every reader as a friend—should remember that the present is the dull season for papers whose circulation is principally rural. Realizing this, they do not need more than an intimation that whatever they are able to do for this paper will be most timely if done now. Send us subscribers, renewals, book orders, or any other form of encouragement you may be moved to extend.

THE Freethought Society hopes to see a large attendance at its meeting next Sunday evening. The hall is commodious, handsome, and comfortable, one of the best in the city. There will undoubtedly be good music and cordial welcome, and Mr. Underwood's lecture may be depended upon as something the residents of San Francisco are treated to only at rare intervals. Readers, subscribers, friends, give the society the benefit of your presence and make this a big gathering.

THE Calvary Presbyterian church of this city has secured a pastor whose orthodoxy is above suspicion. He is the Rev. Dr. Easton, who was pastor of a church in Belvedere, Ill., during the celebrated trial of Professor Irving, a popular Presbyterian minister in Chicago, some years ago on a charge of heresy, and took a prominent part in ousting the heretic. Professor Irving is thought to be the clergyman referred to by Colonel Ingersoll in his lecture on "Heretics and Heresies."

THE residents of Granville, Wis., came near witnessing, last week, the unusual spectacle of a Catholic priest tarred and feathered by his congregation, nothing but veneration for the priestly garb preventing. The priest's name is Seeley, and several young girls who attend the parochial school told their parents that the priest had been conducting himself in a decidedly improper manner toward them. Seeley had to leave town, and his effects were burnt by his parishioners.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the bruiser, is scanning the political horizon to see if he is not the coming man for representative to Congress from a Boston district. He is willing to be elected alderman first in order to acquire parliamentary training. Mr. Sullivan is a trifle too precipitous. He should become converted and serve a term as a "reformed" pugilist first. He could then command any position within the gift of the people.

THE work from which we extract the facts as to Abraham Lincoln's religious views, printed in this issue of FREETHOUGHT, is "Herndon's Lincoln," a three-volume biography published by Belford, Clarke & Co. The price is \$4.50, and we are prepared to fill orders.

A COMMITTEE at Berlin is revising the German Bible. The author of the book, though said to be alive, is not assisting in the great work. Possibly he does not understand the German language.

THE SUMMER AND FALL CAMPAIGN.

S. P. Putnam has the following lecture appointments in Oregon and Washington:

Fossil.....	Or., Sept., 21, 22,	Eugene.....	Or., Sept. 17, 18,
Hillsboro.....	" " 27,	Coburg.....	" " 19, 20,
North Yamhill...	" " 28, 29,	Talent.....	" " 22, 23,
Forest Grove....	Or., Sept. 30,	Linkville.....	" " 25, 26, 27,
Ranier.....	" Oct. 5, 6,	Los Angeles and vicinity	the month
Stella.....	W.T., " 7,	of November,	
Portland.....	Or., " 12, 13, 14,	San Diego and vicinity	the month of
Brownsville ...	" " 16,	December.	

OBSERVATIONS.

There was a good audience of truly good people at Captain Scott's lecture before the Freethought Society last Sunday night, who had come to hear about "Romanism, the Nation's Curse." Vice-President Eastman occupied the high-backed, plush-covered chair, and introduced the speaker.

Captain Scott is one of the old settlers of California, and took part in the events that made the early days in this state so exciting. He was, I believe, a member of the vigilance committee that the late Judge Terry exerted his influence to discourage.

The lecturer declared that neither of the old political parties met the requirements of the time. "We want," he said, "a new party, imbued with something of the spirit of '76, to avert the danger threatened from an influx of a foreign population; and when I say foreigners I mean those who come to this country and swear to uphold the constitution, but who do not give up allegiance to a foreign power—a foreign population inimical to the welfare of the country, and that must be absorbed and converted into good citizens." He quoted numerous Roman Catholic authorities showing it to be the avowed purpose of that class to overthrow our republican form of government as soon as it had acquired the power; and added: "The American party suggests a remedy—exclude foreigners from the right of suffrage."

The lecturer closed with an original and stirring poem, of which the following are the last two stanzas:

Awake, ye sons of patriot sires,
Renew the oaths your fathers gave;
Kindle again heroic fires
That light to glory or the grave.
No tyrant lords, no priests nor kings,
Shall blot our fair escutcheon o'er;
Our lives, our hopes are offerings
In freedom's cause forevermore.

Mr. H. L. Knight, when opportunity for discussion was offered, remarked that if twenty people out of one hundred avowed the intention of suppressing religious liberty as soon as they could get the power to do so, it was the part of prudence for the eighty to put that power forever beyond their reach.

Mr. Lund sharply criticised that part of the lecturer's address which advised the exclusion of foreigners. He said he was unfortunately born on the other side of the water, and not having been consulted in the matter he did not think he should be made to suffer for it.

Mr. Curtis revived the motion that caused the slight ripple in the proceedings of the state convention last January. He called attention to the rising generation receiving their education in parochial schools and being taught to vote away the liberties fought for by our forefathers. He suggested as a remedy that all children be held as belonging to the state and be educated in public unsectarian schools.

Professor Miller closed the discussion with some animated remarks on the dangers that had been pointed out.

A business meeting followed. Mr. Schou announced that the next lecturer would be Mr. B. F. Underwood, a man who, on account of his reputation for learning and ability as an orator, would probably draw more audience than the small hall would hold. It was therefore moved that the large hall be engaged for the occasion. The motion was carried, and nearly enough coin to pay the additional rent was collected on the spot. Mr. Underwood will speak on "Religion in the Light of Evolution."

I hear that the editor of the Truth Seeker, who is just convalescing after an attack of typhoid fever, is not getting his strength back so rapidly as he could wish. The fever has left him full of rheumatism, neuralgia, and toothache. I understand that Dr. Monroe, of the Ironclad Age, has sent him a bottle of his Blood Feeder, which the sufferer is unable to take on account of its being put up in a solvent prohibited by total abstinence principles. In view of this state of affairs, and in view of this state of California, I have extended to the editor of the Truth Seeker a warm, or semi-tropical, invitation to visit the coast and recuperate. We offer many inducements. Just at this season of the year the

weather is full of attractions. The winds have blown themselves out, and the sand dunes are no longer in a state of eruption. The atmosphere is full of smoke; the sun, penetrating the haze, tints everything to the color of red-and-gold, and opaque objects cast purple shadows on the ground. It is a trifle too warm to wear a coat, and too cool for shirtsleeves, so that the resident is afforded all the varieties of sensation that lie between a sweat and a sneeze.

If the editor of the Truth Seeker will come here I will extend to him the freedom of the city. He can make ascensions in the cable cars, or take a voyage to Oakland and see Mr. Schou. I will have the Salvation Army sing for him in front of the old Adelphi theatre. I will show him the picturesque ruin we use for a post-office, and other ruins which are not picturesque who came to California to make their fortunes and failed to realize on their expectations. He shall go with me for a sail on the bay, where the porpoises gambol away their hard earnings, and to the Stock Exchange on Pine street, where that other kind of fish known as the sucker gambles away his hard borrowings. He shall see the hoodlum hoodling in his haunt; the government mule from the Presidio; the pig-tailed heathen from the orient. I will show him the vaquero galloping through Kearny street, the rampant cowboy and the terror from Tuolumne clubbed into a docile frame of mind by an insignificant policeman. He may view the audacious seagull reincarnated in the chicken tamale. He may revel in peaches, grapes, watermelons, and jamaica ginger. He may hunt the alert and fugitive flea, dare the tarantula with a club, and stand off the church beggar with an arquebuse.

So shall his mind be diverted and his body strengthened. He will return to his scorched and frozen and stormy island home, full of flea-bites, enthusiasm, and tender recollections.

In the accompanying issue of FREETHOUGHT, Col. H. L. Knight, DD., LL.D., mentions a few theological points which he is free to maintain. His propositions are not, strictly speaking, original with him. I have heard them before and have also met several persons to whom they are more or less familiar. I have no doubt that, when the prehistoric troglodyte sounded his bazoo to call his fellow-trogs together while he enlightened them concerning questions of which he knew nothing, his remarks agreed substantially with those of Mr. Knight. Ever since that comparatively early day the world has been wearied more or less with these propositions, and their upholders have been rather more energetic in making them than in adducing the proofs by which they are supported. Peradventure it remains for Mr. Knight, in the hind-quarter of the nineteenth century, to supply the evidence with which his predecessors have been so reticent. I therefore take pleasure in offering him space in these columns to spread his facts before the public. I would accord him first a column of space to prove each of the following propositions:

1. That there is a wise, just, and beneficent God.
2. That there is a human soul destined to survive the funeral.
3. That the above soul will, in its subsequent existence, be rewarded for the good deeds performed in this life, and punished for the evil done.
4. That those who believe as Mr. Knight does have reason, and are likely, to be more virtuous than those who do not.

In the event of any of Mr. Knight's arguments seeming to me fallacious, or his evidence insufficient, I would reserve the privilege of pointing out the defects. This not for the purpose of controversy, but to enable my instructor to re-cover the ground gone over and to strengthen the weaker places.

Mr. Knight, I have reason to know, would prefer an oral debate, which form of discussion would give him a great advantage, since, being afflicted with deafness, he would be forced into the common position of theologians—that of hearing only one side. At best I am sufficiently handicapped. He can overwhelm me with the plea that I am forty years his junior, and that he was in the field of law and letters before I was born—an argument which I shall be wholly unable to answer. In spite of all, however, I cheerfully invite him to approach and spread his proofs upon the pages of this journal. If he can instruct its readers, they will be glad to have him do so; and if I fail to make my

part of the discussion as interesting as his, I merely ask credit for the good intentions with which the road to our future residence is said to be paved.

My friend Mr. A. N. Miller, of Puyallup, asks me this question: "Can you tell how many miles it is from where Jonah was thrown overboard to the place where the whale spewed him on dry land?"

Problems like this should, more properly, be forwarded to the Presbyterian paper, the Occident, or to some of the religious sharps doing business in the pulpits of our land, though of course I know just as much about the facts of the case as they do.

There is so much of the miraculous connected with the voyage of Jonah that I have often been led to doubt its historical accuracy. I even doubt sometimes that the word of the Lord came unto Jonah as related in the tale. I should sooner believe it to be the *vox populi*, and that it was not so much to escape the presence of the Lord as the attentions of the vigilance committee that Jonah lit out for Tarshish. My unbelief is augmented when I read that Jonah paid his fare. Being a professed man of God he was entitled to a reduction under the Interstate Commerce act, and if we admit that he paid full fare we are straining at a gnat and swallowing a rhinoceros when we deny the other miracles. There is a limit to human credulity, and I draw the line here.

Jonah was dropped overboard, at his own request, somewhere in the Mediterranean sea, and the fish which the Lord had prepared, according to what is known in San Francisco as the family style, took him in. Three days later Jonah went ashore near Nineveh on the east bank of the river Tigris. If the Suez canal had been open at that time the fish might have gone from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, thence around the coast of Arabia and up the Persian gulf and the Tigris to Nineveh. That would have been a fair three days' trip, but it was only a Sunday excursion compared with the voyage made. I ask friend Miller to believe that this big fish went westward the length of the Mediterranean sea—2,300 miles—and out into the Atlantic ocean, where, turning himself by a slight fluke of his tail, he took a southerly course to the cape of Good Hope—4,475 miles, and then steered northward to the upper end of Africa—another 4,475 miles. He had in the mean time traveled the distance across the continent of Africa, which is 4,225 miles or thereabouts. Adding these distances up, we have 15,475 miles covered by the fish in three days. Such—15,475 miles, approximately—is the answer to Brother Miller's question. The gentlemen of the clerical sex who make a business of explaining this miracle say that Jonah was landed back on the shore he originally sailed from, and that he then made the journey to Nineveh overland, but it furnishes a better story to have the fish go around the cape of Good Hope; and furthermore, people will naturally have more respect for a God who can cause a fish to travel five thousand miles a day than they would for one that merely had the fish swallow a prophet and throw him up again near home. I have no sympathy with those who would make miracles appear reasonable. I am just as confident that the fish covered fifteen thousand miles in three days as I am that the Lord spoke to Jonah, or that any event recorded in the Bible ever occurred.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Judge Sawyer has decided that Neagle was justified in killing Judge Terry and has set him at liberty.—Last Sunday was Switzerland's Independence Day—its five hundred and eighty-second anniversary. The Swiss of this city celebrated with guns, picnics, and a great dance in Irving Hall.—More than one hundred prominent citizens of San Francisco have tendered a banquet to Justice Field, who, owing to his engagements in the East, is unable to accept the honor.—It is estimated that as many as 20,000 residents of this city broke the "Sabbath" last Sunday by going on excursions and picnics, and visiting Golden Gate Park. The weather was above criticism.—Destructive field and forest fires are raging in San Mateo and Calaveras counties.—St. Helena, in Napa county, was scorched by a \$12,000 fire last Sunday. An efficient fire department is cred-

ited with saving the town from almost total destruction.—Sylvestro Morales, the horsethief and general desperado captured recently in the southern part of the state, has been sentenced to prison for life.—Mexican war veterans commemorated last Saturday evening, by a banquet and speeches, the 42d anniversary of the entrance of the American troops into the City of Mexico. Our correspondent, H. L. Knight, was one of the orators.—The supervisors are considering an ordinance calculated to do away with sparring matches and other forms of bruising in this city.—Mortality reports for August received by the State Board of Health from over 100 localities in California, with an estimated population of 830,415, give the number of deaths during that month as 809, or a percentage of 0.97 a thousand, which would be an annual mortality of 11.64. This is believed to be the lowest death rate ever recorded in the state.

The new U. S. cruiser Baltimore, which made her trial trip last week, is said to have shown herself to be the fastest war vessel afloat.—A train laden with Mormon converts picked up in the south was wrecked near Lynchburg, Va., Sept. 15. There were nine Mormon elders and 160 of their dupes aboard, and though the train was thrown into a creek and some of the cars stood on end, nobody was killed.—While Sunday-school services were being held in a church near Columbus, Ind., Sept. 14, lightning struck the spire and coursed down through the roof, striking and instantly killing two girls, both aged 17, who were sitting together in the center of their class. The other ten children in the class were badly stunned, but not seriously injured.—Corporal James Tanner, U. S. commissioner of pensions, has tendered his resignation, which President Harrison accepts. The indiscriminate granting of pensions is said to constitute Tanner's offense.—The Sunday law is enforced in Cincinnati by the arrest of theatrical managers and performers for giving concerts on Sunday night.—Mike McDonald, the Chicago politician, has sued his wife for a divorce. It will be remembered that the woman eloped with a Catholic priest a few weeks ago.—A lively church row between the German Lutherans and the German Evangelicals, who heretofore held meetings in the same church, terminated in a free fight at St. Cloud, Minn., one night last week, when the Lutherans found the Evangelicals had possession of the building. One of the disturbers was fined \$10 next morning.

The great strike in London is settled, the employers having made important concessions.—It is stated that a majority of the French cabinet disapproves the circular recently issued by Minister of Justice Thevene, in which the clergy are reminded that they are prohibited by law from taking part in elections.—During the celebration of a religious festival at Rohtak, India, a few days ago, the Mussulmans and Hindoos became involved in religious disputes, which led to rioting. The police were compelled to interfere. Many of the rioters were shot by the officers.

LITERARY NOTES.

The "Psychology of Attention," by H. Ribot, is No. 112 of the Humboldt Library. Price, 15 cents.

Thanks are due to Brother Moses Hull, of New Thought, for an extended and very favorable review of S. P. Putnam's "Glory of Infidelity."

The Freethinker's Magazine for September is a valuable number on account of its articles and illustrations relating to Bruno. Copies can be obtained at this office for 20 cents.

The Modern Science Essayist for July contains "Evolution of Society," by James A. Skilton; for August, "Evolution of Theology," by Z. Sidney Sampson. Price, 10 cents each.

One of the best contributions to "Sabbath" literature is Dr. George Brown's "Historical and Critical Review of the Sunday Question," a fifteen-cent pamphlet which we have for sale at this office.

"God and the Universe" is an essay of 20 large pamphlet pages by James W. Stillman, Esq., in which the author, after an able Atheistic argument, concludes that "the whole problem of

the existence of God and the origin of the universe is entirely above and beyond the scope of the human intellect." Price, 10 cents.

The addresses of the Rev. M. C. Lockwood, Mr. Samuel Bernstein, Hon. Emil Rothe, and Benn Pitnam, Esq., at the dedication of the Cincinnati crematory are printed in pamphlet form. They embody many convincing arguments in favor of the cinerary process.

Mr. James H. Barry, charged with contempt, in that he criticised the character of Judge Lawler in the Weekly Star, has published "Points and Authorities for Respondent" in a pamphlet. The arguments of his counsel make the charge of contempt appear ridiculous.

The address in memory of Thomas Paine by Florence Kelly Wischniewetzky (daughter of Congressman "Pig Iron" Kelly) is essentially the labor reformer's estimate of the Author-Hero. It is issued by the Truth Publishing Company of Pittsburg, Pa., and may be had at this office for five cents per copy.

Mrs. J. M. Kellogg, a medium of Ensenada, Lower California, has received a "communication" from D. M. Bennett in the spirit world, and published it in pamphlet form. The "communication" is a valuable one, and is undoubtedly the work of Mr. Bennett, being copied bodily from essays which he wrote while alive.

"We have received from Brother Moses Hull, of New Thought, Chicago, a copy of a remarkable lithograph, the ideal conception of Dr. Newcomer, representing the moral, intellectual, and spiritual development of man, from the prehistoric savage to the highest type of humanity imaginable. The picture is indeed a study."—Golden Gate. Those who desire to view the above mentioned picture may do so by visiting this office and making the necessary inquiry.

"The Glory of Infidelity," by Samuel P. Putnam comes to us from its publishers, Putnam & Macdonald, of San Francisco, California, in a beautifully-gotten-up pamphlet of twenty-four pages. The pamphlet also contains a poem by the same author on Thomas Paine. "The Glory of Infidelity" is one of Mr. Putnam's most popular lectures, and is full of bright, inspiring thoughts, characteristic of the enthusiastic author. There is not a dry sentence in it, and at the low price of 10 cents it ought to have a large sale.—Freethinkers' Magazine.

Dr. George W. Brown, of Rockford, Ill., has written and published one of those books which arm the skeptic with unanswerable facts concerning the origin and falsity of the Christian religion. It is entitled "Researches in Oriental History." It also includes chapters on the rise and development of Zoroastrianism. We indorse the words of William Thorpe of Ballston, Spa., N. Y. "It is a perfect gem, and no library can be complete without it. No Infidel can afford to go without this grand intellectual treat. I would not do without it for ten times its cost. With its facts I can hold my own against any 'sky pilot' in town, and it is a wonder to them how I gained my information in regard to the dim past." The price of the work is \$1.50, and orders for it may be addressed to this office.

MR. KNIGHT'S DEFIANCE.

To the Editors of Freethought:

It is manifest to all thinking persons that the Christian religion, as now taught in the churches, is not suitable to the people of a republic, to a free, brave, and intelligent man who knows his rights, and knowing dare maintain them. It is daily growing into disfavor. The churches are empty, the pastoral influence has gone down to zero, and the collections are hard to gather. Not one-tenth of the people of San Francisco ever go to church, and all other cities of the Union complain of the same state of things. It has become a standing question at the preachers' meeting, What shall we do to awaken a religious sentiment? And it is not answered satisfactorily. The people will not go to church.

Why? Because the church, its dogma, organization, discipline, and sentiment are all imperial, autocratic, aristocratic, re-

moved from the people, and in the hands of priests who are not elected and in no sense represent the popular mind. These men are educated to a stern conservatism and high authority that resists progress, and will not regard the layman as free, equal, and in all respects entitled to just and equal rights in all matters.

Now, the republic is at war with all such doctrine. The constitution of our country denounces it as all wrong, unjust, unequal, and intolerable. This constitution accepted, almost worshiped, is the basis of all human action and sentiment. We no longer think as slaves, with masters, or pastors. Habit has confirmed principle, until now any attempt to coerce a man in his opinions, or to persecute him for them, would be regarded as un-American, inhuman, brutal, and ignorant in the last degree. And even our clergy would not now think of proclaiming that any man should be punished for heresy. The whole of that sentiment has been eliminated from the intelligent mind. We are republican free-men, with no slaves, no superiors, no privileged class, no mental shackles, and no man placed above another by the grace of God. We are scientists who grasp at once all that invention can do for us, all that science reveals to us, and all the just and inalienable rights that belong to us. We are jealous of all claims of superiority or authority. We look with no favor on kings by the grace of God, or priests by the grace of God, or anything that is unjust or unequal. In our courts daily all these things are admitted, set out, argued, and enforced, that all law shall be just and equal to all persons without regard to religion, race, color, or condition.

The religion of the republic must be in harmony with the republic. It must walk hand in hand with science, now the guide of our people. It must utterly discard all claims to the unjust and unequal, to place, power, or emolument, save as the people may approve. It demands a revise of all the work of the imperial council of Nice, and of all other councils from that day to this, and a pruning therefrom of all that is inconsistent with the republic, with science, with perfect human equality.

To this end a crucial test is at hand that will eliminate from the Christian religion all that is indefensible, but leave the pure gold and diamonds of solid and demonstrable truth. The trial is at hand. The republic arraigns the religion of emperors and kings; science arraigns the dogma of the Dark Ages, and human equality demands a religion that enthrones the rights of man, and not the privileges of priests.

With a view to this purgation from error and establishment of demonstrable truth, the author of this paper has carefully looked over the whole field and selected what he deems the wheat to be saved and the chaff to be thrown into the fire. In this work he finds two adversaries—

The Agnostic, who would live without God in the world and holds "eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die," to be the true faith; and

The clerical party, who still cling to all these old imperial authorities and the errors and superstitions that so materially tend to enrich the church and degrade and enslave the people.

He draws the line distinctly. He stands in the centre, between two fires. In former articles published in your paper he has invited and challenged both to a trial of skill in debate on these issues, and he begs here again to repeat his challenge to one and all. It has not been accepted on either side. It is still open to any adversary of ability, good manners, and accredited character.

To the Atheist he declares and will hold that this much of the Christian religion is true and sustained by the weight of evidence furnished by science and history: That there is a personal, wise, just, and beneficent God; that there is a human soul that will not die with the body; that there is a future life in which the good or evil done in this world will find its reward or punishment; that so to believe is the best inspiration to moral heroism and the best deterrent of crime and evil ever presented to the mind of man.

To the clerical side he will affirm: That to this simple faith approved by science and inspiring to noble life the false prophets and clergy of the world have added a thousand errors that drown, cloud, and obscure these sublime truths, and tend daily to demoralize and degrade mankind; that God, being good and wise and just, no teaching can be true that is inconsistent with this character.

It is not true that belief or unbelief in any dogma whatsoever is essential to the approval of God, or the salvation of man. It is not true that God ever inspired or authorized any man or book to speak for him in other than the language of true wisdom, exact justice, and pure benevolence. It is not true that there is any other plan of salvation or way to be saved than to seek the truth and the right, and to do them, and love and serve our fellow creatures. It is not true that any church or man should be obeyed, or believed, or supported, or any ceremony performed, or act done or left undone, except as it is right and may benefit mankind; or that the same will tend to attain heaven or avoid hell. It is not true that any men or set of men are nearer to God than others, or may bless or curse, or in any manner effect the salvation of other men, except by persuasion to good works for the benefit of man. It is not true that the consequences of sin or crime can be effaced by prayer, or by any mere ceremony whatsoever. It is not true that Christ was born, lived, and died in the manner set out in the churches, or was the son of God, or one jot more than any other man to be believed and followed when he was right. It is not true that there is any other way to be saved for the future life than to be good and do good continually. That an American sovereign, free, equal, thinking bravely for himself and acting for the good of mankind, his true thoughts is, above all others, eligible and fit for the kingdom of heaven.

It is believed that the best form of discussion of any question is that of a trial in court. The complaint will affirm the point at issue. Attorneys for either side will present all the testimony as evidence. The argument will be confined to the evidence before the court. Improper, irrelevant, redundant, and immaterial testimony will be ruled out. It is thought that in this manner the sum of human knowledge on each point would be adduced, so that all men might know just what it is, and form their own conclusions. But, however, this form will not be insisted upon; but any form admitted that is fair and equal and honorable to both sides. The object is the disclosure of the exact truth for the benefit of all concerned.

Believing that the time has come for the great republic to have a religion consistent with itself, I am yours to command,
San Francisco, Sept. 12, 1889. H. L. KNIGHT.

CALL FOR THE OREGON CONVENTION.

By virtue of the authority vested in us by the Oregon State Secular Union, we hereby call the FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION of said Union to meet in Portland, Oregon, at Masonic Hall, on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 12th, 13th, and 14th days of October, 1889; the object being to secure the total separation of church and state.

The advocates of this measure in Washington Territory are invited to join their Oregon friends in this Convention.

Done at Portland, Oregon, this thirty-first day of July, 1889.

C. BEAL,		} Board of Directors.
J. K. SEARS,	A. F. NEUNERT,	
LEE LAUGHLIN,	L. AMES,	
SECULAR WORK IN OREGON.		

To the Liberals of Oregon:

I wish to call your attention to the importance of the convention to be held at Masonic Hall, Portland, Oct. 12, 13, and 14 next. This will undoubtedly be the largest gathering of Liberal men and women ever held on this coast. Arrangements are being made worthy of the occasion. Eminent speakers from abroad will be there. Liberals from the whole Northwest will participate. Railways leading to Portland will issue half-fare tickets, and everything is favorable for one of the grandest meetings ever held in Portland. It will represent the noblest cause that ever thrilled human hearts, or ever inspired men and women to lay down their lives: that cause is liberty. Wherever liberty is secured, there is freedom of thought and action, free speech and a free press, whether in the Alpine range or in the noble Italy of to-day. Wherever freedom is, there you will find the noblest minds unfettered by creeds. Every patriotic breast should be filled with enthusiasm in contemplating the grand results that in after years will come from this Oregon State Secular Union convention.

Now, in regard to the means to carry on this work. This is not a free gospel, to be obtained without money or price, let down from heaven ready made; it requires both labor and money and some sacrifice of time. This is especially the case with the executive officers. We cannot expect them to furnish the money for the necessary expenses of the convention. How shall it be raised? Quite a goodly number intend to become life members. The membership is \$25; honorary membership, \$5. Contributions for any amount the donor wishes to make will be thankfully received by C. Beal, president of the O. S. S. U., Portland, Or., and credited up in the great book of the association opposite your name. I had rather have my name there than any other place of honor in the state. The names of the founders of the Oregon State Secular Union will be honored and revered in years to come little less than the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Be there in person to register. Send your remittances at once or, as far as possible, during the month of September. Not one dollar will be squandered, and any surplus funds will remain in the hands of finance committee for future secular work.

Salem, Or.

G. W. TIFFANY.

QUERIES FOR DISCUSSION AND DECISION.

Nothing can be done without money. Can we avoid constant begging? How shall the needed funds be obtained? Is it best to have a real society with a genuine membership with payment of membership fee and semi-annual dues in advance? If so, what shall be the amount of membership and semi-annual dues? How shall the formation of local Liberal unions be encouraged? What is the best plan for their organization? What shall be the duties of their officers and committees? How should local unions be conducted? What is the best means to keep up interest? Can science schools on Sunday be successfully conducted without professional teachers? How can we best promote sociability? How best develop home talent? How most surely interest and enlist women as earnest workers? What shall be done to make provision for the aged and totally disabled, and for the widows and orphans of Liberals left otherwise unprovided for? Shall we elect an executive committee who will execute, in whose judgment all can feel perfect confidence (as in the case of the Oregon executive committee), who will carry out the plan or methods of work adopted by the convention, and will aid and encourage the secretary to faithfully carry out instructions?

Shall the executive committee consist of three or five? Do we need a secretary for the joint state union, who shall be held to strict accountability for the performance of his duty, one who will cheerfully and conscientiously devote ten hours (and when necessary 20 hours of the 24) 365 days in the year to practical work for the cause, not self-laudation; who will give us results, and not resolutions? On whom shall we inflict the position? Are we willing to evince equal self-sacrifice and insure to such a secretary fair remuneration? Should it be the duty of the secretary to keep a daily corrected list of the names and addresses of the earnest workers in the two states, cultivate their acquaintance, keep in correspondence with them and induce them to send him reports of all items of interest and the needs of the cause in their vicinity?

Should the secretary cull the articles of greatest interest from all sources available, especially articles in the leading daily newspapers favoring any of the Nine Demands, thus gathering a weekly budget of interesting items, and send copies of such items every week to Liberals throughout the two states who have influence and interest to secure their publication in local newspapers? Should he solicit Liberals of ability to write articles on each of the Nine Demands, and himself gather, from all sources, facts and arguments that shall make short, bright, incisive leaflets so written that they can be handed to Bible devotees, awakening them to thought while lulling their prejudice, yet of such interest that they will be preserved, shown to friends, read and reread with avidity by all classes? (Published without advertisement of the society or any names of known Liberals that would only scare Christians from reading them.) Shall the working members be supplied with such leaflets for gratuitous distribution? Should the printing of such leaflets be paid for from the funds of the union? Should the secretary send them with hints as to the best methods of distributing them in the strongholds of the enemy, and thus force people to discuss these issues, and educate the intelligent to full comprehension of the justice of our Nine Demands? Would not the leaflets intensify the interest in the items furnished the local newspaper? and would not items in the local newspaper give increased value and interest to the leaflets?

Where there is interest and desire for lectures, but the Liberals so few they are unable to meet the entire expense, should the secretary under the advice of the president and executive committee arrange with a lecturer who may be in that vicinity or can make it *en route*, to deliver lectures, organize local unions, etc.; and should the treasurer pay such lecturers the balance due for such services from the funds of the Union? Should the president, vice-president, secretary, and executive committee each and all keep wary watch on both state legislatures and be prepared to counteract the nefarious schemes of the various combinations of fanatics? And whenever they attempt to influence legislation should the

secretary promptly send out leaflets on the question at issue to all the workers for immediate circulation, and urge each and every member of the union in that state to write urgent letters to the member of the legislature from their district to oppose the schemes of the fanatics, and use every influence to induce friends and neighbors to do likewise?

Should it be the duty of the secretary to prepare and with all possible dispatch send to all the workers short, able, telling articles on the question in issue, suitable for the local newspapers? Should it be the duty of the secretary to personally appear before the legislative committee and defend our rights and defeat the schemes of the enemies of liberty?

In case of religious persecution of any member of the Union, should the secretary under advice of the president and executive committee flood the place and adjoining counties with leaflets giving the argument on the issue involved; go himself to the place, deliver speeches in hall or, if need be, in public square, day and night? Should the executive committee secure able counsel to defend the persecuted member and make the power and influence of our organization felt?

What shall we do to secure competent persons to deliver orations and conduct funeral services, and thus avoid the insults to our dead, so often the result of ministerial presiding?

Liberals of Oregon and Washington, these are among the momentous questions awaiting your consideration and decision. Come to the great convention at Portland (Oct. 12, 13, 14) prepared to give us the benefit of your best judgment. Come resolved to decide and adopt the best, most practical plan presented, so that all can in perfect harmony zealously work to secure the greatest good to the greatest number.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

CLARK BRADEN AGAIN BRANDED.

From Secular Thought.

We apologize to our readers for again referring to this person. But the unmistakable manner in which the Summerside, P. E. I., friends have convicted him as an unmitigated slanderer should be known by the innocent dupes of this utterly unprincipled and wicked "theological tramp." When he was recently in Prince Edward Island he did his little best to defame the noble character of Colonel Ingersoll, and among the witnesses whom he fraudulently brought forth to support his infamy were Mr. John Warner, mayor of Peoria, Ill., and Judge Puterbaugh, of the same place. Our friend, Mr. John McKenzie, of Summerside, wrote to those two gentlemen to ascertain if they were aware of the vile purpose for which their names were being used. The following conclusive replies were received:

FROM THE MAYOR OF PEORIA, ILL.

JOHN MCKENZIE, ESQ., *Dear Sir:* You ask me to state what the standing and character of R. G. Ingersoll was in this city during the many years he resided here—let me say briefly that Colonel Ingersoll was one of our most respected and esteemed citizens. While differing from myself and many others in politics and having independent opinions upon religion which he fearlessly expressed, he had the respect of all those who traveled upon a different line, for the reason that it was conceded he acted and spoke according to conscience and aimed to give no offense to those who controverted his opinions. As to character, his every word and act proved that he was guided by the highest order of character. Mr. Ingersoll was noted for his religious devotion to his family, his open-handed charity to those in need, and his sympathy with those in distress. His life there was that of a sober, truthful, honorable, and upright man. Mr. Ingersoll was not a perfect man (to find such we must look to his defamers!), but he was as near being a perfect man as any man I have ever been acquainted with.

We Peorians hold the name and fame of Colonel Ingersoll as things to be cherished, and among us no slanderer can attack him without being rebuked and silenced.

Had Mr. Ingersoll remained in Illinois he could long since have held a seat in the United States Senate, and in our opinion he merits even a more exalted post.

It is unfortunate for mankind that the world has not more men like Colonel Ingersoll. I consider his life a blessing and sunshine on the highway of life, and that his detractors would mend their lives by following his example. Respectfully yours,

Mayor's Office, Peoria, Ill., July 25, 1886. JOHN WARNER.

FROM JUDGE PUTERBAUGH.

PEORIA, ILL., July 27, 1889.

JOHN MCKENZIE, ESQ., *Dear Sir:* I notice the correspondence published in the Peoria Transcript between yourself and Colonel

Warner, mayor of this city, relative to the slanders of one Professor (?) Braden against Col. R. G. Ingersoll, formerly of this city. Whatever may have been Colonel Ingersoll's views in regard to Christianity, no reputable citizen of Peoria, where he so long resided, questions his sincerity, honor, and integrity. He was always generous, charitable, and loyal to his friends and country. It is only a few cranks who are unable to cope with his arguments that seek to break down his influence by slander.

If I remember the man Braden, while he resided here he was a crankish dead beat. Not able to earn an honest living, he became an itinerant preacher, and in order to impose on the public got up a book made up of forged affidavits and pretended statements of reputable citizens, and is selling it throughout the country. Several years ago he went through Texas and other Southern States, preaching and selling his book. He carefully keeps away from where he is known and where Colonel Ingersoll is known, as he knows his words would be taken for naught, and he would not be able to sell his infamous book and dead-beat on the people.

I understand my name figures in his book as making absurd and false statements in regard to Colonel Ingersoll. If anything of the kind appears in the book it is false and forged.

This Braden is either a great rascal or demented, and ought to be in the penitentiary, or insane asylum, according to the condition of his intellect, if he has any. Respectfully yours,

S. D. PUTERBAUGH.

ON THE TRAIL.

After a week's work with the hearts and heads at Empire City, I traveled by stage to Newport, the place where all the Coos Bay coal comes from that is sold in California. Newport is situated in a deep canyon, and connected by a coal railroad—the only railroad in the county—with the waters of Coos Bay. It is entirely a mining town, of perhaps 300 population, of very mixed origin, fully two-thirds being foreigners. I found many of them intelligent, but all crushed by the giant hand of corporation, working only part of the time, and then for paltry wages. The railroad runs underground, perhaps a half mile, to the mines, then out on a very high trestle into the bay, where the cars are unloaded into a large house or chute. Here several large steamers are often seen loading for San Francisco. It is but a few hours' work to load the largest vessel from these coal-bins built so high in the air. They nearly load themselves when the gate is once raised. The coal here is worth about two dollars a ton, but with millions of cords of wood all around going to waste, coal finds but little sale; hence it is shipped south.

I gave one lecture here to a good audience, but as the school-house was the only lecture-room, and school was in session, I could not conveniently stay longer. One night while at Newport, just as we all had retired for the night, and everything was quiet on the Potomac—I was stopping at Mother Corrigan's boarding house—we heard ringing out clear and strong on the midnight air, the ominous call of, "Help! help! Murder, murder!" which created a terrible excitement, as the double murder at Coquille, near here, had taken place but a few days before. Everybody ran in the dark, mostly in their night-clothes, expecting another foul and hideous crime had been perpetrated. The sound came from a shanty where a man lived alone. It was found that he was dead drunk, with "snakes in his boots," and imagined he was being killed by some unseen foe, which is pretty near the truth. All went back to their deserted beds, hoping "the snakes" might make a good job of it, which I suspect they did, from the noise the rest of the night.

A short stop at Marshfield and Empire to say good-bye to the splendid folks we made friends with, there, and thus to bid farewell to Coos county, where I had labored continuously for three months; then a twenty-mile ride north by the sounding breakers and along the sands of the sea, in an over-loaded stage-coach, was the lot of ye humble correspondent. My fellow-travelers were a "show troupe" that had showed every night for a week, and traveled every day, so they were wrapped in slumber as we jolted easily along o'er the shiny sands. At the mouth of

Umpqua river, tired with our land-ride, and chilled nearly to death with the cold fogs and wind from the ocean, we left the old wagon, with tires six inches wide, and clambered into a skiff, and were "paddled" out to the steamer in the river that soon carried us up among the hills again, to Gardiner's in Douglass county, where, after a good dinner, I was soon booked for a lecture in the little white church around the corner, and was greeted by a full house. The next day being the Lord's day, I was making myself comfortable out on the piazza of the hotel, dreaming of "what might have been," if God had never taken that big butcher knife (wonder where he got it, as that was before the age of metals) and carved out the rib from Adam, when one of the trustees came and informed me that I could not have the church longer for lectures; that the ladies were terribly shocked at my awful pictures. Why, their dear little church was desecrated or vaccinated, I hardly know which, by such sacrilege. I offered to take them down, but no, I could not have the church another damn bit. I pointed to a man about twenty feet away lying dead drunk under the shade of a protecting tree, and three saloons open Sunday in full blast, and asked him if he did not think they needed my lectures for a higher, more moral and temperance life, and my pictures to illustrate it, to make the town what its religion had evidently failed to do. He said he should think so, but the women were running the church, so I had to "mosey." I could have had the hall or the school-house, but concluded to let the ladies and their great big God run the town, so I sailed away for a more open bay, up the Umpqua to Scottsbluff thence by buckboard to Drain's, and the railroad, where, once more the "keers" were a welcome sight. I found Mr. Putnam aboard enjoying all the "Glories of Infidelity," as it was midnight's solemn hour, and Put. was snoring the notes of the righteous right royally. The next morning, as we neared Salem, our long train of thirteen cars ran over a poor old man, seventy years old, going into town with an old horse and wagon loaded with plums. A shriek from the engine, a crash, a chill of horror ran through the passengers, for no one knew what had happened. The train quickly came to a stand still, and we all rushed out. A wagon in kindling-wood, a horse dying in mortal agony; the old man lying a hundred feet from where the train struck him, with two terrible gashes in his head, asking what the matter was; plums scattered for rods around; blood of both man and beast everywhere, filled out the sad picture, and called for the strongest sympathy of the hundreds of passengers. The poor victim's head was soon washed and sewed up by a physician who was on the train; the old man carried into a house near by, and again we rolled on for Portland. Such is life in this fast age of steam and lightning.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

WHY THE CHINESE REMAIN PAGANS.

Wong Chin Foo, an Americanized native of China, contributes the following to the press:

Lieutenant Wood, U. S. N., nearly hit the mark when he said that Christian missions in China are "a failure," but he did not give the reasons of that failure. In one respect the Christian teachers in China have been a great benefit to the commerce of their fellow-citizens at home, by showing the "heathens" how to live in style, and how to employ "Christian" methods to obtain modern luxuries, and by sowing discontent among the masses generally. If they could only "convert" the emperor of China, as they have the mikado of Japan, they would probably lend him enough money on his property to own a portion of the throne.

Already the consumption of American petroleum has greatly reduced the profits of the bean-oil manufacturers of northern China nearly 25 per cent. within the past few years. American cotton goods produced by their labor-saving machines are fast supplanting the native hand-loom, and firearms are taking the place of the primitive bows and arrows. These results are principally brought about by the talented missionaries who have learned the native tongue. Otherwise, the English-speaking traders would have had a hard time in introducing their wares, no matter how useful. But spiritually their mission is undoubtedly a grand failure, and here are some of the reasons as seen from a Chinese point of view.

First—The Christians have not been able to give the Chinese anything new in the vital principles of their teachings, save in some few unimportant points of the main doctrine which cannot be understood by the Chinese.

Second—The manners and ways of the missionaries as a rule are looked upon as extraordinary at all times. They lack the austerity and dignity that become a solid Chinese sage. Such qualities are imperatively necessary in China for a propagandist. For this reason the Catholic priests are making more headway there than those of any other sect, and also because the priests are all wifeless.

Third—The majority of the missionaries attack or hold in ridicule the doctrines of Confucius and Buddha, which form the pet religions of the people.

Fourth—Their strong patriotism at home causing their teachings of religion to be blended with social and political reforms abroad, they try to make Chinamen become Americans, and act and think like one of themselves. One of these social ideas with which they try to imbue the inmates of the mission schools under their charge is that when a youth becomes of age, twenty-one years old, he is his own master, meaning that he is no longer under the control of his parents. Notwithstanding, this is a direct violation of their teachings, that "thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord giveth thee," and yet this is the very doctrine which is alone practiced in China for thousands of years to the very letter by all classes, and the missionaries tried to make them break it by a social peculiarity of their own. This idea of American juvenile independence alone is enough to prevent their doctrine from taking root in well-regulated Chinese families, where the family ties are so sacred that no matter how old a son may be, he is yet the son of his parents and must serve under them.

Fifth—The only new idea that the missionaries can present to the Chinamen, spiritually, is the vicarious atonement of Jesus Christ, or the cruel torture of the son of God for the sins of men, which doctrine the Chinamen believe was manufactured by a Yankeeized Jew. A heathen who has been there before,

WONG CHIN FOO.

THE PRIZE MANUAL ASSURED!

To the Editors of Freethought:

I am proud to be able to announce that the full sum of \$1,000 (as a premium for the best paper on "How to Teach Morality in Girard College and the Public Schools without Teaching Religious Dogma") has been paid into my hands and is now in bank—in trust, for the object contemplated. The offer of this prize, with full conditions, will be made public, with the names of the donors, about Sept. 15, or sooner if practicable.

Now, I wish that a few others of our friends would send me \$500 to pay the expenses of printing circulars and advertising, and for the services of a stenographer and type-writer, to get the matter before the world—at least before American, English, and French writers and educators. I have already many letters of inquiry from persons who propose to compete for this prize, not only for the sake of the money, but for their love of the cause. The correspondence growing out of this project must be very large. Friends, please send me \$500 more, in such sums as you think proper, and you shall be numbered with the elect, whose names are sure to go down to posterity as promoters of this great object.

R. B. WESTBROOK.

No. 1707 Oxford street, Philadelphia.

Say not they die, those martyr souls
Whose life is winged with purpose fine,
Who leave us pointing to the goals;
Who learn to conquer and resign.

They cannot die whose lives are part
Of that great life which is to be;
Whose hearts beat with the world's great heart,
And throb with its high destiny.

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

Oct. 6,
1889.

Oct. 6,
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WOODWARD'S GARDENS

THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY BALL

OF THE
SAN FRANCISCO
TURN VEREIN

Sunday, October 6, 1889.

Dancing, Concert, Prize-Exercises, Gym-
nastics of the Members and
Scholars, Singing, etc.

Admission: Adults, 25 Cents a Person.
Children, 10 " "

Dancing in the Afternoon, Ball All Night.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS

Oct. 6,
1889.

Oct. 6,
1889.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby inform the fruit-growers of California that I have invented a Fruit Drier entirely different from anything I have ever seen or heard of. It is simple in construction, will be run by steam and, as I firmly believe, will remedy all the defects in other family driers—especially the Zimmerman, which I have used and under stand well.

A model of the above dryer is on exhibition at J. H. Redstone's at No. 1509 Market street.

Mr. Redstone will explain its construction, mode of operation, etc., to callers. He is also authorized to sell the same or organize a company to manufacture and sell said drier on this coast.
G. W. THURSTON, Sr.

THE SABBATH IMPOSTURE.

BY HARRY HOOVER.

Showing that there is no authority for the Sunday laws, either Human or "Divine."

Price, 10 cents; three copies, 25 cents; eight copies 50 cents. Address this office.

The Unknown Great.

Full many a column rises high
To tell the conqueror's blood-bought fame,
And many a dome smiles 'gainst the sky
To guard an emperor's waning name.

Statesman and hero, priest and sage,
Abide awhile in tale or song,
As weary age succeeds to age,
And right still fiercely strives with wrong.

And many a lord of serf and thrall,
Favored by half-forgotten kings,
Is hurled from fame's proud pedestal,
When time its riper wisdom brings.

While those who bravely strive for right
Are still recalled with love and pride;
And still we hear, with fond delight,
The tale of how they lived and died.

Yet not to-day our song shall tell
Of earth's true leaders; for awhile
A humble strain our tongues shall swell
To those they led—the rank and file.

The unknown great—great in their aim,
Great in their noble hope and faith—
Who, with no dream of place or fame,
Were true, ay, even to the death.

Vain were the leader's call to arms
Did not the people heed the cry
And dauntlessly, despite alarms,
Flock round the banner raised on high.

And not alone of those we sing
Who boldly strove in battle strife,
But unto all who sought to bring
More freedom to the people's life.

Who 'gainst foul superstitions spoke,
Who dared the prison and the rack,
Who struggled 'gainst whatever yoke
Kept men from higher progress back.

Those too, we praise, of whate'er creed,
Who helped the fallen on their way;
Who strove to aid the world's sore need,
And spoke of hope when skies were gray.

To-day we sing a faltering strain,
Recalling these—earth's unknown great;
But threatened is the rulers' reign—
The coming years are big with fate.

Haply, when Mammon's bitter sway
No more shall curb earth's fuller hope,
When the glad light of freedom's day
Succeeds the mirk in which we grope,

To heaven shall rise a radiant shrine,
The glory of the years to be—
Glad years, when none through want shall pine
Nor dudge in hopeless misery.

And through that temple, fair with flowers,
Shall sound a sweet memorial song
To those who strove 'gainst kings and powers,
Nor doubted, tho' the strife was long.

It is not all a poet's dream;
Nobler, we trust, will grow the state,
And on that fame shall brightly gleam
The inscription: "To the Unknown Great!"
—LEONARD WELLS, in Reynold's Weekly.

A ONCE superstitious Albanian, who consulted a "dream book" for every dream he had for a period of fifteen years, says that if they had all been verified, according to the book, he would have met with six violent deaths, married eleven blonde-haired and six dark-haired girls, inherited nine fortunes and made fourteen trips to foreign lands. He is still living, an old bachelor, has never been more than ten miles from the town in which he was born, and hasn't got a shilling laid up.

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LATEST IMPROVED AMERICAN STEM-WINDERS.—Three-ounce Silverine case, 7 jewels, \$8; 11 jewels, \$9.50; 15 jewels, \$12.50; do., adjusted, \$16.50. In 3-ounce Coin Silver case, \$11, \$12.50, \$15.50, and \$19.50. In 4-ounce case, \$1 extra, and in 4-oz., dust-proof case, \$2 extra. In best open-face, dust-proof filled Gold case, 7 jewels, \$16; 11 jewels, \$17.50; 15 jewels, \$20.50; do., adjusted, \$24.50; do., hinged back, inside glass cap, \$2 extra; do., gold cap, \$4 extra; extra fine engraved, \$1 and \$2 additional. Hunting cases, Gold cap, 7 jewels, \$23; 11 jewels, \$24.50; 15 jewels, \$27.50; do., adjusted, \$31.50. In special artistic engraved Louis XIV. cases, \$3 to \$10 more. The latter are rarely seen in the best stores. All filled cases guaranteed 20 years. Beware of others!

THE CELEBRATED "OTTO WETTSTEIN" WATCH.—The best in the world for the money; all modern improvements; a perfect watch. In Silverine case, \$19.50; in 3-ounce coin Silver case, \$22.50; 4-ounce, \$23.50; 5-ounce, \$25; 6-ounce, \$27 (no better sold for \$40 elsewhere). In open-face, dust-proof case, filled Gold, \$27; do., hinged, glass inside cap, \$29; do., gold cap, \$31; do., hunting, \$33; do., Louis XIV. style, \$35; in special artistic cases, \$3 to \$10 more; in 14-karat solid Gold cases, \$50, \$60 to \$100.

LADIES' GOLD WATCHES.—All hunting, stem wind; best filled Gold cases, \$18, \$20, \$26; 14-karat solid Gold, \$28, \$30, \$36, \$40, etc., to \$150; latter special fine artistic embossed cases, set with Diamonds and other jewels.

DIAMONDS.—I am an expert in this line, and guarantee my goods at least 20 per cent below lowest market price. Rings, Pins, Eardrops, Studs, etc., worth \$35 for \$25; do., worth \$70, for \$50; do., worth \$100, for \$75; do., worth \$200, for \$150; do., worth \$500, for \$375. Sent subject to approval, and cash refunded if not strictly as represented.

RINGS AND EMBLEMS.—A specialty. A full line of solid Gold and best Plated Jewelry of the latest designs. Select from any catalogue, and I will fill order at lower prices or send better goods.

SUNDRIES.

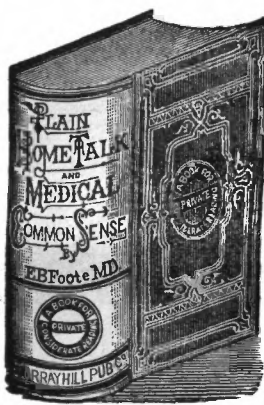
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(Send line of finest type you can read		Silver Thimbles	.30
14 in. from eyes, and I can fit you.)		Elegant 8-day Alarm Clock, worth \$6	4.50
Best Razor (a luxury) \$2; a good one	1.00	4 Best Violin Strings	.50
6 Rogers Bros' best triple-plated Knives	1.75	6 Guitar Strings	.70
" Forks	1.75	Largest Albums, \$1, \$2, \$3, \$4 to	10.00
" Teaspoons	1.70	Opera and Field Glasses, \$5 to	15.00

All goods guaranteed satisfactory, or money refunded.

Send me your watches for repairs. Best work. Cleaning, \$1; springs, \$1; and returned free; will go a thousand miles as safely as one.

OTTO WETTSTEIN, Rochelle, Ill.

N. B. For prices of FREETHOUGHT BADGES see other column of this paper.



"A REMARKABLE BOOK," SAYS DR. EADON, of Edinburgh, Scotland: "a graduate of three universities, and retired after 50 years' practice, he writes: 'The work is priceless in value, and calculated to regenerate society. It is new, startling, and very instructive.' It is the most popular and comprehensive book treating of

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Maginnis's Confession.

Patrick Maginnis went to confession, and, among other sins, confessed to the good father that he had stolen Mrs. Mulcahy's pig, the loss of which had been a great blow to the poor woman. The priest looked at Pat very severely and said:

"Stole Mrs. Mulcahy's pig, did ye? That's very bad, Patrick—very bad. Don't you know, Pat, that to steal a pig is a haynious sin, and to steal Mrs. Mulcahy's pig is worse? What will ye say on the day of judgment when Mrs. Mulcahy confronts ye before the Lord and charges ye with stealin' her pig—what will ye say?"

Pat looked rather glum at this onslaught, but at this point he perked up and said:

"Sure, your riverince, Mrs. Mulcahy won't be there."

"Indade; and why not, Pat Maginnis? Mrs. Mulcahy will be there an' the pig'll be there, an' when yer asked why ye stole the widdy's pig what'll ye say, I'm wantin' to know?"

"Will Mrs. Mulcahy be there?" asked Pat, a great idea illuminating his face.

"She will," said the priest severely.

"And will the pig be there?"

"Certainly."

"Then, begorra," said Pat, triumphantly, "I'll say: 'Mrs. Mulcahy, there's your pig!'"



A REGULAR EDUCATED AND LEGALLY QUALIFIED PHYSICIAN, and the most successful (in his specialty) as his practice will surely prove. The Doctor treats all those peculiar diseases of young and middle-aged men such as seminal weakness, impotency, &c., resulting from indiscretion and ignorance of youth. Those who are ailing should send ten (10) cents for his book, "Private Counsellor," setting forth an external Application—

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[From the Washington National View.]

Dr. Fellows, of Vineland, New Jersey offers his valuable services to all those in need of a kind, sympathetic and skillful physician. Similar advertisements from unreliable practitioners have been assailed and exposed by the press, but, Dr. Fellows, a specialist, in his line, stands foremost in his profession, and the encomiums showered upon him publicly as well as in private, are flattering evidences of the high appreciation and confidence his long and conscientious devotion to his specialties in his profession have so justly merited for him, and it is safe to trust him.

A Testimonial.

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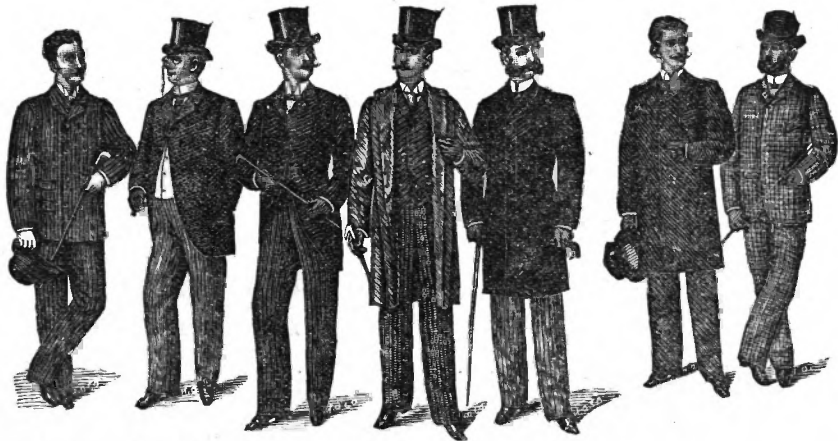
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - SEPTEMBER 28, 1889.

NEWS AND NOTES.

My friend W. B. Davis devotes himself to the campaign at John Day town, and Canyon City, and I am not left to travel alone, nor by the "slow coach." The good team of greys is harnessed for the occasion and we journey according to our own sweet will, on the winding road from Prairie to John Day. When the refreshing rains are come, no more beautiful prospects could spread before the eye than in this valley, where the mountains in vast variety, on every side, stretch away, and the fields and meadows between shine with green and golden garniture, mingled with river and wood. Just now, however, the smoke rolls over the heights and the dust is almost impenetrable as the winds blow it along the highway. About the middle of the afternoon we get to John Day, and in the comfortable hotel of friend Cobb we clean up and rest until the supper bell rings. There are some few Liberals in John Day—Shelley, Knight, Combs, etc.—who keep this remote station in the line of reform. L. T. Eddington was present from Mt. Vernon, fifteen miles away. He is seventy-nine years of age. He was bound to come to the lecture, and traveled over thirty miles to do it, which is more than many a younger soldier would undertake. It was a pleasure to shake hands with our veteran comrade and to feel the thrill of youth in his untiring spirit of loyalty. I did not have a full house at John Day, but enough to insure progress for the future. It is not a large place, a kind of a "four corners" where travel from various points converges and teams are wont to sojourn for feed, etc. A little village has sprung up on this frontier line which some day may assume quite large proportions, for the wealth of the country about is by no means exhausted.

Saturday afternoon we go over to Canyon City. Our faithful comrade at this point is John Smith, who does almost all the work, and prepares the way, so far as it is possible to do so in such a peculiar place as Canyon City, which seems to live upon the traditions of "forty-nine" and clings to the old prices and "two-bits" a drink, with fond reminiscence. Canyon was once a famous mining camp, and I guess more gold has been taken out to the acre here than from any other place on the continent, and still there is gold left, enough for many a fortune if the machinery

were here to extract it from the "tailings" that lie scattered about in infinite confusion and desolation. The immense rush has passed by long ago, and but little is now carried on, as the old methods will not secure any paying results. The future of Canyon City is not near so bright as its past. It is the county seat, and has some wealth and but little enterprise. Its prospects are altogether uncertain. It is in a narrow valley between high peaks, and the scenery about is bare and rocky. It is located at the extreme verge of civilization. When you pass through its one long street, and reach the end you can go no further. You must turn back. The pathless wilderness of volcanic wastes is before you. It is court time when I arrive and there is quite a lively aspect. I meet friends from many points. The lecture is given in the court house. The attendance is not very large. I am introduced by deputy-sheriff Mr. McCulloch, who is not afraid of his colors. Something is done by the lecture, for the audience is attentive, but I feel that there is a vast amount of indifference in this community. The churches certainly do not flourish. They have very scant power, and perhaps this is the cause of the apparent apathy of those who don't believe in the popular theology. They think there is nothing to fear, and don't care to put themselves out much for Liberal work. There is undoubtedly a sturdy element of Freethought which would manifest itself if a direct issue were forced, but at present, in the "struggle for existence," that which is universal and simply humanitarian is forgotten. However, while I did not accomplish all I desired at Canyon City, I was pleased to meet with some good friends, and to realize that even at this last outpost, on the border-land of humanity and nature, there is the pulse of freedom, and the generous heart. With such allies as John Smith, and others who do their level best, while so many are indifferent, there is hope and always a look ahead.

Sunday morning Davis and myself return to Prairie City for a lecture in the afternoon. I call upon Mrs. H. A. Thompson, whose husband was one of the foremost in our ranks two years ago, when I was here. He died about a year ago. He was an unswerving Liberal and his record is honorable as friend, neighbor, and citizen. His death is a severe loss to the Liberals of this country. He was always ready to do his share. Freethought to him was a conviction, a noble ideal of life. The flowers of sweet memory are his, and the glory of his virtue is immortal with the advancement of man. His wife and children rejoice in his own noble belief, and home is beautiful with the remembrance of his generous toil.

Julius Le Bret has also died since I was here, a soldier in our cause, upon whose grave shall fall the flowers of love and hope. "Tears for the dead, help for the living," are the words of Ingersoll. Our ranks grow thin, but still the morning comes and the music of childhood breaks upon the tomb and it becomes a monument to virtue and an impulse to nobler deeds.

Major Magone is traveling on towards a hundred years, but the

spirit of youth is in him still. He presided at the afternoon lecture. He made the opening address and closed with the following, which shows that he looks forward and not backward:

"I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do."

Prairie City always gives a warm welcome, and the Sunday afternoon audience was of that kind which makes hope and good cheer for the laborer, and I leave this bright camping-ground, in the heart of the hills, with a better outlook for to-morrow's journey. Sam French is in our ranks still, a splendid pioneer, and it is one of the luxuries of life to take a drive behind his magnificent steeds. There is no orthodoxy in the horse-flesh which he raises, but the swift forces of Freethought that will not lag in the rear. I was also pleased to meet with M. Howell, who places himself upon the roll of Freethought; Dr. Pruden, who has just located in town, an earnest social and scientific reformer; E. R. Driver, who, with his seven brothers, is in the Liberal corps, and so, by a majority vote, "Driver" is no longer orthodox; Schuman, who is not afraid to stand in the door of the wicked unbeliever's tent; Thompson, who can keep the baby from crying and take in the Liberal lecture likewise; Geo. W. McHaley, F. W. McCord, and many others of Prairie City and vicinity, whose good fellowship gives refreshment along the dusty way.

I miss the stage for Canyon City. It comes along just as I am beginning the lecture. There is no help for it, and I have to let it go by and trust to chances for getting to my appointment at Canyon City in the evening. "Mine landlord," J. W. Bates, is the one to put me through when the time comes. He is a Freethinker from head to foot, and always ready to stand by when money or help is needed. He takes me to Canyon City with his own team, which covers the distance in less than two hours. It is almost as good as going with a locomotive. I reckon this is about the best span of horses in the county. They came from Sam French's ranch, and their pedigree is good. Gurney, the "schoolmaster abroad," was with us—a keen dialectician—and, fortunately, also H. B. Nicholas, of Portland, one of our Freethought workers in that city, and the swift journey is one of pleasant companionship, and "hope" and "luck" mingle in the warp and woof of life. But what is hope and what is luck even the schoolmaster cannot always decide. We "hope" for a safe journey, and "good luck" brings us to the goal.

The stages start early in this country, for they have long miles to traverse. I get up at half past three Monday morning, and at a little after four am on my way via John Day town, over the big hills, to Fox Valley. It takes six miles of winding travel to reach the top of the range. On every side are indications of vast volcanic eruptions, but more than six thousand years must have passed away since that tumultuous and fiery period. It was a peculiar and wonderful view that spread before me in the dusk of dawn. The sun was not yet up, but its coming beams made a luminous gloom in the far valley below. I could just discern the houses, the trees, and the course of the river. On all sides the mountains towered and seemed to inclose the little city from the world. It was so silent that one might imagine that this were a buried city and that the hills were giant sentinels in black robes,

to keep off the profane intruder. It looked like a tomb—that mighty abyss amidst the lava peaks. Up we climb and the light increases, and the dark red smoke leaps to flames, and the heights take on the dazzling flush of day, and soon we are in the midst of the gorgeous dawn itself, while the valley sinks away into purple shadows. Over the topmost ridge we plunge again into darkling forests and gullies, and somewhere towards noon strike into the broad extending fields and sand hills of Fox Valley. This valley is about ten miles long and eight miles wide. At present there is no village in it—no store, or saloon, or steeple, or even blacksmith shop. The post-office is a lone building about a mile off the road. As the postmaster has about fourteen children the only lodging-place for the Secular pilgrim would be the hayrick. However, the Liberal bishop of this diocese don't allow me to be stranded thusly. O. P. Platter is on hand, and before the dinner hour I am at his domicile, four miles from the post-office. Here I am laid up for a twenty-four hour's rest, for there is no lecture on Monday evening, and I don't object to the program. I am at home in this little cabin on the frontier, and, free from dust and care, I can look forth upon primitive nature; the beautiful encircling hills, the undulating bosom of the valley golden with harvest fields and dotted with prosperous homes. About eighty families are in here now, and all seem to be doing well. The Christians and the Liberals don't quarrel much about creeds. The school-house is called the church. Religious services are held there, and my lecture was advertised to be given in the "church in Fox Valley." The days are delightful here, provided one can sit still and keep out of the dust. The weather is cool, the water freezing at night. The sunshine in the middle of the day is just warm enough to be comfortable and not oppressive. The sky is deep blue and flecked with shining clouds. There is no monotony in the view. The broad sky bends above the broad valley. Earth and heaven mingle in splendid peacefulness. I let the stream of life flow on, with drowsy contemplation. I have a chance to study civilization in its original elements. I am in the midst of genuine pioneer associations where the waves of progress beat upon savage solitudes.

Mr. and Mrs. Platter are old residents of Oregon and Washington, and have experienced the changing fortunes of a new country. Thirty-three years ago Mr. Platter was fighting the Indians on White River, Washington. He was among the first to locate near Olympia. Thirty-one years ago he went by canoe from Olympia along the Sound to Frazier's River during the immense gold excitement. Afterwards he traveled into the Walla Walla country, near Dayton, and from thence to Fox Valley, about three years since, where Uncle Sam's domain had not yet been fully taken up. At present, however, no valuable lands are left.

Apparently there was not much Freethought in the valley when Mr. Platter first came. The Christians were somewhat shy, and afraid of the Infidel. The feeling, however, is passing away, and Liberalism is beginning to be recognized as an intellectual and moral movement. Our friends have pursued the even tenor of their way and the evolution of time has vindicated the value "of deed and not creed."

The lecture was given on Tuesday evening, and the "little church" was crowded to its utmost capacity. Many of the Christians promised to come, and they did come. Also there are quite a number of Liberals in the valley, and all these were present. Both sides were well represented. It was a meeting that gave good indication of popular interest and advancement, and is a

favorable opening for greater results in the future. Along with Mr. and Mrs. Platter I find a noble company of friends here who have come to stay; who are builders of the new civilization, not only on the breast of earth but in the living fields of humanity.

Over twenty names joined the State Union, and this shows great progress during the last two years. If I had come here two years ago I hardly think a corporal's guard would have attended the lecture.

John Born, B. M. Burton, W. O. Gentry, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Short, of Mt. Vernon; C. E. Lyon, L. W. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wainscott, J. D. Hanna, A. R. Cobbs, N. Born, Anna M. Born, Chas. Born, W. H. Shank, Chas. Wood, Robert Kincaid, and others, are on the roll with the thousand names which now represent the Oregon State Secular Union.

I had quite an experience at Long Creek. The Christians at that place had the "dog in the manger" fit on with a vengeance, and were not going to allow the Infidel any chance at all. They had built a church, by popular subscription, which was to be for the benefit of all, yet, being under the control of the Methodist church, its pious directors would not allow Freethought the use of the building although Freethinkers had contributed liberally to its fund. But these had no rights that the church was bound to respect. It was against its principles to permit a Secular lecture within its walls, but I understand that, under the sanction of the clergyman, it had been used to furnish a supper for a dancing party, and that the clergyman pocketed the proceeds of the said supper, said supper consisting in the main of stolen chickens, to which the clergyman himself lent a hand, and unto this day the supper is named the "bob-tailed chicken supper" by the irreverent, for the stolen poultry was bob-tailed for the express purpose of preventing theft. When the clergyman, in his anxiety for a good supper for the profane dancers, laid hold of a "bobtail" he was told by his churchly coadjutor to "chuck it in, it's all the same." Nevertheless they had to pay for the chickens afterwards or take the consequences. Such was the religious material that refused the building for a Freethought lecture. It was altogether too sacred for that, but not too sacred for a "bob-tail flush." The same element also had control of the school-house, and refused the use of that. The proprietor of the only hall in the place was a member of this pious fraternity and would not rent his hall. They expected to shut us out altogether, and on Tuesday evening word was sent from Long Creek for me not to come over, for there was no place for a lecture to be given. This, of course, aroused our indignation, and it was determined that I should go and that a lecture would be given in spite of the Christian tactics.

I was on the sick list Wednesday morning and if it hadn't been as it was I should have remained in bed. I was in bed until noon. Maxwell Ramsby, of Haystack, found me on my back. He was going to Canyon City on court business, but expected to return for the lectures. He was formerly of the Molalla country and was one of the first Infidels of the coast; crossed the plains in 1846 and brought Paine's works with him, and I guess that his was the first copy of Paine's works that reached this new country. Ever since then he has stood by the colors. It was a pleasure to meet this gray veteran of the primeval forest and plain.

Friend Platter had a big lumber wagon, and he forthwith fixed me up a palace car accommodation, and I took up my bed—but I got ahead of the scriptural fellow. I didn't "walk," I rode. It was as comfortable as could be, and the jolting of the wagon over the mountain road cradled me to slumber and enabled me to take the dust with dreamy quietude, so that by the time Long

Creek heaved in view in the midst of a wild, uneven valley, with its church on an eminence something after the New England style, I began to feel better. I have an idea that the dust of this country is healthful if taken in sufficient quantities. Like all medicines, "when taken to be well shaken," I myself was well shaken and the dust was too, and, taking it all round, the shaking effected a cure. Or was it a "faith-cure?" I arose from my bed, took the front seat, and was in excellent trim when we arrived in front of the hotel at Long Creek.

Charlie Sweek, of Hamilton, is one of the indomitable kind, and like the sturdy father of all the Beechers, "When he gets ready to let go, then he holds on." He will snatch victory out of defeat. With the church, school-house, and hall shut against us, he arranged with A. Blackman, the "village blacksmith," who believes in the "Rights of Man," to hold our meeting in the upper part of his dwelling, occasionally used for dancing purposes. Lumber was procured, seats were made ready for the occasion, and by evening everything was in full blast for a successful Freethought lecture. They all came out and the room was overflowing. The Fox Valley people sent a good delegation—Lewis Lyons, Wainscott, etc., besides Mr. and Mrs. Platter. The Christians were entirely defeated. When, in the course of my lecture, I said that I had not the slightest objection to the Christian taking his aerial journey, but that I wanted him to buy his own ticket, the lady in front of me, an earnest Christian, who held the keys of the church, and who had charge of the stage-line, couldn't help bursting out, "Well, he'll have to pay his stage fare when he leaves Long Creek." How she did revel in the idea of making me pay fare, and especially for excess of baggage on about five hundred pounds of Freethought literature. What a sweet revenge. But it didn't come. My transportation was via Freethought lines, from Long Creek, and her purse was not made the richer by my stage fare, nor three cents per pound on Freethought books. Even the satisfaction of "cinching" me was denied the saints. I escaped all their clutches.

Long Creek is one of the most unfavorable places along the road, but there are a few who stand gloriously by the flag. Mine host Waterbury, of the hotel, is as full of Freethought as a grape is of juice, and it has to come forth whether he wants it or not. He must express himself. He is generous too, and did his share toward the expenses of the lecture, besides giving me entertainment.

Ed. C. Allen, the leading merchant of the place, and who has done more than anybody else to build up Long Creek, is a splendid ally indeed. He is our mainstay at Long Creek, and one such good friend is an offset against all the difficulties which the Christians can furnish. I enjoyed the campaign at Long Creek. It cured me of all the ills that flesh is heir to, and on the following day I left it as well as ever. All the threatening aspects of the day before had vanished like a cloud in summer sky.

I had a couple of days' rest before me, and these I intended to spend in the delicious solitude of Platter's ranch, where I had all that heart could wish, of books, friendship, talk, etc.; where the shining sky is blended with the shining earth.

On our way home we met Joseph Putnam, of Monument, who is arranging for the lectures there, and he consented to turn back and take dinner with us, and I was glad to shake hands with such an enthusiastic worker in the cause. They are going to have a good time at Monument, and "trip the light fantastic toe," and make melody along with the march of human progress. Alas! as Burns says:

"The best laid plans of mice and men
Of gang alee."

We had planned Friday to have a good time among ourselves in Fox Valley, and on Saturday and Sunday go over to Hamilton. But who should put in an appearance, Friday, almost before daylight, but the deputy sheriff, who had a summons for Platter to serve on the jury at Canyon City, nearly thirty miles off, and he must be on hand Friday at one P. M. That spoiled all the fun. But there's no resisting the law, and our friend must go. He started on "Jacky," and I don't think "Jacky" liked the trip any better than we did, but he went that thirty miles in about four hours. Mrs. Platter and myself went over to Wainscott's, and here we had a jolly time, children and all. Mrs. Wainscott is of Silverton, of the family of Jack, near Butte Creek. Wainscott used to work with our Freethinking friend Kline, of Silverton, so Silverton and Fox Valley, though separated by many a league, can give greeting. Mr. and Mrs. Short were to be with us, but were obliged to drive to Mt. Vernon that day. Mr. Lyons joined the company, and the children, Agnes, Delia, and Ralph, went in for a big romp, and declared emphatically that they did not believe that Jonah swallowed the whale, and they were also in sympathy with the little boy who wanted "once in awhile to go down to hell and play with the little devils." The shadows of superstition did not disturb us at all, and the bright afternoon flowed on to golden evening.

In the middle of the night, Friday, as I rolled over to take a fresh sleep, I heard a weird voice at the corner of the house crying, "On for Hamilton." It was Platter's. He had just got back from Canyon. They didn't want him on the jury. It was a most cold-blooded murder case. There was no defense. Mr. Platter was asked if he objected to the insanity-dodge. He said that he did. The council for the defense instantly excused him. That is the way they make up juries in this county. The very atrocity of the murder, I suppose, gives an excuse for the insanity plea. Two years ago only a jury of cow-boys could be impaneled to try a murder case. It was a most outrageous, wilful killing, and yet the perpetrator was acquitted. No wonder that lynch-law is resorted to when justice so miscarries.

Well, we were all rejoiced that Platter had got back, and now to-day, Saturday—a day of soft, warm sunshine, sweet gales, and bright, blue sky, and earth luminous—we are going out of this shining valley to new scenes, and if all is as good as my experience here, I shall not regret that I have taken my chances in this far country, where the locomotive whistles a hundred miles away. If I am caught in a storm, there is no knowing when I will get out. I might have to stay all winter. There has been a foot and a half of snow here by September 1, some years. So far, fair weather holds the fort, and I hope it will until I am safe in Arlington. If I am lost I shall be found somewhere between Fox and Arlington, covered with dust or shrouded with snow.

Fox, September 14, 1889.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

NOW FOR PORTLAND.

Old residents inform us that the programme offered by the Oregon Secular Union's Convention at Portland, October 12, 13, and 14, will be the best ever afforded a Portland audience. In the morning of Saturday, at 9 o'clock, a celebrated band will render its best selections while the audience is being seated. At 10 o'clock the orchestra will lead the audience in singing "America," "A Thousand Years, My Own Columbia," and other patriotic songs. Miss Mattie Blaisdell will then present to

the Convention a beautiful and costly banner with appropriate address and reply. After music by a select choir, Mrs. Krekel, of Kansas City, will deliver the opening address.

The following eminent speakers will address the Convention: Elder Alonzo T. Jones, an orator delegated by the North Pacific Conference of Seventh-day Adventists; Rev. Dr. Bloch, a Jewish rabbi; Ada Ballou, Prof. Geo. H. Dawes, C. B. Reynolds, Dr. J. L. York, Hon. P. O. Chilstrom, W. S. Bell, and S. P. Putnam. Mrs. Seip will give some choice recitations. Professor Seymour has consented to open the Conference Monday morning. Other speakers have been invited. On Monday evening there will be an immense sociable and ball under the management of Mrs. Carrie E. Haight, of East Portland, and her band of lady assistants. The orchestra of six professors will furnish the music. Ladies will be admitted free, gentlemen one dollar, and a superb lunch furnished free by the ladies.

This Convention, too, comes in the middle of the great fair, and visitors will be entitled to reduced rates on the railroads and rivers.

This is about the last call that will be of avail to the Convention. It is addressed to each and every person who can possibly attend the meeting, and urges them all to do so. Also talk the matter up and get recruits. Those who cannot attend may show their desire to co-operate by sending financial support to C. Beal, President O. S. S. U., Portland, Or.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, September 29, at 8 o'clock. Mr. Anderson will speak on "Humanity's Needs."

A story comes from Baltimore to the effect that Dr. Samuel Garner, professor of languages at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, who several years ago was a confirmed Infidel, has lately been brought to see the error of his way, and is now a Christian. His conversion came about through intercourse with a minister in the "far West," whither he had fled to bury in forgetfulness the memory of a young Christian woman who refused to marry him as an Infidel. After his second birth Dr. Garner corresponded with the young lady, with the result that he returned to Baltimore and married her. The story reads well and makes a good romance, but we do not believe there is any truth in it.

INGERSOLL's definition of morality is this: "That which increases the sum of human happiness is moral; that which diminishes the sum of human happiness is immoral." Now the question is, do Colonel Ingersoll's teachings increase or diminish the sum of human happiness? Are they moral or immoral?—Lead City Tribune.

We should say that the teachings of Ingersoll do increase the sum of human happiness. Nothing he ever wrote can make any person unhappy except a minister.

THE Nationalist Society of San Francisco appears to be in a way to achieve success as an organization. One hundred people are reported to have been turned away from its meeting in the Palace Hotel last Saturday evening, for want of room.

ANOTHER Christ is reported. Frederick Gray was arrested in Berkeley last Sunday and taken to the county jail as insane. He imagines that he is the messiah and spent the day in the county jail preaching to the prisoners.

THE Sunday crusade in the southern part of the state is actually doing good, chiefly by the opposition it has awakened, but also in letting the people see just what the Sabbatarians are after. Under the latter head comes the confession of W. F. Wheeler in the Los Angeles Tribune, that "when Sunday rest to all classes of society becomes the law of the land, then many discouragements and hindrances against the growth of the Christian church will disappear." Certainly; and those "discouragements and hindrances" that happened to be in the form of Freethinkers would "disappear" behind prison bars. That is what the Sabbatarians are praying for.

THIS paragraph occurs in the National Reformer, Charles Bradlaugh's paper:

"The strike of the printers' laborers promises to be successful. They struck for 20s. a week, and 6d. overtime. Several leading firms have agreed to the demand, and the men are returning to work under the new rates. A Union is being formed, and members are joining rapidly."

Wages must be low when men have to strike to get five dollars a week.

THE Rev. James Woolford and Isaac VanSickle, trustees of the United Brethren's College at Hartsville, Ind., are an unscrupulous pair of rascals. During the absence of Charles Snyder they visited his insane wife, locking themselves in a room with her and remaining there until they had induced her to give them a \$20,000 check for the benefit of their college. Snyder has begun suit in the courts of Columbus to recover the amount.

OBSERVATIONS.

"Alastor," the able writer whose original and adapted articles form so attractive a feature of the Toronto Secular Thought, has paid FREETHOUGHT the compliment of copying the larger part of an editorial that appeared in this paper three weeks ago. Mr. E. C. Walker has also shown his appreciation of the same article by reprinting it entire in Fair Play. I am none the less flattered by this tribute because the matter copied was from my pen and is by "Alastor" credited to my noble coadjutor, Mr. Putnam. I judge that it is a pleasing event in the career of all young authors when they accomplish a thing sufficiently "remarkable," "timely," and "weighty" to be mistaken for the work of somebody else.

B. F. Underwood lectured last Sunday evening before the Freethought Society in Union Square Hall. In making arrangements for this lecture Mr. Underwood, to avoid giving me any trouble about it, corresponded with other parties. The other parties sought my advice and counsel, and finally left the matter with me altogether. I sent notices to the papers, caused dodgers to be distributed on the streets, executed large posters to place in front of the hall, advertised in the Sunday journals, and secured a gentleman of age, dignity, and ability to preside. It was therefore quite gratifying to me, when I reached Union Square Hall on the evening of Sunday, to find an audience of fully three hundred assembled there. Some had come in from out of town, Mr. Philip Cowen, of Petaluma, and Mr. T. L. Grigsby, of Napa, among others.

Professor Joran gave an improvisation on the piano, which he brought to a graceful close as the Hon. F. B. Perkins took the platform to introduce the speaker.

Mr. Underwood was received with applause. He spoke upon "The Evolution of Religion," referring first to evolution in its other aspects—organic evolution, the evolution of language, and social evolution. Theologians admit the presence of evolution in these departments, but hold to a different dispensation in matters of theology. To be consistent, however, they must apply the same process in all cases, including religion. Christianity is a natural modification of pre-existing religions, all of which have a genetic kinship, as Mr. Underwood remarked.

The discourse lasted for an hour and a half. Mr. Underwood

is a pleasing speaker and engages the mind with profitable reflection, while the ear and eye are attracted by his fine rhetoric and graceful delivery. He has a substantial appearance, with his broad shoulders, rotund form, and intellectual countenance. He has less hair than many smaller men, but his juvenile moustache preserves in him a suggestion of youthfulness. Mr. Underwood called several times at this office, renewed his subscription, and had a smoke with me, he using a cigar which he had brought with him, while I lit a pipe I had often used before. He reports a wide circulation of FREETHOUGHT in the localities he has visited, and that the Liberals feel a just pride in their Pacific coast paper. From here he goes to Tulare county, and will lecture at Lemoore, Hanford, and Tulare.

On Sunday afternoon Mr. Underwood spoke in Oakland. I was unable to attend, and Mr. Schou has not reported the occasion, but I learn from other sources that though the attendance was small the audience was attentive and intelligent, and everything passed off enjoyably. Mr. Underwood will always be warmly welcomed whenever he can return to this vicinity.

A subscriber in National City has offered a prize of two-bits for the best metrical composition on the "railroad section boss." He says he is surprised that the subject has been so long neglected, and in the hope of atoning in some measure for the injustice done he offers the above tempting reward. He kindly gives me the initiative, which I take thus. I have seen the section boss myself:

Who has not had the fortune in this world to run across
That noble specimen of man, the railroad section boss,
Has lived in vain and cannot know the greatness of his loss.

The Boss he is a modest man of unassuming mien,
The expression of his countenance the humblest ever seen,
And in his eye there's naught of that denominated "green."

You will find him at the crossing, with his gang of two or three,
Like a Standish and his army in the Plymouth colony,
And when he gives an order he begins the same with D.

At smoking he is regular, and likewise at his meals,
And when the time to quit arrives he stops because he feels
That promptness is a virtue which no faithful man conceals.

On the morning of election he gathers in his men,
And takes them to the polling-place upon the gravel train,
And in the afternoon he comes and votes them all again.

He draws his monthly stipend in an ostentatious way,
But lives a vague, uncertain life made dubious day by day
'Twixt the fear of a reduction and the hope of better pay.

If you have never met the man you cannot know your loss,
For he's the noblest specimen you'll ever run across.
So sayeth one who's worked beneath the railroad section boss.

It has been said frequently that one-half of the world is ignorant of how the remaining moiety exists, and I often think it is well for the peace and happiness of the better-conditioned that such is the fact. I have lately had occasion to see something of life among those who are poorer than I am. It came about through the arrest of what I believe to be an innocent man, and I will proceed to relate the circumstances. The story promises to be long, but it is truthful, and may give some insight into the workings of justice and injustice. So here it is:

John Doe Bushrod is an elderly and eccentric man who for the past three years has resided at No. 13 Cannibal Place, a short alley leading off one of San Francisco's unfrequented streets. There is a grocery upon one corner of Cannibal Place, where it joins the street, and a bakery upon the other. It is made up of stables, the rear ends of Chinese laundries, and a few cheap tenements. No. 13 is at the foot of this alley, and is occupied by Fortune Legru, a Frenchman, and his tenants. John Doe Bushrod lived in the rear of No. 13, in a room on the ground floor of a two-story shanty with stairs on the front. The shanty bounds one side of a court sixteen feet square, reached by an alley-way running out of Cannibal Place. The upper story is occupied by Ignacio Moleros and his family; the ground floor by Mrs. Maria Harry and, up to a few days ago, the aforesaid John Doe Bushrod, their apartments being separated only by thin board partitions. Bushrod is a bachelor, living alone and cooking his own food.

Nearly all the other residents, with the exception of Mrs. Moleros, are absent during the day.

On the morning of Wednesday, September 18, 1889, Mrs. Moleros heard screams in the court, and looking out of her second-story door in the shanty, saw John Doe Bushrod standing in the court below with a knife in his hand. Mrs. Maria Harry, the author of the screams, had gone out into Cannibal Place for a policeman to arrest Bushrod, whom she accused of assaulting her. Bushrod thereupon locked up his room and absented himself during the day.

In the evening he called upon me at my home and apprised me of his expected arrest. He told me that the boys of the neighborhood, and he suspected Mrs. Harry's boys were among them, were in the habit of waiting for him in the alley and mashing his hat down over his ears. He showed his hat dented and broken by their blows. On the morning in question, while washing his breakfast dishes—a knife and plate—at the common hydrant in the yard, he was accosted unpleasantly by Mrs. Harry. He turned toward her, but before he had time to do more than look at her with a severe glance, she raised a cry of murder, or words to that effect, and ran out for a policeman. Bushrod calmly put away his utensils and decamped. He was unable to say whether the knife which frightened Mrs. Harry was a common table-knife or a meat knife that he had been sharpening for the butcher on the corner; but he denied any intent to use either upon the person of his estimable neighbor.

I advised Bushrod to go to a lodging-house and stay until the affair blew over, offering him two-bits to pay for his bed. He declined to take anything except the advice. The next morning at 7 o'clock he was waiting for me in front of the house, and when I emerged informed me that, according to the butcher on Cannibal Place, there was no more danger, as the police officer had declined to make the arrest.

The following morning at 9 o'clock Judge W. D. Sawyer, a venerable lawyer practicing in the police court, came to this office and said a man named Bushrod was at the station house, charged with assault to murder, and desired to see me. The man, he said, appeared to be without friends or counsel. At 10 o'clock I went to the station house, interviewed Bushrod, and engaged Judge Sawyer to look after his case. Bushrod intrusted me with his keys and valuables.

The turnkeys and attendants at the station house impressed me as a good-natured lot of men. They were certainly polite and accommodating. The jail is not a pleasant place. If it were cleaner, lighter, and dryer, it might look like a menagerie, but the illusion would be dispelled at sight of the evil and ghastly faces peering forth between the bars. Blear-eyed drunks, beetle-browed perpetrators of assaults, sharp-faced sneak thieves—every species of criminal was there; and in one cell sat a bedizened female, in a loud costume and feathered hat, as if posing for a photograph. She returned the gaze as scornfully and independently as though she had been outside the bars and the looker-on a felon behind them. I did not enjoy myself at all while looking at these people.

I next repaired to Cannibal Place, with a note from Bushrod to Mrs. Harry saying that if she would drop the prosecution he would return the favor by leaving her neighborhood. Mrs. Harry was out, but Mrs. Moleros was at home and testified that she had witnessed the assault. Didn't see the knife, the plate, or the dishcloth, but believed the knife to have been one borrowed from the butcher by Bushrod with a view to carving Mrs. Harry. I asked her where she stood at the time of the assault, and where Bushrod stood. She explained the situation, but upon experimenting I found she must have been entirely out of sight of the parties. Antone Moleros, aged 10, knew nothing about the case, but was in the habit of playing with Bushrod, who treated him kindly. George Moleros, aged 4, could speak no English except "gimma da mon," which I responded to with a nickel, when he immediately disappeared. I interviewed P. B. West, who described himself as a hash-slinger, and occupied a room across the court from Mrs. Harry's. He knew the boys mashed Bushrod's hat over his head; knew nothing more and preferred to talk about himself; was out of work and despondent. Had a poor opinion of hash-slingers like himself who worked in fifteen-

cent restaurants for \$25 a month. Thought he was of slight account in this wide and unfriendly world. Sighed deeply.

Fortune Legru, landlord, knew nothing of the case, but hoped Bushrod would move. Didn't know how Mrs. Harry earned a livelihood, but she called herself a dressmaker. Mrs. Legru could not speak English, and I found no one else to talk with except a small shaggy dog with a large bark, which, proving to be ill-tempered, I jabbed with my stick and then kicked off the stairs. All the inhabitants of the place knew me, as I had been referred to often by Bushrod as a person who would protect him and avenge his wrongs. Other residents of Cannibal Place were dirty children, coarse young girls, bold, slangy, and prematurely depraved; and fleas of enormous size, whose gambols would be interesting if their bite were not so dangerous. The place made me sick.

My next interview was with the butcher, who ridiculed the arrest, and denied that Bushrod had had his (the butcher's) knife in his possession at the time of the alleged assault.

In the mean time Bushrod's case had come up in court, and been continued upon motion of counsel, Judge Sawyer, who advised me to interview the prosecuting attorney and state the probable facts. The prosecuting attorney was not to be found in the court building, court having adjourned, and Mr. Sawyer and myself set out to hunt him up, taking in all the hostleries of the neighborhood. We found him at last—an agreeable young man of pleasing address, no superfluous airs, and with plenty of good hard sense. He listened to my defense of Bushrod, and inquired his habits and calling. I was able to testify that the accused was a teetotaler, of industrious habits, and earned his livelihood by selling reform literature. The attorney remarked that if he got his living that way he must be industrious, and a crank to boot, to which I readily assented. The attorney was reticent and made no promises, but Judge Sawyer, who had heard our dialogue, congratulated me upon having made a good impression. At this point I stimulated our counsel with a piece of coin, and he extended courteous acknowledgment. I also interviewed the captain of the precinct, with a view to having Bushrod removed to the hospital. The captain promptly summoned a physician, who examined the prisoner and pronounced him sound in mind and body, and the removal scheme fell through.

On the following day I saw the arresting party, Mrs. Harry, with the intent of inducing her to withdraw the suit. She declined, not so much on account of the offense charged as because Bushrod was an uncongenial neighbor. Her boys aged 12 and 14 were learning to play the cornet and bass horn. They practiced about three hours every evening to the discomfort of Bushrod, who, failing by entreaty to persuade them to desist, procured a large tin receptacle and thumped it industriously while the boys blew their horns. Mrs. Harry had evidently long cherished a desire to be avenged on the old man, and improved the first opportunity offered. "Nong, nong," said Mrs. Harry; "he vair bad man. How can my sons play when he make so much noise? Nong, nong."

When the court opened Saturday morning I was present; Counsellor Sawyer was at his post; Bushrod looked at us appealingly from the prisoners' pen; the presiding judge beamed benignly from the bench. "Hear ye, hear ye!" cried the clerk, but nobody heard what he said. The cases of drunks, thieves, thugs, and juvenile delinquents were settled rapidly, and then that of Bushrod came on. The clerk read the indictment charging that John Doe Bushrod had assaulted Mrs. Maria Harry intending to commit a felony, said assault being made with a deadly weapon, to wit, a knife, with intent to cut, stab, carve, etc., there being malice aforethought, and other evil designs. Then the bailiff shouted for the arresting officer and the witnesses. Their names rang through the corridors, but there was no response. This did not surprise me, as I had reason to suspect that they would not be present. Then Counsellor Sawyer arose and in a few words set forth the facts as I had told them to the prosecuting attorney and the police captain. The judge smiled. I came forward and was presented as the employer of Bushrod. Counsel moved that defendant be released on his own recognizance. The judge looked at prosecuting attorney; attorney nodded assent, the gate of the prisoners' pen swung open,

and John Doe Bushrod was free for a few days. As I passed out the attorney said that he depended upon me to see that the defendant kept away from his uncongenial surroundings in Cannibal Place, which responsibility I shouldered at once. Bushrod took a good long pull of fresh air; then he chartered an express wagon, and in a few moments we were loading his effects aboard the same. Mrs. Harry was at home. She evidently experienced surprise at seeing her prisoner, and inquired how much it had cost us to bribe the court. The children all bid Bushrod goodbye, and the butcher came out to wave him an adieu as he rode triumphantly away.

Next week I will relate what might be called the denouement of Bushrod's remarkable case. M.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

E. H. Platt and John Allen, all the way from New York on horseback, reached San Francisco last Saturday, after riding nearly 4000 miles. They were 131 days making the journey. —The State Fair, which closed at Sacramento Sept. 21, is pronounced the most successful ever held. —Italian citizens of San Francisco celebrated last Sunday, the 19th anniversary of the downfall of papal power in Rome. —Justice Stephen J. Field is on his way east. He is accompanied by two marshals, one of whom is said to be Neagle. —John Slater, the Mediumistic Wonder, was shot at on the streets of this city one day last week by a man who claims to have lost money by trusting in spirit messages obtained through Slater. —The new steel cruiser San Francisco, now in course of construction for the United States Government at the Union Iron Works, this city, is rapidly nearing completion. She will be launched about the 26th of October.

Priest Butler, a Catholic clergyman who eloped from Jersey City, N. J., and got married four years ago, has deserted his wife and petitioned his bishop to be let back into the priesthood. —Fifty-one persons were killed by a landslide at Quebec, Can., last week. —A wealthy man named Matthews experimented with an opium pipe in a Chinese joint at Butte, Mont., on the 21st, and died from the effects of his smoke. —The adherents of a rebellious priest named Marcil, of Polk county, Minn., who had been unfrocked by his bishop, set fire to the church last Saturday night and burned it to the ground. —Two members of the United Brethren church at Columbus, Ind., recently visited Mrs. Snyder, an insane woman of that place, in the absence of her husband, and induced her to give them \$20,000 for their church college. —Jurors are being slowly secured for trying the Cronin murder case in Chicago. —The survivor of a prize-fight which resulted fatally in St. Louis last week is to be tried for manslaughter, and several sports are under arrest as participants in the crime.

Wilkie Collins, the English novelist, is dead. —At the French elections held last Sunday Boulangists and Monarchists were defeated. Boulanger received strong support from the Catholic church. —Latest advices report recent floods in Japan which have drowned 10,000 people.

If I had lived in Palestine, a contemporary of Jesus, I feel morally certain I should have acknowledged him as leader; for, where a definite picture at all flames up from the blurred canvas of the gospels, it is that of a high-souled and enthusiastic mystic and visionary, whose kingdom was not of this world. I care not about the historic personality; I care for the divine ideal. What means the fearful irony of fate which makes this pure and unselfish Galilean nominally responsible for the most corrupt and selfish system that ever befooled and cursed mankind? This is a poor world and era for the aspirant for righteousness—for him who yearns after spiritual purity, and who, ascending to divine heights, is the dreamer of prophetic dreams. But yet, over the gulf of sordid meanness and spiritual blindness, there can be descried the promise of the faint dawning of a day when the Christ shall live because the priest is dead.—Saladin.

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

HOW LONG?

Is it not a serious thought, that after a life of toil and strife of nearly sixty years, one must soon lay it down with the knowledge that we are but little nearer that goal for which we have so long striven, Universal Mental Liberty. Is it possible that we too, Christlike, must soon lay down this life in agony with the sad, sad thought that time must roll on, and the battle for liberty to speak one's honest convictions be fought over by generations yet unborn?

How long, oh, how long, must suffering humanity, cringing slavely, bow the suppliant knee to politicians, priests, popes, and potentates—drones in the hive of industry, which even the poor insects have the instinct to destroy when they have fulfilled their usefulness; while we, the most exalted of all earth's creatures, are willing, generation after generation, to bow down in meek submission, to fawn over them and feed them on the fat of the land. May God (if there is a God) speed the day where man shall be loosed from the chains and fetters of the mind, and be allowed to soar in the realms of Universal Mental Liberty is my devout prayer. What is life to the honest, noble-minded Freethinker, denied the privilege of at all times expressing his honest convictions without the eternal fear of having his bread and butter cut short? "I know not what course others may choose, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death," and above all, liberty of the mind. B. B. Rockwood.

San Pasqual.

THE Freethinkers' Magazine for October will be a "Horace Seaver Memorial Number." It will contain Colonel Ingersoll's oration, obituary articles and notices by James Parton, Thaddeus B. Wakenan, Parker Pillsbury, Dr. R. B. Westbrook, Susan H. Wixon, and Harry Hoover; also a fine portrait of Mr. Seaver and an editorial article on Horace Seaver, including numerous selections from his writings. The magazine will be on our table, to be sold at 20 cts. per copy.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, after giving lectures at Hanford, Lemoore, Tulare, and Healdsburg, Cal., goes to Salt Lake City, where he will speak the first Sunday in October, and where he may be addressed in care of Mr. H. P. Mason.

OBITUARY.

DIED:—In Diamond Valley, Sept. 2, John Warren, only child of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Clark, aged one year ten months and six days. Warnie was a bright little boy, the joy and pride of father and mother, and the household pet. He was just beginning to appreciate and return the love so lavishly bestowed upon him. Mr. and Mrs. Clark have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community.—San Jacinto Register.

Friend Clark asks us to print the above and add what consolation there may be to offer. We can only say there is no consolation except the knowledge that merciful Time may lessen the acuteness of grief; that sorrow consumes itself at last; that whatever of trouble might have been in store for the little one, had he lived, is spared him now. "We cannot tell which is the more fortunate—the child dying in its mother's arms, before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch." "May be that death gives all there is of worth to life. If those we press and strain within our arms could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. May be this common fate treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness and hate. The larger and the nobler faith in all that is and is to be tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest."

FRIENDS OF FREETHOUGHT—and we count every reader as a friend—should remember that the present is the dull season for papers whose circulation is principally rural. Realizing this, they do not need more than an intimation that whatever they are able to do for this paper will be most timely if done now. Send us subscribers, renewals, book orders, or any other form of encouragement you may be moved to extend.

AN OPEN LETTER FROM PRESIDENT WESTBROOK.

DEAR FRIENDS: I have so many letters of inquiry regarding the American Secular Union that I must reply in print. Yes, Mr. Stevens and Mrs. Freeman have resigned, and Foote, Wettstein, and myself are the only officers remaining. But we are firm and hopeful, and expect to make a good report to the Congress next month. I could say much of the mistakes of the past, but I prefer to speak of the future. As to the coming Congress, I am in favor of making it mainly a business conference, having little if any public-platform speaking.

The time has come for deliberate action. If our friends all over the country do not feel interest enough to attend this meeting, in the present crisis, I want to know it. Those who cannot possibly attend should write me fully and freely, as to their views and purposes, and let me know how much money they can afford to give for next year's campaign.

All our friends are cordially invited to take part in this conference whether they are regular delegates or not. I am in favor of amending our constitution by making it shorter and yet more explicit.

Several classes of Liberals, outside of "orthodox Infidels," should be interested and actively employed in promoting our "Nine Demands." The Spiritualists are probably the most numerous class of Liberals in the world, and would all favor Secular government if properly treated. So with the free Religionists, the Unitarians, Universalists, Hicksite Quakers, Progressive Jews, the various German societies, and Labor Reform associations, and last, not least, the Ethical Culturists. It remains to be seen whether we are wise enough and broad enough to enlist all these reformers. Indeed there is no reason why we should not enroll in the ranks of State Secularization multitudes of Catholics and orthodox Protestants.

But we must confine ourselves, as an organization, to the one object of a complete separation of church and state, while as individuals we may hold and work for our own peculiar views. We need more thorough organization, and in fact we ought to have a legal existence, by an act of incorporation. This I could get through the courts of Philadelphia.

There are other matters of practical importance that will be apparent in the proposed amendments to our constitution, of which the required notice will be given soon. Meanwhile let us keep things in motion, and come together next month in a good liberal spirit, prepared to bury the dead past, and to meet the situation in the true spirit of heroic patriotism.

R. B. WESTBROOK.

1707 Oxford street, Philadelphia, Sept. 20, 1889.

DID JESUS CHRIST RISE FROM THE DEAD?*

XI.

And then, as if heaven had gone out of its way to take special pains and had resorted to supererogation to make the "Holy Scriptures" absolutely and utterly untrustworthy and absurd, so that, for their want of belief, it might damn all mankind that were worth the damning, and thereby reserve its "many mansions" for fools exclusively, it managed to transmit these gospels to Christendom through the hands of the most pious forgers and devout liars that the best Ananiases of the earth ever begat, and the finest Sapphiras of the world ever bore and suckled. Wriggling to prominence amid the spawn of mendacity, we have lying Eusebius. Before the age of his master, Constantine, whose guilty and gore-stained hand he licked, Eusebius could find few or no Christian records. No library of Greece or Rome had opened its shelves to such literary floor-sweepings. But Eusebius was equal to the occasion. The recordless ravings of the illiterate were difficult to codify into three hundred years of history. But now Constantine, the murderer, debauchee, and dandy, had built the Christian howling house on the august site of the pagan fane; and something required to be done for the road-scrappings of a religion whose rabble at the Milvian Bridge had turned the tide of battle in his favor. The hour had come, and Eusebius was the man.

Eusebius, as we have said, licked the hand of the imperial criminal who first took Christianity under the protection of the state, and then commenced to write the history of three hundred years of pious fraud and superstitious chaos. On this subject, in case it may be deemed I misrepresent him as regards the character of the work he undertook, I will permit him to speak for himself. "I freely confess," he says of his work, "it will crave indulgence, especially since, as the first of those that have entered upon the subject, we are attempting a kind of trackless and unbeaten path. Looking up with prayer to God as our guide, we trust, indeed, that we shall have the power of Christ as our aid, though we are totally unable to find even the bare vestiges of those who may have traveled the way before us." (*Ecclesiastical History*, i. 1.)

A writer who looks back over the lapse of three centuries and is "totally unable to find even the bare vestiges" of the matter with which he proposes to deal, must evolve his facts out of his imagination, and weld them together by means of good, hard lying. For this task of dragging three hundred years of history all out of his own head, Eusebius was just the man, and he lived just at the proper time and among the proper people to enable him to launch such a history with success. Eusebius was not concerned to narrate what had the strongest probability to be true; but he was concerned to record whatever he deemed might best serve the purpose of the task he had set himself—viz., to write a history of Christianity full of the marvelous and the terrible, and suited to the taste and acceptance of the ignorant and superstitious masses over which it was now the business of the state to fling the ominous shadow of the cross. This Eusebius is candid enough to admit. "Whatsoever, therefore," writes he, "we deem likely to be advantageous to the proposed subject we shall endeavor to reduce to a compact body by historical narration."

In the hands of a writer like Eusebius there was no difficulty in raising Christ from the dead. The only wonder is that he did not make him jump into the air five miles high, with the stone sepulchre at his heels, and Mary Magdalene and "the other Mary" in his arms. He, quite as a matter of course, remarks, "the dead have been raised, and have continued with us many years" (*Ecclesiastical History*, v. 7); so with Eusebius it must have seemed a poor, stale, flat, and unprofitable thing for Christ to rise from the dead. Tertullian could tell a more clever story than Eusebius in the locomotive corpse line. He gravely relates how a certain corpse most obligingly moved aside in the sepulchre to make room for another corpse that was brought there to bear it company. (*Uide On the Resurrection of the Flesh*, chap. xlii.; *De Anima*, chap. xxxix.) Glorious persons these saints and early fathers. Be ye unmitigated liars, and by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples.

Paul, the very Coryphæus of Christianity, straightforwardly put the query, "If the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory, why yet am I also judged as a sinner?" (*Romans* iii. 7.) Peradventure, this lie of his, in regard to the resurrection of Christ, is the particular lie he had in his head when he put the above extenuating query. When Paul lied to promote the glory of God he lied perhaps well, but certainly not wisely. He makes his phantom appear first to Cephas, then to the twelve, and then to "above five hundred brethren at once, of whom the greater part remain unto this present; but some are fallen asleep." (*1 Corinthians*, xv. 6.) Next the wraith was seen by James, and last of all by Paul himself, "one born out of due time." And this Canon Westcott, a great authority on lively corpses, asserts to be authentic history, and not a Pauline lie for the glory of God. Although "the brethren," at the time of the flight skyward, "together were about one hundred and twenty," yet over five hundred out of the hundred and twenty saw the party who had tired so soon of Joseph of Arimathea's tomb, and who took a trip to Galilee and a fly to heaven. He was seen by three hundred and eighty people that did not exist! And this Canon Westcott claims as veritable history! Then, as I have before pointed out, if he was seen by the twelve, he was seen by Judas, although Judas by this time had had his neck stretched a yard long, and was minus his entrails! A pretty party, indeed, to have a look at Jesus or any one else! And this,

*By Saladin, editor of the Agnostic Journal.

Canon Westcott contends, is veritable history! When Canon Westcott, or any one else, takes to the establishment and defense of a position so desperate, he too is deceiving in the service of Christ.

THE OREGON CONVENTION.

Adolph Roth, of Dayton, W. T., sends \$5 on expenses. "Yours for truth" tells what is meant.

W. Wedeken, of Montesano, Chehalis county, Washington, sends \$7.50 as follows: W. Wedeken, \$1; F. Lessmann, 50 cents; J. Pike, \$1; A. Radical, \$1; C. C. Glenn, \$1; J. M. Stratton, \$1; C. C. Tunnick, \$1; S. A. Lamb, \$1. "I am glad to see the notices of the coming convention, and that Liberal lecturers will do their work this time without fee." This brother writes a good letter. If he gets to the meeting will tell us some truths.

Elder Alonzo T. Jones, of Oakland, writes us again that he will be here. "We stand upon principle and not upon policy. The principle is uncompromising opposition to ecclesiastical legislation."

This key-note has no uncertain sound. Let every Liberal paper in the world pass it around. Elder Jones will probably speak at two o'clock to accommodate his many church-members who live in the country.

To this date, I have only spent twenty-five dollars and fifty cents for the convention. The printers are at work now on two thousand letters and two thousand cards which will cost fifteen dollars more. Other expenses must be incurred immediately.

Reuben Wright, of Molalla, says, "I am with you in your efforts to make the meeting a grand success. Will send on five dollars, and be with you the 12, 13, and 14 of October, with all the funds I can raise, and pass the word to all who will come."

We receive many inspiring letters. This one seems a little suspicious. "President Beal, you are going to have a terrible big meeting. You are the right man in the right place. I am not able to go anything on expenses this year. Write and let me know when the biggest crowd will be there, as my business is pushing me so that I can't attend but one meeting. In fact, the talk will do me no good, as I am bald-headed and it will all slip off. My son has his money loaned out, and says he will not pay anything for dancing. Four or five of my daughters will be at the ball. They take a great interest in the cause."

W. H. Breese sends these names to the constitution from Talent:

H. J. Terrill, Lucy A. Terrill, Delbert Terrill, Charley Terrill, W. Beeson, H. C. Stock, H. Aumerman, George Anderson, W. H. Breese, Elizabeth Breese, Rosetta Waters, A. E. Howe, James Purvis, Samuel Culver, O. L. Stearns, I. K. Drake, Wm. High, E. K. Anderson, S. Carlile, Joseph Robinson, A. M. Clemens, Frank Spicer. From Ashland: L. E. Paine, Lucy E. Paine, Clifton Paine, Grace Paine, John Holton, Mrs. H. C. Holton, J. B. Plummer, John R. Hutchings, M. A. Carter.

See the friends of freedom coming,
Bid them welcome to our band,
Flaunt our banner on the breezes,
Let it float o'er every land.

Welcome, friends, we bid you welcome,
Brothers, sisters, welcome we;
Swell our numbers till our voices
Fill the land from sea to sea.

Look! the sun of freedom shining,
Filling earth with men who're free;
Freedom's host is still advancing
To the world's grand jubilee.

Dr. J. L. York and wife will stop while at the convention with A. F. Neunert, 141 South First street. Mrs. Addie Ballou and Mrs. Scott Briggs will call on Miss Blaisdell at 363 Third street, and be assigned places.

Jack Plummer, of North Powder, Union Co., Oregon, says he "will help some and be here if possible."

Reader, how easy it would be for you to send me some names of those who might attend if they had a letter of invitation. Will you do it? Do not forget side towns and little places where there has been no lecture. Let us extend our jurisdiction. Do

not wait for officers and committees to do this needed work. Half of the vice-presidents have not answered my letters, and I am compelled to ask you for some help.

Now, good friends, gather together a few dollars for all expenses. Come to this great meeting and make for yourselves the happiest three days of your life. Read the program in this issue of FREETHOUGHT. One part of the program has not been written. We will raise one hundred subscribers for our organ, FREETHOUGHT.

C. BEAL,

President Oregon State Secular Union.

ON THE TRAIL.

Once more I send you a line from "off the trail." Having taken a few weeks' needed rest, after nearly three months on the wing—traveling, lecturing night and day, as our Spiritualist friends would say, this continual change of magnetisms is very devitalizing and often makes conditions out of such homogeneous incompatibilities that one's individuality is almost overcome. I have spoken three Sunday evenings here for the Spiritualists, by invitation, first in Music Hall for the World's Advance Society, and twice at the G. A. R. Hall for the First Society of Spiritualists of Portland. These halls are very finely furnished and carpeted, and are always crowded with a very intelligent people. Last Sunday night John Slater of your city was here and created quite an excitement. W. J. Colville, also from San Francisco, is giving a month here to occultism, theosophy, spiritual healing, and other fakes. This city seems very deficient in its number of mediums, compared to San Francisco, which is probably no great loss, as you know even the very elect are liable to be deceived. I think Elsie Reynolds would find a "phantom" in Portland.

Last Saturday, at 4 o'clock p. m., I took the train for New Era, Clackamas county, to attend the State Spiritual camp-meeting. The ride was very enjoyable along the beautiful Willamette valley among the magnificent orchards and purpling vineyards, the flower-bedecked gardens and yards, the continuous villages and cottage homes of these thrifty people—it was like a golden panorama in this sunset land blooming with life and the poetry of motion. Quite a number of Portlanders were aboard, and all enjoyed the transit from dusty, noisy streets to the camp grounds among the giant firs on the banks of the dark river called the Willamette. Steamers ply also on the river continually, so this valley, with the river in the center and two railroads on one side and one on the other, is alive with the hum of humanity. Arriving at camp, we find a small but jolly crowd gathered from various parts of the state, all bent on having a good time and to "try the spirits and see if they are of God or not." The association has a beautiful park all fenced in for the grounds and a good-sized pavilion for public meetings and circles; also a large dance hall for circles of a different kind, where, with fantastic step, they chase the spirits of each other all around the room till break of day. There is also a two-story eating and lodging house on the grounds, several small cottages, and quite a number of tents, wagons, babies, dogs, peanut stands, swings—in fact, all the evidences of civilized humanity.

I met quite a number of the army of FREETHOUGHT readers, among whom are Captain Miller and wife, of Canema, who have lived here for forty years, and the captain was the first man to run a boat on this river, but is now retired, living on his hard-earned laurels. They gave me a true Liberal greeting, inviting me to their tent and home. I also met Mr. William Haight, the artist and fanning-mill factory man, who is a prince of good fellows, has a level head and true Freethinker's twinkle in his eye, and is a humorist of no mean calibre; Mr. Thomas Buckman, president of the association; John Kruse, of Wilsonville, that solid, sturdy old radical from over the sea with a heart big enough to make doing good his religion and the whole world his country; Mrs. Holland, the secretary, from Salem, who is a jewel full of bright conceptions; Mrs. Cheney, formerly wife of the renowned astrologer, Prof. Cheney; Mr. Fuller and wife, from McMinnville; Mr. Phillips, wife and daughters, also son and family, from the town of Clackamas, and many others that I cannot now remember. I found a splendid stopping-place and home with Dr. Castro and wife in the hotel at New Era. These folks are not

"one of us," but I think the doctor is almost ready to join the ranks of the new religion of Freethought and drop hide-bound creeds and mind-wrecking priests forever.

Saturday night, after the meeting, we all repaired to the dance hall, your correspondent with the rest, where all went merry as a marriage bell. I saw no spirits except those clothed in mortal garb, although we circled this way and that, forward and back, for three mortal hours with pretty girls and handsome dames for mediums.

Sunday, by invitation, I gave the 11 o'clock address. The pavilion was full, with many standing outside around the doors. My subject was "The New Religion and the Duties of Spiritualists and Liberalists in Working for the Good Time Now, a Heaven Here." I spoke for one hour with the best of attention.

Monday I returned to this city, and shall move down the trail to Stella, Wash., this week.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

Portland, Sept. 11.

THE TERRY CASE.

HON. A. SCHELL TO W. F. FREEMAN, ESQ.

FRIEND FREEMAN: I also have been acquainted with Judge Terry, personally, thirty-five years, and his history during this time. His killing David C. Broderick in a duel was the result of a conspiracy and little better than cold-blooded murder. Terry was elected a justice of the supreme court of the state of California by the Know-nothing party. At the breaking out of the vigilance committee in San Francisco he resigned his seat on the bench, and went to San Francisco armed with knife and pistol to put down the committee by force and violence, and cut the throat of Marshall Hopkins, near unto death. Had Hopkins died Terry would have been hanged—nothing could have saved him. He was in the hands of an illegal and irresponsible tribunal, but nevertheless he had to stand trial and plead for his life like a veritable criminal. Broderick was in favor of law and order, and contributed \$1,500 a week to support the only newspaper in the city which dared to denounce the committee that was trying Terry for his life. To David C. Broderick, more than anyone living at the time, Terry owed his life. Gratitude, if he had any, should have prevented him from challenging Broderick to mortal combat—magnanimity, if he had any in his soul, should have prevented him shooting after the accidental discharge of Broderick's pistol, and when Broderick was at his mercy.

At the breaking out of the rebellion, Terry went East and joined the Confederate army. If accounts are true, he gained no distinguished reputation there for bravery on the field of battle, where grape-shot, canister, and shrapnel did deadly work. It was only when he had the "drop" that his bravery was conspicuous.

On his return to California he volunteered his services in the Sarah Althea Hill vs. Sharon case on the side of that notorious adventuress, out of hate to Sharon. After the death of Sharon, he married this desperate woman, ten-fold worse than himself. She led him to disgrace, prison, and to death. No one is to blame for the death of Terry but Sarah Althea. She hounded him on to his destiny.

After they were married, to the disgust of his friends, they traveled together as man and wife, and by way of amusement, Sarah, the wife, pulled the hair and insulted the justices of the circuit court of the United States, and Terry, the husband, enjoyed the fun. When Marshall Frank was ordered to take Sarah out of the court-room by Justice Field, for gross contempt of court, Terry would not permit this order to be executed, and dealt Frank a blow that sent him spinning; and presently was ready with knife in hand to carve Frank as he had Hopkins. Of course this sort of business had to be stopped, or the circuit court of California abolished. Both were incarcerated in prison for contempt of court. One would reasonably suppose that this would have had a quieting and salutary effect; but on the contrary it appears it made them ten-fold worse than ever.

From appearances, as disclosed by the tragedy which took place at Lathrop, I am constrained to believe that Terry and his wife had entered into a conspiracy to assassinate Field. Terry

was to get into a squabble or row with Field, and his wife was to come to the rescue and shoot Field in defense of her husband. That this view is correct is corroborated by the fact that, so soon as she saw Justice Field in the dining-room, she ran for her pistol which she had left in the car. Why did she run for her pistol if not to shoot Field? Why did Terry make an unprovoked assault upon Justice Field if not for the purpose of giving his wife an opportunity to shoot Field? Terry was the aggressor. If Terry was not armed, his wife was, and it was all pursuant to the plan agreed upon. Terry was driven to his inevitable fate by this bad woman. Let the friends of Terry look to her as the evil genius that led him to the slaughter. Neagle did his duty well, and in my judgment did not shoot too soon. He only discharged the duty imposed upon him.

Friend Freeman, I beg leave to remind you that California has emerged into the dawn of a new civilization. The relics of a former civilization are disappearing one by one. But few, if any, now remain who are destined to die with their "boots on." Terry may be considered as one of the relics, and perhaps the last.

With the facts just stated you must be more or less familiar; and yet you "personally prefer Judge Terry dead to Judge Field living." At this I am surprised. That expression will live while you live, and go down and with you be forgotten in the grave. As for myself, I should prefer to be a dead cobra to a live Terry.

Albany, N. Y., September 17, 1889.

A. SCHELL.

THE CENTRAL IDEA OF NATIONALISM.

The principles promulgated in Edward Bellamy's wonderful book, "Looking Backward," have crystallized into living societies, which are being organized all over the country from Boston to Southern California.

The question is constantly asked by those who have not read the book, What is the purpose of the Nationalists? What do they want, and how do they design to accomplish their aims?

Their object is to readjust the industrial and economic systems, which have come down to us from semi-barbarous ages, and better adapt them to the wants of humanity in the present enlightened age.

How can this be done? By substituting co-operation for competition, and emulation for antagonism and rivalry. How can such changes be inaugurated? Through legal methods. How can we manipulate legal enactments? By educating the people to see the utility of these changes and also by the strength which comes from union. This is the object of organizing. But is not education a slow process for reforming evils which are already crying for redress? When reforms have been germinating in the minds of the world's sages and thinkers for ages, they sweep like a tidal wave over the thought centers of the world, and, "Lo! a nation is born in a day." So it is with the principles enunciated in "Looking Backward." The idea or grand principle of co-operation, as a result of the brotherhood of man and solidarity of the race, has been germinating in the minds of humanitarians for thousands of years. Now the world is ready to receive it; and it sweeps across the continent like a prairie fire, stirring all hearts with courage and hope. Those who oppose it are those who have not read the book, and those who oppose human liberty on general principles. We know when the hardest fight will come in before it can be established on the earth, and we hope all Liberals will wheel into line, and lend a helping hand. The cause of human liberty demands it.

The changes contemplated are evolutionary—not revolutionary. The following, being an extract from our declaration of principle, shows this. "No sudden or ill-considered changes are advocated; we make no war on individuals; we do not censure those who have accumulated immense wealth by carrying to a logical end the false principles on which business is now based.

"The combinations, syndicates, and trusts of which the people complain, demonstrate the practicability of our basic principle of association. We merely wish to push the principle a little further and have all our industries operated in the interests of all—by the nation, the people organized, the organic unity of the whole people."

The question arises, Are such changes practicable? The effective working of the universal postal union shows they are. A world's telegraph union would now be established but for the fact that in the United States the telegraph is run by private corporations. That it would be more efficient and more economical for the people if it were controlled and managed by the government, is made manifest by the example of those countries in Europe where it is under government control. In England, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy, telegraphy is cheaper than in the United States.

Railroads could also be run better and cheaper under the general management of the government, just as mail matter is transported cheaper and quicker than it would be by private enterprise. It has been estimated, by those who are in a position to know, that men can be carried, with first-class accommodations, across the continent for one dollar apiece without loss to the railroad companies.

The admirable working of our public-school system shows the advantage of public management over private enterprise, in a matter in which the whole people are concerned. Like the postal service, this system ramifies to the remotest confines of the land; all are benefited by it, and no one finds it oppressive except those who are opposed to enlightenment on general principles or for the advancement of private ends.

To begin the application of the principles of "Nationalism" where it is most practicable, every city should own and control its own water, gas, electric lights, fuel, gardens, parks, museums, opera-houses, etc., and the state or general government should develop and distribute, at minimum cost, iron, coal, lead, crude oil, natural gas, and other of nature's products which should belong to all alike.

In this way, the millions which accrue from these industries would bless the people instead of making a few rich and the balance beggars. The solidarity of the race, or "brotherhood of man," is according to the laws of natural morality, and should be espoused as the central idea of Liberalism. Religionists will fight it as they ever have those things which tend to the uplifting of the masses. Then let us, as Liberals, wheel into line and make "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," for the times are ominous that the liberties of the people shall be ground into powder beneath the iron heel of ecclesiasticism.

Such a sly, insidious speech as the "Sunday-rest" man, Crafts, made in San Diego last Sunday, should cause us to arouse ourselves and shake off our lethargy, for danger is in the air.

Industrial and economic freedom must keep pace with religious freedom, else there is danger of relapsing into barbarism. Do, Mr. Editor, recommend Bellamy's book as the best way out of danger.

MARY A. WHITE,

Cor. sec. "First Nation. Club, San Diego."

THE GLORY OF INFIDELITY, Putnam & Macdonald, San Francisco, Cal. Price 10 cents. This is a Freethought publication, broad, liberal, generous, noble, as far as nobility lies in truthful statement, the expression of an honest opinion, in a candid and not obnoxious manner, especially as radical thought. It presents in strong light the happy idea that all good has risen from disbelief, from revolution of some sort. Happy America is an illustration of disbelief in old England. Nature in every aspect demands sacrifices. Blood drawn by a murderer, has made a nation free. Evil is made to work good. The bullet of an assassin made a glorious union. The devil's work in life has glorified goodness. The things we think should be condemned often work the greatest good. The good we look for frequently comes from the source from which only evil is expected. Freethought, which is synonymous to Infidelity, in a sense, is the parent of that which we glorify of great good, in great happiness and faith.—Scott-Browne's Phonographic Monthly.

I HONOR the man who is ready to sink
Half his present repute for the freedom to think,
And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
Will risk t'other half for the freedom to speak,
Caring not for what vengeance the mob has in store,
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand or lower.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Good Work by Spiritualists.

C. BEAL, *Dear Sir and Brother*: Inclosed find \$5 to use for the benefit of the convention and O. S. S. Union. I also send you a list of names as members of the Union. I have attended to your request to have the call inserted in our papers. I have had very poor success in money matters with our Materialistic Liberals. One dollar is all you can credit them with. The balance of four dollars is contributed by Spiritualists. Every Spiritualist I asked signed for the Union, but I could name you a dozen of Materialists and Agnostics who refused to have anything to do with it. Hoping that the convention will be a grand success, I am
Yours truly,
WM. H. BREESE.

Talent, Or.

The Star of Empire Has Got Here.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I have been reading of the progress, on the Pacific Coast, of Freethought and universal mental freedom, and from what I can glean from the papers and lecturers I am impressed with the thought that it is time for us to cease using the stereotyped saying, "Westward the star of empire takes its way," for I am impressed with the idea that it has arrived, and banked up against the waves of the Pacific. Perhaps it has made some skips and jumps on its way westward; for instance, I think it missed Missouri, at least so far as Freethought is concerned, and that means a great deal.

The Pittsburg Congress did me the honor to appoint me chairman of the executive committee of the State of Missouri, and I tried to appoint my associate committee, but failed to get anyone to act. And so it is I am all the one there is of the committee. There are quite a number of Liberals in the state, of the indifferent kind that don't care to be known as such. I hope that sometime they will be willing to stand up and be counted, because the day is coming, and that very soon, when every Liberal in the land will have to do his or her best for the Nine Demands. The hosts of superstition are up and coming, and will destroy the liberties of the masses unless we can check them in their career.

I take great pleasure in reading friend Putnam's "News and Notes." I notice that among other names he cites one George Taylor in Oregon. Now I used to know one George Taylor at Niles, Michigan, and if it is the same one, I should like to hear from him through FREETHOUGHT; and if it is not the one I know, I am glad he is a Liberal all the same. I will close by wishing you and the Liberal cause unbounded success.

Rockport, Mo.

G. G. BECK.

Miss Davidson's Suggestion.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I wish to speak a few words to the Liberals of Oregon and Washington, in regard to the coming convention of the Oregon State Secular Union, to be held in Portland on the 12, 13, and 14 of October.

It needs work to make this convention a grand success, and if every Liberal in these two states would help even a little, the desired results would be easily accomplished.

I was in Portland one day last week, and called on our president, C. Beal, and had a very pleasant talk with him. President Beal is doing noble work. He is greatly enthused, and thinks the convention will be a splendid success. He said that several of the vice-presidents had not answered his letters asking them to aid him in making up the convention and our new organization; but he hoped to hear from them soon. We vice-presidents must all join hands and help all we can, for now is the time for us to work.

President Beal desires every Liberal to co-operate with him, and help as much as possible in their own localities. He wishes them to obtain as many signatures to the constitution of the O. S. S. Union as can be obtained; to collect a few dollars from their Liberal friends to help defray the expenses of the convention; to make the convention generally known throughout their vicinity; to write a short article concerning the convention to be inserted in their local papers; to invite all persons to come to the convention who they think might care to attend; and to send him the names and addresses of any Liberals they may know of in Oregon or Washington, to whom he may write.

Now I have a suggestion to make in regard to advertising the convention. Besides the notices in the papers, I think we should have large bills printed to send to each vice-president, and other prominent workers,

to be posted in conspicuous places throughout their vicinity. The bills would be attractive, and would be read by many persons who might not observe the notices published in the papers.

Hoping that all will "lend a helping hand," and that the convention will be a grand success, I am most respectfully yours.

Oswego, Or.

ELVA E. DAVIDSON.

The Portland Convention.

To the Editors of *Freethought*:

Do the Liberals of Oregon and Washington realize the very great importance of making the convention, to be held in Portland, October 12, 13, 14, a success? The success of Liberal propaganda in the future will depend very much upon the success of the Portland convention.

For a few earnest, self-sacrificing Liberals to labor faithfully to carry on the work, and make our meetings a success, and then, not be seconded by those who should give their aid, their moral and financial support, is a cause of discouragement and vexation to those who have spent time and money to carry on an unpopular work. A large and successful gathering commands attention and respect. It is true that the truth or falsity of a theory cannot be affected by numbers; but nevertheless it must be confessed that there is truth in the old adage that "numbers make respectability." In the minds of a great many people there is nothing that succeeds like success. Then let every Liberal of Oregon and Washington who can possibly attend the convention determine to do so. And let us bear in mind the fact that in order to make the convention a success, it is not only necessary that we attend the convention, but that it is necessary to stay with the convention till the conclusion. We must not let the attractions of the fair, which will be held in Portland during October, divert our minds from the work of the convention.

We cannot expect to make our meetings a success if we attend one or two lecture-meetings, and then find entertainment in some other way, and leave the convention to run itself.

Our worthy president, Mr. C. Beal, is making an earnest, patriotic effort to make the convention a success. And now let us determine that the efforts of Mr. Beal and others, and our own sacrifices in the past shall not come to naught. Now is a time when the Liberals can prove their devotion to their cause and make a grand rally in behalf of Universal Mental Liberty.

GEO. H. DAWES.

North Yamhill, Oregon.

Things as Mrs. Waisbrooker Sees Them.

To the Editors of *Freethought*:

I have been reviewing some of the tracks of Samuel. I wanted to find if all the beauty he talks of, all the cerulean blue and spangles of gold, really existed, or if he had been gazing at a mirage—to wit, a reflection of—well. I went to Stella, Tryon's, Ranier, etc., and I found plenty of beauty in sea and sky, in rock, hill, and deep forests of evergreen, but somehow I rebelled when I saw the cabins of those who have sought these solitudes; for instead of the beauty so exhilarating me as to make me think of wings, the fact of the labor of climbing the hills and thought of the labor of clearing those immense trees from the land ere corn and potatoes can be grown, made me tired from sympathy with the really intelligent men and women who live in crowded cabins, and are trying to subdue the earth.

The old Book tells of the ground being cursed with thistles and brambles, because of Adam and Eve's love of fruit, but really, I would rather dig over and subdue an acre of Canada or of Eden thistles than to root out one of those big cedar stumps; so, I repeat, my bones ached in sympathy with the poor strugglers after a home, instead of my ideality expanding under the stimulus, even, of the beautiful and rare flowers that were almost everywhere given a part of the space which has been redeemed from its native wildness, proof of the refinement of the women who cultivated them.

I was really surprised at the intelligence I found among these people, and when dressed in their Sunday-best they present a finer appearance than many city audiences. On Tuesday, September 3, two ladies of intelligence walked five miles, and reached my stopping-place at nine A. M., so as to spend the day and talk, and we had a feast of reason. In the afternoon there came another, who had ridden even further, carrying two half-gallon jars of honey and her little four-year-old daughter on the horse before her. She had been a Nebraska school-mistress, but is now

living back in the deep forests of Oregon, raising babies and bees; has over 50 gallons of the best drained honey this year. Her husband is one of the county-school examining board.

Where do the bees find flowers? Some of the honey is gathered from fireweed blossoms which spring up in abundance where the fire runs through the fallen timber.

But I should make this letter too long should I try to tell half I saw to interest me during the nearly three weeks of absence. I met with kindness everywhere. A good bed and a good meal came as free as water in these country patches of civilization, but in the city, Astoria, I found no rest for the sole of my feet. All were full or at the seaside, or so disgusted with the way that they had been crowded upon, they had shut down on that kind of tramp.

I really think our larger places are often too full of those who should be out among the country people.

But your readers will be more interested in a Spiritualist's experience among Materialistic Liberals. At Stella they are nearly all of this class. Friend Lawson tendered his hall, but was not willing that a collection should be taken. Dr. Tryon said, What shall we do, go into the other hall? "No, I will speak in the hall I am advertised to speak in, and trust to Liberalist generosity."

I did so, and the owner of the hall bought \$1.25 worth of books, and gave me \$1 besides. Another liberal Liberal handed me \$2. Others bought books and refused to take change, and so I did not trust in vain. Two nights after I spoke in the other hall, and took the best collection of anywhere.

I did not keep back the fact that I am a Spiritualist—told them I had genuine respect for the man or woman who said of another life, "I don't know," but thought those who tried to prove that there can be no continued life after what is called death, made a mistake. Told them in my first lecture, "The folly of worship, or the curse of (personal) Godism," was an inspirational lecture, and that if they could believe they had such strong help on the other side, I thought they would be glad.

Christian Spiritualists and illiberal Liberals are too far apart to harmonize very well, but I see no reason why Liberal Spiritualists and genuine Liberals may not go arm in arm in the practical work of this present life.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

East Portland, Oregon.

A Profane Narrative.

To the Editors of *Freethought*:

Recently I had an argument with a "follower of the meek and lowly," who for "pure cussedness" in sticking to the Bible text took the cake. He said that a falsehood believed in by the majority, was with them a truth. I asked him if the belief entertained by God's people sometime since, that the earth was flat, converted that falsehood into a truth. He said it did! I left off further discussion with the inspired idiot on that question, and related for his and the bystanders' amusement the following incident which occurred a few years since in Pennsylvania.

A member in good standing in the Christian church was the happy father of a very bright boy whose name was George Washington. George was four years old, and at this early age began to develop a mind having a tendency to Freethought. George had an uncle living close by with similar tendencies, and when an opportunity afforded, would let go a few swear-words in George's hearing. One day while George in company with his father attending a revival-meeting, and during a lull in the proceedings, the parson engaged George in the following "confab:" Parson—"What is your name?" "George," was the reply. The parson, wishing to have George give his full name, repeated the question. Again the reply was, "George." The parson came to the front again with, "What did you say your name was?" This was too much for the patience of the youth. It gave completely out, and he fired at the parson in plain English the following settler, "God damn it, I told you twice my name was George." The parson took a walk, and George and paternal-familias wended their way home. They arrived pretty late, and George, being somewhat fatigued from the day's exercises, retired early, but his nervousness and wakefulness attracted his father's notice. Said the parent, "I say, George, I know the reason why you can't go to sleep; you did not say your prayers before going to bed." Thereupon George tumbled out of bed, and upon his knees began his prayers. While he was proceeding, a dog that was lying close by began to lick his feet, which somewhat confused him, and stopping in the midst of his devotional exercises he asked, "Say, God, how can I say my prayers with this damned dog nosing around my feet?"

A great future awaits George Washington, and if he continues in the channel that he has started out in, he may yet warm up the presidential chair. "God bless our home."

H. L. SHAUG.

Oct. 6,
1889.

Oct. 6,
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O incomprehensible Being,
Thou grand and mighty, allseeing,
From whom other Gods are all fleeing,
We come to thy temple to pray.
Although we believe thou art near us,
To help, and protect, and to cheer us,
We think more likely thou'lt hear us
If we hire a good parson to pray.

THE PARSON'S PRAYER.

O Lord! at thy feet we are crawling
In abject submission, and bawling
That our sins are great and appalling,
But thou art mighty to save.
We do not deserve thy blessing,
But our case is awfully pressing,
For in hell we risk a good dressing,
And for pardon we constantly crave.

There is no use in denying
We are frequently cheating and lying,
We are hypocrites living and dying,
But Jesus can pay for it all.
The murderer jumps from the gallows,
The crimes of the rogue it soon hallows,
As fast as each one of them wallows
In the blood that's to whitewash his soul.

We come in our rags and tatters,
And each one of us fawns and flatters
In talking of such pious matters,
Like a lot of heavenly tramps.

We claim for our revelation
That we are the favored nation,
With the genuine, true salvation
Sufficient for knaves and scamps.

We tell Thee the same old story
Of the young as well as the hoary,
How we'll give Thee great chunks of glory,
Which costs us nothing to say.

We ask in return to be able
To accumulate wealth that is stable
In exchange for this pious old fable,
And to Thee we'll constantly pray.

—THOMAS CURTIS.

"You poor little boy! On the streets in rags such a day as this. Have you no home?" "Yes'm, I live in that house on the other side of the street." "You have no mother, have you, little child?" "Yes'm, she and forty other women are in there making embroidered night-gowns for the Zulus."

THE prize fight was the only subject of conversation in pub and palace, and at a dinner party the world-wise bishop was asked by a lady point blank whether he did not consider prize-fighting a brutal and degrading pursuit? "On the contrary, I highly approve of it. You see, there is always the probability of two blackguards getting a sound thrashing."

A Scotch divine took to preaching out of doors in the summer afternoons. He used to collect the people as they were taking the air by the side of a stream outside the village. On one occasion he had unfortunately taken his place on a bank, and fixed himself on an ants' nest. The active habits of these little creatures soon made the position of the intruder upon their domain very uncomfortable, and, afraid that his audience might observe something of this discomfort in his manner, he apologized by the remark: "Brethren, though I hope I have the word of God in my mouth, I think the devil himself has gotten into my breeks."

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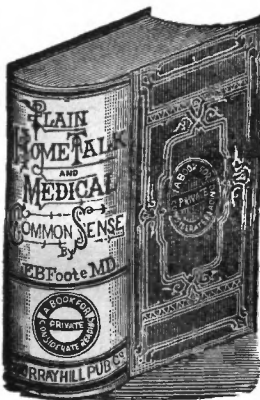
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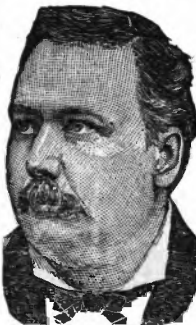
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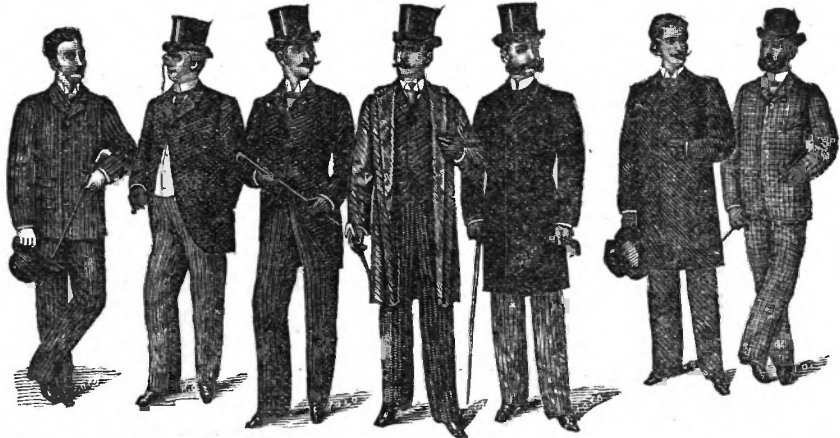
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - OCTOBER 5, 1889.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The afternoon was just glimmering into dim gold amidst the abrupt and bare peaks and swelling mounds, when Indian valley, lying far down in the bosom of the shining scene, opened on the view like a smiling garden. No wonder that the Indians used to gather here, for this might seem like a happy hunting-ground to the tired wanderer among the hills, and a place of peaceful repose. Hamilton is now the name it goes by, after the oldest settler in these regions. The village is not very large, but it gives a pleasant aspect as we drive up to Franklin's, where the good host gives kindly entertainment. Just as we enter the inclined plane that leads from the mountains to the valley, Charlie Sweek and his little wife are hastening to the rendezvous, horseback, for that is the way much of the traveling is done in this country. About four miles from Hamilton his cabin gleams in the midst of the forest by the singing stream, where the mill is rattling merrily away, cutting off the giant trees and opening the fruitful soil to the sunshine. Mr. and Mrs. Sweek are Liberals whose enthusiasm is inspiring. So long as they are in the vanguard I know that failure is impossible, and with Mr. and Mrs. Platter bringing up the solid artillery in conjunction with this flying cavalry, of course the ranks are unbroken. Franklin, at whose house I stay, is one of the old settlers, and along with Hamilton's his ranch is quite a resort and camping-place for the stockmen, herders, etc., as they pass from point to point. The inhabitants of this country, like the sea, are ever in motion. There is very little of what is called farming. Hardly enough hay or vegetables or fruit is raised for home consumption. It is mostly cattle and sheep that make the wealth of the land. Within a radius of twenty miles of Hamilton are one hundred and twenty thousand sheep. In Grant county there are sixteen thousand horses and fifty thousand cattle. In one year twenty-seven thousand cattle have been sold and exported from Grant and Harney counties. The bunch grass, however, is being destroyed, and there are not more than one-half the number of cattle that were on the ranges ten years ago. The drouth has lasted two or three years. The crops, however, have been as good as the average throughout the state. Wheat, barley, and oats are pro-

duced quite abundantly. In some places this year seventy-five bushels of barley have been produced to the acre. If there was plenty of rain this would be one of the wealthiest sections of the coast. In many places the lack of rain has produced a desolating effect. Once-smiling farms are now like arid deserts along the Columbia and Snake rivers.

Maxwell Ramsby, returning from Canyon City, gives me welcome as we emerge from the dust of the mountain road. Schoolmaster Lewis, of Fox, is also at Franklin's. He and Lyons and Cobb come with a camping outfit prepared to follow the campaign through night and day. Altogether I found the scene quite a busy one in this secluded burg. There are not only brave men but fair women, and a gratifying audience fills the little hall where I speak. Here I meet for the first time Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Sweek, father and mother of my redoubtable comrade, C. V. Sweek, or Charlie, as the neighborly cognomen is. I lectured Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon, and the reception was cordial. My friends, the Wainscots and all their children, are over from Fox. There was quite a representative gathering. After the lecture I say good-bye to Fox valley friends—a good-bye with bright remembrance and forward look. I expect to return next summer. They are to have three lectures at Fox instead of one. This and Hamilton are about twenty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and this is altogether too high for orthodoxy. These breezy, sunny plains and vales are for the splendors of Freethought.

Sunday evening, with Charlie Sweek and his wife and Willie Sweek, his brother, and Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Sweek, I journey to the ranch of the latter, a little house like a bird's nest hanging on the side of the hills. Before the eye spreads a beautiful and magnificent panorama of mighty hills and canyons. I could not have had a more delightful time if I had been in a gorgeous palace. Nature gives a splendid display, and as for humanity, I could not find a more glowing fellowship than in this family of Freethinkers. They are heart and soul in the cause. Mrs. Almira Sweek, the mother, was for years in the shadow of the churches, but now she stands in the broad mountain light of Freedom. Harvey Sweek crossed the plains with our friends, the Davidsons, of Oswego, and quite strange adventures he met with on that journey—traveling alone part of the time and meeting Indians and all sorts of white folk. Freethought is in his blood and brain. He was born to Radicalism as the bird is born to sing. He can talk and has half a century of experiences to pour forth. I enjoyed my night and morning on this mountain side. I had a good sleep, and my waking hours were filled with rattling reminiscences of frontier fortunes.

I was going to start from friend Sweek's after dinner Monday, but all at once by a sudden inspiration, I know not from where—it might have been from some guardian angel—it popped into my mind that I must be at Monument, twelve miles away, at 2 p.m., for lecture. Then there was "mounting in hot haste," and

in about fifteen minutes the wagon was thundering down the hills to the bed of the John Day river with Charlie Sweek and myself. Mrs. Sweek could not go with us, for her little canary bird had been left all alone in the forest cabin singing its heart out in solitary confinement, and its gentle mistress must go and feed it and give it a chance to mingle its melody with the sunshine and flowers. The next time we will take that canary with us.

At about half-past two we heave in sight of the Monument school-house—not much bigger than a nut-shell, amidst the vast sand-hills. However, there were saddle-horses and wagons about, and evidently the people were gathered. I was just in time, and had to make my toilet outside, wash off the dust and comb my hair by the reflection of the sun, put on a clean collar and adjust my necktie without any reference to a mirror. In five minutes I was ready to proceed on “The Demands of Liberalism.” After the discourse we went down to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Putnam’s for supper, for another lecture, and then for a dance. Passing through this mountainous country, where only occasionally a green spot is seen among the innumerable sand wastes and volcanic boulders, I was wondering how any audience could be gotten for a lecture, or whence the young folks were to congregate for the quadrille and the waltz. Joe Putnam could play the fiddle, and I could lecture if need be to the bare walls, but I could not do all the dancing, and I don’t think Grandpa Burston could do it either, although he is full of life and almost eighty years of age. But as the shades of evening begin to fall, the young men and maidens gather, and the elders followed suit, and like the men of Roderick Dhu, it seemed as if somebody sprang from every thicket. I had a room full for the lecture. After the lecture the crowd increased wondrously. The house could not hold all, and the company overflowed into the surrounding grove. Only about a forth could dance at a time, but they kept falling in, and the music flung its rapid strokes, and the building from roof to floor did not cease to shake with the merry-making until the dawn was on the hills. I went to bed about ten o’clock, and dozed off and on to the rhythmic measures. It was like trying to sleep on a ship where the waves beat in everlasting motion. About midnight I heard the cry for supper, and was fain, like the prodigal son, to arise and partake of the fatted calf—or deer, I believe, for Putnam had brought down his game the day before in the Rudio canyon, but I concluded to keep my appetite until morning, and dream the happy hours away. It was a jolly assembly. Nobody can know what a good time they have in the deserts of Oregon unless they go there and see. The people throng from twenty miles around, and make the most of the occasion as they

“Chase the glowing hours with flying feet.”

I am up early in the morning. I must be at Haystack the next day, and an awful journey lies before. I must climb three mountains on a bare trail, and hang midway between earth and heaven, ascending and descending the rocky declivities. Sometimes the horses tower above at an angle of forty-five degrees, and sometimes we bend over the horses at the same inclination as we roll down into the gullies. If the road was any worse we could not traverse it. If it was any steeper we should tumble pell mell. If it was any more “sidling” we should pitch over into the canyons beneath. It was quite interesting in diabolical situations, and just good enough to save our necks from breaking. It is the worst highway on the Pacific Coast. Like Topsy, it “grewed.” No mortal hand could construct a road like this. It is beyond human ingenuity. It could only come by a process of

“natural selection.” I believe it is as near “total depravity” as nature ever got.

Before taking this venturesome journey I say good-bye to comrade Charlie Sweek, who returns to Hamilton. I thank him for his untiring devotion and cheerful help through the toils of the campaign.

I was glad to meet Grandpa Burston, in whose English veins flows the fiery blood of the Chartist revolution. He is vigorous yet in his old age, and the flame of thought is bright as ever. For half a century he has been in the ranks, and always on the alert. He introduced me at the lectures with the dignity and grace of a veteran soldier.

John McHaley and family I was also glad to meet. The McHaley’s are all Liberals, I believe, and are well-known throughout the county. They don’t seem to be afraid of their colors.

Tuesday noon, Joe Putnam and myself reach Long Spring, where in the shade of the willows we take lunch. This spring is perennial, and flows on, drouth or no drouth. Its twinkling path down the hillside is marked by a line of willows. The shade and cool waters are grateful.

My namesake, Joe Putnam, is a splendid campaigner. He came to this country ten years ago with just two dollars in his pocket. His father is of the Campbellite church, and like myself, he was brought up in the tenets of orthodoxy, but he didn’t take to it, and not having books to read he found consolation in the music of the heterodox violin, which he plays skillfully, and by whose strains the dance went on at Monument and Haystack. He grew naturally to Freethought, and has mastered nearly all its best literature. Paine was his first teacher. He has now a fine ranch and a band of about sixty horses where the famous Persian breed is mingling, and has both a poet and a philosopher’s delight in the strength and beauty of these animals.

Haystack is an odd-looking place. It is a kind of jumbled-up valley in the midst of scattered hills, and you hardly know when you get into it. It is named after a mound near the centre of it which has the form and color of a haystack. Around this the Indians and hunters were wont to camp, and gave the name. There are several haystacks however. This is a kind of series of valleys. You go from one to another as from chamber to chamber in some immense building. Vast rocky heights hem it about in grotesque shapes. The whole country through which I am now traveling is marvelous in its aspects. Its fossil remains are very wonderful and curious. The Princeton party has just been through here on a collecting tour. These vast canyons and precipitous hills hold the treasures of innumerable ages. Volcanoes have heaved here, and tremendous floods have rolled. The scenery has a desolate, weird character. The mountains appear like great walls with palisade after palisade built in their massive sides. Here are the debris of the tumult of immemorial years. Giant forces have met in the tug of battle, water and fire in magnificent battalions, each sweeping against the other, each defeating and each victorious, and leaving behind in scarred and broken cohorts remnants of the mighty combat. As I look upon these fierce and ragged forms mingling in indescribable confusion and grandeur, it seems as if the battle were not yet over; the ranks are threatening still, some with blood-red pennons, and gray and yellow and emerald flags interlacing in the frowning rocks. I imagine the primeval world before me, and that man himself has not walked amidst these superb ruins. One can scarcely think of civilization as he beholds this im-

ment of wilderness that is like a statuesque ocean, its billows stopped in mid career.

I expected a good time at Haystack, for the Liberals have conquered this valley, but my hopes were surpassed by the reality. If I had struck Paradise, Adam and Eve, and all, I could not have enjoyed the prospect better, for they have eaten of the forbidden fruit here, and know a thing or two.

We went first up to the further end of the valley, where, amidst the orchards and beneath the tall poplars snugly held in by the gray hills, is the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Gates, and here I find royal welcome. In the evening Mrs. Hayden and her daughters, Miss Mary and Miss Lillie, visited us from their ranch near by and brought good news as to the way the cooking was going on at Ramsby's—the cake and pie and the mutton and turkey that were being made ready for the forthcoming picnic. I went early to bed, and never awoke until the refreshing dawn sent its glittering messengers into the room, and the breakfast bell was ringing. About noon Putnam and myself, "the other Putnam," arrive at Ramsby's. Already the friends are gathering. The peach orchard is laden and the luscious grapes are shining. On the way down we overtake Carl Wagner and his sister, Miss Lavinia. Carl, like the wise virgins, has his lamp full of oil. Miss Lavinia has the bouquet of flowers for the Freethought stand.

So both light and beauty are prepared for our way. The hall is beautifully ornamented with festoons and mottoes, among them Paine's, "The world is my country and to do good my religion." The ladies here are enthusiastically Liberal and give their best efforts for the grace and honor of the festival. They blend the beautiful with the true.

At two o'clock quite a crowd is gathered, and I discourse on the Demands of Liberalism. After the lecture I am invited to a leg of turkey and such other things as every wandering pilgrim delights to contemplate. After a free and easy social time, at early candle light I begin another discourse and keep on for an hour or two until it is time for the dancing to begin. The crowd increases, until at midnight I don't know how many are enjoying the brilliant scene. Really in the heart of the Oregon wilderness there is the style and eclat of metropolitan life. The women are as elegant as in the city, and the men have the fashion and polish of Broadway. They come from sixty miles off—from far Antelope—and never in these parts was there a more splendid assembly. It was called by our Christian friends an "Infidel dance," but it beat every other festive occasion in the valley within the memory of man. I concluded to keep awake until supper time, for I knew that Mrs. Hayden had cooked a very excellent cake, and I thought that was a good time to "take the cake." The table was loaded with grapes and peaches from Ramsby's own place, and California itself could not surpass the flavor of these delicious fruits. It was a feast fit for the gods. Nature's best and woman's most cunning hand contributed to the royal entertainment. The dance continued all night, and rosy morn- ing saw the bright company disperse.

I went to bed about midnight and arose with the sun. I must be on my way betimes for Lone Rock. I bid good-bye to com- rade Joseph Putnam at Haystack. Well, I feel proud of the name I bear and that it has such a staunch and generous repre- sentative where the Monument mountains stand, beaten by many centuries of wind and storm, with mighty histories written in their rugged hearts and pictured on their beaming fronts, greet- ing the morning and the evening sky with lustrous peaks—there

shall the flag of freedom fly more glittering than all the arrows of the rushing dawn.

Maxwell Ramsby gave me a representative hand-shake. Fair friends who were calmly sleeping while the silver morn was waking had delegated him to give the farewell grip to the Secular Pilgrim, and it was given with good-will, and never has any wel- come and good-bye made my heart beat with brighter hope.

William Collins takes me over to Lone Rock, twenty miles away. But twenty miles here is equal to about sixty miles on ordinary roads. We have to walk most of the distance up and down the hills. We pass by the Haydens and Gateses, and once again say good-bye to these new friends, who seem like old friends in their warm-hearted entertainment. Down in a valley, Kahler Basin by name, we stop at the home of Dr. Hughes and brother, where we take dinner and discourse philosophy. The doctor is Liberal, but his brother don't like to give up the good old way; still he can give the right hand of fellowship to the In- fidel. A little further on we meet Postmaster McFlyng, who is not quite ready to fling our colors, but don't find much to differ with in the lectures. However, his boys have signed the roll. At sunset the Lone Rock valley appears. It looks like some dale hidden in the heart of the Alps, so closely do the mountains encompass it. It is a land of promise after our weary journey. As it is supper time and Collins is hungry and sleepy, having been up all the night before and traveled all the day, and as I am to lecture in the evening, I will drop these news and notes, "to be continued."

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Betwixt Haystack and Lone Rock, Sept. 19, 1889.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION FOR INDIANS.

So far as the masses are concerned, religious education stops just as soon as the aims of the church are reached. Whenever the pupil has been made perfectly subservient to the church, edu- cation ceases. The object is to make a devoted slave, and noth- ing higher. To make a free, independent, energetic, and self- reliant man is entirely foreign to its purpose. It is never attempted, and never achieved, save by some mistake.

So we find that the Jesuit fathers in California boast of having civilize the native Indian. They converted him, attached him to the mission as a vassal and worker, and there ended his educa- tional course. Not one ever rose above that. There was an ar- rested development. Had the missions stayed till now, there would have been only priest and slave.

When General Grant was president it was thought that our Indians would be the better for schools in the hands of churches and churchmen. The inspector-general now says it is not a suc- cess. The schools make Methodists, Baptists, or Roman Catholics, but nothing more. Just as soon as the Indian mind has been en- tirely subdued to the will of the church, there is the same arrested development, and no worthy specimen has arisen from these schools fit to be called an American citizen. The religion of abject obedience forbids an advance to the state of true man- hood.

Furthermore, the forms of religion are preferred and taught and acquired, rather than the principles of liberty, justice, and humanity. Sometime ago a small tribe in Arizona, under the tuition of the Catholic church, had occasion to make a warlike raid on their neighbors. They captured some women and young children, and literally followed the example of Moses, as set out in the thirty-first chapter of Numbers. They "slew all the males among the little ones, and kept all the young women for them-

selves." Their Christian training, however, led them to baptize the boys before dashing their brains out against the rocks.

What training! It had done nothing to prevent war, to save human life, even child life. It did not spare the captured women from sexual slavery. It did not suggest even a less cruel death than dashing their brains out against the rocks. But it did suggest a mere form and ceremony, baptism, before the bloody ordeal.

Yet this is the religion that professes to be the mother of morality, and the handmaiden of a just God! The history of Europe, from the tenth to the sixteenth century, shows that the church of Rome has been just like these Indians. Morality, humanity, and justice it had none, but it never failed to say mass and baptize the most obstinate heretics before killing them.

We should investigate these religious preachers for the Indians, and if we find them teaching any forms and ceremonies, instead of justice, liberty, independence, and humanity, we should say, "Away with them! Better the naked savage than the fanatic fiend that baptizes infants and then dashes their brains out."

THE CHURCH AND BRUNO.

It has taken the pope of Rome and his college of cardinals ever since the 9th of last June to decide what they are going to do about the statue of Bruno which the Freethinkers unveiled in Rome on the date mentioned, and it is becoming evident that they have determined to arouse such a state of feeling against the monument as will lead to its removal. The pope has issued his allocution denouncing the work, and now the cardinals and archbishops are at it. Gibbons of Baltimore sends this pastoral to his flock:

"A mingled feeling of righteous wrath and deep sympathy was bred in every Catholic heart when the news came that in Rome impious men dared to unveil the statue of an apostate monk to the admiration and veneration of the thousands assembled, dragging the memory of a wild theorizer, a shameless writer, and denier of the divinity of Christ, from the obscurity of a grave that had for three centuries closed upon its disgrace.

"These men, backed by mere brute force, have set upon a pedestal in the holy city the statue of the infamous Bruno.

"Such a proceeding is a flagrant outrage upon the Catholic and Christian world. It is a deliberate and well-aimed blow at all that is sound and wholesome in religion and morals. Its animus is clear, from selection of time and place and the unchristian and defiant language employed in the unveiling of a statue of a man whose whole life breathed cowardice, pride, and defiance of lawfully constituted authority. In their frantic efforts after mis-called freedom they have spurned the truth, which alone could make them free.

"Theirs is not the action of decent, honorable but misguided men, calmly, and with due regard to the feelings of others, promulgating a new belief. Their attempt is not so much to honor Bruno as to insult and vilify the vicar of Christ and his devoted children through Christendom.

"They have chosen, as the committee to further the movement, the champions of Atheism, the would-be destroyers of the very foundations of Christianity.

"It is proper that the Christian world, and especially this portion, and where the term 'religious freedom' is understood in a Christian sense, should brand with their indignant scorn an action such as this.

"We are not yet ready for processions in which the red and the black flags of revolutionists and Anarchists are defiantly flaunted."

If, in the face of such audacious lying and misrepresentation as the cardinal indulges in, one could keep his temper he might inquire why the Freethinkers have not the same right to erect statues to martyrs in their cause that Christians have to similarly honor those who have died to attest their sincerity of belief in

religious superstition. What Freethinker ever justified the murder of Sir Thomas More, put to death by Protestants, or what Infidel ever objected to a monument being raised to him or any other Catholic martyr? Cardinal Gibbons states that the Bruno memorial was intended to insult and vilify the pope and his church. Well, it may go as such; but let us inquire of Cardinal Gibbons what object he had in view in writing the pastoral letter reproduced above. Is that letter free from any attempt to "insult and vilify" Freethinkers? If not, he is guilty of the same offense he charges upon the disciples of Bruno, and with less provocation; because the Freethinkers attack the church for murdering a hero, while the Christian world is called upon by this cardinal to "brand with their indignant scorn" the Freethinkers for honoring him. Is appreciation as great a crime as murder?

Archbishop Corrigan of New York has also issued a pastoral on the same subject. It is equally violent, and much longer than the cardinal's. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia follows suit. This last prelate denounces the Bruno celebration as an "insulting ceremony" and a "wretched expression of wounded envy," and seeks to prejudice the king of Italy by claiming that it was "as anti-royal as anti-papal." The pastoral is a plea for the re-establishment of the temporal sovereignty of the pope, and contains this significant declaration:

"We cannot help thinking that it does not become a mighty organization of over two hundred millions of people to look on quietly; to behold their supreme pastor on earth insulted in his capital."

This may be properly regarded as an exhortation to the two hundred million Catholics of the world to wrest the city of Rome from the dominion of the Italian government by force, and to place the vicar of Christ once more upon the throne of the Cæsars.

Cardinal Gibbons says we are not ready for revolution, but it appears that Archbishop Ryan is not only ready but anxious for it.

Other prelates are yet to be heard from. The "indignant scorn" called for by the American Cardinal will of course reach San Francisco. We may expect from our own Riordan a deliverance that will make the Catholics hate Freethinkers worse than they do now, and San Francisco Catholics are at present the most bigoted and hateful it has ever been our fortune to come in contact with. The pope's Irish, the pope's Italian, and the pope's Mexicans of this coast surpass those of all other sections of America in ignorance, bigotry, superstition, and crime.

We are ready to admit that in addition to honoring Bruno the Freethinkers who erected his monument desired to express their disapprobation of Roman Catholicism. But what is the object of the Catholic church? Is it to glorify God, as it professes? Is it to save souls? Is it to make the world better, happier, and more enlightened? We know, and these cardinals and archbishops know, that its object is nothing of the kind. These cardinals and archbishops know as well as we do that their God, their Christ, and their Virgin Mary are myths and inventions; that their hell, their purgatory, and their heaven exist nowhere outside their own imaginations. They know that the Catholic church is simply a big political machine, no more holy than other political machines. Their declarations of piety are hypocritical, like the patriotic sentiments of demagogues. Their ceremonial is mere claptrap, like the partisan demonstrations which precede elections. As Thomas Paine said, miracles are the hocus-pocus of religion, and parables are its lingo. The politician, the juggler, and the priest are the trinity that keep the

simple-minded in open-mouthed awe; the first by working upon their prejudices; the second, their credulity; and the third their prejudices, credulity, and superstitions. And the worst of these is the priest. The politician will sometimes admit that he works for the interest of himself and party; the juggler does not conceal that he aims to deceive, but the priest practices a despicable hypocrisy that makes him ten times more execrable than the others.

While it is to be deplored that such sentiments as those expressed by the pope, cardinal, and archbishops exist in any human breast, it is fortunate for the world that this Bruno celebration has so angered the church as to throw its dignitaries off their guard and betray their real intentions. We now know what to expect. We may look for an unceasing attack of the Vatican upon the Bruno monument until one or the other disappears from Rome, and for perpetual warfare of Catholicism upon Freethought until one or the other disappears from the earth.

TAYLOR'S "DIEGESIS."

The following letter contains a suggestion worth being acted upon:

To the Editors of Freethought:

I have just read "Agnosticism," the discussion between Professor Huxley and the Rev. Dr. Wace. It seems strange to me that in all the discussions on that subject in late years, and among all the biblical critics quoted on both sides, not one has alluded to Taylor's "Diegesis," while both sides seem to concede the personality of Christ and his apostles as they do that of Cæsar and his generals. Is it possible that Taylor's argument is a failure, or is it another case where silence is the only answer possible? Seeing that Agnostics do not allude to it in any way, would it be presumptuous to think that even Mr. Huxley is not aware that there is such a work? Is it not likely that it has been out of print in England for at least fifty years?

Now if the editor of FREETHOUGHT were to send him a copy of the "Diegesis" with a request for his opinion of the value of the historical part of it, his notice of it would place it before the world as no other man's could. I have no doubt that if you send a copy, and if Mr. Huxley can find time in the intervals of his seemingly interminable brushing away of ecclesiastical mosquitoes (thirsting for his blood) to review it, that in two or three months we may get an answer. I will stand the expense.

Yours,

JOHN BEAUMONT.

Harris, Humboldt Co., Cal.

Our contemporary, Mr. C. A. Watts, of Watts & Co., publishers of the Literary Guide, 17 Johnson's Court, Fleet street, London, is or has been, we believe, in correspondence with Professor Huxley. Perhaps, as Mr. Beaumont surmises, Taylor's "Diegesis" is out of print in London, but if it is not, Mr. Watts is hereby solicited to procure a copy and forward it to Professor Huxley, together with this paper. If the "Diegesis" is not obtainable in London, Mr. Watts may communicate with its American publisher, J. P. Mendum, Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street, Boston, Mass., who will transmit the work to Professor Huxley and charge the same to our account. For all expense incurred by Watts & Co., they will be promptly indemnified upon reporting to us. Mr. Huxley, we have no doubt, will be pleased to learn that as far away as this western border of the American continent he is read with interest and appreciation, and that the dweller in London town is not beyond the watchful ken of the rancher of Humboldt county, California.

At the close of the Portland Convention Samuel P. Putnam will give his now somewhat celebrated lecture, "Moody and Sam Jones Reviewed," at Masonic Hall, Portland, Tuesday evening, Oct. 1

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, October 6, at 8 o'clock. Professor Miller will speak on "Matter and Spirit."

WHEN the National Conference of Charities and Correction was in session here, the Rev. Thomas Uzzell came as one of the delegates. We do not know where he hailed from, but he went away toward the East, and when he got as far as Denver he paused to remark:

"San Francisco is one great house of prostitution. It is the most abominable place I ever saw in my life. This great moral leprosy is devouring it as a whole. It is a wonder that God in righteous indignation does not open up the earth and swallow the city so that it may no longer contaminate the pure air of heaven. No wonder they have earthquakes there."

It always takes visitors, and clerical ones at that, to find out the real wickedness of this city. They generally point for Chinatown and Barbary Coast on the evening of their arrival, investigate Dupont street the second night, and wind up at Tar Flat on the third. Meanwhile they have not taken the trouble to make the acquaintance of the reputable portions of the city. As a rule they have come to San Francisco to see the elephant, and it is told on good authority that religious bodies like the conference of charities, moved by a sense of duty, spend much time in places which reputable residents never visit. The Rev. Mr. Uzzell should know that if he digs downward anywhere he will ultimately strike mud; while if he searches in the other direction he will reach a totally different and much more pleasing result. Which way a man habitually looks depends on his tastes and temperament.

EDITOR BARRY of the San Francisco Weekly Star was sentenced last Monday to five days' imprisonment and a fine of \$500 for contempt of court. The contempt consisted in an editorial criticism of the ruling of a local judge, published in the Star. We cannot judge of the merits of the case, not being a lawyer, but it strikes us that the judiciary is carrying things with a tolerably elevated hand, and we beg leave to extend our congratulations to Mr. Barry—that is, we wish to congratulate him that he escaped being shot.

THE Annual Convention of the Canadian Secular Union, held September 14 and 15, at Toronto, is reported by Secular Thought as a most successful event. The following officers were elected: President, Capt. Robert C. Adams, of Montreal; secretary, J. A. Risser, of Toronto; treasurer, A. Earsman, of Toronto. A very full and interesting report of the convention is given in Secular Thought of September 21.

IN contrasting Mormons with Chinamen the Utah Commission has made a great mistake. The Chinese have none of the virtues of the Mormons, but they have all their vices and a lot more peculiar to themselves. And there is this further difference—that Mormon polygamy is based on a sense of religious duty, while Chinese depravity arises from innate cussedness.

THE California Athletic Club set a noble example in ejecting and disgracing the two pugilists who fought a "fake" fight for a draw last week. If compromising and bargaining are to be allowed in the ring, pugilism will soon become as corrupt as religion and politics, which now divide the stakes, in the form of taxes, which the people put up for them.

This language is credited to the Rev. Dr. Holland, of St. Louis, who spoke at the Cleveland meeting of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, September 27:

"All men are not equal. We are not born equal, and we never can be equal, and the idea that God created men equal grew out of the superstition and the infidel ignorance of an age that has passed away. It is God's law that some men shall be greater than others, and all the Anarchy and the Communism and the Atheism of the world cannot change it."

When a clergyman desires to make a notion unpopular he attributes its origin to Anarchy, Communism, or Atheism. The Rev. Dr. Holland should know, however, that human equality is the foundation of republicanism and democracy, and that to deny such equality is a more dangerous attack upon this government than was ever contemplated by Anarchists or Communists.

THE arrest of George Francis Train in Boston recalls events which were of considerable interest at the time they occurred. John A. Lant in 1875 published at Toledo, Ohio, a paper called the Toledo Sun, to which Mr. Train was a contributor, and when Lant wanted to borrow some money Train indorsed his note. Lant went to New York, and was arrested by Anthony Comstock for publishing obscene reading matter. It was about this time that one Dr. Spiller loaned Lant \$321, Train indorsing the note. Lant couldn't pay it, Train wouldn't; and now, fourteen years later, Train is arrested on an execution. The principal and accrued interest of the debt reach the sum of \$1,000.

JOHN J. PLUNKETT, formerly editor of the Christian Science Magazine, is said to be in San Francisco. When Plunkett was in the Christian science business in New York, a short time ago, he had a wife, also a Christian scientist, and a promising disciple named Worthington, likewise full of Christian science. A few months since Mrs. Plunkett and Mr. Worthington were discovered to be in close relations; Plunkett sued for a divorce, and his wife and Worthington fled. Thus it is that John J. Plunkett is a wanderer upon the face of the earth, and that Christian science, as represented by himself and family, has fallen into innocuous decay.

Two new reform publications are in the field—the "Golden Perhaps," and "Looking Forward." The former is a Liberal journal started at Denver, Col., and the latter a Nationalist magazine issuing from San Diego, Cal. We wish long life to both, but we are not expecting anything more than is reasonable.

THIS number of FREETHOUGHT will reach a thousand people who are not subscribers. All are invited to subscribe. Single subscriptions are \$2 per year, but in order to get new patrons we will give two subscriptions for \$3; three for \$4, or four for \$5. Address Putnam & Macdonald, 504 Kearny street, San Francisco.

DONORS will please accept grateful acknowledgements for the following sums advanced to help the cause: Frank Butler, \$1; N. F. Griswold, \$20; Samos Parsons, \$10; A. W. Poole, \$2.

THE FALL CAMPAIGN.

S. P. Putnam has the following lecture appointments in Oregon and Washington:

Fossil	Or., Sept., 21, 22, Eugene	Or., Sept. 17, 18,
Hillsboro,	" " 27, Coburg	" " 19, 20,
North Yamhill... "	" " 28, 29, Talent	" " 22, 23,
Forest Grove... "	Or., Sept. 30, Linkville	" " 25, 26, 27,
Ranier	Oct. 5, 6, Los Angeles, San Diego, Santa Ana,	
Stella,	W.T., " 7, Anaheim, Norwalk, Pomona, San	
Portland	Or., " 12, 13, 14, Jacinto, San Pasqual, and other points	
Brownsville ... "	" " 16, in So. Cal., November and December.	

OBSERVATIONS.

The following card explains itself:

An die Mitglieder des San Francisco Turn-Vereins:

GUT HEIL! Das 37te Stiftungs-Fest nebst Ball unseres Vereins findet Sonntag, den 6. October 1889, in Woodward's Garden statt. Nur solche Turner die am Ausmarsch betheiligen haben freien Eintritt und sind ebenfalls zu einer Eintrittskarte für Abends berichtigt. Abmarsch von der Halle punkt ½9 Uhr Morgens. DAS COMITE.

If there are any to whom the above does not explain itself they will find the nub of the matter in the advertisement on page 637 of this paper.

At the Freethought Society's meeting last Sunday evening Mr. E. G. Anderson spoke on "Humanity's Needs." Previous to the lecture Professor Joran warmed the piano into a state of activity, an eruption of brilliant music being the result.

Vice-President Lemme presided. Mr. Anderson, in his opening remarks, paid a high compliment to the speaker at the previous meeting, B. F. Underwood, whose name, he said, was known as far as the English language is spoken. Mr. Anderson felt the disadvantage of following so distinguished an orator and logician.

The burden of the discourse was industrial freedom. All had an equal right to the resources of the earth. No one, the speaker said, could be intellectually free who was economically enslaved. He thought it probable that a majority of his audience were slaves. Man had four natures to be looked after, physical, mental, moral, and spiritual. The first was the most important, because the others depend upon it, and were good or bad according to physical conditions. Mr. Anderson held that all classes of reformers should work together for physical improvement. He announced himself a Spiritualist, having scientific evidence of a future life, which no man who believed in evolution could deny; because, if life ended at the grave, progression thus ceased, and there was an end of evolution. The fact that evolution applies to the race instead of the individual does not seem to have entered into Mr. Anderson's consideration of the subject. After devoting the most vigorous language at his command to an argument against Materialism, and omitting to outline any system for the amelioration of human misery, the speaker closed by saying he hoped that we might sink our differences and co-operate.

Dr. O'Brock was the first critic, which is usually the case when he is present. He spoke rapidly and ramblingly for five minutes, when the chair called him to order and asked him to confine himself to the subject or to desist. Dr. O'Brock declined to do either, saying that all questions were related to one another; that what he had said had a world-wide significance and application to human needs, though everybody might not be able to see it, and that the chair had been very impolite in interrupting him. He then rambled backward over what he had previously said, and annihilated his full ten minutes. Dr. O'Brock is positively the worst public speaker I ever heard, and it seems to me it has been my luck to hear most of the bad ones. He is the terror of all societies in this city having an open platform. If he survives me I should like to have him make some remarks at my funeral. Then I would be sure that those who had to listen to him would regret the occasion that called him forth, and be sorry that I had died.

Other speakers followed, but interest in the proceedings was practically extinct. Mr. Curtis spoke briefly and pointedly. Mr. Knight moderately. Professor Miller learnedly. Then Mr. Anderson closed the discussion. He complained because the critics had assailed his notions on immortality, but he did not explain why he introduced them if he did not wish them to be discussed. He claimed that all present had immortal souls and would live forever in spite of themselves. Mr. Knight interrupted him to inquire if we did not have the privilege of committing suicide in the next world when we got enough of it, and Mr. Anderson replied that he didn't think we could do it.

I was surprised, as the audience was dispersing, to have several approach me and remark that the meeting had been one of the most interesting of the season. Vice-President Eastman claimed that he had enjoyed O'Brock's performance because he had heard him do so much worse before.

A very fine programme has been prepared for October. Professor Herbert Miller will open proceedings on the 6th with a lecture on "Matter and Spirit," with reference to the views of Dr. Jerome A. Anderson, who spoke before the society a short time since on "Good and Evil." On the 13th Dr. Anderson is expected to reply to Professor Miller; following, October 20, Mr. H. L. Knight will review both as a reconciler. On the evening of Sunday, the 27th, Hon. F. B. Perkins closes the month with an address on "Freedom and Slavery."

I made reference last week to the case of John Doe Bushrod, of 13 Cannibal Place, who, at the instance of Mrs. Maria Harry, was arrested on the charge of assault to murder; and told of his apprehension, imprisonment, examination, and release on my responsibility, pending trial.

The case came up for trial Wednesday, Sept. 25, in Old City Hall, the tumbledown ruin which fronts Portsmouth Square, on Kearny street, and which, when new, was the Jenny Lind Theatre. Judge Lawler sat upon the bench. Bushrod's attorney, Judge Sawyer, was at his post. He is almost as historical a figure as the Old City Hall itself. Years ago he was judge in the court where he now practices for moderate fees, and the other relics of those days who still hang about the place say that he was a great favorite with all and much respected. He had a habit of opening court at 7 o'clock in the morning, so that the cases of respectable citizens who had drank indiscreetly on the previous evening might be disposed of before reporters and spectators arrived.

Bushrod kept his word, and was present. I expect there are many courageous men who might have been tempted to leave the vicinity rather than face the charge of assault to murder, with several year's imprisonment to follow a possible conviction. Besides, he had no witnesses for himself except his own incoherent story, while there were two against him, and he had not the slightest confidence in the courts, which he regards as mere tools of monopoly and engines of oppression.

But the prosecuting party, Mrs. Harry, was there also. She made some mistake about the date, and came the day before and held down a very warm seat in the witness room from 10 o'clock in the morning until 4 in the afternoon, and her temper was high. Her principal witness did not appear, but the butcher and the baker from the corners of Cannibal Place did appear. They didn't go into court; they went into the witness room and labored with Mrs. Harry. The butcher had closed up his shop in order to come, and was losing his noon trade. The baker had three barrels of flour in the process of bread-making, and didn't know whether it was being spoiled or not. The butcher accused Mrs. Harry, in French, of ruining his business. The baker did the same in German, until the woman was ready to sacrifice everything, even to forego vengeance on Bushrod, for the sake of rest, and appealed to me to know to do. I gave the same answer about a score of times. I advised her to "withdraw the charge and go home." By the time the case was got before the court she had capitulated. The whole crowd of us gathered around the judge and prosecuting attorney. The woman said she would let Bushrod go if he would never speak to her again or come near her premises. Bushrod consented if she would let him alone, and the wearied judiciary dismissed the case.

I have given so much space to this affair, first, because it occupied two or three days of my time, and if I cannot get an item out of it, that time is a total loss. Secondly, it seems to demonstrate how easily a man without friends might be subjected to imprisonment and conviction of some infamous crime, even though innocent, for Judge Sawyer remarked to Bushrod that the latter owed more to my interference than to the argument of his counsel. At the same time it demonstrates how easily a man may be acquitted, even though guilty.

I do not know whether Bushrod assaulted Mrs. Harry with a knife or not. I don't believe he did, but on the testimony that she and her neighbor were prepared to give he might have got a year at San Quentin prison. It is not a very pleasant thought that the courts are employed every day in disposing of cases like this, and that possibly every day sees some harmless and innocent person lodged in the old City Hall station house, with the

prospect that the building will fall on him before his case comes to trial.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

It is claimed that the Republicans carried the elections held last Tuesday in the four new states of Washington, Montana, and North and South Dakota. South Dakota adopted prohibition. Woman suffrage was defeated in all the new states.

C. A. Wetmore, of California, received the grand prize for wines at the Paris Exposition.—The monument executed by Sculptor Wells, of San Francisco, to be erected in honor of J. W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, has been accepted by the committee, and will be unveiled at Coloma, El Dorado county, next May under the auspices of the native sons.—A vein of natural gas has been struck at Salinas, Monterey county. At last accounts it was filling an eight-inch pipe, and burning sixteen feet high.—Cigarmakers of San Francisco are worrying over the fact that the local cigar trade is falling off, ruined by Chinese cheap labor and Eastern enterprise.—Secretary Windom has informed the Collector of Customs of San Diego, Cal., that under the existing Chinese Exclusion Acts Chinese merchants doing business in the United States are not prevented from visiting Lower California and returning to the United States, as the Exclusion Acts relate solely to Chinese laborers.—Postmaster Bryan of San Francisco has applied to the postmaster-general for more assistants. It appears that the business of the office here has increased about 40 per cent in the past four years.—The steamer Alameda, which arrived from Australia last Saturday, brought about \$2,250,000 in British gold. It represents a balance due on American products purchased in Australia. The gold will go to the mint and be coined into American money.—Jewish residents celebrated their New Year, last week Thursday.—It is proposed, by a company recently formed, to bring water to San Francisco from Lake Tahoe, over 200 miles away. The projectors offer to furnish a supply of 30,000,000 gallons per day for \$15,000,000 in city bonds.—Major Powell, chief of the Geological Survey, who has been in attendance on the Senatorial Committee investigating the irrigation question in the West, says that the arid land that can be irrigated and made productive in states and territories visited will amount to over 100,000,000 acres. The work of the committee will conclude with the preparation of a report upon the advisability of Congressional appropriations for surveys in arid districts.

Butte, Mont., had a half-million dollar fire Sunday, which at one time threatened to destroy the whole business portion of the city.—The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has split over politics, and a non-partisan union will be formed.—Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., will sue her husband for a divorce.—It is reported that the commander of a United States war vessel asked to be relieved because Fred Douglass, the colored minister to Hayti, was to sail in his ship, and he objected to sitting at table with a negro. Douglass has sailed for Hayti in the U. S. man-of-war Kearsarge.—M. E. Billings, of Waverly, Iowa, upon retrial, has been found guilty of killing Kingsley, the alleged paramour of Billings's wife, and sentenced to imprisonment for life.—The Utah commission reports in favor of a constitutional provision against polygamy.—The Rev. George F. Pentecost, of Brooklyn, the evangelist, has been sued for \$30,000 by Herbert T. Richards for alleged violation of contract. Richards alleges he engaged Pentecost to edit a magazine with the understanding that Pentecost would also quietly recommend its publication. The contract was made March 8, 1887. Pentecost, however, alleged he made a contract with the Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston some months later to edit a rival publication. Richard's magazine failed in consequence.—The number drowned in the Johnstown, Pa., disaster is officially placed at 3,000.—George Francis Train is in jail at Boston, Mass., for debt. He refuses to pay or take the poor debtor's oath.

Gladstone, in a recent speech, denounced land nationalization as robbery. This is directly contrary to the belief of many of Mr. Gladstone's strongest supporters.—A dispatch from London dated September 28 says: "To-day the ancient corporation of the city of London elected its lord mayor and two other

sheriffs for the ensuing year. It is about as curious a combination as ever appeared at the head of any municipality in the world, as the new lord mayor, Alderman Isaacs, is a Jew, while one of the sheriffs is a Catholic, and his colleague an Atheist."—Eliza Cook, the poet, died at Wimbledon, Eng., Sept. 25. One of her poems best known in this country is "The Old Arm Chair."—The pope has appointed Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Riordan, and another Western bishop to investigate the condition of affairs under Bishop Gilmour in the diocese of Cleveland, O. The state of things in the archdiocese of New York is unsatisfactory, too, and Archbishop Corrigan has been summoned to Rome.

THE PORTLAND CONVENTION, OCT. 12, 13, 14.

Alexander Hardy, of Lost Valley, sends in by Putnam five dollars. Mrs. Almira Sweek, fifty cents. William Sims, of Mill City, five dollars. S. M. Kelso, of Garden home, five dollars.

So many encouraging letters have been received that we feel unable to name them all. Moses Hull will not be able to reach here, and has gone East. I have invited Ex-Governor Robinson of Kansas, but have received no reply.

Liberals can do the convention good work by inviting persons on the way to join them at meetings, and hear and see.

Come resolved to block out work for another year. If not for yourselves, at least, for others to do who are ready and waiting to labor for the cause.

Remember the promise in our Gospel of Peace: "Where two or three meet together they may become filled with the religion of humanity, and be everlastingly saved from superstition."

C. BEAL,

President Oregon State Secular Union.

EAST PORTLAND, OR., Sept. 29, 1889.

C. BEAL, *Dear Sir*: I wish to say that we have secured a second hall for Monday evening to give ample room for the ball and lunch, and have arranged to give an entertainment in connection. The programme is not completed, but the music, so far as arranged, is:

Overture	ORCHESTRA
Chorus	DOUBLE QUARTETTE
Violin Solo	PROF. J. STEBINGER
Zither Duet	MESSRS. HAEKLIN and TURK

(Interspersed with numerous recitations.)

The floor managers for the ball are Dr. Semler, Captain DuBois, Mrs. Dr. Semler, Mrs. M. A. Buffington, and Mr. and Mrs. Justin.

On the Reception Committee are the following: Mrs. Judge Beal, Mrs. A. F. Neunert, Mrs. F. A. Saunders, Mrs. Lizzie Ewing, Mrs. Love, Miss Smith, and Miss Mattie Blaisdell, of Portland, and Mrs. E. A. Baylor, Mrs. G. H. McCord, Mrs. Alice Carver, and Miss Lettie Baylor, of East Portland.

On the Lunch Committee are Mrs. Taut, Mrs. Emma Neunert, and Miss Montgomery, of Portland, and Mrs. Sue Keenow, Mrs. Ella Payne, Mrs. Elsie Pierce, Mrs. Hattie Miller, Mrs. Tina Grant, Miss Laura Lucas, Misses Myrtle and Jessie McCord, Miss Maud Keenan, Miss Maggie McKinney, Miss Pearl Pierce, Miss Dora Powell, of East Portland, and Miss Wanda Bracht, of Vancouver, Wash.

Other names will be added to these committees, and the details will be arranged at the proper time. Mrs. CARRIE E. HAIGHT.

THE Glory of Infidelity. By Samuel P. Putnam. San Francisco: Putnam and Macdonald, 504 Kearny street. Price 10 cents. Mr. Putnam is proud to say he is an Infidel. The Infidel, he says, is he who is unfaithful. "Unfaithful to what? To that which is established, accredited; to that which almost everybody believes to be right. He is the unfashionable thinker; the minority of one." Mr. Putnam sees that it has been the doubter who has been the cause of all the progress of the world. Even orthodoxy he finds must thank Infidelity for keeping it "a live corpse," since such life as it has to-day consists in its efforts of defense. It shows its greatest activity in refusing to be buried. Mr. Putnam's essay or lecture has the right ring. It is crisp, healthy, and straight to the point. We hope it will have a wide circulation.—London Freethinker.

It is stated that there are no less than twenty-five Methodist ministers in Spokane Falls, W. T. Of these, nineteen are in business, three are teaching, two are pastors, and one is a presiding elder.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS

To the Constitution of the American Secular Union.

PREAMBLE.

Whereas, The Constitution of the United States, in spirit and in letter, is framed in accordance with the principle of the total separation of church and state; and,

Whereas, Notwithstanding these facts, the administration of the National government, and the administration and constitutions of the several State governments, maintain numerous practical connections of the State with the Church, thereby violating the spirit of the United States Constitution; and,

Whereas, The welfare and peace of the republic, the equal religious rights and liberties of its citizens, require that all the political and educational institutions of the nation which are supported by taxation should be faithfully conformed to the spirit of the fundamental law; we hereby associate ourselves together and adopt the following

CONSTITUTION.

NAME.

ARTICLE I. The name of the association shall be the American Secular Union.

GENERAL OBJECT.

ARTICLE II. The general object of the association shall be to secure the total separation of church and state, to the end that equal rights in religion, genuine morality in politics, and freedom, virtue, and brotherhood be established, protected, and perpetuated.

ARTICLE III. As means for the accomplishment of this purpose the specific work of this society shall be to advocate,

(1) The equitable taxation of church property in common with other property.

(2) The total discontinuance of religious instruction and worship in the public schools, and especially the reading of any Bible.

(3) The repeal of all laws enforcing the observance of Sunday as a religious institution, rather than an economic one, justified by physiological and other secular reasons.

(4) The cessation of all appropriations of the public funds for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character.

(5) The abolition of ecclesiastical chaplaincies paid out of the public treasury.

(6) The discontinuance of the practice of the appointment by the president of the United States and the governors of the several states, and other civil public officers, of religious festivals and fasts.

(7) The substitution of a solemn affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury in the courts and in all other departments of the government, in place of the common forms of a judicial oath.

(8) The defense through the courts of any American citizen whose equal religious and political rights are denied or who is oppressed on account of any opinions he may have held or expressed on the subject of religion.

(9) The promulgation by all peaceable and orderly means of the great principles of religious liberty and equal rights, devotion to truth for its own sake, and universal brotherhood on the ground of a common humanity; to secure the state from the encroachments of the church, and to foster the development of intelligence and morality, which constitute the all-sufficient basis of secular government.

NON-PARTISAN.

ARTICLE IV. The American Secular Union is strictly unsectarian and non-partisan in both religion and politics. It is not either publicly or privately committed to the advancement of any system of religious belief or disbelief, but honestly welcomes all persons of whatever faith or party to its membership on the basis of "no union of church and state." The word secular is here used in the broadest sense, as applied to the state, and not to any system of religion or philosophy.

MEMBERSHIP.

ARTICLE V. Any person who shall pay one dollar into the treasury shall be entitled to a certificate, signed by the president

and secretary, as an annual member of the American Secular Union, and shall be entitled to a vote in all meetings of the society, providing they shall have been members for three months immediately preceding. Any person who shall pay twenty-five dollars or more into the treasury at once shall be entitled to a similar certificate, and shall have a vote without regard to the date of membership. All life members of the National Liberal League formed in 1876 shall be life members of the American Secular Union.

ANNUAL CONGRESS.

ARTICLE VI. The annual congress of the American Secular Union shall be held at such time and place and with such sessions as the board of directors may announce, and public notice of the congress shall be given at least one month previous. Other conventions of the Union may be held at such place and time as the board of directors shall appoint.

OFFICERS.

ARTICLE VII. The officers of the American Secular Union shall be a president, four vice-presidents, a corresponding secretary, and a treasurer, who together shall constitute a board of directors and shall hold their office one year or until others are elected. Four of these seven officers, on due notice to the whole, shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business. The president, corresponding secretary, and treasurer shall constitute an executive committee, to act under the authority of the board. One or more field secretaries or traveling agents may be appointed by the directors to promote the general objects of the Union. Men and women shall be equally eligible to these offices.

ARTICLE VIII. The president shall preside at the public meetings of the association and at the meetings of the board of directors and the executive committee, and shall have the general direction and supervision of all business, under authority of the board.

SECRETARY.

ARTICLE IX. The corresponding secretary's duty shall be to keep the records and complete lists of life and annual members, and also full minutes of the meetings of the board of directors and of the executive committee, prepare and transmit to the newspapers of the country items of interest relating to the work of state secularization; keep a full list of auxiliary societies, and conduct such correspondence, under direction of the president, as usually pertains to such office, and shall make a condensed annual report to the society of the business of the year. His or her salary and the location of the office shall be settled by the board of directors.

TREASURER.

ARTICLE X. The treasurer shall receive and hold all funds of the Union subject to orders duly drawn by the secretary and countersigned by the president. He shall report the state of the finances of the Union at every annual congress, and oftener if required by the board of directors or executive committee; and upon the election of a successor he shall deliver to him all the property of the Union that he may hold.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

ARTICLE XI. The board of directors herein provided shall be entrusted with the direction and management of the affairs of the society, and shall make a condensed report of their doings to the annual congress. All appropriations from the treasury outside of fixed charges and ordinary expenses shall be by vote of the board of directors.

LOCAL AUXILIARY SOCIETIES.

ARTICLE XII. The executive committee shall have authority, as often as they receive a written application signed by twenty or more persons and accompanied by ten dollars (or ten persons accompanied by five dollars), to issue a charter for the formation of a local auxiliary union; and the committee in their discretion in special cases may issue a charter on application signed by ten or more names unaccompanied by the money in advance, but promised in the future. Auxiliary societies should adopt constitutions substantially similar to this constitution, but adapted to local wants. Local auxiliaries shall be absolutely independent in the administration of their affairs. The effect of their charters shall be simply to unite them in cordial fellowship and efficient

co-operation of the freest kind with the American Secular Union and with other local unions. Neither shall the national society be responsible for the acts or utterances of local auxiliaries.

REPRESENTATION.

ARTICLE XIII. Every local auxiliary society organized in accordance with the provisions of this constitution shall be entitled to send its president and secretary and three other members as delegates to the annual congress, who shall have the right to speak and vote.

AMENDMENTS.

ARTICLE XIV. Amendments to this constitution may be made at any annual congress of the American Secular Union by a three-fourths vote of the qualified members present. But no amendment shall be made unless the proposed alteration shall have been published one month previous to the meeting.

Notice is hereby given that a motion will be made at the ensuing congress of the American Secular Union to strike out the preamble and constitution as they now stand and to substitute the above.

R. B. WESTBROOK, President.

September 19, 1889.

THE PROGRESS OF TRUTH.

The mind of man was born in darkness. For unknown ages it brooded in the gloom. It knew not its ignorance, or, if it had dim consciousness of something lacking, could not supply the want, and dully plodded on. Man had just escaped from beasthood and the beast clung to him strongly. Truth was to him only a true eye to draw an arrow, to dart a spear, to strike his late wild-beast brother a fair blow in a vital part. With unspeakable pity and a half-contempt we look back at that low-browed savage, whose highest ambition was to kill his prey or enemy, to glut his appetite and sleep away his surfeit. He seems an animal of another genus; but no, he was our progenitor!

And he was an enormous advance on his beginning. He had crept up through æons uncountable from the first germ of life to the stature of a man. One by one the senses were added to the growing form; one by one the organs of sense and motion were developed into greater power; step by step the growing brain mounted the throne of intellect. Man came forth from among his brother beasts and became their king. Once as they were, the gate of truth was opened and he entered a new world. He put his hand upon the lever of discovery and was suddenly whirled out into the land of knowledge. Yet then he knew not so much as does a child to-day. He seems almost as far away from us as does the ocean-ooze, in which he started, from himself. Knowledge in its revelation seems as indifferent to time as does the infinite to man. The pearls of truth drop slowly from the treasures of omniscience. For thousands of centuries man may pick and work at the rock of life and get but a bare existence; then comes a century when a bonanza of knowledge is struck, and he revels in his riches.

But no discovered mine of knowledge enriches the whole world equally, but chiefly the fortunate nation that possesses the discoverer and inherits his wealth. The discoverer may be neglected, be persecuted, may suffer unspeakably and perish because of his discovery. For the miner for truth, unlike the miner for gold, when he has found his treasure, by a strange paradox, may become impoverished, not enriched, impoverished of comfort, of friends, of all that pleases the taste and satisfies the appetite, of the approval of men, and the power that money brings.

For, singular fact in human history, while a few have desired truth, the majority have disliked it, and that is as true to-day as ever. The pure gold that was to enrich their understanding, they have spurned, cursed the finder, and flung him into chains or killed him. When Socrates told the Athenians that their gods were false, they condemned him to drink poison; when Galileo declared that the world moved he was imprisoned; when Giordano Bruno said that the fixed stars were suns, Rome burned him at the stake. Men have fought against the laws that brought them social order, have broken the machines that increased their personal comfort, have accused of trafficking with the devil the chemists whose researches have incalculably enriched mankind,

have excommunicated the geologists who have explained the structure of the earth, have called blasphemy free speech which tore the veil from delusion, have always hounded, hunted, hated, and tried to kill that truth which was to make them free. The giant vanity of man has always wrestled fiercely and brutally with young truth. Again and again must knowledge pry away the boulders of prejudice that lie across its path. Opinion once formed changes slowly, and it is more difficult to cast out error than to make a fortune. We cannot think highly of the character of man's mind when we consider the opposition he has made to his own enfranchisement. The cause of this obstinacy in wrong is vanity, a disease of the understanding, the quicksand of reason, a wall against knowledge, the unforgiving enemy of truth. Man is ashamed to acknowledge his mistakes, and would rather persist in his errors than confess that he is wrong. This infirmity of the mind blinds his eyes and blocks his own pathway.

We need not pity overmuch that early savage man. He knew not his own ignorance. He was satisfied with his savagery, and thought it knowledge. So dense is man's self-conceit that he cannot see through it the sunlight of truth, or if he sees it, fears it as a fire that will consume the paper-dolls of his adoration. Man hugs his delusions, his governments by divine right, his paternal government, his party government, the dead corpse of his religions, his imagined god, his fancied heaven. He cherishes them long after life has departed from them, because habit has made them familiar, and pride chokes the breath of truth that would pronounce them false.

The last great struggle of our age was against the slavery of the body. The present war is against the slavery of the intellect. The prosperous middle class as a body, many of the rich, and great masses of the working people of this country, in particular the Catholics, are in a state of intellectual slavery to the power of the church. The minor dogmas of the church may be freely discussed where some degree of intellectual liberty has been gained. The numerous divisions into which the church itself is split by quarrels over doctrine compels this concession. But all must accept the great teachings of the personality of Christ and the necessary existence of the church itself.

The Unitarians, who deny the divinity of Christ, have by degrees compelled a social recognition in some of the larger cities and towns of the land, and have attained an established position. But in nine-tenths of the land they are unrepresented by organization, and condemned and denounced by ministers and priests and the great majority of the members of the Christian churches.

If such is the position of Unitarians, what is that of Freethinkers, who go much farther and accept only as true that which science, the highest organized knowledge, proves? At the name of Unitarian the orthodox church pulls a grave face, and prophesies solemn destruction, but at that of Freethinker it grows pale with horror, then boils with rage and charges like a bull that has seen a red rag. Freethought means the destruction of church domination, the absolute overthrow of the church itself as an institution, the abandonment of the principles on which the organization of the church rests. No wonder that the church trembles at the name, and brings forth every weapon in its armory to crush, kill, annihilate this foe to its supremacy. Reason it has not, though of sophistry and pretense an abundance. The prison-cell, the rack, the fire are no longer possible as punishments for its opponents, but there are mental and moral tortures which it can inflict upon its foes, and these it uses sparingly.

Freethought, it thunders, is not respectable. Respectability is a club that has dashed out the life of many a child of the brain. Many a germ of doubt that would have flowered into knowledge has been crushed by the weight of this weapon.

What is respectability? That to which respect is due. But is respect due to a church whose foundation principles are exploded errors? A church which is either intellectually dishonest or intellectually barren? A church which, to cover its own nakedness, denounces the garments of another as unfashionable? A church that passes as the refuge of virtue, and unceasingly attacks the highest of all virtues, truth?

Or is respect the due of character that refuses to countenance

absurd dogmas, of knowledge that demonstrates the errors of the mind, of science that explains the true methods of the universe as opposed to those of delusion and ignorance? Which is the more respectable, the church or honesty? The church or knowledge? The church or truth?

Among themselves, in hours of confidence, men will speak quite freely their denials and their doubts. But in a mixed company the voice of Freethought must be repressed lest the tender susceptibilities of the religious may be wounded. He who expresses freely and openly his conviction of the falsity of dogma and the truth of science must expect dislike, unfriendliness, obloquy, and persecution. Social exclusion and the withholding of business patronage are two weapons that the church daily uses against Freethought with great effect.

Women are particularly sensitive to social influences, and when these are unfriendly, the budding thoughts of intellectual freedom are nipped by the religious frost, and the church holds them nearly all as willing slaves. Men care less for society's mandates; but their pockets are most sensitive, and few dare have the courage of their convictions. Business patronage is a fetish that they all worship most devoutly, and many would rather be Mohammedans, if that were popular, than lose a single customer. With them it is not a matter of principle, but of profit. The church plays skillfully upon this weakness and secures her pews and subscriptions by promising a greater equivalent in custom. She secures men's support to dogmas, in which they do not believe, by threatening the withdrawal of a livelihood as the penalty of refusal. This is not only intellectual bondage: it is but a modified form of bodily slavery. Men pay a portion of their yearly earnings to support these arrogant masters, and get in return a wearisome iteration of exploded mistakes. Labor taxes itself to support falsehood. The nineteenth century carries the church like an old man of the sea upon its back, feeds it with its wealth, and has not the courage or the vigor to shake it to the ground.

Occasionally a man is found who has managed to gain a competence in fair business without submitting his intellect to the chains of the church. I know one such Freethinker in San Francisco, who recently told me: "I never concealed my principles. The Christians tried to injure me, but I sold such good articles men had to buy them; they could not get their equal in the market." In this case my friend was a dealer in things eatable. The appetite of the Christian was stronger than the denunciation of the priest; and the honesty of the article prevailed over the opposition of the church—from which business men may take a lesson.

But more men are like the millionaire who told me when I asked his support for our society, "No; it is too early for this movement; I like to have the people enlightened, but there are a great many men in this city who dare not express their opinions openly," of whom evidently he was one.

This intellectual and moral cowardice is often vanity, a second chief obstacle in the progress of truth. Men fear the church. She threatens to deprive them of their livelihood and their profits if they do not assent to her dogmas and contribute to her coffers. The shrewd millionaire knows that he can find more victims within the church than without, and so does not care to stray beyond its pale or openly oppose its teachings. The general business man fears the church's power and is solicitous for her influence. Only the workman in large numbers seems able to think and speak as he will. If not a Catholic, he will have naught to do with the church, and plain labor has a greater freedom of speech than its richer employer. Yet it pays its tax to the church in the greater burdens borne because of the exemptions of the church, and the aggregate toll of Catholic workmen adds annual millions to the ecclesiastical treasury. Fear of the church prolongs a dominion that has always forbidden intellectual liberty and holds back a knowledge of the truth which would inestimably benefit mankind. Fear has always been the church's chief instrument of submission, and, as it was her first weapon, so it will be her last. But shall the men of the nineteenth century be afraid of a shadow, an invention, a fiction of the mind? Shall they bow down before untruth, and acknowledge the supremacy of error?

Men of America, are you cowards and dare not proclaim your own opinions? Are you afraid to declare the truth and prefer to submit to falsehood? Will you continue to support by your hard-won earnings an institution that conceals knowledge and teaches worn-out errors instead of certain truth? Shame upon your supineness and your ignorance! You lie trembling beneath the power of this giant pretension, when a few well-directed blows would crush in his hollow frame and level him with the dust. The church is mighty, numerous, strong in wealth, and apparently strong in numbers; but it is rotten at the core. It is eaten through and through with the dry-rot of hypocrisy. The whole structure must fall at last, when the life of its belief has departed.

If you have won mental freedom for yourselves, will you still allow the chains to shackle your wives and children? Will you permit your sons and daughters to endure the same distress and torture that you have endured through the teachings of a false creed? Is it manly, is it just, is it humane to allow their tender minds to be bruised by the harsh fetters of ecclesiastical dogmas? Is it not cowardly to have escaped yourselves, and then sacrifice your children beneath the wheels of this modern juggernaut?

Shall the women of America in this day of enlightenment still cling to a blind superstition? Shall they slavishly follow the teachings of a church that refuses knowledge and fears the light of truth? Will they still suffer their souls to be beaten by ecclesiastical rods heated in the fires of hell and God's displeasure; or will they turn with the unutterable scorn of womankind upon their tormentors and shut the door of knowledge in their face? Within that door you are safe, safe from future misery and much present anguish. And will the mother's heart allow her children's minds to be torn upon the like rack of suspense where she has suffered, to be defiled by the coarseness and nakedness of Old Testament story and language, to be taught a conception of God like that of an African savage, to have their intelligence clogged and confused by mythological miracles which they must accept as of divine working, though confuted by all the rest of their intellectual training? The women of America have not been lacking in the past to the needs of the nation or the cause of right. They stayed the hearts of our forefathers in the struggle of the Revolution. Their ears heard the cry of the slave beneath the lashes of his bondage. Their hands cared for the wounded, and their cheer buoyed up the soldier, the husband and the son, in the day of civil war. And shall woman's voice be silent, her sympathy withheld, and her heart averse in this conflict for knowledge, this last great battle of truth with ignorance and superstition?

H. M.

A SINNER AMONG THE SAINTS.

Feeling a reverential calm stealing over me this blessed Sabbath day, occasioned by the chime of church bells and the street parade of the Salvation Army, I drifted into the meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on Fort street. And it came to pass as I entered the sacred portals of their new building, consecrated to Christ but uncompleted for want of cash, I beheld two young men with saintly smile and extended hand; and one stood upon the right and the other upon the left, for the purpose of extending a cordial greeting by a hearty grasp of the hand. The saint and the sinner shook; and the shake was as firm and hearty as muscle and piety could make it. I was then ushered into a seat, and soon after the services began. What was once considered sacrilegious music was then extracted in large quantities from a big bass viol, four fiddles, a flute, and an organ. As my soul is very partial to music, I enjoyed this part of the service very considerably, and keeping perfectly passive allowed it to thoroughly agitate my emotional nature. As the last note left the interior of the big bass viol, an unctuous individual from York state, back East, with alimementiveness large and abdomen the same, proceeded to bore us for Christ's sake the next forty-five minutes. During his exhortation to be saved from the wrath to come, before he left town and it got too late, the usual stock lies about Ingersoll were repeated, and the fearful rapidity with which his teachings were filling sheol was made known. I endured the ordeal of his "humble efforts" to save sinners in this manner

until the agony was over, so as to hear the fiddles once more, when I took my departure without raising my hand to be prayed for. As I passed out, two more young and athletic men stood ready to bestow the Christian grip, and again we shook with earnestness and great vigor. This ended the programme, and I went forth to mingle with the world's people and associate again with sinners.

C. SEVERANCE.

Los Angeles.

A GOOD WOOD FOR THE SECULAR PILGRIM.

We take the following from a two-column review in the Columbia Chronicle of Mr. S. P. Putnam's lectures at Dayton, Wash.:

In accordance with a previous arrangement, S. P. Putnam delivered three of his Freethought lectures in this city, beginning Saturday evening, Aug. 24. In view of the large and nightly increasing audiences with which he was greeted, of the thoughtful attention which was yielded him, of the expressions of pleasure heard on every hand at the close of each lecture, and of the favorable comments upon the street, one runs no risk of making a misstatement to say that these lectures were extremely good. Furthermore, any who would seek reason for their popularity need not seek in vain.

That qualification of a speaker which perhaps commends him to the largest number, is his style of delivery. In this Mr. Putnam is most happy. While in the introductory portions of his lectures his voice lacks modulation, and his manner is somewhat stiff, yet, when he warms with his subject he rises to the height of true eloquence, and is full of force, of energy, and of poetic fire. Though less of a humorist and less of a rhetorician than Ingersoll, he masses a formidable array of reason and evidence, which is to some extent enlivened by anecdote, and embellished with many beautiful periods.

What should still further commend Mr. Putnam to his hearers is the spirit of fairness and courtesy with which, to all appearances, he earnestly endeavors to treat. Not infrequently some of the most intolerant and fanatical people, are to be found among the class who style themselves Liberals; but the charge of intolerance and fanaticism cannot be truthfully preferred against the representative of Liberalism under consideration. Whatever of good the organized body of Christianity has done for humanity and for the world he recognizes and pays it tribute; he appreciates the value of the life of Christ as an example in human history. Whatever precepts of the Bible he thinks calculated to sweeten life and stimulate worthy endeavor, he is as ready to accept as the readiest. On the whole, he is truly conservative, thoroughly generous, and maintains an attitude and bearing toward his adversaries in every way worthy of the scholar and gentleman. Then add to his eloquence of style and fairness of treatment the vigor and originality of thought in which his lectures abound, and their claims to merit are at once established.

WE KNOW NOT WHAT IT IS.

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wander still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say!
Life is a mystery, as deep as ever death can be;
Yet oh, how dear it is to us, this life we live and see.

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and blessed is the thought:
"So death is sweet to us, beloved, though we may show you naught;
We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of death—
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Though naught is known, yet I believe in equal good ahead;
And as life to the living is, so death is to the dead.

"Robert Elsmere," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Price, 50 cents.

Mr. Clow Should Be Satisfied.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I think Bro. W. C. Clow, of Hillsboro, will be satisfied now, and ask no more foolish questions, since he is "answered" by J. A. Stromberg, "priest of the reorganized church of Jesus Christ, L. D. S." (Latter Day Saints, *i. e.*, Mormons.) It reminds me of the little poem of Newton and the old woman:

Once upon a time, 'tis said,
Great Newton took it in his head,
That head so learned in nature's great economy,
To teach, oh task how very hard,
(Which few philosophers regard)
To teach an obstinate old dame astronomy.
The sage talked on, and showed such knowledge
As now would serve to endow a college.
How from almighty hands divine were hurled
To roll in space each circling world—
"Worlds!" cried the dame; "don't tell me so,
When I already better know.
Worlds! How you talk! Why, just look up and view 'em.
No; those bright stars which shine so high
Are holes, friend Isaac, in the sky,
An' God's bright glory shinin' on us through 'em."
"True," said the sage; "my good old soul,
God's glory shines all through the whole;
His mighty works omnipotent evince Him."
"Shines through the hole—oh, then, I find
The astronomer is not so blind
But good sound reason will at length convince him."
He who weighed worlds and nobly scanned
What the Architect divine had planned,
And in deep learning second was to no man,
Gave up as task too hard to teach,
(And even beyond a Newton's reach,
An obstinate and overwise old woman.

But it is the fate of the man of advanced thought that he must go on casting "pearls before swine," notwithstanding that they trample them under their feet and would "turn again and rend him" if they had the power. J. A. Stromberg is joined to his idols; let him alone.

Aumsville, Or.,

F. S. MATTESON.

Mrs. Krékel's Campaign on the Coquille.

To the Editors of Freethought:

We have enjoyed another feast. Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel finished her course of five lectures on Coquille River, given under the auspices of the Coquille Secular Union, last evening at Bandon. Her advent among us was at an inauspicious time. The Agricultural Fair held at Arago had closed only the day before, and two threshing-machines were busy from early morn till late in the evening in the neighborhood of Myrtle Point and Arago. On the lower river the fishing season was at hand, employing a large majority of the young men in the neighborhood, consequently her audiences were not so large as they would have been had these adverse circumstances not existed.

Coquille City, however, was an exception. There was a larger audience than attended any of our lecturers who preceded her. Her audiences in every instance were, however, attentive and appreciative, and were reluctant to leave the hall after the lecture had closed.

I cannot help but digress here from my subject and pen an idea that occurred to me in speaking of the threshing-machine. Is not the separator in active operation a fitting symbol of Liberalism? Liberalism, metaphorically speaking, separates according to present knowledge and experience "the golden grain," that which is good, useful, healthful, and beneficial to all mankind, from the chaff and dross of the past and present. The separation may not be perfect, owing to the persistency of the chaff to cling to the grain, or some imperfection in the machinery, or probably too heavy feeding by the managers on account of their enthusiasm. Mistakes, however, are stepping-stones to perfection, and time will cure defects.

The first lecture was at Myrtle Point on the 14th inst., in the evening. The Myrtle Point brass band was as usual in attendance to enliven the occasion. The lecturer, although fatigued from her long journey, did justice to the subject, "Natural Morality Superior to Theological Restraint as a Safeguard to Society," and was often applauded. The subject brings into contrast the two extremes, and Mrs. Krekel handles it without gloves, yet with due respect to those not in sympathy with her.

The next lecture was at Arago on Sunday afternoon, the 15th, the subject "Evolution of Thought and Progress of Ideas." This lecture is instructive and interesting. The audience was so interested and appreciative that by a rising vote they invited the speaker to deliver another lecture in the evening. The subject, "Woman's Equality Before the Law," was ably handled by the speaker and appreciated by the audience.

Circumstances prevented your humble servant from attending the lecture at Coquille City. We, however, learn from friends that the audience was large and appreciative and requested another lecture, which was granted, and Monday evening, Sept. 23, the appointed time.

Realizing that our guest was a stranger in a strange land and needed a chaperon to see that she was neither strayed, lost, nor stolen, we on Tuesday morning, the 17th, laid dull cares aside and hied ourselves to Coquille City to escort our friend to Randolph and Bandon. At Randolph the audience was small, but very appreciative. Judge D. J. Lowe, a hero of Liberalism, presided, and contributed over one-half the expense of the lecture.

Bandon, by the sea, was reached on the 18th, at 6 o'clock P. M. The subject for the evening was "The Religion and Church of the Future." J. M. Upton, of the Recorder, presided. This lecture is intensely interesting, full of logic, with now and then a full length knife thrust at the fallacies of the present religion, and closed with a peroration relative to the coming religion, grand and sublime.

The smoke and fog enveloped the little town by the sea with a thick veil that night as if to imprison the beautiful sentiments that had been spoken. The next morning, however, we concluded that it was intended not only for the sentiments but the speaker also. The dispenser of mists soon dispensed the fog, and we fearlessly sailed into the smoke, realizing that we must sooner or later become accustomed to it. Mrs. Krekel made a host of friends. The prevailing question is, "When will she come again?"

Arriving at Coquille City we bid our friend adieu until the Portland Convention, (no providential circumstances intervening), deputized our co-worker, Dal Cathcart, to see her safe with the friends at Marshfield, and came home to assume the duties of every-day life, realizing that our time had been well spent. Yours fraternally, J. HENRY SCHROEDER.

Arago, Coos Co., Or.

Friday Deaths Condemned.

The clergymen of Stockton have unanimously condemned the practice of holding funeral services on Sunday.

The above is culled from "Coast Notes" in Wednesday's Bulletin. It seems to us that if Stockton's clergymen intend to condemn Sunday funerals, they must also condemn the habit people have of dying on Friday or Saturday. Sunday, taking all things into consideration, is the best day for funerals, as it is more convenient for most people to attend than on any other day of the week. The world is growing exceedingly practical, and if we were anxious to have a very large funeral, we feel certain that our wishes in that respect would be more apt to be gratified if we died, say on Friday or Saturday, so our funeral could be held on Sunday, Stockton's divines to the contrary, notwithstanding. But then, perhaps Sunday funerals sometimes interfere with church, thus depriving the pastors of the "regular morning collection."—Lodi Sentinel.

Tribute to Rome.

I am informed that upon each monthly pay-day of city employes, especially the police, there is to be found at the city hall and police pay-stations from one to half a dozen nuns, or sisters of charity, seated at a convenient point where the men have to pass after receiving their pay, and into whose open palms each employee is expected to drop a portion of his salary as he passes out. To give the affair an air of authority, so far as the police are concerned, the police captain often acts as chaperon to these nuns, standing guard to see who contributes. Of course the patrolman knows the eagle-eye of his captain is upon him, and not wishing to incur his displeasure, stands and delivers for the benefit of the Roman Catholic church.—Americus in the Chicago News.

Oct. 6,
1889.Oct. 6,
1889.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS

THIRTY-SEVENTH
ANNIVERSARY BALL
OF THE
SAN FRANCISCO
TURN VEREIN

Sunday, October 6, 1889.

Dancing, Concert, Prize-Exercises, Gym-
nastics of the Members and
Scholars, Singing, etc.Admission: Adults, 25 Cents a Person.
Children, 10 " "

Dancing in the Afternoon, Ball All Night.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS

Oct. 6,
1889.Oct. 6,
1889.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby inform the fruit-growers of California that I have invented a Fruit Drier entirely different from anything I have ever seen or heard of. It is simple in construction, will be run by steam and, as I firmly believe, will remedy all the defects in other family driers—especially the Zimmerman, which I have used and under stand well.

A model of the above dryer is on exhibition at J. H. Redstone's at No. 1509 Market street.

Mr. Redstone will explain its construction, mode of operation, etc., to callers. He is also authorized to sell the same or organize a company to manufacture and sell said drier on this coast.

G. W. THURSTON, Sr.

THE SABBATH IMPOSTURE.

BY HARRY HOOVER.

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Before the Bar of Conscience.

I sat alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased,
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased,
And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And the things that I thought were dead things,
Were alive with a terrible might,
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face,
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that solemnly-silent place.

And I thought of a far away warning,
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that was then the future,
But now is the present time,
And a thought of my former thinking
Of the judgment day to be,
And sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.

And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave;
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save.
And I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by,
For it was but the thought of my past life
Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision passed away,
And I knew the far away warning
Was a warning of yesterday,
And I pray that I may not forget it,
In this land before the grave,
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.

And so I have learned a lesson
Which I ought to have known before,
And which, though I learned it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience,
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future
In the land where time shall cease.

And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful soe'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me. —Star.

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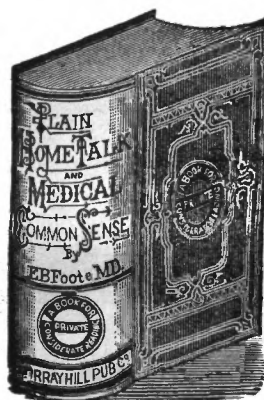
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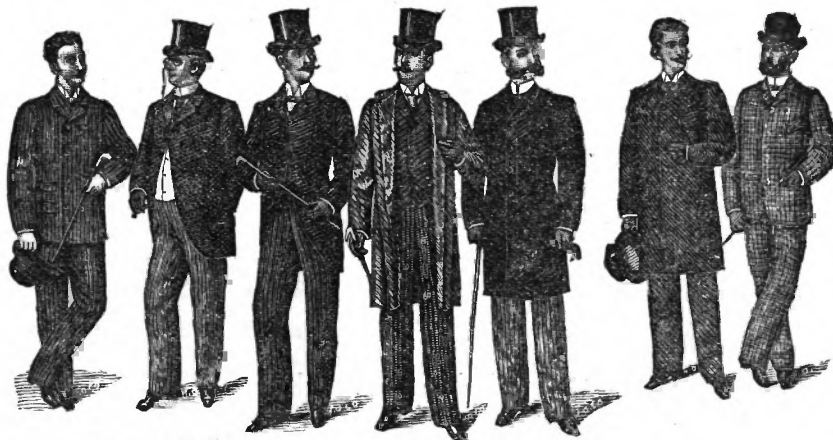
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NEWS AND NOTES.

Lone Rock is so named from a huge mass in the centre of its winding dales. Where this vast boulder came from nobody can tell. It is evidently the "oldest inhabitant," and had a ride of several hundred miles by flood and fire before it reached its present location. Around this relic a few houses are gathered. As friend Collins and myself rode in, Bob Brown was on hand to give the grip, and to announce that the school-house was in readiness for the lecture. Brown was at Haystack, where he camped out, and arose early in the morning and hied away to Lone Rock, to set our flag up there, right over the Methodist prayer-meeting. Brown is a brave and staunch Liberal. Along with him is Alex. Crawford, Lewis A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Boone, and others. The school-house was quite full. It is used also for a church, and the class-meeting was just over as the Infidel lecturer began, but there was no apparent discord. Dr. Nicklin, a broad-minded Christian gentleman, introduced me to the audience. He calls himself "Christian," but as he wants to hear all sides of the question, and is in favor of inquiry and progress, I don't know how far that cognomen will suit. But of course each man can choose his own name, but as a friend and companion Dr. Nicklin pleased me, whatever title he may assume. In substance he is a Freethinker, and we can agree to disagree, and discuss theology to our heart's content. There was so much interest manifested in the first lecture that it was voted to have another on Friday evening, and so I remained over, and continued the discourse on the "Philosophy of Freethought," and meanwhile had an agreeable, sociable time with this frontier community. Lone Rock is pretty near the verge of civilization, where the cowboy and broncho meander in barbaric pomp. I expect to come here again, for I like the way people do things. They do their level best, have plenty of fun, and what more can one ask for in this fleeting world?

Saturday morning we are en route for Fossil. Collins is with me still, an old campaigner. He has been quite over the coast from Mexico to Columbia, has traveled by moonlight and starlight to avoid the Indians, has stood upon the mountain-top, like Jesus and the devil, and viewed the whole world, and he has a

heart for any fate. No matter where we go he is ready for each emergency. About half way to Fossil we strike the timber. Here the roads are innumerable, crossing and recrossing each other into the heart of the forest, where the wagons go for lumber. We were directed to keep the "main traveled road." But it was pretty difficult to decide which was the "main traveled road," for all looked about alike. We guessed our way into the labyrinth, and for awhile it seemed well, but the wagon-tracks became fainter and fainter, and then vanished in the undergrowth, and not a sign of hoof or wheel could be discovered. We pressed on through the trees to the only open space we could find. This brought us to the edge of the steep hills. Looking down, Collins came to the conclusion that we had better go round instead of over, for the descent of the road which we could now trace in the ravine below, was somewhat intricate and perilous. So we again sought for the vanishing woodland roads that we might find some passable trail to the regions beneath. At length, we came across an ancient shepherd; he had his crook with him, and dog. It was like a picture of the forest of Arden, and I might imagine that the antique world was here. In fact, I never saw such a primeval-looking shepherd. He mounted the wagon and directed us on our course, and down the mountain side we crept, and soon glided into the "main traveled road," and kept it to our journey's end. It was along toward the middle of the afternoon when Fossil appeared in the far distance before us—a bright-looking village in the midst of vast and undulating hills. W. N. Putnam and his brother, J. H. Putnam, were the first to greet me. They are of the revolutionary stock, I believe, and are not afraid to go into the wolves' den, if need be. W. N. Putnam rode in twenty miles to be present at the lectures, and stand in the breach if need be, and it turned out that he was the man for the occasion. The church was built by all the citizens of the place with the understanding that it was for general use, but the Christians in control absolutely refused it for Liberal lectures. The school-house was also refused, and the Masons, not knowing but what I had horns and hoofs, and was really the devil in disguise, didn't want I should lecture in their hall until they had seen and heard me, and found out how harmless I might be, or otherwise. There was nothing to do but to make a hall for the occasion, and so the lumber was procured and in a little while Watson's store became Watson's Hall—thanks to the indomitable spirit of W. N. Putnam. Then things went on favorably, and our flag floated high. The meeting Saturday evening was crowded, and after the lecture there was a dance and sociable. On Sunday afternoon and evening there were good houses, and I have not visited a place where the outlook is more favorable than at Fossil. It is sixty miles off the railroad, but is one of the liveliest little towns on the coast. A big business is done with the ranchmen and stockmen, etc., and money seems to be plenty. Fossil keeps on growing, though the season is dull somewhat on account of drouth. It has a prosperous look all round, and its

citizens are public-spirited. The Liberal element is strong.

A. J. Shrum and family came all the way from Burnt Ranch, fifty miles, to attend the lectures. This is the roll of honor of these Freethought travelers: A. J. Shrum and wife, Mrs. Nancy Shrum, Miss Anna Gertrude Shrum, W. H. Shrum, D. P. Shrum, J. B. Teller, Eugene Loony, and Mrs. S. Wells. Mrs. Wells is mother of Mrs. Shrum, and is nearly eighty years of age, but she has the spirit of "eternal youth." It is quite an inspiration to have a friend so well entitled to life's repose come this distance, not by railroad, for the railroads are a hundred miles away from this country, but by team, in order to give the gracious benediction of age to our toils. It makes us more hopeful of the unbounded future of humanity. Miss Anna Gertrude Shrum favored us with excellent and lively music, and Mr. J. B. Teller and W. H. Shrum and A. J. Shrum joined in the singing, which was received with enthusiastic approval by the audience. In every respect we had a good time. There was the best of comradeship, and the verdict was that we will keep the campaign going, and I expect to come back next summer, and all along the route there will be new openings and larger work. They have some queer names in this country. There is one place called "Shoo-fly." I have a great desire to lecture at "Shoo-fly." It strikes me I should have a very interesting audience there. I expect to go to Burnt Ranch and Prineville for a week's campaign, and also to Haystack for a big Fourth of July celebration, and it looks as if among these ancient fossils that orthodoxy would "pale its ineffectual fires" before the advancing banners of Freethought. The fact of it is, that these fossils tell a story far more antique and wonderful than anything in the Bible records. Right here is "creation's dawn" of a million years ago, and in the "crystal music" of these hills and ravines are caught the first strains of nature's eternal march, and wandering through the immensities of these parts, its awful chambers, and desolate palaces, we hear the "mystic and unfathomable song," which thereafter surged in Shakespeare's brain, and the rejoicing splendors of to-day.

W. N. Putnam, J. H. Putnam, Ed. Putnam, brother of Joseph Putnam, of Monument, S. G. Hawson, formerly of London, of the noble Secularist band there, and co-worker with Bradlaugh; C. Cook, Harvey Martin, and Jack Martin, who, like myself, were born into the faith beneath the roof of an orthodox clergyman, but didn't stay; C. Branson, Charles G. Millet, Benton Mires, the picture of whose handsome ranch I shall hang up in FREETHOUGHT office, and I guess I must also mention Harvey, who is like Tennyson's brook, "Men may come and men may go, but I keep on forever," etc.,—these with others have made Fossil a happy memory bright with morning's glow.

It rained a bit at Fossil, just enough to brighten the atmosphere and lay the dust Monday, when I start early for Arlington, sixty miles away. Good-bye to Collins, whose genial companionship had whiled away many an hour of dusty pilgrimage. Good-bye to Fossil, Haystack, Monument, and all these wild places of nature where man has planted his royal banner. I shall not forget these vast and splendid scenes and the rough journeys amid them, where toil has been mingled with delight, where picturesque wastes are radiant with the smile of freedom and the glow of intellect.

On to Arlington, down the wild canyons and over the rough ridges where if anything should break we might tumble hundreds of feet, and find no resting-place short of sheol. The vast plains stretch away, and the blue hills, like glittering billows, melt into

the immense horizon. At Maysville, Wm. Keys and daughter increase the list of passengers from one, myself, to three. Mr. Keys is a jolly ranchman, and keeps things lively wherever he goes, for he has the blood of "Erin's green isle" and its jovial spirit. At Condon, Postmaster Darling joins us, and he is a staunch Freethinker, as it didn't take long to find out; and so "cabined, cribbed, confined," as we were by the four sides of the coach, we had a merry time, and the alkali dust, and horrible ruts that jolted us, *a la* Horace Greeley, when Hank Monk told him to keep his seat, these varieties of our journey didn't bother us much, for the jest went round and kept us continually in good humor. At six o'clock P. M., after twelve hours' ride, we rolled down the gully into Arlington. I found things ready for a lecture in the evening. I just had time to get my supper, change my clothes, and shake off the dust, when the audience was gathered, and a good audience it was, considering that only two days' notice had been given of the lecture. Mr. Harry Hawson introduced me with appropriate remarks as to the object of Secularism. Mr. Hawson is brother of our ally at Fossil, of England, one of the coadjutors also with Bradlaugh, and an earnest advocate of Liberalism. My address was well received, and arrangements were made for a lecture on the following evening.

Alex Hardie, of Lost Valley, who happened to be attending court, was our main stay at Arlington. He is a redoubtable Scotchman, and a true-hearted Liberal. He believes in work, and contributes generously to the cause. He sent five dollars for the Portland convention, besides bearing much of the burden of the expenses of lecture at Arlington. Arlington is now somewhat on the decay. It is not half as lively as it was two years ago. It has good deal of a floating population, and the prospects for permanent work here are not favorable. I did not have so many on the second evening as on the first. The court was in session, and the grand army had a parade, but the fact remains that there is general indifference concerning the importance of our work. But I found Arlington an interesting stopping-place; genial friends are here, and if only a few, they are of the loyal kind. Dr. Tournay I found to be an excellent co-worker. He has won an enviable position in his profession, and is well-known throughout the country for several useful inventions. He stands frankly by science and Freethought, and asks no favors of the churches or the priests. There is no "faith-cure" in his. It is all common sense and hard work.

Alex Crawford and Lewis Miller, of Lone Rock, and Joseph Frizzell, were also at Arlington, besides others from the county; and so by this uniting of forces I think that something has been done for progress at this point, and I shall hope for the best.

Tuesday night I leave for Portland. I had not heard the whistle of a locomotive for nearly a month, and it was quite pleasant to see the iron monster. He is a good friend indeed—better than all the angels. Early Wednesday morning I arrive at Portland. I find that everything is in good trim for the convention. President Beal is hard at work, receiving hundreds of letters, with money and good words. It will be a grand gathering, I think. Mrs. Haight is enlisting the ladies for the brilliant ball, and of course that will be one of the happiest occasions in the pathway of Freethought. Miss Hattie Blaisdell is preparing the beautiful banner. My ex-reverend Comrade Sutton is also hard at work, and also Treasurer Neunert, who wont give up, although it is not by any means easy sailing. The Christians boycott him, but they can't scare him.

Friday evening I lecture at Hillsboro. The friends here are

ready and generous. They have kept the campaign quite lively during the summer. The county fair closing on Friday, and a dance in the evening, prevented a full attendance. But my listeners were attentive, and it was an enjoyment to speak to them. The Liberals of Hillsboro are doing all they can for the cause. There are not many of them, but they are true and open-handed, and their welcome is most cheering. S. B. Huston, who is coming to the top of his profession, has always the courage of his convictions, not only in Freethought, but in all things. He is an honest politician—if you can apply the word “politician” to one who won’t dodge any issue, be it Freethought or free trade. Our friend stands by his colors, and that’s what I like. W. C. Clow, with his family, is always at the front. He gave me a beautiful present when saying good-bye, and I shall always wear it in honor of his friendship, and its sparkling lustre shall ray hope upon every toil and dusty way. I visited T. S. Wilkes and brother, hard at work in the court-house making up for reference the records of the county, etc. They are the third generation of Freethinkers, and they keep the flag unfurled with every star upon its shining folds. I found an Israel Putnam here of the old stock, and I begin to think that all the Putnams are coming into the heterodox camp. A. A. Wolf is still with us on the roll of FREETHOUGHT; Jerome Wells, and others also. Every way I had a delightful sojourn at Hillsboro, and encouragement for work. Every effort possible was made to induce Rev. Campbell to debate. He had loudly proclaimed his desire to meet me. He was anxious for the fray. He was given three month’s notice, and yet when the time came, he backed down. He refused to debate, he had other engagements, etc. It is my opinion that the Rev. Campbell has had enough of it, and has come to the Fallstaffian conclusion that “discretion is the better part of valor:”

“He who fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day.”

Campbell is always ready for the combat, but like the Irishman’s flea, when you put your finger on him he isn’t there. Farewell, Brother Campbell. I thought to see thee in the list of battle, valiant, shining, thunderous, defending Zion in the sweat of thy face. I did not think that the last I should behold of thee would be thy far retreating coat-tails en route to “other engagements.”

On Saturday morning I went to where Charles Hagner and his little wife and baby, which of course is the grandest baby in the universe, are camping out, or rather camping in what he calls “the barn,” where he lives until the cottage is built. Well, we enjoyed it all the same as if it were a “palace fair,” and ate our dinner merrily, and after dinner started off—wife, baby, and all, with a spanking team, for North Yamhill, twenty-one miles away. It is a splendid ride over across the country, although it is cloudy and windy and rainy part of the time. This is a magnificent land indeed, and nowhere in the world are there more prosperous homes and ampler fields and pastures where the fat cattle roam, and the sheep flock the hills, and the slow battalions of swine are preparing for pork.

The mist is pouring down as we reach the pretty village of North Yamhill. The prospect is not very cheering for an audience, but a few gather together as the lights flash forth from the hall into the heavy night. I hope for pleasant weather on Sunday, but the vast masses of cloud remain, with now and then a streak of blue, and glorious bursts of sunshine. When the hour for lecture arrives, both afternoon and evening, there seems to be

an extra dash of rain prepared especially for the occasion, and the hall is only about half filled. Nevertheless, I enjoy meeting our excellent friends here, and I could not find an audience better in quality than our veterans here. North Yamhill is known in the annals of FREETHOUGHT as always ready to do its duty, and I have been cheered both in storm and sunshine by these generous allies.

I was sorry to find Lee Laughlin on the sick list, and only able to attend one of the lectures, but heart and brain are true as ever to the cause. He has had quite an experience in the pioneer world of Oregon. He was snowed up one winter, about Umatilla, with James Wardwell, of Idaho, and they passed the long hours playing “old sledge,” etc. I guess Wardwell remembers this. He was also with Mayor Magone in the early wars. If all our pioneer Liberals could get together at Portland, what stories they could tell of flood and field, of mountain and plain, of all the wild romance of Oregon’s wonderful youth, when civilization first struck its vast solitudes.

Hon. R. R. Laughlin bore our banner in the last legislature, and did some effective work for the taxation of church property, which will be of great benefit as we push the battle. The beginning has been made, and results are favorable for the next campaign.

I was welcome at the hospitable home of Lee Laughlin, where the Secular pilgrim can sit by the happy fireside and find rest and inspiration for still further adventure, but George H. Dawes, whom I had not seen before, and who went twice to the train and missed me, and wanted to give me a little discipline—and besides we had a few things to talk about—took me to his domicile, where Mrs. Dawes and the children, Eva and Leland, make the new western home bright as merry noise and hopeful work can do. The little boy is named after our famous secretary, T. C. Leland, and he looks with his broad brow and sparkling eyes as if he would be worthy of his brilliant namesake. Mr. Dawes has charge of a private school here under management of Mr. Hauswirth. I looked in upon it for an hour or two, and the atmosphere of liberty and science is quite delightful. The school is entirely non-sectarian, and the scholars are co-workers with the teacher in the attainment of knowledge after the model of Spencer’s principles of education, where reason is developed, and not simply memory. Mr. Dawes lectures occasionally. He is able and earnest in his devotion to Freethought, and is a strong addition to our forces, and will undoubtedly do a noble work upon the platform. He is one of the kind who won’t give in. Like Horace Seaver, he has the gift of pertinacity, and will hold on in spite of difficulties. There is a splendid opportunity for our friends at McMinnville, Forest Grove, and other places to secure the services of a stated lecturer, and without doubt they will avail themselves of it, and consolidate and advance our forces in this growing country. Mr. Dawes is a welcome co-worker with our too few laborers upon the platform. I have had a most enjoyable visit with him, and find the true comrade and honorable soldier, who is not one bit afraid of toil and danger. Mrs. Dawes was born into the Baptist church, but Christianity has since disappeared, and she is now a brave and cheerful companion in the hard and rugged ways of pioneer work—ready for sacrifice, with no reward but that of honest thought and heroic deed.

My friend Hauswirth is always the same—a staunch supporter. He believes in building for the future. The school which he has established is prospering with noble possibilities of usefulness,

I found friend Higgins on the watch, keeping "time, time, time" to the march of human progress, and Miss Myrtle Higgins is likewise on the roll of honor.

I. L. Castle is almost always on the go, but he took time for two of the lectures, and would have been at the other if his orthodox horse had not taken a heterodox tumble. What he does, he does with all his might, and he is for Freethought through storm and sunshine.

J. W. Haines, J. Williams, Ivan Daniel, B. F. Wade, Frank Dudley, and others are ready to be counted for the Demands of Liberalism, and the good fame of North Yamhill, so early known, is still radiant as ever for Liberty, science, and humanity. The silver clouds sailing over the blue sky flash with the glorious sun, and heart and hope are brightened with the friends, both new and old, that I have met in this land, where beautiful harvests make golden the pathway of progress. S. P. PUTNAM.

TO THE FRIENDS AT PORTLAND.

By the time this issue of FREETHOUGHT reaches Oregon there will probably be gathered at Portland one of the largest conventions of Liberals ever held on the coast. At this convention, we cannot doubt, much good work will be done. There will be eloquent addresses, and, we hope, plans presented and adopted for continuing the influence of the meetings after the convention has adjourned. And among these methods we count first the distribution of Freethought literature. Large gatherings and fervent appeals from the platform arouse enthusiasm for the time, but the thoughts uttered must be crystallized in the printed word to become permanent, and these again must be renewed and reiterated, precept upon precept.

We therefore want to secure large circulation for the Liberal papers. Especially must the Liberals of the coast be interested in a large circulation of this particular Liberal paper—FREETHOUGHT.

There will be present at the Portland Convention several persons who will act as agents for us, and copies of this and other issues will be there for distribution. The senior Editor, S. P. Putnam, will receive new names and renewals, and supply specimen copies. President Beal in his leisure moments, if he finds any, may be applied to for the same purpose. Mrs. F. C. Reynolds and Mr. A. F. Neunert are also our authorized agents. But all these may at times be otherwise engaged, and so we have a further suggestion to make: Let all our friends and readers provide themselves with specimen copies, and constitute themselves canvassers for subscriptions, presenting the paper at all times and places, so that no one attending the convention may go away without having had an opportunity to subscribe. We trust that none who receive this suggestion will fail to act. We do not claim too much when we say that it is largely through the instrumentality of the paper and its field worker that Liberal organization in Oregon has been brought about. Then let the attendants at this convention reciprocate and give to FREETHOUGHT the support that FREETHOUGHT has given them. It is vital to the paper and vital to the cause of Liberalism upon this coast.

DOUBTFUL CONSOLATION.

In the Golden Gate of last week appeared the following:

The editor of FREETHOUGHT is asked to publish a death notice of the little two-year-old son of a friend, with the added request that the editor would "add what consolation there may be to offer." Here is the proffered consolation (?): "We can only say there is no consolation except the knowledge that merciful Time may lessen the acuteness of grief; that sorrow consumes itself at last; that whatever of trouble might have been in store for the little one, had he lived, is spared him now." If we had nothing better than that to offer a stricken heart, we would ask to be excused and say nothing. Why will our Freethought friends persist in repudiating evidence of the future life that is as palpable as sight, as positive as touch, and as clearly established as the proof of mortal existence—that is, to millions of the race? There is not a whit more improbability of a continued existence of the spirit of man beyond the confines of the grave, even were there no evidence of the fact, than there is that he exists here. There is no more mystery about the one life than the other. If there was no future life (and we know there is) then nature is an infinite cheat, as far as man is concerned. She completes everything else she undertakes; why should she make an exception of him? She brings him up to a point where his longing soul has just begun to aspire for knowledge, and then she snuffs him out of the universe! No, no, neighbor; you are on the wrong track.

Mr. Owen says that if he had nothing better to offer the mourner than the fact that time obtunds the point of grief, that sorrow consumes itself and has an end, and that the trouble which afflicts the living is spared to the dead, he would ask to be excused from saying anything. This is equivalent to assuming that to the Materialist no word of truthful consolation or sympathy should be spoken; he must bear his sorrow alone.

We do not believe that such a course is either honest or humane. It is not honest to conceal from a sufferer that his pain will sometime be healed, and it is not humane to withhold from him whatever truthful assurances there may be to lessen his anguish. When Mr. Owen says he knows there is a future life, we have to base our belief in that assertion upon our confidence in his truth and veracity; and for ourselves, we do not deny that such confidence is severely tested by his positive statement. We do not know that there is a future life, and we are not sure that it would be desirable. Certainly it is not a consolation so long as it is doubted. A child dying in infancy must enter the other world an infant. The parents never cease to think of it as such, and the mother expects to take in her arms once more the babe she placed in the coffin. She may live a half century in that hope; and here occurs a question which we would be glad to have Mr. Owen answer, since he "knows." Does the mother find her child an infant still upon the farther side, or will she find him or her a matured man or woman of fifty years? Will nature keep the child in a state of arrested development for two score and ten years to satisfy the yearnings of the parents, or will she disappoint them by permitting it to reach maturity and old age? Is the summerland a place of perpetual growth and development, or of eternal stagnation? If the former, then the experiences of this world, all its sorrows and partings, must merely be repeated. If the latter, it is an "infinite cheat" upon those who enter it in the undeveloped state of infancy. Either way, we fail to recognize where the consolation appears.

We know, if we know anything, that the dead do not suffer; that, if they are denied the pleasures of life, they are also spared its troubles. Better to leave them thus than consign them to an unseen world of whose locality, conditions, and desirability we have not the first iota of reliable information.

"Liberty and Morality," by W. S. Bell. 15 cents.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

To those who have never taken FREETHOUGHT we offer it at the following very low rates, in clubs:

One subscription one year.....	\$2.00
Two subscriptions one year.....	3.00
Three subscriptions one year.....	4.00
Four subscriptions one year.....	5.00

In clubs above four in number the subscription will be uniform at \$1.25. Try it for a year. Hand your name to our agents or address Putnam & Macdonald, 504 Kearny street, San Francisco.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, October 13, at 8 o'clock. Jerome A. Anderson, M.D., will speak on "Materialism."

It looks to us as though a wrong had been done in the arrest, trial, and conviction of James H. Barry, editor of the San Francisco Weekly Star. Mr. Barry's offense consisted in criticising the ruling of Judge Lawler in the case of Supervisor Bingham. At the same time Mr. Barry "animadverted" upon the honesty and integrity of the judge. He was thereupon arrested for contempt of court, found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$500 and to imprisonment for five days in the county jail. The injustice of this, as it seems to us, lies more in the charge than in the prosecution. We have never known before that a newspaper is forbidden by law to express an opinion on the judicial conduct of a judge. If such is the law it is broken almost daily by every journal in the city. In a case of libel a judge would have the same redress as any other citizen, and if this were the charge instead of contempt, we could have nothing to say about it until trial and investigation had revealed the facts. But in a contempt case there is practically no investigation, and the fact that a judge should be more desirous of vindicating his dignity than his official character shows that he regards the one as more defensible than the other. We have not a word to say in defense of libel, but we ought to have a good deal to say in defense of liberty of the press as regards criticism of the official acts of public servants. Our judges appear to have fed on some superior sort of meat, and to have grown exceeding great. The press is at perfect liberty to discuss the actions of the mayor of the city, the governor of the state, the president of the United States, or the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, but when it comes to a county judge the law claps on the muzzle. Opinion is divided in the present case, but Mr. Barry has many friends and supporters, and we would recommend that these now show their sincerity by contributing one dollar each to the number of five hundred and paying his fine. He may be able to spare the five days which he must spend in jail, but a fine of \$500 is excessive, and out of all proportion to the alleged offense, but, since the law is inexorable, his supporters should rally about him, make his cause their own, and lift this burden from his shoulders.

SOME time ago we incautiously offered a few reflections upon the Field-Terry case. It looks now as though we must have treated the subject as fatally as Marshal Neagle did Judge Terry, for the ghost of it still troubles us. We do not often care to disclaim responsibility for the opinions of contributors, but in this case such a disclaimer may be only a measure of common prudence.

At a meeting of the Presbytery in New Brunswick, N. J., last week the Rev. Dr. McCosh, ex-president of Princeton College spoke strongly in favor of a revision of faith. He particularly pointed out the doctrine of the foreordination as not taught by the scriptures. There seems to be a sentiment generally prevalent among Presbyterians, that their barbarous Confession of Faith should be revised, and all intelligent people must be glad to see it. But supposing the creed is revised, and the doctrine of foreordination expunged, what effect will it have, in the minds of theologians, on the fate of those who have been damned for denying that dogma? Would the fresh evidence entitle them to a new trial?

THE American Sentinel makes this very good point against the Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts: "'Office is opportunity,' is the motto displayed on the letter-heads used by the field secretary of the American Sabbath Union. This is but another version of the standard political maxim, 'To the victors belong the spoils.' The constant display of this avowal may be taken as a declaration that the union seeks political power, and if successful will not be slow to use it for the furtherance of its schemes. A country that is fully awake to the value of liberty, will be slow to place official 'opportunity' in the hands of a party of religionists whose aims are expressed by such mercenary sentiments."

SAYS the Ventura Democrat: "If it be the intention to build up a marine commerce at Redondo Beach, the company had better eliminate the long-haired gentry from their midst. Sunday-school notions should not be allowed to interfere with trade. If our merchants order a bill of goods via Redondo Beach, and the vessel arrives on a Sunday they should not be compelled to wait until Tuesday to receive them. Last Sunday morning a freight steamer arrived at the Redondo wharf, laden with various kinds of merchandise for Los Angeles. The captain was not allowed to unload because it was Sunday. Bah! it makes us sick."

THE Adventists of Eatontown, N. J., passed a sad day last Monday, for it was the date set by their pastor for the end of the world and the wicked, and for the transfiguration of the godly. But the world failed to desist, and the righteous did not transfigure. The heavens did not depart as a scroll, nor the earth melt with fervent heat. The Adventists, however, are not discouraged. Their pastor admits the apparent failure of his prophecy, but he is still certain that the end is near. It may be, if the fool-killer should happen through Eatontown before long.

JOHN BURNS, the leader of the London dock strikers, was once a member of the Battersea branch of the National Secular Society, and is reported to be a Freethinker. Mr. G. W. Foote thinks that Burns made a big mistake in negotiating with Cardinal Manning and the Bishop of London. These clerical "friends of the people" proposed an impossible compromise, and afterwards as good as called the strike-leaders liars for saying they had not agreed to it.

A COMMITTEE consisting of two vice-presidents and the assistant secretary of the San Francisco Freethought Society sends the following circular to members and sympathizers:

"We desire to call your attention to our local Freethought Society, to interest you in its meetings, and to secure your support of the same. This society is almost self-sustaining, the collections at its meetings falling but little short of paying the expenses of hall rent and advertising. There is at present, however, a deficit, which we wish to make up, and if possible to establish a Fund for future occasions. There are no dues

from members, and we therefore suggest an assessment of one dollar upon each member who can afford to contribute that amount, and upon every sympathizer with the movement. If you are willing to meet this assessment, and to pay one dollar, or more or less, for the support of the society, please advise the assistant secretary, G. E. Macdonald, 504 Kearny street, to that effect, or, better still, attend the meeting next Sunday evening, at 421 Post street, and see the treasurer, Mr. A. H. Schou."

To this circular the following responses have been received: C. E. Spafford, \$1; Wm. H. Eastman, \$1; Emil S. Lemme, \$1; Putnam & Macdonald (postage stamps), \$1; J. O. Scott, \$1; Wm. Noble, \$2; Mr. Augusteny, \$1; J. E. Palanca, \$1; L. Diamant, \$1; C. F. Burgman, \$1. The treasurer reports that there is still a considerable sum due the treasury for hall rent and advertising, and contributions are solicited from those who have not already responded. Such contributions may be left at this office or with the treasurer.

THE Rev. Mr. Harcourt, of San Francisco, makes some astonishing admissions, considered from the point of view of a Methodist clergyman. In his sermon last Sunday he said:

"Alexander Pope was scoffed at by the self-righteous bigots of his time because he said, 'An honest man is the noblest work of God.' In the light of a new civilization even churchmen are coming to see and believe this. But a still deeper and broader thinker than the poet has said, 'An honest God is the noblest work of man.'"

It must gratify Colonel Ingersoll, who is the author of the sentiment approved by Dr. Harcourt, to know that what was once deemed a blasphemous travesty has at last been accepted by a theologian as the best thought of the age concerning the deity.

SAYS the Alta: "The plague of fleas which closed the public schools of Troy, N. Y., has stricken the city, and public worship is almost suspended." Worshipers in Troy, if they are unused to the affliction, must feel somewhat like the Scotch clergyman who, after sitting upon an ant-hill, remarked that though he trusted he had the word of God in his mouth, he believed that the devil was in his trousers.

L. K. WASHBURN has accepted the editorship of the Boston Investigator, with Ernest Mendum as assistant. Mr. Washburn is a very able writer and lecturer, and Mr. Mendum has already shown his ability as an editor.

WE derive from the Evening Post the information that a Sunday law is being quietly prepared in this city, to be sprung when least expected, and that the struggle between Sabbatarians and their opponents is not far off.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The first rain for many weeks fell copiously last Sunday night. —The 37th anniversary of the San Francisco Turn-Verein was celebrated on Sunday at Woodward's Gardens. In the morning there was a large parade through the principal streets; in the afternoon, athletic and musical exercises, and at night a grand ball. —Miss Ella M. Smith, who died at Portland, Or., a few days ago, left \$200,000 for charitable and educational purposes. —The returns of the election of the 1st inst. show that Tacoma, Wash., is the largest city of the four new states. The vote of the largest cities of the new states was as follows: Tacoma 5324, Seattle 4560, Butte, M. T., including neighboring camps, 4109, Helena, M. T., 3553, Spokane Falls 3148, Sioux Falls, S. D., 2100. Washington cast the largest vote of any of the new states, except South Dakota, which was allowed two members of Congress. The total vote of South Dakota was about 80,000; that of North Dakota about 37,000. The total vote of Washington last November was 46,353. It will exceed 60,000

this year. —A prominent pillar of the church is missing from Seattle. His name is Morse, and when he went away he took a woman with him, but left his wife and children behind. —The Mechanics' fair in San Francisco closed last Saturday night. —The grand jury of San Joaquin county in its final report deals with the Neagle-Terry case, but no indictment is found.

The Germans of St. Louis celebrated last Sunday the anniversary of the landing of the German pioneers, Oct. 6, 1683. There were 30,000 men in line. —It is now conceded that the Democrats carried Montana in last week's elections. The other new states are Republican, and the Dakotas are prohibition. —At the convention of Theosophists in Chicago last week, resolutions were adopted expelling the noted high priestess of Theosophy, Mme. Blavatsky, and her New York representative, William Q. Judge. —Charles S. Pratt, the confidential bookkeeper, secretary and cashier of the H. Wales Lines Company, Meriden, Conn., is arrested for embezzlement of over \$10,000. The affair caused a profound sensation, as Pratt was an officer in several local organizations, the treasurer of the First Congregational Society, and a city alderman. He confesses —While a prayer meeting was being conducted at the Presbyterian church, at Moss Point, Miss., Oct. 2, some one fired a load of buckshot through the front door of the building, instantly killing two worshipers.

Bismarck, the German chancellor, is credited with addressing the president of the Woodworkers' Congress pacifically as follows: "The foreign situation is so peaceful that you may set to work without the slightest fear. It was not always so. Not long ago England still hesitated whether to act as a mad bull or as a fat ox chewing its cud. To-day her resolution is taken, and I can assure you the maintenance of peace is certain."

OBSERVATIONS.

Probably the most instructive words uttered from any platform in San Francisco last Sunday evening were in the lecture of Prof. Herbert Miller before the Freethought Society. The house was not crowded, the weather being so warm and nature so attractive so as to prevent, but about eighty people, many of them engaging young ladies, made a very satisfactory audience. Professor Joran played the piano with extraordinary brilliancy, and the opening remarks of Vice-President Eastman were exceptionally happy.

Professor Miller had chosen for his subject "Matter and Spirit," his reflections on that theme having arisen from Dr. Jerome A. Anderson's lecture in August. The speaker began by saying that when he first commenced to think he inquired how he came to be in existence, and how the world was inaugurated. He received the orthodox answers, and was referred to Genesis and the six days of creation. This was the inside teaching of the church, but outside he learned quite a different theory —that known as the nebular theory—and discarded the theological explanation as regards the world. As to the beginning of life we are still ignorant, but it is in accord with all natural law to believe that life began to exist when conditions became such that it could exist. There is no time known to science when that principle called the soul was introduced. Religions are built upon the belief that there is a soul distinct from the body which lives forever, but there is no evidence that such is the fact, and it is denied by reason and experience.

With reference to Dr. Anderson's lecture the speaker said that within the last forty years or so it had been claimed that new ground is found on which to base a future life, called Spiritualism. Of this Theosophy is a branch, though with a different source. But there was nothing in Spiritualism not to be explained on natural principles, and Theosophy was an outgrowth of Buddhism with no more claims to credibility than Mohammedanism or Christianity.

Professor Miller recognized some great principle or energy governing the universe, but to ascribe will and consciousness to it would be like ascribing them to a circle or any other geometrical figure. The speaker closed with a fine peroration, wherein he said that in a certain sense all are immortal. The matter whereof our bodies are composed had no beginning, and could have no end. We are affected by influences coming from a beginningless past, and the influences which we exert proceed to an endless

future. In this world we know that we live and love, and if there be another world worth the having we shall live and love again. Professor Miller resumed his seat cheered by the heartiest applause that any speaker before the society has as yet evoked.

Chairman Eastman next introduced Professor Joran, musician, and Mr. A. H. Schou, treasurer; and while the one drew music from the piano, the other extracted a substantial collection from the audience. Then Mr. Eastman said he would be pleased to hear any remarks pertinent to the subject of the lecture.

Dr. O'Brock was the first speaker. Readers of these reports will remember seeing the above remark before. Somebody applauded Dr. O'Brock as he took the floor, which unusual and unexpected demonstration quite overpowered him, but he proceeded and had got as far in his customary speech as Bellamy's "Looking Backward" and the defects of the United States constitution when the Chair called him to order, and requested him to speak to the subject. Dr. O'Brock claimed that "all sooppects hinch upon everytings," only the Chair was too ignorant to recognize that great truth, and denied the right of the said Chair to interrupt him. Mr. Eastman reminded him that he must appeal to the meeting if he wished redress, and the speaker thereupon inquired if his ten minutes had expired. Then a voluminous "Yes!" arose from the audience, and the doctor sat down.

Mr. C. F. Burgman followed, saying with reference to O'Brock, that he saw the necessity of limiting the range of discussion if any valuable results were to come from it. The lecture of the evening he regarded not as an exposure but as an exposition of Theosophy, one of the best he had ever heard, though he did not like Professor Miller's summary dismissal of Spiritualism. Mr. Burgman had not reached a satisfactory conclusion himself as regards a future life, but believed there was one.

Mr. Paddon pronounced the lecture the best intellectual treat he had ever enjoyed, and he had been in the Freethought ranks for about fifty years, and would reach the age of eighty in December.

A lady next arose to express her disapproval of Spiritualism, which she regarded as a disease of the brain and a most prolific source of insanity unless properly treated.

Mrs. Frost related that years ago she was a member of the Freethought society organized by Messrs. Battersby and Mackay, wherein Spiritualism was freely discussed. She was surprised to hear the Spiritualist denomination spoken of as it had been by the previous lady.

Mr. Parker, of Petaluma, said he was not averse to Dr. O'Brock, but believed in allowing a man to exhibit his idiosyncrasies without let or hindrance. He thought we could stand it for ten minutes, and preposterous persons injured themselves more than others.

Mr. Miller, in closing the discussion, said the fact that he had apparently pleased his hearers was less flattering to himself than to them, for he had addressed their common sense; had given them not so much his own opinions as the opinions of the best scientific minds of the century; and the audience had been discriminating enough to accept these opinions. The professor denied that his lecture was Theosophical, as Mr. Burgman thought, and explained that he had dismissed Spiritualism without debate as he would dismiss unargued the claim of an irresponsible person that a large stone thrown into the air, instead of returning to the earth, had continued to ascend.

Dr. Jerome A. Anderson was in the audience, and took notes. Next Sunday evening he will present the Theosophical aspect of "Matter and Spirit." From the interest manifested in the opening of the subject it is safe to predict a lively continuance and close. It will be no more than the fair thing for all who heard Professor Miller's address to attend Dr. Anderson's lecture also, and bring as many with them as the hall will admit.

Mr. Putnam will be happy when he reads the following letter:

OAK MILLS, Kan., Sept. 26, 1889.

S. P. PUTNAM, ESQ., *Dear Sir:* I hope you will allow a young Freethinker to express to you his warmest thanks for the great work you and your partner are doing. Before me on the table is a copy of FREETHOUGHT, one of the most ably conducted Freethought journals in America; and your great masterpiece, "The Glory of Infidelity," which I have just read with the greatest of pleasure. It is without doubt one

of the most logical and most eloquent speeches ever delivered in defense of Freethought. Your poem on "Thomas Paine" is worthy to rank with the efforts of a Longfellow, a Tennyson, or a Whittier. Your able and brilliant companion, Mr. Geo. Macdonald, is also a fine poet. I read his "Decoration Day" poem, and I say "it is hard to beat." Accept this as my humble opinion of your efforts. With best wishes to you and Brother Macdonald, and with a hope that your grand journal will continue to send its mighty thunderbolts of Freethought and science along the Pacific Coast as well as across the whole continent, I am,
Yours fraternally,
GEORGE J. REMSBURG.

George J. Remsburg is the son of John E. Remsburg, the well-known Liberal lecturer and writer. He is a youth of rare precocity. Though not more than eighteen, he has been talking and writing on politics and theology for several years. He is a Fourth of July orator, Republican stump speaker, and the colored man's friend. He has written for the Truth Seeker and Investigator, usually in the way of eulogium on prominent characters in American history. His manuscript is faultless in legibility, punctuation, and orthography; and while there is a certain exaggeration about his style, his composition is remarkably ripe considering the age of the writer. It is safe to predict for George a successful career, whatever course he may choose.

It is not safe for any journalist to rebuke the typographical offenses of other papers, because his own is likely to be open to the same charge; but these inaccuracies often have a deeper significance than appears to the eye of the unreflecting, and for that reason I call attention to the following from a supplement to E. C. Walker's Fair Play (Valley Falls, Kan.) of Sept. 31-13-14:

A paragraph which appeared in No. 52 got made up in the fourth page of this, and to aggravate the trouble, was "off its feet." Through failure to look at the Calendar the date was set up "September 13," and by a typographical accident the figures were transposed on the first page, making the date line read "September 31"—a non-existent date, by the way. So we start Volume II. by dating on the inside September 13 and on the outside October 1, when we meant September 14.

Then in his next issue Mr. Walker added:

To help make complete the comedy of errors in last number of Fair Play we failed to credit the excellent article, "Indifference," to FREETHOUGHT, of San Francisco.

These errors are quite annoying, and doubtless troubled Mr. Walker more than anyone else who does not recognize, as I do, the ulterior significance previously noted; which significance is that prohibition in Kansas has not achieved the full results claimed for it by its friends.

In a world full of theological humbugs, bleached blonds, and other forms of deception, it is refreshing to occasionally meet with perfect honesty and candor. The appended communication will illustrate the above remark:

TURLOCK, Cal., Sept. 28, 1889.

To the Editors of Freethought:

GENTS: Stop this paper, for it is no Good. Yours forever, E. HILL.

Here we have an open declaration of disapproval of this journal. Mr. Hill does not hold his pen in suspense thinking how he shall let us down easy. He does not claim that he takes the county paper, four dailies, and all the Liberal periodicals published in the country, and is therefore already performing more than his share toward supporting the press. He does not say he is going to leave Turlock and doesn't know where he will locate. He fails to perjure himself by affirming that he is too poor to afford four cents a week for the spread of truth and enlightenment. He even waives the right to plead that he hasn't time to read. He ignores the great advantage to be gained by repeating the popular lie that Liberal journals are unnecessary. He does not criticise our advertisements, our correspondents, or our editorial remarks on the Barry contempt case. He has no objections, apparently, to FREETHOUGHT being subsidized by its friends. He views with equanimity an occasional typographical error, and a communication from an avowed Spiritualist does not excite his anger. None of these things disturb him, none of these excuses are deemed sufficient; but looking over the publication week after week, he decides that it is no good, and therefore orders it discontinued to his address upon the expiration of his subscription.

Mr. Hill, let us annihilate the space intervening between Stanislaus county and Yerba Buena, and shake. I extend my hand to you. Draw nigh. Give me your photograph, a lock of your hair, and a brief autobiography, including the name of the woman at whose knee you were taught to adore the everlasting truth. You are the man that Diogenes and I have been looking for ever since 413 B.C.

A ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE MANUAL.

The American Secular Union, a voluntary association having for its object the complete separation of church and state, in practice as well as in profession, and in no way committed to any system of religious belief or disbelief, acting herein by its president, Richard B. Westbrook, A.M., L.L.D., as its special trustee and attorney, in fact, hereby offers a premium of *one thousand dollars* (\$1000), lawful money of the United States, for the best essay, treatise, or manual adapted to aid and assist teachers in our free public schools and in the Girard College for orphans, and other public and charitable institutions professing to be unsectarian, to thoroughly instruct children and youth in the purest principles of morality without inculcating religious doctrines, thus recognizing the legal right under our Federal Constitution of all our citizens, Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, Liberals and Agnostics, and all other classes, whether believers or disbelievers, to have their children instructed in all the branches of a common secular education in our state schools, without having their tender minds biased for or against any sect or party whatever.

It is desired that the manual for which this premium is offered shall not be a reading book for schools nor a mere code of morals, much less a system of ethical philosophy, but rather a concise yet comprehensive and suggestive exhibit, with familiar and practical illustrations of those universal foundation principles and axiomatic truths which underlie all sound morality and rightfulness, thus developing and educating that inherent moral sense which is more or less common to all rational human beings. In short, to show how to teach children the natural and essential difference between right and wrong, and the reasons therefor, without reference to sacerdotal creeds and sectarian dogmas, is the chief object to be kept in mind in writing for this premium; as it is the unquestionable right of every tax-payer and citizen of this free republic to have their children educated in our common schools without having their minds prejudiced on those disputed subjects which may safely be intrusted to the family, the churches, and the Sunday-schools, where they properly belong.

While each writer will be expected to confine himself or herself to the main object of this offer, the widest practical freedom in the form and range of treatment will be allowed, but all prejudice and partisanship regarding current controversies should be scrupulously avoided.

The manual should not contain less than 60,000 words, nor more than 100,000, though these limits will not be insisted upon in a work of special merit.

The papers should all be submitted by April 1, 1890, though more time will be granted if necessary; but the committee will be ready to receive manuscripts by the first day of January, 1890.

Each manuscript should be in type-writing, or at least should be very legibly written to insure a careful reading, and should have a special mark or designation, and the name and postoffice address of the author should be sent at the same time in a sealed envelope, not to be opened until after the award is made, bearing the same mark, and both addressed to R. B. Westbrook, No. 1707 Oxford street, Philadelphia, Pa., post or express prepaid. Unaccepted manuscripts will be returned to the writers at their own expense, and the accepted manuscript shall become the exclusive property of the Union, to be held in trust by the trustee herein named, and the premium of \$1000 will be promptly paid, without discount, when the copyright is thus secured. The money is now on deposit, in trust, with the Guarantee Trust and Safe Deposit Company in Philadelphia, for the object contemplated.

A representative and impartial committee shall in due time be carefully selected by the subscribers to this fund or a majority of them, to act as judges of the manuscripts submitted and to award the prize. The trustee herein named shall be a member and the chairman of said committee, whether he continues in the presidency of the American Secular Union or not.

Writers of all nations are invited to join in the contest, and the award will be made without regard to nationality or sex.

R. B. WESTBROOK,

President of the American Secular Union,
1707 Oxford street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Attest:

E. B. FOOTE, JR., Ch. Ex. Com. OTTO WETTSTEIN, Treasurer.

THE INCONSISTENCY OF AGNOSTICISM.

"It seems to me as irrational to say there is no God as to say there is a God."—Editor Twentieth Century.

But, pray, why? Does not that proposition tacitly concede that it is irrational to say there is a God? If so, how can it be irrational to deny an irrational proposition or absurdity? Are not the two propositions antithetical? If so, one or the other is, of necessity, false. Concerning then the absurdity of the God idea, why will Mr. Pentecost persist, inconsistently, in maintaining that there is no difference between the rationality of Theism and Materialism, with its incidental Atheism?

Will he kindly tell us the difference in degree of rationality between the proposition that there is a personal devil and that there is a God? Are not both notions of the same origin and equally absurd? Are not both transmitted to us from the dark ages, from the same book, and must not both stand or fall together? Yet Mr. Pentecost would not, from pure deference and respect for our poor, non-evolved, pious friends, assume an Agnostic's attitude and concede that "it is as irrational to say there is no devil as to say there is a devil." Of course not. He simply denies the existence of "his Satanic Majesty" without equivocation, and the proof of his existence not being forthcoming his denial is equivalent to proof that such a being does not exist.

In law and equity the affirmative is obliged to prove its case. If then a proposition is self-evidently absurd, unnatural, and absolutely impossible, why concede to those affirming, without a shadow of proof, that their belief is equally rational with our unbelief, that "it may be so," "I don't know," etc.?

Having discarded as authoritative ancient traditions, there is absolutely no logic, no reason, no science, no analogy that will sustain or demonstrate the existence of a God. And in view of this fact a simple denial is all-sufficient to prove the negative. As the plea of the prisoner at the bar of "not guilty" is equivalent to proof of his innocence and bound to be respected by court and juror, unless, indeed, the affirmative, beyond a shadow of a doubt, establishes his guilt, so the Atheist's fearless denial, nowadays, must demand profound respect, and is equivalent to proof, unless, indeed, the church brings proof, outside of a discarded Bible, of the truth of its basic idea.

Now, though unnecessary to prove a negative, and the God-idea not having been established by history, revelation, science or reason, yet alleged arguments being continually advanced in the vain endeavor to resuscitate a vanishing religion, a few propositions are here advanced which prove there is no God:

There is a universe. This proves there is no God.

The universe is infinite. This excludes anything else of like character—two infinities being an absurdity.

The universe (nature) is here and there and everywhere. This proves that God cannot be here and there and everywhere.

Two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. Matter (implying energy and force) monopolizes every point of space, nothing else can occupy it in addition.

The universe exists now. Something cannot come from nothing, therefore the universe has always existed.

Being eternal and infinite, this excludes anything anterior, exterior, or superior to it. Is God in the universe or the universe in God? If there is a God, either of these propositions must be true, yet both are glaringly absurd.

Can an engineer drive a locomotive and be a locomotive at the same time? If not, how can a God manipulate an infinite universe and be infinite "himself?"

Yet the universe, outside of God, is an absolute reality, as much so as a locomotive is a reality outside of the engineer. The world is a reality, our planets, the sun, all the countless millions of stars within reach of our telescopes, and the infinitude of stars and systems beyond the reach of our strongest lenses, which science infers to exist, all these are a reality and all these, yes, every object of knowledge is a reality, but all these are not God! How then, in the name of reason I ask, can a God of whom we know absolutely nothing, be infinite, when an infinite number of material objects, not God, fill all space?

But does the universe exist in God? If we but imagine for a moment the aspect of the universe to resemble a huge machine of infinite dimensions, eternally active in all its vast proportions, the idea of the universe existing within a God will appear equally childish and simple.

All phenomena are the results of energy co-existent and inseparable from matter. All cosmic motion, change, and life may be traced to this physical and chemical energy pervading all nature—never to a God.

Mind—the so-called infinite as well as the finite—implies limit, localization, conditions, etc. This fact tends to prove that while God, perchance, might concentrate his mind on the world or some particular sect or individual, considering their exhortations, the rest of the world and the universe for the time being would be Godless!

From a late scientific authority I quote in proof: "It is impossible for a person's mind to be in two places at the same time." Noted chess-players may play twenty games simultaneously, but it is done by speedy transfer of thoughts from one game to another, and not by considering two moves at once.

Thus "Omniscience" is impossible.

Again! Mind implies limit and necessitates organism, brain, nervous force, etc. Let the church demonstrate how a God without a brain can be a God, and all it implies, or how a God with a brain can be infinite, and I will kneel down and worship with them.

Is this dogmatism? The "dogmatism of the Infidel" we hear so much about? If it is, then asserting that twice two is four is dogmatism. Then to state all the facts of mathematics, all the truths of history, is dogmatism. We simply confine ourselves to fact, to knowledge, and to demonstrated truth. There we stop and refuse to accept the crude notions transmitted from our ignorant ancestors, which, it is dogmatically asserted, are true in spite of our knowledge and reason.

I protest against being accused of dogmatism, I studiously endeavor to be fair and make no pretensions to scholarship and learning. But I emphatically protest against the dogmatism of others who, assuming a superior air of knowledge, assert notions contrary to fact. Supposing some one should affirm that twice two is five, would it be dogmatism to deny the proposition, and would thinking minds be justified to assume the attitude of Agnostics, and concede that while in their own opinion twice two is four, yet twice two may be five, "I don't know," "one proposition is as irrational as the other," etc.?

We know a universe exists. Existing now proves it is eternal. This simple fact absolutely makes impossible, yes, needless, a God.

I simply assert that twice two is four, and cannot possibly be five. That the universe filling all space nothing else can fill it in addition. If this be dogmatism, all knowledge is a farce.

Rochelle, Ill.

OTTO WETSTEIN.

THE FALL CAMPAIGN.

S. P. Putnam has the following lecture appointments in Oregon and Washington:

Ranier.....	"	Oct. . . . 5, 6, Talent.....	"	"	. . . 22, 23,
Stella.....	W.T.,	" 7, Linkville.....	"	"	" 25, 26, 27,
Portland.....	Or.,	" 12, 13, 14, Los Angeles, San Diego, Santa Ana,			
Brownsville ..	"	" 16, Anaheim, Norwalk, Pomona, San			
Eugene.....	Or.,	" . . . 17, 18, Jacinto, San Pasqual, and other points			
Coburg.....	"	" . . . 19, 20, in So. Cal., November and December.			

RECENT NEW JERSEY LAW.

Since the trial of Charles B. Reynolds in New Jersey for blasphemy, no one expected any liberality in the judicial opinions of its courts. A recent decision, however, shows some progress. The case is that of *State vs. Powers, et al*, 17 Atlantic Reporter, 969. The defendant tendered himself as a witness in his own behalf. The plaintiff objected to his competency on the ground that he did not believe in the existence of a supreme being, and in a future state of rewards and punishments. The defendant replied that he did believe in a supreme being; that he did not disbelieve in a future state of rewards and punishments; that he believed the only punishment for false swearing was that prescribed by the state laws. Upon this the court excluded him as an incompetent witness, and rendered judgment against him.

On appeal it was held: "Assuming the common-law rule to be that no person can be a witness in a judicial proceeding, unless he believes that God will punish perjury, it becomes necessary to consider the effect of that clause of our state constitution, which declares that no person shall be denied the enjoyment of any civil right merely on account of his religious principles."

The assumption that at common law a man must believe that God will punish perjury, is unwarranted. The court held, however, that there were two questions in the case: "First, is the right of a party to testify in his own behalf a civil right? Second, is the belief of a person whether God will punish perjury to be ranked among his religious principles?" The court defined civil rights to be "those which the municipal law will enforce at the instance of private individuals for the purpose of securing to them the enjoyment of their means of happiness. . . . Among civil rights is the right to prosecute and defend actions in the courts of the commonwealth according to the established rules of practice. In the light of these statements, it seems clear that the statutory rights of a party to testify in his own behalf is a civil right."

On the second point, as to whether a person's belief as to the punishment of perjury by God is to be classed among his religious principles, the court held, "A person's sentiments on that subject must be deemed part of his religious principles. It is urged that disbelief cannot be called a religious principle."

This is an admission that belief is sacred; that a man has a right to doubt or disbelieve that God punishes perjury by any special or direct punishment. If his religion teaches him that the same rule follows disobedience of the law of truthfulness, which does of the laws of health, then his disbelief may go to the extent of the existence of a personal God. The court saw the tendency of its admission, and hedged by adding: "Perhaps, if one denied the existence of a supreme being, it might in a proper sense be said that he had no religious principles;" but that if one believed in a supreme being, that would influence his life; and "the mere fact that in those relations he has discovered no divine purpose of punishment for specific acts does not militate against his possession of religious principles, and among them are his belief, his disbelief, and his doubt concerning those relations." Hence he had a statutory right to testify in his own behalf. This is a narrow conclusion. The statute made parties witnesses in their own behalf; and this destroyed the dogma that only those who believed in an orthodox God were competent. The question of religious belief was not in question.

But the question raised by the objection and exception was whether religious belief or disbelief could be made a test of competency under that constitutional provision. The right to be competent as a witness for another is as important a civil right as the right to be a witness in his own behalf. The old idea was that no matter how religious a man might be, he would dare the wrath of God and perjure himself when his self-interest came in. Hence he was incompetent. The law changed with the progress of the times, and held that a man might be trusted as a witness in his own behalf.

The constitutional provision was intended for another purpose—to take away the stain of bigotry that had been borrowed from ecclesiastical law. It placed all men on a level so far as belief was concerned. If a man was untruthful, that was a fact—a fact to be proved, not to be inferred from his idea of God, or of an unknowable supreme being, or of hell, or of heaven.

The court, while it failed to make this distinction, ruled out the idea that the civil rights secured were only those recognized as in force when the constitution was formed. The opinion calls attention to the fact that the colonists insisted that their belief or disbelief should not debar them from rights accorded to other subjects. The court says: "Even up to the time of the Revolution, this doctrine had not broadened out into the principle which we now consider just; for in the colonial constitution of July 2, 1776, equality of rights was claimed for only those of the Protestant faith, the language being 'that no Protestant inhabitant of this colony shall be denied the enjoyment of any civil right merely on account of his religious principles.'" . . . When, in 1844, a more enlightened spirit stripped the doctrine of its sectarian bonds, and developed it into a principle of liberty, assuring to all persons the enjoyment of civil rights irrespective of religious principles, there was certainly no purpose to lessen the scope or vigor of its operation. It was still to permeate every department of the government. The object in view was to guarantee to every one that his religious principles should never, under any circumstances, be made the ground of denying him any civil right which, with different religious principles, he might lawfully claim." The court held that the provision covered rights subsequently created, as well as those existing at the time of its adoption. Having thus laid down the broad principle that rights should be protected irrespective of religious principles, the court, with great inconsistency, held that the rule only applied to parties who offered themselves as witnesses. "It is, of course, not intended to imply by the foregoing opinion that the competency of witnesses generally will not be affected by their religious principles."

This opinion is somewhat in advance of the old dogma that this is a Christian nation, and only Christians have rights the courts are bound to respect.

W. S. BUSH.

Seattle, W. T.

A CLERGYMAN'S DEFENSE OF INFIDELITY.

The pastor of the Unitarian church, Rev. N. A. Haskell (says the San Jose Times of recent date), preached Sunday on "Infidelity and Skepticism," a reply to the controversy going on in the Nineteenth Century between Dr. Henry Wace and Professor Huxley. The preacher said:

Formerly there were few terms so opprobrious as Infidel and skeptic. But this has gone by, certainly so for all thoughtful people. The church has denounced as Infidels so many men and women of the highest intellects, the most spotless characters, the purest motives, that the term is no longer one of doom except to a circle of devotees growing smaller every day, who still worship the church as the vicegerent of God on earth.

These Infidels have pitched their camp outside these church walls and the whole world is going out to hear them as the people went out some two thousand years ago to hear that Jewish Infidel, Jesus, the Christ. The word skepticism is derived from a verb meaning to look into, to investigate. It is a good, honest word. Goethe said that "skepticism lies at the base of all truth." Very true. By investigation alone can man hope to come to a knowledge of truth.

How, then, did it come to have such an evil name in the church? This is easily explained. He who investigates carefully is quite certain to find very much commonly supposed, to be true that is open to serious doubt, so an inquirer—a skeptic—was regarded as a doubter; and to doubt anything the church affirmed to be true was denounced as the worst of sins.

The church claims to possess a revelation from God which is not open to human investigation. It is organized for the specific purpose of accepting that revelation and defending it against the attacks of reason, of science, of experience; defending it against the world. You see why it will not allow investigation. It will not allow any mortal man to ask whether its authority is superhuman.

But they who, heedless of its anathemas, have investigated this claim of the church to superhuman authority, find that its supposed revelation is made up for the most part, of certain articles of belief, which are rated to be true at various church councils

convened in days of ignorance and superstition, long anterior to the coming of science.

In the church in which I received my early instruction I was repeatedly told by the good old parson that I must not expect to understand the orthodox faith, that the reason could not judge of it. I must have faith to believe it. All I had to do was to say, "I accept it." But how could I say that till I believed it, and how could I believe it till I was convinced that it was true, and how could I be convinced that it was true till I had investigated it freely and carefully?

I saw no escape from this conclusion, and so I did investigate it, and the result was I did not believe it, and in fidelity to my convictions was lost in infidelity, or what my "orthodox" friends consider infidelity.

I was and am now an Infidel to that system of faith, but underlying it and shining through it, I perceived a grander faith which was consistent with reason—faith in the eternal goodness and in human goodness. As near as I can judge the faith that brought peace to my soul was much the same as comforted the heart of Jesus when he was denounced as an Infidel to the Jewish system of faith.

THE OREGON CONVENTION.

G. W. Tiffany, of Salem, is the first member of the Union to take in full a life membership by the payment of twenty-five dollars. My opinion is that with needed organizations suited to all conditions, and with bold, conscientious, devoted leaders, the Liberals will outlive them all. It is a common expression with them, "I will use my money for this world only."

Mr. Foster, of Salem, and his good wife send ten dollars. H. L. Wilson, away up at Davenport, sends \$2.50, and so does Peter Selde the same.

Our lecturers have strong individualities, and the members should have charity for the man whose duty it is to assign them position in battle. Do not forget the informal meeting at Masonic Hall on Friday.

O. Jeldness of Iron King Mine, sends ten dollars, and threatens to do it again; D. Priestley, of Milwaukee, \$1, and walked five miles to give it; W. C. Clow, of Hillsboro, \$1; M. Cheney, \$1; T. Bramel, \$1; W. Heath, \$1; T. B. Huston, \$1; C. Hagner, \$1; C. McKinney, \$1; J. Newport, 50 cents; Reuben Wright, of Mololla, \$1; Mr. Frazer, \$1; H. A. Frazer, \$1; A. B. Klise, 50 cents; M. Klise, 50 cents; Silas Wright, \$1. W. Kientoff, of Dallas, Polk county, sends \$1—will send more if needed; C. Rodgers, away from Prineville, Crook county, sends \$1. These Liberal brothers can't be here. Mayor James Fell, of Victoria, is sick and cannot be with us to speak. Herman Arnold, of Shed, \$5; Mrs. Arnold, \$2; Charlie Arnold, \$1; Fred Arnold, \$1; Robert Arnold, \$1; John Roberts, of Portland, 50 cents; J. Blumheimer, 50 cents. John Phillips, of Zena, Or., sends ten dollars for the convention by Mr. Tiffany. He is old and deaf, and cannot be with us. A glorious character. Here it comes: Walla Walla Liberal Club, by Albert Rosenow, \$25.

As this issue will reach us while in session, let me thank—for you all—our valiant hero, C. B. Reynolds, of Walla Walla, for the practical work he has done for this convention and secularization in the state of Washington. Thanks to all. C. BEAL, President Oregon State Secular Union.

A Scientific Memory-test.

"Now, children," said a teacher, after reading the old story of Washington's exploit with his hatchet, "write me all you can remember of that pretty story I have just read to you." The following was the result: Slate I. (Teddy, eight years old). "George Washington is our father did he tell a lie no he never did he did with a hatchet;" Slate II. (Ethel, seven). "George Washington was the father of is countre hes father sed did you do it he sed i wud not lie i did it with my Hathit and then he busted in tears;" Slate III. (Georgie, nine). "George Washington is the father of our country and he did it with his hatchit and he sed father I did it did the boy deny it o no did he try to put it on some other feller No He did not tell no lie he burst into tears."—Science.

Mr. Shaug, Take Notice.*To the Editors of Freethought:*

Mary A. White, San Diego, says, "Do, Mr. Editor, recommend Belamy's book," etc. Now, I want to say, Do, Mr. Editor, keep out of your columns matter like the "Profane Narrative" (FREETHOUGHT, Sept. 28). I often find articles in FREETHOUGHT I like to hand to friends to read, but when a number comes along containing something like this story I feel like putting it in the stove instead, however much I may wish to extend the reading of some other portion of the paper.

Such articles will not bring Freethought support, nor its friends respect.
Respectfully, MRS. CHRIS SCHOFIELD.

San Jose, Cal.

A Note from B. F. Underwood.*To the Editors of Freethought:*

Engagements East will not allow me to lecture at present in several places in this state from which I have received applications. Fresno, Hanford, and Lemoore, where I have just spoken, wish each to have a course of lectures, and other towns, in the vicinity and further south, have applied too late for me to visit them this trip. I have decided to return to California in January to give a month to speaking in the state. Societies or individuals that wish to arrange for lectures by me in northern, middle, and southern California, are requested to write me at once, addressing me Drawer 134, Chicago, Ill. Accept thanks for editorial courtesies.

Yours truly,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

San Francisco, Oct. 3, 1889.

Mrs. Krekel.*To the Editors of Freethought:*

Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel has just left us, after giving some very entertaining lectures. Mr. Henry Schroeder has given you an account of her success on the Coquille. Marshfield and Empire City are on this side, therefore I beg your indulgence for a few words.

Mrs. Krekel gave three lectures at Marshfield to good and appreciative audiences. She is on the constructive side of Liberalism. She comes with a modest enthusiasm and clear enunciation and lays her best thoughts on the altar of truth. She is a perfect lady in every sense of the word, and a scholarly lecturer. I am supremely happy to write this of one of my own sex; showing clearly the ability of woman to grasp knowledge, understand science, originate ideas, and stand beside man in advanced thought. Mrs. Krekel crossed our rugged coast mountains and lectured the same evening of her arrival, and then for ten more evenings, without rest. What man can do better? Of course we shall always remember S. P. Putnam as our pioneer lecturer, who came to blaze the way for the rest and set us all to thinking on the problems of life. He has his place in our memories, and Mrs. Krekel will have hers.

Marshfield, Or.

MRS. E. A. HILLBORN.

The Pope's Sovereignty.*To the Editors of Freethought:*

Under the heading, "Position of Pope Leo XIII.," the New York Sun of Sept. 20 gives a synopsis of the pastoral appointed to be read in the Catholic churches in his diocese on the Sunday following.

It commences with a condemnation of the proceedings at the erection of the Bruno monument at Rome, which it terms "an insulting ceremony" and "a wretched expression of wounded envy," and, furthermore, adds (what may be correct) "that it is as anti-royal as it is anti-papal."

The pastoral terminates with a long dissertation on the subject of the necessity for the reinstitution of the temporal sovereignty of the pope, and as it declares that "We cannot help thinking that it does not become a mighty organization of over two hundred millions of people to look on quietly; to behold their supreme pastor on earth insulted in his capital" (?) "and restrained in the exercise of his most important functions, and say or do nothing," this statement, it is submitted, may justly be regarded as a stimulus to two hundred million of Catholics to recover the city of Rome by force of arms from the king of Italy, and re-establish his temporal authority there, against the expressed will of the people of that country.

Surely there is a better way of accomplishing such a result than by the introduction of a universal war in so-called Christian countries. There are nations where the Catholic religion predominates, and of late

it was reported that the papacy was about to remove to one of them, viz.: Spain. It would be very easy for the government of that country to establish the temporal sovereignty there of the papacy and introduce an infallible sovereign pope into the dominions of a fallible monarch, but, it has not yet been stated that the government of any Catholic country has deemed it advisable to make such a proposition. In the mean time, as his great predecessor, St. Peter, managed to do his work without asserting his need for temporal sovereignty, it is submitted that he who claims to be his successor would do well not to covet monarchical power.

R. W. HUME.

Long Island City, N. Y., Sept. 21, 1889.

A Letter from N. F. Griswold.*To the Editors of Freethought:*

Will you please send me the last three copies of FREETHOUGHT, which for some unaccountable civil service or other reason have not come to hand. I am very anxious to know more about our pioneer pilgrim Putnam's progress in spreading the gospel of Freethought throughout the great northwest.

I was in Portland and Oregon City in the winter of 1851, about two weeks, buying flour and lumber. From my limited observation and the acquaintance I then formed with the most generous and hospitable people it has ever been my good fortune to meet, I believe he has one of the best fields on the face of the earth to make good secular soldiers to meet and overthrow the vast army of the Lord in their desperate efforts to transform our natural republic of the people into a supernatural despotism of the fabled king, Jesus.

Herewith I hand you draft for the first payment of \$20 for the privilege of joining the Pacific coast band of *practical* Liberals to encourage your paper. I would rather belong to that band than be counted with Ward McAllister's noted four hundred New Yorkers. Ever truly yours,

Meriden, Conn., Sept. 20, 1889.

N. F. GRISWOLD.

Mrs. F. C. Reynolds's Rambles and Ruminations.*To the Editors of Freethought:*

S. P. Putnam in his News and Notes of Sept. 14 refers to our long wait at Pendleton; and the young girl "who cried as though her heart would break at bidding her family good-by." She was to visit Dr. Darrin to undergo an operation on one of her eyes, which was drawn in and upward. Mr. Putnam and friends had a four, we had a fourteen hour wait at Pendleton. Mr. Hamilton, I think that was the name of the girl's father, asked me to look after his poor little girl on her long journey. I was glad to be of some slight use and comfort to the little lonely one. We arrived at Portland on Friday at 3 P. M., after many delays on account of burned bridges etc., and lost no time in repairing to Dr. Darrin's office, and persuaded him to perform the operation at once. The child fainted from nervous exhaustion. When, after a long time, she recovered, the doctor wanted to postpone further operation till the next day, affording her opportunity to rest and recuperate after her long, tedious journey. "No! do it now while Mrs. Reynolds is with me," she said, "to-morrow I shall be all alone." So in spite of her long faint, and exhausted condition, the doctor complied with her piteous pleading. I held her hands while the cord that drew the eye in was cut, and her eye made as straight as the other. She did not faint again, but bore the operation bravely.

The doctor, on account of her being a poor girl, made no charge. "When do you go back?" he asked. "Why! I thought I could go right back to-morrow," she said. "In your letter, doctor, you said I could." "No," said the doctor, "you need rest;" and seeing the blank dismay on the girl's face and, doubtless, truly interpreting it, added, "Here" (taking a couple of dollars from his pocket) "is money to pay your hotel bill. You are not fit to travel so far until you have had at least one night and day of perfect rest." I do not know Dr. Darrin's politics, nor his religious views, but he deserves to be a Liberal; for beyond question he is a skillful surgeon, and proved himself a kind, compassionate, true gentleman.

In the morning the happy girl saw in the glass her eyes were perfect, and her delight was nature's best invigorator. I had to bid her a hasty good-by for the "Telephone" always sails on time. I greatly enjoyed traveling by water, and was almost sorry when, at noon the next day, I reached my destination, Stella, where I was to speak that evening. A little misunderstanding about dates made our good friends do—to use a

western phrase—some tall rustling to notify the people. The audience was not so large as it would otherwise have been. Sunday afternoon a goodly crowd congregated, and a still larger one Sunday evening. There are many energetic, whole-souled Liberals in this vicinity whom it was a delight to meet, and proud pleasure to make friends. Their cordial welcome and appreciation of my efforts in proclaiming the "Gospel of Humanity" I did greatly appreciate. Miss Lizzie Lawson discoursed sweet music before each lecture, attuning all hearts to reception of the glad tidings of redemption from the bonds of superstition. Many young people attended, and I think it would be hard for an orthodox minister to convince any of them that the Bible was of divine origin, or tended to elevate women. The young folks are bright, healthy, and vigorous, and intelligent, zealous Liberals. Here I met that sturdy old veteran of Infidelity—the father of Liberalism in this section—Fred C. Scharnhorst, ever ready with money, time, and influence to help forward the good work. Here, on the banks of the beautiful river, is the peaceful, happy home of good brother Henry Lawson and family, with whom I found delightful resting place. Very fully has Henry Lawson filled Robert Burns's ideal:

"To make a happy fireside clime for weans and wife
Is the true pathos and sublime of human life."

W. M. Anderson and family, D. F. Howard and wife, Jarrel brothers, and others, all most cheerfully do their full share to keep the car of progress rolling. I was delighted with Stella, her people, her mountains, and beautiful mosses, and her grand river.

Monday about mid-day found me once more on board the "Telephone" bound for Skamokawa. This place, to one from the East, is a startling surprise. The city is built on the river. All go by boat. The water is the only highway or by-way; to hotel or to post-office, go in a boat. The people here wanted my husband, and I fancied they were a little disappointed when they learned that the ex-reverend's engagement at the opera house, Walla Walla, prevented his accompanying me. Still I give them great credit for making the best of the situation. I spoke there on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings to very large numbers—hall crowded. I wish I could describe the grand view that met my gaze, as a reward for climbing one of the highest mountains. The task of climbing was not easy, but the grand view well paid me for the exertion. The Misses Littens and little daughter of Mrs. Silverman accompanied me in my rambles. I filled my valise with choice mosses and ferns, Indian spear and arrowheads, etc. There is a noble host of Liberals at Skamokawa, with that enterprising young merchant, W. G. Thornburg, in the lead, gloriously sustained by Dr. Thessing, E. D. Brooks, James Jareld, I. N. Lott, P. O. Peterson, H. M. Bowman, C. C. Masten, W. S. Brooks, C. L. Silverman, Mat. Frederickson, I. T. Luts, Alvin Brooks, and H. Lowell, any one of whom it is worth a long journey to meet, but that pleasure is attainable, for nearly all will be present at the great Liberal Convention at Portland, Oct. 12, 13, 14, and at the grand ball and free banquet at the close of the Convention, at which all would be glad if the genial, humorous editor of FREETHOUGHT, and his wife, could be present.

MRS. F. C. REYNOLDS.

The Terry Case.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Mr. A. Schell's reply to W. F. Freeman, Esq., published in FREETHOUGHT of September 28, although eminently proper and correct in the main, contains—probably unwittingly—several very important and glaring misstatements.

First—That "the killing of David C. Broderick in a duel was the result of a conspiracy, and little better than a cold-blooded murder."

Second—That "he resigned his seat on the Supreme bench for the purpose of putting down the 'vigilance committee.'"

Third—That "had Hopkins died Terry would have been hung."

Fourth—That "he had to stand trial, and plead for his life like a veritable criminal."

The story of the accidental discharge of Broderick's pistol, etc., was evidently an invention of Terry's political enemies.

The remark that "it was only when he had the 'drop,' that Terry's (bull dog) bravery was conspicuous," seems to me smacks a little of prejudice.

Will some one who has the record of the facts in this case please set the public right in these matters?

Turlock, Sept 29.

J. C. P.

To the Editors of Freethought:

In your last issue is a letter from Hon. A. Schell to W. F. Freeman, Esq., on the case of Terry and Neagle in this state; though Mr. Schell

writes from Albany. We are of the opinion that the letter, though perhaps true in the main, does not leave the readers of FREETHOUGHT well informed in this case. They should always be so. Freethought people cannot afford to be led astray on a single issue that affects the interests of liberty and humanity.

Mr. Schell speaks of Judge Terry as one who knows, and is not far from the mark, save in a certain animus thrown into all his words. Terry was not a man we admired. We are Republican to the core. He fought for slavery. We are for peace, at any price less than honor and liberty. Terry was for war at all points. He was our antipodes. He was a duelist, and we abhor the infernal code that calls that honor. Let us even grant that he was a bold, bad man.

Still the question is open, May the United States courts appoint and pay an assassin to lay a trap for, and kill, a bold, bad man? If so, who is safe? Thomas Paine was called a bold, bad man. So is Robert Ingersoll. So is the editor of FREETHOUGHT.

Then these bold, bad men sometimes do right. They are bad and bold for justice. They become a terror to evil doers. And the evil doers give them bad names, and take the first occasion to murder them. It has been done a thousand times, and the law is strained because he was a bad man. But, in the republic, all law shall be just and equal to all men.

In this particular case, Terry, the bad man, was the slaughtered victim of as vile a clique of unjust judges as ever cursed mankind and served fraud and villainy. We have known Terry, Field, Sharon, and all that ilk for thirty-five years, as Schell says he has Terry. We know Sarah Althea Terry. We know all the facts of her case against Sharon. We speak with a full knowledge, and challenge the state to deny one word of what here follows. We make no exception. Schell, if he pleases; the heirs or attorneys of Sharon, if they like; the judges—Field, Hoffman, Sawyer, Deady, Sabin, each or all; and the people of San Francisco, to be the jury:

Sarah Althea Hill Terry came to San Francisco a young American woman of education, means, of passable beauty of face and form, and with nothing to indicate vice either in manners or deportment. Nature is a liar if she is the bad woman her enemies represent. She met Sharon, a senator, a millionaire, a libertine, and now charged with being one of the cutest rascals in our state. They went together, as man and wife, though in secret; she said, on a contract of marriage to be kept secret for a time, and signed by both; he said, for the consideration of \$500 a month, with no scrap of pen, and no term or assurance but his will.

She appealed to the courts to look at her contract, declare her Sharon's wife, grant a divorce, and give such alimony as the case called for.

Sharon, instead of a simple answer of denial, and asking for a fair trial, at once set all the machinery his vast fortune and influence could command in motion to slander and persecute, and even murder, her and her friends.

A simple daughter of the republic called on the courts of her country for justice, and found herself the center of a storm of abuse that no woman ever before endured. She was charged as a wanton, a conspirator, perjurer, forger, and suborner of false witnesses; her attorneys were fined, and her friends assailed by assassins. The judges, police, grand jury, all that could be, were suborned against her. The trial came, full, and exhaustive, and a learned judge said, "Yes, she is a wife, let her have her divorce and alimony." He was not bought, that is certain. If mistaken, it was an honest mistake.

On appeal, the supreme court of the state says, "This private contract and private living do not make a marriage in this state. It would never do. Let the judgment be reversed!" And so it stands, but there is not one word of imputation against the woman. She was mistaken, but a learned judge was also.

Then came the United States judges, Field, etc., as above, and took the case on a false pretense, intervened, treated the lady with indecent, un-American brutality, and fulminated against her this infamous scandal: She is a depraved woman, a forger, a perjurer, a conspirator. This was all gratuitous, called for by no complaint, supported by no evidence, and not necessary to the decree.

Perhaps she thought she needed a bold, bad man to avenge her of her enemies. She married Judge Terry. He was a "holy terror" to all these judges. He imprudently made threats against them, not to kill, but to insult, slap, and perhaps to provoke a duel. It was all wrong.

Neagle was appointed to guard Judge Field. If he simply did so, and obeyed orders, and the orders were lawful, he is innocent. If his orders were not so much to guard Field as to kill Terry; if he exceeded his orders, or at any time took the intent to kill rather than to guard, he is a murderer. And the state should know which it was. And all really Freethought people should be well informed, and declare that it is not a crime for an American woman to sue a senator and a millionaire for her just rights; and it is a crime for United States judges to brand her as a depraved woman for so doing.

H. L. KNIGHT.

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Guying a Clergyman.

It is wrong to play jokes on the clergy and only very sinful people ever do it, says the Washington Post. There is an ex-newspaper man, well-known on the Row, who wears the smuggest face, the ministerial air, and the most clerical spectacles of any man in the business. During a recent convention, which drew several hundred clergymen to Washington, Mack (that isn't his name) got into a Fourteenth-street car full of ministers, stumbled half way up the aisle, and caught the eye of a fellow-newspaper man.

"Why, Brother Thompson, how do you do?" he exclaimed, grasping his hand and shaking it effusively. Mack sat across the aisle and started a running conversation which could be heard all over the car.

"Let me see, Brother Thompson, I haven't seen you since the Triennial Conclave at Chautauqua in 1875. How is your Buffalo charge getting along? Did you get your salary raised? No! That is too bad, really too bad. I did. I worked my congregation nicely. I had a friend in Cleveland who is on the staff of a secular newspaper, and he was unscrupulous enough to work up a boom for me there until I received an offer of \$5,000. Of course my congregation wasn't going to be outbid—ha, ha—and they saw that \$5,000 and went them one thousand better. That was in May, one year ago."

The whole car was attention by this time, and Mack was the focus of thirty pairs of curious eyes.

"Along in June I sat for my portrait. I got 40 per cent gross on those, you know. What do you get? Nothing? Oh, dear, Brother Thompson, you really neglect your opportunities. Let me see. I received from the church fair proceeds alone last year (the amount was lost in a whisper). But these portraits were very bad. They made me look quite thin and careworn. I sent four dozen of them around to the dear ladies, and it would have done your heart good to see how they worked and raised \$500 to send their pastor off to Europe."

"I hear you are thinking of taking a new charge? Is it so? Want to have a chance to work over your old sermons. Been eight years in one place? Well, I don't blame you. I can't very well. You see I have made a good many investments in my city, and it would necessitate too many sacrifices to break the old ties. Still there are other ways. I succeeded in negotiating an exchange of 150 sermons for an admirable series by Dr. Jones of San Francisco. The good man was much pleased at the exchange."

"There, there, oh, dear, dear. I have just called to mind that a family which has been in my church for ten years has just moved to San Francisco, and is going to join Dr. Jones's church. They may remember those sermons. Oh, dear; it may make trouble for Dr. Jones."

Mack chuckled and poked "Brother Thompson" in the ribs with his umbrella. It was a rainy day.

"Where is your umbrella, Brother Thompson? Is that it? That is not the sort of an umbrella you ought to have. Look at mine. The finest of silk and an elegant silver handle. I don't know whether you ever noticed, but I always have nice umbrellas. You see mine is a fashionable church, and there are always a good many strangers at divine service. I have an arrangement with the sexton to pick out on rainy Sundays the best umbrella left in the vestibule and put it away for me. The regular pew-holders always take theirs in the pews, and only strangers leave umbrellas in the vestibule, so I never have any trouble about umbrellas. Ah, here is my street. Good-bye, Brother Thompson. Come and see me when you can. Good-bye."

A babel of whispers ran around the car, and indignant glares followed the pseudo clergyman. One venerable party came down to "Brother Thompson," and, notebook in hand, asked the name of "that clergyman." Brother Thompson struck his forehead with his clinched fist, but for his life could not locate the talkative preacher, and, to escape cross-examination, left the car at the next corner.

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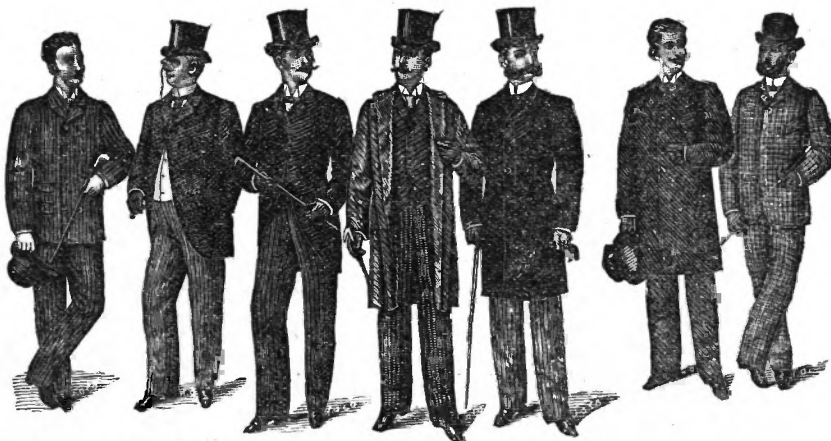
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - OCTOBER 19, 1889.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Wednesday I received notice from L. P. Howard and R. V. Short that arrangements had been made for lectures at Butteville on Wednesday and Thursday evening, October 1 and 2, and that I was to take the steamer Orient which left Portland at seven o'clock in the morning. As I received the notice at ten o'clock in the morning, I found it impossible to obey instructions, for Father Time was never known to go back on himself, and surrender three hours for the benefit either of the Christian or the Infidel. One might stop the sun or the hands of the dial, and delay the sun upon its course, but if time has once taken a step, not God himself could get the "eternal pilgrim" to turn round and go backward—as Hamlet says, "like a crab." It was seventeen miles to Butteville on the banks of the Willamette, and I didn't feel like walking. I thought I might strike L. P. Howard at Canby, and so I took the afternoon train for that place. Landing, and shaking hands with friend Knight, I was told that I must go on to Aurora, or "Dutch town," as it is called, and here, being but six miles from Butteville, I might make connection. I hastened with bag and baggage to catch the hindmost car, which I succeeded in doing, and in about twenty minutes was at Aurora. Just as I came in, Howard was going out en route for Butteville, not having the slightest idea that the belated lecturer was on the express train. However, heaven helps those who help themselves, and no sooner had I made inquiries for a train to carry me to my appointment, when I was introduced to J. S. Vaughan, who was on his way, not only to Butteville but to the lecture, and from that time on I knew I was in the best of hands, for Vaughan is a Liberal to whom the glory of Freethought is an enthusiasm. It is in his blood and brain. So my ride that evening, from the glowing sunset into the beautiful moonlight and shadowy and majestic woods, was a bright experience. We stopped at his house, but found that all his folks had gone to the lecture, and so we hurried on—our little horse covering the remaining distance, about a mile and a half, in ten minutes, and the village was alive with quite a crowd when we reached the hall, just at the appointed hour—half-past seven. The Grange Hall was lighted, the bell rang, and soon a full

house was ready for the Demands of Liberalism, and I should judge from the signatures received that there was quite a gathering of Liberals in this quiet country-town—once an active river-trading point, but now in "desuetude," somewhat, on account of the railroads. If one wanted to live aside from the turmoil of life, he could do so, here on the banks of the deep and placid river that flows by this unpretending village.

On the second evening a larger number attended the lecture. Many were obliged to stand, but they patiently listened to the "New Heaven and Earth" of Freethought and science. On the whole, I was quite delighted with the outlook here, and I expect to come back again when the summer days are shining.

R. V. Short took the laboring oar this time, and right well did he do the work, and I thank him for his whole-hearted endeavors. Liberals like this good friend are what give sunshine to our toil.

Thursday morning, Vaughan took me to his tree-embowered college on the sloping banks. Tall trees are here which make a natural cathedral for the spirit that delights in beauty. Sitting in the sunshine, I watch the glittering prospects gemmed with the sparkling river, like a silver ribbon, in verdant trceries. Here, also, are the grapes, pears, and plums—luscious as ever grew in garden of the east, and if Mother Eve had such wealth of fruit as this, there was no reason why she should desire the apple, except for the reason that the apple was forbidden, and the grapes and plums and pears were not, and of course, to the genuine woman and man, there couldn't be a more potent reason for eating the apple. Reveling in all this luxuriance of wood and field and orchard, and also drinking deep of the perfume of the hops which grow here in vast quantities, who should come along to add to our enjoyment but Mr. and Mrs. John Kruse, of Kruse's Landing; and as we gathered around the abundant dinner-table there was not a more jolly company in the world. After dinner we wended our way to Butteville, and about the middle of the afternoon crossed the river to where, among orchards and vines, the antique home of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Geer welcomes. Here the spirits are wont to congregate with mystic revealings from the upper spheres, but humanity loses nothing of its fervor and good sense. Here we take supper, and the golden sunset streaming through gorgeous clouds makes the river as we recross a flowing picture of marvelous splendors.

There is one lone church at Butteville—the Episcopalian. Once it was flourishing, but it is now deserted. The ministers only come now and then. The building has been sold, and will hereafter be used for secular and general purposes, with the ministers thrown in if they want to try their chances. Butteville is without a church, a happy sign of progress.

Friday morning Mr. John Kruse takes me over to Aurora for the Portland train, and I bid good-bye to the many friends I have met here. I shall go next summer to Kruse's Landing and other places along the river, and I look to a pleasant voyage up on the Willamette.

Saturday morning I speed down again the broad Columbia to Ranier. Landing I expected to find M. J. Kittering, but he was gone to California, and I suppose will drop into FREETHOUGHT office. However, good allies took his place—Lawrence and Vose. Better friends could not be found for the storm and sunshine of Freethought. The bills advertising the lectures had been torn down by the Christians almost as soon as they were put up, but nevertheless a fair audience was present on Saturday evening, and I found encouragement for future work. A lecture was advertised for Sunday afternoon at Hudson's school-house, four miles out in the forests and hills. I was obliged to go on horse-back, for the roads were in a somewhat disabled condition, and being corduroy; it wasn't very easy to get over them with a wagon, and it was preferable to go on foot, or horseback. Graham and Vose went ahead on foot to see that all was in order for the lecture, and I followed on horseback just as the rain began to pour. There are so many roads in this country that it is almost impossible to guess the right one without considerable instruction. I lost the track and was obliged to reconnoitre. I finally came out right, but wasn't sure of the way until suddenly, from out the vast woods, I dropped upon the school-house as if by magic. Teams and men were gathered about, and entering, I found women and children present also, and so my uncertain and stormy journey terminated with very cheerful surroundings. On this frontier line I met choice spirits of the forward ranks—Gertrude Vose Meserve, who walked five miles to attend the lecture, and Jennie Vose Graham, who started to go on foot the same distance, but was fortunate enough to secure a ride for part of the way. This shows that the heart and brain of woman are by no means in the control of the church; that she will do as much for Freethought as ever she has done for the religions of the past. Labor is a joy indeed, when in the wilderness, almost, we meet such earnest comrades willing to do service, and not wait for fair weather to fly the colors. Out in these Oregon woods by the sweeping Columbia, in "the land of sunset," do we see the bright morning's radiance, and the little school-house, the strenuous foe of the church, shines with hope amidst the falling mists.

Mr. Vose walks back to Ranier, although the rain still comes down. There is a lull about evening, and the hall is well filled, and quite a number join the Secular Union. F. C. Winchester, E. D. Lyons, Felix Debast, Juliette Debast, and J. E. Kittering, are among those on the roll of Freethought, and evidently there enough at this point to keep our flag to the breeze.

Monday morning the rain pours down in greater floods than ever, and it looks as if the "Oregon weather" was determined to assert its rights and rule or ruin. Friend Lawrence sees me off for Stella, amidst the gleaming drops, for the sun is mingling with the showers as the steamer comes puffing up, and there is some hope of a blue sky. Friend Lawrence has battled with the wilderness and the flood for many a year, and in the grandeur of nature's forces has learned to disdain the littleness of superstition. Like the veteran soldier, he has the generous heart and the hand of welcome, and I go on my way with golden cheer.

There is a bit of sunshine when I get to Stella, and for a while I can sit on the porch and view the waters and the shores skirted with silvery clouds. But the silvery clouds darken and I have to find refuge in the house. But it is always pleasant at the Lawsons', always something going on, and there is not a dull moment. Whether the sun shines or not there is the charm of liberal entertainment. Mr. Vose and John Kittering came with me, and

they and the Lawsons are busy with the new building which gives quite a metropolitan aspect to Stella. Our old-time comrades, Schornhorst and Anderson, come down from the misty highlands, and the Douglass is also with us, and many other friends, and although the clouds regather and send the darkening showers, the hall is by no means deserted, and after the lecture the young folks dance for an hour or two.

This ends my campaign until after the convention at Portland, which I hope will be a kind of jubilee where fresh hope and enthusiasm will be given to us all. To come together in one grand host for social and intellectual entertainment is what is needed more than anything else in our pioneer work. We are to be moulded together by the laws of attraction, and not by any arbitrary force. Not having the fires of hell to scare us, we need the noble social impulse. This, to my mind, is the supreme purpose of the convention—to create the inspirations and enthusiasms of a deep and wide sympathy. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM,

THE NATIONAL SECULAR CONGRESS.

Our readers will bear in mind that the Thirteenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union takes place at Philadelphia on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of this month. In organizing and preparing for this Congress President Westbrook is doing splendid work and proving himself equal to all the demands of his position. We hope, as all Liberals must, to hear of a largely-attended and influential gathering.

And we hope for two other things, namely, that President Westbrook will be re-elected, and that among the Freethought workers may be found a man for secretary as faithful and efficient as the retiring secretary E. A. Stevens has been.

SIR EDWIN AND THE CLERGY.

The San Francisco Examiner, inspired by the spirit of journalism, has taken advantage of Sir Edwin Arnold's presence in this city, to find out his religious views and to obtain the opinions of the clergy concerning them. Arnold is best known to Americans as the author of the "Light of Asia," a poetic exposition of Buddhism, in which the character of the Gautama is idealized and set forth as superior to anything reasonably to be expected of a human being.

In the interview published in last Saturday's Examiner, Dr. Arnold is reported to have said regarding the dogma of eternal punishment, that hell was "the idea of morose and dyspeptic men;" that he did not believe in it at all, and could not too emphatically condemn it. Dr. Arnold was then asked if he believed, according to the old and the present orthodox plan, that a man must be converted to be saved. "By no means," said he. "That idea is perfectly preposterous. There are a thousand ways to heaven." He said further that the universe forgives nothing. Men merely suffer consequences, which idea he illustrated thus: "If I stop at the Palace Hotel, as I do, I must pay my bill. My conscience tells me I must, and when that is done I am free. We suffer here for the wrong we do."

Mr. Arnold then passed to a somewhat lengthy and emphatic denunciation of eternal punishment, in which he evidently outstripped the speed of the reporter's pencil, for the scribe remarks, "Dr. Arnold grew very eloquent as he proceeded."

Having thus secured the heterodox bane, the enterprising reporter repaired to the doctors of divinity for the orthodox antidote. The very Rev. J. J. Prendergast, Roman Catholic vicar-general,

declared at once his belief in hell, the necessity of conversion, and the fruitlessness of good deeds as a means of grace. He took occasion, at the same time, to ridicule the "Light of Asia," saying that the "Light of China" would be a good deal more appropriate title for the work, and added: "It strikes me, too, that we must have a very poor light after all these years and all our civilization, if we have to go to Asia for our light."

When we consider that the Catholic church looks to Asia for its "light;" that Christ, the Virgin Mary, and the Jewish Jehovah are all natives of Palestine in Asia Minor, Mr. Pendergast's drive at Buddha hits the Christian savior as hard a blow as it does the Hindoo messiah.

The Rev. Dr. Harcourt, Methodist, was next visited. He at once gave his hearty indorsement of Dr. Arnold's views upon hell and the necessity of conversion, and quoted the words of the late Henry Ward Beecher as expressing his own convictions: "What's to become of all these millions that have never heard the gospel? They say that all of them will be swept into eternal punishment! You make me believe that and I shall call God, not my father but Thou Fiend." The Rev. Mr. Harcourt said further:

"Jonathan Edwards declared that God took the souls of the impenitent, as the housewife takes a spider, and holds it over the fire. Spurgeon said not long ago that the bones of the resurrected dead, *i. e.*, of the lost, would become avenues on which would run the souls of those in torment, and that their nerves would be the strings, as it were, of violins, on which they would play their infernal music. All this is highly interesting and refreshing, but the Rev. Father Furness, if possible, went a step further lately, when he said that if an unconverted soul should return to earth, it would emit such terrible fumes as to destroy all human life."

Mr. Harcourt quoted these theologians in order to condemn them. He attributed their errors to false education and to a superstitious belief in the verbal infallibility of the Bible, which he repudiated.

The Rev. Dr. Jacob Voorsanger, a Jewish rabbi, said: "I particularly subscribe to Dr. Arnold's expressions."

The Rev. Dr. Barrows, Congregationalist, was emphatic in his denial of the English poet's assertion. Said he:

"I differ altogether from him, and cannot indorse his views. It is saying a great deal to say that conversion is not necessary, alone. And if Dr. Arnold knows it, or thinks he does, and we do not, why some time perhaps our ignorance will be developed into a greater truth and Mr. Arnold himself may find he is in error. He is certainly wrong. No, not for a moment could I indorse, or seem to indorse, what he has said. How does he know, I repeat, that there is no hell, and that conversion is not a thing to be bothered about?"

Sir Edwin might reply by inquiring how Dr. Barrows knows there is a hell, or how he knows conversion to be necessary. Both disputants must appeal to the Bible, in which case the clergyman would have the best of the argument; although, deciding the question by an appeal to common sense, the Englishman would have no trouble in vindicating himself.

The Rev. Dr. Horatio Stebbins, Unitarian, agrees, as might be expected, with Dr. Arnold. He does not see how the poet could say anything else, and wonders that all men do not enjoy the same belief.

Another Catholic priest, the Rev. J. F. Harrington, had not the patience to discuss the matter, since it had been decided for so many years. There is a hell, and the only way to escape it is through the Catholic church.

Rev. William M. Kincaid, of the First Baptist Church, intimated in no mistaken terms that to be asked at this late day if conversion was necessary was too absurd to be thought of. In-

ferentially, the doctrine of no future punishment was worse. He said he would not take time to discuss what was so obviously necessary. Elsewhere among the Catholic and orthodox clergy there were similar expressions of opinion. "Unless we believe each and all of the very things he strikes at," said the latter ministers, "we are not orthodox. The moment we say we don't believe in them, then we must go."

These "latter ministers" have certainly struck the keynote. If there is no hell, there is no necessity for them to preach salvation, and their occupation is gone. If "conversion" is an unnecessary process, then the church has no mission on earth. Why preach salvation from an imaginary hell? Why send missionaries, at great expense, to convert heathen who will be saved without it?

If Sir Edwin Arnold believes the Bible to be the word of God—and from his quoting it in support of his ideas we judge that he does—his expressed views are quite inconsistent with his belief. According to that work man must be "born again," which is conversion; and he is given his choice between baptism and damnation. Altogether, Dr. Arnold's deliverance is not very satisfactory. It puts him outside the pale of the Christian church, but it does not entitle him to the mild designation of Agnostic. He is practically a Unitarian.

It seems to us an oversight—probably, too, an intentional one—that the Examiner, after obtaining the guesses of the theologians on these doctrinal points, did not extend its courtesies to the representatives of Freethought. It is true that no Freethinker could have settled the question of the existence of a hell. None could have said with certainty whether or not conversion is necessary to salvation; but some might have been found to offer the valuable suggestion that the opinion of one man concerning the unknowable is as reliable as that of another, and that any discussion wherein the disputants appeal to ancient errors, instead of reason and experience, is mere vanity and a striving after wind.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, October 20, at 8 o'clock. Col. H. L. Knight will speak on "Materialism and Theosophy."

THE FRUITS OF BELIEF.

There is one crop in this country that never fails, whatever drouth or flood may do to other crops. We refer to the harvest of religious lunatics gathered at all seasons by the commissioners of insanity. From a city paper of recent date we get these two items:

"Richard J. Lawless was to-day committed to the Insane Asylum. He lives in a cabin at Hunter's Point and sits for hours listening to the ticking of the clock, which, he claims, speaks to him through his father, and he believes that God teaches him in that manner.

"Mrs. Annie Gillovich was sent to a similar institution. She was breaking the doors and windows of her neighbors' houses with a hatchet, under the impression that the devil had told her to rescue her husband and children, who were in purgatory."

Other cases show that the product, besides ripening perennially, is common to all localities. A dispatch says:

"WILKESBARRE, Pa., October 5.—Miss Hattie Bartlett, a pretty and well known young girl living in West Pittston with her parents, was removed to the State Asylum for the Insane at Danville, Thursday. She had become violently insane on the subject of religion. About a month ago Evangelist Yatman began revival meetings here and Miss Bartlett was among the first to be converted. Since that time her desire has

been to get away from the wickedness of this world and nearer to heaven. In her insane endeavors to do this she would climb to the top of tall trees in the vicinity of her home. On other occasions she walked miles in order to get into the attics of the tallest buildings. It was with great difficulty on being found that she could be induced to leave her supposed heavenly place of refuge. When her father and mother refused to follow her steps she termed them 'devils' and refused to associate with them, saying she was afraid she would be contaminated by their influence."

There are other causes of insanity besides religion, and some of them may be more prolific; but religion enjoys the distinction of being the only manufacturer in that line whose work is encouraged in this world and rewarded in the next.

A MODEL CATHOLIC INSTITUTION.

From Fort Worth, Texas, under date of October 11, comes a dispatch describing a Roman Catholic convent at Marionfeld, where J. H. Peters and Henry Andrews, two priests, preside over the convent boys. Two weeks ago, it is related, James Gross, a student, escaped and told of the murder last August of Lorenzo Esser, one of his fellow-students, by the two priests. The body was secretly buried by Father Peters, and four of the students. Soon after the murder Father Peters and the four students left for parts unknown. Justice of the Peace Coons held a private inquest at Esser's death, and found that the boy had killed himself by hanging. Coons claims that Esser was found hanging by an eight-inch piece of rope in his cell. The body was exhumed, and an investigation held before a judge showed that Esser's neck was broken, which could not have been caused by a fall of eight inches. Father Andrews and Justice of the Peace Coons have been bound over to the grand jury, and a search is being made for Father Peters. Gross says that other murders have been committed.

Whether all this is true or not subsequent investigation must show, but enough has already transpired to prove the danger of these religious prisons where all manner of crimes may be committed with slight possibility of detection.

A SERIOUS LOSS.

The Freethought Hall built by the Religious and Benevolent Association at Waco, Texas, in 1882-3 was destroyed by fire October 5. The loss falls chiefly upon Mr. J. D. Shaw, editor of the Independent Pulpit, who owned the larger part of the stock. The hall was erected at a cost of \$4,000 mainly by the members of the Association. It was insured for but a portion of its value, so that Mr. Shaw is a loser by the fire to the extent of nearly \$1,600.

This is a most serious blow to the editor of the Pulpit, and some men in his position might feel like giving up in despair. Mr. Shaw, however, writes us to say that he will continue to stand at his post and carry on the work. "I hope," he says, "to come from the ashes stronger than ever in zeal and determination to work for Liberalism. I will try to rebuild ere long, but cannot say with what success."

We certainly wish Brother Shaw the greatest success. The Waco Freethought Hall was the only building in Texas devoted to Liberalism, and one of the few in the country. May it rise again, and it will rise in better form than ever if the Liberals of Texas will put their hands in their pockets and support their leader as he deserves to be supported.

THE Portland Convention was a success. Let us give great credit to President Beal and the noble Liberals of the Northwest.

AMONG the many questions asked by Emperor William of Germany on his recent visit to London was one as to the percentage of illiterate persons in England. An approximate estimate being given him, he bluntly expressed his surprise at the existence of such a condition of popular ignorance in a country so wealthy and so high in the scale of civilization. His comments were repeated to the queen, who lost no time in laying the matter before her advisers and requesting them to suggest a remedy. Those to whom she applied complained of the open hostility of many who do not hesitate to proclaim education the parent of Socialism and Anarchy, and frankly say that the common people know too much already. This is an old plea that had its origin with the church, which holds that the best state of society is that wherein the learned few guide the actions and control the minds of the ignorant many. In saying that education leads to Socialism and Anarchy, its opponents have unwittingly made the best plea possible for those unpopular schools of thought.

In the Utah Commission's latest report this passage occurs:

"While we forbid the immigration of non-proselyting, peace-loving, docile Chinamen because we fear future danger from their coming; while we forbid the landing on our shores of contract laborers because they cheapen the wages of American-born citizens, and paupers because they become a burden, there is a far greater reason for closing our doors as a nation and forbidding citizenship to the hordes who are brought here to swell the ranks of an organized body which teaches them in advance to hate our government, denominates its executive, lawmakers, judges, and prosecutors as persecutors, and instills into every mind the constant teaching that their pretended revelations are more binding than the highest and best laws of the land, and that resistance to such laws is a virtue and the rendering of obedience to God. How far short of treason these teachings are we leave to those who can answer."

This was written to describe the Mormon church, but the most of it applies with equal exactness to the Roman Catholic church. The Mormons, however, have one thing in their favor, they owe no allegiance to a foreign potentate like the pope of Rome.

A CIRCUMSTANCE that occurred lately in the suburbs of Boston is thus related by the Advertiser:

"C. B. Botsford, who lives out on Garfield avenue, West Roxbury, is a prominent deacon in the Congregationalist church. He sold a lot of standing grass to Alvin Spear. Last Saturday the grass was cut, and Sunday, there being signs of rain, Spear, his father, and two other men, proceeded to shake the hay and store it away in the barn. This went against the conscience of Deacon Botsford, and; upon the men refusing to stop at his command, he had them all arrested. In court the next morning the judge ruled that they were not engaged in a work of necessity, and they were fined \$10 each and costs for Sabbath-breaking."

Puritanism dies hard in Boston, where it is nursed and sustained by the statute. People on the coast cannot do much for these victims of blue laws, but they can keep awake and see that the superstitious leprosy is not implanted here by such purveyors of it as the emissaries of the National Sunday Union.

A NOTE in the Boston Investigator brings the regretful intelligence that Capt. Robert Davis, of Lunenburg, Mass., is very ill. Captain Davis is a true friend of the Liberal cause, outspoken in opinion, and generous in financial aid. Both these qualities entitle him to long life and the respect of our whole fraternity. We send best wishes and hopes to Captain Davis.

THE Catholic News, in referring to the large number of desertions from the regular army, tries to account for some of them by saying that "among Catholic soldiers there is also discontent

at the want of proper provision for their religion." The News locates the discontent in the wrong quarter. It is not among the soldiers, but among the officers of the church, who want Catholic chaplains appointed in place of the Protestant ones now employed by the government. The soldiers testify, almost to a man, that they can get along without either.

THE editor of the Halifax, N. S., Evening Mail has invited destruction by engaging Mr. Charles Watts in a written debate on the merits of Secularism. Mr. Watts is as much stronger than his opponent as Freethought argument is stronger than religious sophistry, and the result of the debate is just about what might have been expected. The Secularist will get all the admiration or his ability, and the Christian all that undeserved sympathy which is felt for a man who shoulders more than he can carry.

"LET heathenism go," writes M. J. Caples, of Elk Grove. "The nineteenth century demands the truth. Superstition must abdicate—Reason must have the throne." Mr. Caples shows the sincerity of his sentiments as expressed above, by subjoining: "Inclosed please find money order for my own renewal and four new subscriptions." If there were a thousand Liberals like friend Caples on this coast we would declare the millennium, irrespective of the second coming of Christ.

AN International Congress of Freethinkers has just been held in Paris. The world's fair had brought people of all countries together, so that the congress represented many nationalities. The proceedings were conducted in French. Both the National Reformer and the London Freethinker contain extended reports of the proceedings, which included speeches, banquets, and visits by the delegates to the principal points of interest in Paris.

THERE is a cleryman in Tennessee who makes the denunciation of dancing a specialty. In a recent sermon he said: "Show me a young man who dances and I will show you a young man who is not worth the powder and lead to kill him." Whereupon the Alta inquires: "What has Rev. Williams to say about a young man by the name of David, who led the german in the streets of Jerusalem and was jawed by his wife for it?"

THAT overruling providence which watches the sparrow's fall and takes the "hair census" so accurately that all the capillary integuments of our heads are numbered, has allowed the Tabernacle of the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage to be destroyed by fire. Those who know that the Christian's professed trust in God is mere hypocrisy will not be surprised to learn that the structure was insured for all it was worth.

W. F. JAMIESON has been lecturing at Hay Springs, Neb., and the local paper, the Northwest News, observes that many Christians went to hear him, and "the opinion they have formed of the lecturer is not so flippantly expressed as it is by those who failed to hear him." It is generally that way. Those who have never heard the arguments of Freethought usually consider themselves best qualified to answer them.

By the way, what has become of the Rev. George Schweinfurth, the Illinois messiah? There was talk at one time of mobbing or incarcerating the impostor, but better counsel prevailed. Perhaps if the gentleman who once set up a similar claim in Judea had been ignored by the authorities he would have shared the oblivion into which Mr. Schweinfurth has relapsed.

THAT was a strange occurrence at Oneida, N. Y., last week, when a priest was poisoned by drinking communion wine at the celebration of mass. It seems that the miraculous power which can transform ordinary port into the blood of Christ does not possess the gift of rendering it innocuous when tampered with. This is the first case of pyæmia supervening eighteen hundred years after the patient's death.

THE Rev. William Kincaid, pastor of the First Baptist Church of San Francisco, has resigned and expressed a determination to go East. It is stated, however, that "an effort will be made to induce him to change his determination." If the effort takes the shape of a louder "call" from those who pay Mr. Kincaid's salary there is little doubt that it will succeed.

It is probable that the burning of the Freethought Hall at Waco, Texas, would have been used to point many a Christian moral and to adorn many a pious tale if it had not been so soon followed by the destruction of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Thus Mr. Talmage's loss is the world's gain after all.

MORE than two hundred dollars has been subscribed toward erecting a monument to the memory of Horace Seaver. It is a good cause. Build the monument high and enduring—it cannot transcend the character of the man, or be more lasting than his influence.

THE OREGON CONVENTION.

The First Annual Convention of the Oregon State Secular Union met at Masonic Hall, Portland, Saturday, October 12, at 10 A.M. The meeting was called to order by President C. Beal, and music was rendered by Roose and Hodgson's Orchestra. As a preliminary measure Mr. Geo. H. Dawes moved the appointment of a Committee on Resolutions, which motion was carried, and the following committee chosen:

COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS.—Geo. H. Dawes, M. Fitzgerald, Robert Laughlin, Mrs. Jennie Voss Graham, and G. W. Tiffany.

Upon motion of Dr. J. W. McClure, of Silverton, the Convention appointed the following—

COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS.—Dr. J. W. McClure, S. P. Putnam, Mrs. S. C. Todd, B. F. Hyland, and H. Arnold.

Music by the orchestra ensued, and then Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel, of Kansas City, Mo., was introduced and gave the opening address. After thanking the Convention for the honor of being its first speaker, Mrs. Krekel proceeded to a definition of Secularism; to point out its necessity and the causes which had brought a Secular party into existence, and finally to an exposition of its object. In closing she said, "In our deliberations of how most successfully to advance Secular work, let us be temperate, practical, and conscientious. Let us remember, as the French Convention declared, that 'one man's right ceases where another's begins.' Let us devise some method, adopt some system through which we can utilize means, energy, and ability, toward accomplishing work in the interests of which this Convention is called."

After this appropriate, eloquent address, which was frequently and heartily applauded, a banner was presented to the Oregon State Secular Union by Miss Mattie Blaisdell. In offering the beautiful symbol the lady said:

"MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: When FREETHOUGHT brought me the intelligence that the friends of freedom in the great Northwest would hold a Secular Convention in Portland, I asked myself what could I do to hurry on this mighty

force which will yet break the chains on mind and body and set a captive world free? I said I would present them with a banner. Therefore this morning I ask you to accept a woman's offering for humanity.

"Friends, give me at this moment a mental pledge that you and your children's children will make an annual pilgrimage to some chosen place, and in convention assembled, with your eyes fixed on this banner of the brave, sing 'A Thousand Years, My Own Columbia.' And if ever war is forced upon us—as well it may be—let this banner wave at the head of your advancing columns, until every tyrant is removed, to make place for the sons and daughters of Liberty. Ladies and gentlemen, if you will work for the freedom of the race with the same devotion of soul as the illustrious persons here named, our cause of liberty, truth, intelligence, and justice will become victorious to the ends of the earth, and the people have but one religion—the Religion of humanity."

The banner was elegantly embroidered with gold on a dark background—the eagle with the stars—and those noble names of Freethought, Hypatia, Bruno, Paine, and Ingersoll, with the legend "Universal Mental Liberty," about the spread wings of the eagle. Below is blazing the torch of civilization, and underneath this flame are the words "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." On the reverse side of the banner the Stars and Stripes float above the prostrate cross.

President Beal accepted the banner in behalf of the Oregon Union, with this characteristic address:

"Miss Blaisdell, on the part of the officers and members of the Oregon State Secular Union, I accept this beautiful and costly banner. The first inscription I see is 'Universal Mental Liberty.' If we should go to some distant country and find the people chained to stumps and trees, we would feel disgusted and return home. But on our return we would find most of the people chained to creeds and beliefs, some of them having taken a solemn pledge they would never believe anything else. Harriet Martineau was asked what she believed. She said she was a free rover on the breezy commons of the universe. She sought for truth wherever found.

"We find next the name 'Hypatia,' the daughter of Theon. Father and child were builders and patrons of the Alexandrian Library of three hundred thousand volumes, which was burned to make room for a new religion not Pagan. Teachers of mathematics and philosophy, they at one time had fourteen thousand students. As she was returning from the university a band of brutal monks dragged her from her chariot, tore her limbs asunder, scraped the flesh from the bones with shells, and threw them on the devouring coals. She was so pure, it is said, that a sweet smell arose towards heaven. Speak her name in whispers, or as you would that of a departed sister.

"'Bruno,' the young and beautiful philosopher, taught a science now accepted by a civilized world. Thrown into a papal prison, at the end of seven years he was taken out and burned unto death. The other day 30,000 Italians headed by their king, with a hundred bands of music and 1850 banners, marched into the field of flowers with their feet on the sacred ashes of Bruno, and there unveiled a beautiful monument to his memory. For three days neither pope nor priest was seen on the streets of Rome. If ever you intend to pray, pray now that this was the beginning of the end.

"'Paine,' the son of Liberty in three empires; the man who said, 'The world is my country; to do good my religion,' 'I believe in one God and no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life,' the man who reproved every slaveholder from the president to the 'mudsill' by saying, 'Man has no property in man,' the man who first spoke the immortal words 'The free and Independent States of America,' the most abused man that ever lived—the best man that ever died.

"'Ingersoll,' the product of the ages past, the sample man of the ages to come. The world would be poor without him.

"'The torch.' Primitive man guided his footsteps in the dark, until the coming dawn, by his torch.

"'Liberty,' the word that all the good have spoken.

"'Fraternity.' Yes, brother, I will pull shoulder to shoulder with you.

"'Equality.' If you were unfortunate and did not secure enough for dinner, I will divide with you."

"Yes, Miss Blaisdell, while one of our torch-bearers faces the coming dawn this banner will be borne at the head of our advancing column."

The presentation and acceptance of the banner were the signal for loud and prolonged cheers. Mrs. Seip next gave a thrilling recitation, and repeating "A Thousand Years, My Own Columbia," that noble hymn was sung by the whole vast audience, with accompaniment by the orchestra.

Mrs. Lois Waisbrooker followed in a fine address to a most appreciative audience. A letter was read from B. F. Underwood and an address announced by Geo. H. Dawes on the "Principles of American Liberty."

It is now noon, October 12. A large number are present from all parts of Oregon. The hall was full this morning, and at the close of the meeting everyone was in a state of enthusiasm. There was handshaking all around. A lady remarked that it reminded her of the old camp-meetings. Well, we can have our gatherings and inspirations and welcomes and music as well as the churches, and this convention is a bright example of the social development of Freethought.

S. P. P.

Portland, Or.

OBSERVATIONS.

As neither of the vice-presidents was on hand last Sunday evening when the members of the Freethought Society convened, the meeting was opened by the author of these lines with a few well-chosen remarks which he has since forgotten. There was a full house, an increased number of ladies, and the consequent flutter of fans and ribbons.

This was the second lecture on "Matter and Spirit," Dr. Jerome A. Anderson being the speaker and representing the Theosophical side of the question. Dr. Anderson laid down the proposition that matter and spirit are coeternal and self-existing, matter being something in motion, and spirit a power that controlled such motion. Scientists called the controlling power force, but unless they were ready to admit that force to be intelligent the speaker could not agree with them. He also rejected the popular scientific theories regarding the process by which worlds are thrown off from a central sun, averring that science failed to explain how the central sun first came into position. Theosophy taught, on the other hand, that there was no original central sun, but a "laya" center produced by intelligent will—a point where there was no gravitation, and hence one toward which all the nebulous mass would necessarily gravitate, gravitation being only the expression of the cosmic will acting upon matter. Primary motion must also, the speaker held, be a direct expression of an intelligent force. Madam Blavatsky two years ago declared that gravitation was not universal in its action, and Professor Holden of the Lick observatory had lately confirmed her statement. Everything, Dr. Anderson held, was created to express an intelligent will—flowers to express beauty, mountains and forests to express grandeur, and so on. The doctor explained in a very interesting way his conception of the difference between the human soul and that of an animal. As to eternal life, Theosophy did not promise it to man as such. The spiritual monad in man was given individual persistence only during one manvantara, or cycle of material existence.

The lecture was followed by a lively discussion, participated in by Professor Miller and Messrs. Lund, Curtis, Burgman, Hannaford, and Knight, whose remarks are omitted for lack of space.

This meeting was pronounced, by all who were fortunate enough to be present, one of the best yet held. Dr. Anderson is a man whose abilities command respect whatever may be thought of his opinions. His achievements as a microscopist and his published works on physiological subjects place him

among the eminent medical men of the country. Touching the unsolved conundrums of life he is an ingenious if not accurate guesser.

Next Sunday evening Colonel Knight will take up the subject of the two previous lectures, and do what he can to get at the truth. Admission is free to all without regard to previous conditions of religious servitude.

I heard a song the other day, the refrain of which was, "He's in the asylum now," and it suggested to me a parody that might be sung with good effect where people have the religious feeling highly developed. I have written this parody in the style of the popular ditty, and throw it uncopyrighted upon the world:

There are many good men you have known
Who were crammed with religion in youth,
When, if left to their judgment alone,
They had doubtless accepted the truth.
But their parents imagined them called
By the Lord to deliver his word
To all creatures by sin overhauled,
So their voice in the pulpit is heard.

They're preaching the gospel now
As their teachers instructed them how.
There is no other way
They can make so good pay,
So they're preaching the gospel now.

But some cannot plead this excuse,
They know they are guilty of fraud;
Their profession of faith is a ruse,
They deceive for the glory of God.
There are bummers and cutthroats and thieves
Who ought to be hung or in jail,
But each one has said he believes
The story of Jonah and whale.

They are preaching the gospel now,
For its easier far than to plow;
Though scarlet with sin
And sodden with gin,
They're preaching the gospel now.

There's the reverend Samuel Jones—
A minstrel come out of the South,
He gave up his tambour and bones,
To paralyze crowds with his mouth.
And the reverend Wilbur F. Crafts,
The Sunday-law advocate who
From each spot on the continent wafts
The sound of his Sabbath bazoo.

They're preaching the gospel now
With a halo upon their brow,
They're fanning the air,
This angelic pair,
And preaching the gospel now.

But I need not proceed. The professional balladist will at once catch the drift of my remarks, and can add to them from his own stock of religious knowledge.

The conversion of Mrs. Annie Besant to Theosophy has called forth the following from a Leicester poet:

THE BESANTARIA AND THE MOONBEAM.
(A Theosophical Fable.)

Once in the dungeon of an ancient dome,
Which rose where mystic flowers had found a home,
There dwelt some stunted plants, of dullish hue,
Called Besantarias; and, though strange, 'tis true,
These scentless flowers conceived themselves as fair
As those which blossomed in the garden rare.
One night a Moonbeam, wandering in the bowers,
Peeped through the dungeon's bars, and saw the flowers
Amid the gloom, grouped round their dusky queen;
But, whilst it gazed, its witching ray was seen
By that sad queen alone, for all the rest
Were hiding from the Moonbeam's loving quest.
Then to the dreamful queen wild longings came
To see the bright home of that lambent flame;
And when the Moonbeam's sacred magic threw
White wings upon her, Besantaria flew,
With new-found fragrance, through the dungeon bars,
And saw the garden gleaming 'neath the stars.
Thus did she learn at last that spirit-sight,
Though lost in darkness, is restored to light.

That is a remarkably fine piece of verse, but I should repro-

duce it here a great deal more willingly if it did not seem to deepen the popular impression that Mrs. Besant has been moon-struck.

STREET SCENE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Dramatis Personæ { IRREVERENT CITIZEN.
HORSECAR.
DISTINGUISHED JURIST.

Scene.—Corner of Kearny and California streets.

[IRREVERENT CITIZEN standing on curb; HORSECAR going by toward old City Hall; DISTINGUISHED JURIST sitting on dashboard of rear platform, smoking a cigar.]

IRREVERENT CITIZEN (to Dis. Jurist): Hello, Jim!

DIS. JURIST: Hello.

IRREV. CIT. Taking a ride this morning?

DIS. JUR. Yep.

IRREV. CIT. Where'd you get the nickel?

QUERY (by Dramatist): Was it contempt of court?

Uncle Samos Parsons, of San Jose, comes to San Francisco about twice a year, and he never fails to call at FREETHOUGHT office and give us some advice and other material necessary to success in journalism. Two weeks ago he was in, and said he had ten dollars more than he cared to take home with him, and left it as a donation to the cause. He had a dozen envelopes and letters in his pocket, addressed and stamped, and containing blue postal notes. He gave me a list of the addresses. They were to the Truth Seeker, H. L. Green, J. P. Mendum, J. R. Monroe, J. D. Shaw, E. C. Walker, Ella E. Gibson, L. K. Washburn, Nellie Booth Simmons, Jeremiah Hacker, Elmina D. Slenker, Thomas Winter, and the Society of Moralists, Hannibal, Mo. Every one of these gets five dollars' worth of encouragement, while the Secular Society of San Jose, and the American Secular Union receive ten dollars each. In all, Mr. Parsons had just disposed of ninety-five dollars; and taking a general view of the recipients, and then looking in the glass, I do not know where persons and objects more deserving could be found. Mr. Parsons gets his income from a life annuity, and I often wish that half of the people who never do any good in the world were obliged to donate him ten years apiece of their useless existence to add to his already numerous years. It would well-nigh make him immortal in the flesh, but he deserves it.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK

The Italian residents of San Francisco celebrated last Sunday the discovery of America by their countryman, Christopher Columbus. It was one day later than the 397th anniversary of the event commemorated.—Dr. C. C. O'Donnell, the man who made so close a run for the mayoralty of San Francisco at the last election, is charged with being an abortionist, and one of his victims now lies in the county hospital.—Gen. Thos. B. Van Buren, who was for a number of years consul-general at Yokohama, died in this city last Sunday morning, aged 65 years.—Twelve thousand people witnessed a baseball game in this city last Sunday.—A railway station has been established at Summerland, the Spiritual colony on the Southern Pacific, five miles east of Santa Barbara.—The fall session of the State Convention of Fruitgrowers will convene at Fresno on Tuesday, November 5, and will continue in session for four days.—There were 99 deaths in this city last week against 100 in the corresponding week for 1888.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's Tabernacle in Brooklyn, N. Y., was totally destroyed by fire last Saturday night. The loss, including the big organ, is \$150,000, covered by insurance.—The pastor of the Congregational mission church, Chicago, the Rev. C. H. Schuyler, has run away. He was formerly a resident of San Francisco, and is supposed to have become homesick and started west.—Connecticut has rejected prohibition.—It is charged that an attempt has been made by the friends of the Cronin suspects to bribe the jurors in the case, and six persons are indicted by the grand jury for embracery.—Judge Anderson of Utah has refused to naturalize a Mormon who would not

renounce polygamy.—The Electrical Execution law is decided by Judge Day of Auburn, New York, to be constitutional. The counsel of the murderer Kemmler will appeal to a higher court.—Somebody poisoned the altar wine in a Catholic church at Oneida, N. Y., and a priest who partook of it narrowly escaped death.—For feloniously assaulting a girl a priest named Boyle was on Oct. 6 sentenced to death, at Raleigh, N. C.

A Sacramento newspaper man who has just returned from a trip abroad says the managers of the big show in Paris have pleased everyone with first prizes. They distributed gold medals everywhere.

THE REV. MR. CAMPBELL'S "OTHER ENGAGEMENTS."

Mr. S. P. Putnam gave us a brilliant lecture on September 27th. Everyone, with one exception, who heard the lecture, the subject of which was "The Bible and Modern Thought," was highly pleased. One Christian hearer whose bump of veracity is not yet developed, and who believes in lying for Christ's sake and is not a novice in the art, circulated a report that Putnam was a drunkard. Our local Infidel-smasher and Christian author, who was to have met Mr. Putnam in debate, made himself very conspicuous by his absence. Mr. Campbell agreed to meet Mr. Putnam, and afterwards found it convenient to arrange his business so that he would have an excuse to avoid a discussion. This is the way Oregon parsons demolish Infidels. A short time ago I saw an article in a California paper from the pen of a California reverend who had been on a visit to Oregon, and who spoke of his visit to Mr. Campbell and Mr. Campbell's abilities as an Infidel refuter. He told how Mr. Campbell delighted to meet Infidels in debate and how he routed them. That is news for people in this section, as it is a sublime Christian imagination. The writer must have been writing under the effects of a deep reverential calm. I am not aware of any Infidel being demolished by the redoubtable Campbell, outside of the straw man that he set up in his pamphlet, "Replies to a Skeptic," Mr. Campbell did pummel the poor straw man, the said straw man being a good Christian, a believer in a god, spirits, etc. It was a one-sided debate, as the straw or imaginary man could not reply to the David of Campbellism. It is easy for theologians to set up a straw man and with their little theological club of slander, misrepresentation, and sophistry demolish it; but when a real live Infidel puts in an appearance, where, oh where, are the Davids with their slings? Echo answers "where?" They take advantage of the advice of the old saying, "he that boasts and runs away will live to boast some other day." 'Tis sad to contemplate that in Hillsboro, a city of over 1000 people, Christianity has not one representative but what spurns the light of an oral discussion. The reason is plain. When Mr. Underwood was here he gave permission at the close of his lectures for any Christian to take the platform to reply to his lecture or ask any questions. Mr. Campbell was present. Some extracts from his pamphlet were given to Mr. Underwood with the request that he would state whether they were facts or falsehoods. Mr. Underwood replied that they were not true, and gave evidence to that effect. Why did not this celebrated Infidel demolisher stand up then and there and defend the statements he had made in his pamphlet? The reason is plain. These statements are indefensible. In that pamphlet of twenty pages every page contains statements that Mr. Campbell cannot and dare not defend in a public discussion with a representative Infidel. The gauntlet of Freethought has been thrown at his feet. Whenever he feels inclined to pick it up he can be accommodated by a representative Infidel. Christianity to-day wears the white feather. The statement that Infidelity has but one representative in America and he shuns discussion is another falsehood nailed to the cross.

Some time since I wrote a short article for FREETHOUGHT wherein I criticised some statements in Campbell's "Replies to a Skeptic." The idea of a little fish, as Mr. Campbell terms me, daring to dispute the statements of the great Infidel smasher seemed to irritate him, and he complained of the severe tone of my article—another case of "please don't hurt our feelings." In regard to my article, I simply stated facts. I charged him with making false statements—statements that he could not prove to

be true. My charges I reiterate. Let Mr. Campbell disprove them if he can. Did Mr. Campbell consider the Infidel's feelings when he wrote his pamphlet? He did not even respect the feelings of his straw man. On page 10 Mr. Campbell charges the straw man with sophistry and misrepresentation, and Infidels with excessive depravity. On page 11 he charges the straw man with prostituting his God-given powers to a miserable purpose. On page 12 he charges Infidelity with cowardice; on page 13, with loving to read vile literature; page 15, the straw man is charged with dishonesty; page 19, Colonel Ingersoll is charged with being dishonorable; page 20, the straw man is charged with wilful misrepresentation; page 26, Mr. Ingersoll is classed as low in the mental scale and as being mercenary, not believing what he professes, lecturing for money; page 27, Ingersoll is classed as a fool, and it is also stated that it would be difficult for Mr. Ingersoll to prove himself honest; same page, the teachings of Infidelity are frogspawn; page 25, Mr. Ingersoll is placed within the sphere of heathenism. In the introduction to his pamphlet he charges the teachings of Freethought with being deadly poison. I will not speak of language used by Campbell in his street and church talks, but I think I have shown enough to prove that his assumed air of injured innocence comes with poor grace from one who does not respect the feelings of those who differ from him. One thing is certain—every candid reader of the so-called "Replies to a Skeptic" cannot help but admit that my charges against Mr. Campbell are proven. The clergy of this town have in the past written and spoken falsely and unjustly against unbelievers, and no one has ever, to my knowledge, dared to check them by uttering a protest, and they have been so used to having their own way that a protest against their insolence is horrifying to them. I propose to protest with all my power and endeavor to educate the black-coated gentry to be decent in their speeches against Freethinkers. The day for vilifying Freethinkers has about closed.

In conclusion I will say to our Christian brothers, If you have not the mental courage to meet Freethinkers in honorable discussion and sustain your cause on a free platform, try to give us justice when trying us on your church platform, which is not free, where Freethought has no rights extended to it to raise its voice in vindication.

W. C. CLOW.

Hillsboro, Or.

OUR LOCAL SOCIETY.

A committee of the San Francisco Freethought Society sends the following circular to members and sympathizers:

We desire to call your attention to our local Freethought Society, to interest you in its meetings, and to secure your support of the same. This society is almost self-sustaining, the collections at its meetings falling but little short of paying the expenses of hall rent and advertising. There is at present, however, a deficit, which we wish to make up, and if possible to establish a Fund for future occasions. There are no dues from members, and we therefore suggest an assessment of one dollar upon each member who can afford to contribute that amount, and upon every sympathizer with the movement. If you are willing to meet this assessment, and to pay one dollar, or more or less, for the support of the society, please advise the assistant secretary, G. E. Macdonald, 504 Kearny street, to that effect, or, better still, attend the meeting next Sunday evening, at 421 Post street, and see the treasurer, Mr. A. H. Schou.

To this circular the following responses have been received: C. E. Spafford, \$1; Wm. H. Eastman, \$1; Emil S. Lemme, \$1; Putnam & Macdonald (postage stamps), \$1; J. O. Scott, \$1; Wm. Noble, \$2; Mr. Augusteny, \$1; J. E. Palanca, \$1; L. Diamant, \$1; C. F. Burgman, \$1; H. F. Ebers, \$1; R. H. Nason, \$1; John McGlashan, \$1. Other donors have dropped the \$1 in the hat at the meetings without divulging their names. Further contributions may be left at this office or with the treasurer.

THE FALL CAMPAIGN.

S. P. Putnam has the following lecture appointments in Oregon and Washington:

Eugene	Or.,	Oct. 17, 18,	Los Angeles, San Diego, Santa Ana,
Coburg	"	" 19, 20,	Anaheim, Norwalk, Pomona, San
Talent	"	" 22, 23,	Jacinto, San Pasqual, and other points
Linkville	"	" 25, 26, 27,	in So. Cal., November and December.

THE COMING CONGRESS.

The prospects are good for a large attendance from all parts of the country, and we intend to do something beside talk. Let all who have anything to say, come and say it, "or forever hereafter hold their peace."

The meetings will be held in Industrial Hall, on Broad street, west side, between Wood and Vine streets—a very central location. The building contains rooms of different sizes, so we can use smaller or larger ones as occasion may require. The first meeting will be held on Friday night, October 25, at 8 o'clock, and will be devoted to preliminary business, and probably the president's opening address will be delivered. On Saturday A. M. at 10 o'clock a general conference will be held, and the regular business of the Congress transacted. Saturday afternoon will be devoted to visiting Independence Hall, Girard College, and other places of interest unless it shall be found necessary to hold an afternoon session. On Saturday night and Sunday afternoon and evening, public meetings will be held and addresses delivered by able speakers to be announced as soon as the programme is complete. No arrangements have been made for reduced railroad fares or hotel rates. The Girard House (Chestnut and Ninth) charges \$3 per day, and the Bingham House (Market and Eleventh) and the Washington House (Chestnut and Seventh) charge \$2.50 per day, and the latter will make some reduction of rates if several persons come together. I recommend the Washington House as a rendezvous of the Liberal clans. We shall probably have five or six public-platform speeches, and several volunteer addresses. Let all our friends and enemies, if we have any, come prepared to speak. Let all our friends send forward their contributions toward paying expenses, at once, or write me what to depend upon. We have received less than \$100 since September 1, and the treasury was empty then. "A word to the wise," etc. R. B. WESTBROOK.

Pres. Am. Sec. Union, 1707 Oxford street, Philadelphia, October 5, 1889.

CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION.

SEC. 4,579. *Violating Sabbath.* Any tradesman, workman, or laborer, or other person whatever, who shall pursue their business or work of their ordinary callings upon the Lord's day (works of necessity or charity only excepted) shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction, shall be punished as prescribed in section 4,310 of this code.

SEC. 4,310. *Punishment of accessories after the fact.* Accessories after the fact, except where it is otherwise ordered in the code, shall be punished by a fine not to exceed one thousand dollars, imprisonment not to exceed six months, to work in the chain-gang not to exceed twelve months, and any one or more of these punishments may be ordered, in the discretion of the judge.

SEC. 4,582. *Fines for violation of the Sabbath.* All moneys arising from fines imposed for offenses, the gist of which consists in their being committed on the Sabbath-day, shall be paid to the Ordinary of the county, to be by him distributed for the purpose of establishing and promoting Sabbath-schools in the county.—Georgia Statutes.

That is, the money stolen from the victims of religious superstition shall be used to teach the creeds of superstition. We can imagine that a highwayman would use the money he had stolen from the helpless traveler to pay teachers to instruct his sons in the highwayman's art. These cases are precisely analogous. In each instance the "loot" is fittingly appropriated. The means are admirably adapted to the end. The church is the road-agent of the centuries, and the state has ever been her executive arm, and is the same to-day.

One thousand dollars fine for making a horse-shoe on Sunday! Six months in a filthy jail, shut out from the sweet light of day and the companionship of the loved, for playing a game of ball! Twelve months in the chain-gang, subjected to the terrible brutalities of the semi-savage Christian overseer, for stacking wheat on the priests' day! One thousand dollars fine, six months in jail, twelve months in the chain gang, all for selling a newspaper or pulling the weeds from his flower bed! Was barbarism ever more barbarous with less cause, savagery ever more atrociously savage, cruelty ever more vindictively cruel?

The father is in the chain-gang. He had the audacity to insult Rev. Illiterate by digging a ditch to carry off the foul water

from his cellar instead of attending church, on Sunday. On Monday he was arrested on complaint of the offended Sunday monopolizer, tried before a superstition-saturated magistrate and sentenced to a year's companionship with thieves and assaulters.

There is no mercy for him. He is poor and so can get no justice or favor. In vain his wife intercedes for him, in vain his children cling to papa's knees as he is driven away in disgrace. Christianity is the state religion.

The poor mother must now toil alone to support her little ones. She can do no extra work nor can she pay others to do it. The slime in the cellar breeds foul miasma. Sickness comes as the sequel of the violation of natural law. The little golden-haired Jessie is laid low with fever. There is no money to get the doctor, and the distracted, over-worked mother can do but little. The days drag on; the malaria-tainted blood courses in fluctuating currents through the burning body of the little sufferer; she cries piteously for "papa," "papa," and stretches her tiny hands pleadingly forth, but, woe the crimes of Christian men, he comes not, he hears not his darling's plaintive call. He sweats and groans under the lash of the heartless taskmaster beneath the August sun. He has wronged no man nor woman nor child, and yet his limbs wear the manacles of the felon-slave and his baby daughter's lisping lips must close in death without the chrism of the father's kiss, the once sparkling eyes must fade into oblivion unblest by the sight of "papa's" worshiped face.

A fresh little grave on the hillside, above which the crow caws ominously. A heart-broken mother who sits among her other and half-famished children in the cheerless home. An iron-weighted father who starts fitfully and murmurs brokenly in his convict's sleep upon the wet, cold ground.

A sleek dragoon of the church who sits in his comfortable room and unctuously reads aloud from the book of Syrian legends the story of the poor man stoned for gathering sticks on the "Sabbath," and then this imitator of the Israelites rubs his hands in gleeful satisfaction as his imagination pictures John Clark chained in the convict camp, and he thinks how closely he and his parishioners are following in the footsteps of the "chosen people."

Here in his northern home Rev. M. A. Gault reads of this southern murder for the church's sake and grimly smiles as he confidentially whispers in the ear of Wilbur F. Crafts:

"Just wait until we get the Blair bill through, and many a profaner of the Sabbath on these prairies and in these valleys shall, as does John Clark, of Georgia, feel the chastising hand of the Lord's anointed. We are the Lord's anointed."—WALKER, in Fair Play.

"THE Glory of Infidelity" (San Francisco: Putnam and Macdonald, 504, Kearny street; 22 pp., 6d.), by Samuel P. Putnam, is written somewhat after the style of Colonel Ingersoll. The sentences are short and crisp, the meaning clear and unmistakable, and the illustrations striking and effective. "The Infidel," according to Mr. Putnam, "is he who is unfaithful. . . . to that which is established, accredited; to that which almost everybody believes to be right. He is the unfashionable thinker; the minority of one." This is cleverly put; but we should have preferred Mr. Putnam to define the word "Infidel" as synonymous with "Skeptic," which more accurately represents the popular meaning. We could cull from this pamphlet many passages pregnant with regal truth, but our space limits us to one excerpt: "Opinions are useless unless they are forged from the heat of our own personality—unless they are the direct result of our mental power. A man may wear liberal opinions as one wears a suit of clothes; but, for all that, his body, his soul, may be rigidly orthodox. Some people get their opinion as one does a dinner, by ordering from a bill of fare: he simply consults his taste, or perhaps the waiter, *alias* minister, who serves with immaculate apron and white necktie." Mr. Putnam has produced a most readable and useful pamphlet, soul-stirring because of its passionate earnestness, and irresistible because of its simple eloquence and manly heroism.—Watts's Literary Guide (London).

DID JESUS CHRIST RISE FROM THE DEAD? *

XI.

But we must not give Paul the credit of being the first to cultivate sedulously that fine art known as "Lying for the Glory of God." The art had been practiced with success and profit long before his time, and had in his age reached an acme of perfection to which it has hardly attained since; and of this the Christian scriptures and faith had the fullest advantage. "It appears from evidence superior to all exception that a pernicious maxim which was current not only in the schools of the Egyptians, the Platonists, and the Pythagoreans, but also of the Jews, was very early recognized by the Christians, and soon found among them numerous patrons—namely, that those who made it their business to deceive, with a view of promoting the cause of truth, were deserving rather of commendation than censure." (Mosheim, *Early Christians*, ii. 7.) Speaking of the early days of Christianity, a reverend churchman remarks: "There never was any period of time in all ecclesiastical history in which so many rank heresies were publicly professed, nor in which so many spurious books were forged, and published by the Christians under the names of Christ and the Apostles and the Apostolic writers, as in those primitive ages, several of which forged books are frequently cited and applied to the defense of Christianity by the most eminent fathers of the same ages as true and genuine pieces, and of equal authority with the scriptures themselves." (Rev. Conyers Middleton, D.D., in *Introductory Discourse*, p. 87.) And these books were, and are, "of equal authority with the scriptures themselves." I challenge any scholar living to point out any valid reason why the four gospels which we account canonical should be credited with being less spurious than hundreds of other early gospels, dozens of which are still extant. Church councils and ecclesiastical committees selected certain documents and rejected others, often with much doubt and wrangling; and often a very narrow vote decided whether a book had been written by the Holy Ghost or some forging saint, the Holy Ghost and the forging saint having written so amazingly like each other.

When the parson turns up his eyes and whines about the "Word of God," he knows that it is not the "Word of God;" he knows that it is only a jumble of pamphlets, selected in mere caprice from hundreds of other pamphlets, the product of ages of fraud and forgery. When he asserts that what are arrogantly called the "scriptures" have any except an accidental pre-eminence over the contemporary and competing mass of literature from which they were selected, he, like Paul and Eusebius, lies for the glory of God; and he certainly lies in a manner which should glorify God exceedingly when he asserts an impossible event—the resurrection of Christ, on the authority of books which he knows in his heart have no authority—a number of pseudonymous documents, purporting to be written by those who certainly did not write them, and coming down to us through an epoch exceptional for ignorance, superstition, fraud, and forgery. No sane scholar would trust such documents on a statement referring to any common mundane event; and yet, forsooth, we are asked, on such utterly discredited evidence, to believe in stars that never shone, an eclipse of which astronomy knows nothing, an earthquake in regard to which history is dumb, and a rising from the dead which is subversive of all experience, and which is incredible to all who, in pursuit of their faith, have not lost their reason.

It may, to some, seem a work of supererogation that I should, in the slightest degree, digress to elaborate my contention that the books of the New Testament come to us with the most questionable credentials. It may be urged that every intelligent and fairly well-read person is aware of this fact. But, with regret, it must be admitted that many intelligent and fairly well-read persons know nothing whatever of the exceedingly vague, dubious, and fraudulent sources from which the "holy scriptures" have been derived. In Christian countries the writers that deal with the historical evidences of the established faith lie a good long way out of the beaten path of the ordinary reader; so I feel it es-

sential to give line upon line and precept upon precept. If I can shake the faith of the "believer" in his fetich book, and show him that its claims to authenticity are more doubtful, instead of more certain, than that of any other book in existence, I shall surely succeed in securing the assent of every candid mind to the proposition that a book whose own credentials are notoriously unsatisfactory is utterly unreliable as a voucher; and, for events lying on the very border-line between improbable and the impossible, like the resurrection of Christ, its testimony is not worth the paper it is printed on.

I have alluded to the insuperable difficulty of determining the books that were written by "holy men of God, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," and those written by possibly some exceedingly pious and fraudulent early father or monk, with no inspiration whatever, except what he might derive from the wine-cellar. To further substantiate this point, and thereby undermine the authority of the gospels that vouch for Christ's resurrection, I shall make only one or two citations on the subject of canonicity—not, mark you, from the writings of skeptics, but from those of eminent Christian scholars. The learned Dodwell, in his dissertation on Irenæus, tells us that, "till Trajan's time, or perhaps, Adrian's time, no canon was fixed; the supposititious pieces of the heretics were received by the faithful, the apostles' writings bound up with theirs, and indifferently used in the churches." "Everybody knows," says Causabon, "that Justin Martyr, Clemens Alexandrinus, Tertullian, and the rest of the primitive writers were wont to approve and cite books which now all men know to be apocryphal." "The opinions—or rather, the conjectures—of the learned concerning the time when the books of the New Testament were collected into one volume, as also about the authors of that collection, are extremely different. This important question is attended with great and almost insuperable difficulties to us in these latter times. . . . For, not long after Christ's ascension into heaven, several histories of his life and doctrines, full of pious frauds and fabulous wonders" [possibly the resurrection was one of these fabulous wonders] "were composed by persons whose intentions, perhaps, were not bad, but whose writings discovered the greatest superstition and ignorance. Nor was this all; productions appeared which were imposed upon the world by fraudulent men as the writings of the holy apostles." (Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History*, p. 31.)

PUBLIC CHARITY AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

"The number of the insane is on the increase. Asylums do not cure them. Mutual intercourse increases aberration. They should be kept apart from each other."

These quotations are from a recent editorial in *FREETHOUGHT* entitled "The Charity of the Future," the key-note of which was sounded in another short sentence, to wit: "The future will have fewer institutions of charity."

Experience is teaching us that charitable institutions are curses rather than blessings. They augment the evils they were intended to remedy. The poor-house may be necessary—that is to say, like government itself, it is a necessary evil. If anarchy is ever able to abolish government, the alms-house will go too.

But if public charity is found to be a failure—and even worse, an evil, how about the public schools?

The belief is almost universal that education promotes morality. But is it true?

Education of the young at the public expense has been a cardinal doctrine of the six New England states from the very foundation of the colonies.

The six southern states, to wit: Maryland, Virginia, Delaware, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, all left the educational control of children in the hands of parents; and there were very little of the public-school system in these states down to 1860.

Now for some statistics from the census of 1860:

Proportion of illiterate native-born adult white inhabitants:

In the six New England States, one to 312.

In the six Southern States, one to 12.

Proportion of native-born white criminals:

In the six New England States, one to 1,084.

*By Saladin, editor of the *Agnostic Journal*.

In the six Southern States, one to 6,670.

Proportion of native-born paupers:

In the six New England States, one to 178.

In the six Southern States, one to 345.

As regards insanity the census report of 1870 shows, of the native-born white inhabitants:

In the six New England States, one to 800.

In the six Southern States, one to 1,682.

These figures are compiled from the census reports by the Hon. Zach. Montgomery, of California, now sojourning in Washington, who professes to be a Roman Catholic without sectarian bias. He not only elaborates the statistics through the three decades, 1860, 1870, and 1880, but shows the comparative results as regards the proportion of suicides, of paupers, and of deaths from syphilis. And these results are even more unfavorable to New England than those already given.

But what does Mr. Montgomery want to prove by these statistics? That education increases crime, pauperism, insanity, suicide, and deaths from syphilis? By no means. On the contrary, he starts out with this assumption:

"Can it be denied that an educated people are more moral and virtuous, more contented, happy, and law-abiding, than an ignorant people? . . . It is very true that *ignorance is the mother of vice*. It is also true that an educated people, *if properly* educated, are more moral, virtuous, contented, happy, and law-abiding than an ignorant people."

The italics are his own, and he adds:

"Thus far we think there can be no difference of opinion between the most inveterate supporter of the New England public-school system and ourselves."

And now what does Mr. Montgomery propose as a remedy for the frightfully vicious public-school system? As a Catholic he believes in a religious education; nevertheless, he is opposed to taxing the public for it. He would therefore restrict public secular education to the rudimentary branches, and allow only the children of poor parents to be instructed free of cost. Under this system he believes that private schools would be vastly multiplied.

Mr. Montgomery is opposed to all sectarian use of the public schools, and thinks it would be as dangerous to liberty for Catholics to get control of them as for Protestants. But believing that religion should be taught to the children, and mainly by the parent, he would practically abolish the present public-school system by reducing it to a minimum.

Before accepting the statistics of this country to prove the case as Mr. Montgomery states it, would it not be well for him to take other countries? To compare, for instance, Germany with Italy or Spain? Possibly he might not, after such a comparison, be able to dogmatically assert as he does on page 35 of his pamphlet:

The man or woman who believes in no God, no devil, no heaven, no hell, can never be trusted.

O ghost of Courtlandt Palmer! rise from the ashes of cremation and breathe into the soul of their benighted papist an infinitesimal attenuation of the essence of charity.

It may be, after all, a question whether "Ignorance is the mother of vice;" but with Agnostics it is no longer a question that "Ignorance is the mother of devotion." W. H. BURR.

Washington, D.C., October 6, 1889.

DR. M'GLYNN ON THE CHURCH AND BRUNO.

In his address before the New York Anti-Poverty Society Sept 22, Dr. Edward McGlynn said:

"At this very moment in some of the churches of this city I believe there are to be special religious services to protest against the protest that was recently made in Rome largely against the burning of man at the stake because he would not retract what, no doubt, he must have honestly believed. I am not here to advocate the philosophical vagaries or the theological heresies of a man who was burned alive in Rome in the year 1600. I do not agree with his philosophy, still less do I agree with his theology; but it seems to me that he must have been an honest man. He suffered seven years' incarceration, and at the end was led out to be burned at the stake. During any moment of those seven

years by a recantation, by retracting his errors, he could have saved himself from burning, and could have obtained his liberty. The fact that he did not recant made me feel that he was an honest man. It matters not so much to me whether what he taught was true or not, I do love to believe that as that man walked to the stake to be burned alive he went a martyr to that truth of truths, that a man must obey the dictates of his conscience, which is to him the voice of God. I would take my place rather with the man then and there at the stake than with the man who was applying the torch to the fagots; although, I make haste to explain, I would have agreed almost entirely with the theology of the man who was setting fire to the fagots, and not very much with the theology of Giordano Bruno."

A PICTURE OF VOLTAIRE.

The French ambassador at Rome has had the good fortune of a singular "find." A famous portrait of Voltaire has been missing for more than half a century. The most celebrated of his statues, and nearly all his likenesses represent the philosopher in his old age, but there was a portrait known to have been painted by Largilliere in 1718, when Voltaire was only 24—"the brightest young fellow in the world," as Carlyle describes him. This is the portrait that M. Mariani discovered and exhibited at his first reception in the Farnese palace a few nights ago. Its value is even enhanced; for a characteristic anecdote explains how it came into the possession of its late owner. Voltaire in his old age had a great desire to meet the Marquise de Vilette, one of the many flames of his youth. The lady had survived her beauty and did not care for the interview. Voltaire was piqued, and wrote first a quatrain on the refusal, which he followed up by sending a portrait of himself as the court-beauty may have remembered him when they were both young. Indeed, for the purpose, he took it away from his adopted daughter, to whom he had presented it fifty years before. The lady retained the picture and bequeathed it to her nephew, Baron Varicourt, from whom the ambassador acquired it. The pedigree, therefore, is without a flaw. A medallion head in Beauharnais' edition of Voltaire's works has evidently been inspired by Largilliere's portrait.—Fall Mall Gazette.

FOR REVENUE ONLY.

If churches are a "public benefit," and as such entitled to exemption from taxation, why should they not for the same reason be supported by a tax upon the remaining property? The new M. E. church now being built in Stockton is to cost \$55,000—contract price. The corporation (individually wealthy) is itself a large real estate owner, and was incorporated about one year ago, as the papers stated, "for business purposes." This pious corporation will probably join in the holy crusade against the taxation of church property and ask for its exemption by our next legislature.

The Sunday-schools, it seems, are also to be organized as paying adjuncts to this all-devouring heavenly greed, as is shown by the following from the Stockton Independent of Oct. 4, 1889:

"The Sunday-school Board of the Central M. E. church, which holds its meetings once every three months, met in the church last Tuesday evening. The Sunday-school still owes on its pledges towards the building of the new church about \$1300, which must be raised during the ensuing year. It was thought that the next Christmas entertainment would bring in some money that could be applied on the pledges. Accordingly a motion prevailed that a committee of five be appointed to arrange for the Christmas entertainment. A motion was also carried that a committee of four, aided by the pastor, be appointed to prepare a draft of a constitution for a Sunday-school temperance society. The pastor was allowed time to select the members for the above committees. After hearing reports of officers the Board adjourned."

Turlock, Oct. 9, 1889.

J. C. P.

A LIVELY picture of "Evolution as Taught in a Theological Seminary," is given in the October "Popular Science Monthly," by Rollo Ogden. The writer finds his material for criticism in the lectures on dogmatic theology given in the Union Theological Seminary.

The Secular Conquest of Wagner.

To the Editors of Freethought:

S. P. Putnam has come and gone, and, like Julius Caesar, can justly say, *Veni, vidi, vici!* No gospel drummer could ever draw a half-filled house at this place, whereas Mr. Putnam's audience could not all get into one of the largest houses of the settlement. His lecture was highly appreciated by nearly everyone present, and only under the promise of returning next summer was he allowed to depart. As a rule it don't take but very few meetings to freeze out a preacher, which I think is a very good recommend for the intelligence of the people about here. The last collection held here for the benefit of the so-called "Good Cause"—but which was in reality throwing away money to support a lazy gospel sharp better fitted to maul rails for a living than to insult an intelligent audience with his nonsensical and foolish doctrine—amounted to \$2.25 and three firecrackers wherewith to celebrate his departure. How much different from this did we bid farewell to Mr. Putnam! During his short stay here, he won a place in the heart of everyone that heard him, excepting two, and one of them don't know whether to believe the Bible and take his chances of getting roasted or join the band that expects to go to a more moderate climate if there is a hereafter. The other one claims to have had an interview with the most high and holy one.

Nearly everyone present at the lecture joined the Secular Union, and the FREETHOUGHT is to be found in nearly every household, and no preacher could make us believe that our only salvation lies in his foolish and nonsensical doctrine.

CHAS. G. CASPARY.

Wagner, Grant Co., Or.

A Celebrated Scarecrow.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I will relate a somewhat amusing incident which occurred shortly after Mr. Putnam was here. Papa received a letter from Mr. Ahlberg (a Liberal friend, of Gray's River) stating that Mr. Lawrence (Ahlberg's brother-in-law) had slandered papa shamefully, saying that he had put up the Christian cross to ridicule, that he had Christ in effigy, and that he had made his children, Ella and I, go out and throw stones at Jesus, etc., etc.

How quick the Christians are to imagine things about the Infidel; however, they fooled themselves greatly this time. Mr. Lawrence pretended to be so very kind as to say he would do papa no harm, but that the Catholic church would take the case in hand, and they would punish papa for his dreadful doings. What do you suppose it is we have that the church people call Christ in effigy? Why, it is simply a common scarecrow. We have a woodshed near the fence, and last spring, when the gardens were being made, the chickens would fly upon the shed, then over the fence, and were quite a bother; so my little sister Ella asked papa if she could not make a scarecrow; papa said, certainly she could if she wished. So she went to work and made one without the assistance of anyone, and now the church people have turned it into a God. What surprised us is that the Christians would ever think of claiming such a looking object for their Savior, or that they would insult their God in such a manner as comparing him with a scarecrow, for surely it was an insult. For my part I prefer the scarecrow-god rather than the God of the Bible, for so far the scarecrow has done nothing but good. Perhaps Mr. Putnam remembers the now noted scarecrow, as it was here when he made his last visit. Mr. Lawrence is one of the orthodox ones who could not stand to be in when Mr. Putnam made his reply to Rev. Whitmore last July.

When Ella heard the story the Christians had made up about her manufacture, she said, "Well! does Christ look like that?"

EMMA G. NELSON.

Crooked Creek, Deep River, P. O., Wash. Sept. 23, 1889.

We Have Not Seen It.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Have you seen the newly imported Christian Hymn-book for use in the State Normal School? If not, drop me a postal, and I'll send you one. It shan't cost you a cent. It will do your hearts good to see it. Oh, it is a daisy. We have just purchased one for our Infidel offspring, and I would not have missed seeing it for the dollar it cost. The author, Mr. H. C. Perkins, has properly christened it the "Climax," and I do not believe there is a Spiritualist, Freethinker, Liberal, Agnostic, Athiest, or

Infidel in the state of California but will readily concede that it takes the cake, if not the whole bakery. If the professor of music in the Normal School don't commit suicide or fetch up in the insane asylum before he gets through this book, he should be presented with a gold medal for being the most patient and best-balanced man in the state. The following lines I have copied from this outrage on the rising manhood and womanhood attendant upon our public schools:

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that thro' all time abide.

Now don't let the following unseat your reason:

Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

Oh, may I ever hear thy voice
In mercy to me speak;
In thee, my priest, will I rejoice,
And thy salvation seek.

The priestly devotion and reverence inculcated by this last verse would lead one to think that the Jesuits had been poking their sunburnt noses in it. I really believe if you'd take this pious songster, and inflict on your delinquents a few of these soul-stirring strains every week, in less than two months you'll not have one on your subscription list! Why, the very sight of this book caused me, four or five months in advance, to fish up the two bottom dollars to renew my subscription, as the inclosed note will show, and for which you will please give me credit. Anybody not thoroughly soaked in the orthodox superstition, who will waste a few moments examining this book, will readily understand the full force and meaning of Colonel Ingersoll's remark, when he said that a fellow had to swear a little sometimes in order to express his contempt for religious nonsense. I heartily agree with the colonel, and as the Missourian has it, "I have already gone and done it."

L. R. TITUS.

San Jose, Cal.

A Clergyman's Reckless Statement.

[The appended letter is self-explanatory. It also, up to the present time, remains unanswered by the clergyman to whom it is addressed.]

To the Rev. Mr. McWaller, Monmouth, Or.,

DEAR SIR: I presume you will have no difficulty in recalling the conversation I had with you in front of the court-house gate in this place on the first night that Putnam and Braden spoke here, the conversation being in the presence of Mr. Thos. Stewart, Jr., and others. During that conversation I had occasion to refer to Paine's "Age of Reason." You then made the statement that you "would defy any man to find another book in the English language, of equal size, containing the tenth part as many 'ifs' as that book." That it was a bundle of "ifs," or words to that effect. I replied that I never noticed it, and, as my attention had never been called to it, I could not at that time dispute it, but even if it were true it was no answer to the arguments therein contained. That no one disputes the truths of algebra and yet it contains many "ifs" and suppositions. You said, also, that you had read the work.

As soon as I had time I examined into the matter and I found that your statement in regard to the number of "ifs" was entirely and absolutely without any foundation whatever. In fact, I might go to the opposite extreme and say that for a book which is almost wholly argumentative it has as few ifs as any I ever saw. You have the appearance and reputation of being an honest man. The question then arises, Why did you make that statement? You must have made it knowing it to be untrue (which I don't believe at all) or else you made it without knowing whether it was true or not.

Believing, as I do, that you mean to be honest and fair, it is hard for me to understand why you did this. But I will hazard a guess, and it is this: You have never read the book, and you have heard some eminent defender of faith (like the Rev. Clark Braden, for instance) make this assertion, and you, in the innocence of your heart, have accepted it as "gospel truth." It certainly has as much truth as many of the statements made by that gentleman (?) and no more. Apologizing for thus addressing you, and assuring you that I never would have done so had I not believed you to be honest and sincere, I close by asking you if you will kindly explain to me how and why you were led into making such a misstatement; and hoping that your explanation will be such that I can still retain the good opinion I formed of you at our first acquaintance, I am yours very respectfully,

S. B. HUSTON.

Hillsboro, Or., July 31, 1888.

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Tennyson's Lates .

THE THROSTLE.

"Summer is coming, Summer is coming,"
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,
Yes, my wild little poet.Sing the New Year in under the blue,
Last year you sang it as gladly."New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?"Love again, song again, nest again, young
again!"Never a prophet so crazy;
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy."Here again, here, here, here, happy year,"
O warble, unbidden, unbidden.Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the Winters are hidden.

CORRECTED BY THE PORTLAND ADVERTISER.

Lord Tennyson begins his new poem with the
untimely assertion:Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it.This is undoubtedly true, but winter is coming
first, oh blow it, oh blow it, oh blow it!

Immortal Nature.

Roll on, ye stars, exult in youthful prime,
Mark with bright curves the countless steps
of time;Near, and more near, your beamy cars approach,
Or lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach.Flowers of the sky! Ye, too, to age must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field;
Star after star from heaven's high arch shall
rush,

Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush.

But o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal Nature lifts her changeless form;
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another, yet the same.A PARSON in the gloaming strolled,
About his garden path.The wheelbarrow someone had rolled
Right in his way, alas!His shins were very sadly barked,
His nose the earth had ploughed,These things——!!*——! "t
——!! which he straightway remarked
Would sound bad in a crowd."Mr. McClintock," she shouted, "I
want you to take your feet off the parlor
table." "Mrs. McClintock," he said, in a
fixed, determined voice, "I allow only one
person to talk to me that way." "And
who is that?" she demanded. "You, my
dear," he replied softly, as he removed the
pedes.HOME Missionary—"Do you believe
your prayers are answered, Uncle 'Rastus'?"Uncle 'Rastus—"Pends altogether on
de prayer. When I prays de Lord to send
me a turkey, it don't come, but when I
prays de Lord to send me after a turkey,
I gen'ly gits it before midnight."A CLERGYMAN, consoling a young widow
on the death of her husband, remarked
that she could not find his equal. "I know
I can't," replied the sobbing fair one.
"But," she added, with a heavenly smile,
"I mean to try!"

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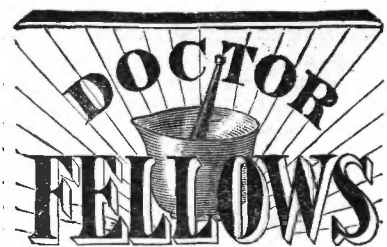
Young Man Brown.

There was a young man and his name was Brown,
And he wore a short frock coat;
His hair on his temples it was plastered down,
And his collars hung aside of his throat.
His hands were white and his pants were tight,
And his hair was the color of tan,
The ladies all said, whether widow, wife or maid,
"Lor me! what a nice young man."

THEN he came with a whoop and a howl,
To seek the editor's blood.

A brawny printer caught him foul,
And stabbed him through with the office towel,
And he fell with an awful thud.

A TEXAS gentleman being unwell could not attend church one Sunday not long ago, so he gave his little son a quarter to put on the plate. When the youth came home his father asked him what was the text, but he replied that he hid not know, as he had forgotten it. "Did you forget everything?" asked the exasperated parent. "No," replied the boy, calmly; "I remembered not to put that quarter on the plate." "Why, you are a regular little heathen." "I'm a little heathen, am I? Well, for once the heathen got the money that was coming to them, which is more than would have happened if I had put it on the plate."



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—AND—

Girard College Theology.

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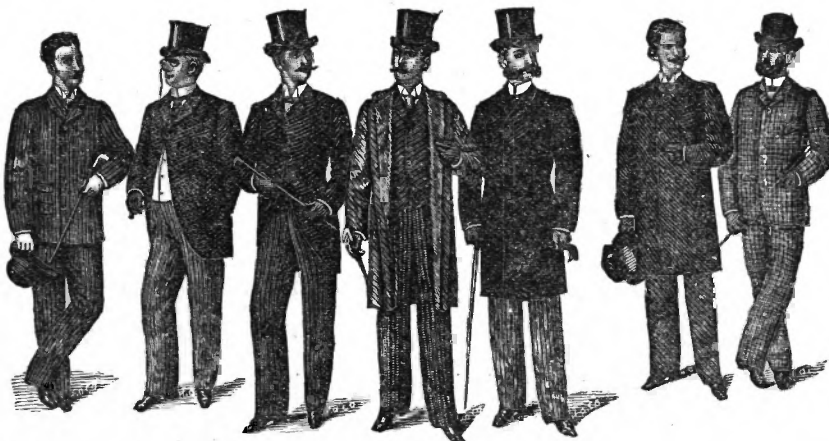
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - OCTOBER 26, 1889.

THE American missions to the Zulus cost \$31,000 last year, and did not result in any converts, but the movement to send missionaries to Africa is just as lively as ever.

THE Rev. William Morrison, who married two couples before ten thousand people at the Portland exposition last week, sent the association a bill for \$50. "You may think my bill extravagant," he wrote, "but you cannot expect a minister of God to make a holy show of himself for nothing."

IN the excitement over the daily issue of a thousand-page Examiner, the newspaper world and reading public should not forget to give a cordial welcome to "The Jury," a funny little paper edited by C. F. Davis and illustrated by Ed. M. Greene. The same is published at 126 Kearny street, and sold for five cents per copy.

THE recent address of Prime Minister Crispi, of Italy, has aroused the ire of the Vatican, and other nations are called upon to put some sort of restriction upon the utterances of Signor Crispi. This request is significant of the amount of freedom of speech to be looked for in Rome if the pope secures the temporal power which he seeks.

WHEN Postmaster General Wanamaker has made the necessary inquiries as to the religious status of San Francisco, he will probably take Postmaster Bryan's call for more clerks under advisement, and if the investigation result satisfactorily, comply with his request. Brother Wanamaker, we are waiting on the farther shore for a more efficient postal service.

THE editor of the Signs of the Times does not favor the Rev. Dr. Harcourt's adoption of Ingersoll's words, "An honest God is the noblest work of man," but on the contrary says that "only 2 Tim. iv, 3, 4, can adequately explain their approval by a professedly Christian minister." The passages cited refer to the time when people will not endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears. The refined expression, "itching ears," we interpret to mean a desire to hear something new, in which case Dr. Harcourt's congregation should be encouraged.

THE Sunday-law bigots are working to raise a fund of \$25,000 to prosecute their object in this state. A finance committee composed of Dr. R. H. McDonald, of Vinegar Bitters fame; C. C. Clay, and W. H. Cubery have already collected \$1,300. These sabbatarians do not care enough for Sunday repose to take it when left at liberty to do so and they are therefore anxious to have a law compelling them to rest. Like the hired culprit in the pulpit who defends the justice of his own imprisonment, they are forging shackles for themselves. Their object, of course, is to make people go to church, for, as we have before stated, the logical working of a Sunday statute would send people to church in obedience to the law, or force them thither in charge of a police officer.

HUGH O. PENTECOST observes in the Twentieth Century: "There is a poor, distressed Episcopal rector in this city (New York). He is the man who has been appointed by the Lord Jesus to rule over St. Clement's church. It appears that his church is being more and more surrounded by poor people, and 'respectable parishioners' are very liable to have to brush against 'immoral women' in going to and from church after dark. He has discontinued his evening services and says he will be obliged to move his precious flock and their fold out of that neighborhood. What would the good Jesus say to this wretch if he were here? We can only guess; but we know what he did say to similar humbugs in his day. He said: 'Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! Verily I say unto you, that the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you.'"

LABOR CONVENTIONS.

Messrs. J. A. Brooks, J. W. Robbins, and E. Evans have called a convention in Chicago to meet November 13, for the consideration of certain specified reforms; and in view of the same, Messrs. D. P. Rice, J. K. Phillips, and W. A. Bushnell have called a similar convention to meet in San Francisco the first day of November. The reforms sought after by the Chicago Convention are enumerated as follows: "The prohibition of the liquor traffic, tariff reform, finance reform, restriction of pauper and criminal immigration, arbitration for settlement of labor difficulties and national disputes, reform in civil service, non-sectarian schools, purity and secrecy of the ballot, and all other reforms." In addition to these the San Francisco Convention contemplates the advocacy of Woman Suffrage.

There are some reforms, among those mentioned, which will interest Freethinkers, although the majority of Liberals are a trifle suspicious of movements which start off with "prohibition" or "restriction." There is no reform contemplated by anyone the realization of which would ruin so large an industry as the prohibition reform. It is said by the prohibition advocates that nine hundred millions of dollars are annually expended for liquors, wines, and beer. If the men engaged in the manufacture of

these products receive on an average nine hundred dollars per annum, then prohibition would throw one million of men out of their present employment. On the other hand, nine hundred million dollars' worth of liquor represents a great deal of human misery and some joy. It represents thousands of days' work and many days of idleness. It represents a tremendous influence in politics, in business, and in social life; but behind it all is the question of personal liberty—has one man a right to deny another man the use of liquor, wine, or beer?

Tariff reform is another question involving rights. Have customs officials, acting for a government, any more right to divest a merchant of a portion of his goods than had the pirates of Tariffa, whence the name is derived, or is the tariff as legitimate as any other tax? If, however, it is a violation of personal or property rights, the question of its expediency should not be considered. The American people ought to be above bribery and honorable enough not to desire ill-gotten gains, however much prosperity they may bring. As thinking people, Liberals are deeply interested in this subject.

We are also concerned with the question of financial reform, including the free coinage of silver, greenbackism, and other methods of improving our present system. These are purely questions of ways and means for providing a convenient circulating medium. The restriction of immigration, pauper or criminal, is more serious. The majority of us have no capital but our health, which is not unlimited; and if the Sunday law goes through we shall probably become criminals by breaking it. Besides, reformers who are clamoring for their share of the earth should be careful not to deny others enough to stand on, or they may be charged with inconsistency and not be able to defend themselves.

Arbitration for settlement of labor difficulties is a good thing, undoubtedly; and if it takes the form of arbitration between the employer and employee on the basis of what the one is willing to pay and the other is willing to work for, it cannot be otherwise than satisfactory. Between nations it is vastly preferable to war, which is a relic of barbarism.

We will pass over civil service reform, largely humbug, and say that Liberals are in favor not only of unsectarian public schools, but non-religious public schools. Schools are maintained to make educated men and women, and not for the manufacture of angels.

The purity of the ballot is certainly desirable, but not the secret ballot. Let every man vote openly and record not only his vote but the name of the candidate for whom his ballot is cast. Then if bad men are elected to office we may know who is responsible for it. We shall also know whether the men who talk so loudly for reform are sufficiently sincere to vote as they hurrah.

In consideration of the importance of these reforms we hope Mr. Phillips's convention will be largely attended, and we shall be glad to announce the location of the meeting whenever it is decided upon.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, October 27, at 8 o'clock. Hon. F. B. Perkins will speak on "Freedom and Slavery."

We have received from Mr. A. H. Hoyt, El Monte, Cal., \$1 or the San Francisco Freethought Society.

OUR SPIRITUALISTIC FRIENDS.

While the readers of FREETHOUGHT may not be convinced by the representations of the Golden Gate relative to a future life, they cannot help being pleased with the frankness and candor displayed by the editor. And here at the outset we wish to acknowledge the superior fairness of Spiritualists as compared with other next-world advocates. When we asked the questions quoted by the Golden Gate we had not the faintest confidence that Mr. Owen would attempt to answer them, but he has done so in apparent good faith. We cannot help contrasting his course with that of theologians, who, when requested to answer kindred questions, either ignore them or impute discreditable motives to the inquirer. The editor of the Golden Gate has won for Spiritualists the acknowledgment here made.

So much for the manner of Mr. Owen's reply, which is above criticism. Of the matter we cannot say as much. It affords little chance for argument. When Mr. Owen says that "it is difficult from the material plane of thought to comprehend spiritual things," we are obliged to agree with him; as doubtless he would be compelled to acquiesce in the statement that to the waking mind the dreams and visions incident to sleep are impossible. This, however, does not demonstrate the superior reliability of dreams over the conclusions reached with open eyes.

Again, when Mr. Owen explains that the spirit world is a reflex of this, we heartily concur. The image seen in a mirror is also a reflex of ourselves, but as the reflex disappears with that which is reflected, we see no reason for investing it with immortality. Mr. Owen's further statements touching the conditions of the future life are quite interesting, but we do not like to see these poor bodies of ours accused of causing all the troubles incident to humanity. There are a great many persons who would be much wicked than they are if their health would permit; so that, after all, the imperfections of the mortal body are not altogether unproductive of good. When the spirit is willing to do evil it is quite fortunate that the flesh is sometimes weak.

We wish to allay the fears of our valued contributor, Mrs. Schwartz, that discussion on the subject here touched is likely to divert our attention from the work of Liberalism, or to breed dissension between Spiritualists and non-Spiritualists. Because Brother Owen believes in another world he will relax none of his endeavors to make this one worth living in, and his confidence in the truth of the philosophy he has espoused, together with his good nature, will enable him to preserve an even temper, no matter how deep the conflict. If all Liberals and Spiritualists are not prepared to listen to both sides of every question it is their misfortune, and they should endeavor at once to put themselves in a receptive frame of mind.

"CHARLES BRADLAUGH is dying" is the mournful intelligence brought by cable from London under date of October 22. We are loth to accept the significance of these words, and until their truth is confirmed we wait in hope for better news.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD's published utterances on the existence of hell and the necessity of conversion seem to have put new life into the old worm-eaten dogmas. The Rev. Father Sasia, of the St. Ignatius College, spoke thus in his sermon last Sunday:

"I am at a loss to understand what service is rendered to the moral tone of society by those who, taking advantage of their notoriety, scatter broadcast the seeds of unbelief and strive to undermine the faith of Christian people in the existence of eternal punishment beyond the grave. But the eternal truths of revelation cannot be swept away by gratuitous as-

sertions even of so-styled learned men. I admit that some pretended scientists have succeeded in casting ridicule on this most fundamental tenet of the Christian religion; but everyone knows that it is easier to sneer and scoff at the witnesses than to disprove their testimony. It is unhappily a matter of frequent occurrence to hear expressions either of total denial or of hesitating doubts lightly and flippantly put forward on this momentous truth. Some men, when warned lest what they so confidently deny might after all turn out to be a stern reality, are heard talking of taking their chances. It is plain that no Catholic worthy of the name can hold such language without making shipwreck of his faith. It is rank heresy, downright impiety, for it implies a denial of revealed truth and of God's wisdom and justice. The authority of the Catholic church, commissioned to teach infallibly all things concerning eternal salvation, is amply sufficient to settle this question for every Catholic. Here I will content myself with remarking that the Catholic dogma has nothing to do with this or that idea which individuals may entertain or put forward. What the Catholic church teaches is that those who die in mortal sin shall suffer punishments without end. This is the dogma clearly defined. Whatever else may be said about the site of this place of torments or about the degree and quality of its pains is not within the domain of faith, and belongs to those points in which it is lawful to hold different opinions without wandering from the Catholic belief. What we do know for certain is that those pains are awful beyond description and without end."

What we know is that the Rev. Father Sasia does not know anything of the kind, and when he pretends, through the offices of the church, to save souls from the pains which he describes, he is a barefaced impostor. This is another thing that he knows, but neglects to state.

CONCERNING the Rev. George Jacob Schweinfurth, the Illinois messiah, we have the following information from a resident of Rockford, where the new incarnation now sojourns:

"Schweinfurth is said to be prospering grandly. He has a palatial home known as 'Heaven,' a few miles out of this city. A gentleman who recently paid him a visit told me the other day that Schweinfurth had a stud of some twenty fine horses; his home was gorgeously fitted up, and among the interior decorations were upwards of a hundred wingless angels usually called women. I have met him twice at one of our banks, where he was making deposits, and once at the post-office. He is a rather fine-looking man ('if it be lawful to call him a man'), somewhat below the medium height, of sandy complexion, auburn hair and whiskers; wears fine clothes and a silk hat, and would be mistaken for a prosperous clerk in a drygoods store if the observer did not know he was the 'Lord of life and glory,' the veritable God Almighty, reincarnated. It is very apparent that the gentleman has learned much wisdom since he left the earth upwards of eighteen hundred years ago, for now he seems a splendid business manager, and is accumulating a very large property, having several big farms, it is said, besides the one known as 'Heaven,' which is under fine cultivation. I should suppose him to be between 36 and 38 years of age."

There are several churches, we understand, founded on a belief in this impostor. At one of these in Kansas City, Mo., according to a writer in *Modern Thought*, the worshipers give in their testimony to the "saving grace of our Lord Geo. J. Schweinfurth." Really it seems that there are no religious pretensions so absurd that superstitious idiots cannot be found to accept them.

THE passage in the Presbyterian Confession of Faith that is making so much trouble, and which certain Presbyterians wish to modify, reads as follows:

"By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and some angels are predestinated to everlasting life, and others are fore-ordained to everlasting death.

"These angels and men, thus predestinated and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished.

"As God hath appointed the elect unto glory, so hath he, by the eternal and most free purpose of his will, foreordained all the means thereunto. Wherefore they who are elected being fallen in Adam, are redeemed by Christ, are effectually called unto faith in Christ by his Spirit working in due season, are justified, adopted, sanctified, and kept by his power through faith unto salvation.

"The rest of mankind God was pleased, according to the unsearchable counsel of his own will, whereby he extendeth or withholdeth mercy as he pleaseth, for the glory of his sovereign power over his creatures, to pass by, to ordain them to dishonor and wrath for their sin, to the praise of his glorious justice."

This Presbyterian creed is about the funniest old document in existence, and it would be a pity to change it. The idea that God has ordained a portion of his creatures to dishonor and wrath simply as an exhibition of his justice is a conceit so barbarous that, once lost, it could not be reproduced in the present advanced stage of civilization.

IN reviewing a recent work on Mormonism the *Chronicle* says:

"Why every believer in genuine Republicanism wishes to see Mormonism rooted out is because it places the orders of a church above the commands of the government. In other words, the Mormon will obey first the mandate of the head of his church and then the laws of the country. If the latter conflict with Mormon doctrine then the faithful believer will violate the laws rather than disobey the orders of the church authorities."

If the editor of the *Chronicle* would substitute Roman Catholicism and Roman Catholic in the place of Mormonism and Mormon, his remarks would apply just as truly to a much more powerful enemy of this republic than the one he has attacked. The only reason, evidently, why this substitution is not made is because the editor of the *Chronicle* is a Romanist instead of a Mormon. Both these sacerdotal organizations are founded upon the same species of fraud and superstition, and are making the same struggle for temporal power. We would as soon see the one succeed as the other.

E. C. WALKER writes in his paper, *Fair Play*, a very readable article on "Editors' Eccentricities and Publishers' Peculiarities," in which he criticises the habits these people have of republishing articles without giving due credit. There are plenty of offenses of this character, but some editors are altogether too conscientious. As an instance, we have recently seen Ingersoll's poem on the "Birthplace of Burns" published in a country paper and credited to Texas Siftings.

"We are purely and simply Catholic," says the *Catholic World*, "and profess an unreserved allegiance to the church, which takes precedence of and gives the rule to our allegiance to the state." If Catholics choose to own allegiance to the church—that is, the pope—before all other powers, they of course have that right, but they ought not to become citizens of any state. A man cannot serve two masters.

WE were promised the abstracts of several addresses delivered at the Portland Convention for publication in this week's paper, but as the writers have chosen to forward them in season for next week's, they are necessarily deferred.

THE American Secular Union Congress at Philadelphia October 25, 26, and 27, is to be addressed by Dr. Edward McGlynn, the Rev. Minot J. Savage, and T. B. Wakeman, Esq.

MOSES HULL will visit Oregon and Washington this winter, and, weather permitting, will lecture on Biblical subjects.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The rainfall for October in this state beats all previous records. Thousands of tons of grapes are ruined, and the bean crop seriously damaged.—Postmaster-General Wamamaker has received a communication from the postmaster at San Francisco stating that the work in his office has increased 50 per cent within the last three years, yet the office has only been allowed six additional clerks. He therefore asks for fourteen more clerks.—A special from Washington to the New York Post says: "Of the silver bullion purchased by the treasury department, \$200,000 is destined for the mint at San Francisco, which will be started again. It is denied that there is any political significance in the renewal of work there, but coinage is \$1,000,000 in arrears."—The Brown-Sequard elixir has proved a failure in the case of ex-County Clerk Reynolds, of San Francisco, who was at one time said to be improving. Mr. Reynolds is as feeble now as before using the elixir.

Representatives of the Greenback party met at New York Oct. 21, and nominated Rev. Thos. K. Beecher for Secretary of State, John B. Sullivan of Westchester for Comptroller, and Joseph Madison Hall of Hamilton for Treasurer. The other nominations will be made later.—Gen. Green B. Raum has been appointed commissioner of pensions, vice Tanner, resigned.—Joseph Moysant, the Catholic priest who ran away with the wife of a well-known Chicagoan some weeks ago, and who is thought to have sought refuge in France, is wanted to answer for the crime of forgery.—The coffin containing the remains of Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose grave at Concord, Mass., was recently disturbed, has been placed in a securely bound box, which in turn has been deposited in a grave composed of blocks of granite cemented together and securely fastened with a granite covering.—The next census of the United States will include church statistics. Superintendent Porter says that the inquiry will be broad enough in scope to embrace every religious body, of whatever name or creed, however few or many its churches and members, and it will be conducted with the utmost fairness and impartiality. The information sought will be arranged under the heads: (1) Organizations or societies; (2) Church edifices; (3) Seating capacity; (4) Value of church property; (5) Communicants.

Louis I., king of Portugal, died at Lisbon, Oct. 19. The new king, who assumes the title of Carlos I., has issued his proclamation, in which he swears, among other things, to maintain the Catholic superstition.—The trial of Father McFadden, a Catholic priest, for participation in the murder of Police Inspector Martin, of Gweedore, began at Mayborough, Ireland, last week.—It is said that the Prince of Wales is incurably sick with Bright's disease of the kidneys, and will probably not outlive the queen.—The pope gave an audience to the French pilgrims the other day. He is so feeble that his voice is scarcely audible. As usual he reiterated his complaints against the Italian government.

COLONEL KNIGHT'S LECTURE.

In spite of the "unprecedented precipitation," as a local paper describes the late moisture, the usual audience gathered at the Freethought Society's meeting last Sunday evening to hear Col. H. L. Knight's lecture, the third of a philosophical series on "Matter and Spirit." Professor Miller had spoken on "Matter" and Dr. Anderson on "Spirit;" and so the colonel entitled his address "The Philosophy of God."

Vice-President Lemme occupied the chair and got along quite successfully with the introductory formalities.

Colonel Knight first reviewed the previous discourses, and spoke of the subject generally, with much force. He is an extemporaneous orator, and elaborates his points in so effective a manner that nobody can fail to understand them. He divided the schools of thought on God into four classes: 1. Those who hold to the God of the Bible, with all the concomitants; 2. The Atheists, who hold that there is no God, and no need for a God, but that matter is sufficient to produce all the phenomena we see in the universe; 3. The Bishop Berkeley class, who hold that there is no matter, but all is God, mind, and imagination, and

that there is really nothing, only as we imagine it—nothing but pictures on the mind; 4. Those who hold that in the operations of nature, in the creation of the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, and in man, his race, form, mind, and make-up, God is seen, a Supreme Mind, with intent, and carrying out that intent.

The lecturer held to the last position. He characterized all the others as absurd, and argued that because they were absurd and inadmissible his must of necessity be the true one. He repeated his challenge to all and singular of the other schools to debate the matter in any fair manner.

Colonel Knight was followed by Dr. Anderson, of the Theosophical Society, who coincided largely with the lecturer, though offering some criticism.

Mr. Paddon addressed the audience on the Bible God with some warmth, rejecting entirely the monstrous idea of a God all-powerful, all-wise, and all-good, and yet preparing a hell for innocent unbelievers.

Dr. O'Brock next contributed himself to the occasion, and spoke for seven minutes. He might have occupied more time, but he wasted his opportunities by abusing the chairman of the present meeting and of all previous meetings, with casual caustic references to the writer of these reports, and so he was called to order and solicited to take his seat. The doctor means well, we trust, and awakens deeper feelings of regret than of anger; but as he has neither the ability to talk sense nor the discretion to keep still, his suppression is resorted to by the Chair, on behalf of the audience, in self-defense, which is the first law of nature.

To such points as had been raised in opposition to his own the speaker of the evening replied in a few words, and the meeting harmoniously adjourned. The next lecture is by the Hon. F. B. Perkins on "Freedom and Slavery."

THE OREGON CONVENTION.

[As last week's edition of FREETHOUGHT containing a report of the opening proceedings of the Convention is exhausted, we here reproduce what was then published, together with the remainder of the report, which is thus given entire in one number.]

The First Annual Convention of the Oregon State Secular Union met at Masonic Hall, Portland, Saturday, October 12, at 10 A.M. The meeting was called to order by President C. Beal, and music was rendered by Roose and Hodgson's Orchestra. As a preliminary measure Mr. Geo. H. Dawes moved the appointment of a Committee on Resolutions, which motion was carried, and the following committee chosen:

COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS.—Geo. H. Dawes, M. Fitzgerald, Robert Laughlin, Mrs. Jennie Vose Graham, and G. W. Tiffany.

Upon motion of Dr. J. W. McClure, of Silverton, the Convention appointed the following—

COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS.—Dr. J. W. McClure, S. P. Putnam, Mrs. S. C. Todd, B. F. Hyland, and H. Arnold.

Music by the orchestra ensued, and then Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel, of Kansas City, Mo., was introduced and gave the opening address. After thanking the Convention for the honor of being the first speaker, Mrs. Krekel proceeded to a definition of Secularism, to point out its necessity and the causes which had brought a Secular party into existence, and finally to an exposition of its object. In closing she said, "In our deliberations of how most successfully to advance Secular work, let us be temperate, practical, and conscientious. Let us remember, as the French Convention declared, that 'one man's right ceases where another's begins.' Let us devise some method, adopt some system through which we can utilize means, energy, and ability, toward accomplishing work in the interests of which this Convention is called."

After this appropriate, eloquent address, which was frequently and heartily applauded, a banner was presented to the Oregon

State Secular Union by Miss Mattie Blaisdell. In offering the beautiful symbol the lady said:

"MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: When FREE-THOUGHT brought me the intelligence that the friends of freedom in the great Northwest would hold a Secular Convention in Portland, I asked myself what could I do to hurry on this mighty force which will yet break the chains on mind and body and set a captive world free? I said I would present them with a banner. Therefore this morning I ask you to accept a woman's offering for humanity.

"Friends, give me at this moment a mental pledge that you and your children's children will make an annual pilgrimage to some chosen place, and in convention assembled, with your eyes fixed on this banner of the brave, sing 'A Thousand Years, My Own Columbia.' And if ever war is forced upon us—as well it may be—let this banner wave at the head of your advancing columns, until every tyrant is removed, to make place for the sons and daughters of Liberty. Ladies and gentlemen, if you will work for the freedom of the race with the same devotion of soul as the illustrious persons here named, our cause of liberty, truth, intelligence, and justice will become victorious to the ends of the earth, and the people have but one religion—the Religion of humanity."

The banner was elegantly embroidered with gold on a dark background—the eagle with the stars—and those noble names of Freethought, Hypatia, Bruno, Paine, and Ingersoll, with the legend "Universal Mental Liberty," about the spread wings of the eagle. Below is blazing the torch of civilization, and underneath this flame are the words "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." On the reverse side of the banner the Stars and Stripes float above the prostrate cross.

President Beal accepted the banner in behalf of the Oregon Union, with this characteristic address:

"Miss Blaisdell, on the part of the officers and members of the Oregon State Secular Union, I accept this beautiful and costly banner. The first inscription I see is 'Universal Mental Liberty.' If we should go to some distant country and find the people chained to stumps and trees, we would feel disgusted and return home. But on our return we would find most of the people chained to creeds and beliefs, some of them having taken a solemn pledge they would never believe anything else. Harriet Martineau was asked what she believed. She said she was a free rover on the breezy commons of the universe. She sought for truth wherever found.

"We find next the name 'Hypatia,' the daughter of Theon. Father and child were builders and patrons of the Alexandrian Library of three hundred thousand volumes, which was burned to make room for a new religion not Pagan. Teachers of mathematics and philosophy, they at one time had fourteen thousand students. As she was returning from the university a band of brutal monks dragged her from her chariot, tore her limbs asunder, scraped the flesh from the bones with shells, and threw them on the devouring coals. She was so pure, it is said, that a sweet smell arose towards heaven. Speak her name in whispers, or as you would that of a departed sister.

"'Bruno,' the young and beautiful philosopher, taught a science now accepted by a civilized world. Thrown into a papal prison, at the end of seven years he was taken out and burned unto death. The other day 30,000 Italians headed by their king, with a hundred bands of music and 1850 banners, marched into the field of flowers with their feet on the sacred ashes of Bruno, and there unveiled a beautiful monument to his memory. For three days neither pope nor priest was seen on the streets of Rome. If ever you intend to pray, pray now that this was the beginning of the end.

"'Paine,' the son of Liberty in three empires; the man who said, 'The world is my country; to do good my religion,' 'I believe in one God and no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life;' the man who reproved every slaveholder from the president to the 'mudsill' by saying, 'Man has no property in man;' the man who first spoke the immortal words 'The free

and Independent States of America;' the most abused man that ever lived—the best man that ever died.

"'Ingersoll,' the product of the ages past, the sample man of the ages to come. The world would be poor without him.

"'The torch.' Primitive man guided his footsteps in the dark, until the coming dawn, by his torch.

"'Liberty,' the word that all the good have spoken.

"'Fraternity.' Yes, brother, I will pull shoulder to shoulder with you.

"'Equality.' If you were unfortunate and did not secure enough for dinner, I will divide with you.

"Yes, Miss Blaisdell, while one of our torch-bearers faces the coming dawn this banner will be borne at the head of our advancing column."

The presentation and acceptance of the banner were the signal for loud and prolonged cheers. Mrs. Seip next gave a thrilling recitation, and repeating "A Thousand Years, My Own Columbia," that noble hymn was sung by the whole vast audience, with accompaniment by the orchestra.

Mrs. Lois Waisbrooker followed in a fine address to a most appreciative audience. The following letter from B. F. Underwood was read:

ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC, Oct. 4, 1889.

DEAR MR. BEAL: I write, as you requested before I left Portland, a few suggestions to be read at the convention. Those that now occur to me are the following:

Since the clearly stated object of the Oregon Secular Union is to secure the total separation of church and state, and since in this work the co-operation of all, irrespective of religious belief, is invited, see that the speeches, discussions, and the action taken, are confined to this purpose.

After declaring in its constitution and in its public announcements that the sole purpose of the Union is to secularize the state—that is, to remove all vestiges of the union of church and state, and to resist all legislation inconsistent with secular government, and asking all in favor of this purpose to join the Union, it would be clearly inconsistent and even dishonorable to make the convention an occasion for advocating or assailing theological belief and institutions, as such. Whether the Christian, Jewish, Buddhistic, or other religions are true or not, whether Materialism or Spiritualism is the correct philosophy, whether Saturday or Sunday is more sacred than other days and should be so observed as a religious duty—these are questions beyond the province of the Union to decide. The object of the Union is to oppose governmental indorsement or discrimination in favor of any religious systems or dogmas, and to maintain that the function of the government in regard to religion is to have nothing whatever to do with it one way or the other, except to defend all in the expression of their views, and in their right to worship (or not to worship) as they see fit.

Some persons do not distinguish between state secularization and Secularism. One means the separation of the church and the state—making the state entirely secular in its character, leaving all religions to the voluntary support of their adherents. The other means a system of philosophy and ethics, which it is not necessary to accept in order to be in sympathy with state secularization.

The discussion of Secularism comes no more within the scope of the Union than the discussion of Spiritualism or Calvinism—that is, considered as systems.

The provisions for work during the coming year should be limited to such as is required to advance the cause of state secularization. The officers should be selected with reference to their qualifications for this work. To select men merely because they are zealous opponents of theological beliefs would be in violation of the spirit of the constitution of the Union. Most of the members are probably Freethinkers (in the common meaning of that word), but opposition to Christianity or Judaism is no part of the work of the organization. Christian and non-Christian are alike eligible to office.

The office of secretary is an important one. The person elected to this position should be unpartisan and fair-minded, one who knows the difference between the movement for secular-

izing the state and the work of merely attacking theological creeds. To elect to this office a man who would make it serve his purpose of securing opportunities for himself and others to lecture for or against religious beliefs would be a great mistake. To make any particular paper the official organ of the Union unless that paper is devoted entirely and exclusively to state secularization would not, I think, be wise.

My own convictions on religious subjects are radical and pronounced, but I should not think of advocating or advancing them if I were to be present at the convention. An exposition of Adventism by Mr. Jones would be just as appropriate.

We cannot bring together people of different views on various subjects for a specific purpose, and expect harmony and success, unless the discussions and proceedings are confined to the purpose announced in the call.

There is a strong sentiment in Oregon in favor of secularizing the state, especially in favor of taxing church property, maintaining secular schools, and opposing restrictive Sunday laws. I hope the convention will serve to strengthen this sentiment, organize it, and make it powerfully felt in the legislation of the state.

Very truly yours, B. F. UNDERWOOD.

The Convention met at 2 P.M. Saturday, October 12, pursuant to adjournment. A motion by J. Henry Schroeder, of Coos county, that Messrs. Reynolds, Putnam, and Bell be appointed a committee on introduction, was adopted. Mr. Reynolds then read a letter from J. L. York, in which he regretted his inability to be present on account of ill health, and gave words of cheer to the Convention.

A telegram was then read, from Moses Hull, sending greetings to the Convention.

Geo. H. Dawes was then introduced and gave an address on "The Principles of American Liberty."

C. B. Reynolds, being next introduced, gave an animated and eloquent speech emphasizing the positions taken by the previous speakers, and defending the principles and acts of Liberals.

The Convention then adjourned to evening.

The evening session, Saturday, was opened with an address by Rabbi Block.

After the address of the rabbi, W. S. Bell gave his lecture on "Liberty and Morality," the Convention adjourning to Sunday.

The meeting was called to order Sunday morning at 9:30 by President Beal. Music was furnished by the band.

Short speeches were made by members of the Convention. Dr. A. K. Olds, of McMinnville, spoke enthusiastic words of encouragement and urged persistent action. The doctor is seventy-eight years old, and has been for many years a pronounced Freethinker.

T. S. Derrick, of Benton, made a short address on practical work.

J. Henry Schroeder spoke of the necessity of Liberal organization. He urged that efforts be directed solely in the line of state secularization, and that all elements be organized in harmony with this prime object.

Professor Seymour spoke of the strength and growth of Liberalism upon the Pacific coast, and urged vigilance in the protection of our public school system from the blight of ecclesiasticism.

The president read a letter from W. H. Breese, of Talent, Or., on the work of the Convention.

Mr. Priestly, of Milwaukee, spoke of the business and social tyranny of the churches.

Mr. Elliott, of Portland, spoke of the distinction won by Liberals in the defense of the union.

Dr. Olds said that he had been an Infidel ever since Hacker published the *Pleasure Boat*.

Mr. Rawson, of Olympia, said: "I stand before you an ex-

preacher now sixty years of age. I spent forty years preaching Methodism." He gave an extended history of his experience, and of the work he had done since he espoused Liberalism.

B. F. Hyland, of Corvallis, spoke of the results he attained by investigation of the Bible itself.

Dr. A. D. Martis, of Ohio, said: "After organization what are we going to do? To a certain extent churches do a good work. The Liberals must educate in truth and morality."

Mr. Fuller, of McMinnville, said: "I agree in everything with my Liberal friend, Dr. Olds, except as to a future life. He says he doesn't know. I say, I do know. But in questions of right, of duty, of justice, we are one."

Mrs. F. C. Reynolds, being called upon, made an impromptu speech setting forth clearly and forcibly the situation and the demands of the hour.

Ex-Rev. C. B. Reynolds, being introduced, gave the address of the morning upon the objects of the Convention.

At 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the great audience, with frequent bursts of applause, listened to a masterly exposition of state secularization, from Rev. Alonzo T. Jones, of the Advent Christian church. He spoke for two hours, and it was a remarkable address, coming from a Christian clergyman. Following is an abstract:

True Christianity, as represented by Jesus, does not resort to force, but to persuasion. A union of church and state is destructive of its very principles. If the Bible is a divine book, it does not need any official recognition. Such a recognition degrades it. A government is for natural rights. It is only for this world. No state will survive and flourish in heaven. It is for the affairs of life as it now is. The natural rights of the non-Christian are equal to those of the Christian. No amount of belief in or attainment of the supernatural can alter natural rights. They exist with the man himself and are not the product of any faith. Government cannot distinguish between citizens on account of religion. It cannot go to the intentions of a man. It can only treat of actions. To the government, actions are neither religious or non-religious, moral or immoral, but simply civil and uncivil. The state can restrain uncivil action, but nothing else. It can prevent that which is an infringement upon the rights of any individual. It must therefore solely deal with the action. This is open and can be witnessed. But if government is to deal with intentions, with the heart and head, as well as the doing of a deed, it must resort to the Inquisition and by torture wring from a man his secret thoughts and then punish or acquit as these secret thoughts are judged to be good or bad. Can this be done? It is impossible, and if it could be done tyranny of the most cruel kind would be the result. God rules in righteousness, but he does not rule by the actions and opinions of men who profess to be his representatives. God rules, but he does not require the sword of state. These men, these Christians who are for the union of church and state, claim to stand for God. Their will is the will of God. They wish to judge and condemn, as if they sat upon the throne of the universe. The demands of Liberalism are just. They are measures of self-defense. They are not aggressions upon the Christian religion. They formulate justice between citizen and citizen. They are impartial.

I am a Christian. I believe in Christianity. I believe it is a divine and supernatural religion, but it must win by persuasion and by no other means. I grant the right of every man to differ from me. If I take away his right to disbelieve, then I logically take away my right to believe. If I take the right to punish one for non-belief, then I surrender my own right to protest when he gets the power and punishes me for belief. To maintain my right as a Christian I must equally maintain the right of the non-Christian. Rights are universal, and if denied to one are denied to all. To maintain my Christian liberty, therefore, I must maintain the liberty of all. If I use the sword against the Infidel, by that act I say to the Infidel, You can use the sword on me when you get a chance.

Justice is universal. It is not for one or for a part, but for all. Christianity can survive by justice and without destroying the rights of a single individual. Christianity that resorts to force is a human invention, and so imperfect and tyrannical. It professes to represent God by acts of despotism. This is not Christianity. The Christianity of Jesus is peace and good will. If one can be persuaded to become a Christian that is right, but to force one to be a Christian, or to act in any way publicly or privately as if he were a Christian, is an infringement of human rights and therefore wrong, and according to the teachings of the New Testament anti-Christian. The demands of Liberalism are as much for the protection of genuine Christianity as for the protection of Infidelity. They are for the protection of the rights of conscience. They are for the protection of religious belief. Christianity must accept these demands in order to be true to its own divine mission.

Sunday evening the hall was also crowded, there being scarcely any standing-room. Mrs. Krekel gave an able exposition of the principles of natural morality, the only basis of human legislation. Mr. S. P. Putnam followed with an address upon "The American Republic."

The Convention then adjourned until Monday.

The Convention was called to order at 10 o'clock Monday morning by President Beal, and motion was made by Dr. Calder, of Walla Walla, to receive the report of the joint committee appointed by the informal caucus of Friday afternoon. After some opposition the motion was ruled to be in order by the president. The motion being put, it was unanimously resolved not to receive the report of the committee.

Geo. H. Dawes, chairman of the committee on resolutions, made a report. A special committee of three—Mr. Bucher, Mrs. S. C. Todd, and L. Ames—was appointed to consider the report.

Professor Seymour, being called upon, made a brief speech against religious legislation; spoke of the dangers of the encroachments upon the freedom of the mails; of the persecutions of D. M. Bennett, Dr. E. B. Foote, Mrs. Slenker, Harman & Walker, and others.

After Professor Seymour's address the special committee on resolutions reported, and, after some discussion, the following were adopted:

1. Resolved, That the rights and dignity of labor are necessary for the perpetuity of the American republic, and this convention recognizes the great importance of all reforms the purposes of which are for the advancement of the working people. But the power of the government cannot be made conducive to the success of these measures until all Christian and ecclesiastical usurpations in the state are successfully resisted, and civil and religious liberty are secured to all, regardless of religious belief or non-belief.

2. Resolved, That the subjection of woman by the Christian and all other religion has been a gross injustice to her, and has hindered in countless ways the civilization of mankind, and therefore we, as lovers of liberty and equality, recognize woman to be the equal of man in all the relations of life; not only as a matter of justice to her as an individual, but as necessary for social purity and the further elevation of the human race and the establishment of equal rights and secular principles in our republic.

3. Resolved, That this Convention urges upon all Liberals the importance of organizing local societies, the building of Freethought halls, the establishing of libraries and reading-rooms, for the purpose of disseminating Secular principles and the advancement of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty. And also urges the generous support of FREETHOUGHT and secular papers and lecturers.

4. Resolved, That while this Convention recognizes the importance of working for all the demands of state secularization, it would advise that special efforts be made to secure the taxation of church property, and instructs the board of directors to provide, from the funds of the Union, petitions to be circulated among the people of Oregon for their signatures,

asking the legislature of Oregon to repeal the law exempting church property from taxation. And it also asks the board of directors to outline for the next convention a plan of work by which the influence of the Secularists may be concentrated for legislative action at the next session of the state legislation, and continue the efforts already made in this direction.

5. Resolved, That this Convention pass a resolution of sympathy with the relatives and friends of, and respect to him who was the thinker of pure thoughts; the doer of good deeds; who was for more than half a century the intrepid torch-bearer of liberty; who was one of nature's noblest sons; whose genius has moved the intellect of two hemispheres; whose heart and sympathies were with the poor and the oppressed; who always sided with the weak against the strong; whose purity of mind and nobleness of character have given peace and joy to thousands of human hearts; whose memory will be cherished and revered as long as there are men and women who love the truth and battle for the right—the lamented Horace Seaver.

Approved	{	JOSEPH BUCHER,	{	GEORGE H. DAWES,	{	Committee.
by special		L. AMES,		JENNIE VOSE GRAHAM,		
Com'tee.		MRS. S. C. TODD.		G. W. TIFFANY,		
				R. R. LAUGHLIN,		

It was voted that the board of directors be authorized to employ a special reporter for the use of the convention at the next annual meeting in order to furnish complete reports for the papers.

The committee on nominations reported. The report was received, and the following were elected officers of the Oregon State Secular Union for the ensuing year:

President, C. Beal, Portland; vice-presidents, C. Rogers, Prineville; M. Miller, Dayton; B. Forstner, Salem; Mrs. B. B. Hays, J. McCoy, Tillamook; J. W. McClure, Silverton; J. H. Schroeder, Arago; B. F. Hyland, Corvallis; J. D. Garfield, Marshfield; H. Arnold, Shedd; J. T. Ford, Independence; W. J. Dean, Talent; Moses Hard, Newport; John Settle, Lebanon; F. S. Matteson, Aumsville; W. J. Booth, McMinnville; B. W. Dunn, Lafayette; H. B. Nicholas, Portland; A. K. Olds, McMinnville; C. Trullinger, Union Mills; O. B. Vose, Ranier; H. McElsander, Eagle Creek; W. H. Breese, Talent; P. Britt, Jacksonville; O. Coolidge, Ashland; W. F. Benjamin, Roseburg; J. Laird, Dora; Judge Low, Bandon; T. J. McClary, Stayton; Wm. Chance, Astoria; Mrs. C. E. Haight, East Portland; J. Cleaver, Cracker City; A. J. Shrum, Burnt Ranch; J. L. Baisley, Judge Schofield, Baker City; R. D. Allen, Silverton; E. C. Brainard, Union; C. Scott, Scott's Mill; Mrs. S. C. Todd, Forest Grove; W. C. Clow, Hillsboro; F. Hauswirth, North Yamhill; G. W. Tiffany, Salem; Mrs. L. E. Bennett, Corvallis; Wright Forshay, Mrs. H. D. Mount, R. C. Greer, Silverton; I. Newman, North Powder; L. P. Howard, Canby; R. V. Short, John Vaughan, Butteville; John Kruse, Wilsonville; W. W. Jesse, New Era; John Divine, Robt. Laughlin, North Yamhill; S. B. Cathcart, Coos county; S. B. Huston, Hillsboro; J. B. Hoss, Newport; Dr. Semler, Portland; E. P. Wallace, Amity; Reuben Wright, Molalla; H. A. Lee, Canby; — Fuller, McMinnville; Mr. Seip, Miss Mattie Blaisdell, Portland; Samuel French, G. W. Bates, Prairie City; L. T. Edington, Mount Vernon; Mrs. Almira Sweek, Hamilton; Mrs. Hayden, Haystack; Geo. H. Dawes, North Yamhill; Mrs. T. B. May, Canby; Mary C. Ordway, Portland; S. C. Derrick, Eddyville; P. O. Chilstrom, Thomas M. Hines, Forest Grove; Martin Manning, Greenville; Joseph Bucher, Gales Creek; Mrs. Orla D. Phelps, Newburg; Mrs. Myra Prickett, Forest Grove; Mrs. Sue B. Keenan, East Portland; R. R. Hayes, Mrs. J. McCoy, Tillamook; H. Flickinger, J. B. Eddy, Pendleton; M. J. Kittering, Jennie Vose Graham, Ranier; John Diamond, E. P. Coleman, Coburg; J. Tozer, J. D. Fountain, Ashland; W. B. Davis, Prairie City; John Smith, Canyon City; O. P. Platter, Fox; Ed Allen, Long Creek; C. V. Sweek, Hamilton; Joseph Putnam, Monument; Maxwell Ramsby, Haystack; W. N. Putnam, Benton Mires, Fossil; Harry Hawson, Arlington; Alex. Hardie, Lost Valley; Alex. Crawford, Lone Rock; John B. Coleman, Baker City; I. W. Norval, Summerville; — Jones, Union.

Treasurer, A. F. Neunert, Portland.

Secretary, J. K. Sears, McCoy; assistant secretary, Elva Davidson, Oswego.

Executive Committee: Lee Laughlin, North Yamhill; R. Wright,

Molalla; B. W. Huffman, La Grande; Gertrude Vose Meserve, Ranier; J. K. Olds, Lafayette.

Finance Committee: L. Ames, Silverton; O. Jeldness, Portland; Mrs. M. J. Olds, McMinnville.

A motion to pay the assistant secretary out of the funds of the union for work at the discretion of the board of directors was adopted.

A partial report of receipts and expenses was made. Receipts, about \$500; expenses, about \$200. Full report will be published in FREETHOUGHT.

The following motion of S. B. Huston, of Hillsboro, after some discussion, was adopted:

Whereas, The Liberals of Washington Territory in generosity have contributed a large amount of money to the funds now in the treasury of this organization. And whereas, there are probable grounds for believing that some of it was contributed under the belief that a joint organization would be effected, and the same has not been done; and

Whereas, It is the desire of this Convention to avoid all grounds for offense or ill-feeling and to display to our friends the same liberal spirit that they have shown, and which should and does characterize Liberals everywhere; therefore be it

Resolved by this Convention, That the treasurer of this organization be authorized to refund all money received from Washington Liberals who so desire, and that the secretary be instructed to notify them of this resolution.

Professor Seymour's resolution of sympathy with Harman & Walker was laid upon the table, action in this case not lying within the demands of Liberalism as understood by the Convention.

It was voted that the board of directors be authorized to fix the time for the next Convention.

A motion by J. Henry Schroeder that the Convention resolve itself into a Committee of the Whole for the purpose of receiving the report of joint committee appointed by informal caucus of Friday afternoon was carried, J. Henry Schroeder being called to the chair. The report of the committee was called for. Mr. Bucher, chairman, reported that the committee was practically adjourned without date and he had no report to present.

A general discussion ensued, and a motion that the Committee of the Whole now rise was carried. The Convention then adjourned.

During the proceedings the following resolutions of thanks were unanimously passed:

Resolved, That the Convention tender its sincere thanks to Miss Mattie Blaisdell for her generous and beautiful gift to the Oregon State Secular Union of the Freethought banner.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention be tendered to the officers of the Union, especially to our worthy president, C. Beal, for his untiring efforts to make the Convention a success; and also to all the speakers.

Resolved, That the Convention extends its thanks to the press of the city for their full and fair reports of the speeches and proceedings of the Convention.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Convention be tendered to Decker Bros. for their generosity in giving the free use of a fine piano for our meetings.

The Convention closed with a concert and ball. The following is from the Oregonian:

CONCERT AND BALL.

Last night Masonic Hall was again well filled for the concert and grand ball which closed the Secular Convention. The first number on the concert programme was an overture by the Aerial orchestra.

Messrs. Haehlen and Turk followed with a beautiful zither duet entitled "Echo im Thal," by Conrad. These melodious instruments were handled in a masterly manner, and the sweet, soft notes made such music as could be appreciated by the most critical listener.

Mrs. Reynolds, of Walla Walla, recited "The Tramp Soldier" with feeling and effect, and then Mr. Louis Dammasch sang "When the Quiet Moon is Beaming," Schondorff. Mr. Dammasch's rich tenor voice was displayed to the best advantage in this selection, and his efforts received the enthusiastic applause of the audience.

Professor Joseph Stebinger next stepped upon the stage with his violin, and in his own masterly manner he favored the audience with a composition by Henri Wieniawsky, entitled "Legende." He, too, received well-deserved applause.

Mrs. Seip recited a poem entitled "Questions," and S. P. Putnam closed the literary exercises with a recitation entitled "Why Don't He Lend a Hand?"

The chairs were then removed from the center of the hall and the orchestra struck up the grand march. A waltz followed, and polkas, lancers, schottisches, mazourkas, and quadrilles followed in quick succession.

The dancing programme consisted of twenty-four numbers, and the evening was pleasantly and happily spent. Lunch was served at Turn Halle from 11:30 to 1 o'clock.

The floor committee consisted of Dr. Paul Semler, Captain Charles DuBois, Mrs. Dr. Semler and Mrs. McCann.

On the whole the Secular Convention has been a success. Considerable interest has been awakened in the principles of Secularism and more active work in the cause will follow. Local unions will be organized throughout the state and a more largely attended Convention will be expected next year.

S. P. Putnam lectured on Tuesday evening to a large audience. At the close of the lecture the Portland Liberal Association was organized for the purpose of local effort in union with the state work. Great interest was manifested, and without doubt the Liberals of Portland will keep up an active campaign through the winter.

S. P. P.

Below is a list of contributors to the expenses of the Portland Convention. I have always avoided financial and clerical offices and am trying, through the great kindness of FREETHOUGHT, to make a correct statement. If any Liberal discovers an error I hope he will notify me immediately:

G Herald.....	\$20 00	J R Mays.....	\$1 00
Mr. Forward.....	1 00	David Wittenberg.....	5 00
H McElsander.....	2 50	Cash.....	1 00
Emma Chase.....	1 50	Homer B Hollam.....	2 50
J A Reid.....	1 00	H C Comegys.....	2 00
H Wilbern.....	1 50	J B Burton.....	1 00
Catherine Wilbern.....	1 00	Mrs Eddy.....	1 00
Mrs. McElsander.....	1 00	James Ellis.....	1 00
Chas A Linn.....	1 50	J S Martin.....	1 00
J M Sliker.....	2 00	P C Sullivan.....	50
Dr. C B Smith.....	1 00	R M Caldwell.....	2 00
E C Brainard.....	5 00	A J Schrum.....	2 00
A K Jones.....	2 50	Elva E Davidson.....	50
C Vincent.....	1 00	R D Inman.....	1 00
Geo Johnson.....	2 00	Dr. N Churchman.....	50
James Hougham.....	2 00	Henry Gans.....	1 00
B Wolfard.....	5 00	J M Thompson.....	50
Phil Wilman.....	5 00	W B Shively.....	50
David Wright.....	5 00	Y C Harlow.....	25
G J Trullinger.....	5 00	J M Confer.....	75
Mr. Nelson.....	2 00	J C Davidson.....	50
W T Booth.....	2 50	Mary A Davidson.....	50
John Price.....	1 00	Jacob Thompson.....	50
H West.....	1 00	John Kruse.....	2 00
Joseph Parrot.....	2 00	Dr. Thomas McAuslin.....	10 00
T M Hines.....	2 00	James Jarrel.....	5 00
J B Pricket.....	1 00	S F Alberts.....	5 00
M Manning.....	1 00	Mr. Daniels.....	2 00
G R Higgins.....	5 00	Dan Gainey.....	10 00
John Diamond.....	20 00	Dr. C B Smith.....	5 00
G G Svensson.....	2 00	John Diamond.....	5 00
A Newman.....	2 00	Mr. Vanschiver.....	2 00
B F Hyland.....	5 00	Cash.....	4 00
Louisa E Bennett.....	5 00	F Hauswirth.....	5 00
Mr. Sargeant.....	5 00	John Castle.....	2 00
N W Wheeler.....	5 00	Lee Laughlin.....	1 50
J D Clark.....	2 50	W Laughlin.....	1 00
Thos Eglin.....	2 50	Geo Higgins.....	50
F D Lamberson.....	2 00	J Henry Schroeder.....	5 00
E Berlin.....	1 00	James McNaughton.....	2 50

W H Schroder (Life member)	\$5 00	L Schindler	\$5 00
A J Smith	2 50	R D Allen	2 50
J Leudeback	1 00	T D Allen	2 50
M Johnson	1 00	A Weltard	2 50
J Fred Schroeder	2 50	J E Hammond	1 00
Henry Schroeder	1 00	J McOrde	1 00
T P Brinegar	50	M Fitzgerald	3 00
Fred M Garrison	50	R Scott	5 00
Price Robinson	50	J P Howard	1 00
Mrs. Emily Schroeder	50	Jacob Newman	5 00
Thomas Billinger	5 00	Cash	1 00
A K Olds	5 00	Louisa E Bennett	15 00
R R Laughlin	1 00	Martin Miller	1 00
Henry Allen	5 00	Samuel Horner	1 00
W Forshay	5 00		

Some of this has come in since adjournment. Thanks without measure to those who gave, to those who came, to those who could not attend, and to those who will come again. C. BEAL.

MAN A STRANGER TO HIMSELF.

Why is man a stranger to himself? Why does he not understand the laws of his own nature as well as the laws of intricate machinery and revolving planets? Why is his nature a mystery-land of phantoms, the source of wild hopes and strange fears?

A lamp has been lighted. It illuminates the surrounding world and universe. Things that looked ghostly and frightful in the darkness appear real and simple in its light. But man, who lit this lamp, has hung it on the outward wall and left the house of his own nature shrouded in darkness, haunted by the phantoms of superstition.

Man has done much to his surroundings, but little to himself. He has led the lightning from the skies to take another path than its own. He has made monsters of iron that move over the land and through the waters as though they were things of life. He sends his messages on the wings of the lightning thousands of miles in the wink of an eye; knows the distance of world from world and sun from sun. He knows the path of the morning star, and the hour when the sun will be obscured he knows years beforehand.

He is intimately acquainted with things far away, but a stranger to himself. His own being is wrapped in the shadows of mystery—a region of fables and fairy-tales. It is the center of all his hopes and fears—but unknowable, incomprehensible.

As the observing individual journeys on through the desert of life he is more and more struck with its incongruities and the wildness of his surroundings. His mind's sun, having mounted higher in the heavens of life, has dispelled the delusive mist of fear and superstition that surrounded him in the morning of life and now beats down upon him with the fierce heat of stern reality. The traveler pauses for a moment and does his first serious thinking. Here he is well advanced on a journey which means—he knows not what. The explanations given by his fellow-travelers are strangely conflicting and anything but calculated to nurse confidence in a thoughtful mind. There is a babel of confusion and contradiction. Somebody is wonderfully given to guessing or strangely wanting in seriousness.

Stand no longer perplexed, O wanderer! Can you not see that the object of your journey is the journey itself? The meaning of life is to live. Life is its own object. And as to death, it is a process of life. Your individuality shall dissolve, and the elements and forces of which it is made shall fulfill another duty in the eternal process of nature—you shall die the individual death to live the universal life.

Behold, the day of Truth is at hand! Announce it through the valleys and cry it from the hilltops! Already the high mountains are robed in his morning-glory. Away with the shadows of superstition, no need for the lanterns of religion. Truth himself will soon be here in all his glory to give a new light and a new life to all, "for we know that the whole creation together travaileth and is together in agony until now."

O that this night to an end had drawn,
And all its shadows passed away.
Our souls are longing for the dawn
Of Truth's eternal day.

Ex-CHRISTIAN.

MR. OWEN'S REPLY.

FREETHOUGHT requests us to answer the following questions: "Does the mother find her child an infant still upon the farther side, or will she find him or her a matured man or woman of fifty years? Will nature keep the child in a state of arrested development for two score and ten years to satisfy the yearnings of the parents, or will she disappoint them by permitting it to reach maturity and age?"

It is difficult from the material plane of thought to comprehend spiritual things. The spirit world is, in a wonderful way, a reflex of this world. It is governed by immutable law which no spirit can transcend. The spirit body is a counterpart of the mortal body, save in the imperfections of the latter. It is composed of the magnetic elements of the mortal, has shape, weight and tangibility.

A child, passing to spirit life, is taken to the heart and home of some mother spirit, where it is tenderly reared and cared for. There is no such thing as "arrested development" in spirit life, neither will the mother expect her child to remain always a child. It grows to maturity there as here. Mothers here, who are sensitive to spirit influence, are cognizant of the existence and growth of their children in spirit life. The spirits of very young children are brought to the arms of their mortal mothers for sustenance and strength. They sleep upon their bosoms, and many mothers are able to sense their presence. Besides, in our sleep our spirits often meet and mingle with the spirits of our loved ones on the other side. Hence, when parents awaken to spirit life, from the unconsciousness of physical death, it will be no surprise or disappointment to them that their children have grown to the full stature of being. The disappointment would be in finding that they had not so grown.

Another question by our materialistic neighbor: "Is the Summerland a place of perpetual growth, or of eternal stagnation? If the former, then the experiences of this world, all its sorrows and partings, must merely be repeated. If the latter, it is an infinite cheat upon those who enter it in the undeveloped state of infancy." And the writer might have added, as well, "the undeveloped state of manhood;" for here all is imperfection—undeveloped manhood, as well as infancy. Eternal progression is an immutable law of the universe. Just in proportion as man becomes adjusted to the harmonies of nature—is obedient to the eternal law—will he secure happiness for himself here or hereafter. The other life is a repetition of this life in this, that disobedience to law is punishable with sorrow and pain there as here; but the spirit disencumbered of the physical body, and its often debasing appetites and impulses, yields more willing obedience to law, and the teachings of wise spirits. If the desire of the spirit is for the better life, it soon attains to that life there, while here it is often overcome and dragged down by its unfortunate environments of the flesh, and of evil associations. In spirit life we find our own levels, and are not obliged to fellowship those for whom we have no attraction. There are no "partings" there of spirits who are mutually attracted to each other. Kinship does not always mean mutual attraction there any more than it does here. We shall have all that belongs to us in spirit life, and nothing more; and if we would find true happiness in that life or this, we must place ourselves in the way thereof by doing good to others, and seeking for the highest good in our own lives.

"When Mr. Owen says he knows there is a future life, we have to base our belief in that assertion upon our confidence in his truth and veracity; and for ourselves, we do not deny that such confidence is severely tested by his positive statement. We do not know that there is a future life, and we are not sure that it would be desirable. Certainly it is not a consolation so long as it is doubted."—FREETHOUGHT.

Very true; and further, what may be positive knowledge to us can only be second-hand testimony to our neighbor. Therefore, we blame no one for not accepting the truth until it is fully demonstrated to his individual consciousness. For many years the writer stood in belief just where our neighbor now stands. The idea of spirit existence, or a future life, was simply preposterous.

And he well understands how hard it is to give up one's cherished theories and beliefs. But he had to do it, to be honest with himself. The proof came to him in many ways, in his own home, in the privacy of his own room, with no other mortal than himself present, and many times elsewhere. Should he give the nature of some of the evidence he has received, we are quite sure FREETHOUGHT would think him a "little off;" but he is certain of his entire sanity, as he modestly thinks himself capable of demonstrating to any who doubt it.—The Golden Gate.

MRS. SCHWARTZ INTERVENES.

To the Editors of Freethought and the Golden Gate:

I read in the Golden Gate of last week, as well as in to-day's FREETHOUGHT, the article on "Doubtful Consolation." I believe that my old-time friend, J. J. Owen, as well as the editor of FREETHOUGHT, will pardon my criticism of this article.

Mr. Owen, in our hearts as well as in the "hearts of millions of the race," such consolation as was offered in the obituary referred to could find no response; but if it prove satisfactory to another portion of the same race, would it not be well to let them enjoy all the comfort they can find in such consolation? If you or I should attempt to console them with our views of death and the future state of existence, it would find no response in their hearts. You say, "Why will our Freethought friends persist in repudiating evidence of the future life?" I have conversed with a large number of Freethinkers—as I always lend my aid to carry on the work laid out by them—and I find none unwilling to know more of the philosophy of Spiritualism. They have given much time to the investigation of it; they have searched honestly, but have never been able to secure the evidence desired. You have been more fortunate; then why blame those who give forth the best and highest that they have been able to attain? Who can do more? The parents of the little two-year-old came to the editor of FREETHOUGHT requesting him to "add such consolation there may be to offer." He gave all that he had to offer. What more could he do?

The editor of FREETHOUGHT says, "We do not know that there is a future life, and we are not sure that it would be desirable." If life is desirable to-day, it is desirable to-morrow; if desirable next week, month or year, it is desirable through all eternity. Again he says, "A child dying in infancy must enter the other world an infant. The parents never cease to think of it as such, and the mother expects to take in her arms once more the babe she placed in the coffin. She may live a half century in that hope; and here occurs a question which we would be glad to have Mr. Owen answer, since he knows. Does the mother find her child an infant still upon the farther side, or will she find him or her a matured man or woman of fifty years?" Mr. Owen certainly needs no one to come to his assistance in answering these questions; he is fully equal to it; but as one who has given some time to investigation, as one who has succeeded in finding, through my own organism, my own spiritual senses, what has been sufficient evidence of a life beyond, to me, I want to say a few words to the editor of FREETHOUGHT. I have no fault to find with you if after honest investigation you have failed to find any evidence of a future life. This is a matter beyond your power of control, and you have a right to say you do not know, etc.; but when you tell us we do not know, when you say that "we have not the first iota of reliable information," then you are asserting things that you certainly do not know. I am surprised at the questions you have asked Mr. Owen, and let me advise you, as a friend of the cause of Freethought, to make it your first business to sit down with some honest Spiritualist and find out what they really do believe in regard to the future life. You say that "the parents of a child dying in infancy never cease to think of it as an infant." Spiritualists think no such thing. They believe in progression both in this world and the next, and when they think of their children who have passed on, it is a pleasure to them to think of the progress their children are making surrounded by better conditions than can possibly surround one on this sphere of action; and while they do not expect to meet infants, no more do they expect to meet them as old people, for we understand that the spirit never grows old, that it is only this material casket

that becomes aged and decrepit. As far as any of us have gone we can testify that we never feel old excepting as our material condition makes the body helpless, but there is a living fire within that burns brightly, that never gets dim, and we forget that we are old; the heart is ever young. I cannot understand why you should imagine that if the summerland is a place of perpetual growth and development, it necessitates a repetition of the "experiences of this world, with all its sorrows and partings." But I will stop right here, for I have not written this with any view to change your opinions, but simply in defense of a philosophy that has proved a great consolation to me, not only when my loved ones have been buried from my sight, but when the ills of this life seem to almost overwhelm me. I am a Freethinker as well as a Spiritualist. I want to see each side do their very best. I want to see the time that is spent in criticisms of each other's mode of operation spent in opening up new avenues of good. Each fills his own particular niche, and there are certain lines of work that we should unite in doing without dissension. In the late war between the North and South, hand to hand our patriots fought; little did each care what the other believed. To-day our country needs our united efforts, and these criticisms on the part of Spiritualists and Freethinkers antagonize rather than unite us. What care I whether a man or woman believes in one or fifty worlds? And if he believes in none, it does not change the facts of the case in the least. It is too much like the fight between the different nationalities; each claims superiority. Let us be men and women—not children; let us take each as we find them regardless of belief. If we cannot do this we are neither true Spiritualists nor true Liberals. I have gone through life hampered on every hand; there has been by far more cloud than sunshine, and still I try to rise above all, try to improve my mental conditions; but if at any moment I may be cast into oblivion and all these efforts lost, if we were born but to suffer and die, then life is indeed a failure. But if on the other hand life is eternal, and the progress we make here will go with us as we pass on, our efforts have not been in vain and we still have an opportunity to overcome the mistakes we have made. There is hope. The Materialists say the Spiritualist can give no evidence of another life; what proof can they give that there is no other life?

Gentlemen, this criticism is made in a spirit of fairness, and I hope you will accept it in the same spirit in which it is given.

San Jose, Oct. 12, 1889.

Mrs. R. H. SCHWARTZ.

Golden Gate please copy.

OUR CLERGY.

The clericals of the United States are, beyond all comparison, the ablest, the most learned, mannerly, and moral of all the world. They live in an atmosphere of freedom. They are wholly divested of all but moral power. The titles, bishop, elder, pastor, D.D., and all that sort of thing, import nothing, give no power, no pre-eminence, and no prestige, except with their immediate flock. They have all to earn by a fine person, good manners, talent, and eloquence. With these they may reasonably expect to earn a good salary, but without them they drop into the sere and yellow leaf of poverty and obscurity.

Then in our free atmosphere, where all men are sovereign, they acquire a modest decency of expression, in and out of the pulpit, that leaves the barbarous past in the shade; they lose the tone of dictation and anathema, and talk almost up to the age, in deference to public habit and opinion. Our Constitution forbids all forms of persecution for religion's sake. Our people have acquired the habit of doing the same, and the pulpit no longer dares to appeal to them in language of bitterness and hate. Even the Roman Catholic clergy, always the last to yield to culture and civilization, have taken on a new form here. They are no more like the burly priests of Ireland, Italy, Mexico, and South America than a domestic cat is to a Bengal tiger. They do but purr and whine, whereas in those more congenial regions they use their sticks on the flock, and curse all creation that does not believe and obey. A real, genuine, full-blooded Irish priest in San Francisco would fetch up in the police court every day for some offense against our decent law. So with the priest of

the Greek church. They are much akin, and belong to infallibility and despotism.

But in California they have to temper the wind to the shorn lamb; or, rather, the priest, who is the shorn lamb in this case (shorn of all his power for ill), has to temper himself to the atmosphere of the republic. He must, or consent to serve his time in jail. So our preachers are the best in the world, the least assailable, the most conformed to science, civilization, and high culture. The utter stupidity of the pope and the college of cardinals is not found among them. The lordly arrogance of the English bishop has no place here. The dull ignorance of the parish curate or the Catholic monk would die of starvation. Our clergy must be capable and up and doing.

And some are eminent as great men even outside the church. Beecher, Starr King, and others have shone in the firmament of the republic as men of the first magnitude. Yet—strange is it not?—with all these advantages not one of any eminence is to be found who will stand up and say, "The Christian religion is true and right from turret to foundation-stone, and I can prove it against the ablest Infidel that can be produced."

Why is this? Do they know too much, or too little? Do they know that it is not true? Or do they feel that they are incompetent? San Francisco has some able men in the pulpit, and yet not one who dare accept a challenge even to prove that Christ lived and died as stated, or that the Bible is the word of God. Have they no faith? Bishop Kipp is as sturdy and full of the Holy Ghost as any man who sits on the bench of bishops in England, and as much opposed as they to the encroachments of liberty, heresy, and civilization; but he and his clergy have no stomach for a full free debate. The Catholic archbishop has a glib tongue and a hundred keen sophists at his disposal, but not one who cares to engage in this contest. What a victory would it be for his church if he could stay the champion of science right here in his own citadel! But no; they do not want the honor, or feel that they could not earn it.

Then there is Dr. Stebbins, really an able man, who follows the Christian funeral at a modest distance with a grave and solemn respect. He uncovers his head. He makes his science and learning bow down at the name of Christ. He sings a *Te Deum Laudamus* in a sort of watered way, but protests that it is the Simon-pure Christianity. But he also declines to put his watered stock before the public gaze for a fair trial. And all the lesser lights of the Evangelic churches hide their heads, from Harcourt to the Salvation Army. They can all talk in a corner to their lambs. They are all valiant for Christ in the face of ignorance, drunkenness, and crime. But all alike shun a meeting in the full blaze of day with intelligence and manhood. They are all told, "Your religion is a fable, a sham, a fraud, with no support in science, history, common-sense, justice, or humanity. Prove it or admit the soft impeachment." And they decline to prove. By that act they admit. All sensible men must hold that they admit, and their religion is the baseless sham it is declared to be.

Our challenge is not confined to San Francisco. It is world-wide. The raving Talmage, the pope himself, the Archbishop of Canterbury, all the prince cardinals, all the presidents of all the theological seminaries, all the D.Ds., or any other man or woman, all are invited. We will maintain against all comers that the fathers of the republic were right, and it should forever be maintained, when they said, "All religions are to our mind unproved, and every American shall think as he pleases about them."

H. L. KNIGHT.

The Exclusion Act Inimical to Missionary Work

At the Chicago Convention of the Interseminary Alliance, Oct. 19, a certain Mr. Hilliard introduced the following resolution:

Whereas, The United States law forbidding Chinese immigration is hurtful to missionary work in China,

Resolved, That the United States Congress be requested to repeal said law.

A dozen delegates wanted to speak at once and when order was restored many speeches were made in opposition to the resolution and not one in favor of it. It was tabled indefinitely.

GIORDANO BRUNO'S MARTYRDOM.

As the pope has carefully removed the records of the Inquisition from the Holy Office to the Vatican, probably with the view that they shall never be used save in the papal interest, and some Protestant papers here have fallen into the Jesuit trap of saying it is not quite certain that Bruno was burnt to death, it may be well to preserve the following summary of evidence given by Mr. C. E. Plumtre in the *Antiquary* for April. He points out that the evidences for the execution are the following:

1. A letter from Scioppius, giving a full and detailed account of the execution of Bruno, which took place on Thursday, February 17, 1600, in the presence of Scioppius himself. This letter having been conclusively proved to be genuine from internal evidence by Mr. R. C. Christie.
2. Mersenne's mention of Bruno as *un athee brulle en Italie* in a work printed in 1624.
3. The Imperial Ambassador, Wacker, residing at Rome in 1600, informing Kepler of the event.
4. The full detail of the trial and sentence contained in the Archives of the Inquisition.
5. The *Avvisi di Roma* (contained in the manuscripts of the Vatican, a sort of newspaper in those days) of February 19, 1600, records the execution of Bruno as having taken place on the previous Thursday, the 17th.
6. The Archives of *San Giovanni Decollato*, containing a notice of the execution of Bruno, given in all its details. The day of the week is said to be Thursday; the day of the month February 16; the year 1600.

Against this there is only the fact that the last mentioned archives gives the date as the 16th, instead of the 17th, of February, a mistake that might have easily occurred through a misprint, or from careless writing or copying. Yet, on so slight a foundation as this, the apologists of Rome endeavor to explain away this instance of her infamy.—The Freethinker.

LITERARY NOTES.

Thomas Herttell's "Spirit of Truth, an Exposition of Infidelity or Religious Unbelief," has reached its third edition, which has just been published by J. P. Mendum, Boston. It is only a 25-cent pamphlet, but it is neatly printed, well bound, and contains 86 pages of instructive argument and precept.

Rabbi S. Freuder, a Jewish theologian, has handed us a tract written by himself entitled "What shall We do to be Saved?" According to the distinguished rabbi the answer is, "Join the San Francisco Nationalist Club." Doubtless nationalism is better than damnationism, but we do not know how much.

THE Rev. Frank L. Phalen, pastor of the Unitarian church of Brattleboro, Vt., will accept our acknowledgments for his printed sermon on "Rocks Ahead." The "rocks" referred to are not Mr. Phalen's salary, but, in his opinion, (1) Socialism and (2) Romanism, which he regards with apprehension. On the whole, the Rev. Mr. Phalen's sermon is a good one.

Col. Garrick Mallery's address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, on "Israelite and Indian," will be published in the *Popular Science Monthly* for November. It shows the remarkable similarity between the mortuary customs and religious beliefs and practices of the two peoples, but Colonel Mallery draws a conclusion from this parallel unfavorable to the suggested descent of the Indians from the "lost tribes."

We have previously mentioned Dr. George W. Brown's historical and critical review of the "Sunday Question," but here is a striking passage we cannot refrain from quoting: "The Prison Reports, showing the fate of Sabbath-Breakers, do indeed tell a terrible tale. Several of them before us as we write, prepared by the chaplains of such prisons, show that ninety-five per cent of the convicts had been attendants upon Sunday-schools, and that they drew their first lessons in morals from these nurseries of virtue." The price of the pamphlet is 15 cents.

There are two popular methods of explaining things—the theological and the evolutionary. The former may be found set forth by the Bible and Bible commentators; the latter by scientists. And among the exponents of science there are none who write more interestingly and instructively than the contributors to the *Popular Science Essayist*, published by the New Ideal, of

Boston. The last numbers received treat of "Evolution of Morals," by Lewis G. Janes, and "Proofs of Evolution," by Nelson C. Parshall. Ten cents per number.

The "Transatlantic: a Mirror of European Life and Letters" is a magnificently-printed fortnightly publication issuing from Boston. The initial number just received contains several valuable articles drawn from European sources. The price of the Transatlantic is \$2 per year, or ten cents a number, and it is worth the cost simply as a thing of beauty. Address the Transatlantic Publishing Company, P. O. Box 210, Boston, Mass.

THE TWO MEN.

There is a man who lives in Rome of the name of Pecci. This man is the pope of the Roman Catholic church, a large religious body that pretends to take for its Lord and master a humble peasant of Galilee who lived on earth nearly two thousand years ago. This peasant was a preacher, and among other things that he said we find this: "Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted." We should naturally expect to find a person who claimed to be a follower of Jesus, meek and lowly, living in plain manner, without ostentation or pomp, asking for no honor and treating his fellow-man like an equal and a brother.

Is the pope meek and lowly? Does the pope live in humble manner without pomp or show? Does he ask for no honor? Does he treat his fellow-man like an equal? Not a bit of it. The pope of the Roman Catholic church claims to be infallible; he is surrounded with more pomp than any monarch on earth; he asks for honor and demands that all men shall acknowledge his right to rule them; he treats his fellow-man as a tyrant does a slave; he must be approached with the utmost obsequiousness, and he considers that he bestows a divine favor if he allows an individual to kiss his toe. What mockery for this man to pretend to represent him who said: "I am meek and lowly in heart." The pope demands that the whole world shall kneel to him.

There is another man who lives in Rome. He is the king of Italy. This man sits upon a throne, and the trappings of royalty become his station. We should expect him to be proud and haughty, to look upon his fellow-men as tools of power, and to demand that they pay him undue homage. But we read that "the other day at Spezia, as King Humbert was re-entering his hotel after a naval review, he was met by an individual, who, kneeling down, presented a petition. 'Why on your knees,' said his majesty reprovingly; 'don't you know that a man ought never to kneel to another man?'"

What a difference in the two men! The pope demanding that men kneel in his presence; the king raising a man from his knees, and telling him that one man should never kneel to another. What a noble lesson has the King taught the Pope!—Boston Investigator.

A PIOUS MOB.

Some very curious facts in connection with the recent lynching of young Robert Berrier for the murder of his mother-in-law near Lexington, N. C., have just come to light. A party who witnessed the hanging says Berrier was taken from jail at 7:30 o'clock and immediately carried to the outskirts of town under a large oak tree.

Here the mob stopped and asked the prisoner if he was ready to die. Berrier said he would be if he knew he would meet his wife and babe in heaven. The mob then informed him that he would be allowed time to prepare for death.

About this time a drummer who was in town came upon the scene and asked to be allowed to pray with the condemned man. His request was granted and he knelt down by the side of Berrier and prayed very fervently that God would save his soul.

During the prayer many hearty "amens" and such responses as "Lord grant it," "Jesus receive his spirit," etc., went up from the mob. For more than three hours prayers and regular religious exercises were conducted.

A few minutes before midnight Berrier expressed a willing-

ness to die. He was placed upon a horse, with a rope around his neck and then, as an appropriate hymn was raised, the horse was led from under him and his body left dangling in the air.

POPE PIUS IX. AND THE MASONS.

According to an article recently published in a paper called the Craftsman, Pope Pius IX., the immediate predecessor of Leo XIII., was at one time a member of the Masonic fraternity, but was expelled from the order for perjury. Following is the article:

"At the semi-annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of Masons, Scottish Rite of the Orient of Palermo, Italy, on the 27th of March last, Pope Pius IX. was expelled from the order. The decree of expulsion was published in the official Masonic paper at Cologne, Germany, and was preceded by the minutes of the Lodge in which he was initiated, and is as follows:

"A man named Mastai Ferretti, who received the baptism of Freemasonry, and solemnly pledged his love and fellowship, and who afterwards was crowned pope and king, under the title of Pio Nono, has cursed his former brethren and excommunicated all members of the order of Freemasons. Therefore, said Mastai Ferretti is herewith, by decree of the Grand Lodge of the Orient, Palermo, expelled from the order for perjury."

"The charges against him were first preferred in his lodge at Palermo, in 1865, and notification and copy thereof sent to him, with request to attend the lodge for the purpose of answering the same. To this he made no reply, and, for divers reasons, the charges were not pressed until he urged the bishops of Brazil to act aggressively against the Freemasons. They then were pressed, and, after a regular trial, a decree of expulsion was entered and published, the same being signed by Victor Emmanuel, king of Italy, and grand master of the Orient of Italy.

PREMIER CRISPI AND THE POPE.

At a banquet given to Premier Crispi of Italy at Palermo Oct. 4, he made a lengthy speech, in which he declared that it was necessary to combat all persons, high or low, seeking to undermine the political edifice of Italy. The temporal power of the pope, although it had existed for centuries, had been only a transition period. Rome existed before it and could continue to exist without it. Complaints or threats, either from home or abroad, would have no effect. He declared unassailable the utterance of King Humbert that Rome forms an integral part of Italy, just as law forms a part of the modern world. After asserting that the pope possessed perfect religious liberty, and was only restricted, and less harshly than in other Catholic states, from encroaching upon the sphere of politics, Signor Crispi exclaimed, "Let the church, now free, endeavor to frighten Prometheus with the thunderbolts of heaven; our task is to fight in the cause of reason."

The Motion Prevails.

The editor of FREETHOUGHT suggests that five hundred friends of James H. Barry contribute one dollar each to make up his fine. Yea, verily, and very cheerfully.—Hayes Valley Advertiser.

Complaints are heard from all parts of Germany of the increased disfavor bestowed upon church attendance. Particularly is this the case in the large cities. Berlin, for instance, has a Protestant population of over 1,000,000. Yet for the accommodation of this immense number there are only forty-seven churches and twenty-seven chapels, having a total seating capacity of only 50,000. Even this is too much, however, and only a small portion of the seats are occupied each Sunday.

W. F. JAMIESON gave two addresses before the Des Moines, Iowa, Secular Society on Sunday, October 13, on "The Strength and Weakness of Liberalism" and "The Conflict between Religion and Science." Des Moines is Mr. Jamieson's present address.

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He Never Knewed.

Old Billy B. was a pious man,
And heaven was his goal;
For, being a very saving man,
Of course he'd save his soul.
But even in this, he used to say,
"One can't too careful be;"
And he sang with a fervor unassumed,
"I'm glad Salvation's free."

But the "means of grace," he had to own,
Required good, hard-earned gold;
And he took ten pews, as well became
The richest of the fold.

"He's a noble man!" the preacher cried,
"Our Christian Brother B.,"
And Billy smiled as he sublet nine,
And got his own pew free!

In class meeting next, old Billy told
How Heaven had gracious been,
Yea, even back in the dark days when
He was a man of sin.

"I's buildin' a barn on my river farm—
All I then had," he said;
"I'd run out o' boards, an' was feeden hands
On nothin' but corn bread."

"I tell ye, bretherin, that I felt blue,
Short o' timber and cash,
And thought I'd died when the banks then bust,
And flooded all my mash.
But the Lord was merciful to me,
And sent right through the rift
The tide had made in the river banks
A lumber raft adrift."

"Plenty o' boards was there for the men,
And on top was a cheese,
And a bar'l o' pork as sound and sweet
As any one ever sees.
Then I had bread and meat for the men,
And they worked with a will,
While I thanked God who'd been good to me
And I'm a-doin' it still."

A shrill-voiced sister cried "Bless the Lord!"
The whole class cried "Amen!"
But a keen-eyed man looked at Billy B.
In thoughtful way, and then
Asked, "Brother B., did you ever hear
Who lost that raft and load?"
And Billy wiped his eyes and said,
"Bretherin, I never knowed!"

Bayville Visitor—"I would like to get you to teach me to sail a boat." Boatman—"Sail a boat? Why, it's as easy as swimmin'." Jest grasp the main sheet with one hand, an' the tiller with the other, an' if a flaw strikes, ease up or bring 'er to, an' loose the halyards; but look out for the gaff an' boom, or the hull thing'll be in the water, an' ye'll be upst; but if the wind is steady y'r all right, onless y'r too slow in luffin to; 'cause then y'll be upst sure. Jump right in an' try it; but, remember, whatever ye do, don't jibe."

On the Sunday following the visit of Forepaugh's circus to Wichita, Kan., a clergyman in the pulpit solemnly drew his handkerchief from his pocket and with it came a handful of peanuts. He will be called upon to tell the deacons where he got the goobers.

"MARIA," said the pious husband, "them Smiths are allowing their children to play in the yard on Sunday. To-morrow I'll sic the dog on their chickens. The judgment of heaven must be visited on 'em some way."

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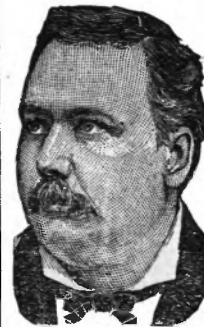
Tim Doolan and his wife, wan night,
Were dhrinkin' av the crayture,
Whin something started up a fight
And they wint at it right and tight,
According to their nature.

O'Grady and meself stood near,
Expecting bloody murder.
Says he to me: "Let's intherfere;"
But I, pretending not to hear,
Moved off a little further.

"Lave off, ye brute," says he to Tim;
No man would sthrike a lady."
But both the Doolans turned on him,
And in a whisht the two av thim
Were walloping O'Grady.

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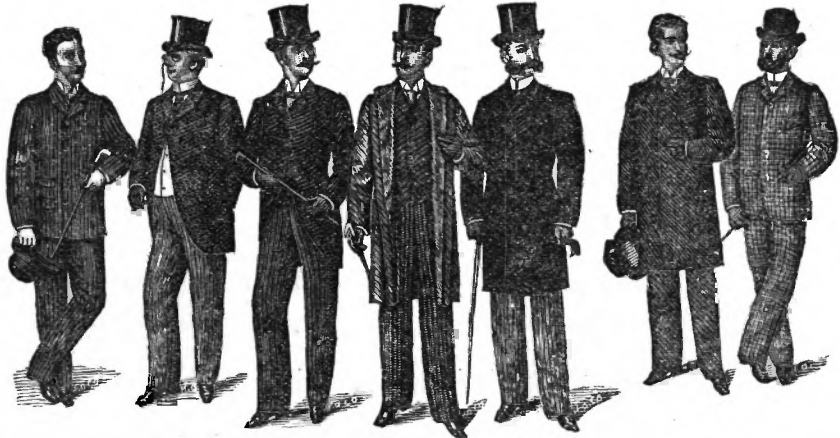
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Mrs. McSwat—I had to leave it out at the last moment, Billinger, to make room for the hymn books.

(Mr. McSwat goes out behind the tent and communes vehemently with himself after the manner of a depraved worldling.)

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Freethought.

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GEO. E. MACDONALD, } EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - NOVEMBER 2, 1889.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The Portland Convention was a happy success. Hundreds were present from all parts of the state, and the Liberals of Washington were generous in their attendance. It was an event for Liberalism, a representative assembly that in itself would mean much, but in its relation to future work it has a much grander significance. It is the beginning of many such mass meetings by which there will be a more active union among Liberals and greater work accomplished. The impulse and attraction of this convention will be for practical advancement. Through the state organization there will be more prosperous local efforts, and everywhere there will be increased enthusiasm. I have not attended any national convention where there were greater numbers or more interesting addresses. The influence will be felt throughout the whole country.

The addresses of Rabbi Bloch and Rev. A. T. Jones were remarkable, and show the comprehensive nature of the Secular platform. All just-minded American citizens, of whatever creed or religion, recognize the necessity of equal rights and impartial liberty. To make the government in any sense a minister of the church is to degrade all citizenship. Even the Christian himself consents to the surrender of his birthright.

The next convention will be vastly larger than this. All who were present look with hope to the future. Cheered by this auspicious meeting, with better acquaintance, the forward movement, gathering volume, will be more popular and powerful than ever.

On Tuesday evening, October 15, the Portland Secular Union was organized. There are many Liberals in the city, and now is the time for work and progress. I expect to see hundreds in this local union by the meeting of the next convention. I leave Portland friends and Oregon friends and Washington friends with greater hope than ever. I do not think there ever was so much promise of real attainment as now.

I shall lecture at a few more places before returning to California. The fire at Linkville has compelled the postponement of my lectures there, and also at Talent. I expect to visit these places early next summer.

After the convention, with its splendid incitements, I could not

drop into a more genial place than Coburg, where labor is so pleasant that it becomes a kind of rest. I landed at Eugene expecting to lecture there Thursday and Friday evenings, but no arrangements were made. Eugene is a thriving place, with plenty of Liberals, but many do not see the necessity of agitation and improvement. If John Diamond had not been on hand to greet me I think I should have left Eugene somewhat disappointed, but he won't allow anything like discouragement to exist, being so willing to do his level best himself, and pay the bills too. He introduced me to Dr. Patterson, Judge Scott, and others, and it was determined to have a lecture in the courthouse on Sunday night. In the evening I met Mr. C. W. Snodgrass, one of our most active workers here, who, being once an earnest Christian, is now equally earnest in the cause of Freethought. Friday morning, E. P. Coleman comes in from Coburg, and I have good company to my field of labor for Saturday and Sunday. Again I am at the home where the big logs burn in the fireplace and the sparkling flames give greeting. As the sunshine comes and the clouds roll by, and we know not whether it will be fair weather or not, frontier life mingles its reminiscence with glowing hopes. John Diamond tells of his "squatter's claim" somewhere near the "celestial city" where he affixed his pilgrim's staff about forty years ago. I guess no one else has visited that claim. It is covered with snow all the year round, and is named Diamond's Butte upon the maps. From some parts of the valley it can be seen, rugged and glittering along the horizon.

I lectured on Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon to good audiences. In the morning I went to meeting and listened to the Rev. Mathewson, a local preacher, who preached a pretty earnest sermon on Christian unity. As Mr. Mathewson is an Advent, and therefore something of a heretic, I find him rather liberal. He attended my lectures and said he was a Freethinker.

Senator Coleman has been having quite a battle on the religion-in-the-schools question since I was here. The teacher, a young man from Brownsville, seemed to have an idea that he had a mission to subdue Infidelity by prayers and Bible-reading in the school, and introduced them without asking permission. Mr. Coleman, being school director, instantly objected, and the board passed a resolution that there should be no such services. A petition was circulated to call a public meeting in order that the decision of the school-board might be reversed. It was found, however, that in order to do so the constitution of the state would have to be overthrown, and the Christians wisely decided that it would not be best to enter upon any such crusade, and so Mr. Coleman was master of the field, and the Bible exercises are a thing of the past. According to the laws of the state of Oregon, if any of the patrons of the school objects, religious services must be omitted. It would be well if all Liberals without fear of public opinion would see that in every district this law of the state is respected.

When I was here before the landscapes were shrouded in smoke and I could not see their beauty, which was revealed to me in the bright shining of the October sun. Beautiful mountain views stretch away; the wooded valley and shining fields and pasture lands; the dim, snowy heights occasionally seen; the vast timber belt, and the winding, dashing river amid bending groves—these make variable pictures in the clear and gorgeous atmosphere. Morning glitters to noon, and noon melts to golden twilight and resplendent evening. Happy the days pass here with friends to whom Freethought is the religion of humanity. Around this sparkling fireside, with our generous hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, gather other noble friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Long, P. J. Blakiston, John Cochran, and the midnight hour catches us awake with the feast of reason and the flow of soul, for coming together only about once a year there are many things to talk about "while the great world spins forever down the ringing grooves of change."

Sunday afternoon John Cochran, with Blakiston and Coleman, drove me over to Eugene, and I find the court-house pretty well filled for the evening lecture. Eugene is a land of somewhat uncertain promise. The material is rich, but the crystallizing process is slow. I hope to return and find more favorable opportunity for work. I am especially under obligations to Judge Scott and C. W. Snodgrass for their generous support. I believe the lecture given and the interest aroused will result in more unity and action among the many Freethinkers here.

Blakiston becomes our hospitable host after the lecture hour, and the appetite is sharpened with jest and flashing thought; and then I say good-bye to these brave soldiers who have been so cordial in their aid, so ready for service and companionship. One can easily bear the brunt of battle when around the campfires gather such animating friends.

Monday morning the iron horse takes me from Eugene to Shedd, where friend Arnold meets me, and after dinner we go over to Brownsville. The morning was brilliant, but in the afternoon the clouds darken, and it is pouring when we drive up to the hotel at Brownsville, which is quite a village scattered along the winding valley. The woolen mills here do quite an extensive work. There are seven churches here, I understand, and orthodoxy has quite a sway; but there are a few Freethinkers, and they don't propose to go the wall. John Cushman has held on to the battle for many a year, and Mr. Rockwell is also of the veteran host. B. S. Martin is a young school-teacher, but he and his brothers are not afraid to say what they think. So the seven churches will not have it all their own way in this little burg. The rain held up a little while in the evening and there was a fair audience in the city hall to listen to the lecture on "Freethought and Civilization." I shall return to Brownsville again, for without doubt the seeds of heresy are growing and the harvest will come. The first man I met on my arrival here was John Diamond, who had come down from Coburg on the early morning train. He was bound to see me through this campaign. He is almost eighty years of age, but the spirit of youth has not deserted him yet. He looks forward and believes in the "good time coming," and means to reach his one-hundredth birthday.

I missed one pleasure on this trip which I hope to make up another time, and that was a visit to the ranch of John Long, where the sheep wander and the coyotes flee away. There are no truer friends to our cause and to anything that is for humanity's sake than Mr. and Mrs. John Long. They both possess rare intelligence with devotion to the high ideals of life. With

such friends a day's companionship is an inspiration indeed. Early Tuesday morning Arnold and myself, behind the flying team, while the clouds roll off and the sunshine glitters, are en route to Shedd; and from there I pursue my way to Newport, one of the finest summer resorts on the Oregon shore.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

THE CONSTITUTION OF NEW MEXICO.

The late constitutional convention in the territory of New Mexico has resulted in the production of a document which as to length would easily fill twenty-five columns of FREETHOUGHT, being about twice as long as the Constitution of the United States. It contains full instructions for the members of the executive, judicial, and legislative departments of the government, and provides for elections, apportionments, education, land grants, taxation, incorporations, mining and water rights, and a long chapter of miscellaneous matters. The constitution is on the whole a good one, but, like all documents of the kind, it is not free from defects, for it contains some concessions to the religious world which might have been omitted to advantage.

The preamble, for instance, declares that the people of New Mexico are "grateful to Divine Providence for the liberties they enjoy;" whereas such liberties are referable to an entirely different source, having been attained by a prolonged conflict with the powers claiming to be ordained by this same Divine Providence. American independence should be accredited to the fathers of the republic, the most prominent of whom were Infidels.

Again (Art. XI., sec. 10), the proposed constitution provides that "lots with the buildings thereon, when such buildings are used solely for religious worship," shall be exempt from taxation. Here we have the old evil against which all Secularists protest—the exemption of ecclesiastical property from its just share of the burdens of the state. This same constitution declares that "public money shall never be used or appropriated for the aid or support of any institution not under the absolute control of the state;" yet to exempt church property from taxation is exactly equivalent to appropriating to it the amount of money drawn by taxation from other property of equal value. For that reason Article XI., Section 10, should be amended or stricken out before the new constitution is accepted by the people.

In Article II., Section 26, provision is made for the observance of Sunday, in these words:

"The natural right of the people to one day of rest in seven is hereby acknowledged."

We are not here to deny to anybody the right to "one day of rest in seven." On the contrary, we would uphold the right of every person to seven days of rest in seven; and we also contend that the right to work every day of the week should be held inviolable. Section 26 of Article II. should therefore be expunged. It will breed only dissension and religious persecution.

Another section of the second article is well-meant, but it ought not to be necessary in a land where religious liberty is acknowledged. It reads:

"Sec. 14. The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship without discrimination or preference is hereby guaranteed, and no person shall be rendered incompetent to be a witness or juror on account of his opinions on matters of religious belief."

It seems, however, that the framers of the section felt it needful to hedge slightly, for they introduce this saving clause:

"But the liberty of conscience hereby secured shall not excuse acts of licentiousness or justify polygamous practices or other acts inconsistent

with morality or the peace or safety of the state, nor permit any person, organization, or association, directly or indirectly, to aid or abet, counsel, or advise, any person to commit bigamy or polygamy, or any other crime. Bigamy and polygamy are forever prohibited."

That is to say, the free exercise and enjoyment of all religious professions except Mormonism is guaranteed. The Romanist may advocate the supremacy of the papal encyclical over the constitution; the National Reformer may declare that governments do not derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and endeavor to "change that feature of our fundamental law;" but the family affairs of the Latter Day Saints will be regulated by statute. Another clause might have been added to this effect: "But the restrictions here placed upon Mormons shall not interfere with the liberty of any man to have two or more wives, *provided* that he be married to only one and support none of them." But the question here arises, why should the framers of the New Mexico constitution associate religious freedom with polygamy? The "polygs" are not Free Religionists, but have always belonged in the ranks of the church, from David up to Joseph Smith.

The same article goes on to say:

"Sec. 16. Liberty of speech or of the press shall not be restrained, but for the abuse of such liberty every person shall be responsible."

Since the courts are thus left to decide what is and what is not an abuse of the liberty of speech or of the press, this section amounts to a suggestion and nothing more.

We have seen that in section 14 of Article II., practices or acts "inconsistent with the safety of the state" are prohibited, but another section provides that

"No person shall be required to serve in the militia whose religious creed or discipline prohibits the bearing of arms."

It is true that "such person shall render an equivalent for such exemption," but must church property render an equivalent for *its* exemption; may Mormons indulge in polygamy for an equivalent; or do not the framers of the constitution accept the conclusion of the national document that "a well-regulated militia is necessary to the security of a free state?" If those whose creed or discipline prohibits the bearing of arms must render an equivalent in order to be exempt from military duty, why should not untaxed property render an equivalent in some form? Is the property of the church more sacred than its members? If not, then it is unfair to exempt the property and demand service (or its equivalent) of the member. Wood and stone should pay their tribute to the state, as well as flesh and blood.

On the question of Woman Suffrage this constitution is silent, dismissing the subject thus: "The qualifications of voters shall be ascertained and declared by law." Schools are to be "free from sectarian or church control;" and "no funds donated or falling to the state for educational purposes shall ever be applied toward the maintenance, support, or aid of any school or other institution in the management of which any religious or other sect has any part, or which is not under the absolute control of the state"—a most admirable provision, and declared irrevocable without the consent of the United States and the people of New Mexico.

It will be seen, then, that the spirit of the constitution of New Mexico is in favor of religious liberty, the only restriction it contains being placed upon the Mormons, who are prohibited from polygamy, a crying evil certainly, though paralleled by the "social evil" in large cities, pastoral privileges in the Protestant church, and the confessional in the Catholic sanctuary.

"John Ward, Preacher." 50 cents.

PROPOSED STATE ORGANIZATION IN WASHINGTON.

It was decided at the Portland Convention that an interstate Secular Union, including Oregon and Washington, would be unadvisable, although recommended and discussed, somewhat, previous to the Convention. The Liberals of Washington are therefore moving to organize separately, and a circular has been sent out by the Walla Walla Society with the object of securing the opinion of the Liberals of the state regarding the feasibility of such an undertaking. To further this end, the Wall Walla friends recommend that a State Convention be called at Seattle, on or about the Paine anniversary, January 29, 1890. All Liberals of Washington are solicited to advise and co-operate, addressing their communications and contributions to Dr. A. W. Calder, Secretary Liberal Club, box 696, Walla Walla.

Pending organization, the circular above referred to calls attention to the necessity of immediate effort. The legislature of Washington meets November 6, and there is every reason to anticipate that the church organizations will combine with private institutions to secure exemption of their property from taxation, and to gain other ecclesiastical privileges. It is therefore recommended that Liberals in all parts of the state write at once to their representatives at Olympia, urging them to oppose all such schemes. The Walla Walla Liberals have taken the initiative in the matter, and have provided forms of letters, to be copied by voters and forwarded to members of the legislature. The work of the Washington Liberals is thus made plain and easy. They should communicate at once with Dr. Calder, and receive in return copies of the letters for legislative use; write Dr. Calder what they can do toward making the proposed convention a success, and send him the names of all Liberal-minded persons in their vicinity.

THE POPE MUST GO.

Ernest Renan, the great French Freethinker, has recently been interviewed on the subject of the relations between the pope and the Italian government. Touching the exodus of pope and papal college from Rome he said: "I consider the ultimate departure of the pope inevitable. I believe the status quo will be maintained as long as possible. It is only natural that this important step should be delayed. The cardinals are conscious that their course in leaving Rome will be construed in anything but a favorable light by the enemies of the church. Their hesitation is quite excusable. I for one believe the abandonment of the Eternal City will be the signal for the breaking up of the hold which the papacy has upon the Roman Catholic world, and that the certain result would be a springing up of schisms in the church. Italy will not indorse the idea of receiving directions from a pope dwelling abroad, and the fealty of the Italians will soon weaken and die out when the supreme pontiff is no longer one of themselves and the old traditions of the Vatican have ceased to be a present fact. Italian Romanists will in this predicament, sooner or later, elect an Italian pope, a resident in Italy and one of their own people, and then would come a great catastrophe, for, following the example of Italy, every Roman Catholic country would want its own pope and the church would be split into many factions. The local national divisions might be followed by others based on doctrinal or administrative differences and the tremendous discipline of the Romish church would be a thing of the past."

Great weight is attached to this opinion of M. Renan, and it is regarded as a logical deduction from the speech of Premier

Crispi, reference to which was made in last week's FREETHOUGHT. The government is uncompromising, and the pope will not yield in his demand for the political sovereignty of Rome. As a consequence, the latter must find refuge in some Catholic monarchy like Spain or Portugal.

FE, FI, FO, FUM.

A bell designed for a Catholic steeple in this city was "blessed" last Sunday in St. Peter's church. It was christened Paul, and bears this inscription:

*"Gaudere cum gaudentibus,
Et flere cum flerentibus,"*

which means, we presume,

Exult with those who celebrate,
And howl with those who lachrymate.

The ceremony of consecrating this new disturber of public harmony is thus described by the Chronicle:

"Fathers Sasia, the celebrant, Brennan and Casey, the master of ceremonies, assisted by Fathers Vereker, Lynch, Cummins, O'Grady, and Breslin, formed a circle around the bell, which was hung on supports just inside the altar rails. They sprinkled it with consecrated water, specially blessed for the occasion. Prayers were read by the officiating priests. During the services the organ and choir rendered selections from Gounod, Hearn, and Verdi. At the end the bell was anointed with chrism, was struck three times, and formally christened."

The spectacle of a gang of priests cavorting around a piece of metal, mumbling their mummeries and performing their superstitious incantations, must have been highly edifying to the intelligent body of naturalized citizens who witnessed the exhibition.

BRADLAUGH.

Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, the English leader of Freethought, is now reported out of danger, though an attack of congestion of the lungs gave him what in this country is known as a close call, and his recovery is assured. Nowhere will this intelligence be more gratefully received than among Mr. Bradlaugh's many admirers in America.

THE following story from the Savannah News may not be a true one, but it serves to illustrate what a farce are the Bible-oaths taken in our courts:

Does it matter what kind of a book people kiss when magistrates swear them? If it does then a magistrate in a district in this county has gone beyond the bonds of law. Witnesses in his court have been swearing for a considerable time by a mutilated Latin dictionary.

"Some time ago," the justice said, "I borrowed a Latin dictionary, and it was just about the size of my Bible and looked for the world like it. The back was torn and mutilated and the edges were red. The dictionary, as I thought, finally disappeared and could not be found. I kept swearing witnesses right along with the Bible, I thought, when in fact it was nothing but the dictionary."

"How did I find it out? Why, the other day, just as I wound up a big case and was rendering my decision, the book fell out of my lap, open. There it was as plain as day, the old dictionary."

"Did you suspend the trial?"

"Suspend nothing. I just went right along as if it were a Bible sure enough. Nobody, you may be sure, in that office knew what I found but myself."

THE triennial pastoral letter of the church, read before the Episcopal Convention at New York, set forth that while the church does not undertake the warfare of a partisan, "it would leave an important duty undone if it did not exercise a care for the political as well as the ecclesiastical welfare of the state." We would like to know what the church has to do with the state,

either politically or ecclesiastically. The professed mission of the church is to save souls; but the state has no soul, and never was designed to have a soul, any more than a corporation or a policeman's club. Can it be that the Episcopalians consider the state immortal, and that when governments die out on earth they are transplanted to heaven, there to live forever with the patriarchies of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob? If not, if the state is not immortal, how can the church be concerned in its spiritual welfare?

Ex-MAYOR AMES of Minneapolis has offended the pope's minions in that city, and is in receipt of the following letter:

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., October 19.

A. AMES, Sir: By attacking the Irish Catholics I think you have done yourself a great deal of harm, not only as a politician, but the first you know of is that you will meet with the same fate as Dr. Cronin. You know that the Irish people will not stand such abuse without revenge, and the best you can do is to leave the city at once and go to some other part of the world. You have insulted not only the Irish, but the Holy Catholic Church and its priests, who are working hard in Ireland trying to help the people along. It is a well-known fact that the Irish are superior to any other class of emigrants coming to this country, not only as church members, but in everything, and in knowing this ourselves, we feel that you and Rev. Morrill and others of such stamp ought to be brought out of existence for your lying statements. Go out of the city at once.

AN IRISHMAN, CATHOLIC, AND A CLAN-NA-GAEL.

OUR oldest subscribers will bear us out in saying that FREETHOUGHT is not given to "blowing its own horn," but we feel like calling attention to the merits of this issue. Read it over carefully. There are several splendid contributions, any of which it would be unfair to mention without naming them all. We endeavor to get out a paper that is a credit to the cause, and the testimony of hundreds shows that success is crowning our efforts in that direction. Leaving out its literary excellence, there is not a neater looking paper published on the coast. Why, then, should not every reader and every subscriber use his best influence, as many are doing, to extend its circulation? There is a large field for such a paper. Friends all around, will you not make an effort to find at least one new subscriber?

A WEALTHY Englishwoman named Synge is in this country as a missionary. Her fanaticism takes the form of an endeavor to work up a religious boom among letter-carriers and messenger boys. She has succeeded in interesting Mrs. Harrison and Postmaster-General Wanamaker in her work. The latter consented to address one of her meetings in Washington a few nights ago. Just before the meeting Miss Synge went to the Western Union office and cabled her friends in London to pray for her and her work. "I really think the operator thought I was a lunatic," said Miss Synge afterwards. The operator may not have been far out of the way.

LAST spring the minister of education in Japan was assassinated by a religious fanatic because he was a Freethinker. A little later the opposers of Count Goto desired to massacre him because he accepted a public office, and only last week the foreign ambassador narrowly escaped assassination, having been shot at, and receiving a wound in the leg which necessitated amputation. These crimes, in each instance were committed by parties called conservatives in politics and religion.

THE trial of E. C. Walker and the Harmans, or Valley Falls, Kansas, which was set down for October 15, has been once

more continued. This, we understand, is directly contrary to the wishes of the defendants, who, if they are to suffer fine or imprisonment, desire to have it settled and over with. But it does not seem to be the intention of the prosecution to bring the case to trial on its merits. They seem to prefer that the Messrs. Harman and Walker should be continually harassed by suspense and worry, and put to hundreds of dollars' expense, so that, guilty or innocent, they cannot escape punishment. It is a despicable business, this whole prosecution, and it ought to be thrown out of court and the records burned.

A GENTLEMAN residing in Southern California has read *FREETHOUGHT* for nearly a year, and, being a gift subscriber, it hasn't cost him a cent. Upon finding the paper will not be sent any longer free, he orders it discontinued, though he admits he has "been reading it to please a friend." A long series of sarcastic remarks might be made upon this method of pleasing a friend up to the point where the payment of four cents per week comes in, and then repudiating the sacrifice; but we will let the friend make them.

In one of the disreputable cases which crowd the court calendars and court rooms of San Francisco, the other day, the counsel for a wealthy young rake, subpoenaed as a witness and held in contempt for not appearing, contended that the subpoena was defective on account of its having been issued on Sunday. The judge had the good sense to decide that the point was not well taken, and that subpoenas could be legally issued on Sunday as well as any other day.

A SENSATION has been created at the National Temperance Congress, at London, by the disclosure that shares in a recently launched brewery are held by clergy of the English church. The buyers include the archbishop, two bishops, three deans, four archdeacons and six canons. There has been a strong bond of sympathy between the English church and breweries ever since Saint Guinness, the brewer, spent a million dollars to restore a cathedral.

An appeal for deliverance from earthquakes has been added to the Litany of the Episcopal church. This will not increase the height of buildings in San Francisco or other localities subject to quakes, and we do not believe it will do for this coast at all. For the devotee to have the ceiling drop on his head while repeating his litany against earthquakes would diminish, rather than strengthen, his faith in the efficacy of the incantation.

MR. FRED LUCE, a Los Angeles Liberal worker, has come to San Francisco and gone into business. He has taken the right course by at once inserting his card in *FREETHOUGHT*. We would be glad to have all our friends doing business in the city follow his example. They can help one another and the paper. Our advertising rates are low, and will be furnished to all inquirers.

MR. CHOYNSKI, editor of *Public Opinion*, seconds our motion that the friends of Mr. James Barry contribute one dollar each, to the number of five hundred, and pay the fine imposed for the exercise of free speech which has been construed into contempt of court.

READERS who recognize a good thing when they see it will take pleasure in perusing the story by ex-Sheriff A. W. Poole, which we begin this week.

PROF. GEO. H. DAWES, of North Yamhill, Or., will answer calls to lecture as soon as his school closes, which will be in March. Engagements will be made in advance, and the route marked out ahead for the sake of economy in traveling expenses.

"ROMAN Catholicism," says the Argonaut, "is not as rapidly increasing as Infidelity and Independentism, even in Roman Catholic circles." That is good news, and important if true.

OBSERVATIONS.

The hall was full at the last Sunday night's meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society. Vice-President Eastman presided.

The address was by Hon. F. B. Perkins, on "Slavery and Freedom." The speaker said that there was a good deal of slavery even in California. We had many deities, the great high god being the American dollar. Then there were many organized tyrannies. We suffer from the tyranny of political bosses, of corporations, of railroads, of land grabbers, and so forth. Both production and distribution are controlled by monopolies and trusts. The telegraph unions and the Associated Press are tyrannies, and even our courts set themselves up as despots and censors of speech and press. Then there is the religious tyranny, the worst of all. It is the abettor of all other tyrannies, and instead of helping mankind to attain freedom, it warns us to obey our masters, to resist not evil; and offers us in the next world an eternal reward for having been cringing cowards in this.

The lecturer spoke for a full hour, rapidly and interestingly, and as usual covered a vast amount of ground, giving the listener much to think about as well as much to remember.

At the close of Mr. Perkins's address Mr. Thomas Curtis arose to a question of privilege. He stated that Dr. Anderson, in a late paper read before the society, had cited Professor Holden, of the Lick Observatory, as authority for the assertion that the law of gravitation was inoperative as regards the motion of some of the nebulae. Mr. Curtis had at the time denied Dr. Anderson's statement on his own responsibility, and had since written to Professor Holden and received a reply, which he read. Professor Holden corroborated Mr. Curtis and repudiated the conclusion attributed to him by Dr. Anderson.

Mr. W. S. Bell, upon invitation of the Chair, spoke briefly. He had a word to say about a free platform, which he did not regard as a success, having seen it tried in Boston and Chicago. Many promising societies had been howled out of existence by irresponsible cranks who cared for nothing but to hear themselves talk, while everybody else wanted them to keep quiet. As to the lecture of the evening, Mr. Bell pronounced it above criticism.

Colonel Knight arose to deprecate the popular custom of studying the law of Moses to the neglect of a proper understanding of the United States Constitution. He did not agree that there was any except voluntary slavery in this country. It was true that he was a slave of circumstances, and there was a woman at his house who to some extent curtailed his absolute liberty; but any man who should set himself up as a master would be violently opposed.

At a business meeting subsequently held, it was decided to discontinue the regular meetings of the society until January, the design being to give speakers and contributors a vacation and time to recuperate. In January it is intended to hold a state convention, to close with a grand celebration of Paine's birthday on the 29th. This adjournment is not had from any sense of failure or lack of interest in the society, the last month's meetings having been as well attended and supported as those of any previous month, but simply for the reason above stated, with the added one that rainy evenings are likely to prevail during November and December.

One of the members of the Freethought Society, Mr. J. L. Hatch, was sworn into the service of the United States last week. He has been appointed to an office in the custom-house with a

salary of a hundred and fifty dollars per month attached. I am happy to see Mr. Hatch thus rewarded, but I am sorry he did not recommend me to the place he has just vacated—that of religious editor of the Chronicle. From what I know of him I am prepared to affirm that I have as much faith, piety, and reverential calm as he can boast of; and as these are the qualities which the religious editor needs, I hereby advertise myself as an applicant for the above position.

The longer I live the firmer becomes my conviction that no intellect, however great, is free from liability to weaken. When I got acquainted with Prof. H. Miller, of Berkeley; when I heard him speak eloquent words before our local society; when I read his manuscript, or assisted the compositor to do so, and when I published his articles as editorials, without credit, I believed I had discovered a man who could be trusted with access to our columns. I am always careful about inviting contributions, because most men, after doing a few good things in prose, generally drop into poetry, and there is where they fall down. To shorten this tale of woe, Professor Miller has surrendered to the enemy and written a poem. It refers to Dr. Anderson's lecture on Theosophy, and is appended:

GOD LOCALIZED BY THE TELESCOPE.

My friend, Dr. A., as he talked, t'other night,
Of science, religion, and that,
Said he'd found out the place where the world did begin,
Where dwells the Almighty *Fiat*.

Gravitation its source from this place does derive
(So declared the doctor, cock-sure!)
'Tis a spot in the sky where that law is not felt:
O Sir Isaac! you should have been truer.

While I sat all agape and awaited with awe
Revelation of this dread abode,
Where lives the Almighty, when he's most at home,
Whence all things have started and "grewed,"

The authorities fell on my skeptical head,
With a weight that has crushed me quite flat;
'Twas revealed in a vision to Blavatsky the Seer,
Theosophy's prophetess pat;

Who Karmas and Layas, Mahatmas, and such,
Other Sanskrit cognomens and roots—
As from one who knows well the ineffable much,
We expect—pours forth as it suits.

And her vision unerring has been lately confirmed
By an astronomer gazing aloft;
Through a big telescope, California's pride,
He has seen the world's core, which is soft.

I can't tell you the place, but if you should wish
The Almighty in heaven to see,
Why, just drop a postal to Holden,
Director observatory.

Alas, alas! 'tis come to pass, that one who once was great, in my esteem, dispels the dream, and spoils the estimate.

Another man whom I have always confided in, and for whom I still retain sufficient hope to withhold his name, takes the downward path as follows:

Sing a song of sixpence, a Prohibition crank,
Addle-headed idiot, thin about the flank;
When the polls are open, vote her straight for dry,
Isn't it a funny thing to hear the party sigh?
Fanatic in amazement sees the cranky votes
Pious sentimentalist takin' of the notes;
God nor man nor the devil cannot teach the party,
And so, bull-headed as they be, let's dub each one "Old Smarty."

I do not object to this method of confuting the arguments of the Prohibitionists. The writer lives in Southern California, where moisture is a necessity, and it is better that the guilty publican escape than that the cause of irrigation should perish in the last ditch. I am no prohibitionist, but when it comes to an issue between the pro's and con's on the question of poetry, I go with the prose.

I met Judge W. D. Sawyer the other day near the corner of Washington and Montgomery streets, and in talking over the drift of business away from that aged quarter of the city he referred to the proposed removal of the post-office to some place

east of Market street. The judge did not see any necessity for expending a big lot of money for a new site. "The whole scheme," said he, "is gotten up for the purpose of selling land of nominal value at a fabulous price to the United States government; and the more the owners of the land get for the site the less the people will get for a post-office building. There is always this sort of jobbery when Uncle Sam asks the opportunity to provide for the wants of commercial communities in the way of federal improvements. I would like to have some one state an objection to the continued use of the present post-office site as long as San Francisco lasts. It is near all the ferry landings, which receive the bulk of San Francisco's mail matter. It has more square feet that can be used for improvements than the city will need for centuries to come. This site belongs already to the United States, and structures can be extended upon it forty or fifty feet in two directions—to within ten feet of Washington street, and to within ten feet of Battery street. If necessary, the forty-foot driveway from Washington to Jackson street between the post-office and the Appraiser's building can be arched over, and then for post-office and custom house San Francisco will have all the room necessary. Retaining the present site, the liberal allowance of Congress could be used in the construction of a building that would not only be an ornament to the city, but all that is desired for federal purposes."

There seems to me to be weight in these words. Our post-office building stands on one corner of a site nearly large enough to accommodate the post-office of New York. The lawns and shrubbery and iron fence around it, and its broad avenues of approach, affording stands for candy merchants, ornamental card-writers, and traffickers in cement for repairing glass and crockery ware, are in no sense necessary to federal purposes. Besides, nearly all the printing presses in the city are within five minutes' walk of it, and newspapers are much more readily dispatched than they could be if they had to be carried two or three miles up Market street in an express wagon.

I received a written invitation last week from the Union Iron Works, saying that the pleasure of my company was requested, Saturday, October 26, to witness the launch of the U. S. cruiser San Francisco, which invitation I was directed to present at the gate of the Potrero. It was raining hard on Saturday, but rather than disappoint the Hon. Irving M. Scott I thought it best to go. Doubtless if Mr. Scott had known how muddy the last mile and a half of road was between here and his Potrero, he would have sent a carriage for me. I will not endeavor to work upon the reader's sympathies by saying anything about that last mile and a half of unfathomable mud, that men, women, children, and a flock of sheep were wallowing through. The rain fell in large wet globules, which coursed back and forth beneath the forerim of my hat, like the bubble in a carpenter's level. Progress was made by putting one foot forward of the other, then extracting the rear foot with a loud and mournful "sough" from the embrace of the mud behind, plunging it into the mud ahead, and then proceeding as before. A half hour of this exercise brought me to the Potrero gate, inside which a superior depth of mud was noticeable.

The cruiser San Francisco stood inside a frame-work at the edge of the water. She was ornamented with the flags of all nations, including that of the country in which we reside. These various emblems looked as if they had been put through the wash together, and hung on the cruiser's rail to soak. The San Francisco had her stern toward the bay and her bow far inland, which at first created the impression that she had crawled ashore to get out of the wet, but I learned upon inquiry that such was not the case. The rain still fell. A wet band played "Nancy Lee, ye ho," and when the artist who usually makes the most noise beat his bass drum, the effect was similar to striking a bag of meal with a soft club. The man with cymbals had his own way, interrupted only by the subterranean gurgles of the bass horn and other rain-water receptacles. Around about, many hundred people stood beneath umbrellas gazing earnestly at the umbrellas of other hundreds just in front of them. Tugs and steamers filled the bay and exposed their passengers to the wet.

A policeman who, I judge, owns the Potrero, occupied the

only position where a good view of the launch could be obtained, and I engaged him in conversation. We spoke of the excessive rain, which, he averred, "beat the deck." I suggested that an awning stretched above the deck would prevent the rain from beating it so violently as to take the paint off; and while he pondered the above I passed him by an adroit sneak and stood within the stocks alongside the San Francisco. I observed that two long and sloping pieces of timber, profusely greased, and resting upon the floor of the stocks, ran from near her bow to the water's edge, one on each side. Upon these greased and sloping timbers rested a sort of cradle, and in the cradle, but not resting upon it, was the ship, supported by blocks underneath her keel. These blocks a lot of men were working up into kindling wood by means of mallets and wedges. When the last one had been nearly removed, there was a moment's rest; then a stalwart man hit the block a swinging blow with a sledge hammer that knocked it from under the ship. The San Francisco settled into the cradle; the timbers that held the cradle in place were knocked away; the greased ways received the weight of the vessel, which rode slowly and majestically down them into the sea. As she moved there was a crash of glass near the bow, and a shower of champagne sprinkled the planks below. When the vessel left the stocks a man standing near the water's edge jumped upon the ways which she had passed over, and, waving his hat, essayed to give the first cheer for the San Francisco. He never gave it. The grease on the timbers got in its work again and launched him as it had launched the ship. He sat down in the water, which surged up under his armpits; and when all the people hurraed, and the band struck up, and a cannon was fired, and a hundred steam whistles tooted in honor of the San Francisco's launch, he pulled himself on solid ground, and said they were all making a hell of a fuss over a little accident that affected no one but himself.

A channel had been dredged, reaching perhaps a quarter of a mile from the stocks. The momentum of the San Francisco carried her the length of this channel, and then she stuck in the mud, there to stay till high tide and more dredging permitted her to be docked.

It stilled rained hard, but the people stood and watched the new cruiser as she rested in the mud. The Hon. Mr. Scott was present, and with a rubber coat on and a wet hat resding down peacefully upon his ears he did not look the distinguished person that he really is. I should not have picked him out of a crowd for the patron of an Academy of Sciences, and a man who could talk off hand on the subject of the solar parallax and the radius vector. Nevertheless, Mr. Scott has been known to do so several times without experiencing fatigue.

When finished, and paid for, the new cruiser will belong to the United States, and be used as a yacht for government officers. She will be provided with side arms, a crew, a physician, a chaplain, and a locker where spirits for medicinal purposes may be stored; and adopted sons of the sea, who do not know a marlin spike from a garboard strake, will walk her decks and squirt tobacco juice over her rail to windward.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The widow of the late Charles Crocker, railroad millionaire, died of apoplexy in this city, last Sunday afternoon.—The Rev. J. Saunders, of the Trinity Episcopal church in Newark, N. J., having quarreled with his flock, will take charge of a San Francisco church.—A seven-days' bicycle tournament in this city last week was won by a woman, who rode 884 miles.—The adopted daughter and heiress of Collis P. Huntington has married a scapegrace foreign prince named Hatzfeldt.—President Harrison has not yet issued his proclamation admitting the four new states, and the officers-elect are getting impatient.—The Rev. Dr. Winkler, of Oakland, after being missing for a week, turned up last Saturday and explained his absence by saying he was thrown from a horse, receiving serious injuries, and had been cared for by a friend. Mrs. Winkler is skeptical as regards the truth of her husband's statement.

Vicar-General Preston, a Catholic functionary in New York, has made a ruling which prevents the interment in the Calvary

Cemetery of the body of one of Dr. McGlynn's most earnest workers, Theresa Kelly, on the ground that she attended McGlynn meetings since her last absolution.—Two prominent men of Butte, Mont., committed suicide last week on account of losses at faro.—Twelve jurors have been secured in the Cronin murder case at Chicago, and the trial is dragging slowly along.—A movement is being made in parts of Vermont to resettle abandoned localities with Swedes and other foreigners. Many once-valuable farms are now for sale at from \$3 to \$5 an acre, together with buildings.—The private bank of the Rev. J. W. Powell at Fostoria, O., has failed.—It is said that 20,000 families in North Dakota and 1000 in South Dakota are suffering for the necessities of life.—The first conviction under the Kansas prohibitory law for the sale of hard cider was secured in the district court at Topeka last Monday.

Germany will probably pass more stringent laws against the Socialists, and confer greater inquisitorial powers on the police.—Measures looking to the placing of surveillance over the press as touching the criticism of public officers are to be pressed upon the French Chamber of Deputies at its next convention.—A special train with 500 French Catholic pilgrims returning from Rome to Paris Oct. 25 came in collision with a goods train. Many passengers were injured, none fatally. The engineer on the pilgrim train was instantly killed. One of the guards was fatally injured.

BRADLAUGH AN HONEST POLITICIAN.

A member of Parliament, in a cablegram to the Press, dated October 26, speaks thus of Charles Bradlaugh:

I am far enough from agreeing with many of the opinions on social and religious questions held by Bradlaugh, but as a politician I do not believe there is a more upright or a more conscientious man alive to-day. I have often seen him take up a course which was directly opposed to his own interests, but I have never seen him do any underhand or unfair thing. His word is absolutely to be trusted, and he will take no part in discreditable tactics of parliamentary obstruction or mean intrigue.

More than once I have known him to incur great unpopularity with his party by himself adhering honestly to an understanding he had made with the government on some detail of business. He cannot be cajoled or bullied into doing what he believes to be a dishonorable or even an unfair act. He is perfectly candid, straightforward, and above board in all his transactions. Of how many leading men in Parliament whose pretensions and standing are much greater than Bradlaugh's could as much as this be truthfully said? I should be sorry to have to reckon them up. I have served on committees with Bradlaugh and have never failed to remark not only the great acuteness he displays in sifting facts, but the immense industry he has brought to bear upon the investigation of any subject to which he addresses himself.

That is one secret of his success with the House of Commons. He rarely speaks without having thoroughly mastered the question at issue or wastes the time of the House. Thus it has come to pass that many who had a bitter prejudice against him on account of some passages in his career which did not look well from the outside, at any rate now have genuine respect for his character as well as for his abilities. Did any man ever effect such a change in the feeling of the House of Commons toward himself? A few years ago Bradlaugh was hustled ignominiously out of it, seized by a policeman, dragged through the hall, and bundled neck and crop into the street. Now he is always sure of a good audience, and the cheers that greet him come quite as much from the Conservative benches as from those of the Liberal side.

There is no fairer body in the world than the House of Commons. It will listen to any man who has anything genuine to say and who does not trifle with it. If it did not listen to Bradlaugh sooner it was partly because he threw himself headlong against the stream and rashly set it at defiance. There were misunderstandings on all sides, but Bradlaugh has lived them down, and I venture to express the hope that a long and useful career still lies before him.

W. S. BELL's address is 920 Sixth avenue, Oakland, Cal.

SECULARISM AND ITS OBJECTS.*

A Secularist, as the name indicates, is one who believes thoroughly in this world—believes in his age, his generation; one whose highest object is to realize "the greatest good to the greatest number," here, now. In view of the accumulated evidence offered in the history of the race, which is the history of man's efforts to overcome the difficulties of living, the struggle to conquer peace and establish justice—in other words, to attain a science of social relationship—the Secularist recognizes that natural and reasonable methods are the only ones through which the interests of men may be still further unified and advanced. He affirms that it is the duty of a citizen of the world's republic to make precedents, as well as follow them.

With the Positivist, he sees that what men have wrought and left is the immortality of the race, that it is the good men do which lives after them and becomes, as our own Longfellow said, "a light on the paths of men." Not only the splendid legacy of literature, poetry, and biography, but also the history, in part, of what wrecked governments and destroyed nations. And he proposes to put that heritage to practical use, as well by carefully avoiding its mistakes as in cherishing its truths and virtues. "One world at a time" is his motto, truth and justice his cause, happiness his goal.

Armed, equipped, and enthused with this avowal of principles, the Secularist finds himself at once confronted, under an avowedly representative government, with most flagrant abuses of public confidence; a prostitution of the people's rights and means to monarchically-descended institutions whose sole idea of authority, outside of and above man makes them at all times and in all places the enemy of free men; the granting of special privileges to special believers, whose tenets not only do not propose the happiness and good of all men, but in many cases the direct opposite, and taxing either directly or indirectly the public for their support, as in church and other ecclesiastical property, which is actually supported by government, since it is protected without paying any share of revenue for such protection, and to the detriment and injury of those whose property adjoins, who are thus compelled to pay double tribute-revenue to "Uncle Sam" and tithes and offerings to Jehovah; or again, paying a priest to intone prayers for a congress of citizens whose election to that place is upon the well-known and oft-repeated proposition that under this government citizens are the sole source of authority, wisdom, and power; appointing chaplains to the army and navy, whose business is war, as illustrating the mission of "peace on earth, good will toward men;" and once more, constrained to pay for Christian services in prisons in order to secure celestial passports for the wretched inmates to a practically unknown kingdom when, with all the ecclesiastical machinery of Christendom, claiming to be the conservator of public morals, unhindered and untaxed, they have failed to provide a better earthly abode than the iron sides of a cell, a larger gleam of sunshine than comes between prison bars. We believe that to tax these ecclesiastical institutions, whose value under our government has doubled every ten years, increasing more than twice as fast as our population, and apply that tax to the relief of our virtually outcast population—our thousands of homeless, friendless children—giving to them the accessories of a useful life—home, food, education—is much more practical and moral, for morality is largely a question of cleanliness, of food, of proper hygienic conditions, than to pay for prayers after the criminal is graduated from the streets to the prison, prayers to the unknown gods to forgive what we produce, wreck, and refuse either to reclaim or pardon.

Thoughtful men and women have become aware that the last court of appeal for humanity is where reason sits supreme; that the most binding obligation of civilized society is man's integrity and moral consciousness of right. Upon that civilized society rests to-day. Without it, it would cease to exist, and they have come to look with abhorrence and repudiation at the nauseating practice of touching human lips to and swearing by the authority of a book which, as the word of a god, was virtually repudiated

by the Christians themselves when they revised it, and as a history of man's effort to solve his relationship to the universe, is so incorrect and incomplete that it is contradicted on almost every page by the books men have made, which we put into our children's hands at school whereby to develop intelligence, character and self-poise, the foundation of good citizenship. The Secularist believes that an affirmation resting on character is better than an oath resting on belief, and he affirms that man's highest need creates society's highest law, and to him the spectacle of a civilization which not only has caused the "desert to bloom as the rose," but has scattered the lilies of commerce, the white sails of our ships, over all the seas; which out of man's labor—theology's curse—has made luxury possible to the lowliest, has crowned plenty with freedom; that, in spite of priest and deity, has placed man at the summit of intelligence and power; a civilization so broad and fraternal that it has become the refuge of the religious believer driven from his own country by the legitimate fruit of his creed, religious intolerance; the spectacle of that civilization allowing such alien to become a menace to the liberty of opinion, a dictator to the government which shelters him, is both shameful and humiliating.

As Secularists, we repudiate as an encroachment upon our secular rights the attempt to fix our holidays by a pagan calendar; we repudiate as a violation of our secular constitution Constantine and his day of the sun, which Christians have palmed off upon the world as the Sabbath, and which they are now industriously working to amend upon our secular constitution, to the effect that the civilization of the nineteenth century shall legally and under penalties do reverence to the semi-civilization of the time which permitted the murderer of his own son to pose as one of the "Lord's specially anointed." We affirm that the people who have achieved free institutions are the joint guardians of such results as their own intelligence and labor have accomplished; that to the wage worker and the brain worker alike our libraries, our art galleries, our museums, our parks, should be free and open, with no other restriction laid against them than such as economy of time and health suggests; that to these belongs the right to dictate their own holidays, and that they are no more bound to observe as sacred days set apart to pagan deities than they are to observe as national holidays the birthdays of kings and emperors.

The Secularist sees with alarm that ecclesiastical bodies, made bold by privileges already granted under a government "not in any sense founded upon the Christian religion," as Washington said, propose now to take actual possession of such. Our government and schools are both declared to be "godless," and as such must be theologically inoculated. A trinity of experts—the National Reform Association, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the Sabbath Observance Society—move with one accord to put "God" into our constitution, the Christian religion into our schools, and Constantine's "sun day" into legal force. They propose, as Jonathan Edwards, D.D., said at a meeting of the National Reform Association at Philadelphia in 1873, that "this government shall be a Christian government, and none but the man who has accepted heaven by the way of the cross shall have a vote." They propose to so amend the constitution under the Blair bill "that each state in the union shall establish and maintain a system of free public schools . . . in which shall be taught the common branches of knowledge, virtue, morality, and the principles of the Christian religion," "and the United States shall guarantee to every state the support and maintenance of such a system of schools as herein provided." And they propose to destroy personal liberty by fastening upon us legally under the guise of religious worship, under pains and penalties, one of the fete days of the pagan world.

Romanism has grown so arrogant that it dares from the ground of refuge insult publicly the memory of a man who, as a victim of the intense hatred of ecclesiasticism for everything progressive, served to show the world the way to freedom; a man whose devotion to truth was greater than his fear of death—Bruno—whose memory the whole civilized and enlightened world met this year to honor and crown on the very ground where he sealed his devotion to humanity and the cause of liberty by becoming a victim of that church, from whose altar, merciless and pitiless, Cardinal Gibbons once more denounces him.

*An address by Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel delivered before the convention of the Oregon State Secular Union at Portland, Oct. 12.

We believe that our free public schools are the fairest flower of personal freedom, that the fruit which follows the flower—intelligent citizenship—is the only possible ground upon which to build and perpetuate free institutions. We accept the ecclesiastical definition of both our educational and political creed. They are "godless," and we propose to keep them so. We believe with Robert G. Ingersoll that one of the grandest achievements of man was when he retired the gods from active participation in both the educational and political affairs of men.

SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FELLOW-CITIZENS: You were no doubt taken by surprise at the announcement that a rabbi consented to address you, and I am surprised to find myself in such good company—so much so that the question might well present itself, What, is Saul also amongst the prophets? I will answer you by saying that in the interpretation of the word "prophet"—in Hebrew "nabi"—I consider you or any man who feels himself honestly inspired to promote the welfare of his fellow-men a God's messenger, and if you stand united in the promotion of that humanity which is determined to grant and to secure freedom to all, I recognize in you the prophets of a great future. And speaking of the prophets of old, permit me to call your attention to the historical fact that all of these from Moses to Samuel, and from Samuel to Malachi, all were the strongest advocates of the separation of church and state, and opposed to a priestcraft or caste that would override the power of a free government. I have, therefore, the right to apply to you this mission, and with this understanding I agree to speak to you of the most paramount duty of every true citizen of our great and blessed commonwealth.

When your worthy president requested my humble services, I first hesitated to consent, principally for two reasons. Politically, I hold that no preacher should meddle with politics. There is enough work for all of them within the precincts of their churches and the pulpit, and as good citizens they ought to know the first duty, viz: the separation of church and state. The second scruple I found in the heading of your periodical, FREETHOUGHT, which to weak minds has a dangerous intimation, but to every serious thinker can it be aught but a challenge to think right and act right. In the declaration of your political principles I found clearly stated, I fully agree, and I do hold that it is the only platform upon which we can safely agree and must unite for the defense of the liberty of our land. That there are dangers ahead and attempts made to override it is known to everybody, and yet the greater danger is that we treat too lightly these vandalisms of our sacred institutions. The tiny snowflake drops but gently upon the snowpeaks of the high Alps, but as it falls its weight is sufficient to move the snowball, which in its descent multiplies its volume until as an avalanche it hurls death and destruction into the valleys beneath. The evil power which might be often checked in its conception by one individual opposition will require an army to be conquered or subdued.

A passing review of ancient history and a single glance over modern records will suffice to convince any man of the danger of a concentrated power, and none more dangerous than when priestcraft wields the ruling scepter. The warning of the prophets remained unheeded, and Judea was led away captive into exile, and only when freed of its priestcraft could Judaism rise again from the ashes of a temple which their priests had polluted. Greece had to see her beautiful arts mouldering in the shrines of demoralized priests; and both ancient and modern Rome had a priestcraft which, grasping the reins of government, made the seven-hilled city ring with the cries of the martyrs who sealed their lives with the cry for truth and liberty. Only a few days ago modern Rome reared a monument in memory of Bruno, the champion who dared to raise his voice against a degenerated priestcraft. And what wealth would be capable of erecting monuments for all those who fell victims to the bloody sword of the crusaders and the infamous Inquisition! These two causes were sufficient to stop the chariot of freedom for centuries and to check

the advance of humanity, with the ills still lingering like an incurable disease in our advanced age, in the intolerance of creeds and in the fanaticism of sects these hollow echoes from the dark ages. Compare only the high civilization of Spain when the Moors excelled in science and art, with the national decay that followed its conquest by Ferdinand and Isabella, the helpless rulers ruled by Grand Inquisitors. Education and learning disappeared with the rise of priestcraft, and those proud colleges, once filled by the intelligence of the world, were turned into torture chambers, where the priest delighted in the contortions of dislocated limbs, torn muscles, and strained nerves—all for the glory of the church. Priest-ridden Spain is still a warning example to all who would chain the state to the church, while all Europe is slowly but surely trying, like Italy, to redeem itself. Socialism and Anarchy are possible only in Russia, where the emperor wears a pope's tiara—the very type of tyranny.

Already we must keenly observe that this virgin soil of our great republic is endangered to be invaded by these foreign thoughts, by selfish manipulators, who have nothing to lose and everything to win. The attempts of a religious coloring of the constitution, the multiplication of holidays, the Sunday-law, etc., are but the beginning of the tearing down of the fort of liberty, a plea of hypocrisy calculated to gradually bring church and state closer together. You have organized for the purpose of exposing these dangers, and, if need be, to defend your liberties by word and deed. To begin with, I believe we must first and foremost direct the attention of this world to our free schools. They must remain what they were intended for—the training-schools of the future citizen. Religion is able to take care of itself without the aid of government, and we have enough of good churches, eloquent pulpits, and Sunday-schools to attend to the spiritual wants and the morals of the people, and we can glory indeed in the best of all religious teachers—the mother of her children. The public schools being a part and portion of our great and free institutions, it must need be free of any and all sectarianism. If the Bible must be read in the public school, the question must be asked, What Bible—the Vulgate, the Septuagint, Luther's translation, the English, or the revised version? Every sect or creed has a right to select its favorite, and the Infidel to insist upon his own views. Who shall read the Bible? The Catholic church insists the priest only, and I say reading the Bible without interpretation is robbing the children of valuable time, and leaving it to the respective teacher his or her explanation must be sectarian, especially if we remember that in many cases that teacher was elected through church influences, and the school board are generally the pillars of the church. I have experienced the effect. Shortly after the war I was called to Arkansas to take charge of a congregation. There was no school of any kind in the place, and I volunteered to teach. I succeeded in establishing a non-sectarian school, but as soon as placed in charge of the trustees, notwithstanding my protests, they insisted that of course the studies must begin with the reading from the Bible. A young fellow about 21 years of age, who could not even master the A B C, I noticed would invariably turn about as soon as I commenced reading, until I questioned the reason of his ill conduct, when he frankly replied, "Well, sir, I do not believe in the Jewish Bible; I believe in the Methodist Bible." Being told that I should like to see once such a copy, he returned the next morning convinced that the Methodist Bible was a fiction in his mind. The truth is that prejudices are thus engendered, and the children instead of learning that in union there is strength are early trained to conceive differences. Ever since my arrival in Portland five years ago I have exerted my little influence to accomplish this reformation, and, thanks to our high-minded fellow-citizen and the truest friend which our public schools have, Mr. John Wilson, the Bible is no longer read; but sectarian prayer is still lingering.

Let us persevere in our watchfulness against any and all innovations directed against our freedom of thought and conscience; and should we sooner or later prevail and succeed, let us, on the other hand, not plunge into another extreme. Claiming the right of freedom and the protection of our liberty, we must not withhold it from others, and Liberalism, like any other ism, is apt to grow into fanaticism pregnant with the evil spirit of intolerance.

*An address delivered by Rabbi J. Bloch, of Portland, before the Secular Convention.

THE SHERIFF'S STORY.

A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE, IN THREE CHAPTERS, ILLUSTRATING THE INFLUENCE OF THE CHURCH IN RESTRAINING CRIME.

CHAPTER I.

Old residents of Providence, R. I., will remember the excitement prevailing in that city about thirty years ago, caused by burglaries of frequent occurrence during a period of several months that effectually baffled the vigilance of police and detectives. The writer, then a boy of seventeen, was visiting some relatives, a family residing there, who were among the sufferers. Their house had been entered a short time prior to my visit and a considerable amount of jewelry and silver plate stolen, one of the articles being a large ewer, or pitcher, that had been in the family several generations and prized beyond its intrinsic value. I had seen it during a former visit and admired its massive beauty. The family consisted of a widow and her two daughters. Their only servant, Mary, a bright, good-looking Irish girl, had, by her industry and correct deportment, won their confidence and esteem. She was found the morning after the burglary by the old lady, who went to call her thinking she had overslept, near her bedroom door bound, gagged, and apparently unconscious. Her story, when revived, was that she was awakened by a light rap at her door, which, presuming her services were required by some member of the family, she opened, and was instantly seized by two men, who demanded that she should show them where the valuables were kept; that she refused and attempted to escape and alarm the household, but was overpowered and fainted from fright. A brother of the widow was sheriff of the county, and he offered a reward of one hundred dollars for the recovery of the pitcher, and an additional sum for the detection of the burglars. The robbery was almost the sole topic of conversation. I was an eager listener. Mary, however, was not inclined to talk about it, invariably becoming hysterical whenever I asked her any questions. The old lady, hearing me ask her to describe the men, reproved me sharply, intimating that it was very presuming in one of my years to meddle with matters of such importance.

An old negro known as Uncle Pete occasionally came to the house to saw wood and bring in coal. He was formerly a slave, but had bought his own and his wife's freedom, migrated north, and was living in his own house on Nigger alley. He had learned to read and write to a limited extent, was shrewd, industrious, and respectful, but an object of great aversion to Mary, who invariably spoke of him as the "ould nagur." One day, as he was at work in the back yard, I said to him,

"Uncle Pete, I don't believe Mary's story of the burglary; do you?"

"Hush, chile," said he; "don't talk too loud. You's a cute youngster, but be careful. Come over to my house to-night and I'll tell you something."

I could hardly wait for darkness, so impatient was I to learn what Uncle Pete had to communicate.

In answer to my knock that night he opened the door and invited me in. There was no light in the room, and he cautioned me to speak softly. "You's right, chile, about that gal," said he; "she's a devil, and the old lady thinks she's a saint; she goes out one night, sometimes two, every week; tells the old lady she takes care of her sick aunt. She hain't got no aunt. She meets a big Irishman down by the cove and goes with him to the priest's house, Father Flannigan. I speck he's the priest's brother—looks like him—and they's the ones that's doing all this devilment. It's truth I'se telling you, chile, but I can't do nothing; the old lady wouldn't believe anything agin Mary; the sheriff wouldn't pay no 'tention to a nigger, and the d—d Irishers would murder me sure if I should made any fuss. You's a boy, but right sharp, and maybe you can find out something, but you must be mighty careful."

Uncle Pete's opinion was that the big Irishman, the priest's brother, as he suspected from their resemblance, was the active member of the gang; that information was in some way obtained by Mary as to the situation of the residence to be plundered, for the burglaries were confined entirely to private residences. The booty, he suspected, was taken to the house of Father Flannigan,

who made frequent trips to New York for the probable purpose of disposing of their plunder.

He drew a rough diagram of the house, told me how to gain access to the back yard, and that from the roof of a shed that I could easily climb I could see into the dining-room and possibly obtain some evidence that would lead to their conviction. Of course this could only be done at night, and I laid my plans accordingly. Acting upon Uncle Pete's suggestion, I managed to find out during the day what evening Mary was to go out, and watched on the opposite side of the street for her. The streets being dimly lighted, I could follow her unobserved. She met a man at a distance of several blocks and went with him to the priest's house. I followed, keeping as near as I thought prudent. As soon as I heard the door close I went around to the rear of the house through an alley, climbed a high board fence inclosing the garden, in which the shrubbery grew thick, and got on the roof described by Uncle Pete by the aid of a convenient tree. The window blinds were closed, but through the openings I could get a partial view of the room. I could hear the voices of two men and occasionally distinguish a word. After apparently agreeing upon some plan, one of the men in a louder tone said, "Well, I'm d—d dry, haven't had a drink to-day." The other walked across the room to a sideboard, which he unlocked, and taking out the silver pitcher, that I instantly recognized, said, "Here, Mike, take a drink out of this; it'll taste good." I heard Mary make some remark, at which they all laughed heartily. After a drink all around the pitcher was returned to the sideboard, the door locked, and Mary and the big Irishman went out, the priest remaining. They were out of sight by the time I got down from the roof and out on the street.

It was late the next morning when Mary reached home. She told a sad story of the suffering of her aunt and her own fatigue. During the day we learned that another burglary had been committed. I ascertained that Father Flannigan's duties at the chapel occupied his time one and sometimes two evenings in the week. So, making such preparations as I thought necessary, I watched until I saw him come out of his house. I followed him a short distance to make sure he was on his way to church, then, as I knew he would not be long absent, returned, and again climbing on the roof tried to open the window with a chisel I had brought. Failing in this, I explored further and found the cellar door was not securely fastened, and soon effected an entrance. I had taken the precaution to bring a candle, which I lighted, found the kitchen door and the stairs leading to the dining-room. The sideboard was locked, but I easily pried it open with my chisel. The pitcher was there, about half filled with some sort of liquor, the exact kind of which I was at that time ignorant, but information subsequently acquired leads me to believe to have been a choice article of brandy. A drink that I imprudently took of it nearly strangled me, causing me to drop my candle, which was extinguished. I failed to find it, and, grasping my prize, endeavored to find the door in the darkness. While groping and stumbling against the furniture, I heard the street door open and voices in the hall. The parties must have been in haste to reach the sideboard, for before I could effect my escape the door was opened and Father Flannigan, with a lamp in his hand, and the "big Irishman" entered. For an instant we gazed at each other, then, dashing the contents of the pitcher in the priest's face, I sprang for the door, but in the darkness I had got on the wrong side of the room; they were nearer to it than I, and intercepted me. Of course it was an unequal contest and I was soon overpowered. I remember, however, with infinite gratification of getting a finger of the priest between my teeth and gnawing with the energy of desperation. His howls of pain, and ejaculations more fervent than pious, were the last of my recollection. I was beaten to insensibility. When I regained consciousness I was suffering intense pain and shivering with cold. My hands and feet were tied, and I knew by the mouldy atmosphere that I was in a cellar. After a while I succeeded in loosening the cords with which I was bound, and on looking around saw faint rays of light that I found came through the partly open door that I had gotten in at. Cautiously I crept out and, as speedily as my bruised limbs would permit, left those premises.—(To be Continued.)

A. W. POOLE.

SECTARIANISM AMONG THE GOOD TEMPLARS.

The Good Templars of Seattle, Wash., are all torn up over the question of religion, and the controversy threatens to disrupt the order. An attempt is being made to drive out all the members who do not believe in the God of the Bible, as defined by the stricter members, and many members in Seattle, as well as in other parts of the country, are about to resign rather than submit to sectarian domination.

The controversy began with a change in the qualifications for membership, so that they read, "the supreme ruler of the universe," instead of "a supreme ruler of the universe."

In his report to the right worthy grand lodge of the world last summer, Mr. Turnbull, right worthy chief templar of the world, defined this to mean God as defined in the Bible, and being a Presbyterian, he ruled that this definition meant the trinity. Thus all but trinitarian Christians were barred out.

This report was adopted, and thus became the law of the order. The decision was transmitted from the universal body to the right worthy grand lodge of the United States, and also to the grand lodge of Washington. That body met at Chautauqua last August, and, although Grand Chief Templar Bushell recommended that the rule be not enforced, he was overruled, and instructed to transmit Mr. Turnbull's rulings to the subordinate lodges to be acted on. This was accordingly done.

A printed circular from the right worthy grand lodge of the world came before Pacific Lodge, No. 94, of Seattle last week, and it was ordered that all members who could not comply with the religious requirements of Mr. Turnbull should resign, and to expel all who declined to do so.

A hot discussion followed, many members who could not comply with the rule, conscientiously, objecting to such a severe test, and contending that a religious test was inconsistent with the objects of the order.

No action was reached on the matter, as the consideration of it was deferred to a future meeting, but members declared openly in the meeting, and now declare publicly, that they will withdraw rather than submit to any religious test. Although Grand Worthy Chief Templar Bushell is a liberal and comes under the ban, he urges subordinate lodges to comply with the law.

The new law is of far-reaching effect, for in Christian countries it shuts out all Unitarians, Agnostics, and Atheists. As many members of the proscribed sects in the United States are closely wedded to the original principle of good-templarism, abstinence from intoxicating liquors, there is a strong feeling in favor of breaking away from the parent order rather than have the movement crippled by the sectarian test.

The Rev. Justin D. Fulton in England.

Dr. Fulton, an American, has recently given, at Brighton, under the auspices of the local branches of the Protestant Alliance, some lectures on Ritualism and Rome, which, for vigor of language, were remarkable. The Rev. J. G. Gregory, incumbent of Emmanuel church, presided at the Dome meetings, and the Sussex Daily News publishes a strongly-worded remonstrance which the bishop of Chichester has addressed to the reverend gentleman, in which he hauls the poor parson over the coals for his tolerance, and rebukes him for not defending the virgin mother from the lecturer's attacks, pointing out that Dr. Fulton "in attacking, and I must say vilifying, the Virgin Mary, did, in fact, attack the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ as holy scripture presents it. The whole scheme of man's redemption rests on the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of that incarnation, the greatest of all mysteries, the Virgin Mary was the pure and holy channel. God sent forth his son made of a woman, but that woman, according to prophesy, a virgin. The Word was made flesh, but in a new and strange way in the womb of the Virgin Mary by the operation of the Holy Ghost." The bishop calls upon his subordinate to publicly repudiate and condemn the sentiments uttered by the irreverent lecturer.—National Reformer.

THE Freethinkers' Magazine for November, Mr. H. L. Green announces, will be an extraordinary good one. A portion of

the contents will be as follows: "Giordano Bruno," by Robert G. Ingersoll; "Why was Bruno Murdered?" by Geo. Jacob Holyoake; "The Source of Economic Law," by Prof. Thomas Davidson; "Only one World after all!—that Infinite," by T. B. Wakeman; "The Bruno Celebration and the Papal Allocution," by Edward Montgomery, M. D.; "How to be Good though Godless," by Hugh O. Pentecost; "Giordano Bruno," a poem by Emma Rood Tuttle; also a fine "Likeness and Life Sketch" of John E. Remsburg, and much other interesting matter. Price, 20 cents. For sale at the FREETHOUGHT office.

Mrs. Krekel at McMinville.

To the Editors of Freethought:

As vice-president of the A. S. U., I feel it is due to one of my own sex to speak a good word for Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel, who has lately delivered three fine lectures here in this place. As I am not accustomed to writing notices of this kind, I fear I cannot do her justice, but will say I have often heard the remark that women make the best school-teachers for the reason that they have the faculty of explaining more distinctly to the young minds so they can easily comprehend the meaning of the thing explained. Thus in regard to the lecture she explained her points so wisely that the young could comprehend her meaning very easily. As my seventeen-year-old daughter remarks, I wish I could speak as well as Mrs. Krekel. Her audience was not large, but appreciative. I think if she should come here again it would be much larger. I am sure there are many here who would be very glad to have her come again, and hope she will be so remunerated for her labor of love for humanity that she can well afford to spend her whole time in the lecture field.

Yes, I admit that Mr. S. P. Putnam has done a great work in breaking the ice and paving the way for others who might come after, and I hope he will reap a rich reward; also Secretary Stevens. We cannot give him up, he has done so much for the Nine Demands; and now comes our Brother Geo. H. Dawes, who, we feel, will be sufficient for his day. May he be the means of reviving the milk-and-water Liberals here.

Faternally yours,

MRS. M. J. OLDS.

McMinville, Or.

"Freethought" Needed in Local Affairs.

To the Editors of Freethought:

It is my good fortune to be possessed of a couple of numbers of FREETHOUGHT, which have, at the instance of one of its admirers, been cast in my way, as "seed scattered by the wayside."

I must say its writers are both descriptive and interesting and must put in all their time to make so readable a sheet with what would appear at first a limited field for labor. But as "to the patient in waiting all things come in season," a publication so fairly presented, opened to the expression of the honest convictions of all, cannot fail to find readers and subscribers that, in the end, will bring a just reward.

Freethought—the mother of free speech, the result of intelligent thinking and expression—is a magic word and tends to develop minds of the character of those who were the signers of the charter of American liberty—the Declaration of Independence. In whatever direction free and noble thought develops itself the tendency is to the enlightening and benefiting of all classes and races of people, and when a newspaper or publication furnishes the avenue for the promulgation of free and independent ideas it is capable of a power of good.

Go on with your work and prosper in your effort in trying to do good. He who labors day by day with all his might to do good, deserves and, in the end, will see his good labors meet with their just reward.

There is much of good that you can do, with your sprightly pen, in local matters. I hope to see you bend your energies in that way. S.

San Francisco.

The Discussion of the Terry Case Continued.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Your correspondent in FREETHOUGHT under date of October 12, over the signature of "J. C. P.," regards my reply to Mr. Freeman as "eminently proper and correct in the main," but seems to think that I made "several glaring mistakes," and invites some one who has the records of the facts to correct the mistakes.

I had Terry's trial before the vigilance committee printed in pamphlet

form containing something like one hundred pages or more, giving the history of the whole affair, confirming all I said in regard to Terry's trial. Perhaps I may be able to find that pamphlet among my papers at Knight's Ferry, where I resided at the time, on my return. As "J. C. P." calls for additional information from one who may have the records, I am content to await developments.

Mr. Knight's article deserves a more extended notice. He informs your readers that he is well and thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances of the Sarah Althea Hill-Sharon trial, and particularly with Sarah Althea; much better than I could be, or should permit myself to be, however respectable and amiable she may be in the estimation of Mr. Knight. I may therefore have done her injustice. If I have it is unintentional.

Mr. Knight also seems to be of the opinion that my letter is true in the "main," but that it does not leave the readers of FREETHOUGHT well informed in the case, which would be unpardonable in me if true; and undertakes to inform them wherein I have failed.

As to Terry, he admits that I have shot near the mark, except as to the "animus" which I have thrown into my words. I do not see in what respect "animus" impairs the truth of a statement. I admit, with Mr. Knight, that I am no admirer of Terry, nor have I great respect for the virtues and amiable qualities of Sarah Althea, as Mr. Knight seems to have.

By way of prelude to his efforts to enlighten the readers of FREETHOUGHT, he tells them he is a "Republican to the core." Did he expect to reinforce and emphasize what he was going to say, by that expression?—for he speaks with confidence and assurance after that. "We know Sarah Althea Terry," he says. "We challenge the state" [think of that, readers of FREETHOUGHT] "to deny one word *we* have to say. *We* make no exception. Schell, if he pleases; the heirs or attorneys of Sharon, if they like; the judges Field, Hoffman, Sawyer, Deady, Sabin, each and all." To have perfected the challenge and made it a little more comprehensive, he should have added: WE "challenge all the world and the rest of mankind." This is ground and lofty tumbling. None but a "Republican to the core" could have made such an exhibition of himself. Would it not have been eminently proper and perhaps interesting to the readers of FREETHOUGHT, if he had told them what constituted a "Republican to the core?" Do Republicans with a core excel in any particular virtue? People usually excise the core from fruit when they use it, as no good. If the core is no good, and it were eliminated from Mr. Knight, would it not restore him to the condition of a normal Republican, and bring him from his "high soaring down?"

In the eulogy which he essays to deliver upon the much abused and persecuted Sarah Althea Terry, he says: "She came to San Francisco a young American woman of education, means, of passable beauty of face and form, [modest] and with nothing to indicate vice either in manner or deportment." But she brought a suit against Sharon for a divorce, alimony, and a division of community property, and to prove her marriage she introduced a secret contract of marriage which the court declared to be a forgery. The trial of the case was a disgrace to civilization, the magnitude of unmitigated perjuries during the trial was appalling, the lies sworn to were more numerous than the sands on the sea shore. The citizens of San Francisco were struck with "horror dumb," and paralyzed with amazement at the boldness, wickedness, and audacity of her attorneys, and at the close of each day's trial, excitedly asked, "What next?" Terry volunteered his services in the fight on the side of the woman, and the bullet that failed to hit him on the confederate field of battle, killed him. The troubles incident to the case hastened the death of Sharon, and Neagle's bullet killed Terry.

She may have been an amiable woman, and was one of courage, no doubt, for she pulled Judge Sawyer's hair in the case. She grossly insulted the court in San Francisco, for which she was incarcerated thirty days in prison. She ran for her pistol with which to aid her husband in his attempts to assassinate Field at Lathrop; and because Field objected to being thus assassinated, and Neagle, who seconded the objection in a decisive manner, she sent up a wail, that a cold-blooded murder had been committed.

Mr. Knight further says; "If she is a bad woman, Nature lies." Here is a question of veracity involved between Nature and Mr. Knight. I will not assume the province to determine the question. I leave it to the readers of FREETHOUGHT to determine.

Mr. Knight further asks the question: "May the United States courts appoint and pay an assassin to lay a trap for, and kill a bold, bad man?" The question is put in such a manner as to answer itself that they did. "If so, who is safe?"

The question is easily answered; all who are not bold, bad men, are safe. It would be a god-send to mankind if more bold, bad men were killed.

Mr. Knight goes on to say: "Thomas Paine was called a bold bad man." Not in the sense Terry was. "So is Robert G. Ingersoll." Not in the sense Terry was. "So is the Editor of FREETHOUGHT;" not in the sense Terry was by a "d——n sight." Pardon my profanity; it is a borrowed expression, and I trust in this case pardonable.

I beg to remind Mr. Knight that there is great difference between a bold, bad man such as he admits Terry was, and being called such, as he says Paine, Ingersoll, Putnam & Macdonald were.

To bedraggle the names of such men by associating them with the name of Terry for the purpose of illustrating a point, will not be approved, I apprehend, by the readers of FREETHOUGHT, who hold those names in esteem. Mr. Knight made a mistake in this particular, I think.

Mr. Knight virtually and impliedly accuses the United States court of appointing and paying an assassin to lay a trap for killing a bold, bad man—Terry. Why does not Mr. Knight enlighten the readers of FREETHOUGHT upon the points so pertinent to these questions and the truth of what he says! And he makes no exception to the charges and challenges which he utters; even "Schell, if he pleases." Well, Schell pleases. His charges, either directly or indirectly, by implication or otherwise, that the United States court had appointed and paid an assassin to lay a trap and kill a bold bad man (Terry), are without the least foundation in truth or in fact, and his accusations fall flat without the least evidence to sustain them.

Did Field or Neagle hunt for Terry at Lathrop; or seek a fight or row with him? How and in what manner did Field or Neagle or both set a trap? Both were sitting quietly at the table eating their supper when Terry and wife came into the dining-room. Neither of them even made faces at the Terrys. When they saw Field, without a word, Mrs. Terry ran in hot haste for her pistol which she had left in the car, and Terry rushed for Field and committed a brutal and unprovoked assault upon him. Pray, Mr. Knight, where does the Field-Neagle trap come in? Where or how commence? There was a trap there! But it was a Terry trap. Terry was to assault Field, get into a row with him, while Mrs. Terry, with the pistol she got in a hurry, was to shoot Field in defense of her husband. This was the trap. Every circumstance shows that it was.

But, Mr. Knight, fate had decreed that it should be otherwise. The sun of David S. Terry had set; his destiny was fulfilled; "thus far shalt thou go and no farther." Government at Washington had heard of the threats which Terry made against Field, and Attorney-General Miller appointed Neagle a United States marshal to protect the person of Judge Field in case Terry attempted to carry out his threats. And this constituted the trap and plan of assassination of Terry. It was well known that Terry was a desperate man; that in power, strength, and physical ability he was more than a match for three men like Field, and the only way to equalize brute force was the pistol. It could not reasonably be expected, under the circumstances, that Neagle would split hairs before he fired. And the general opinion is, as far as I can learn, that he did not fire a second too soon.

In England, a man who threw a brick at the judge who had decided a case against him had his right hand cut off and then was decapitated.

Mr. Knight, the truth is, a supreme crisis had arisen; the important question of survival must be decided. Either David S. Terry or the circuit court of the United States of America for the state of California must be abolished. Terry was abolished; and there the matter rests, and there let it rest. This communication determines the discussion so far as I am concerned.

A. SCHELL.

Albany, N. Y., Oct. 20, 1889.

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The Secret.

I have heard a fearful secret;
To the Shah I will not tell it;
I will hide it from my sweetheart,
From my merry, dear companions,
When they ask.

This it is: The clod I trample
Was the skull of Alexander,
And the waters of the ocean
In the veins of haughty princes
Once ran red.

And the dust clouds of the desert
Were the lips of lovely women;
Where are they, and they who kissed them?
Power dies, and beauty passes—
Naught abides.

Where is Jamshyd, and his beaker?
Solomon, and where his mirror?
Which of all the wise professors
Knows when Kaus and Jamshyd flourished—
Who can tell?

They were mighty, yet they vanished;
Names are all they left behind them;
Glory first, and then an echo;
Then the very echo hushes—
All is still.

Oh, my Shah, ask not my secret!
Sweetheart, I must hide it from you.
They who hear it are not merry:
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Naught abides.

—W. R. Thayer in Atlantic Monthly.

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Mr. Shrill—No.

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"Why, no. What do you mean?"

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For oft to know the fitting word
Some humble worker God permits.
"Jain Ann Meginnis,
Agid 3rd.
He giveth His beloved fits."
—Bierce.

THE bull tore up the alkali dust
As he looked on the girl in red.
Her bosom swelled till she thought 'twould bust,
And down on her knees in the alkali dust
Her humble prayer she said.
He reared and bellowed and made a fuss
As down the lane he fled.
"You bob-tailed, short-horned, brindle-faced
cuss,"
Was the end of the prayer she said.

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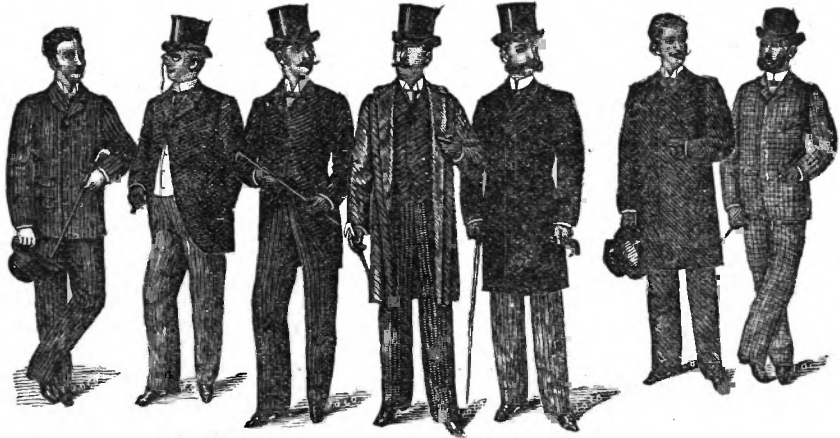
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VOL. II—No. 45.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - NOVEMBER 9, 1889.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Creeping through the vast, wooded defiles, around the base of Mary's mountain and Alsea, we strike the limpid, broadening waters of the Yaquina, glistening in the sunset that flashes from the massive pavilion of clouds. Fronting the bay, the city of Yaquina, with about a hundred houses straggling along the shore, opens on the view, the terminus of the railroad. Four miles across, the still larger town of Newport, on the coast of the Pacific, stretches, with "magnificent distances," from the waters over the surrounding eminences. At Yaquina Bay are the beginnings of an immense commerce. It is expected that a transcontinental route will be established from this point through Boise City to Chicago and the East. When the railroad is completed over the Cascades a vast grain-producing section will be brought into communication with the Pacific. Freight can be loaded directly upon the largest ships. Undoubtedly this will be a busy point, competing with Portland, Astoria, and the Sound, for the trade of the world. The inhabitants are dreaming dreams of the "good time coming." For twenty-five years, through varying fortunes, with the oyster beds for a "starter," this place has been struggling into the ranks of metropolitan prosperity. During the summer there are more people here than can be accommodated. Tents are put up, and some have to sleep out of doors, or wander about all night. It is indeed a lovely resort. There cannot be more beautiful sceneries in the world. The grandeur of the sea is before one in the splendor of sunshine and the gloomy pomp of storms. Far along the beach the waves come thundering in. The bay now runs seaward like a mill race, and then again is brightly placid as a lake inclosed among hills. From the midsummer atmosphere of the Willamette valley thousands rush to these refreshing scenes.

At Yaquina City I take the little steamer for Newport. The voyage across the bay, with mingling sunset and stars, and the illimitable sea dashing upon the faint horizon and the dark and circling shores, is one of picturesque beauty, and is a delightful finale of the journey through the mountains.

J. B. Hoss and J. L. George are at the landing and there is a hospitable welcome. No arrangements can be made for lectures

Tuesday night, and so I take that for a vacation. The lectures are given on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings to good audiences. There is fine working material here—a bedrock of Liberalism upon which I believe a fair structure will be raised for liberty and progress. On this sea-encircled height shall blaze the lighthouse of immortal freedom, and the mighty waters shall sound forever the music of undying hope.

I met J. B. Hoss at Portland, the confrere of M. Fitzgerald, of Silverton, who, with Wright Forshay, was the first to start that movement which has culminated in the brilliant convention which three years ago would have been a dream and nothing more. Thus the world advances, and from many a remote source the glory of to-day is achieved.

J. B. Hoss arranged for these meetings, and on this frontier line, by the energy of one, a most successful campaign has been inaugurated. Something for the future has been accomplished. During the course of my lectures an organization has been effected with a membership of over thirty earnest men and women, and with such devoted and generous friends I believe the record of Silverton will find its answering ray upon these shores that look forth to the gorgeous East, amid the splendors of the far west. Mr. Hoss has only been a few months in Newport, but he intends to make it his home, and the fireside, also, of Freethought. He is known as an enterprising citizen, and has that kind of pluck which never thinks of failure. Mrs. Marilla Hoss was of the Methodist church, but has now come with all her heart and mind into the Liberal ranks, and the children, baby and all, have the baptism of divine liberty, and the dark creeds have vanished from this happy household. The days passed pleasantly by in this circle of reason and humanity, where the wealth of thought is more than gold and jewels.

Friend George is a pioneer from "away back," and has been a prominent actor in the romance of the early history of Oregon, and can tell many a story of the battles and marches of that eventful time. He is also an old miner and has invented a gold separator which, it seems to me, is just the thing. His active mind is busy with other inventions, and, naturally, he doesn't take much to orthodoxy. He is a staunch worker for Liberalism, and my thanks are due for his untiring efforts.

R. A. Bensell, president of the Newport Secular Union, is the man for the place. He is a leading citizen in the community; is not afraid to stand by his colors, and believes in making Freethought an intellectual and moral power and the defender of human rights.

Mrs. R. A. Bensell is also a talented representative of what woman can do in the world's progress. It is a pleasure to meet with one so free from superstition, and so brightly enthusiastic in real humanitarian work.

I met W. S. Ingall, secretary of the Union at Boston under the banners of the Ingersoll Secular Union. Like myself he has crossed the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and here,

also, he is the same ardent soldier of Freethought as at the "Hub."

H. Titman generously donated the use of his fine Opera House, for merely the expense of lighting, etc., which was a great help to the success of the meetings. Mr. Titman is an outspoken Liberal, a generous supporter. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. P. Walling, G. W. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hamilton, E. M. Burch, H. S. Brassfield, J. W. Ball, John Petty, D. P. Clark, R. F. Collamore, J. McCullen, P. W. Miner, Mrs. M. Sollis, Emma L. Beach, M. Martens, S. McHogskin, etc., all these have put themselves in the front for the cause, and there will be four times as many on the roll, I am sure, when the next summer's campaign opens.

It was my fortune to meet with Bob Brown of Lone Rock, who helped to lift our flag of Freethought there. He expects to settle at some point in this country. Just now he is camping out, but wherever he goes Freethought goes too.

D. P. Clark is a comrade also, from Lodi, California. He is now located here with his daughter, Mrs. Dora Walling. He is "true blue" with every change and fortune.

I leave Newport early Saturday morning, feeling that good work has been done; that good friends have been enlisted in the work, and that around these shining waters where some day the multitudinous banners of commerce will wave; where the streams of trade from East to West will meet in busy music; where the flags of every nation shall flash, not war but peace and plenty; here, too, shall the beautiful and sublime in thought and hope fling its "orient colors waving" into these scenes of human toil and triumph.

At Corvallis B. F. Hyland meets me, and amid rain and shine takes me to the home of Mrs. Louisa Bennett, who is one of our best woman workers in the state, life member and vice-president of the Oregon Secular Union. She and B. F. Hyland are the backbone of our enterprise here, and under their auspices a meeting was arranged in the Opera House for Sunday afternoon, where Mr. Krekel and myself were to speak and do what we could to rally the forces of the place there. Mrs. Krekel arrived in the afternoon from North Yamhill, where she had been lecturing with excellent success. It rained all day long and all night and the outlook was rather hopeless for the meeting. Sunday morning there was a bit of sunshine and blue sky here and there, but the heavy battalion of clouds rolled over, and the floods descended, and the roads in some places were like a lake. In the afternoon it cleared off a spell, and no umbrella was needed as we went to "church." There was a chance that a few might gather to the lectures. It was discouraging, but of course nature doesn't care whether we go up or down, and we must take care of ourselves. At first, only about a corporal's guard was present, but as the sun began to shine out with more brilliancy and it did look as the storm was over, quite a good audience gathered—over a hundred, and more than twenty were attached to the roll of membership, and so, in spite of all, the prospect improves. Mrs. Krekel gave her lecture on "Natural Morality Superior to Theological Restraint." It was an able and eloquent exposition of our practical purposes as touching all the fields of human effort. Mrs. Krekel is just the kind of speaker we want. She is a thorough student, has mastered the best books, understands the radical principles of Freethought, and her discourses are logically connected. They are not mere talks, but well-wrought orations, full of common sense and ideas, with a beginning and an end leading to real attainment in knowledge and aim. She instructs as well as illumines and inspires. I

am glad to announce that Mrs. Krekel has concluded to make her home on the Pacific Coast. She will reside at Portland, and devote herself to the field work mainly in California, Oregon, and Washington. This is fortunate for our cause here. There could not be a nobler addition to our corps of laborers than Mrs. Krekel. She will, no doubt, find a field of splendid activity.

Z. S. Derrick, of Eddyville, was at Corvallis. He was one of the vice-presidents of the Union, and he purposes to make things lively in his part of the field.

Lee Rycraft of Alsea was also of our company, and he is ready to open the lines of attack in his section. Next summer we shall push on from Corvallis to Newport, with the demands of Liberalism. New points are continually opening for work in advance.

This finishes my labors in the North until next May. Already I have applications for six months' work in this great country. Looking over the fall and summer campaign, I rejoice at the improvement in the cause, and in the noble assistance which has been rendered by many friends. There is more harmony than ever, more determination than ever, and wider and grander opportunities than ever. I look forward from present achievements by our increasing ranks to victories that shall make our vast republic the ideal republic indeed, the land of the free, the land of fraternity, the land of civilization, the land where poverty shall cease to be, the land of happy homes and industry, where labor is sweet, where charity is the child of justice, and justice is the throne of love.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

A SURPRISING CRITICISM OF FREETHINKERS.

We are pained to read the following remarks in the San Francisco Weekly Star:

"RETROGRESSIVE FREETHINKERS.

"A person who has been lecturing for some months on Spiritualism, Freethought, etc., at a hall on Eddy street, recently denounced there the Single Tax and the Labor movement.

"While so-called Freethinkers and others fall into the arms of Mammon many of the clergy have organized to secure real freedom, both of thought and action, through industrial enfranchisement. This is not as it used to be thirty years ago, but the old is passing away, and we see in the distance, but coming nearer, 'a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.'

"Meanwhile, there are some Freethinkers who are not free, not thinkers, and don't know the world is moving all around them."

No doubt reference is here had to Mr. Charles Dawbarn, the Spiritualist lecturer of Washington Hall. Whatever Mr. Dawbarn's views on the single tax are, there seems to be no good reason why he should not express them; but in doing so, it must be understood, he represents nobody but himself. Freethinkers do not all think alike on this question of a single tax. Some of them believe that a tax on land values alone would be in the direction of a beneficial reform; while others see that all taxes are directly or indirectly paid by the worker and the producer, and that while Mr. George's scheme might simplify the work of tax-gathering, it would not shift the burden of tax-paying, nor necessarily bring about "industrial enfranchisement." Perhaps the clergy are organizing on the basis of the single-tax, but they are more conspicuous as advocates of Nationalism, a movement having its immediate root in a dream of novelist Bellamy, and of Christian Socialism, a sort of political economy deriving its authority from a dream of Joseph, the historic carpenter. And, by the way, the first men to take up the Henry George idea were Freethinkers. The names of Louis F. Post, Augustus Levy, Ed.

W. Chamberlain, T. B. Wakeman, Edward King, and a dozen other members of the Manhattan Liberal Club were conspicuous in the single-tax campaign of 1886, when Henry George ran for mayor of New York. The clergy who at that time organized for industrial enfranchisement were the Rev. Charles McCarthy, Hugh O. Pentecost, and Dr. Edward McGlynn. Thirty thousand, probably, of the sixty thousand who voted for Henry George on that occasion were Socialists, led by Schevitch, Jonas, and other German Freethinkers.

It is for these reasons, and on account of these facts, that we are surprised at the Star's drive at Freethinkers. There may be some, it is true, "who are not free, not thinkers, and don't know the world is moving around them," but that does not necessarily imply that they are opponents of the single tax.

THE NATIONAL SECULAR CONGRESS.

The thirteenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union was held in Philadelphia, October 25, 26, and 27, with twenty-seven delegates present. The small number of delegates is explained by the fact that the congress was held in the far East.

LIST OF DELEGATES.

J. B. Beane, Philadelphia.	T. B. Wakeman, New York.
J. B. Elliot, "	Thos. Monahan, "
E. R. Carl (Mrs.), "	Lucy N. Colman, Syracuse, N. Y.
Geo. Longford, "	Dr. G. F. A. de Lespinasse, Orange City, Ia.
J. H. Foster, "	Leonard Geiger, Hudson, N. Y.
Jacob Duerr, "	Margaret Geiger, Hudson, N. Y.
Julius Fraelich, "	S. D. Moore, Adrian, Mich.
James Eidelman, "	D. H. Smith, Alliance, O.
John Kirschner, "	John Downes, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Jas. Engle, "	Harry Hoover, "
E. M. Macdonald, New York.	John R. Charlesworth, Newark, N. J.
Mrs. A. C. Macdonald, "	A. L. Rawson, New York,
Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., "	
E. W. Chamberlain, "	

The Congress was opened by President Westbrook, and E. W. Chamberlain, of New York, was elected temporary secretary.

In his opening address the president sketched the work of the past year, which he believed was less effective than it should have been on account of the vast duties imposed upon the secretary, and the lack of power bestowed upon the president by the constitution. He recommended reducing the Nine Demands to five, simplifying the constitution, and selecting the officers in such a manner that they might live near together and be able to hold frequent consultations. In closing he asked the Congress to provide another person than himself to preside over the society for the ensuing year.

Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., read Secretary Stevens's report, which was accepted. Treasurer Wettstein's report, read in summary, was as follows:

REPORT OF OTTO WETTSTEIN, TREASURER AMERICAN SECULAR UNION, FROM OCTOBER 1, 1888, TO OCTOBER 20, 1889.

Dr.		Cr.
Receipts,	\$1,408.39	Expenditures, \$1,357.58
		Balance in treasury, 50.81
	1,408.39	
Bal. brought forward,	50.81	1,408.39
	BRUNO MONUMENT.	
Receipts	150.00	Remitted to committee, 150.00

The amended Constitution proposed by President Westbrook, after due discussion, was adopted. It is nearly identical with that published in FREETHOUGHT of October 5, but we shall reprint it as adopted, later.

For the purpose of nominating officers for the ensuing year the Congress resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole, and for president the following names of candidates were handed in:

R. B. Westbrook, T. B. Wakeman, and Leonard Geiger. The last two declined to run, and the vote when taken stood thus:

R. B. Westbrook.....	24
T. B. Wakeman.....	1

The election was made unanimous. The following candidates were named for the office of secretary: Miss Ida C. Craddock, Harry Hoover, John R. Charlesworth, and E. W. Chamberlain. The balloting resulted in these figures:

Ida C. Craddock.....	17
Harry Hoover.....	9

Two of the officers having been chosen from Philadelphia, it was decided that a resident of the same city should be treasurer, and the name of F. C. Mende being put forward he was elected.

These vice-presidents were placed upon the list in pursuance of Article VII.:

E. B. Foote, Jr.	T. B. Wakeman.
J. E. Remsburg.	Juliet H. Severance.

Afterward, upon motion of President Westbrook, the above article was so amended as to permit the election of prominent Freethinkers to the office of honorary vice-presidents, and the old list were re-elected, the name of L. K. Washburn being substituted for that of Horace Seaver. The list is:

Col. R. G. Ingersoll.	L. K. Washburn.
Samuel P. Putnam.	H. P. Mason.
T. B. Wakeman.	Mattie P. Krekel.
James Parton.	E. B. Foote.
Charles Watts.	Leonard Geiger.
A. B. Bradford.	N. D. Goodell.
Otto Wettstein.	Dr. S. S. McLeod.
Lucy N. Colman.	Daniel Aeri.
James Wardwell.	Roman Staley.
J. A. Smith.	H. L. Boyes.
Wm. Redfield.	J. H. Burnham.
M. M. Secor.	Maj. W. W. Forwood.
W. L. Willis.	Joseph Sedgbeere.
T. J. Truss.	Dr. G. F. A. de Lespinasse.
Photius Fisk.	

Wm. Redfield, whose name is included in the list, died a few days ago, after a brief illness. Mr. Redfield was a sterling citizen of Stanley, Iowa, a noble and generous Liberal, and his death is indeed a great loss to the cause of liberty.

The Committee on Resolutions presented, through the chairman, E. B. Foote, Jr., a series of twelve resolves, in which fraternal greetings were sent to the Canadian Secular Union and to the newly formed Union of Oregon. Other features of the resolutions were: Congratulations over the erection of a Bruno monument at Rome; regret for the death of Horace Seaver and the illness of Charles Bradlaugh; denunciation of the Blair Sunday bill; opposition to the persecution of Messrs. Harman and Walker; condemnation of the proceedings against medium Walter E. Reid, of Grand Rapids, Mich.; the recommended removal of Postmaster-General Wanamaker for discontinuing Sunday mail service on minor routes; opposition to the National Reform Association in the matter of national marriage and divorce laws; recommendation that Secularists make testamentary provision for secular burial services; invitation to all Secularists to co-operate with the American Secular Union; and thanks to the Truth Seeker, Investigator, FREETHOUGHT, and Truth, for space devoted to the organization.

Addresses were delivered before the Convention by Dr. Edward McGlynn, the Rev. Minot J. Savage, Thaddeus B. Wakeman, Lucy N. Colman, and Miss Susan H. Wixon.

Something should be said of the personnel of the new executive. Dr. Westbrook is already well-known. Miss Craddock is described by the Truth Seeker (from which we obtain the foregoing details), as a native of Philadelphia, about thirty years old.

She may be called an educated woman in the best sense of the word. She made the fight for opening the University of Pennsylvania to women, single-handed and alone. She passed her examination in Greek and Latin, and was recommended by the faculty for admission, but was rejected by the trustees. She was teacher of stenography and typewriting in Girard College for a number of years, and held the position of curator in the Wagner Free Institute of Science, until she voluntarily resigned that position, two years ago, to visit California, Oregon, and Alaska. She is an expert correspondent in shorthand and typewriting, and has special qualifications as an organizer and business manager. She has a knowledge of German and French, and can correspond in those languages, and is a "Liberal of Liberals," though prudent and politic. She will accept the office of secretary, and return immediately to Philadelphia, where her mother resides. Her address for the present is the same as that of President Westbrook, 1707 Oxford street, Philadelphia.

Mr. F. C. Mende, the treasurer, is a retired Philadelphia merchant of wealth and responsibility, with German antecedents, and is an earnest and Liberal Freethinker, though, in his younger days, educated for the ministry. He resides at 1814 Greene street, Philadelphia.

The other members of the Board of Directors need no introduction to the readers of Freethought papers.

The results of the Congress are summarized by the Truth Seeker to be:

"1. Simplification of the constitution, so that all in favor of state secularization may join the Union, whether Agnostics, Materialists, Spiritualists, evangelical Christians, Free Religionists, Universalists, Unitarians, or Catholic rebels from church authority.

"2. A transfer of the active management of the Union from the secretary to the president.

"3. Election of officers who can reach one another for consultation and official action at a moment's notice."

It is safe to vote the Congress a most successful and promising one. We infer that it was harmonious throughout and that no dissatisfaction was bred by the proceedings. Liberals of this coast will send support and congratulations to the workers across the continent, as upon the success of the national organization depends in great measure the success of Secular societies all over the country. And they may well express their sentiments in the words of the poet:

"Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate."

THE BIBLE AND ILLITERACY.

An Eastern clergyman preaching at Keene, N. H., makes this assertion:

"In Spain, out of a population of fifteen millions, twelve millions cannot read, and here the Bible has been interdicted for 5000 years."

The reason why the Bible has been interdicted in Spain for five thousand years is because it did not exist in any form doing the first half of that time, and was not printed until a few hundred years ago. The object of the clergyman who made the statement above quoted was to show that intelligence is the result of the Bible-reading; and he further says:

"Men may laugh at this old Bible and turn from it to the newspapers, but let the reading of it be forbidden in this country and our seminaries and schools would close their doors; our printing-presses would stop; of the making and publishing of books and magazines there would be an end, and we should become an ignorant and degraded people."

It is a rare treat to find such an irresponsible spouter as this reverend; and his assertion that the Bible was interdicted four thousand five hundred years before it was printed is scarcely more absurd than his prognostication of the dire results that would follow its abolition.

As a matter of fact, the Bible is not much read by the American people. This is proved by the number who believe it, for the Bible is the best evidence against itself, and those who have read it the most critically have the least confidence in its truthfulness. It is true that the believers in free Bible-reading are more intelligent than the advocates of a closed book, but it is not the Bible that makes them so—it is the principle involved, that of liberty of the press. There is really no information to be obtained from the Bible. Its history is inaccurate, its precepts are abominable, and its phraseology, in many cases, indecent. Reading the Bible does not make people intelligent; the ability to read it, however, does, as it involves the ability to read other books that are beneficial. Those who draw the conclusion that the interdiction of the Bible produces illiteracy will find that the people among whom it is interdicted could not read it if it were open. The book has this incidental relation to progress, and no more—that among a free people the Bible is free like other literature. Intelligence is the result of freedom to read all books, and among them the Bible occupies a minor position so far as education is concerned. This is shown by the fact that pupils who do not read the Bible in schools are as advanced as those who do. It might, indeed, be excluded from the schools without impairing the system of education. Children would still learn to read, write, and cipher; whereas, if the reading-book, the writing-book, and the arithmetic were excluded, and the Bible alone retained, pupils would leave school as destitute of any useful information as they were when they entered it.

In one sense if the reading of the Bible were forbidden in this country our seminaries and colleges and schools might be expected to close their doors, our printing-presses might stop, and the making and publishing of books and magazines come to an end; not because the Bible keeps these in existence, but because to forbid the reading of it would be to destroy a free press and religious liberty, which are the salvation of mankind.

MISS KATE FIELD has issued what is called a "hot broadside" against women politicians, in which Mormon women, Southern women, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union are roughly handled. She speaks of the latter as women who "mistake hysterical sentimentality for morality, and whose knowledge of the English language is as limited as their knowledge of human nature. Thus far," she declares, "women have exerted a baleful influence on politics, first as giving aid and comfort to the rebellion; second as consolidating a polygamous theocracy; third, as being prime movers in the passage of sumptuary laws as intemperate as they are un-republican, and which beget lying, hypocrisy, and cowardice. The Southern women during the rebellion were governed by sentiment, the Mormon women are actuated by a debasing religion, the female prohibitionists are controlled by personal suffering or by sentimental fanaticism." The indictment is drawn in strong language, but the women have the satisfaction of knowing that it applies to men as well as to themselves.

EVIDENCE accumulates to prove that Catholics regard the rules of their church as more binding upon their consciences than the laws of the state. A case in point has recently been on trial in

Montreal. The Ville Marie Bank brought an action against the Hotel Dieu, and, during the proceeding, it was necessary to obtain the testimony of some of the nuns belonging to that institution. When they were subpoenaed, they made answer that they were cloistered nuns, and, as such, could not appear in court without an order from the archbishop. A commission was asked for, and the attorney for the nuns presented a petition supported by an affidavit of the lady superior, stating that they were cloistered nuns, and that the archbishop, having refused them permission to leave the monastery, their coming to court would be a violation of their constitution and an act against their consciences. This is a very simple and easy way for the deviltries of convents to be covered up, but that is a small matter compared with disobeying a good and reasonable law at the behest of the church.

WE ARE IN GREAT NEED OF THE MONEY DUE US IN ORDER TO INSURE THE CONTINUED PUBLICATION OF "FREETHOUGHT." THE EXPENSE OF ISSUING THE PAPER IS NEARLY \$100 PER WEEK, AND UNLESS SUBSCRIBERS ARE PROMPT TO PAY THEIR BILLS WE CANNOT PAY OURS. THERE ARE MANY HUNDRED DOLLARS ON OUR BOOKS, IN ARREARAGES AND RENEWALS, THAT SHOULD BE PAID BEFORE THE FIRST OF NEXT MONTH. WE WOULD THEREFORE REQUEST THOSE IN ARREARS TO REMIT AT ONCE. AND AS A FAVOR, AND TO KEEP FREETHOUGHT ALIVE, WE ASK ALL TO RENEW WHEN THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS HAVE EXPIRED. DO NOT BE CARELESS IN THIS MATTER; DO NOT BE BLIND TO THE FINANCIAL NECESSITIES OF THIS PAPER, BUT PAY US WHAT YOU HONESTLY OWE, AND LEND A HELPING HAND FOR THE FUTURE. WE ARE OBLIGED TO MAKE THIS CALL.

NEW HAMPSHIRE would not be a good field for Henry George to work in as a single-tax advocate, or for Mr. Pentecost to preach abolition of ownership of vacant land as a method of destroying poverty. The trouble is that nobody seems to want the land. A Cheshire county, N. H., paper has this item:

"Alstead has reported 18 deserted farms; Harrisville, 5; Jaffrey, 17; Marlow, 9; and Swanzey, 18.

Here are sixty-seven farms, fenced and improved, but not worth living on. Probably an average of three dollars per acre would buy them all.

THAT school-houses should not be used except for school purposes is a reasonable proposition, yet we learn that "much indignation is expressed in the church circles of Seattle, Wash., over the ejection of the Union Sunday-school from the school-building where it has been worshiping for three years past." To a reasonable being it would seem that the Union Sunday-school ought to be satisfied to pocket the three years' rent it has gotten illegally, and hold its peace about the matter in the future.

AT last accounts Viktor E. Lennstrand, editor of the Swedish Freethought paper, "Fritankaren," was still at liberty. He has recently made an appeal to the king of Sweden, who has the reputation of being a man of good sense, and it is hoped this will result in freeing him from his persecutors. An attempt was made to suppress the September number of his paper on account of a parody on one of the psalms which it contained, but no attention was paid to the matter by the authorities.

WE hope to hear from time to time reports of progress in the

work of Secular organization in Washington. The Liberals of Oregon responded nobly to the call of Silverton. Now let those of Washington respond to Walla Walla. Write at once to Dr. A. W. Calder, secretary of the Liberal Club, box 696, Walla Walla, and offer the movement support and co-operation.

THE pope delivered an address on the labor question to the French pilgrims last Sunday. It is called a "conservative address," and the portion of it cabled to this country confirms the appropriateness of that description. Like the majority of conservative utterances, it means anything or nothing.

AFTER reporting that Charles Bradlaugh had recovered, we now learn that he has suffered a relapse, and that his condition is still serious.

OBSERVATIONS.

The testimonial banquet given by the Free Press Association to James H. Barry, editor of the Weekly Star, at Scottish-American Hall last Saturday night, had all the features of a roaring success. About one hundred and twenty-five men sat at the three long tables and ate turkey and partook of other luxuries from nine o'clock until half-past one. They made the most enthusiastic company I ever mingled with. The material feast, though abundant, was but incidental to the banquet of speeches that followed. Judge James G. Maguire sat at the head of the tables, as master of ceremonies, supported by Messrs. Barry and Perkins on the right and Counsellor Cole on the left, while a long list of distinguished and expectant orators occupied both sides of the groaning board. Mr. Barry, it will be remembered, is under sentence for contempt of court, having expressed through his paper the sentiments which many other citizens entertain privately but do not publish. Judge Maguire opened the meeting with an Emersonian quotation relative to low living and high thinking, and the entertainment began. There was plenty to eat, and numerous wine bottles bedecking the festive board made the tables look like the farther end of a bowling alley.

While partaking abstemiously of the leg of a turkey cold in death and a glass of water, I was addressed by an elderly, prayer-meeting looking gentleman at my left, who said he would gladly pass me anything within the sound of his voice if I so desired, and that his name was Cubery. I answered that I was obliged to him and was glad to know his name was Cubery, and only wished mine own were Huckleberry, in default of which I made him acquainted with the name that distinguishes me from others of my race. Mr. Cubery then inquired my business, and I did not keep him in suspense with regard to the same. He repeated the name of this journal several times as though he had never heard the word before, and continued the conversation by asking what we were driving at. It required but a moment for me to say that we were driving at priests, ministers, chaplains, National Reformers, and other excrescences on the body politic, especially the Sunday-law fanatics. He seemed pained at this, and with the remark that extremes often meet in violent collision, gave me his official card. It reads thus: "The Lord's Day Observance Association. Dr. R. H. McDonald, C. C. Clay, Wm. M. Cubery, Finance Committee."

Judge Maguire made the opening after-dinner address, in which he observed that eternal vigilance was the price of liberty; and when the applause had died away among the cold victuals, he spoiled the effect of the remark by saying that it was not original with him, though indorsed by Mr. Barry on his right and Counsellor Cole upon his left. Judge Maguire was followed by the audience, who said "Hooray, yay, yee-ay!" in a loud and distinct manner, and added "tigaar," after which Ex-Congressman Sumner had the floor. Mr. Sumner's address caused the audience to repeat its previous expressions, and so did the words of a dozen other gentlemen. Mr. Wm. M. Hinton, whose business card appears in our advertising columns, shook his gray locks and made a radical free thought, free speech, and free

press oration that rather chilled some present with its earnestness, but the undersigned applauded with an athletic hand, and the old partner and patron of Henry George got rounds and rounds of cheers.

Mr. Barry's speech was terrific in its declaration of independence, to which he pledged his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor; and being the guest of the evening, his hosts did what they could to spoil his hearing with their vociferations of approval.

The affair reminded me of the receptions that were given to D. M. Bennett when he stood as champion of free mails. There were the same allusions to the broad ægis of our liberties, the great charter of rights, the sacred traditions of our forefathers, the grandest document ever written by the hand of man, the Constitution of the United States, signed by the fathers of the republic and sealed with the blood of patriots. And I wished the whole city could have been there to be reindoctrinated and rebaptized with those sentiments that are never heard except on the Fourth of July, when there is no necessity for them and when they have no application.

I left Mr. Barry struggling to escape from some over-demonstrative friends in the early morning hours; and then, the cars having ceased running, I walked home, a distance of several miles.

The new and respectable Socialistic order called Nationalists held one of their semi-monthly gatherings last Monday evening in the large hall on Union Square. The platform was profusely decorated with Japanese chrysanthemums; the floor and gallery were crowded with well-dressed people; Mrs. Ada Ballou, the president, beamed forth from behind the floral trimmings; Burnette G. Haskell sat statuesquely upon the stage; Mrs. Eugenia Clarke played a brilliant solo on the piano, and all was light and melody up to the introduction of the first speaker. This gentleman turned out to be Mr. T. Tucker, of Oakland, and the subject of his address was down on the programme as "The Relation of Individualism to Collectivism." Mr. Tucker proved tiresome. Dr. O'Brock, who was in the audience, would have been preferable. Like most bad speakers, Mr. Tucker was long-winded. Mr. Haskell twice presented him with a card which doubtless bore the written request that he should desist, but the plea was quietly ignored, and the speaker went on and on until the president's gavel brought relief. Here a well-rendered song was introduced, followed by a school-girlish lady with a composition on "What is Nationalism?" Mr. Haskell promised that this essay would be of fifteen minutes' duration, but it covered an æon of half an hour. A dialogue between a man and a boy, which ended with the man collaring the boy and marching him off the stage, was entertaining under the circumstances; and a closing address by Haskell furnished the first tolerable speaking of the evening. Mr. Haskell is tonguey if not profound, but his extravagance of speech is not rivaled by that of Sam Jones. Said he: "My mother sits in this audience, and she would disown me if I were not a Nationalist. My wife sits in this audience, and she would not marry me if I were not a Nationalist." Having thus misrepresented the female members of his family by attributing to them a degree of bigotry of which they could not have been guilty, since his mother must have owned him and his wife married him long before Nationalism was ever heard of, he demonstrated his lack of paternal affection by affirming that he would sooner see his son (who likewise sat in the audience) dead than living as men have to live in the contemporaneous state of society. The audience applauding this extraordinary sentiment, Mr. Haskell grew dramatic, and proceeded: "I see aged men before me, but their faces are flushed when they consider our present civilization; and I see aged women before me, but there are tears in their eyes," etc. As a matter of fact, the men were not flushed nor the women weeping. On the contrary they appeared fatigued, but such was the strain of Mr. Haskell's utterances. Then he mapped out the future under Nationalism: two hours' work per day; luxuries for the poorest equal to those now enjoyed by the richest; rare exotics in every man's front yard; carpets in the house ten inches thick; fare to New York, \$12; fare to the Park, two cents; coal,

sixty cents per ton; wages of the laborer, \$10,000 per annum. This is not an exaggerated account of the speaker's address, nor a burlesque. He spoke as here reported. If Mr. Haskell could produce as much effect upon his audiences as he appears desirous of doing, he would soon have the Nationalist movement at San Francisco where Croasdale found the single-tax movement at New York, namely, in a howling-dervish stage of emotional insanity.

Just before the exercises terminated the main doors were closed, and egress was possible only by means of a doorway opening into an ante-room, where retiring visitors were given opportunity to sign applications for membership. Copies of Bellamy's dream-book were everywhere, and were bought as though they had been tickets to paradise. One thing is certain, the managers of this society have the gift known in our present barbarous era as the "business faculty," in a high state of development. A queer feature of Nationalism is the way it seems to appeal to all varieties of religionists. Rabbi Freuder, of this city, says it is synonymous with Judaism; the Christian Scientists say it is Christian Science; Theosophists claim it as Theosophy; Spiritualists accept it as harmonizing with the philosophy of Spiritualism, and even some orthodox ministers find in it the fundamental doctrines of Christ. Furthermore, as is well known, Nationalism is Socialism. The Individualists also use its textbooks as their own, and nearly all reformers except the Anarchists recommend "Looking Backward" as a remarkable book. Now it is a clear scientific proposition that any two things, each of which is equal to any other thing, are equal to each other. Thus Nationalism establishes an identity between Judaism, Christian Science, Theosophy, Spiritualism, Christianity, and Socialism. Truly Bellamy wrote a wonderful book, and truly black is white when it becomes popular to believe so.

"WHITHER?"

Under this title, Professor Briggs, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, has published a book advertised as radical and startling. He says: "The process of dissolution has gone on long enough. The time has come for a reconstruction of theology, of polity of worship, of Christian life and work. The drift in the church ought to stop. The barriers between the Protestant denominations should be removed, and an organic union formed. An alliance should be made between Romanism and all other branches of Christendom!"

To this it might be answered, Why not? If doubt is to be shunned as the unpardonable sin; if faith in Christ as God is the prime factor in salvation; if the priest in some form is necessary as the mediator between man and God; it is perhaps as well to admit that all roads in the church lead to Rome. As a natural sequence to this logic, what is needed is not an alliance, but an absolute absorption into the Romish church.

Rev. Dr. Samuel T. Spear has commenced a series of articles in the Independent on "Christological Theology." He accepts Worcester's definition of theology as "the science which treats of the existence, nature, and attributes of God, and of his relations to man."

As all science is based on known facts, which have been noted and collected by different observers, the science of theology must be as precise, as exact, as critical, as the science of mathematics. There can be no place for assumption, conjecture, blind belief in what has been taught as science, or acceptance of fictions for fact no matter how ancient or plausible the fiction may be. Starting out with this theory of the science of God's relations to man, Dr. Spear at once violates all scientific methods in dealing with the subject. He says: "Doctrinal theology considers God as made known to reason by the constitution and cause of nature The opportunity to know God in this way is common to the race."

Natural theology, in this sense, is simply natural science. The earth moves, the seasons change, vegetable and animal existence have their course, and from the known and recorded facts as to life in this world, man has deduced the conclusion that general laws govern existence, that the world is not governed by chance or by an arbitrary despot who can set aside the operation of those

laws at any moment. Just so far as man traces the relations of cause and effect, he traces the laws by which the operation of what we call nature is carried on. The higher the scale of intelligence, the more fully reason is brought to play; the more fearless, independent, and thorough the thinker is, the more clearly the relations of man to those laws are defined. This is natural science. It shows the reign of natural law. It tells man nothing of the personality of a Supreme Being—nothing of the God of the churches.

Dr. Spear then adds: "Revealed or biblical theology consists in what is in the Bible declared and thus made known in respect to God. . . . It is here, and here only, that the Christological element makes its appearance. We do not find this element in nature; but we do find it in the Bible. . . . Christological theology is hence the science of God under those aspects and in those revelations of God, that we find in the person and work of the historic Christ. It is the science of God in Christ and through him."

This is a candid admission that the science of nature and what is termed the Christological theology have nothing in common. It concedes that man must use his reason to develop the science of nature, and would not know God in the religious sense but through Christ, and him only. It compels the acceptance of the dogma that God once for all created a person as a medium of revelation, not of the laws of nature, not of the laws of mind, but of the plan of salvation, and that having created him as a tree of knowledge for that question, he has and will abstain from further revelations. This is Christological science. It is founded on pure assumption.

Having abandoned the scientific method Dr. Spear contrasts Christ with other teachers in this way:

1. The humanity of Christ was the result of a "supernatural conception."

According to the science of nature—the reign of natural law—there can be no supernatural conceptions. Facts cannot be set aside at the demand of a religious fiction.

2. He says this supernatural humanity of Christ made him a unique man, "on earth in a human form to be the Redeemer and Savior of men."

This assumption is based on the dogma of the fall of man; of his eternal damnation after death; of the awful wrath of God, who demanded the expiation in this world for punishment he might inflict in the next world, not only upon the dead, but on the persons then living, and the generations then unborn. Does science or reason lead to such a conception of a supreme being?

It naturally follows from such an idea of the nature and inexorable love for vengeance of God that, as Dr. Spear says, "God 'prepared' a body for the wonderful man of Galilee, and interposed a miracle in the production of that body. No other humanity ever existed in similar relations or for a like purpose."

Another fiction, necessary to sustain the plan of salvation that was based on a false assumption and required a series of false assumptions to explain and sustain it. Dr. Spear insists that Christ was sinless, because he and his followers said so; because "He never prayed for forgiveness, and never felt the compunctions of a condemning conscience."

Perhaps not. But as Christians are always preaching about being like Christ, the best Christian would seem to be the man who goes on believing in natural law; believing that punishment invariably follows the violation of law; that no miracle, no prayer, can save him from the penalty of law, and that it is useless to ask for forgiveness.

Dr. Spear, however, shuts his eyes to the final prayer of Christ, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

If that was truly reported, it shows that in the agony of death Christ admitted that he was simply a mortal whose faith in God and in his own mission as a representative of God, was swept away. This revelation of doubt and despair is a fatal blow which destroys the claim of Christ to divinity.

Christianity should have invented a miracle at his death as well as at his birth, so that the historical Christ might have met death as heroically as other men have done.

The article of Dr. Spear shows how little progress has been made in the churches. He is a Congregational leader, yet he

clings to the old theology, to faith in a false and unscientific theory of the relations of man to nature, and to what is called a Supreme Being. While he is drawing the lines strictly on theology, he fails to see the narrow and bigoted nature of Christian life in his own denomination. Congregational ministers of Georgia have followed the other churches in organizing a white Conference in which no man of color can set his foot. If that is God's kingdom on earth, it must be based on some revelation of the existence of a color line in heaven. What evidence is there of race-prejudice there?

The colored Congregationalists declare that if the color line is drawn, they will join the Catholic church, which alone at the South knows no color. When the colored brethren go over to Rome, will Dr. Briggs and his white race colleagues of the South follow suit? Or will they form an alliance against Rome? The world may well ask "Whither?"

W. S. BUSH.

Seattle, Wash.

A MINORITY BUT NOT A SECT.

A Protestant minister in Oakland, Cal., in a recent address on the subject of the public-school system of the United States, expressed himself as follows: "In one of the schools of San Francisco Herbert Spencer's 'Data of Ethics' was introduced as a text-book of morals—as palpable a violation of the law forbidding sectarian instruction as the introduction of the Catholic or Methodist catechism; for Herbert Spencer belongs to that very small and narrow sect which promulgates the creed of Agnosticism." If the reverend speaker had taken the ground that the "Data of Ethics" was too abstruse a book to be placed in the hands of public-school pupils, we should have felt inclined to sustain his objection. But when he says that to introduce such a book is to give a sectarian character to the school in which it is used, we must enter a protest. Science is never sectarian; philosophy is never sectarian. Sectarian teaching begins when you ask a man or a child to assume what cannot be proved, for the sake of keeping within the dogmatic lines that fence around some particular creed. The followers of Mr. Spencer may be a minority, but they are no more a sect than were the adherents of the Copernican system of astronomy, or than are the believers in the Darwinian theory of selection. Mr. Spencer makes no appeal to faith, but finds his premises in the common experience of mankind. A pupil who was being taught out of the "Data of Ethics" would be quite at liberty to dispute either the premises or the arguments of the author; and he would not be silenced by the declaration that Mr. Spencer was infallible. But when catechisms are taught they are taught, not as containing matter for discussion, but as containing doctrines that must not be disputed on pain of more or less disagreeable consequences.—Popular Science Monthly.

To Heaven and Return.

The Adventists, in advertising a meeting at Screamerille, Va., to meet the Lord, whom they expected to return between October 5th and October 22d, announced railroad tickets "from Fredericksburg to Screamerille and return."—Truth Seeker.

ROMANISTS were never more alive than now; their priests never labored with greater zeal; they were never more successful in perverting souls. According to the Missionary Annual of 1889, recently published, Rome's increase in the missionary fields has been great. Since 1886 the increase of Roman Catholic church members in Europe has numbered 118,553 souls; in Asia, 87,113; in America, 486,861; and in Oceanica, 142,807.—Signs of the Times.

THIS is the queer advertisement that appears in the "Philadelphia Methodist:" "Pews for sale cheap. About fifty good church pews, formerly used in Presbyterian church, Downingtown, Pa. Paneled ends, walnut arm-rests and top rail, porcelain number plates. All in good condition, and will be sold at a bargain. Apply to A. P. Sutton, chairman committee on church property."

"John Ward, Preacher." 50 cents.

THE SHERIFF'S STORY.

A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE, IN THREE CHAPTERS, ILLUSTRATING THE INFLUENCE OF THE CHURCH IN RESTRAINING CRIME.

CHAPTER II.

I realized that I must not go to my relatives in the condition I was in; my hat was gone, my clothes torn, my face and body terribly bruised. I thought of Uncle Pete, and made what haste I could to his house. He was not up, but I aroused him by rapping on his bed-room window. When I made myself known he opened the door and admitted me. As it was not yet daylight, he lighted a candle and was horrified when he saw my condition. While he was kindling a fire, I briefly related my adventure. "I bleeves you, chile," said he, "and you's mighty lucky to 'scape alive." He called his wife and told her to get the bed ready in the small room upstairs. "There's awful sight of devilment going on over there," said he. "Deed there is," said his wife; "the poor gal the fisherman found in the river, below the bridge, didn't drown herself, and she ain't the only one." They helped me to bed, dressed my wounds and bruises, and did everything possible to make me comfortable.

I managed to write a short note to one of the girls where I had been visiting, stating that I had concluded to go home. Uncle Pete posted it, and on the following day brought a newspaper, which he handed to me saying, "There's awful 'citement down town; read that." The item he showed me read as follows:

ATTEMPTED BURGLARY! THE MOST AUDACIOUS OF ALL. SACRILEGIOUS WRETCHES BREAK INTO THE RESIDENCE OF FATHER FLANNIGAN AND ATTEMPT TO STEAL SILVER PLATE BELONGING TO THE CHURCH.

On the return of the holy father from his pastoral duties at the chapel Thursday evening, accompanied by his brother, a worthy mechanic of Boston, he found, on entering his study, three stalwart desperadoes in the act of leaving with their plunder. The plucky priest and his brother, providentially visiting him, made a determined effort to capture the villains, but were overpowered by numbers, and the holy father severely injured, one of his fingers being nearly severed by a knife in the hands of one of the desperadoes. The scoundrels escaped, but were compelled to abandon their booty. As Father Flannigan keeps no servants, it was not difficult to effect an entrance during his absence. He is held in high esteem by his congregation and the entire community, and we tender him and his worthy brother, our sincere congratulations on their heroic conduct and fortunate escape. There is evidently a well-organized gang of criminals 'infesting our city, that would hesitate at no crime. And we take this opportunity to suggest to our officers the necessity of constant vigilance.

Youth and a strong constitution were in my favor, and on the fourth day after my adventure, I told Uncle Pete that I felt well enough to take care of myself. We discussed the situation of affairs. I was strongly in favor of taking further steps to bring the guilty parties to justice, but he convinced me it would be useless, and certain death to him to prosecute the matter further. They urged me to remain longer, but could not conceal their apprehension of danger. They had no children, few if any visitors, and we hoped, and believed, that our secret would not be discovered. Aunt Rosy, as Uncle Pete called his wife, had mended my clothes and found a cap that fitted me. I had a few dollars, but they positively refused to accept a cent for their care and kindness. It was arranged that I should leave at night. Uncle Pete accompanied me out of the city, and several miles on the road, directing me to a station where I took the cars for the home of my parents. When I reached home, I found a relative who was going as second mate of a ship to California. He was to sail the next week, and came from Boston, whence he was to sail, to spend a day or two with his friends. After much earnest pleading, I obtained a reluctant consent from my parents to go with him. My preparations for the voyage were hastily made. The day we sailed I went up town to buy a few necessities, and on my way to the ship bought some magazines and papers which I rolled up and put in my chest. The weather was rough and I was seasick. We had nearly reached the equator, when, in looking through my chest, I found the package of papers. On opening it, the following was the first item I saw.

HORRIBLE MURDER IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The residents of "Nigger Alley" were horrified on Sunday morning,

on finding that "Uncle Pete" Branch and his wife had both been murdered. The latter was still in her bed, her skull broken and her brains oozing out. Uncle Pete was on the floor. He had received several blows on the head; a hatchet still tightly grasped in his hand, and covered with blood, indicated that the old man had made a desperate fight for his life, and severely wounded his assailant. They were an inoffensive, industrious old couple, not supposed to have an enemy, and their death is as mysterious as terrible.

Information had evidently been obtained in some manner of their kindness to me, and I should doubtless have been a victim had I remained.

In course of time we reached San Francisco. In about a week after our arrival I went to the mines, where I worked with varying success, for several years, until I was elected sheriff of one of the mining counties. Soon after assuming the duties of my office, a rancher from the lower portion of the county called, and requested an interview. He informed me that he had a place on Pine Creek, where he had been living for a number of years; that he had been doing well until a man named Dennis Ryan, commonly known as "One-armed Dennis," had located on some government land near his ranch; since which time his horses and cattle had mysteriously disappeared, till he had but few left. He was positive that Ryan was not only a notorious thief, but that his place was a rendezvous for criminals. Thinking he had at one time sufficient evidence to convict him of the larceny of a valuable cow, he caused his arrest. Ryan proved an alibi by some of his friends; and soon after he was aroused one night to find his barn in flames. He said unless protection could be afforded him, he should be compelled to abandon his place, as he was already reduced to poverty. I promised to aid him to the extent of my ability. For the purpose of forming some plan of operation, I mounted my horse the following day, took my shotgun, and rode out to Pine Creek. I found the place where "One-armed Dennis" lived, and as the birds were plentiful on the Chemical hills, I dismounted, tied my horse, and soon had fine shooting. Some of my birds dropped inside the brush fence inclosing a small field in which stood the house, and while picking them up, a woman came to the door, and angrily ordered me to leave, saying her husband didn't permit any one to shoot in their place. I apologized and insisted upon her accepting the birds I had in my bag. This mollified her anger somewhat, and as I approached to give them to her, I recognized the servant girl Mary of former years. I was momentarily confused, but time had wrought changes in both of us, and I saw that I was not recognized. In the conversation I had with her she expressed much dissatisfaction with her situation; said Dennis could not do much work as he had but one arm, that they were not getting along well. There was no church near; they were living "like haythins intirely," and she wanted to go to San Francisco. Dennis, she said, was away looking for a cow that they suspected had been stolen. The effects of intemperance were evident in her appearance. She was untidy and repulsive. For the purpose of obtaining information, I prolonged the conversation a few minutes, but she was not communicative, and I mounted my horse and rode on. About a mile beyond their house, a road but little used turned off, leading to the hills back of their place. Here I noticed fresh tracks of horses; evidently two or more had gone along quite recently. One of them only was shod. This was a suspicious circumstance in a suspicious neighborhood. I therefore followed them until sunset, then returned home. On reaching my office, I found a telegram stating that a valuable horse had been stolen from the "Divide," giving description and requesting prompt action. Before daylight the next morning, I was in my saddle and again on the road to Pine Creek. I took the tracks where I had left and followed them to a dense thicket of young pines. Here they were difficult to follow, so I dismounted and tied my horse, which neighed before I had gone far, and was answered by another horse quite near. Proceeding in the direction whence the sound came, I soon found a small corral built of the young pines that had grown there. The thicket was so dense around it that at the distance of a few feet it could not be seen. It was an admirable hiding-place. As I suspected, the horse described in the telegram I had received was tied in the corral. I opened the gate, and while examining the horse heard voices, and presently saw two men coming toward me. I could

see them through the openings between the trees, and as they came nearer I recognized Tom Harmon, a man of bad reputation that I had some acquaintance with; the other, as he had but one arm, was evidently Dennis Ryan, alias Mike Flannigan, for although several years had passed since we last met, I knew him, notwithstanding the changes time, dissipation, and probably remorse, had wrought. They were within a few steps before they saw me. Dennis was ahead, saw me first, and attempted to draw his pistol. I was on my guard, and, with my pistol pointed at his head, dissuaded him from further hostilities, and after a brief argument induced him to drop his on the ground. Harmon recognizing me, told Dennis who I was. Then a sentence of jargon passed between them, and Tom said:

"Well, sheriff, what have you got here?" pointing to the horse.

I saw through their ruse, and replied that I had been across the river after witnesses; that, in taking a short cut across the hills, I had missed the trail, and accidentally found the corral, where I had camped; that I was just ready to start for home when I heard their voices. The horse, I told them, appeared to answer the description of one that had strayed from a ranch down the valley. They both disclaimed any knowledge of or ownership in him. I however directed Tom to lead him out of the corral, and up the hill to the place I had left mine, making Dennis keep back of the horse, while I brought up the rear. They decidedly objected to such treatment, but I of course had secured Dennis's pistol, which gave me a great advantage in the brief controversy we had, and enabled me to force obedience. For some distance they kept up a conversation in the jargon previously alluded to, and although my education in that branch was limited, I understood enough to infer that they were discussing the practicability of creating a vacancy in the sheriff's office. I gave them no opportunity to execute their design, and when we reached my horse, I mounted and compelled them to preserve the same order of procession across the hills to town. When we reached my office, I locked them up, and telegraphed the owner of the horse, who was much pleased with my success. A. W. POOLE.

(To be continued.)

FREETHOUGHT IN AUSTRALIA.

In Australia, of late years, there has been quite a revival in Freethought, but free thinking is by no means a new thing in Australia; there were as many Freethinkers in proportion to the population thirty years ago when the goldfields were in full swing as there are to-day, but having no platform they disappeared for a time without recognition. The present revival is due to the propagandists who came out here under the auspices of the Bradlaugh association and founded what is known as the Australian Secular Association, of which, I believe, Mr. Joseph Symes of the Melbourne Liberator is president. Mr. Symes is an ardent and devoted worker, but he has had to contend against great odds. The clergy, or the government instigated by the clergy, have dreadfully harassed him from time to time and tried their utmost to silence his battery; but the bold Republican still keeps blazing away at them, right and left, from the Hall of Science, where he is fortified with the preparation of truth and challenges the whole host of superstition—I mean the clergy—to show one scrap of authority they have for bamboozling the people and stuffing their minds with holy lies to the prejudice of truth and progress. These gentlemen in black decline to accept the challenge, but still continue to issue passports to that hot country beyond the reach of mortal ken, for, as Mr. Symes truthfully remarks, according to their doctrine no one can get to the other place, wherever it is. Now, knowing this to be the fact, oughtn't they to be ashamed to stand up in their pulpits Sunday after Sunday introducing their congregations to the devil? It's an old saying that it is time enough to bid good-morning to the devil when you meet him, but they star the old fellow by ushering people into his presence unawares. Such nonsense might do to frighten European children to bed, but it won't wash in Australia. So much for pulpit ghost stories; they become as tedious and unmeaning as the literary algebra of the metaphysician, which goes to demonstrate nothing except it might be the pedantic stupidity of the writer.

We have here in Australia all classes and conditions of reformers—Republicans, Anarchists, and Socialists. All have a philosophy of some sort, but the Republicans have the advantage of experience as afforded by the United States of America, and the leading Freethought paper, the Melbourne Liberator, is their champion. The Anarchists have a philosophy teaching that at some immeasurable time beyond the reach of human calculation man shall have become so meek and docile, through evolution, that he will be inclined to mind his own business and not interfere with that of others, thus making him his own representative and governor; and for that matter we might consider each individual a nation, as they would then have to abolish commerce or represent themselves at foreign courts individually, which would be rather awkward, as they would leave no one at home. I have had a little experience with Anarchy. I was in California when it was governed by Anarchy, but it was co-operative Anarchy protected by the far-reaching arm of the Republic, which was a sufficient guarantee for its safety from foreign aggression. This is the sticking-point in which the individual is a failure. The California experiment, however, showed to the world that the hardy sons of toil could bring order out of chaos and make honest men of rogues and loafers, and govern themselves without the expense attendant upon government servants and institutions; but they may philosophize until they shall have exhausted the vocabulary of human thought and they cannot govern a nation without some diplomatic body, and the Anarchist liberty can exist only under the protection of a Republic. F. W. HARRIS.

Tecoma, Upper Yarra, Australia, Sept. 25.

* PRINCIPLES OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.*

When the fathers of the republic drafted the Constitution of the United States, it was their intention to effect a complete separation of church and state. For well the fathers knew what ecclesiastical rule was; what church domination meant.

In Europe, the church gained complete control of the temporal as well as the spiritual affairs; and what was the result? Intellectual gloom settled upon the civilized portions of that fair country; mankind became debased; Greek and Roman civilizations became extinct. Where once there had been enlightenment and wealth, there came ignorance and destitution. In the place of Aristotle, Plato, Archimedes, Euclid, there came a horde of ecclesiastics corrupting the people with their diabolical schemes for supremacy. In place of the Roman senate with its illustrious law-givers, there came the Vatican with its wicked, cunning popes. In place of the pagan schools, with their geometers and philosophers, there came church councils issuing ridiculous creeds. Instead of the farm and thrifty husbandman, there came the monastery with the monk and his crucifix. Europe was devastated by religious wars; witches were slaughtered, the Inquisition arose and flourished. The skies of Europe, for a thousand years were lurid with the flames of the auto-da-fe.

The founders of our government knew that if we maintained our liberties the church should be allowed no legal advantage—should be recognized only as an individual. The great principle of human rights, which the church did not know and seems to have not yet learned, that "all men are free and equal and have certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," was made the basis of American liberty. The great fact was clearly recognized that every individual has rights with which no government can, or should, tamper. These rights are liberty of conscience, free thought, free speech, freedom of religious exercises; the right to engage in such pursuits, seek such pleasures, as shall be consistent with the rights of others; with these principles: "That no person, no society, no government has a right to interfere in the natural rights of mankind; and that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

It is evident that our Declaration of Independence and Constitution of the United States are not based upon Christian liberty, but upon equality and justice. Our Constitution ignores

*Synopsis of an address delivered by Geo. H. Dawes at the Portland Convention.

the Christian religion. The Christian's God is not recognized; its savior is unknown; its holy book is not mentioned.

When our Constitution was before the states for ratification, it was then attacked by the over-zealous orthodox because in it there was no acknowledgment of the Christian's God—or in other words, because Christianity was not made the state religion. But under the leadership of the immortal Jefferson, who said it was the intention to found a purely secular government, our secular Constitution was adopted, and church and state were divorced. And as if anticipating the movement that is now going on among the churches, to supplant our secular government with a theocracy, an amendment to the Constitution was made which prohibited Congress from establishing any religion and granting freedom of speech and the press.

But at the present time a political party composed of a head, a body, and a tail—that is, the National Reform Association, Prohibition party, and Woman's Christian Temperance Union—is now attracting considerable attention. And the main object of this party is to secure a religious amendment to the National Constitution. That plank of their platform which demands the prohibition of the liquor traffic is only an ostensible object put forth to catch the votes of zealous but unsuspecting temperance people. But this party would far rather see its God in the Constitution than to see whisky out of the country. If these pious fanatics succeed in securing this religious amendment the wheels of progress will again turn backward; for the church is as much the enemy of "profane learning" and liberty as ever. The church opposes all learning, all science, which she cannot control and direct to her own benefit.

The Catholic church wants to engross the public education so that the child will advance in nothing but the catechism. The Protestants want to control our public schools so that astronomy will be taught according to Joshua, and geology according to Moses. As stupid as the church is, she knows that the next best thing to blissful ignorance, is a right good orthodox education. Give the church the power and she will become the same relentless persecutor as of old. The persecution and prosecution of the Spiritualists of Michigan, and the Seventh-day Christians and Infidels of Arkansas, Alabama, and Georgia, show too plainly what the intentions of the orthodox churches are, and what they would do had they the power. And what they expect to do when they get their religious amendment may be readily understood from quotations from "The Christian Statesman," which is the organ of the National Reform Association.

[Mr. Dawes then read several extracts from speeches and editorials from the Statesman which clearly proved that the intentions of the Christians are to establish a theocracy and directly at variance with the principles of American liberty, and urged the Liberals to arouse from their lethargy and oppose ecclesiastical interference in state affairs. Then he continued his address on the Demands of State Secularization.]

These demands are broad, liberal, and just. They recognize the rights of every one; they are in perfect harmony with the spirit of our American institutions and the strict letter of our Constitution, which recognizes religion as an individual affair, and as no concern of the state. It was never the intention of the American people to make the church a state institution. The state has no souls to save, no souls to damn. Churches are of no public utility. They are owned by corporations, and managed in the interests of these corporations. Why then should we exempt \$1,400,000,000 worth of church property from just taxation? Church edifices are protected by the state. If a church building takes fire, the fire companies are on hand to save the building; if they chance to be destroyed by a mob, the state is responsible for the damage; why, then, should they not contribute their just proportion to the expenses of the state? When this vast amount of property is exempt from taxation it makes the burden proportionately heavier upon those who do pay taxes. Then people are compelled by taxation to contribute to the support of religious and sectarian institutions. The donations to the churches in exempting their property from taxation is not less than \$20,000,000 annually.

If the population of the United States is in round numbers, sixty millions, then for every man woman and child there is

paid from the public funds, for the support of the church, 33½ cents annually.

Mr. Dawes then showed the folly of supporting chaplains, and the injustice to the tax-payers by employing chaplains in the Congress, army, and navy of the United States, and the several state legislative halls, asylums, and penal institutions. And also the gross injustice of giving millions of dollars of the people's money to the various religious denominations for the support of sectarian institutions, under the guise of charities or educational establishments. That the amounts given to support the Christian religion by exempting church property from taxation, the salaries of chaplains, and the donations from public funds for the support of sectarian establishments cannot be less than \$40,000,000 annually.

He further discussed that principle of state secularization, demanding that the Bible be excluded from the public schools; proving that the logical results of the use of the Bible in our public schools would be a complete breaking down of our public school system, and the establishment of sectarian schools; and also the necessity of abolishing the oath in all the departments of state, and establishing in its stead the simple affirmation under pains and penalties.

The oath does not make men truthful and honest, but the tendency of the oath was to make men dishonest and untruthful. The effect of the oath was simply to make a lie respectable. He quoted Christ's words regarding the oath, and also quoted from Peabody's "Moral Philosophy," proving that the oath in no sense enhances one's obligation to tell the truth or fill a promise. The form of the oath with "so help you God," expresses the idea which underlies it; it is therefore a religious custom and has no place in a secular government.

"Christian morality" assumes that there is one day in the week that is better than another, and the state has a right and should enforce the religious observance of this day. Here again the church establishes a false standard of right and wrong; that an act done on Sunday is wrong, though if performed on any other day of the week would be meritorious. It is not the day when an act is done that makes it either right or wrong, but it is the intrinsic fitness of the act. Under the mistaken idea of "Christian morality" and "Sunday observance" there have been furnished too many long-faced hypocritical Sunday pietists who would believe it wicked to enjoy themselves on the "Lord's day," but who have no compunctions about giving light weight or short measure, or otherwise cheating their fellow-men, on Monday. What we may expect if the "reformers" succeed in their theocratic schemes is a re-enacting of the barbarous code of Massachusetts and Connecticut, where a man could be fined for kissing his wife on Sunday, and every one was compelled to attend church or be fined, and the death penalty, according to the Mosaic code, could be inflicted for violation of the Sunday laws.

That the Protestant church looks upon all work or recreation on Sunday as criminal is evident from pulpit utterances, where the statement is often made that they "have more sympathy for a thief than for the person who desecrates the Sabbath." But Secularism, based upon equal rights and natural morality, says there is no day of the week better than another, no day too good to be devoted to the service of man. We say that those who wish to devote Sunday or any other day of the week to religious exercises, who wish to spend their time listening to the reading of impossible tales and nonsensical discourses, have the right and should be protected in that right. But we also insist that if we wish to go on pleasure excursions to the hills and groves where we can commune with Mother Nature in all her variations—to listen to the babbling brooks, the music of the leaves, the sweet caroling of woodland songster, or go to the theater, where human nature is represented in all its manifoldness, where truth and right are represented as triumphing over might and wrong, or go to the opera and listen to the soul-thrilling symphonies of a Wagner or a Beethoven, we have the right and should be protected in that right.

The desperate struggle of the church to enforce the Sunday laws is an admission on their part that they can neither entertain nor instruct. The Sunday laws are for no other purpose than to

draw the people to the churches by forbidding them going elsewhere—to give the preachers a good fat living by working one day of the week while the great mass of toilers of the country manage to eke out a miserable existence by drudging through the other six.

There are thousands of people who will contribute to the support of the church and to a system they knew to be false—a system they know to be tyrannous and oppressive in its practice—but who in the privacy of their closets will whisper in your ear that they too are Freethinkers, but as Christianity is popular it is policy to countenance it; it would ruin their business to oppose it. Such as these are found among our business men, but most particularly politicians who are seeking notoriety through some petty office. They must pander to public prejudice; sordidly selfish, they are willing to sacrifice principle for profit, preferring the ephemeral praise of their "beloved constituency" to the lasting plaudits of a grateful posterity. Such men as these, wherever found, are cumberers of the ground; they are stumbling-blocks in the path of progress; they are to be feared, for they are treacherous friends and dangerous foes. For the sake of popularity they are willing, outwardly, to conform to the ceremonies of any religion. For the sake of wealth or power they would uphold the cross or kneel before the crescent, they would sacrifice to Brahma, or worship in a temple to the sun.

I do not wish to be understood that I would like to see Liberals raise a clamor on every street corner, or thrust their religious opinions in the face of every passer by. I would not have any Liberal bring the noble cause he represents into disrepute by letting his zeal outrun his discretion. But it is necessary that we be staunch and true to principle; never afraid to stand for the truth. We should ever be ready and willing to help along a cause we believe is right; ever ready to lend a hand, helping our fellow-men to a higher plane of right living and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.

Let us organize wherever possible, for organized effort may accomplish great work, while individual efforts only bring contempt and persecution. Let us give our moral and financial support to the Secular Union. We must also bear in mind that liberty can only be secured by a struggle and maintained at the price of eternal vigilance.

Let us press on in this intellectual contest bravely, firmly, courteously. To falter now would be to give up the fruits of a long and weary struggle; the scenes of that thousand years of midnight darkness would be acted once again, and the battles for freedom would have to be fought once more.

TOPOLOBAMPO.

Mr. W. N. Slocum, one of the Sinaloa, Mexico, colonists, writes as follows to the Carrier Dove from La Logia, Sinaloa, under date of October 3:

The season has been a good one for crops in most parts of this country, but the colony has not been fortunate. The colony farm at La Logia consists of four hundred acres, about one-third of which is low land near the river, subject to overflow, the other two-thirds being table land ten to fifteen feet higher than that in the bottom. The upland is usually too dry to produce crops without irrigation, and although there are ditches, the river seldom rises high enough to be of benefit to any but the low land. This season, however, we had copious rains, and the corn on the upland grew well. Before the time came for roasting ears, birds began to eat it. Worms were very plentiful, and woodpeckers first broke open the ears in search of worms, then blackbirds came in by thousands to finish their work. Every effort to drive away the birds was unsuccessful, and we were finally obliged to harvest it before it was ripe. Not one-fifth of a crop was saved. I do not think there were five bushels of shelled corn to the acre, and much of that is very poor owing to the must. The corn was planted in July. Early in September fifty acres of bottom land were planted in corn, but all of it was killed by water standing on it, the flood in the river remaining a week or more. A lot of barley and other crops were also destroyed.

More than half the corn used by the colony since I came here a year ago has been purchased from the Mexicans, and much of

this has been musty, so much so as to be unfit for human food; yet corn and beans are our staple articles, and for months past we have had no beans, nothing but musty corn. Sweet potatoes and other vegetables are growing, but it will be a month or more yet before they will be ready for the table. If we had means for irrigation without regard to high water, we could, of course, raise vegetables at all seasons of the year, but as it is there are but two growing seasons, caused by the summer and the winter rains. The winters here are much like your winters in California, the weather being during January and February for days at a time cloudy and misty, with occasional gentle rains. The summer rains here are of short continuance, but very heavy, with thunder and lightning. Rain has fallen here this summer at the rate of one inch per hour for several hours in succession, and at Topolobampo on one occasion two inches fell within one hour. I spent one week there, about the first of September, during which time we had over seven inches of rain.

Recently a small irrigating pump has been erected on our farm which will enable us to cultivate a few acres in dry weather. Our orange orchard, seldom overflowed, is looking very well, but many other trees have died for want of water, or because of unfitness for this climate. Deciduous fruits do not seem to do well in this part of Sinaloa, which is about fifty feet above sea level, but they flourish finely in the foothills and mountains.

As I stated in a former letter, the success of this colony appears to depend upon the success of the projected railroad from Topolobampo through to the Atlantic coast. It need not depend upon that if we had capital to purchase land, and to construct an irrigating canal from the Fuerte river to the bay; but this colony has little money at present and none in prospective except such as depends upon the railroad. That is looked to as the coming savior. How long it will be coming is yet a question of doubt. Mr. A. K. Owen, the projector of the colony, still writes hopefully, but he is always hopeful, and as the people here do not know exactly what he bases his hopes on, they frequently become despondent. Then Mr. Owen writes them an encouraging letter, and they cheer up again; and so it goes from year's end to year's end. The last encourager is dated August 25 last.

In regard to the birds eating the corn, I do not mean to be understood that the birds here are a nuisance. If it were not for them we would be overrun with worms and insects, and could raise no crops at all, until we get irrigation facilities, so as to drown them out. We will have to fight the birds as they do in Egypt, not with shotguns, but with stones or some substitute. Egyptian fields are divided into sections, in the center of each of which a tower is constructed. On the top of the tower a man with baskets of stones, and sometimes a sling, keeps all birds away from his part of the ground without himself leaving his position. Here we follow swarms of birds round and round a large field, delaying but not preventing their breakfast. When they have eaten their fill they go away or take a rest, and all the difference I can see we make with their feed is to force them to work for it. As powder costs one dollar a pound and shot twenty-five cents, it is expensive business. Yelling at them seems to do no good. The Mexicans use bows and arrows, which are more effective than our mode, and arrows cast from the top of a tower would be still more serviceable. There are no stones on this farm. The soil is a sandy loam.

With regard to summer and winter crops, I believe the latter to be generally the better of the two. The sun is too hot in the summer for many plants, and the weeds too luxuriant. It is impossible to keep the weeds down. The sweet potatoes planted last March yielded well, but unfortunately they were dug before maturity through fear of the summer floods, and most of them rotted. They could not, on the bottom land, have been planted earlier on account of the winter floods. Those we now have growing are on the upland, but although the vines are rank, the prospect at present is poor, as the bulbs show no signs of filling. Perhaps they will come out all right later on. Tomatoes, squashes, pumpkins, and melons, all of which grew to perfection last spring, are not doing well as a summer crop. As we keep planting, however, we may mature a crop yet before January. The great trouble is that having no granary or cool warehouse here, nearly all vegetables rot as soon as they are out of the

ground; the only remedy for which appears to be a constant succession of crops, which is something we cannot have until we construct irrigating ditches. On the whole this country does not seem to me equal to California as an agricultural region, although experience will, of course, teach better methods, and I do not forget that when Americans first went to California they considered the land worthless for agricultural purposes. Until we get irrigation facilities we can learn something from the Mexicans, although it is true that they live "from hand to mouth."

Most of them are miserably poor; nearly all are woefully ignorant, and the vast majority are virtual slaves. The landlords only are independent, and many of them live no better than the poorest laborers of California.

Our main article of diet here is corn meal, which for three months past has been almost invariably musty. Beans, the only other important article of food, we have for some time been destitute of, and when we have them they too are sometimes musty. Neither sugar, coffee, tea, rice, potatoes, wheat or rye flour can be obtained here by colonists in return for their labor credits; neither can such articles as soap, matches, coal oil, or in fact scarcely any of the things which poor people in California consider as the necessities of life. Since the settlement of the colony we have not had green vegetables to exceed three months in any year.

Those who have money can purchase supplies here or in the neighborhood, but nearly everything is high. Coal oil, for instance, is one dollar per gallon, and a very poor quality of soap costs double the price charged for a good quality in California. The same is true of nearly everything else. I know families who have expended over four hundred dollars for food alone since their arrival in the colony.

On the Trail.

To the Editors of Freethought:

As mapped out in my last letter, I took the steamer down the Columbia to Stella, Wash., where I arrived about noon and found my old-time friends and liberals, Postmaster Herring and his little true wife, still at the post of duty. Stella is a small "city" of two stores and one dwelling house, situated at the foot of a high, rocky bluff or mountain that juts up to the river, many hundreds of feet in height. The people to support the town or lectures live back in these woods miles away, but they come to all the lectures and support them well. Stella has had a feast of good things, as the church folks say, the present season. Underwood has given three lectures here; Mrs. Reynolds, three; Bell, two; Waisbrooker, two; Putnam, three; and "on the trail," two. This is the home of that old veteran of radical thought, Scharnhorst, who encourages and helps pay all our lecturers to come to Stella.

As it rained all the time I was there, I concluded to return to Portland and wait until the convention was over. At last the day came round and Freethought began marshaling its hosts, and by Saturday, hundreds were met together for the first time in Liberal conclave at Portland, to devise ways and means to unhorse superstition and to keep the red white and blue above the cross. Many had come three or four hundred miles, and it looked like a gathering of the faithful. I met many old familiar faces from my trail of last year in Oregon and Washington. These friends I was more than glad to see again. Friends are what give zest to life, and make it worth the living. Friends alone can make the lecturer's life a success, or his lectures either.

The convention was a big success in numbers and money donated to pay expenses, as it was announced at the first meeting there would be no fees charged at the door, nor contributions asked for, as there was cash plenty to pay all expenses. The speaking was fine and did credit to all our workers for Liberalism. The music was particularly good and everybody seemed to be happy.

The ball and banquet Tuesday eve was a royal success and lasted until golden dawn was about ready to climb the eastern hills. The guests will long remember Mrs. Carrie E. Haight's feast of good things, provided for this occasion. She was certainly the right person, in the right place for once. The day after the convention I boarded the train for Palouse country, in eastern Washington and Idaho. My first lectures were given at Garfield in the large new Christian church, where I was met by crowded houses, and all took Liberalism in the name of science,

as if it was good for the soul as well as pabulum for the mind. I gave three lectures in Garfield, made many friends, and passed on to Palouse, a beautiful little "city" on Palouse river, which flows down from the mountains in Idaho. This is the great wheat country of Washington and Oregon. It is a hilly prairie country, but produces thirty, forty, fifty, and in some cases seventy-five bushels of splendid wheat to the acre. It is a very healthy country, having an elevation of some 2,500 feet above the sea, but is very cold at times in the winter; often old Mercury goes down 30 degrees below zero. I lectured here again in the Christian church to good audiences, but a theatre and steady rain interfered very much with my success. This morning, while at breakfast, I innocently called for "hot cakes for one," and when the waiter girl gave the order to the cook, a John Chinaman, he threw the rolling pin at her head, exclaiming, "Damma Melican man feelee head, me feelee you head." John was mad because I was late to breakfast; and thus am I ever unappreciated; even the moon-eyed celestial declares that I am "no goodee" and tries to "feelee head" of the innocent waiter girl.

Verily the lecture man sees both the fat and lean side of life, as he perambulates the country o'er, but we expect our crown and harp, not till we bid terrestrial life a kind farewell, and sprout wings for the flight up the golden stairway, to the beatitudes of celestial privileges. A few weeks more and I shall be with friends again in California. Liberals will please write me in care of FREETHOUGHT, wherever they want the "Trail" blazed for freedom in their vicinity, all without money and without price, and not too cheap to be good either.

Palouse City, Wash., Oct. 30. Yours ever, D. C. SEYMOUR.

Organization in Fresno.

To the Editors of Freethought:

It may be of interest to you to learn that on Sunday, Oct. 27, we organized a club here in Fresno, to be known as "Unity Club," and our bond of Union is the following:

"The undersigned hereby unite in the formation of an association to be known as 'The Unity Club of Fresno.'

"The objects and purposes of the club are mutual improvement, both moral and mental, the acquisition of knowledge and the promotion of the study of truth, and the practice of virtue.

"For the accomplishment of these ends we propose, when practicable, to have weekly meetings, and special meetings when necessary; to have lectures, sermons, essays, discussions, conversations, and such other methods as the club shall deem useful.

"All who wish to promote these objects are welcomed to this club, and become members thereof by signing these articles.

"It is not expected or required that all its members shall think and believe alike, in matters pertaining to religion or theology, any more than that they shall look alike.

"The object is to do good, and to make ourselves and our fellow-creatures better, wiser, and happier, as well as to promote virtue and lessen vice in the community."

Our meeting last Sunday was a remarkably interesting one. Next Sunday Geo. E. Church will lecture; and the Sunday following, Dr. Rowell will give us a Japanese sermon; so that we can compare the moral ideas of that people with our own.

The officers of the club are J. W. North, president; Mrs. Kellogg, secretary, and T. J. Kirk, treasurer. We hope to have singing next week and permanently thereafter. If you have any good suitable hymn or song book, please send me a sample.

We have Agnostics, Unitarians, Universalists, Spiritualists, and other saints, and they all agree in the objects stated in our articles. We have already over seventy members.

J. W. NORTH.

Fresno, Oct. 30, 1889.

M. RENAN, the distinguished French scholar, recently received at his country residence a visit from the Welsh Archeological Association, and in addressing his visitors he related this: "Here is an incident which happened, as I am informed, close by here, a few years ago. There was a little chapel dedicated to Saint Beuzec. That, I think, was the old name of Budoc. His stone statue having become almost shapeless, the priest started a subscription for its renewal. He raised about forty francs, and then bought, at an image shop in the Rue Saint-Sulpice, a Lourdes virgin, which he cunningly substituted for the decrepit statue. That is the way they suppress a saint to replace him with the effigy of dreary modern miracle."

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The Virgin Mary Powerless.

Dr. Charles Mackay relates the following incident:

"At a church in Halle is preserved a thigh-bone of the Virgin Mary, which has the reputation of working wonderful cures in case of female barrenness. Of this thigh-bone, or chasse, the following story is related: Once upon a time there resided in Ghent a couple who were blessed with all the riches of this world, but whose happiness was sore troubled for the want of children. Great was the grief of the lady, who was both beautiful and loving, and many her lamentations to her husband. The latter, annoyed by her unceasing sorrow, advised her to make a pilgrimage to the celebrated chasse of the Virgin. She went, was absent about a week, and returned with a face all radiant with joy and pleasure. Her lamentations ceased, and, in due course, she brought forth a son. But oh! the instability of human joys! The babe, so long desired and so greatly beloved, survived but a few months. Two years passed over the heads of the disconsolate couple, and no second child appeared to cheer their fireside. A third year passed away with the same result, and the lady once more began to weep. 'Cheer up, my love,' said her husband, 'and go to the holy chasse at Halle; perhaps the Virgin will again listen to your prayers.' The lady took courage at the thought, wiped away her tears, and proceeded on the morrow towards Halle. She was absent only three days, and returned home, sad, weeping, and sorrow-stricken. 'What is the matter?' said her husband. 'Is the Virgin unwilling to listen to your prayers?' 'The Virgin is willing enough,' said the disconsolate wife, 'and will do what she can for me; but I shall never have any more children! The priest is gone from Halle, and nobody knows where to find him!'"—Agnostic Journal.

It Tickled Him.

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Spirit (through medium)—"Perfectly so."

Friend—"What has pleased you most since you left us?"

Spirit—"The epitaph on my tombstone. It both amazes and delights me."

"I would have you remember, brethren," said the preacher, "the same master hand that contrived the celestial system fashioned the least of earthly atoms as well; the superb architect of the mountains arranged the minute threads of gold within them; and remember, friends, the God who made me made a daisy."

A LITTLE boy, hearing some one remark that nothing was quicker than thought, said he knew better than that; whistling was quicker than thought, and he had some marks on his legs to show for it. Being asked to explain, he said: "In school, the other day, I whistled before I thought, and got a licking for it."

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—:O:—

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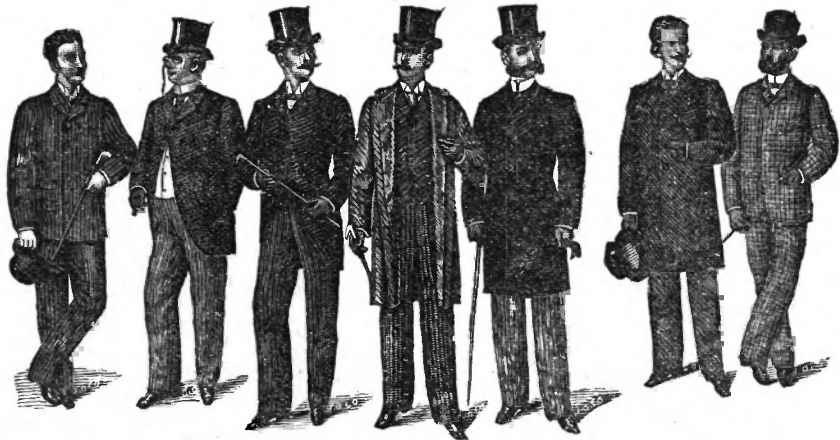
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - NOVEMBER 16, 1889.

THE condition of the pope's health indicates that when he makes his next journey his destination may be some other place than Spain.

WHILE preaching in a schoolhouse near Eureka Springs, Ark., last Sunday evening the Rev. John Mayhew, a Free-will Baptist minister, fell dead in the pulpit. There is no moral to be drawn from the sad event.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND visited the White House at Washington the other day, and it is reported that after a visit with General Harrison the two parted in the best of spirits. The best of spirits should certainly be found at the White House, or none at all.

KATE DREXEL, the millionaire's daughter, has entered a convent and given five million dollars to the church. At the same time her brother enlists in the United States army at thirteen dollars per month, having squandered his inheritance in riotous living. Truly, the fools and their money are soon parted.

IF we may believe the cable, every tract society in Great Britain is deluging Charles Bradlaugh with religious literature informing him how he may be saved from damnation. We do not learn, however, that any of these societies, or any of his pious opponents in Parliament, have prayed for the recovery of his health.

THE editor of "The World's Advance Thought," a kind of Spiritualistic paper published in Portland, sends to a San Francisco journal the particulars of a colonization scheme on a large scale. He says that there are now enrolled one thousand heads of families and young men just starting out in life, having in hand \$1500 per capita, or an aggregate of \$1,500,000, who will next season emigrate and locate in a body (as nearly as practicable) in some county of California, Oregon, or Washington, and that others, through corresponding secretaries in various sections, are rapidly sending in their names for enrollment. The religious basis of the movement is called "soul-co-munion," a custom prevalent among its devotees of sitting in reverential calm at some appointed time and allowing their souls to

commune with other souls in similar repose throughout the world. It is a harmless sort of lunacy.

"ALL days are alike holy" is good secular doctrine, but it seems that religiously the sentiment is equally true. Thus the Christians observe Sunday; the Greeks, Monday; the Persians, Tuesday; the Assyrians, Wednesday; the Egyptians, Thursday; the Turks, Friday; the Jews and some Christians, Saturday. The Christians, we believe, are the only sect in this country bigoted enough to try to enforce the observance of their holy day upon all the others.

"THE Devil is after me," said John J. Noonan, the other day, as he threw himself before the altar of a Catholic church in this city. He was a religious lunatic and was taken to the asylum. Michael Murphy followed Mr. Noonan to the same retreat under the delusion that he was St. Michael with a commission from heaven. Simultaneously Miss Fannie Leedham, daughter of an Arroyo Grande farmer, went to the same institution labeled "religious dementia."

THE Valley City, North Dakota, Democrat contains this suggestive item: "A few weeks ago Hon. John E. Remsburg lectured in the Academy of Music on the 'False Claims of the Church.' Next day the building was struck by lightning, no material damage resulting however. Some people said it was the wrath of God visited upon old man Olsen for allowing an Infidel to speak in the building. About ten days ago the Brooklyn Tabernacle was struck by lightning and destroyed—loss \$150,000. Of course, there's no room for comparison in the two cases."

THE VICE-PRESIDENT AND THE W. C. T. U.

The proceedings at the convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, at Chicago, last Saturday, opened with a prayer and closed with a fight.

The trouble that is agitating this organization is of a political nature. There is a split in the ranks, and one division stands by the Prohibition party, while the other professes to be non-partisan. The Prohibition wing, however, charge that the non-partisans are working in the interests of the Republican party.

Last Saturday's difficulty arose from a desire on the part of a few members to condemn the whole Republican party as leagued with the rum power, because a hotel at Washington owned by our vice-president, Levi Morton, sustains a bar and has a retail liquor license. This raised a war at once, the non-partisan or Republican members denying that Morton had any connection with the liquor business. Where these pious ladies would have stopped in their warfare is uncertain if a man had not been appealed to. Ex-Gov. John P. St. John of Kansas gave the facts thus: Vice-president Morton fitted up a fashionable hotel in Washington and leased it to a man named Kernan. Kernan

applied for a license. He had to get the consent of the property owners on each side, and they were Vice-President Morton and another man. Morton was the first to consent that liquor should be sold in the new hotel. Mr. St. John did not say that the whole Republican party should be condemned for the act of the vice-president, but he held that if Morton "had loved his country, God and humanity," he never would have signed that application, but would have forbidden the sale of liquor in his hotel.

Vice-President Morton was ably defended by a lady, who arose and said:

"I wish to say that there is such a thing as a necessity. The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, now in session, has its headquarters at the Palmer House. The Palmer House has a bar. It probably has a bar within its walls because it is a necessity. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union probably has its headquarters at a hotel where there is a bar because it is a necessity. We must also recognize that Vice-President Morton has a bar in his new hotel because it is a necessity."

This speaker was hissed down. Morton was condemned, and only the presence of mind of a member who moved that the matter be tabled saved the Republican party from being incontinently read out of the W. C. T. U.'s affections and esteem.

This quarrel, threatening as it does to disrupt the Women's Christian Temperance Union, should not be greatly regretted. It is a mischievous organization, and might be so regarded if it aimed at prohibition only; but it must be remembered that the W. C. T. U. includes, among its objects, enforced Sunday observance, God-in-the-Constitution, and the other religious encroachments contemplated by the so-called National Reform Association. Prohibition touches one of the outposts of liberty, but ecclesiastical legislation attacks its very citadel. We are not sorry, therefore, to see the movement given a set-back either by the quarrel at Chicago, or by the late election in Iowa.

THE ISSUE DECLARED.

Under the head of "California's Deepest Need—A Day of Rest," the "Pacific," a Congregationalist paper, says:

"At a recent meeting of the American Sabbath Association of California it was resolved to proceed at once with a vigorous and well-directed campaign against the present wide-spread desecration of the Sabbath. A large number of well-known and influential business men of this city showed their interest in the movement, not only by their presence, but by their remarks. The necessity of coping with the growing tendency towards indifference of Sabbath observance was discussed at length, and resulted in the determination to restore, by means of state legislature, the weekly day of rest to its proper position in the minds of the people. There is an evident and deeply-felt need on the part of all working men for at least one day's cessation from labor out of seven, and the sympathy and interest of the employers of labor in the present movement shows but the validity of the claim on all right-minded citizens. The object, indeed, is one which commends itself to the minds of all who have the well-being of their country at heart."

The above shows what Liberals may expect. It is a declaration of war by the enemy. Easy-going Liberals may think there is no chance for Sabbath laws in California, but the Christian churches are not of that mind. There is a set determination among them to uphold the Sabbath by legislation. The religious organizations are increasing in power and wealth. In several places they have already won the day at the ballot-box; they have enforced ecclesiastical domination. What they have accomplished in localities they mean to accomplish throughout the state. That they are growing stronger is evident, but it is

not evident that they are growing more Liberal, and willing to respect the rights of the non-Christian. They do not conceal their purpose. A Christian political party is being formed in California. It is forcing the issue. The Sabbath is becoming a rally-cry. There may be some Liberal church members, but they will be brought under the party lash—they will vote according to the dictation of the priest. It does not follow that because Sabbath legislation has been repudiated in the past, it will continue to be in the future without constant agitation and enlightenment.

The people of California are changing. The population will receive an addition of hundreds of thousands during the next few years. Many of these will be Christians, perhaps a majority. It will not do to let things drift. Earnest action will be required. There is no doubt that the churches are in earnest; that they mean what they say and will push with all the power they have for Sabbath laws. Organization is absolutely necessary to meet this determined and unceasing effort. If Liberals do not unite for a common defense, they will find that the "vigorous and well-directed campaign" of the Christian party "will restore by means of state legislature the weekly day of rest to its proper position in the minds of the people."

The Christian party have outlined their work; they have made the issue. Shall the Liberals meet it, on their part, with a "vigorous and well-directed campaign?"

THANKSGIVING AGAIN.

Benjamin Harrison, president of the United States, has shown his lack of appreciation of the amenities of his position (as nearly all the presidents before him have done) by issuing the appended proclamation:

"Our highly favored people, mindful of their dependence on the bounty of Divine Providence, should seek a fitting occasion to testify their gratitude and ascribe praise to Him who is the author of their many blessings.

"It behooves them to look back with thankful hearts over the past year and to bless God for his infinite mercy in vouchsafing to our land enduring peace, to our people freedom from pestilence and famine, to our husbandmen abundant harvests, and to them that labor the recompense of their toil.

"Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States of America, do earnestly recommend Thursday, the 28th day of this present month of November, be set apart as a day of National thanksgiving and prayer, and the people of our country, ceasing from the cares and labors of their working day, shall assemble in their respective places of worship, and give thanks to God, who has prospered us on our way and made our paths the paths of peace, beseeching him to bless the day to our present and future good, making it truly one of thanksgiving for each reunited home-circle as a nation at large.

"In witness thereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed."

It is prohibited to government officials to use government franks and stamps for any other than official business, and we would like to know where Mr. Harrison gets his authority to use the seal of the United States for business that is not official, but religious. A president is elected to exercise political, not ecclesiastical functions. His duties are prescribed by the Constitution, and that of acting as high priest to direct the religious worship of the people is not among them. A president should never be a partisan politician—he is not elected as a servant of his party, but of the whole people. Neither should he be a religious partisan. He ought not to take sides on the question officially. As a citizen he has the right to hold or express any religious views

that he chooses, but as a president he is not called upon to deal with religious matters. But it seems that Mr. Harrison has chosen to take sides between those who believe in superstitious incantations before the name of a phantom and those who do not. An Atheist could not conscientiously join in the worship recommended, but he must do so or stand practically in contempt before the chief magistrate of the land. We maintain that it is unfair and unnecessary to place a citizen in that attitude, but at the same time, we hold that what a president says officially ought to go; it ought to be mandatory. When he issues a proclamation, that proclamation should stand and be obeyed. If he has a right officially to *recommend* a day of thanksgiving, he has a right to *order* one, and it is the duty of executives to see that it is heeded. The seal of the United States ought to be respected by every citizen, but as affixed to this thanksgiving proclamation it has no more legal force than the mark of John Doe or Richard Roe.

All this is apart from the matter of Mr. Harrison's proclamation, which contains some glaring misrepresentations. One unacquainted with the facts would judge from reading it that the past year had been a period of phenomenal prosperity and unalloyed happiness to all the people of the country; but on the contrary, the United States has been the scene of the worst disasters of the century. Floods have drowned thousands in a day; fires have destroyed whole cities; failure of crops in some parts has left the people in destitution; and the Divine Providence we are asked to thank has in no instance intervened in behalf of the sufferers. What have the people of Johnstown to be thankful for, except the relief fund? What did providence do for Seattle? What is it doing for the starving farmers of North Dakota? To thinking people this proclamation can suggest only things wherein providence has failed and it must seem like a grim piece of sarcasm to the hungry, the homeless, and the victims of a thousand ills. On the other hand, it is base ingratitude to those who sacrificed self to help others that they are not given honorable mention.

Taken all in all, the president's Thanksgiving proclamation is empty, absurd, and useless.

THE National Reformers, or God-in-the-Constitution party, are making overtures toward the Catholic church and seeking a union of forces in "resisting the progress of political Atheism." Evangelical Christians generally do not look with favor upon this scheme. The Catholic church, however, is willing. It will co-operate with Protestants whenever the Protestants are ready to become Romanists. We may some day see the Catholic tiger and her Protestant daughter in harmonious relations, but the conditions will be like those described by the poet:

"There was a young lady of Niger
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger;
When she finished that ride
Her place was inside,
And the smile on the face of the tiger."

THE last number received of the National Reformer contains this "Special Notice:"

"The 'Special Notice' last week will have prepared our readers for the announcement, which will be read with the sorrow with which it is penned, that Mr. Bradlaugh is lying dangerously ill. Prolonged overwork brought about its natural result, diminished vitality; and a cold, which would have been easily thrown off had he been in robust health, struck a weak point and brought on severe congestion. It is, of course, necessary that he should have absolute rest and freedom from all claims on his attention; correspondents must therefore be good enough to excuse

silence, save where their letters can be answered by others. We have good hope that he will pull through this attack, and that a life so dear to his friends, and so valuable to the public, will be preserved. But in order that it may be so, he must have uninterrupted quiet. There is no possibility of his resuming his lecturing work on this side of Christmas, and it is likely that he will be ordered out of England as soon as he is strong enough to travel without danger. ANNIE BESANT."

THE Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Rylance, pastor of St. Mark's church, New York, is in the sort of trouble any clergyman may expect to get into who offends his congregation by being too Liberal. Dr. Rylance was a frequenter of Courtlandt Palmer's Nineteenth Century Club, and one of the talkers, we believe, at Stephen Pearl Andrews's "Colloquium." He is now the subject of scandalous charges, namely, consorting with Infidels, worldly conversation, profanity, and libidinous conduct. He has demanded a trial by the church committee, but failing to get one, has commenced a suit for slander against the authors of the charges, which are now reduced to two—swearing at a baggage smasher, and kissing some young women. The whole affair is almost too contemptible to be noticed.

IN London a parade called the Lord Mayor's show has been held. It was a medieval affair, and the people laughed and the press ridiculed. At Baltimore last Sunday a lot of Catholic priests got together and had a religious pageant. It was as absurd as the other, but the superstitious uncovered themselves, and the press slobbers over its "splendors," its "impressive ceremonies," and its "solemn services." This is of course done in subservience to the voting and moneyed power of the church; but we trust that where a fawning press gains the worthless patronage of one Romist it secures the lasting contempt of two American white men.

THE pastor and trustees of a Congregationalist church at Valley City, N. D., recently leased their church building to Miss Helen Putnam for the purpose of a lecture, and took the rent in advance, but upon discovering that she was a reverend of the Unitarian church they locked up their sanctuary and refused admission to herself and audience. North Dakota thus comes into the Union with good recommendations for bigotry in certain quarters. Perhaps that is why our pious administration gave her precedence over Montana and Washington.

ON October 6, Dr. Mary Weeks Barnett brought suit at Chicago for \$50,000 damages against Frances E. Willard, president of the National W. C. T. U., Caroline E. Buell, and Esther Bugh, for circulating false and defamatory statements against the complainant, concerning the management of the National Woman's Temperance hospital. The members of this fanatical organization have more trouble with one another than with the wide and wicked outside world.

THAT most successful humbug, George J. Schweinfurth of Illinois, who has deluded many people with the belief that he is God incarnate, is a serious problem to the Christians of this country. They can easily prove him to be mistaken, but the trouble is that in doing so they perform the same service for his Galilean predecessor.

IN view of the spirited manner in which Colonel Knight continues the argument in the celebrated Terry case, the Hon. A. Schell might be excused if he reconsidered his determination not to write further on the subject.

Our Adventist contemporary, the Signs of the Times, argues:

"Just as surely as the prophecies relating to Christ's first coming were literally fulfilled, just so surely they will be concerning his second coming."

If the Signs would point out the prophecies foretelling the first coming of Christ, a skeptical world might be inclined to put more confidence in the alleged adumbrations of the second advent.

Why does Moses Hull exercise himself over the falsehoods of those two notorious slanderers, Braden and Bundy? Lies gain currency chiefly through the repetition necessary to their refutation. Let the dead past be its own undertaker. Remember that life consists of only four letters, and that three-quarters of it is "lie."

The advertisement of the "New York Dress Chart" in this paper should attract the attention of our lady readers. It is one of the kind of advertisements that we like to publish in FREETHOUGHT, because we can vouch for the truthfulness of its representations.

SIGISMUND DANIELEWICZ has been forced by circumstances to suspend the publication of the San Diego "Beacon." The paper has not appeared since September 1.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

A. F. Neunert, treasurer of the Oregon State Secular Union, has forwarded the following report:

To C. Beal, President of the Oregon State Secular Union:

I have the honor to submit the following report, as treasurer of the above Union:

Whole amount received.....	\$561 50
EXPENDITURES.	
C. Beal for postage, stationery, telegraphing, and help, \$40 00	
Oregonian, advertising.....	40 50
Telegram, ".....	3 20
Hall rent.....	28 00
Janitor.....	5 00
John Reese, music.....	20 00
FREETHOUGHT, 1,000 copies.....	20 00
Peaslee Brothers, 2,000 letters, 4,000 cards.....	20 00
L. Ames, stationery.....	4 00
Six lectures.....	60 00
J. K. Sears, book.....	3 90
C. B. Reynolds, painting.....	7 15
Walla Walla Liberal Club, refunded.....	25 00
James Jarrell, refunded.....	5 00
D. Gainey, refunded.....	10 00

Total..... \$291 75 \$561 50
291 75

Balance in my hands..... \$269 75

Thanking the Union for the honor conferred on me, and finding my business so pressing, I hereby resign and ask you to elect my successor.
Nov. 2, 1889. A. F. NEUNERT.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Through your columns we wish to thank the ladies who so kindly gave their assistance and freely brought cakes for the ball and lunch given at the Oregon State Secular Union Convention. Especially we would thank Mrs. Geo. H. Dawes and Miss Nettie Olds, who sent cakes although unable to attend.

The Secular Union organized at Mr. S. P. Putnam's lecture by his zeal and energy has maintained its promising start, and bids fair to prove itself a thriving society. It gave on Tuesday evening, Nov. 12, an entertainment and ball as the first of a series. It has secured control of Central Hall for one year, and has come to stay. CARRIE E. HAIGHT.
East Portland, Or.

The gossip of a single sewing society in Ohio has broken up four families and caused a suicide, and yet the good work for the heathen goes on.—Detroit Free Press.

OBSERVATIONS

"Do you know," said Judge W. D. Sawyer to me the other day when I met him on Montgomery near Washington street, "do you know there is a daily waste in our post-office department that few people ever stop to consider?" He lifted a handful of strings from his pocket, and continued: "I refer to the quantity of twine thrown away two or three times a day when the mail-carriers untie their packages to dispose of the mail intrusted to them for delivery. I would like to belong to the postal service long enough to get some figures about the number of yards of string run out to carriers every day, and then find out the contract price. Throughout the United States it must amount to a sum that has no insignificant effect upon the national treasury. When you and I were boys in New England forty or fifty years ago strings were not thrown away in this reckless manner. They would be gathered up, and if there was no other use for them they would go to the pedler for a piece of tinware. You remember how nice the water used to taste out of a new dipper that you could see your face in the bottom of every time you took a drink, and how often you would drink till the new got worn off. Think of the new dippers to be bought with the string thrown away in one day by our post-office department. If I were Postmaster-General Wanamaker I would make a ruling that every carrier should have a little satchel to deposit his strings in. This is a trifling matter, perhaps, but it is a good deal more necessary reform than stopping the delivery of Sunday mail on the star routes. I am in favor of economy in all public matters, national as well as municipal."

Brother Titus, of San Jose, has forwarded to this office a copy of the new hymn-book just introduced in the State Normal School of California, with the request that it be reviewed in these columns. If the reader will turn to the correspondence column of FREETHOUGHT for October 19, a review written by Mr. Titus himself will be found, which in a few terse sentences does the subject more complete justice than my feeble pen is capable of doing. I have examined the work, and it justifies the remark of Voltaire that things too foolish to be spoken are sung. It contains some old familiar hymns. The first one I ran across began thus:

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear—

In my boyhood days the line following the above concluded the rhyme with

The cowbell on the brindle steer.

But I see it has since been revised. Brother Titus quoted some of the best of the book in his letter. He however omitted to make note of the anthems, which are indeed immense, one reading as follows:

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! power and glory to the Lord Jehovah's name. Hallelujah to the Lord Jehovah's name. Praise our Lord, all ye who love the Lord, in holy songs of joy, in holy songs of joy. Praise our God, all ye who love the Lord—in holy songs of joy. Praise our God in holy, holy songs of joy.

Having repeated the foregoing until dizzy, proceed:

Praise our Lord in holy, holy songs of joy, in holy songs of joy.

In these extracts Jehovah receives all the praise he deserves, but the devil does not seem to get his due.

A hymn entitled "Longing" begins

"As pants the hart."

Upon due consideration I have concluded that, as pants, the hart would be a failure. Kids do as gloves, but the hart as pants has no claim upon our respect. If other reasons were wanting this hymn should exclude the book from our state normal school. We do not want our young ladies to say pants. Trousers is the accepted term in Boston, and California must not linger behind the East in these matters.

Again, we have:

Hark, hark, hark, Apollo strikes the lyre,

Which may be intended as a warning to the untruthful, though the writer's way of spelling is archaic.

I need not proceed further than to say that the indorsement of this hymn-book by the state of California is an act open to just criticism. Our schools, as I understand them, are designed to

be secular, and to teach only such things as have been ascertained to be facts, but when in a school-book is found the statement that

Lord, when thou didst ascend on high
Ten thousand angels filled the sky—

We know that somebody has been drawing on his imagination. How does the state Board of Education know that ten thousand angels filled the sky when Jesus made his celebrated ascension? What authority is there for that statement? I pause for a reply which I do not expect to receive.

I picked up a country exchange that came in the morning mail, and after reading and admiring several paragraphs copied from FREETHOUGHT without credit, my eye rested on the following:

"THE WAY TO MASH WIDOWS.—There is a right and a wrong way to mash widows, and as this operation is generally dreaded, the following method will doubtless be appreciated, as it saves both time and labor: Choose a dull day, or at least a time when the sun does not shine on the widows, for when the sun shines on them it causes them to be dry-streaked. Take a painter's brush and dust them inside and out. It is not necessary to employ a hose, as that will soak off the paint. Take warm water diluted with ammonia—do not use soap. Wipe dry with a soft piece of cotton cloth. Polish with tissue paper or old newspaper, and your"—I take it all back. The above heading should have been read, "The Way to Wash Windows."

I trust that the following letters will serve in a measure to cheer Mr. J. H. Barry, under indictment for holding a court in contempt:

EUREKA, CAL., Nov. 3, 1889.

MR. MACDONALD, *Dear Sir*: I did not see your suggestion that five hundred friends of James H. Barry contribute one dollar each to make up his fine, but see it mentioned in your issue of Oct. 26. I remember the circumstances which caused the suggestion. Since an editor with backbone is an extreme rarity, I gladly contribute my dollar, which you will find inclosed, hoping that 499 who have the welfare of the human race more at heart than the fear of a puppet, will respond likewise. Should a smaller number respond, I am willing to double or triple the amount. I would rather go to hell on a cork leg than to see an editor in distress who has the moral courage to express his opinions and backbone enough to jump on the head of a rattlesnake irrespective of consequences.
Fraternally yours,
ROBERT GUNTHER.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOV. 10, 1889.

DEAR SIR: As I fully concur in the sentiments so forcibly set forth in the letter of Mr. Robert Gunther regarding Mr. J. H. Barry's eminent public services, I also cheerfully contribute herewith one dollar toward the fund therein referred to; and if it be necessary I shall send you four more, so as to make my subscription \$5.

Mr. Barry's unflinching courage and unpurchasable honesty entitle him to the respect and support of all good citizens irrespective of creed or party. As a factor in the municipal life of this city he is invaluable. Silence his voice and how the rascals would rejoice! He is evidently a thorough believer in the axiom of Carlyle that "the best gospel of all is that no lie shall live."
D.

I presume it is understood with regard to this matter that no personal attack is made upon Judge Lawler. What this money is subscribed for is to defend the right of the press to criticise the acts of public officials. If that right can be exercised only at the cost of fine and imprisonment, the guarantees of a free press amount to nothing. I learn that subscriptions for Mr. Barry's defense are being generously made.

Lillian Harman, fellow-citizen of E. C. Walker, makes this sarcastic remark:

The editors of "E. C. Walker's Fair Play" are pleased to observe that George Macdonald frequently writes very entertaining articles for S. P. Putnam's FREETHOUGHT.

Herein is contained a rebuke to myself for having spoken of E. C. Walker's Fair Play without mentioning his associate, the fair Lillian. I beg such pardon as my contrition merits, both for the offense committed and for the many other offenses which I contemplate committing in the future. It is well for aspiring writers to be jealous of the credit belonging to them for good things done; but it is said that some at length grow weary of applause, and have but a languid desire even for recognition.

They learn to freight their little chip of desiccated wood-pulp with its printed thought and send it out upon the ocean of human indifference, regardless whether their name be borne with it or not, so long as its message gets where it will do some good. By disclaiming responsibility for their articles many eminent writers have kept out of jail, while the publisher served a long and laborious term of incarceration.

✕ BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Mrs. Sara G. Lake, who recently died in San Francisco, was the widow of a Catholic priest.—An organization called the Church of Humanity was organized in this city last Sunday evening by Madam Delma Dusanne. Its creed is set forth as the Golden Rule. The Church of Humanity will meet Sunday evenings in the Alcazar building on O'Farrell street. It appears to be a Christian Socialist institution.—Senator Stanford's three-year-old filly Sunol trotted a mile over the San Francisco Bay District track last Saturday in 2:10½, beating the best previous record for three-year-olds.—At the rooms of the state board of trade in this city there is an onion raised in San Luis Obispo weighing eight pounds, and a ten-pound potato from Yreka.—One of the dives in this city which gave an exhibition representing Jesus Christ receiving the spirit of a dead child in heaven has been put under police surveillance. The second person of the trinity was represented by a man surrounded by female angels in tights; a doll did duty as the spirit, while the chorus sang "The Gates Ajar."—High license has closed forty saloons in Oakland, Cal., since Sept. 1.—The Rev. E. T. King, of Oakland, was in jail last week for being drunk and disorderly.—Washington is a state. The proclamation admitting her is dated Nov. 11.—F. J. Lee, who came to this coast as Sam Jones's private secretary, was sentenced at Sacramento last Monday to two years' imprisonment for burglary.—Orville A. Ross, at one time a Congregational preacher, and during the last few years a book peddler, murdered his wife and son last Monday near Lockeford, in San Joaquin county, and then committed suicide.

The Anarchists held a quiet celebration in Chicago last Sunday.—Dave Wambold, one of the original San Francisco Minstrels, died in New York Nov. 10, aged 54.—Kate Drexel, an heiress of \$5,000,000, has entered a Catholic convent at Pittsburg, Pa. All her money goes to the church.—Robert P. Porter, superintendent of the census, announces that a portion of the statistics gathered will be issued in 1890, and the work completed in 1891.—The Rev. C. Hudson Smith, pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational church in Boston, who came to San Francisco on a tour last spring, has again disappeared, and his flock do not know where to look for him.—George Francis Train has been released from jail in Boston. Judge McKim decided that Train was not insane enough to be dangerous nor sane enough to be held for debt.—Montana has been admitted into the Union by a presidential proclamation dated Nov. 8.—The will of Samuel J. Tilden, who left \$4,000,000 for educational purposes, has been broken and the estate goes to his nephews and nieces.—There has been a terrific blizzard and snow storm in southern Colorado and northern New Mexico. Passenger trains were snowed in for three days, and passengers and trainmen drew on the express and freight cars for food. Some loss of life is reported. Thousands of sheep were stampeded and lost.

Peter Jackson, the Australian negro, defeated the champion pugilist of England, one Smith, last Monday morning.—The Lord Mayor's Show in London Nov. 9 was witnessed by 2,000,000 people. It was a medieval pageant, and its antiquities were gazed by the crowd.—The pope of Rome is so feeble in health that his physicians have forbidden him to hold any more receptions.—Tchernychevski, the recently pardoned Siberian exile, died last week. He was a famous Nihilist.

Taylor's "Diegesis," by the Rev. Robert Taylor. A discovery of the Origin, Evidences, and early history of Christianity. \$2.

Judge Maguire's "Ireland and the Pope," a history of papal intrigues against Irish liberty. Price, 50 cents.

THE SHERIFF'S STORY.

A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE, IN THREE CHAPTERS, ILLUSTRATING
THE INFLUENCE OF THE CHURCH IN RESTRAINING CRIME.

CHAPTER III.

Dennis being very desirous that the "ould woman" should be informed of his trouble, I told him that I would go out the next day, which I did. When I came in sight of the place, the stone chimney was standing solitary and alone. The house was in ashes.

Near where the door had been, lay the upper portion of a human skeleton, the lower part burnt to a cinder. Near the right hand was a bottle, cracked by the heat. In the charred remains I recognized all that remained of Mary. Dennis manifested but little emotion when I informed him of Mary's fate, but asked if I had found anything among the ruins. I told him I had made no search. He said the "ould woman" had a few silver spoons and some trinkets in a trunk by the window. I caused the remains to be buried by the coroner, and during the week rode out, made a search among the ashes, and found a large lump of metal. It had evidently been a vessel of some kind, but was melted out of shape; still some of the chasing was visible, which convinced me it was silver and that I had seen it before. I took it home and sent it to an assayer in San Francisco. His return was, "silver 120 oz., 890 fine; value \$145.00." "My one hundred dollars' reward has been a long time delayed," said I to myself, "and yet the interest is fair."

Dennis was indicted by the grand jury, but his trial continued until the next term of court. On my return one evening from a ride, my jailer informed me that a Catholic priest from San Francisco had called to see Dennis, had expressed a wish to see me, and would call the next morning. The jailer said that as he was a priest, and a very pleasant, affable old gentleman, he let him go with Dennis to his cell, where he remained an hour or more. He brought as a present for Dennis a package containing a prayer-book, some tobacco, and a pair of slippers.

"Was his name Flannigan?" I asked.

"Yes; do you know him?"

"I have heard of him; come with me." It was about the time for locking the prisoners in their cells for the night.

"You had a visitor to-day, I understand," I said to Dennis.

"Yes, Father Flannigan, God bless him; he knew me in the old country, heard I was in trouble, and came to see me."

I found the slippers in Dennis's cell, under his blankets, and, unnoticed by him, put them in my coat pocket, and took them to my office. There, with my knife, I ripped out the inner soles; underneath one was a saw; the other contained a thin file.

Early the following morning, Father Flannigan called upon me, and requested a private conversation. His obesity had increased considerably since our last interview, but I would have known him under any circumstances. His greeting was effusive. I closed the door, and placed a chair for him.

"You are not a Catholic, I presume," he said.

"No," I replied, "but I have had opportunities of observing the influence the church exerts in restraining crime."

At this reply the holy father fairly gushed. He expressed delight to find such intelligence, liberality, such absolute freedom from bigotry, assuring me that it would be the sole pleasure of his life to exert his influence in my behalf in any political aspiration I might have. I listened to his fulsome flattery, well aware of what would follow. After fairly deluging me with blarney, he settled down to business. He said he knew Ryan and his parents in the old country, and having been informed of his trouble, considered it his duty to visit him. He said he couldn't think it possible that he was guilty of the crime with which he was charged; thought it possible that he might have been a little wild in his youth, but that his reputation for honesty and industry had always been excellent. Pathetically alluding to his crippled condition, he implored me to deal leniently with him.

"How did he lose his arm?" I asked.

"While working in one of the Eastern cities he was attacked by a gang of nagurs, and struck with an ax on his shoulder; the

joint was injured and he was compelled to suffer amputation," he replied.

"I see that you have met with some accident," I remarked, pointing to the index finger of his right hand. "May I ask how that occurred?"

"Oh, yes, it was a terrible affair; a gang of robbers broke into my residence one night, during my absence in the discharge of my sacred duties, and in entering my study on my return home I surprised them, just in the act of leaving with their plunder. They had taken some silver plate belonging to the church, and in my zeal to protect what the good Lord had entrusted to my care I rushed upon them and endeavored to effect their capture; but there being three stalwart desperadoes, I was overpowered, my finger, as you see, nearly severed by a knife in the hands of one of them, and I was beaten to insensibility."

"Would you be able to identify your assailants?" I asked.

"Oh, no, it occurred many years ago, and I was so brutally beaten, that I don't think I could have recognized them the next day."

"You damned black-hearted scoundrel!" said I, rising from my chair in my no longer controllable anger; "look at me! I am the three stalwart desperadoes. I am the man that nearly severed your finger with my teeth, and well I remember your howls and oaths, while you and your brother Mike, alias Dennis Ryan, were beating me to insensibility."

He turned ashy pale; his jaw dropped until his chin rested on his chest.

"Yes, I'll be lenient with both of you," I continued; "your crimes would not be expiated if hell's lowest level and hottest corner was reserved for you, and eternity multiplied by a million. Go and perform one decent act; commit suicide, and save the state the expense, and the hangman the unpleasant duty of breaking your brutal neck."

I opened the door, through which he tottered, pale and speechless. My jailer noticed him as he staggered through the hall, and assisted him to the hotel. I learned that he left the next morning for San Francisco.

The following week I saw in a San Francisco paper the following item:

We regret to learn of the death of Rev. Father Flannigan. He was found dead in his study, on Tuesday morning. It is supposed that he died in a fit of apoplexy. A solemn requiem high mass for the repose of his soul will be celebrated at the church of the Sacred Heart next Sunday.

At Ryan's trial, the district attorney seemed not to manifest his usual energy in prosecuting the case, accepting as a juror a man against whom I had cautioned him. The jury failed to agree, standing eleven for conviction, and one for acquittal.

The district attorney was a talented young man, and a candidate for re-election. He charged me with being unduly prejudiced against Ryan and his nationality, and advised me not to be too zealous in the case, as it might offend his friends, and affect my chances for re-election, should I again be a candidate. At the second trial a verdict of guilty was rendered, and when Dennis was asked by the court if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, he arose and made a pathetic appeal for mercy, stating that perjury had been committed by the witnesses for the prosecution; that the sheriff—looking around reproachfully at me—appeared to have a spite "agin'" him; that he had always been an honest, industrious man, asserting with tearful earnestness that he was a victim of a plot, but absolutely innocent of the crime of which he had been convicted.

The judge, who was a very kind-hearted man, and a candidate for re-election, was moved to tears by his pathetic appeal and sentenced him to one year's imprisonment.

While crossing the bay with him, on the way to prison, I seated myself beside him and said:

"Dennis, we Yankees have the reputation of being good at guessing. Now I want you to tell me if I am right in the guesses I am about to make."

His countenance expressed wonder, but the expression changed as I proceeded.

"I guess that after you and your brother, Father Flannigan,

caught me in the attempt to recover the silver pitcher you stole from the Widow Blank, beaten me nearly to death, bound and dragged me to the cellar, you intended completing your work by throwing me in the river; but you got drunk, and when you awoke from your drunken sleep and found that I had escaped, you traced me to Uncle Pete's; that you murdered him and his wife, as you would have murdered me had I remained; and I guess that Uncle Pete, in fighting for his life, struck you with his hatchet, from the effect of which you lost your arm."

The power of speech seemed to have deserted him. He gazed at me, apparently dazed with horror, without uttering a word.

On my next visit to the prison a few weeks later, the officials informed me that he died a raving maniac. They first suspected he was feigning insanity, and watched him. He would throw himself against the walls of his cell, begging piteously that the "nagurs" should not be permitted to kill him.

"One more angel," thought I.

A. W. POOLE.

GIORDANO BRUNO.*

THOSE WHO OBJECT TO THE MONUMENT JUSTIFY THE MURDER.

The night of the Middle Ages lasted for a thousand years. The first star that enriched the horizon of this universal gloom was Giordano Bruno. He was the herald of the dawn.

He was born in 1550, was educated for a priest, became a Dominican friar. At last his reason revolted against the doctrine of transubstantiation. He could not believe that the entire trinity was in a wafer, or in a swallow of wine. He could not believe that a man could devour the Creator of the universe by eating a piece of bread. This led him to investigate other dogmas of the Catholic church, and, in every direction, he found the same contradictions and impossibilities supported, not by reason, but by faith.

Those who love their enemies threatened his life. He was obliged to flee from his native land, and he became a vagabond in nearly every nation of Europe. He declared that he fought not what priests believed, but what they pretended to believe. He was driven from his native country because of his astronomical opinions. He had lost confidence in the Bible as a scientific work. He was in danger because he had discovered a truth.

He fled to England. He gave some lectures at Oxford. He found that institution controlled by the priests. He found that they were teaching nothing of importance—only the impossible and hurtful. He called Oxford "the Widow of true learning." There were in England, at that time, two men who knew more than the rest of the world. Shakespeare was then alive.

Bruno was driven from England. He was regarded as a dangerous man,—he had opinions, he inquired after reasons, he expressed confidence in facts. He fled to France. He was not allowed to remain in that country. He discussed things—that was enough. The Church said, "Move on." He went to Germany. He was not a believer—he was an investigator. The Germans wanted believers. They regarded the whole Christian system as settled; they wanted witnesses; they wanted men who would assert. So he was driven from Germany.

He returned at last to his native land. He found himself without friends, because he had been true, not only to himself, but to the human race. But the world was false to him because he refused to crucify the Christ of his own soul between the two thieves of hypocrisy and bigotry. He was arrested for teaching that there are other worlds than this; that many of the stars are suns, around which other worlds revolve; that Nature did not exhaust all her energies on this grain of sand called the earth. He believed in a plurality of worlds, in the rotation of this, in the heliocentric theory. For these crimes, and for these alone, he was imprisoned for six years. He was kept in solitary confinement. He was allowed no books, no friends, no visitors. He was denied pen and paper. In the darkness, in the loneliness, he had time to examine the great questions of origin, of existence, of destiny. He put to the test what is called the goodness of God. He found that he could neither depend upon man nor upon any deity. At last the Inquisition demanded him. He

was tried, condemned, excommunicated, and sentenced to be burned.

According to Professor Draper, he believed that this world is animated by an intelligent soul—the cause of forms, but not of matter; that it lives in all things, even in such as seem not to live; that everything is ready to become organized; that matter is the mother of forms, and then their grave; that matter and the soul of things, together, constitute God. He was a Pantheist—that is to say, an Atheist. He was a lover of nature—a reaction from the asceticism of the church. He loved the fields, the woods, the streams. He said to his brother-priests: Come out of your cells, out of your dungeons; come into the air and light. Throw away your beads and your crosses; gather flowers; mingle with your fellow-men; have wives and children; scatter the seeds of joy; throw away the thorns and nettles of your creeds; enjoy the perpetual miracle of Life.

On the seventeenth of February, in the year of grace 1600, by the triumphant beast, the Church of Rome, this philosopher, this great and splendid man, was burned. He was offered his liberty if he would recant. There was no God to be offended by his recantation, and yet, as an apostle of what he believed to be the truth, he refused this offer. To those who passed the sentence upon him he said: "It is with greater fear that ye pass this sentence upon me than I receive it." This man, greater than any naturalist of his day, grander than the martyr of any religion, died willingly in defense of what he believed to be the sacred truth. He was great enough to know that real religion will not destroy the joy of life on earth; great enough to know that investigation is not a crime—that the really useful is not hidden in the mysteries of faith. He knew that the Jewish records were below the level of the Greek and Roman myths; that there is no such thing as special providence; that prayer is useless; that liberty and necessity are the same, and that good and evil are but relative.

He was the first real martyr—neither frightened by perdition, nor bribed by heaven. He was the first of all the world who died for truth without expectation of reward. He did not anticipate a crown of glory. His imagination had not peopled the heavens with angels waiting for his soul. He had not been promised an eternity of joy if he stood firm, nor had he been threatened with the fires of hell if he recanted. He expected as his reward an eternal nothing. Death was to him an everlasting end—nothing beyond but a sleep without a dream, a night without a star, without a dawn—nothing but extinction, blank, utter and eternal. No crown, no palm, no "Well done, good and faithful servant," no shout of welcome, no song of praise, no smile of God, no kiss of Christ, no mansion in the fair skies—not even a grave within the earth—nothing but ashes, wind-blown and priest-scattered, mixed with the earth and trampled beneath the feet of men and beasts.

The murder of this man will never be completely and perfectly avenged until from Rome shall be swept every vestige of priest and pope, until over the shapeless ruin of St. Peter's, the crumbled Vatican and the fallen cross, shall rise another monument to Bruno—the thinker, philosopher, philanthropist, pantheist, and martyr.

R. G. INGERSOLL.

A REMARKABLE SERMON.

The present industrial system was arraigned and adjudged faulty in a sermon by the Rev. J. A. Cruzan at the Third Congregational church of San Francisco last Sunday night. The subject was "Our American Barons and Their Serfs," and the discourse was the first of a series of three on the "Present Social and Industrial Condition" of the country. A large audience heard the sermon, in the course of which, as reported by the Chronicle, the Rev. Mr. Cruzan said in theory that the Americans were intensely democratic, but that there was a class who had all the power of the old barons without any of their virtues. Many men in this country named the governor of their state as they would their clerk, and chose United States senators as they do employes. Their will in the legislatures was as the will of the czar among his creatures. The currents of the time were sweeping us back; the development of the industrial system tended to make masters and slaves. The Pennsylvania coal

*From the Freethinkers' Magazine.

baron voted his miners, the railroad magnate voted his "hands," the big farmer voted his men, and they perpetuated their bondage by their ballots. The dependent class was free in name, but in reality they were serfs. Pauperism was growing more prevalent in the older cities. The black man before the war was cared for by his master when old age overtook him. The poor man to-day had only the almshouse to look forward to. The wage slavery of to-day was therefore worse than that slavery that existed before the war. The conditions among the poor were very bad. In New York they were crowded worse than in Peking, and the blood of the speaker boiled when he thought of the manner in which his fellow man was enslaved. There would be a great struggle in the future. The industrial and wage system would have to be changed.

"The great change is coming," he cried; "hear it, men of millions, in your castles, having in your hands the destinies of your fellow men; hear it, ye miners working for 70 cents a day. The change is coming; peaceable means, we hope, but by some means. Will not one French revolution suffice, or must there be two? There will be two, if needed; there will be twenty, if needed; there will be just as many as are needed."

ROME IN AMERICA.

"From the immigrants neither national patriotism nor a sense of civic duty can as yet be expected; the pity is that they have been allowed civic power. Political opinions they can hardly be said to possess, for they have not had time to learn to know the institutions of their new country. Such of them as are Roman Catholics are ready to stand by whatever party may obtain the favor, or be ready to serve the interests of their church."—Prof. James Bryce, M. P., *The American Commonwealth*, vol. iii., p. 72.

The plea that onlookers sometimes see more of the game than the players must be my excuse for uttering a word of warning to our American friends on the growth of the Catholic church in their country. On any question of party politics or personal rivalries it might be impertinent to offer an opinion. Every country has its own difficulties with which it is itself fittest to deal. On such important questions as Mormonism, the Chinese immigrants, negro illiteracy and superstition, laws of marriage and divorce, our views, though definite, would be expressed to Americans with some reserve. But in the case of the Roman Catholic church in America we are dealing with a great religion, whose principles are clearly defined, have often been manifested in history, and are in blank opposition to those principles upon which the constitution of the great Republic of the West has been founded. No sincere admirer of the Republic can regard with unconcern the growth within her midst of an enemy, who, if strong enough, must inevitably destroy her, nor should the proverbial sensitiveness of our Transatlantic friends prevent us from asking them not to disregard with apathetic indifference the lessons gained by the experience of older countries. The danger may not be imminent. That is but the more reason for looking at it in time. A few figures will show that it is growing.

In 1776 the total population of the United States was 3,000,000 and the Roman Catholic population, 2,500, or 1-120th. In 1800, total population, 5,300,000, Catholic 100,000, or 1-53rd. In 1830, population had increased to 13,000,000, Catholic, 600,000, or 1-21. In 1876 with 40,000,000 the Catholics were 6,500,000, or 1-6th, and now they claim a population of over seven millions. In 1840 they had but 18 bishops, they now have 85. Increase of population and emigration is everywhere encouraged by the Catholic priests with a view of overwhelming by sheer force of numbers, the heretics, who restrain their population, and America is the great dumping-ground of what must, with all deference, be considered the scum of Europe.*

In 1883 there were, according to the official report, 6,546 fully ordained Romanist priests in the United States, but the seminaries at Baltimore, Milwaukee, Woodstock, Cincinnati, etc., are turning them out so fast that the number must now approach

8,000. There are also in Europe, American colleges at Rome and at Louvain for the purpose of preparing candidates for the United States. Many are also sent from the Missionary College of All Hallows, Drumcondra, Ireland. All these are virtually an army of occupation under orders from Rome and owing allegiance, by no means to the land of their residence, but to the pope at Rome.

The United States is considered not as a Christian but as a heathen land to be missionized. Hence the whole of the affairs of the Catholic church are legally conducted at Rome through the Congregation *De Propaganda Fide*. No parishes have been canonically instituted as in Canada and Mexico, and consequently there are, save in few instances, no parish priests properly so-called. The priests are ordained *sub titulo missionis*, and are bound in obedience only to the bishops, who, in their turn, are bound to Rome. They are citizens of the American republic in no other sense than that they dwell there in order to propagate their master's power. To this end they use without scruple the Roman Catholic vote.

Now the Roman Catholic voter is a factor in politics, which those who most dislike him cannot afford to leave out of account. He is a power to be courted and dreaded. His name is Legion. He votes *en masse*, and his vote can never be surely counted on until Sunday mass before the election, when the word is passed round "so and so is the man"—under penalty of spiritual censures. The man, of course, is the only one who has privately engaged to procure the largest subvention for the institutions of the church. Wherever the Catholic vote is a power there is political corruption. When the Tweed ring in New York was exposed, its managers were politely invited to subscribe to the Catholic cathedral. The invitation brought nearly \$200,000, and, to the astonishment of good citizens, Tweed was, despite his exposure, re-elected to the state senate. The city contractors under Tweed received double prices from the public treasury for their work; but before they secured a contract they were invited to subscribe large sums to Roman Catholic institutions and did so. The condition of the Catholic vote is always the same. Aid to the church; grants of real estate and donations from the public funds to its schools and charities, many of which have been instituted with the express purpose of subserving the interests of the church under the pretence of benevolence. In New York alone, in one year, the Roman Catholic church obtained more than \$400,000 or £80,000 from the public treasury, and throughout New England (which might now as appropriately be called New Ireland) the same practice of virtually establishing and endowing a sect extensively prevails.

The continual acquisition of real estate by the church, or indeed by any corporation, is a serious matter. Priests having no heirs among whom to divide the wealth, often gained by threatening the aged and sick with the terrors of the next world,* it accumulates in a rate altogether disproportionate with that of the rest of the community. All the old countries have experienced this. In England before the stringent statutes of mortmain, the church had got possession of one-third of the property of the kingdom, and Blackstone says that but for these statutes ecclesiastical corporations would have engulfed the whole real estate of the country. Once allow a church the right to acquire, hold, and use property without taxation and without limit, and resort must finally be had to confiscation to preserve something for the people. The Catholic countries, Italy, Spain, and Mexico, have found this, and have been forced in their need to fall back upon the stores accumulated by their black armies of non-producing priests, monks, and nuns.

An equally serious matter is the recognition of sects in the matter of public education, and the division of the public funds among sectarian schools. To this end all the efforts of the Catholic authorities in America are now being directed. The motto of the republic has been Free Religion, a Free State, and Free Schools. Break down the last and the former will soon follow.

* Mr. Dexter A. Hawkins of the New York bar gives figures showing that a child trained by Catholics is three and a half times as likely to become a pauper, and more than three and a quarter times as likely to get into jail as a child trained in the free public American schools.

* The instructions given in the secret manual of the Jesuits, are to be on the watch for aged people of large estates who have no children; or if they have children, then to excite prejudice against them, and obtain wills, if possible, giving their estates to the institutions of the church.

Here again America should heed the experience of Europe. Wherever the Catholic church has had the power it has permitted no schools to exist, and allowed no one to teach unless approved by ecclesiastical authorities. Indeed in all things it places ecclesiastical laws above civil ones, and anathematizes all who say the state has any authority over the church. On the all-important question of marriage it declares that no true union can be contracted without the participation of the church. Civil law holds it bigamy for a man to have two wives. The church holds that if the first wife is not a Catholic, and the first marriage not performed by the church, there has been no true marriage, and consequently no true bigamy. The first allegiance of the Catholic must ever be paid to his church. His duties as a citizen have a secondary and wholly subordinate position, as inferior indeed as man is supposed to be to God. It is just because Catholicism is the most consistent in its pretensions that it is the most dangerous of religions.

The church of Rome in America is, indeed, an *imperium in imperio*. Difference of religious belief holds the Catholics together and makes them retain a body of separate opinion able to resist the solvent power of its American environment. The proof is in the Catholic journals which, for instance, when recently the American Legation at Rome intervened to prevent the sale of the American College by the Italian government, boasted that Signor Crispi had been ordered to halt under threat of war, and declared that the concession was but a prelude to a crusade which would restore the pope his temporal power.

Our friends in the United States should note what the Jesuits have been doing in Canada. The recent act, by which four hundred thousand dollars have been paid out of the public funds to the Society of Jesus, as Professor Goldwin Smith points out in the current number of Macmillan's Magazine, but one of a series of steps having for their object the establishment of the Catholic church, with the pope as the recognized head. The act, indeed, by submitting the settlement to the pope for sanction, formally recognizes his authority in Canadian legislation, and no government is strong enough to exercise its veto against this innovation. Protestants and Freethinkers are divided or apathetic, but the church, which knows what it wants, can, barring its illiterates, show its power at the polls to the very last man.

I have called this a note of warning. It is not one of fear. America has the strength of youth. Let it but heed the experience of age, and it will soon grapple with and overthrow the power that threatens to nullify its grand experiment of a self-governing people.—J. M. Wheeler in the London Freethinker.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF THE A. S. U.

ARTICLE I. The name of this association shall be the American Secular Union.

ARTICLE II. The general object of this association shall be to secure the total separation of church and state, to the end that equal rights in religion, genuine morality in politics, and freedom, virtue, and brotherhood be established, protected, and perpetuated.

ARTICLE III. As means for the accomplishment of this purpose the specific work of this society shall be to advocate:

- (1) The equitable taxation of church property in common with other property.
- (2) The total discontinuance of religious instruction and worship in the public schools, and especially the reading of any Bible.
- (3) The repeal of all laws enforcing the observance of Sunday as a religious institution, rather than an economic one, justified by physiological and other secular reasons.
- (4) The cessation of all appropriations of the public funds for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character.
- (5) The abolition of ecclesiastical chaplaincies paid out of the public treasury.
- (6) The discontinuance of the practice of the appointment by the president of the United States and the governors of the several states, and other civil public officers, of religious festivals and fasts.
- (7) The substitution of a solemn affirmation under the pains

and penalties of perjury in the courts and in all other departments of the government, in place of the common forms of a judicial oath.

(8) The defense through the courts of any American citizen whose equal religious and political rights are denied, or who is oppressed on account of any opinions he may have held or expressed on the subject of religion.

(9) The promulgation by all peaceable and orderly means of the great principles of religious liberty and equal rights, devotion to truth for its own sake, and universal brotherhood on the ground of a common humanity; to secure the state from the encroachments of the church, and to foster the development of intelligence and morality, which constitute the all-sufficient basis of secular government.

ARTICLE IV. The American Secular Union is strictly unsectarian and non-partisan in both religion and politics, but will use any and all honorable means to secure its objects as above stated. It is not either publicly or privately committed to the advancement of any system of religious belief or disbelief, but honestly welcomes all persons of whatever faith or party to its membership on the basis of "no union of church and state." The word secular is here used in the broadest sense, as applied to the state, and not to any system of religion or philosophy.

ARTICLE V. Any person who shall pay \$1 into the treasury shall be entitled to a certificate, signed by the President and Secretary, as an annual member of the American Secular Union, and shall be entitled to a vote in all meetings of the society, providing they shall have been members for three months immediately preceding, and if the Congress shall so permit by a two-thirds vote. Any person who shall pay \$25 or more into the treasury at once shall be entitled to a similar certificate, and shall have a vote without regard to the date of membership. All life members of the National Liberal League, formed in 1876, shall be life members of the American Secular Union.

ARTICLE VI. The annual Congress of the American Secular Union shall be held at such time and place and with such sessions as the Board of Directors may announce, and public notice of the Congress shall be given at least one month previous. Other conventions of the Union may be held at such place and time as the Board of Directors shall appoint.

ARTICLE VII. The officers of the American Secular Union shall be a President, four Vice-Presidents, a Corresponding Secretary, and a Treasurer, who together shall constitute a Board of Directors and shall hold their office one year or until others are elected. Four of these seven officers, on due notice to the whole, shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business. The President, Corresponding Secretary, and Treasurer shall constitute an Executive Committee, to act under authority of the Board. One or more Field Secretaries, Lecturers, or Organizers may be appointed by the Directors to promote the general objects of the Union. Men and women shall be equally eligible to these offices.

ARTICLE VIII. The President shall preside at the public meetings of the association and at the meetings of the Board of Directors and the Executive Committee, and shall have the general direction and supervision of all business, under authority of the Board.

ARTICLE IX. The Corresponding Secretary's duty shall be to keep the records and complete lists of life and annual members, and also full minutes of the meetings of the Board of Directors and of the Executive Committee, prepare and transmit to the newspapers of the country items of interest relating to the work of state secularization, keep a full list of auxiliary societies, and conduct such correspondence, under direction of the President, as usually pertains to such office, and shall make a condensed annual report to the society of the business of the year. His or her salary and the location of the office shall be settled by the Board of Directors.

ARTICLE X. The Treasurer shall receive and hold all funds of the Union subject to orders duly drawn by the Secretary and countersigned by the President. He shall report the state of the finances of the Union at every Annual Congress, and oftener, if required by the Board of Directors or Executive Committee; and upon the election of a successor he shall deliver to him all the property of the Union that he may hold.

ARTICLE XI. The Board of Directors herein provided shall be intrusted with the direction and management of the affairs of the society, and shall make a condensed report of their doings to the Annual Congress. All appropriations from the treasury outside of fixed charges and ordinary expenses shall be by vote of the Board of Directors.

ARTICLE XII. The Executive Committee shall have authority, as often as they receive a written application signed by twenty or more persons and accompanied by \$10 (or ten persons accompanied by \$5) to issue a charter for the formation of a local auxiliary Union; and the committee in their discretion in special cases may issue a charter on application signed by ten or more names unaccompanied by the money in advance, but promised in the future. Auxiliary societies should adopt constitutions substantially similar to this constitution, but adapted to local wants. Local auxiliaries shall be absolutely independent in the administration of their affairs. The effect of their charters shall be simply to unite them in cordial fellowship and efficient co-operation of the freest kind with the American Secular Union and other local Unions. Neither shall the national society be responsible for the acts or utterances of local auxiliaries.

ARTICLE XIII. Every local auxiliary society organized in accordance with the provisions of this constitution shall be entitled to send its President and Secretary and three other members as delegates to the Annual Congress, who shall have the right to speak and vote.

ARTICLE XIV. Amendments to this constitution may be made at any Annual Congress of the American Secular Union by a three-fourths vote of the qualified members present. But no amendment shall be made unless the proposed alteration shall have been published one month previous to the meeting.

IS DIVORCE WRONG ?*

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Question (1). Do you believe in the principle of divorce under any circumstances?

The world for the most part is ruled by the tomb, and the living are tyrannized over by the dead. Old ideas, long after the conditions under which they were produced have passed away, often persist in surviving. Many are disposed to worship the ancient—to follow the old paths, without inquiring where they lead, and without knowing exactly where they wish to go themselves.

Opinions on the subject of divorce have been for the most part inherited from the early Christians. They have come down to us through theological and priestly channels. The early Christians believed that the world was about to be destroyed, or that it was to be purified by fire; that all the wicked were to perish, and that the good were to be caught up in the air to meet their Lord—to remain there, in all probability, until the earth was prepared as a habitation for the blessed. With this thought or belief in their minds, the things of this world were of comparatively no importance. The man who built larger barns in which to store his grain was regarded as a foolish farmer, who had forgotten, in his greed for gain, the value of his own soul. They regarded prosperous people as the children of Mammon, and the unfortunate, the wretched and diseased, as the favorites of God. They discouraged all worldly pursuits, except the soliciting of alms. There was no time to marry or to be given in marriage; no time to build homes and have families. All their thoughts were centered upon the heaven they expected to inherit. Business, love, all secular things, fell into disrepute.

Nothing is said in the Testament about the families of the Apostles; nothing of family life, of the sacredness of home; nothing about the necessity of education, the improvement and development of the mind. These things were forgotten, for the reason that nothing, in the presence of the expected event, was considered of any importance, except to be ready when the Son of Man should come. Such was the feeling, that rewards were offered by Christ himself to those who would desert their wives and children. Human love was spoken of with contempt. "Let

the dead bury their dead. What is that to thee? Follow thou me." They not only believed these things, but acted in accordance with them; and, as a consequence, all the relations of life were denied or avoided, and their obligations disregarded. Marriage was discouraged. It was regarded as only one degree above open and unbridled vice, and was allowed only in consideration of human weakness. It was thought far better not to marry—that it was something grander for a man to love God than to love woman. The exceedingly godly, the really spiritual, believed in celibacy, and held the opposite sex in a kind of pious abhorrence. And yet, with that inconsistency so characteristic of theologians, marriage was held to be a sacrament. The priest said to the man who married: "Remember that you are caught for life. This door opens but once. Before this den of matrimony the tracks are all one way." This was in the nature of a punishment for having married. The theologian felt that the contract of marriage, if not contrary to God's command, was at least contrary to his advice, and that the married ought to suffer in some way, as a matter of justice. The fact that there could be no divorce, that a mistake could not be corrected, was held up as a warning. At every wedding-feast this skeleton stretched its fleshless finger towards bride and groom.

Nearly all intelligent people have given up the idea that the world is about to come to an end. They do not now believe that prosperity is a certain sign of wickedness, or that poverty and wretchedness are sure certificates of virtue. They are hardly convinced that Dives should have been sent to hell simply for being rich, or that Lazarus was entitled to eternal joy on account of his poverty. We now know that prosperous people may be good, and that unfortunate people may be bad. We have reached the conclusion that the practice of virtue tends in the direction of prosperity, and that a violation of the conditions of well-being brings, with absolute certainty, wretchedness and misfortune.

There was a time when it was believed that the sin of an individual was visited upon the tribe, the community, or the nation to which he belonged. It was then thought that if a man or woman had made a vow to God, and had failed to keep the vow, God might punish the entire community; therefore it was the business of the community to see to it that the vow was kept. That idea has been abandoned. As we progress, the rights of the individual are perceived, and we are now beginning dimly to discern that there are no rights higher than the rights of the individual. There was a time when nearly all believed in the reforming power of punishment—in the beneficence of brute force. But the world is changing. It was at one time thought that the Inquisition was the savior of society; that the persecution of the philosopher was requisite to the preservation of the state, and that, no matter what happened, the state should be preserved. We have now more light. And standing upon this luminous point that we call the present, let me answer your questions.

Marriage is the most important, the most sacred, contract that human beings can make. No matter whether we call it a contract, or a sacrament, or both, it remains precisely the same. And no matter whether this contract is entered into in the presence of magistrate or priest, it is exactly the same. A true marriage is a natural concord and agreement of souls, a harmony in which discord is not even imagined; it is a mingling so perfect that only one seems to exist; all other considerations are lost; the present seems to be eternal. In this supreme moment there is no shadow—or the shadow is as luminous as light. And when two beings thus love, thus unite, this is the true marriage of soul and soul. That which is said before the altar, or minister, or magistrate, or in the presence of witnesses, is only the outward evidence of that which has already happened within; it simply testifies to a union that has already taken place—to the uniting of two mornings that hope to reach the night together. Each has found the ideal; the man has found the one woman of all the world—the impersonation of affection, purity, passion, love, beauty, and grace; and the woman has found the one man of all the world, her ideal, and all that she knows of romance, of art, courage, heroism, honesty, is realized in him. The idea of contract is lost. Duty and obligation are instantly changed into de-

*From the North American Review.

sire and joy, and two lives, like uniting streams, flow on as one. Nothing can add to the sacredness of this marriage, to the obligation and duty of each to each. There is nothing in the ceremony except the desire on the part of the man and woman that the whole world should know that they are really married and that their souls have been united.

Every marriage, for a thousand reasons, should be public, should be recorded, should be known; but, above all, to the end that the purity of the union should appear. These ceremonies are not only for the good and for the protection of the married, but also for the protection of their children, and of society as well. But, after all, the marriage remains a contract of the highest possible character—a contract in which each gives and receives a heart.

The question then arises, Should this marriage, under any circumstances, be dissolved? It is easy to understand the position taken by the various churches; but back of theological opinions is the question of contract.

In this contract of marriage, the man agrees to protect and cherish his wife. Suppose that he refuses to protect; that he abuses, assaults, and tramples upon the woman he wed. What is her redress? Is she under any obligation to him? He has violated the contract. He has failed to protect, and, in addition, he has assaulted her like a wild beast. Is she under any obligation to him? Is she bound by the contract he has broken? If so, what is the consideration for this obligation? Must she live with him for his sake? or, if she leaves him to preserve her life, must she remain his wife for his sake? No intelligent man will answer these questions in the affirmative.

If, then, she is not bound to remain his wife for the husband's sake, is she bound to remain his wife because the marriage was a sacrament? Is there any obligation on the part of the wife to remain with the brutal husband for the sake of God? Can her conduct affect in any way the happiness of an infinite being? Is it possible for a human being to increase or diminish the well-being of the Infinite?

(To be Continued.)

LITERARY.

G. W. Foote, editor of the London Freethinker, is making it lively for Madam Blavatsky in England. He calls her the new Cagliostro, and has published an open letter addressed to her, in which the claims of Theosophy are subjected to close scrutiny, and shown to have no foundation except in Madam Blavatsky's unsupported assertions.

Two pamphlets have been received from Moses Harman, Valley Falls, Kan. They are entitled "The Kansas Fight for Free Press," being the four articles for printing which Messrs. Harman and Walker were indicted; and "The Voice of Labor, a Speech by David Overmeyer at Topeka on Labor Day." The price, presumably, is ten cents each.

The Marquis of Queensberry is best known in this country through certain by-laws governing pugilistic contests, known as Marquis of Queensberry rules. But it seems he is familiar with the rules of versification as well as the foregoing, and a poem entitled "The Spirit of Matterhorn" just published by Watts & Co. of London is a performance which no man, even though a marquis, need be ashamed to sign his name to. (Pp. 30, limp cloth covers, 50 cents.)

The curious subject of "Hypnotism," better known as mesmerism, is treated by Fredrik Bjornstrom, M.D., in No. 113 of the Humboldt Library. The work contains a historical retrospect of the subject, with chapters on the means and methods of hypnotizing, physical effects of hypnotism, hypnotism as a remedial agent, etc. Dr. Bjornstrom holds that the ancient classical dictum, "Investigate, but do not experiment," applies to this subject. The pamphlet costs 30 cents, and may be obtained at this office.

The Agnostic Annual for 1890 is out early, having been on the market for the past month. This Annual is not an almanac, but a magazine issuing once a year. It is edited by Charles A.

Watts, son of our Secular lecturer, and the present number contains thirteen contributions, two of which are poems with Greek titles. Mrs. E. Lynn Linton contributes an article on "The Comforts of Agnosticism;" W. Stewart Ross, a poem on "Above," and other able writers make the Annual one of the best published. Price 25 cents. W. Stewart & Co., 41 Farringdon st., London, E. C.

We feel like encouraging the new enterprise called the "Optimistic Library," No. 1 of which has just reached us. The publication is a neat pamphlet of 48 pages called "Optimism; or, The Bright Side of Life," by Aurelius. We do not know who Aurelius is, as since our old friend Marcus died we have not had an acquaintance of that name, but he has written a hopeful and helpful work, and deserves to triumph over the croakers. Address the Bright Side Pub. Co., 362 W. Madison st., Chicago, Ill.

J. P. Mendum has issued a splendid memorial volume to his life-time associate, Horace Seaver, editor of the Boston Investigator. The volume has 104 pages printed in large type upon elegant paper. It contains a portrait of Mr. Seaver, a preface by J. P. Mendum, a biography, an account of the funeral services, including Colonel Ingersoll's eulogy, an estimate of Horace Seaver's work by L. K. Washburn, tributes of the press, and letters of sympathy. It is sold at one dollar per volume, and could not have cost less.

A work written by Mr. Wm. Hart and published by the Truth Seeker Company with the title "The Candle from Under the Bushel," asks thirteen hundred and six questions which the clergy are called upon to explain. The questions are somewhat similar to those propounded by D. M. Bennett in his "Interrogatories to Jehovah," and the clergy are as silent as their God concerning them. We should be glad to stop the press to insert the announcement that one of them had been satisfactorily answered. (Pp. 205, price 50 cents.)

The Dignity of Death.

Here lies a common man. His horny hands,
Crossed meekly as a maid's upon his breast,
Show marks of toil, and by his general dress
You judge him to have been an artisan.
Doubtless, could all his life be written out,
The story would not thrill nor start a tear;
He worked, laughed, loved, and suffered in his time,
And now rests peacefully, with upturned face
Whose look belies all struggle in the past.
A homely tale; yet, trust me, I have seen
The greatest of the earth go stately by,
While shouting multitudes beset the way,
With less of awe. The gap between a king
And me, a nameless gazer in the crowd,
Seemed not so wide as that which stretches now
Betwixt us two, this dead one and myself.
Untitled, dumb, and deedless, yet he is
Transfigured by a touch from out the skies
Until he wears, with all unconscious grace,
The strange and sudden Dignity of Death.

—Richard E. Burton in November Scribner.

North Yamhill Lectures.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I have been waiting for some abler pen than mine to report the late lectures of S. P. Putnam and Mrs. Krekel, but all have been silent.

When Mr. Putnam visited our little town, the rain was descending copiously, so much that all did not come that otherwise would have come. Mr. Putnam handled in a clear and concise manner the subjects of each evening, at times rising into almost sublime eloquence, and closed with poetical effusions. The Rev. James Campbell, V. D. M., was not here as before to defend the cause of Christianity vs. Infidelity; perhaps it was well that he did not, for he could not vanquish the Infidel. I think the reverend gentleman has learned by experience that Freethinkers have built upon facts and demonstration, and are not easily defeated. Mr. Clow, of Hillsboro, has proved conclusively how he has shown the white feather.

Mrs. Krekel lectured here on the 24th and 25th of October. She is a

clear and logical speaker, and holds her audience as it were spell-bound to the close, and one feels to regret that the lecture did not last longer. Her lectures are constructive and her words ought not to wound the feelings of any, not even of the church member.

The Liberals of this place will be glad to hear these lecturers as often as possible; but I, for one, protest against a certain kind of lectures, in which a low kind of wit and ribaldry prevails; which, in fact, are made up in greater part of such matter. We are glad that we have on the rostrum, but few of this kind of lectures. Our cause is a grand, noble, serious one, and too much ribaldry degrades it. Sometimes a little wit is proper in its place.

Allow me to introduce to your many readers and those wishing lectures the name of our friend, Prof. Geo. H. Dawes, late of Wisconsin. The professor is able and a useful worker, an honor to the cause, an earnest writer and lecturer, a student and laborer in life's vineyard. That which he does, he believes in doing well. He is original and progressive. Progress is his watchword. With him the future is to be the golden age.

Yours for U. M. L., G. R. HIGGINS.

North Yamhill, Oregon.

The Texas Sunday Law.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Noticing your editorial on the Georgia statutes, I would like to give you a sample of the Texas Sunday law, and will quote from the Sherman Daily Democrat of the 23d ult.:

"Dethery" Detheridge, who was arrested yesterday for selling wine on Sunday, was fined in Judge Hinkle's court this morning, his fine and costs amounting to \$33.90. Detheridge is a farmer and makes home-made wine. A few Sun days since, a neighbor came to his house and wanted a bottle of wine for medical purposes. Detheridge sold it to him, and shortly afterwards this neighbor was summoned before the grand jury, where he told of the circumstance. An indictment was found and upon this the warrant was issued.

This is the way the "meek and lowly" do business in Texas. How strange it is that the grand jury so happened to call on Detheridge's neighbor? Now, if this is not legal robbery, what would you call it?

Sherman, Texas.

Yours truly,

LOUIS C. GILMORE.

Money Talks.

My valued friend Macdonald,
For fear you may complain,
I send you my subscription
To make us square again.

Likewise an extra fifty cents;
We think 'twould greatly please us
To read the wit of Putnam on
Bob Ingersoll and Jesus.

I will not waste your precious time
With my poetic spouting,
But close my letter now, and let
The dollars do the shouting.

Hite's Cove, Cal.

FRED GARDNER.

The Terry Case Continued.

To the Editors of Freethought:

You have a letter in your late issue from A. Schell, in vindication of his first letter, and in reply to mine, on the Terry case. Mr. Schell, in his letter, reminds me much of the preacher's usual and easy method with so-called Infidels. He attacks a few side remarks of no moment, denounces the scurrilous unbeliever in good round terms, recites his creed, utters a crow of triumph, then washes his hands of the whole subject by declaring that he will listen to no reply, and say no more.

He says he pleases to accept the challenge, and in the next line declares off, and crawls into his hole to keep out of danger.

That is not the sort of discussion Freethought calls for. It is not the kind we deem useful, or would accept, or waste our time with. A war of words about "animus" or "apple cores" is not to our mind. The game is too small. We stated facts and propositions to be affirmed or denied. We expected them to be put in issue. We expect an opponent to specify which he denies; and go to the pith of the matter, propose his

form of the debate, and go to work in earnest, on legal and scientific principles.

His letter is all assertion, claptrap, and mere supposition, away from the facts.

It is true that Terry went to the trap. So does the poor fish.

True that Terry was abolished; but not true that he or the United States courts had to be so.

The facts of this case, the propositions that form the challenge, are yet undenied and unquestioned; and are opened for fair debate with any competent person:—

1st. That Sarah Althea Hill came to California, young, beautiful amiable, in good circumstances and unimpeached virtue.

2d. That if she is changed in temper or manners, it is in consequence of the diabolical treatment of Sharon, his friends, attorneys and U. S. judges.

3d. That she went to live with Sharon as his wife, under a contract of marriage, as held by Judge Sullivan; and only questioned by the State Supreme Court, on a fine point, that leaves no imputation on her, or on the judge who decided in her favor.

4th. That she simply sued him to have that marriage declared, as the law directs, as any woman has a right to do.

5th. That at once Sharon raised a storm of wrath against her, and with all that money can do sought her destruction. Murder was attempted; police, courts, grand jury were suborned to persecute her and her counsel. There was no dependence on the facts and the law; but only one vile effort to defeat justice.

6th. That the United States courts, consisting of Judges Field, Sawyer, Hoffman, Deady, and Sabin, usurped jurisdiction in the case, under false pretenses, behaved indecently all through the trial, and made a finding uncalled for in the complaint, unsupported by the evidence, unnecessary to the conclusion, and a scandalous imputation on her character as a woman, to wit, that she was a depraved and abandoned woman.

7th. That Judge Terry who had married her, and espoused her cause, had good reason to be indignant at their conduct, and to resent it in any manner he might see fit.

8th. That he never intimated more than an attempt to provoke them to satisfaction, as the code of honor prescribes; and did no act to indicate anything further.

9th. That they laid a trap for him, hired a ready-handed homicide, disguised him for his purpose, lured Terry to the trap, permitted him to give a pretext, and slew him on the instant.

10th. Neagle was not there to guard the judge from murder. There was none intended by Terry.

11th. Neagle was not there to prevent a slap or an insult. He did not do it, or attempt to do it. He was there to watch the trap, let Terry nibble at the bait, and then kill him on the instant. And that is murder.

12th. The State Court had original and actual jurisdiction of the case, and the assumption by Judge Sawyer was neither lawful, sensible, nor conducive to the dignity and honor of our government.

If any competent or respectable person thinks proper to deny any one of these propositions, and will arrange for debate, there will be no hesitation on our side.

It is admitted freely that Judge Terry's conduct was imprudent and reprehensible in the highest degree. Had he been met by an officer appointed to guard the judge, who was taken by surprise, and knew not Terry's intent, but killed him trying to prevent the slap, or insult, or even his approach to the person of Field, it would have been justifiable.

But officers of the law are to prevent crime, and not to lay plans to murder.

The Terrys had no plan, no concert of action, no fixed deliberate purpose, and so failed in all. Neagle and Field had all of them—malice, deliberation, exact weapons, precise time, and full effect, and they succeeded and did murder.

Mr. Schell materializes several statements about what the Terrys intended that could have only come from the "spirits." Judge Sawyer has prevented all hearing of the testimony on that side.

It is confidently hoped that the national Supreme Court will so arrange that a full knowledge of the case may be laid before the whole country. Let us see who are right.

H. L. KNIGHT.

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Send 25 cents with bust and waist measure and number of inches from natural waist up as high as you wish the dress underneath the arm, for a sample pattern drafted to order, with full directions for making up, if you wish to test the system. To take the first measure correctly, place the tape above the bust, underneath the arms, and straight across the back, drawing it very tight. Write figures plainly. Address, Agents } DRESS CHART AGENCY, wanted. } 504 Kearny st. San Francisco, Cal. Care of Putnam & Macdonald.

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The Poet's Farewell.

It was characteristic of Sir Edwin to turn his face toward the East when standing by the Golden Gate and bid his hosts of friends good-night in the following lines, which he has sent to the Herald for publication:

A FAREWELL.

America! at this thy Golden Gate,
New-traveled from thy green Atlantic coves,
Parting—I make my reverence! It behooves
With backward steps to quit a queen in state.
Land! of all lands most fair and free and great—
Of countless kindred lips, wherefrom I heard
Sweet speech of Shakespeare—keep it consecrate
For noble uses! Land of Freedom's bird,
Fearless and proud! So let him soar that
stirred

By generous joy, all men can learn of thee
A larger life; and Europe, undeterred
By ancient wrecks, dare also to be free
Body and soul—seeing thine eagle gaze
Undazzled upon Freedom's sun, full-blaze!
—Edwin Arnold in the New York Herald.
SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 17, 1889.

Trying the Other Sort.

"Young man," said the bank president to an applicant for employment, "do you smoke?"

"Yes, sir."

"Chew?"

"Yes, sir."

"Swear?"

"Under adequate provocation."

"Play poker?"

"Yes, sir; quietly among friends."

"Drink?"

"Occasionally."

"Bet on horse races?"

"When I get a good tip."

The president scratched his head and looked thoughtful. After a pause he said:

"Young man, you just turn in and try your hand at being cashier of this bank for awhile."

THE story is told in a religious paper of a parish clerk who went to his minister with a proposal to improve a famous couplet of Dr. Watts:

O may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

"Now," said he, "that was all very well once, perhaps, but the harp is an antiquated instrument, unfamiliar to our people. Anyway, we don't use it and we do have a violin in the choir. Besides, 'heart' and 'harp' sound too much alike. So I think it would be more life-like and appropriate to line it out like this:

O may my heart be tuned within
Like David's solemn violin.

"Yes," said the pastor, "that is a good idea, but I can make it still better. You know that the violin is more familiarly known to our people by another name; so, to render the lines thoroughly realistic and bring them right home to everybody, suppose we try it this way:

O may my heart go diddle-diddle,
Like good old David's sacred fiddle."

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—:O:—

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14 in. from eyes, and I can fit you.)		Elegant 8-day Alarm Clock, worth \$6	4.50
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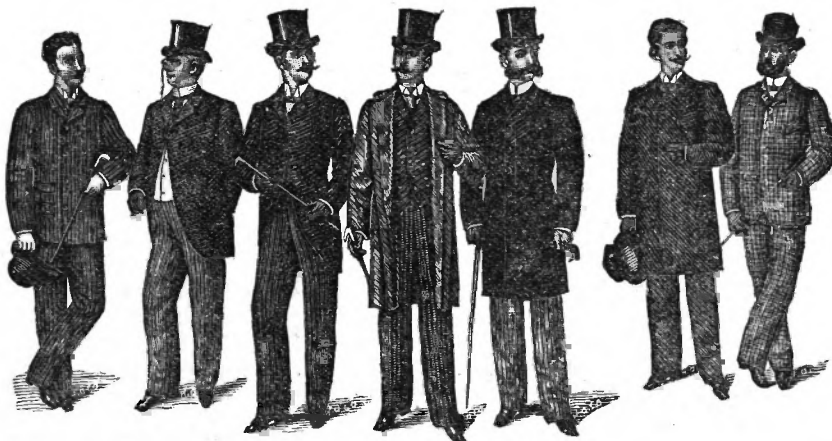
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A LIBERAL JOURNAL.

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SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1889.

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SAMUEL P. PUTNAM,
GEO. E. MACDONALD, } EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - NOVEMBER 23, 1889.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Up to date the San Francisco Nationalist Club is a marked success. The weather was rainy on Monday evening and there was lightning in the sky, but its seventh public reception at Union Square Hall was an enthusiastic affair. Every seat was occupied. The platform was profusely decorated with flowers, and the whole scene was a most animating one. The Nationalist Club is committed to woman's rights, and it has exercised its prerogative in the selection of Mrs. Addie Ballou for president, and it could not have chosen for the position a better representative of this bright and forward movement. She has the happy faculty of keeping the current of the meeting in the right direction, and can herself speak the eloquent word when the occasion requires.

The vocal solo by Miss Evangeline Ballou was exquisite, and received an enthusiastic recall. The piano accompaniment was by Miss Kate Hildebrandt. This charming melody of voice and instrument was a beautiful introduction to a lecture by the Rev. J. A. Cruzan, pastor of the Third Congregational Church of San Francisco. I expected a rather dull discourse and many references to the deity; and that the main remedy for labor troubles was prayer, and faith in Jesus. I was thoroughly disappointed, and delighted from beginning to end with this manly discourse. Mr. Cruzan—I don't like to call him Rev. Mr. Cruzan—is a most attractive speaker. He is master of his subject, and holds the deepest attention of his audience, and at the close he was greeted with round after round of applause, which he fully deserved. His subject was "Our American Barons and their Serfs." This will be published in full in the next number of FREETHOUGHT. It deals with facts and figures—with what is. The conditions of society which it presents do most certainly demand the thoughtful consideration of every man and woman who has a particle of love for humanity. It is seldom that a clergyman deals so honestly with the real case at issue. Mr. Cruzan is a student and a thinker. He does not indulge in platitudes. He goes to the heart of the matter and talks good sense. The first chance I get I shall go to hear him preach, for I wonder how such a clear-headed man can deliver himself in the mystical realms of the-

ology. There wasn't a particle of theology in his lecture. It was absolutely scientific and humanitarian. If Mr. Cruzan represents any large element in the church, then the church has a chance for redemption.

I found that Mr. Cruzan and myself were almost theological chums. He graduated from the Chicago Theological Seminary in 1871, and I graduated in 1868. We were under the same teachers—Professor Bartlett, now president of Dartmouth College, and Professor Haven—men, in their spirit and work, as far apart as the poles. Bartlett is a kind of modern John Calvin. A more sternly bigoted mind I never met. I admired his intellect, but I think the whole Spanish Inquisition is packed in his obdurate theology. Professor Haven was a kind of modern Spinoza, a deeply comprehensive man, and one of the sweetest and noblest philosophers of the age. It was a privilege to listen to his genial and profound lectures. He was many-sided in his criticisms, and just to all modes of thought. I expect it was his delightful method of imparting theology that kept me for a year or two in the orthodox church. Mr. Cruzan expressed the difference between Bartlett and Haven when he said that if Bartlett affirmed anything he made up his mind not to believe it unless he had to, but if Haven affirmed anything he was ready to believe it if it were possible to do so. Mr. Cruzan wondered how it was that I got out so far, and I equally wondered how he stayed in. So we are both objects of wonder to each other, but comrades nevertheless, and we can shake hands without any "bloody chasm" between. I want every reader of FREETHOUGHT to peruse this sensible and admirable discourse. Let us look these facts in the face and realize that something must be done.

Often in my travels I have crossed and re-crossed the pathway of the famous singer, James G. Clark, but until this reception I have not had a chance to hear him. I don't wonder people like to listen to his sweet and pathetic songs. He touches the chords of hope and aspiration. The fount of feeling glitters as the soft melody of his voice flows on. He was assisted by Captain Corbett in singing the song "When You and I were Soldier Boys Together." He also sang

'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter,"

And "Star of my Soul," his own latest and unpublished song. He was greeted with the rapturous plaudits of the audience, and he and Mr. Cruzan also received an ovation of flowers. The orator and the poet were worthy of these floral tributes.

Mr. John Gore is of renowned ancestry. His father was first vice-president of the anti-slavery society of which Garrison was president, and a price was set upon his head. He gave half his fortune to help redeem the slave. Mr. Gore is a pleasant man, a typical Bostonian, a business man evidently, and clothed with unimpeachable broadcloth, but the heart of man was beneath it, that which binds the world together, and his generous senti-

ments were received by the audience with every mark of approval.

Burnette G. Haskell is unique. I never saw his like before. I really don't know what to make of him. He is a first-class scolder and he does this with such delightful vim that the scolders remain and applaud him to the echo. He is an effective talker, a kind of bundle of electricity. As the urchins might say, "He is as smart as chain lightning." If he is a rogue, as some people say, he is the most intense rogue I ever saw. He is a man of feeling from the word go, and he makes others feel too. He stirs the blood. As to the soundness of his judgment, I am not quite so sure, but for the time I was quite carried away with his nervous oratory. He has large plans. He will revolutionize San Francisco. The Nationalist Club will carry the next election, and water and lights and car-travel and beef and butter and bread will be furnished to every citizen at cost. A daring dream, but I don't think there is anything in earth or heaven but what Haskell would dare to undertake.

Mrs. Ballou closed with a few appropriate words. She said that women were now going into politics, and as they are used to brushes and brooms they will certainly make a "clean sweep" of it.

There was then about half an hour's sociable, and the audience gradually adjourned.

I do not know what to think about the Nationalist Club. As an impulse, an agitation, it is certainly a splendid thing. These large crowds are inspiring. They show the "deep and sweeping thoughts" that are in the hearts of all the people. It is a "rising wave," as Burnette Haskell said, all over the land, but is it anything more than a wave? Is Bellamy's book anything more than a picture? Is it philosophy, is it science? It may be a religion, but religion of any kind will never save humanity. It must be knowledge and practical wisdom.

I, however, hail the advent of these clubs as a sign of hope, of progress. The meeting of Monday evening was simply exhilarating. One could not so much criticise as enjoy. It is pleasant amidst music and flowers and happy faces and earnest hearts to dream of man's mighty future. Certainly we could not endure the hard toil of to-day, the bitter disappointments, the burden, without these brilliant movements of joyous enthusiasm, these hours of generous comradeship, where whatever differences of thought or method there may be the same bright ideal floats before us, the paradise of the future. Call it God, nature, humanity, religion, what you will, it is the throb of universal feeling that dignifies and enlightens the struggle of existence.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

MISS EVA INGERSOLL, eldest daughter of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, was married November 13, to Walston Hill Brown, head of the banking firm of W. H. Brown and Bros. The wedding occurred at Colonel Ingersoll's residence in New York and was a quiet affair, only a few friends being invited. The ceremony was purely a legal contract and was performed by Judge Barrett of the Supreme Court, a life-long friend of Colonel Ingersoll and of the bridegroom's family. The pair started in the afternoon for a trip to California.

A LINE in FREETHOUGHT last week stated that Mrs. Lake, who recently died in this city, was the widow of a Catholic priest. Later information has it that Mrs. Lake has not lived in San Francisco, and has not died, but on the contrary is lecturing on Spiritualism. She is known as Mrs. H. S. Lake.

THE London Freethinker says that Christians have actually prayed for the recovery of Bradlaugh's health. At Northampton the Rev. R. B. Hull prayed for the sick Atheist in the parish church, and the same proceeding occurred in several of the Nonconformist chapels. One Father Ignatius, with whom Mr. Bradlaugh once debated in the Hall of Science, closed an eight-days' mission in the Kensington town hall by entreating Jehovah to restore the health of the Atheist. Mr. Bradlaugh has long espoused the cause of India, where his sickness was heard of with profound sorrow, and a telegram from Simla stated that "universal prayer" was being made in his behalf. Mr. Bradlaugh's recovery will doubtless be claimed by the believers as a result of these petitions to the throne of grace. The fact that providence should spare the Atheist Bradlaugh and allow a professed Christian like the late President Garfield to die beneath the bullet of an assassin, will not faze them in the least. They will merely remark that God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform, and then proceed as before.

A SLEIGHT-OF-HAND performer in this city issued the following challenge last week:

"I hereby challenge John Slater, the so-called spirit medium, that I will reproduce any of his manifestations on the Orpheum Theatre stage on Friday, Saturday, or Sunday evenings, November 15th, 16th and 17th, or at Woodward's Gardens on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, November 16th and 17th, in broad daylight, for any sum he may desire.
ALEX. HUME."

John Slater is the mediumistic wonder who performs at the Metropolitan Temple. Mr. Hume kept his promise the other evening by duplicating the slate-writing, materializing, and other phenomena of mediums, all which he professed to do by mechanical means. Slater himself was a member of the committee to watch Hume's tricks. He denounced the performer as a fraud, and otherwise created a disturbance upon the stage, until a policeman removed Mr. Slater. Medium Slater is accused of acting under the influence of other than departed spirits, but the timely interference of friends saved him from a night in the station house.

Two years ago George Hutchings, a New Jersey farmer, bequeathed \$10,000 to Henry George for the dissemination of his doctrines, but the will was contested and set aside because the court held that the doctrines of Henry George, if carried out, would "cause an upheaval of society and disturb the common law and equity which govern the country." George appealed the case, and the court of errors reversed the decision, the judge holding that the writings are not hostile to religion, to law, or to morals, and may be circulated. The decision is just, but the excuse for rendering it is rather foolish than otherwise. Religion should be attacked if untrue, law should be demolished when unjust, and the morals accepted by many are open to criticism the same as anything else.

MRS. ANNIE BESANT, who was a candidate for membership in the London School Board, brought an action for libel against the Rev. Hoskyne, rector of a church in Stepney, who, at the time of the election, issued a circular in which he asserted that she regarded chastity as a crime and unbridled sensuality as a virtue. The case was tried November 15. The judge summed up strongly against the plaintiff, and the jury disagreed. Mrs. Besant's experience with English courts shows that there is no protection to be got from them for a woman brave enough to teach unorthodox truths.

VIKTOR E. LENNSTRAND, editor of the Swedish paper "Fritänkaren" (the Freethinker), is in prison for blasphemy, his appeal to the king having proved fruitless. He was committed October 28, on two prosecutions for three months each, and he expects sentences on three more accusations, which may terminate in three months each, making fifteen months in all. We learn from the London Freethinker that Mr. Lennstrand is as undaunted as ever. He lectured on October 27, the day before his imprisonment, and will be able to edit the "Fritänkaren" from his prison. His address is Langholmens, Kronohäkte, Stockholm, where he will be able to receive letters.

PRESIDENT HARRISON and Vice-President Morton, and several members of the cabinet, were present, October 13, at a banquet given in honor of the dedication of the new Catholic university at Washington. The president's health was drunk standing; Mr. Blaine was applauded, and then all hands cheered Cardinal Gibbons's toast, "The Hierarchy of the United States." We should have two objections to indorsing a toast of that kind. In the first place the United States is not a hierarchy, which is a government of the priesthood; and in the second place, if it were a hierarchy, a patriotic American should lament instead of rejoicing over the fact.

THE act of Russia in abolishing the transportation of political offenders to Siberia shows (provided the report is true which declares that system to be abolished) that even monarchy cannot always defy public opinion. It is about time barbarous punishments, and the governments that inflict them, were replaced by something more in consonance with the dictates of humanity.

THE pernicious idea that labor or any commercial enterprise is beneath the dignity of the titled gentry of England has borne its legitimate fruit in the abominable practices recently unearthed in London. If these noble toughs and exhausted old *roues* had had some honorable employment to engage their time and attention, they might have saved their reputations as human beings. That "a clergyman who holds a high position" is found among them is not at all surprising.

AFTER a successful campaign in Oregon, Mrs. Mattie P. Kregel will visit California during the coming winter. She will be at the State Convention in January, and will speak throughout the state. It is hoped that she will receive many calls to lecture. She is an able and eloquent advocate of Freethought. All Liberal friends in California who desire her services will please address FREETHOUGHT at once, so that the dates for lectures can be arranged without delay.

MARGARET FOX, one of the originators of modern Spiritualism at Rochester, N. Y., and who recently declared the phenomena to be fraudulent, now recants her confession, and takes it all back. She says she was bribed to expose Spiritualism by several clergymen and by some deceptive spirits. Whatever Spiritualism may be, there is pretty good evidence that Margaret Fox is a fraud or insane.

THAT is a model revolution which has just resulted in the establishment of the Republic of Brazil. The people did not kill the emperor; they simply deposed him with proper expressions of regret at losing so estimable a ruler, and in deporting their late sovereign gave him assurances of their distinguished consideration.

MR. F. C. MENDE, the new treasurer of the American Secular Union, is accredited with being a very wealthy man, and sports one of the best turnouts on Fairmount avenue. Furthermore, he is deeply interested in the affairs of the Secular Union.

BECAUSE Theresa Kelly was a follower of Dr. McGlynn, the Catholic authorities at New York have ordered that her body be removed from Calvary Cemetery, where she owned a lot and was buried. Not even the dead are safe from the malignity of Rome.

MR. BRADLAUGH's recovery is now thought to be assured, and he is probably on his way to India, where he goes both for a rest and to attend the National Congress at Bombay.

"FREETHOUGHT."

A PLAN TO INCREASE ITS USEFULNESS.

The time appears to have arrived for larger work in the way of extending the circulation of FREETHOUGHT and Liberal literature in the West. This paper was started January 7, 1888, with only sufficient capital to secure its publication for six weeks. At the end of the first year it had more than one thousand subscribers, and it will close the second year with more than two thousand. In the mean time we have sold, of our own and others' publication, above two thousand dollars' worth of books. In all, by means of the paper and books, we have circulated nearly ten thousand dollars' worth of Freethought literature. Surely that is something added to the general stream of tendency toward Liberalizing the country on matters of religious belief, and if we were to stop here we should still regard our two years' work in California as a success.

But we do not intend to stop here. There is room and promise for greater work, and in order to accomplish that work we have proposed the establishment in this city of an Association to be known as the FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The object of this Association, as set forth in a Circular Letter which we have addressed to a large number of our subscribers, shall be to control and to secure the continued publication of FREETHOUGHT, and to establish in connection therewith, upon one of the principal streets of this city, a first-class Bookstore where all kinds of books shall be kept for sale, and especially books of a Freethought, Reform, and Scientific character.

The enterprise has many advantages, and there are many reasons why it should be inaugurated and why it should succeed.

First. There is no Liberal or Scientific publishing house on the Pacific Slope.

Second. There is no bookstore on this coast where a full line of Liberal and Scientific works are kept on sale, and the demand for these works is not supplied.

Third. The bookstore could be maintained in connection with the paper at a very slight increase of expense, while the receipts of the general business would easily be doubled.

Fourth. The paper and the book business would be co-operative; that is, the paper would introduce the books to its readers,

while the store would call the attention of many to the paper and the Liberal movement.

Fifth. Such an establishment, by keeping on hand all the best works in this particular line, would not only receive the Liberal patronage of the Pacific Slope, but it would have a large local custom, and supply the local traders with the works not now kept by them.

Sixth. The Association will of itself form one of the strongest Liberal organizations possible. Two or three hundred, or five hundred, stockholders, every one of them interested in the success of the enterprise, will be both patrons and agents, and put failure out of the question. It will also exert an influence on the public greater than that commanded by a small concern, and secure the respect which is always paid to success.

Such are the objects and the results as we see them. Now for the method.

Our proposition is to organize a Company, to be incorporated under the laws of the state of California, and to issue one thousand, two thousand, or three thousand shares at \$5 each, to be taken by the Liberals of the West, or by any who feel sufficient interest in the enterprise to invest. A Board of Directors composed of substantial and responsible men may be elected by the shareholders to direct the affairs of the Association, and a man of experience and ability will assume the business management. These details are to be worked out when a sufficient number of shares have been subscribed for to justify organization.

Simply as an investment, we feel certain that the Association offers good returns, but when we consider what it stands for, that it means the combination of Freethought forces throughout the great West; the building up of a great and influential paper; the increase of Liberal fellowship, and a power for the maintenance of political rights and intellectual liberty which otherwise could not be, it seems as if every earnest man and woman in sympathy with Freethought would invest what they could afford in an undertaking of such benefit to themselves individually, and of such advantage to the general cause, and to the world.

There is much more that might be said in favor of this method were it necessary to do so, but this outline will give the Liberal public the required suggestion, and it is for them to act. The affair is in their hands. The paper which we offer them is a solvent institution. The business has never ceased to grow, and when to the impetus it has already gained is added the impulse of combination in the manner here described, it cannot fail of attaining proportions equal to any similar establishment in the country.

Therefore let us act, and act at once. There is hardly a reader of this paper who cannot afford to take one share. There are many who could take ten, fifty, or one hundred shares. It should be remembered that no money will be asked for until the Association is formed, incorporated, and placed in reliable hands. What we desire now is an immediate response from all who read this or who have received our circular. By January 1,

1890, the enterprise should be in working order, and we therefore desire to hear from all interested, at their earliest convenience.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

GEO. E. MACDONALD.

Although the above mentioned circular was mailed to none previous to November 13, responses are already coming in. The Freethought Publishing Company will be a success:

STOCKTON, CAL., Nov. 16, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Before receiving your circular I had given to Mr. Gage my own and my wife's names for one share each in the Freethought Publishing Company. It would afford me much pleasure, did my circumstances permit, to add more leverage to the enterprise. Hoping for its entire success, I am Very truly yours, WILLARD T. JONES.

SAN JOSE, CAL., Nov. 17, 1889.

To the Editors of Freethought:

You have outlined in your circular the grandest undertaking yet contemplated for the advancement of Liberalism on the Pacific Slope; namely, a Freethought Publishing Company. There could be no enterprise inaugurated in which I could take a greater interest. A Liberal or scientific publishing house is the one great need of the hour. By such an association as contemplated there could be built up such a liberal, liberty-loving sentiment on this coast, that every orthodox preacher would leap from his pulpit without stopping to look where he was going to land. In this grand undertaking you have my heart and hand, and if I had a soul I'd throw it in for luck. I only regret I have not the capital whereby I could measure my appreciation of this splendid move, or financially it would be a success in less than one day. But as I cannot do the one millionth part of that which I should be pleased to do, I'll do the next best thing, take one share now, and keep increasing the sum as fast as my circumstances will permit. Could anybody do more? With my best wishes for the success of the Pacific Coast Freethought Publishing Company, I am yours, L. R. TITUS.

For the inclosed stamps send a few circulars. L. R. T.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Nov. 15, 1889.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, *My Dear Friend and Brother*: Having carefully read and considered the printed circular and propositions of Putnam and Macdonald touching the organization of the FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, I hasten to express my approbation of the scheme, and my confidence in its success. You may rely on me to find a subscriber who will take at least *thirty shares* and pay in advance at ten days' notice if required.

I hope the organization may be perfected very soon, before I get my final summons, which may come at any hour, as I am nearly eighty years of age. Truly and sincerely yours,

JOHN RIGGIN.

GRUB GULCH, CAL., Nov. 15, 1889.

S. P. PUTNAM: Yours is at hand. I have read the circular to several Freethinkers. All think favorably of the enterprise. I have no doubt I can get quite a number of shares taken here. I will try for one hundred; if I fail in that number, will get fifty sure. I have no doubt that with proper management, the enterprise can be worked up to a big thing. Every Freethinker can not help considering himself an agent who is required to do all that lies in his power for both store and paper. I have been called on to send for quite a number of books lately, and am sure I would have given the store the preference, if it had been in existence. Yours fraternally, A. B. ANDERSON.

ALAMEDA, CAL., Nov. 17, 1889.

FRIENDS PUTNAM & MACDONALD: I have received your circular and I think the enterprise will be a success. Put my name down for one share, Mr. Furgerson will take a share; also Walter Eastman; and I think I can dispose of one or more other shares. I am glad you have hit upon so good an idea. If I wanted to

buy a Catholic Bible or a Methodist sharp's hymn book in Frisco, I could get one at almost any book store. But when I want to get a book on investigation or a bible on truth and progress, I have to look around a long time before I can find a book store that keeps them, and for that reason we should have a book store where friends and strangers can buy Liberal books. If all Liberals will take one or more shares we may be sure of success, and a grand building up of Freethought on the Pacific Coast.

Yours for Truth and Justice, WILL ALFRED PINGREE.

GRASS VALLEY, CAL., Nov. 17, 1889.

MR. S. P. PUTNAM, *Dear Sir*: Hoping that your co-operative plan will succeed, we will give our mite and take one share each—Jos. Van Hoeter, one; P. Van Hoeter, one. Let us know when to send the money.

Yours truly,
PAULINE VAN HOETER.

NATIONAL CITY, CAL., Nov. 16, 1889.

FRIEND PUTNAM: I trust and desire to shape my business within the next ten days so that I can write you again that I will take some \$5 shares. You not only need encouragement, but you must have it. I will write you again and I will take stock if I possibly can.

Yours truly, A. N. BURGESS.

STOCKTON, CAL., Nov. 17, 1889.

GENTLEMEN: Your proposition with regard to the issue of stock for the purpose of advancing free principles and free ideas is laudable and approved of by your humble subscriber. Put me down for a share, and call for amount as stated in circular.

WILLIAM SHINE.

U. S. RECEIVING SHIP INDEPENDENCE, }
MARE ISLAND, CAL., Nov. 17, 1889. }

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD, *Dear Friends*: I fully indorse the FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY. I shall be in the city soon, and will then pay my \$5 for a share. I shall also try to induce others, who are not subscribers to your paper or any Liberal journal, to invest in this enterprise.

Yours in the cause, G. H. PURDY.

OAKLAND, CAL., Nov. 18, 1889.

G. E. MACDONALD: I think your plan of co-operation a good one, and you can put me down for four shares at least, and call on me for the money at any time that you want it. Hoping that every subscriber will do as much in proportion to what they are able, I remain,

Yours for Liberty, FRANK BUTLER.

Nearly sixty additional shares have been subscribed for, the letters containing them reaching us too late for publication this week. E. A. Denicke takes one, Victor Heck one, W. S. Rodgers ten, John Robinett five, Ed. Wegner ten, Philip Cowen five, Fred McMillan two, A. W. Poole one, John Dibble four, R. W. Bancroft two, John Beaumont five, James Bidwell one, H. F. Ebers ten, N. R. Wilkinson one.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Owing to recent abundant rains in this state, seeding will begin at once—Aramais Kalloch, a brother of the late mayor of San Francisco, died in Seattle Nov. 16.—Seattle has an unexpended balance of its relief fund amounting to \$4000.—The grand jury has under advisement the case of Dr. C. C. O'Donnell, of this city, charged with criminal malpractice.—Portland, Or., is to have a \$100,000 public library. A bequest of Miss L. M. Smith provides the means.—Bonner, of New York, has bought Stanford's three-year-old Sunol. It is said that the purchase price was \$50,000.

The health of Jefferson Davis is failing.—There is said to be a movement against Jews among the Christians near Lake Providence, La. A Hebrew storekeeper's place at Tompkin's bend has been placarded with the warning, "No Jews after the 1st of January," and the building was fired into about fifty times on Nov. 15.—The Catholics of Baltimore, Md., are agitating

for high license. Cardinal Gibbons leads the crusade.—Mrs. Delia Parnell, mother of Charles Stewart Parnell, is living in direst poverty and said to be near death. Her residence is Bordentown, N. J.—"White caps" have been terrorizing Galesburg, Ill.—The will of John Crerar, of Chicago, leaves estate worth \$2,250,000 for a college to be erected in Chicago and named after him.—H. H. Miller, a young man of twenty-three years, treasurer of the Trinity M. E. church at Omaha, Neb., has disappeared, leaving debts for sums loaned by his fellow church members amounting to about \$1000.

A revolution in Brazil has expelled the emperor, Dom Pedro, and established a republic.—A scandal worse than the "maiden tribute" of a few years ago has been unearthed in London. Titled personages and clergymen are implicated with boys.—The London dock strike committee have submitted their balance sheet. It shows that from the commencement to the end of the struggle the total amount of money received from all sources was in round numbers £48,000, of which £30,000, or nearly two-thirds, came from Australia. The various British trades unions subscribed only £4000. There is a surplus of £5000, in the disposal of which the committee will be guided by the general opinion of the subscribers. The sum of £1000 has been voted to the miners now on strike in Australia.—Newspapers report that the Russian government has succumbed to popular opinion and will abolish transportation to Siberia.—There is said to be a building boom in Rome, Italy.—At Petrovsk, in Hungary, the Greek pope, while preaching last week, flourished a dagger from the pulpit and exhorted the people to exterminate the Jews. The population was excited and the military called out, when the threatened uprising was suppressed.

OBSERVATIONS

Some remarks of mine on the proceedings at a recent meeting of the San Francisco Nationalist Club have called forth a letter from my esteemed friend W. W. Burgess, of National City, which will be found in another column. I wish to point out that Mr. Burgess's comparison between the Nationalist movement and the Secular Union is not strictly accurate. It is true that the Secular Union invites the co-operation of people of all beliefs, but it is not a proselyting body. It calls upon all who believe in a secular form of government and oppose an ecclesiastical one to unite for mutual defense against sacerdotal encroachments. It expounds no political creed. Its demands are not an affirmation, but a protest.

Nationalism is quite a different affair. It has a body of political doctrine which it asks members to subscribe to. Its declaration of principles and constitution are as far from the simple demands of Secularism as the Catholic church is from pure Deism.

The difference between Secularism and Nationalism is plainly this:

Religionists who accept the teachings of Secularism accept them, not as a part of their religious creed, but as distinct from it; but

The various religionists who adopt Nationalism profess to receive it as a part of their religious belief.

I hope I have either made myself clear on that point or proved myself guilty of untruth.

In his request that Bellamy's "Looking Backward" be attacked and demolished as Colonel Ingersoll attacked and demolished the Pentateuch, Mr. Burgess loses sight of an important distinction between a history of what is alleged to have occurred in the past and a prophecy of what is to occur in the future. If I were living in the year of grace 2000, where Mr. Bellamy's order of things is located, it is possible that by a close perusal of "Looking Backward" I might discover as many inaccuracies in it as Ingersoll found in the Mosaic record, though I should doubtless fall short of making them so conspicuous, owing to inferior literary capacity. There are two things in which I hold slight faith, namely, the paradise of Bellamy and the paradise beyond Jordan, though I have no objection to either.

The quotation made from the writings of my esteemed partner I read with an appreciation which could not possibly be

exceeded by that of Mr. Burgess, yet I cannot accept it as a scientific outlook. I cannot realize that justice will beget charity. There is no kinship between the two. If justice ruled, charity would be unnecessary, and if charity universally prevailed, justice would have no function, as every offender would be acquitted. Neither can justice become the throne of love, because justice is an undeviating line, while love is erratic; justice is impartial, while love is the most partial of all things. Love excuses and pardons, while justice condemns and punishes. A mother's love overlooks all the faults of a wayward son, but the justice of a judge sends him to the penitentiary or the gallows.

Every good and noble sentiment is commendable. It would be cruel to crush one of them out from pure malice, but when they are offered as economical doctrine they should be analyzed before they are accepted and subscribed to.

The Nationalist Club is the biggest thing that has struck San Francisco since Sam Jones held his meetings here, and I have little doubt it will result in electing Mr. Haskell to some lucrative public office.

According to reports in a daily paper, Dr. A. H. Stevens, of Philadelphia, has made a discovery, which is nothing less than that the seat of the human soul is in the *corpus callosum*, a little spongy body situated at the base of the brain. Dr. Stevens may be eminently correct in thus locating the alleged soul of man, but he is hardly entitled to be called a discoverer. One Boutekoe is credited with saying "The soul is located in the *corpus callosum*." I do not know Boutekoe, nor what authority he can advance for the statement, but it appears in a small pamphlet published by J. D. Shaw in 1886. If Dr. Stevens of Philadelphia claims the discovery he is doubtless a fraud and unworthy of confidence. But it is not of much consequence where the soul is located during life. Where it will take up its residence after death is the question that should agitate sinners, the clergy in particular.

At a meeting held in San Francisco November 11 to commemorate the hanging of the Chicago Anarchists, these resolutions were passed:

Whereas, We believe after hearing the evidence concerning the trial and conviction of the so-called Anarchists in Chicago:

1. That the wrong men were convicted;
2. That none of the convicted ones were Anarchists in any sense.

Which should lead us to inquire, What is fame? May men take their lives in their hands for the sake of Anarchy, work for it, hang for it, and die with its name upon their lips, only to have their surviving admirers resolve that they were not Anarchists in any sense? "*Hoch die Anarchie*," if I spell them correctly, were the last words that came from the gallows before Parsons, Spies, Fischer, and Engel hung dangling by the ropes that prevented them from a further expression of their views. These men may not have been so near correct on the economic question as their San Francisco apologists, but they were more candid.

The appended letter will explain why Mr. Ed. Pickett, of Elk Grove, Cal., is no longer in receipt of this journal. It appears to have been penned by a female member of Mr. Pickett's family:

ELK GROVE, Nov. 10, 1889.

MR. PUTNAM AND MACDONALD: You will greatly oblige me by burning in place of mailing the balance of the FREETHOUGHT copies due my years subscription. I consider it the vilest and most degraded work I have ever read. Your chief aim seems to be to lower in the minds of the rising Generation the Roman Catholic church with all its Rev. Priest and associates. A religion that interfere's with none, but tries to teach and promote good works for the young and undeveloped minds.

When I subscribed for your paper I supposed it to be a liberal journal, but found it vastly different, and think it will be a great blessing when the last issue is made, as it is liable to form either a hatred for itself or a corruption to the morals of decent people. I ask it as a favor that you send no more of them to me. Yours,

ED PICKETT.

The request to burn instead of mailing Mr. Pickett's paper cannot be complied with. It will be sent out through the mails as a simple sample copy.

"JOHN WARD, PREACHER," has been issued in paper covers and can now be furnished for 50 cents.

A LETTER FROM FOREST GROVE.

To the Editors of Freethought:

As you require assistance both in your editorial department and financially also, I am willing to devote a few idle moments and a portion of my giant intellect to the first-named department, leaving the other to those generous brethren who forward from five dollars to five thousand to FREETHOUGHT very often—in their minds. There is nothing mean or selfish about me. I would assume entire control of the editorial department if it would be any accommodation to you.

Everyone else has had their say about the late Liberal convention at Portland, and now it is my turn. To say it was a grand success hardly does it justice, for the most enthusiastic among us did not expect it to pay expenses; and the last report from President Beal shows a balance of nearly three hundred dollars. Surely we ought to be very well satisfied with that. We were only organized last June, but we were organized by good men and true, and they had splendid material to organize a Liberal Union with. The list of officers comprises some of the best people in the state, and the first work was done in a good place. Silverton Secular Union ought to be a name that would send a thrill of pride and pleasure to the heart of every true Liberal. Had it not been for their call to the Liberals of Oregon last June, joined with the noble efforts of our lecturers, Underwood, Putnam, and others, we might still have been wasting our energies in unorganized efforts and accomplished nothing. But with the good work done last June, and the grand success of the Portland convention, we shall go forward with renewed energy for another year's work, and I certainly hope perfectly united in purpose and aim, with our good President, C. Beal, to make the Oregon State Secular Union a permanent organization of good men and women who will labor faithfully to establish what our constitution calls for—the absolute divorce of church and state, the taxation of church property, etc.

The last FREETHOUGHT brings good news of Mr. Putnam's latest work in Newport. Our local Unions are increasing and always include the best men and women in the place where they are located. The names of Mr. and Mrs. Royal A. Bensell are very familiar to me, through mutual friends, and no family stands higher than they wherever known. Mr. Bensell and his good wife will do splendid work for Freethought.

Among the many pleasant faces I met in Portland who will always hold a warm place in my memories of the past are Mrs. Jennie Vose Graham, who is one of our vice-presidents, a writer for the Truth Seeker, and a splendid worker for the Liberal cause, a young, bright, happy, frank-faced woman with two dear little ones, who were as bright and happy as birds. Miss Mary Forward is another staunch Liberal, a lineal descendant of Jonathan Edwards, but a good deal too far away from the old man to have any fear of his theology; a lovely girl with a well cultivated mind. She was one of the delegates from Silverton, being a member of the Silverton Secular Union. I had also the pleasure of meeting the president, Dr. J. W. McClure, a young physician with a splendid practice, who nobly stands by the Liberal cause, fearless and as enthusiastic as any in the ranks. Mr. and Mrs. L. Ames were also among the delegates from Silverton—strong, brave Liberals. We have good reason to be proud of the Silverton Secular Union. I met many other delegates from other parts of this state and Washington, but did not have the pleasure of becoming so well acquainted with them.

I would like to describe the beautiful banner presented by Miss Mattie Blaisdell to the O. S. S. U., but I cannot do it justice; neither can I do justice to Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel's short but eloquent address when she presented the reverse side of the banner with the glorious stars and stripes above the prostrate cross, the emblem of all the cruelties and tortures inflicted upon the human race for eighteen centuries. Her address was simply grand, and called forth a perfect storm of applause. She is a splendid speaker, and Brothers Underwood and Putnam will have to look to their laurels in this state if she remains with us, as the last FREETHOUGHT stated she intended to do.

One word more and I will close. I want to ask the lecturers who write for the different Liberal papers to not be quite so

harsh in their criticisms in regard to Liberals coming out with money for them. It sounds just a little too orthodox, and we don't like it. Yours fraternally,

SARAH C. TODD.

P.S.—I have just been reading in the Truth Seeker of Nov. 9 an account of the efforts to be made by the Washington Liberals at the meeting of their next legislature, and also their intention of organizing a Washington State Secular Union. They have our cordial sympathy and hearty support in their efforts, and we hope they will have perfect success and as grand an organization as we have perfected here. They can do it if the Liberals will unite there as they have here, for they have plenty of good Liberals in that state—as Mr. Putnam says, “the woods are full of them.” Liberalism has come to stay and “grow up with the country.”

SARAH C. TODD, Sec. W. C. S. U.

THE PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE.

The occasion for the meeting of this convention or conference of all the states of the western hemisphere, now being held at Washington, is one of first-class importance to this side of the world, and it may be made so for all mankind.

The meeting is to set up and cement an American union, but with these objects only:

No secrets, or secret compacts, or alliances for evil to any state or nation under the sun.

All proceedings open to all mankind. The people of the United States have empowered no one to make a secret treaty in their name.

No compact, save for good offices with and for each other, to promote peace, commerce, and friendship, to open up a more intimate knowledge of each other, and light the paths of all to progress, security, wealth, and happiness.

These states have varied forms of government, from the empire in Brazil to the republic in the United States. This convention will not seek to change any of them, but accept them as they are now, and as they may be in the future, as changed by their respective people. It will not assume the attitude of a propaganda of any form of government, but leave all in peace. It will guarantee no form of government for a day. The United States could not do so, except so far as the people of each state may desire change. Our faith is that government should rest upon the will of the people. We might forbid outside interference with that will, but can never consent to guarantee any other form of government than such as the people approve.

For the benefit of the conference and the nations interested, we may modestly suggest to their attention all those great principles that we have found to act so well with us, and been the secret springs of prosperity. In doing so, without the slightest intention of coercion, we may direct their attention to the same progressive means:

1. We have demonstrated that hereditary or class legislation is not essential to national prosperity. Our whole people select and elect wiser and better men and law-makers than heredity can anywhere exhibit.

2. That absolute freedom of opinion, of speech and press, inspire genius, spirit, life, and enterprise in all our affairs, add to our wealth, and are dangerous only to error and wrong.

3. That an entire separation of church and state has been the source of a thousand blessings.

These consequences have resulted therefrom: The removal of all religious discussion from the councils of the state; the removal of all religious anger, persecution, riot and disorder, so disgraceful and disastrous to religion in other lands.

In our cities a hundred creeds worship in peace. Yet religion does not suffer. Churches abound, substantial, and even grand. Preachers are as numerous as elsewhere, as well paid and learned, and generally of better deportment than elsewhere, because they depend on the approval of the people. And our people, as a general thing, are as exemplary in their morals, faith, and practice as the most favored nations with established churches.

The common school, for the education of all, has been found to be the best guarantee against vice, crime, riot, and outrage, and for law, order, and just government, and is surely the nursery of a higher standard of humanity. To be complete, it should

teach only the rudiments of learning, elementary science, and loyalty to the constitution and the country. Party politics should have no place there, or any form of religion. Moral science and example will always have a prominent place. Our country has been rich in illustrious examples, and the lives of Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson, Jackson, and Franklin, have no superiors as guides for youth.

The great principle, now made a part of our constitution, that “all law must be just and equal to all men, and all have equal protection of the law,” is the great charter of the people and of public liberty. It mollifies all our statutes, it rules in all our courts, it gives assurance of equal protection to all, and inspires all in times of public danger to rely upon the authorities and support them with all their power.

Our history has shown that a people thus educated and assured make willing and eager soldiers. We have had need of over two millions and found no difficulty in enrolling them. Principles thus tried and found so productive of good results cannot but be worth the attention of all the experimental governments of the New World.

H. L. KNIGHT.

POINTS APPARENTLY WELL TAKEN.

Dear FREETHOUGHT—*Loveliest Paper of the State:*

The account in your late number of a certain Nationalist meeting, held in your city, was amusing and doubtless accurate, but the winding up comment, wherein you picture Nationalism as establishing an “identity between Judaism, Christian Science, Theosophy, Spiritualism, Christianity, and Socialism,” causes me to observe that the same is true of the American Secular Union according to the recent Congress thereof reported in FREETHOUGHT. The first result of said body, says the Truth Seeker, was the “simplification of the constitution so that all may join the Union, whether Agnostics, Materialists, Spiritualists, evangelical Christians, Free-Religionists, Universalists, Unitarians, or Catholic rebels from church authority.” In that respect there does not appear to be such a wide difference between Freethinkers and Nationalists. And then your closing sentence, “Truly Bellamy wrote a wonderful book, and truly black is white when it becomes popular to believe so,” has the ring of irony and wit, but it is also conspicuous for its lack of argument.

When Colonel Ingersoll attacked the “mistakes of Moses” in the book divine, while he relied largely upon his ability to wield the weapon of sarcasm, he did not rely wholly upon that, for he was partially, at least, argumentative, and “done up” Moses in the first round. Now I would like Colonel Ingersoll, the editors of FREETHOUGHT, or some other equally able writer, to attack “Looking Backward” and “do up” Bellamy in the same masterly style. If it can be done in twenty rounds it will be worth the effort. One thing is certain, it has not been done as yet, and until it is done little side flings of sarcasm will only tend to make new converts for that “dream.” For Bellamy’s dream I care not a tinker’s dam, but for the principles he has so adroitly presented in that dream I have the most sacred reverence. They have long been a part and parcel of my religion—not so, perhaps, in every detail of plan or scope, but unalterably so wherein they stand for equality and liberty in fact, in contradistinction to contentment with all it implies in name. Those principles I allude to teach exactly, unless I fail to see them as they are, the beautifully expressed sentiment of Putnam in his last article in FREETHOUGHT. He says; “I look forward to victories that shall make our vast republic the ideal republic indeed; the land of the free; the land of fraternity; the land of civilization; the land where poverty shall cease to be; the land of happy homes and industry; where labor is sweet, where charity is the child of justice and justice is the throne of love.” Will such a sentiment be crushed? Not as long as Putnam and Bellamy survive; one the exponent of Humanitarianism, the other Nationalism. Each has the same identical aim, though they may be working under different auspices. Many of us are not Nationalists in the sectarian sense, but all Freethinkers and truth seekers who are Humanitarians are, and should be, Nationalists in the broad acceptance of the term.

Respectfully

W. W. BURGESS.

National City, Cal., Nov. 11, 1889.

IS DIVORCE WRONG?

II.

Question (1). Do you believe in the principle of divorce under any circumstances?

The next question is as to the right of society in this matter. It must be admitted that the peace of society will be promoted by the separation of such people. Certainly society cannot insist upon a wife remaining with a husband who bruises and mangles her flesh. Even married women have a right to personal security. They do not lose, either by contract or sacrament, the right of self-preservation; this they share in common, to say the least of it, with the lowest living creatures.

This will probably be admitted by most of the enemies of divorce; but they will insist that while the wife has the right to flee from her husband's roof and seek protection of kindred or friends, the marriage—the sacrament—must remain unbroken. Is it to the interest of society that those who despise each other should live together? Ought the world to be peopled by the children of hatred or disgust, the children of lust and loathing, or by the welcome babes of mutual love? Is it possible that an infinitely wise and compassionate God insists that a helpless woman shall remain the wife of a cruel wretch? Can this add to the joy of Paradise, or tend to keep one harp in tune? Can anything be more infamous than for a government to compel a woman to remain the wife of a man she hates—of one whom she justly holds in abhorrence? Does any decent man wish the assistance of a constable, sheriff, a judge, or a church, to keep his wife in his house? Is it possible to conceive of a more contemptible human being than a man who would appeal to force in such a case? It may be said that the woman is free to go, and that the courts will protect her from the brutality of the man who promised to be her protector; but where shall the woman go? She may have no friends; or they may be poor; her kindred may be dead. Has she no right to build another home? Must this woman, full of kindness, affection, health, be tied and chained to this living corpse? Is there no future for her? Must she be an outcast forever—deceived and betrayed for her whole life? Can she never sit by her own hearth, with the arms of her children about her neck, and with a husband who loves and protects her? Is she to become a social pariah, and is this for the benefit of society?—or is it for the sake of the wretch who destroyed her life?

The ground has been taken that woman would lose her dignity if marriage could be annulled. Is it necessary to lose your liberty in order to retain your moral character—in order to be pure and womanly? Must a woman, in order to retain her virtue, become a slave, a serf, with a beast for a master, or with society for a master, or with a phantom for a master?

If an infinite being is one of the parties to the contract, is it not the duty of this being to see to it that the contract is carried out? What consideration does the infinite being give? What consideration does he receive? If a wife owes no duty to her husband because the husband has violated the contract, and has even assaulted her life, is it possible for her to feel toward him any real thrill of affection? If she does not, what is there left of marriage? What part of this contract or sacrament remains in living force? She cannot sustain the relation of wife, because she abhors him; she cannot remain under the same roof, for fear that she may be killed. They sustain, then, only the relations of hunter and hunted—of tyrant and victim. Is it desirable that this relation should last through life, and that it should be rendered sacred by the ceremony of a church?

Again I ask, Is it desirable to have families raised under such circumstances? Are we in need of children born of such parents? Can the virtue of others be preserved only by this destruction of happiness, by this perpetual imprisonment?

A marriage without love is bad enough, and a marriage for wealth or position is low enough; but what shall we say of a marriage where the parties actually abhor each other? Is there any morality in this? any virtue in this? Is there virtue in retaining the name of wife, or husband, without the real and true relation? Will any good man say, will any good woman declare,

that a true, loving woman should be compelled to be the mother of children whose father she detests? Is there a good woman in the world who would not shrink from this herself; and is there a woman so heartless and so immoral that she would force another to bear that from which she would shudderingly and shriekingly shrink?

Marriages are made by men and women; not by society; not by the state; not by the church; not by supernatural beings. By this time we should know that nothing is moral that does not tend to the well-being of sentient beings; that nothing is virtuous the result of which is not good. We know now, if we know anything, that all the reasons for doing right, and all the reasons against doing wrong, are here in this world. We should have imagination enough to put ourselves in the place of another. Let a man suppose himself a helpless woman beaten by a brutal husband—would he advocate divorces then?

Few people have an adequate idea of the sufferings of women and children, of the number of wives who tremble when they hear the footsteps of a returning husband, of the number of children who hide when they hear the voice of a father. Few people know the number of blows that fall on the flesh of the helpless every day, and few know the nights of terror passed by mothers who hold babes to their breasts. Compared with these, all the hardships of poverty borne by those who love each other are as nothing. Men and women truly married bear the sufferings and misfortunes of poverty together. They console each other. In the darkest night they see the radiance of a star, and their affection gives to the heart of each perpetual sunshine.

The good home is the unit of the good government. The hearth-stone is the corner-stone of civilization. Society is not interested in the preservation of hateful homes, of homes where husbands and wives are selfish, cold, and cruel. It is not to the interest of society that good women should be enslaved, that they should live in fear, or that they should become mothers by husbands whom they hate. Homes should be filled with kind and generous fathers, with true and loving mothers; and when they are so filled, the world will be civilized. Intelligence will rock the cradle; justice will sit in the courts; wisdom in the legislative halls; and above all and over all, like the dome of heaven, will be the spirit of liberty.

Although marriage is the most important and the most sacred contract that human beings can make, still when that contract has been violated, courts should have the power to declare it null and void upon such conditions as may be just.

As a rule, the woman dowers the husband with her youth, her beauty, her love—with all she has; and from this contract certainly the husband should never be released, unless the wife has broken the conditions of that contract. Divorces should be granted publicly, precisely as the marriage should be solemnized. Every marriage should be known, and there should be witnesses, to the end that the character of the contract entered into should be understood; the record should be open and public. And the same is true of divorces. The conditions should be determined, the property should be divided by a court of equity, and the custody of the children given under regulations prescribed.

Men and women are not virtuous by law. Law does not of itself create virtue, nor is it the foundation or fountain of love. Law should protect virtue, and law should protect the wife, if she has kept her contract, and the husband, if he has fulfilled his. But the death of love is the end of marriage. Love is natural. Back of all ceremony burns and will forever burn the sacred flame. There has been no time in the world's history when that torch was extinguished. In all ages, in all climes, among all people, there has been true, pure, and unselfish love. Long before a ceremony was thought of, long before a priest existed, there were true and perfect marriages. Back of public opinion is natural modesty, the affections of the heart; and in spite of all law, there is and forever will be the realm of choice. Wherever love is, it is pure; and everywhere, and at all times, the ceremony of marriage testifies to that which has happened within the temple of the human heart.

Question (2). Ought divorced people to be allowed to marry under any circumstances?

This depends upon whether marriage is a crime. If it is not

a crime, why should any penalty be attached? Can any one conceive of any reason why a woman obtaining a divorce, without fault on her part, should be compelled as a punishment to remain forever single? Why should she be punished for the dishonesty or brutality of another? Why should a man who faithfully kept his contract of marriage, and who was deserted by an unfaithful wife, be punished for the benefit of society? Why should he be doomed to live without a home?

There is still another view. We must remember that human passions are the same after as before divorce. To prevent re-marriage is to give excuse for vice.

Question (3). What is the effect of divorce upon the integrity of the family?

The real marriage is back of the ceremony, and the real divorce is back of the decree. When love is dead, when husband and wife abhor each other, they are divorced. The decree records in a judicial way what has really taken place, just as the ceremony of marriage attests a contract already made.

The true family is the result of the true marriage, and the institution of the family should above all things be preserved. What becomes of the sacredness of the home, if the law compels those who abhor each other to sit at the same hearth? This lowers the standard, and changes the happy haven of home into the prison cell. If we wish to preserve the integrity of the family, we must preserve the democracy of the fireside, the republicanism of the home, the absolute and perfect equality of husband and wife. There must be no exhibition of force, no spectre of fear. The mother must not remain through an order of court, or the command of a priest, or by virtue of the tyranny of society; she must sit in absolute freedom, the queen of herself, the sovereign of her own soul and of her own body. Real homes can never be preserved through force, through slavery, or superstition. Nothing can be more sacred than a home, no altar purer than the hearth.

Question (4). Does the absolute prohibition of divorce where it exists contribute to the moral purity of society?

We must define our terms. What is moral purity? The intelligent of this world seek the well-being of themselves and others. They know that happiness is the only good; and this they strive to attain. To live in accordance with the conditions of well-being is moral in the highest sense. To use the best instrumentalities to attain the highest ends is our highest conception of the moral. In other words, morality is the melody or the perfection of conduct. A man is not moral because he is obedient through fear or ignorance. Morality lives in the realm of perceived obligation, and where a being acts in accordance with perceived obligation, that being is moral. Morality is not the child of slavery. Ignorance is not the corner-stone of virtue.

The first duty of a human being is to himself. He must see to it that he does not become a burden upon others. To be self-respecting, he must endeavor to be self-sustaining. If by his industry and intelligence he accumulates a margin, then he is under obligation to do with that margin all the good he can. He who lives to the ideal does the best he can. In true marriage men and women give not only their bodies, but their souls. This is the ideal marriage; this is moral. They who give their bodies, but not their souls, are not married, whatever the ceremony may be; this is immoral.

If this be true, upon what principle can a woman continue to sustain the relation of wife after love is dead? Is there some other consideration that can take the place of genuine affection? Can she be bribed with money, or a home, or position, or by public opinion, and still remain a virtuous woman? Is it for the good of society that virtue should be thus crucified between church and state? Can it be said that this contributes to the moral purity of the human race?

Is there a higher standard of virtue in countries where divorce is prohibited than in those where it is granted? Where husbands and wives who have ceased to love cannot be divorced, there are mistresses and lovers.

The sacramental view of marriage is the shield of vice. The world looks at the wife who has been abused, who has been driven from the home of her husband, and the world pities; and when this wife is loved by some other man, the world excuses. So, too,

the husband who cannot live in peace, who leaves his home, is pitied and excused.

Is it possible to conceive of anything more immoral than for a husband to insist on living with a wife who has no love for him? Is not this a perpetual crime? Is the wife to lose her personality? Has she no right of choice? Is her modesty the property of another? Is the man she hates the lord of her desire? Has she no right to guard the jewels of her soul? Is there a depth below this? And is this the foundation of morality? this the corner-stone of society? this the arch that supports the dome of civilization? Is this pathetic sacrifice on the one hand, this sacrilege on the other, pleasing in the sight of heaven?

To me, the tenderest word in our language, the most pathetic fact within our knowledge, is maternity. Around this sacred word cluster the joys and sorrows, the agonies and ecstasies of the human race. The mother walks in the shadow of death that she may give another life. Upon the altar of love she puts her own life in pawn. When the world is civilized, no wife will become a mother against her will. Man will then know that to enslave another is to imprison himself.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

A RENEWAL OF WITCHCRAFT.

Within two hundred years belief in witchcraft was general. It was taught by the Evangelical church, and to disbelieve it was heresy of the deepest dye. Even the unfortunates accused of practicing it believed in it, and confessed their guilt of feats unnatural and impossible, and therefore suffered death in some one of the many cruel fashions that were devised by the good and pious people to punish this sinister crime. All the rules of evidence were suspended and ignored on the trial of a witch or a wizard. The accused were usually women, and, alas! so were the accusers. If any member of the church did not believe in witchcraft, that disbelief was taken as the first symptom of entering upon the practice of it. Indeed, so thoroughly was this folly woven into the religion and religious teaching of the time, that it is surprising that the church survived the overthrow of this foul and revolting superstition. That it did survive is strong evidence of the deep-seated religious longings and instincts of the people. Those who are greatly emancipated in their ideas and free in their thoughts, have ever since shown a tendency to question and inquire and test the declarations of the church upon questions which affect the material affairs of the people. But while this freedom of inquiry has pushed far in one direction, it appears to have passed on the way, germinating centers of the old superstitions, and these are manifesting the old tendency to marvel and wonder and people the earth with awful shadows. In one of the Western states a man has accused his neighbor of bewitching his cattle, because they did not thrive, while the neighbor's herd was fat. In vain was it pointed out to him that he wintered his cattle on the north side of a hill, with insufficient access to water, while the thriving herd of his neighbor had sunny quarters and good water. He persisted, and at last, finding there was no law to punish his neighbor for witchcraft, he performed solemn incantations around his weazened steers to take the spell off of them. Recently the village of Graftschap, in Michigan, peopled by a Dutch colony, has become the scene of a revival of witchcraft in all its ancient force. The people are good, upright, religious folk, attached to the Lutheran communion, we believe, but if the whole country were like them we would have a speedy revival of the laws against witchcraft, and there would be drownings and burnings again. This village is wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, and the testimony of its people to the doings of witches is precisely such as once secured the conviction and execution of hundreds of innocent victims. Disregard for simple sanitary requirements has produced at Graftschap many cases of stubborn illness, attributed by the doctors to bad drainage, but by the patients to witches. Medicine has been thrown away, while a committee of elders has ripped open all the feather ticks and pillows, in search of feather devils put therein by the witches to make the sleepers sick. They find, as in all feather pillows and ticks, bunches of partly felted feathers, which are taken out and put upon trial and convicted, in the belief that they are the forms assumed by the witches. They are then carried at the head of a procession to the place of execution,

to be burned, and concerning the burning the most remarkable stories are told by perfectly reputable and sincere people. They declare that not even the feathers will scorch in the fire, and that while the crowd is looking the bunch disappears, which means, of course, that the witch has escaped and taken on another form. It is proper to say that the village pastor rebukes these proceedings, but his reprimand has no influence upon his intensely excited flock, and there are not many exceptions in the community, but nearly all yield themselves to a weird belief which seems to have planted in the midst of an American community a colony out of the dark ages.—Alta.

MORALITY.

[The following address, elucidating the eighth Demand of Secularism, was delivered by Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel at Portland during the late convention.]

We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality, as such, shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.

Technically speaking, a discussion of morality is a discussion of those intentions of which right and wrong are predicated. Natural morality, as distinguished from Christian or any other special phase of morality, is the moral sentiment of the race as a whole, in contradistinction to some special feature developed under special conditions. Natural morality is the science of social relationship, which men have evolved through experience and association; the sum total of their efforts to adjust successfully and harmoniously the relationship of the natural world, to live together peacefully, in a world dominated by justice. It recognizes no supernatural methods for bettering the condition of men; it contents itself with, and confines itself to, the affairs of the natural world, and rejects as an infringement on men's natural rights the attempt to substitute an outside power for the authority alone reposing in men.

Christian morality, which claims in this country to be the conservator of public morals, and with which we as a Secular association have especially to deal, because it lies nearest to us in the development of special phases of moral sentiment, rests upon a basis the direct opposite of this. The basis of Christian morality is a belief in a personal God, and the further assumption that this personal God manifested himself in the flesh in the person of Jesus Christ. In him resides all power and authority, and absolute obedience to his dicta is the only way through which the conduct of men can be regulated into Christian morality in this world, the reward of which morality is the salvation of his soul in another sphere of existence, and it makes the salvation of men's souls the pivotal point upon which the whole system turns. It transposes the whole basis of natural morality. It sets up, in a practically unknown region, the standard which is to regulate the affairs of men. It regulates all authority, all responsibility in human actions, to regions inaccessible to human beings. The whole system rests upon the proposition that outside of man, somewhere unknown to him, unseen by him, unheard of him except through the voice of a priest, is an absolute monarchy in which resides all virtue, all power; that man himself has neither.

This system of Christian morality, as it names itself, sets up a system of rewards and punishments outside of and foreign to human relations through which men are to be rewarded for their denial of virtue by having another make vicarious atonement for their utter moral poverty.

Under this system, not to possess any virtue becomes the highest virtue, to utterly degrade human nature is to ennoble it; all man's obligations to society, all his crimes against it, are to be pardoned by declaring himself bankrupt and turning over the assets to his savior, who is not to remunerate society for its loss. Innocence despoiled, obligations broken, theft and murder even; but to inflict upon society still further, if our human courts do not at the bar of justice or the end of a rope, remove him, the insufferable presence of a creature who, after outraging all naturally moral obligations of society, can, by shifting the consequences of his conduct upon innocent shoulders, become allied to the gods. According to Christian morality, the ignorant and brutal black man who climbed through his wife's window at night

and cut her throat from ear to ear, and who a few months after declared from the scaffold that he had "made his peace with his savior, and would in a half-hour's time be walking the streets of the New Jerusalem in company with the blessed angels," is better worthy the companionship of Jesus than Lincoln, Sumner, and Dickens. According to Christian morality, the salvation of these men is somewhat problematical, but the negro murderer is saved beyond a doubt, as was the thief upon the cross. W. M. Tweed, of the Tweed ring in New York, is consigned to prison and dies disgraced under the ruling of that natural morality which unites and protects the interests of men as one.

Thieves and murderers go to heaven as a reward for acknowledgment of their own wickedness and infamy, taking advantage of another's virtue. The benefactor of his race, who has faith in himself because his life and endeavor are clean, is suspended in doubt or remanded altogether to hell. The ways of justice among civilized and enlightened men are comparatively plain, the ways of Christian justification are mysterious and contradictory, and this proposition that man's responsibility is to other than the society of which he is a part, is the proposition which it has been the cruel heritage of the race to disprove. This is the proposition which created the Inquisition, filled dungeons with martyrs to the cause for which we stand to-day—free thought, the unfettered use of the mind, which raises man above the brute and makes him the arbiter of his own destiny. The virus of this proposition caused the cruel deaths of Hypatia and Bruno, whose names are written in gold on the banner of progress. Hypatia, teacher with her father of mathematics and philosophy, the lever which has moved the whole foundation of ignorant assumptions and put into its vacant place the methods of exact and proven quantities. Bruno, whose funeral-pyre lighted the race out of the darkness and cruelty of a priest-dominated world into the beauty and majesty of a universe whose prophets are in our observatories noting the procession of the infinite, in our signal service stations regulating and controlling the commerce and prosperity of the civilized world. Hypatia, Bruno, and Paine, names to whom every school-house in the land is a monument, a monument whose greatness is only adequately measured when contrasted with the church across the way. One stands as the emblem of useful knowledge in the name and by the authority of man; the other as an emblem of the decadence of usurped authority in the name of the dead gods. Into one press the happy children to gain such knowledge as will make them intelligent, successful men and women; into the other the funeral procession of the ages to kneel about the altars of an out-grown creed, the tomb of dead theology.

Natural morality declares that the virtue of good deeds resides within the deed; that the punishment for evil is the destruction which all evil works to the evil doer. Its fullest illustration is in the fact that virtuous and temperate lives create here and now, heavens; while intemperate and vicious living marks its victim for self-punishment, and sets him apart from the esteem and companionship of mankind; asserts that happiness, the aim and goal of humanity, is only to be attained by conforming to the laws of nature on one side, and the highest requirements of society on the other.

Says Edwin Arnold:

"Men perished in winter winds,
Till one struck fire from the flint stones,
Hiding what they held—
The red spark—from the kindling sun,
They gorged flesh like wolves,
Till one sowed corn, which grew a weed,
Yet makes the life of man,
They mowed and babbled,
Till some tongue struck speech,
And patient fingers formed the lettered words.
What good gift has my brother, but it came
From search, and toil, and patient sacrifice?"

The beginning of the growth of naturally moral sentiment is where savage and primeval man felt the first faint throb of fellowship, overcame his savagery enough to extend the hospitality of his hut to his fellow-savage, divided his crude and simple meal with some one else. That was the first indication of the recognition of relationship and obligation. As this sense grew and intensified, civilization appeared. Morality, the sense of justice, which binds

society together, developed. It does not belong to one age, or one people, not to India alone, though Buddha declared it; nor to China, though Confucius taught it; nor to the Christian world, though Jesus repeated it. Especially it does not belong to Christianity either in its robust or emasculated form. Robust Christianity for years declared that natural "morality was no part of Christianity," it repeats it now every time the evangelical creed professes to save men on a purely technical point of faith. Emasculated Christianity, which has partially displaced revelation by reason, put out the fires of a literal hell, and called the personality of the orthodox God in question, has no claims to it. Too Christian to be natural, and too natural to be Christian, it is a hybrid, which has the features of both, without being either. "The happiness of man," says Rabbi Wise, "depends on no creed and no book; it depends on the dominion of truth."

"The eternal Pan,
Who layeth the world's incessant plan,
Halteth never in one shape,
But forever doth escape
Into new forms.

It is the product of all time, the absolute assurance of the brotherhood of men.

As Secularists we object to being bound by a special and technical form of asserted morality, which is less than universal in its sympathies. We distrust its motives, we abhor its narrowness, and we repudiate its pretensions; and while we may admire and love the simple, childlike character of the man Jesus, of whom we get such vague and incomplete glimpses, we yet remember that the great system of Christianity, which exalts him to place of sovereignty and godship, destroyed almost literally the learning and civilization of the world. The morality of secular knowledge was the immorality of ungodliness; the usefulness, the morality, the dignity of labor, was the "curse of God." The immaculate tables of divine law were held above the agonized faces of the lovers of learning and toilers for men, by hands dripping human blood. And we, as Secularists, insist that the world is better morally; not as a result of organized Christianity, but in spite of it. To our world-workers, our race-lovers, and our Secular savior, we owe our freedom and greatness in this country. Our Secular constitution is the flat and uncompromising denial of the morality of organized Christianity in the affairs of men. And we demand that our Secular constitution shall be secularly administered, upon the basis of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.

And this brings us to another point in our demands, where I should be untrue to the womanhood I represent upon this rostrum did I fail to call your attention to what is particularly involved in the phrasing, "equal rights and impartial liberty." Sometimes I have felt that it might be necessary to add a tenth demand to our Secular platform, calling attention of our Liberal friends themselves to the fact that after one hundred years of government, administered upon the basis of equal rights and impartial liberty, the intelligent, patriotic women of America have advanced no farther than to the vestibule of this temple of freedom. They have entered the college, the forum, the pulpit; they helped to break the chains of America's three million black slaves, by pen and voice; they bound the cruel wounds of whip and chain, and helped to settle the case against human liberty by giving with patriotic and ungrudging heart their dearest ones to the uncertain fate of war; they urged and applauded the political enfranchisement of men in no sense their equals upon the ground of political equality, which we declared so long ago, and still they—the mothers, wives, and daughters of America—are prevented by custom, which early became the custodian of the key of right, by that, and that alone, from taking their just and lawful places in the affairs of the state, in which they, equally with men, are the participators. "Rights not delegated are rights reserved." Let us move forward to equal rights and impartial liberty.

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A MESSAGE.

MR. H. T. HAWSON, Arlington, Or., *My Liberal Brother*: I have much pleasure in informing you that your name was brought up before the Secular convention held in this city: October 11, 12, and 13, and that you were then unanimously elected a vice-president of the Oregon State Secular Union.

I take special pleasure in making this communication to you in view of your intended visit to the old country, and hope that you will carry to our transatlantic brethren the cordial expression of our warmest sympathies.

Recognizing the benefits which Mr. Charles Bradlaugh has bestowed upon his countrymen and the world at large by his outspoken advocacy of secular opinions, we should be glad if you would use every influence you possess to persuade him to visit the states next year, travel across this continent, and address the Secularists of the Pacific coast at our convention in this city in October, 1890. Wishing you a pleasant and prosperous trip, I am, most truly yours,

C. BEAL,

President Oregon State Secular Union.

On the Trail.

To the Editors of *Freethought*:

After finishing my course of five lectures at Palouse City, I boarded the train about midnight for Genesee, Idaho, where I arrived in about two hours, and found good quarters at the Latah House. Genesee is the end of the Palouse branch of the Northern Pacific railroad, and is located in a beautiful little valley—all prairie, no timber being in sight; not even a bush—right on the edge of the Nez-Perce Indian reservation. It is a small town of a few hundred people, and seems very lively and budding up fast. I failed to give any lectures here, as they seemed to think I had come to buy the town and demanded territorial and city licenses and \$10 a night for the Opera House—a mere shell—but I was no relation of Vanderbilt and not Ex-Governor Seymour.

I then took the stage across the reservation to Lewiston, county seat of Nez-Perce county. This land is being allotted to the Indians in severalty, and the balance will soon be surveyed and thrown open to settlement. It is most all high prairie land and very broken, but free from rocks and very rich and productive, raising 40 to 50 bushels of wheat to the acre. The crop of the past season, however, is considered a failure, averaging only 15 to 20 bushels to the acre. Drovers of cattle have been herded here until the grasses are mostly killed out, giving the country a barren appearance.

Directly we come to the brink of a fearful gorge or canyon some 2000 feet in depth, through which runs the Clearwater river, that heads away up in the Bitter-Root mountains, whose snow-covered peaks seem to be but a few miles away, but in reality nearly a hundred. Winding down the mountain trail to the waters of the Clearwater was one of the most fascinating rides I ever made, for with lightning speed down, down, we sped o'er the steep rocky grade, for, as the driver said, if we went slow the stage might somersault over the cayuses. For once the proverbial slow stage was quick enough. In half an hour we descended the seven-mile grade and were at the ferry on the Clearwater, a lovely stream of about 600 yards in width, clear and rippling over its pebbled bottom of shining sands.

It was election day on the state constitution. We were all—six of us—urged to go in and vote, and all did except myself, as they wanted all the votes they could get to help Idaho to put on statehood. Verily, our government is becoming a farce great and strong. The judges of the election left the polls to take care of themselves while they ferried us across the river.

Steamers often run up the Clearwater twenty-five or thirty miles above here, and immense rafts of wood, logs, lumber, etc., are floated down to Lewiston, a few miles below, which is located at the junction of Snake river and the Clearwater, and in a treeless region. We arrived there about sundown and found what had been before the advent of the railroads one of the prettiest towns in Idaho, situated on the narrow, level bottom lands of these two rivers. The town contains about 1000 inhabitants, yet one-third of the business houses and dwellings are standing empty, while mold, moss, and decay are to be seen everywhere. This is the head of navigation for Snake river, and before the advent of the railroads was the great center for all this region. The town was laid out

thirty years ago and named after Lewis, of Lewis and Clarke, the early explorers of the upper Columbia basin. The city is about a mile long, running up the gorge of the Clearwater, and densely shaded with poplars fifty to one hundred feet in height, that have been planted as a cooler, for it often becomes a sort of sheol, the thermometer going up to 115 to 120 degrees, while on the level heights above it is cool and pleasant; but these bald, grassless, gray mountains and hills reflect the sun back into the valley until it is almost unendurable, yet this little valley is one of the best fruit regions north of California, and is the home of the celebrated Idaho pear, that is said to far excel the Bartlett. Immense quantities of berries, peaches, and by all odds the biggest red apples I have ever seen on the Pacific coast grow here, and everybody is getting to be a "bloated aristocrat" that owns a fruit farm on this part of Snake river. It is a sure fortune, for it is close to the mining and lumber regions of Idaho and Montana and the high wheat lands of Washington and Oregon. Lewiston gets water for irrigation and family use by a ditch taken out of the Clearwater several miles above, running through the main street of the town, and driving a large flouring mill just before it escapes into the Snake.

This is not the same snake that got our poor old maternal parent to eat the crab, away back, and who gave the core to her "hubby," which in swallowing stuck in his esophagus and caused us all to carry "Adam's apple" as a birthmark, an inheritance from disobedient ancestry. This is another snake, with a mouth at one end and head at the other, but deals in big red apples that would tempt the best of us poor sinners.

The water is raised out of the ditch by wooden water-wheels ten or twelve feet high and four feet wide provided with automatic tin buckets at the ends of the paddles; the current turns the wheel by undershot force, fills the buckets, which empty themselves as they come up near the top into a box which leads into pipes and troughs that go to the homes and gardens. Nearly every house has its water wheel. I know this water is good and pure, for it comes from the melting snows and springs of the mountains that flow down through the Nez-Perce villages of dirty Indians; besides, I saw dozens of cattle and horses standing in the ditch feeding along its sloping banks, and yet these folks boast of their "wonderful clear and pure water." Most of these folks have from one to three acres for a house lot where they live, so the "city" is much scattered, and very cozy and healthy with the tall shade trees everywhere. The sidewalks are nearly buried up in leaves, for the trees are in the "sere and yellow leaf," as well as the village. I gave three lectures here in the Universalist church to very fair audiences.

At sunrise on Nov. 12, I got aboard the Annie Faxon for a hundred-mile trip down the classic Snake to the great Columbia river. The Annie is a fine boat, and as I was the only passenger, I could easily imagine how it feels to charter a special car or boat and be a money king. There seems to be not a tree and hardly a bush in sight from Lewiston down to the Columbia. The bare, brown, basalt-rocky hills and bluffs, from one to two thousand feet in height, are dreary after a few miles in the extreme. I could but exclaim with Robinson Crusoe, "O Solitude, where are the charms?" and yet occasionally a little nook is found where some one has made a beautiful home, with neighbors miles away, and a fruit farm worth \$25,000 to \$30,000. It does not get so cold here in the valley by the river by fifteen to twenty degrees as up on the level plateaus in the wheat country eight to ten miles away. We stopped but once during the entire day—that was to take on 600 sacks of wheat at a warehouse called Alamata. I saw one warehouse where a wheat spout many thousand feet long reached away up to the heights above, through which wheat is shot down from the farms and wheat ranches in glory-land to be loaded on passing boats.

Another new thing to your man "on the trail"—the Nez-Perce Indians' method of taking a Turkish bath. They have a little dug-out made in the bank near where they live, made nearly air-tight. When they feel anything the matter with them they heat some rocks very hot and throw them inside the dug-out; then they jump in the river a few minutes, and then crawl into their hole with the hot rocks, where the air has become very hot, and sweat beautifully; then out into the river again. Lo, the poor Indian might tally one ahead yet for nature's methods of cure.

But enough for this time. The boat speeds on from Alamata, and I must watch the ever-changing scenery of these mighty basalt bluffs and wondrous wind-swept water-torn gorges of the crooked, winding Snake.

I, like Paddy of the Emerald Isle, don't like snakes. This is the biggest one I ever saw or rode.
D. C. SEYMOUR.

Liberal Work At Silverton.

To the Editors of Freethought:

The interests of Liberal thought are not being neglected at Silverton. While the Liberal fraternity of this place is not in accord with the so-called Liberal lecturer whose stock consists in vituperation, interspersed with buffoonery, the cultured advocate of Liberal ideas, who is not disposed to trifle with the hopes and fears of his fellow-men, will always receive recognition and encouragement at the hands of our people.

We have recently had a series of interesting meetings at Liberal Hall at Silverton. Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel, of Kansas City, has just completed, under the auspices of the Secular Union at this place, a course of Liberal lectures to large and attentive audiences. The subject of her first lecture, "Evolution of Thought and Progress of Ideas," though a difficult one, involving abstruse questions in mental philosophy, was treated in a masterly manner, beginning with the first impulse to human thought manifested in primitive man, tracing it step by step through various stages as it developed in the process of evolution, until the lapse of ages gives to us the fruitage of this germ of thought, in the scientific discoveries and the mechanical and industrial appliances of to-day.

Her second lecture, "Natural Morality Superior to Theological Restraint as a Safeguard to Society," is a complete refutation of the claim that the principles of morality are the exclusive property of any religion, or that those principles have any necessary relation to theology. "Morality is natural. It is the necessary outgrowth of human association and the science of human relations." Theological restraint is a questionable restraint to society so long as theology relegates the benefactors of the race to perdition, and by the halter swings the murderer from the gibbet into paradise. But why remove the murderer at all? If he has become a fit subject for the kingdom of heaven, why is he unfit for citizenship here? If he has become a desirable associate for Christ and the angels, why should his presence be obnoxious to good people in this world?

The subject of the concluding lecture was "The Church of the Future." The lecturer prefaced her remarks by reciting one of Mackay's poems, entitled "The Three Preachers," which was well rendered and well received. She then proceeded to review the history of the church, comparing the church as it existed in the past with the church of the present time; pointing to the forces combined to circumscribe its mental and moral growth, indicating the influences which have forced it to follow though at a lagging pace (and at a great distance in the rear) the advance-guard of civilization; showing those influences to have been *natural* and not *supernatural* influences; and logically arriving at the conclusion that they would continue in operation to advance the church, step by step, to higher ground, and to a wider field of vision and of usefulness; until in the church of the future we shall have the "ideal church of humanity."

I am not attempting to give even an outline of Mrs. Krekel's lectures. Any effort of mine in that direction would do scant justice to this distinguished advocate of Freethought. To be appreciated, Mrs. Krekel must be heard. As a logician and as a brilliant platform orator, she has few equals in either sex. She is deliberate and self-possessed upon the rostrum; never losing herself in abstraction on anything not pertinent to the subject. She is sometimes very eloquent and persuasive, always argumentative, never abusive. She arraigns and convicts the inconsistencies of theology before the bar of reason, so logically and so conclusively as to leave the most unwilling without excuse; yet in language so dignified and so refined as to give the most fastidious no offense. Mrs. Krekel is doing much to dignify the cause of Liberal thought in this country, and should be heard in every town and city on the Pacific Coast.

The senior editor of FREETHOUGHT was present at Mrs. Krekel's second lecture, and made a short introductory speech, which was replete with pleasant thought and practical suggestion and was much appreciated by his many friends present. We would have been pleased to have seen more of him, but his star seemed to lie *south*, and with a hand-shake and a word all round, the "Poet Pilgrim" departed, with a promise that he would write our name on the beautiful sunshine of the golden state of California.

J. W. McCLURE.
Silverton, Or

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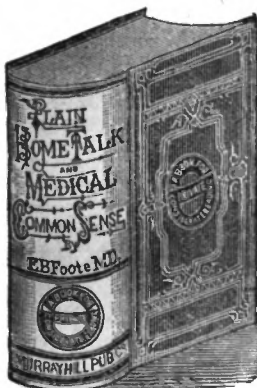
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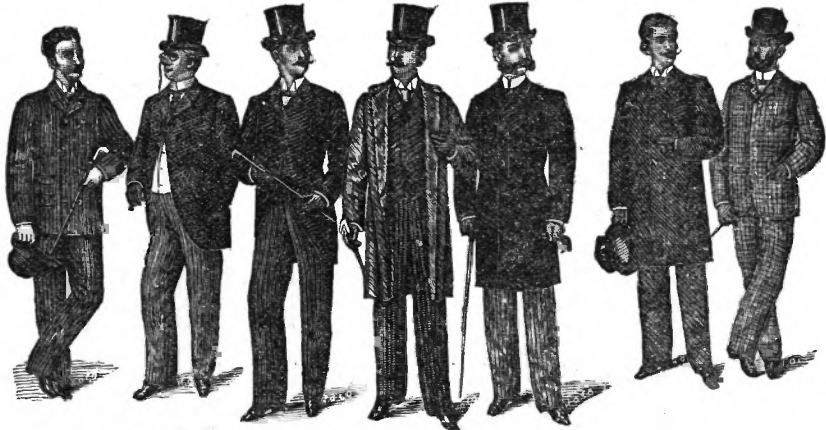
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - NOVEMBER 30, 1889.

THE Congregation of St. George's Episcopal church, St. Catherine's, have found an effective way of dealing with an unpopular pastor. In order to get rid of their rector, they have voted that his salary shall be \$1 per annum instead of \$1,500. No clergyman will stand such a reduction as that without striking.

THE Rev. Martin Horensen, an Episcopal clergyman of Council Bluffs, Iowa, deliberately cut his throat in a woodshed in the rear of his premises November 23, and bled to death. We mention the case because it is charged by the Rev. Talmage, and echoed by ministers all over the country, that Infidelity leads to suicide, but Dr. Horensen's case and many other similar cases show that the paths of belief lead to the same end much more frequently.

ARE not the Mormon church, the Catholic church, and all other churches perfectly consistent in claiming supreme power? If God is supreme and if the churches are the custodians of his word, why should they not speak with authority? That is the question, but the truth is that the head of the Mormon church or the pope of Rome knows as little about the will of God as does the most ignorant Digger Indian. Convince people of this, and the matter of church supremacy is settled forever in the negative.

A RETURNED missionary, who has been many years in Japan, has just been showing some curious effects of culture in that country. It seems that the Japanese have seized upon the idea of secular education with great avidity. While only seven thousand children go to school where religious knowledge is a part of the curriculum, over three millions attend where the teaching is purely Agnostic. The young men develop a keen love for metaphysical doctrine and research, but their favorite authors are Mill, Spencer, Darwin, and Huxley. Japan is a mountainous country for missionaries.

THE "Messenger," organ of the Young Men's Christian Association, some time ago contained this recommendation of a representative Christian worker:

"Mr. E. Glencross Grant, one of our most active members, has recently entered into the firm of The Bull & Grant Agricultural Implement Com-

pany of San Francisco and Los Angeles, and has for the present taken up his abode in Los Angeles, a fact which is decidedly regretted by his many friends here, as we are sorry to lose him from our corps of workers. Mr. Grant was a member of the Devotional and Visitation of the Sick Committees, and had charge of the consecration meeting every Saturday evening at 9 o'clock for the past month."

Mr. E. Glencross Grant is now wanted by the police. He is a forger and embezzler to the amount of \$30,000. He is sure of a harp in the next world.

ONE of our city clergymen has recently delivered a lecture on "Doubt and its Cure," in discussing which subject he declared that the foundation of doubt was ignorance, and that reason and experience both led to belief in Christianity. This answered just as well as anything better for the young Christians who heard it, but if any of them had been acquainted with facts or capable of reasoning, they would have known that what the clergyman said was the exact opposite of truth. This is proved by the indisputable fact that the ignorant seldom doubt, while the more intelligent disbelieve. The same reverend gentleman cited the antiquity of Christianity as evidence of its truth. It had, he said, withstood the assaults of two thousand years, and proved itself invincible. He should remember that ignorance has also withstood the assaults of learning, and still exists to a deplorable degree; and if the invincibility of Christianity shows it to be divine, how about the invincibility of ignorance? Is that also divine? In the language of another, "It won't do."

RELIGIONISTS IN POLITICS.

THE attempt of the so-called "Gentiles" of Salt Lake City to disfranchise the Mormons raises a question that, sooner or later, the people of the whole country will be called upon to meet. The question is whether men who hold any ecclesiastical law as more binding than civil law, and who will swear to stand by the laws of the church instead of the laws of the land whenever the two come in conflict, are to be recognized as loyal citizens and allowed to vote. In our opinion the church and the state are two hostile camps, with the difference that while the state is and should be on the defensive, the church is belligerent and perpetually endeavoring to encroach upon the state. The church rightfully resents the interference of the state in ecclesiastical matters. As a citizen of the state no man may have a voice in church affairs. Why, then, as a member of the church (we refer to that branch of the church which holds to ecclesiastical supremacy), should any man vote upon state affairs? To illustrate further, we will say that state and church represent rival powers—the one a republic, the other a despotism. In the autonomy of the despotism a member of the republic is a cipher, and has no voice; but every subject of the despotism, on the other hand, is given an equal right with all others to control the affairs of the republic. This strikes us as a wholly one-sided arrangement,

and viewing the matter in this light the Gentiles of Utah are perfectly justified in questioning the loyalty and voting power of the Mormons.

But there is a wider application to be made than that which touches the insignificant sect called Mormons, and the "handful of American citizens" living in Utah. We must take into account the conflict between the nine or ten millions of Roman Catholics in this country, and the loyal people of the United States. These millions of subjects of the Romish despotism are as much opposed to state supremacy as are the Mormons of Utah. They place the pope at the head of all powers. In the declaration by a Roman Catholic prelate at the recent conference in Baltimore, that the pope should never be the subject of any government, the same principle was asserted that ruled before the Reformation; the principle under which the pope made and unmade kings. The pope now demands temporal sovereignty and political independence of the government of Italy. At present he must pay his taxes and observe the laws of Italy like any other citizen, but he desires to throw off these obligations and re-establish his sovereignty in Rome. He would have his ambassadors in every royal court and he would send his emissary to Washington to be recognized as the representative of a foreign power. He speaks of the members of his church in this country as his "children," but they are as much his subjects as an unnaturalized Englishman is a subject of the queen.

The Mormons can argue that they owe allegiance to no foreign potentate; that the head of their church is a resident of this country; and that in applying for naturalization papers they do forswear all other powers than that inhering in citizens of the United States. But the Catholic can make no such plea. The Irish Catholic, for instance, gladly relinquishes the protection of the British government under which he has lived in his native land, and against which he has been all his life in rebellion, and as cheerfully accepts that of his adopted country, but he merely transfers his person, not his loyalty. He was a subject of Rome in Ireland, and he is a subject of Rome in America.

Thus the question arises again, Can the subject of the despotism vote in the republic before he has renounced his allegiance to the despot? If this question is answered negatively in the case of the Mormons it must for still stronger reasons be answered in the negative when asked concerning Roman Catholics. We would like to see the matter discussed by the politicians if there is a politician with backbone enough to touch it.

SCHWEINFURTH THE CHRIST.

The editor of the Argus, Alpena, Mich., says under date of October 30:

"Schweinfurth, the man who claims to be the Christ, has been in the city the past week looking after his small flock in this place. It is his first visit in three years. In former times he made frequent visits here, but at present there is not much financial inducement for him to come, and the custom has been for the Alpena members of the sect to go to the headquarters in Illinois. There is one thing in regard to this peculiar sect, and that is, Schweinfurth has managed to make a first-class living out of his deluded followers, and is reported to be wealthy. We have frequently stated our opinion of the sacrilegious impostor in this paper, and know no reason to change our belief in regard to him. This is a free country, however, and if his followers are so weak-minded as to believe he is the Christ, it is their privilege. Schweinfurth has a good thing of it at the expense of the

sect, and no doubt proposes to maintain his grip on them. It is likely he agrees with the motto of Puck: 'What fools these mortals be,' when he thinks of the manner he has fooled them in believing him to be Christ. Queer things are done in this country under the name of religion. A man with a fluent tongue can easily start a religion of his own, get it patented, and enlist weak-minded followers. The people like to be humbugged, and Schweinfurth is a first-class illustration as to how it can be done."

A RENEWAL AND A NEW NAME.

We are sending out reminders this week to some of our subscribers that their time has expired. In renewing it is hoped that each may make an endeavor to send in the name of a new subscriber.

THE PRESS AND THE COURTS.

Judge Shafter of the Superior Court of San Francisco, in sentencing a criminal a few days ago, gave utterances to these sentiments:

"In regard to the interference of the public press in this case, I must say that the articles published are all alike in tenor and effect. These publications are criminal on their face; they are disreputable to the public press and contemptuous to the courts and the officials elected to carry out the laws. The persons who publish and write these things claim exemption from punishment, but I denounce them as criminals under the criminal laws of this state, and no community which suffers them to exist can be called civilized or Christian. I cannot punish them in open court, but if the matter is brought to my attention in proper form by affidavits I shall mete out to them the severest punishment."

A great deal of discussion has been raised by this expression of opinion, as, if Judge Shafter is right, a court, however corrupt, is exempt from public criticism, and a paper lays itself liable to prosecution for contempt if it even reports judicial proceedings. Among the many who have spoken upon the subject none has come nearer, in our judgment, to a legal and just statement of the case than Colonel Ingersoll, and we here introduce an interview between the colonel and a member of the press:

"Suppose a reporter makes a report that he as well as others considers impartial, and the court differs from him; is he to be punished, if the court pleases?"

"Of course every court has a right to protect itself from interference from disturbance to the end that it may discharge its duties so far as protecting itself is concerned. But the expression of opinion by making any reports not in the presence of the court or in a way that hinders or interrupts its business cannot be called contempt. In such cases the court can do nothing by way of arresting and punishing for contempt. A judge has the same remedy that a private person has and no other. It is the duty of the court to guard the rights of the suitors, to prevent their cases being prejudiced by false or malicious reports of judicial proceedings, and there may be cases in which false reports might properly subject the maker to punishment for a contempt, but it can be no offense to make true reports and no offense beyond a technical one to make incorrect reports."

"Suppose a court is openly and notoriously dishonest and unfair, and a newspaper says so, do you think the court has a right to punish that editor?"

"If the court is corrupt, the editor of a paper, knowing that fact, has not only the right but it is his duty to say so, and no such court has the right to punish him. He would be entitled to testify and to show the truth of what he published, and if he did this, there certainly would be no offense. He would then be guilty of having discharged a public duty. Under the circum-

stances supposed, the editor would be in the right, and the court could do nothing except to resign. Every court ought to be able to stand the truth. No editor should charge a judge with dishonesty unless he had the best of proof. Neither should comments be made on trials calculated to prejudice the rights of either party.

"I believe that no man can be entitled to greater respect than a just judge, and certainly no human being can be lower than a corrupt judge. It is of immense importance to us all to have an independent, intelligent and honest judiciary, and it is also of immense importance to us all to have an intelligent, independent, and honest press. No editor can be technically guilty of an offense by publishing the truth in regard to courts."

THE DUNGEON'S GLOOM FOR SLANDERERS.

We hereby acknowledge the receipt of the appended letter, addressed to "Samuel P. Putnam and George E. Macdonald, Editors and Publishers of FREETHOUGHT, 504 Kearny street, San Francisco:"

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Nov. 25, 1889.

GENTLEMEN: I have just had handed to me a copy of your issues of November 9th and 23d.

In the issue of the 9th I read these words:

"Mr. Haskell is tonguey if not profound * * [the audience] appeared fatigued," etc., the whole account clearly showing a personal prejudice against myself.

In the issue of the 23d I see this:

"If he is a rogue, as some people say, he is the most intense rogue that I ever saw."

"I have little doubt that it will result in electing Mr. Haskell to some lucrative public office."

I do not know either of you gentlemen personally, and I do not think you know me. I am therefore at a loss to know what personal animus there can be between us.

You have stated in print, however, that "some people" say I am "a rogue." If you will be kind enough to give me the names of any men who have said that, I will attend to my own vindication, and with them.

Seven years in the Socialist movement in San Francisco has of course taught me that secret enemies must swarm in the track of any man who does his duty in that cause.

And though I have unearthed many of them, yet I never found one who would stand by what he secretly whispered, openly and above board to my face. Very truly yours, BURNETTE G. HASKELL.

P. S.—Of course you are at liberty to show this to "some people" or any people, and with this addition:

That if any man, here or elsewhere, will put his name to any written or printed statement involving my character as a gentleman, a man of honor, or an honest person, I will, through the law of libel, give him instant opportunity to prove his case publicly before the courts and go free, or to cool his imagination and malice alike, within the four walls of a cell.

That Mr. Haskell should have reached the conclusion that the editors of FREETHOUGHT harbor personal prejudice against him gives us deep pain. No such prejudice exists. We are perfectly willing to acknowledge his possession of all the talents and virtues whereof he is seized. We know him to be a man of great oratorical force and literary vigor. We have known of him as a shining light, albeit an ignis-fatuus, in the Labor movement for numerous years, but if he imagines that we intend to maintain that he is not a gentleman of honor and a distinguished scholar, he is much in error. There are, however, persons in this city who will say that Mr. Haskell is not all he should be, and if these choose to accept his challenge to prove the same and go free or enjoy the hospitality of the county jail, such is their privilege. For our part, we desire to see Mr. Haskell vindicated. If any

gentleman knows aught to his credit he should speak at once, and not let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on his damask cheek.

It is regretted that our correspondent is under the necessity of having a copy of FREETHOUGHT "handed" to him. He should subscribe. Per annum, \$2; six months, \$1; sample copies free.

HUXLEY AND THE "DIEGESIS."

A few weeks ago a subscriber of FREETHOUGHT who had read the discussion between Professor Huxley and the Rev. Dr. Wace on "Christianity and Agnosticism" took occasion to inquire how it happened that both the disputants ignored the historical matter contained in the "Diegesis" of the Rev. Robert Taylor; and concluding that Huxley had never read Taylor's work, he suggested that the professor be furnished with a copy and his opinion of the work solicited. Through Mr. Charles A. Watts, of London, the "Diegesis" was forwarded to the great Agnostic, and the following reply is the result:

October 30, 1889.

DEAR SIR: I am much obliged for Taylor's "Diegesis." I do not wish to appear ungrateful to your American correspondent; but I must confess that, if he has any knowledge of the subject, and he has read Taylor's work, I am at a loss to imagine why he should want any one else to waste his time in the same way.

Taylor is not without learning and acuteness, and he has studied the older German rationalists to some purpose; moreover, a man who dates his letters from Oakham Jail may be forgiven for a great deal of strong language. Sixty years since such a book as the "Diegesis" was, to say the least, excusable; there could be no possible excuse for putting forward such absurd stuff—as a great deal of it is—now. I am

Yours faithfully,

T. H. HUXLEY.

If this is all Professor Huxley has to say about the masterly work of Taylor, he has hardly repaid the trouble of getting his opinion. Robert Taylor, in the "Diegesis," summed up certain alleged historical facts concerning the origin and evidences of Christianity, and explained the myth of Christ and his apostles on a very plausible and ingenious astronomical theory. Leaving the theory out of the question, the historical facts remain to be dealt with. If they are sound, Christianity is not left a peg whereon to hang its hat, and the "Gadarene pig story" and other miracles fall to the ground because the central figure, the gospel Jesus, is proved to have been a figment of the oriental imagination. What our correspondent desired to know, as we understood it, was whether, in Professor Huxley's opinion, Taylor had stated the historical truth or had stated things that were untrue. History is one thing, theory is another; and while Taylor's theory is not generally accepted as final, his statements are still to be impeached. Did the Rev. Robert Taylor tell the truth when dealing with matters purely historical, or did he not? That is the question for Professor Huxley to pass upon, and which he has not touched in his dismissal of the "Diegesis" as "absurd stuff."

MEETINGS for all who are interested in the discussion of economic and political questions will be held at 909½ Market street, San Francisco, on every Sunday of December, at 2 and 7:45 P.M. There will be free discussion.

NEWSPAPER correspondents in the new Republic of Brazil report that there is difficulty in sending accurate reports of the state of affairs to the foreign press, because "the government exercises a close supervision over all dispatches." It is evident that the leaders of Brazil's revolution have established a republic without knowing what it means.

Is Freethought conducive to long and happy married life? It would seem so, especially in California. In the brief existence of this paper we have had the pleasure of chronicling the golden weddings of Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Goodell, of Sacramento, and of Mr. and Mrs. L. Parker, of Anaheim, readers of FREETHOUGHT; and now come the cards for the fiftieth wedding anniversary of the Hon. A. Schell and wife, of Knight's Ferry. This latter event takes place December 5, 1889, and we extend our heartiest congratulations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Schell. Long life and good luck!

A REPORT is in circulation in England to the effect that Gladstone has privately been received into the Catholic church. Mr. Gladstone maintains a deep interest in religious matters and is now engaged in a work on "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," but it is not believed that he has reached the conclusion expressed in the above title through his recent discussion with Colonel Ingersoll.

THE lecture by the Rev. Dr. Cruzan on "Our American Barons and Their Serfs" appears in this issue. With the example of the Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost before him, Mr. Cruzan shows considerable disregard of known consequences in thus espousing a cause that is frowned upon by the orthodoxy which he represents. It is hoped that he has selected a soft place to light upon when he has to jump.

THERE is a decided ring of business in President Westbrook's contribution this week. We cannot agree with him in his declaration that the American Secular Union has accomplished little or nothing, because we know that it has accomplished a good deal; but when he tells us of the work to be done and of his determination to do it, every Liberal in the country must be with him in all enthusiasm.

AFFLICTION falls heavily upon our Liberal brother, W. S. Rodgers, of Boulder Creek. Less than a year ago his wife and infant child were buried together, leaving six young children to the father's care; and on the 21st inst. the fifth of the little ones died of acute bronchitis. Mr. Rodgers has the sympathy of all who know him through his open-handed aid of the Liberal cause, and of all his personal acquaintances, by whom he is held in the highest esteem.

SURELY THIS MEANS SUCCESS.

The responses already received to the proposition to form a Freethought Publishing Company show that a popular vein has been struck—that the right plan has been adopted. This seems to be the universal verdict. Business men acknowledge it to be a good business enterprise. Every one interested in the cause sees in this co-operative movement a chance to help, and to help effectually. There never was a better opportunity to build up a solid Freethought organization. It is not best that the paper should be in the hands of a few. Let a thousand Liberals own and control it. Let it be the representative organ of this great West. Let friends read the names of those who have already contributed, and their indorsement of the plan, and they will see an assurance of complete success. All that is now necessary is that every subscriber of FREETHOUGHT who desires the progress of the paper should stand side by side with these friends who

have so generously come to the front. Over three hundred shares are now taken. With five hundred shares taken the company will be organized. This should be done before the beginning of the new year. Let those who are ready to join report without delay. This method of future work having been determined on, the sooner it is under way the better, for time is money in this as in every other enterprise. Read these letters:

MARSHFIELD, OR., Nov. 20, 1889.

DEAR SIR: Yours of Nov. 17 came to hand, and Mrs. Mark is willing to take two shares at \$5 each, and I will take three shares. This will be paid any time called for. Yours truly, F. MARK.

STOCKTON, Nov. 22, 1889.

FRIENDS: I received your circular. If you carry the torchlight of FREETHOUGHT steadily along as you have the past two years, I think your two thousand subscribers will take shares enough to establish the Freethought Publishing Company and the book store. By request I send you the names of Mr. Willard T. Jones, one share; Mrs. Willard T. Jones, one share; Mrs. J. C. Gage, one share; J. C. Gage, one share. Yours truly, J. C. GAGE.

ALBANY, OR., Nov. 21, 1889.

DEAR SIR: Your circular of 17th inst. duly received. I understand you are going to organize an association to be known as the Freethought Publishing Company. I think it a good scheme and like to support it as much as I can. I am about broke at present, but you can put me down for five shares just the same. Your sincere friend, CHRIS. E. HOWLAND.

HELENA, MONT., Nov. 21, 1889.

DEAR FRIENDS: Inclosed find \$10, five for my subscription for FREETHOUGHT, and the other five dollars for a share in the Freethought Publishing Company. Every Liberal should assist this laudable object. With best wishes for success, HENRY C. YAEGER.

ANAHEIM, CAL., Nov. 22, 1889.

DEAR SIR: The plan to establish a Freethought Publishing Company is excellent, and one that should meet with cordial support from every Liberal on this coast. I am in a hard streak at present and am unable to contribute as freely as I would like to, but I will strain a point and try to take five shares now, and when my affairs assume a better shape—if they ever do—I will take more. Truly yours, S. LITTLEFIELD.

SEATTLE, WASH., Nov. 21, 1889.

PUTNAM & MACDONALD: With the Freethought Publishing Company, which you suggest, in San Francisco, I am fully in sympathy. It would put our noble and enterprising FREETHOUGHT on a more solid basis and give us a Home House that would be a benefit to all the Liberals on the Pacific Coast. I shall certainly take one or more shares. Very truly yours, S. W. CLARK.

CHRISTINE, CAL., Nov. 22, 1889.

DEAR SIR: I think your plan of organizing a Freethought Publishing Company on this coast, such as you propose in your circular, will be a grand thing for Liberalism. I would like to take a good many shares, but in the mean time will promise to take one. JONAS MYERS.

PORTLAND, OR., Nov. 21, 1889.

DEAR SIR: In reply to yours of the 17th inst. I will say, put me down for one share. I may take more. I believe you will get the shares all taken; it's a good thing. Please drop a card stating what I owe on my paper account, and oblige, Yours for humanity, C. W. SAUNDERS.

EUREKA, CAL., Nov. 19, 1889.

FRIEND MACDONALD: Yours of November 14 came to hand.

yesterday. I approve of your idea and will take ten shares. I saw Mr. Quosig, who promised to take five shares. I am well aware that those who expect dividends in the near future may be disappointed. For my part I prefer the satisfaction of having done my share to help crush superstition, to dividends. Get as many interested as you can, the more the better. As a rule, joint stock companies are institutions where a few big fish eat up the small fry; but I hope that those who take stock in this are more interested in spreading the light than in accumulating pelf.

Hoping your enterprise will succeed, I am, as ever, yours fraternally,

ROBERT GUNTHER.

CALISTOGA, CAL., Nov. 22, 1889.

GEO. E. MACDONALD, ESQ., *Dear Sir*: Your letter is at hand. I was glad to hear a Freethought Publishing Company is to be started. I am good for two shares, and my friend, Dan. Macdonald, takes one. I am satisfied with the paper and will take it as long as it is published.

JOHN DUMBACHER.

SIERRA CITY, CAL., Nov. 21, 1889.

GENTLEMEN: Yours of the 17th is at hand. I am glad to say I am well-pleased with your paper. You can count on me for five dollars for one share. I hope that you will be successful.

GEO. W. WILSON.

OAKDALE, CAL., Nov. 19, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Your circular proposing to organize a FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY to hand, and contents noted. You may mark me down for two shares, ten dollars, to help the enterprise along.

Fraternally yours,
R. H. ENDICOTT.

SAN JOSE, CAL., Nov. 20, 1889.

MR. PUTNAM, *Dear Sir*: I am willing to take two shares of FREETHOUGHT stock, and if you should not get sufficient subscribers I might take five.

Yours in the hope of success,
L. MAGENHEIMER.

OAKDALE, CAL., Nov. 20, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: I have received your notice of organizing a FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY. I am pleased with the idea, and hope you will meet with success. You can put my name down for five shares.

Yours, JOHN HUBBEL.

UNIVERSITY, LOS ANGELES, CAL., Nov. 20, 1889.

To the Editors of Freethought:

In answer to yours I will say that I intend to take one share at least. I would like to see Liberal literature have a better chance for distribution. All the present book stores seem to be afraid of it.

Yours truly, L. SCHLEGEL.

OPHIR, CAL., Nov. 18, 1889.

PUTNAM & MACDONALD, *Dear Sirs*: Good enough. Book my wife and me for one share apiece in the FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, and the money will be forthcoming when we are notified, or probably before.

With high hopes for your success, LEWIS AND ROSA KAISER.

STOCKTON, CAL., Nov. 19, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Your circular at hand. In reply will say that you can put my name down for one share in the FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, and if I can possibly do more, shall let you know in due time. I am in favor of the proposed plan, and trust it will prove a grand success in promulgating Freethought throughout the land.

Wishing you every success, VICTOR HECK.

GRAFTON, CAL., Nov. 20, 1889.

FRIEND MACDONALD: Yours of the 13th is received. In reply I will say I think your proposition a wise one, and one that should get all the assistance necessary to put it on a firm foundation with a full stock of goods. I, though a laborer, will take \$50 worth of stock, with the expectation of paying a few assessments until the business is established. I think all Liberals

should put in what they can, as it is the only way that many like myself have of helping the cause of Freethought, which takes from them the superstitions of the past and gives them morality instead.

Respectfully, N. B. PARNELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Nov. 20, 1889.

S. P. PUTNAM, *Dear Sir*: You will please place my name on your list of subscribers to the FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY for two shares of its stock.

Very truly, FRED McMILLAN

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Nov. 20, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD, *Dear Sirs*: I hereby subscribe for four (4) shares in the FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY. I wish you success in the new crusade against superstition.

W. BOTSFORD, M. D.

ANAHEIM, CAL., Nov. 19, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: We will take two shares at present; may double it in time.

Yours in the cause of Liberalism, L. and K. PARKER.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Nov. 20, 1889.

GENTLEMEN: Your circular, Important to Liberals, to hand. Put my name down for one share.

E. A. DENICKE.

POMO, CAL., Nov. 18, 1889.

FRIEND PUTNAM: Your letter and circular are at hand, I will take one share, and perhaps more when the thing ripens.

Yours truly, JOHN MEWHINNEY.

LIVERMORE, CAL., Nov. 21, 1889.

PUTNAM & MACDONALD: I received yours in due time and have come to the conclusion that you may count on me for five dollars if you get enough subscribed. This will be given without your issuing any stock to me.

Wishing you success,
M. S. PALMER.

UINTAH, UTAH, Nov. 20, 1889.

PUTNAM & MACDONALD, *Friends*: Put my name down for a share in the FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY. I hope I may be able to take a few more after a while, and the enterprise be a grand success.

Yours as ever, CHAS. DE LA BAUME.

HORNITAS, CAL., Nov. 18, 1889.

REV. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, *Dear Sir and Brother*: Your circular letter is received. I think the idea a good one and will take two shares. I will also make another effort to get new subscribers (which I have been unable to do up to the present). Nearly all are Liberals there, but most of them are of the indifferent kind. I hope yet to see them get their eyes open to the necessity of action. With best wishes for the success of FREETHOUGHT, and the health and prosperity of its editors, I remain,

Fraternally yours, R. W. BARCROFT.

NIPOMO, CAL., Nov. 17, 1889.

FRIENDS PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Your favor received and considered. We think the idea a good one, and our hearts are with you. We will take five shares at \$5 each, and wish we could take from twenty-five to fifty shares. However, we feel that you will have a hearty response to this, that will roll up the necessary amount.

Your true friend, JOHN ROBINETT.

OAKLAND, Nov. 23, 1889.

FRIENDS PUTNAM AND MACDONALD: It behooves every staunch Freethinker to render all assistance in his power in helping to build the temple of the religion of reason, part of which temple I consider that "voice in the wilderness," our St. John the Baptist, the San Francisco FREETHOUGHT; and such I would consider any auxiliary movement tending to help spread the gospel of U. M. L. on the Pacific coast. Such movement would be the establishment of a Freethought publishing company, of which I will take two shares now and add to them next year as my means will permit. The unholy father in Rome receives yearly a stream of gold from his believing dupes in the shape of Peter's

penance, for which he sends his pretended blessings by letter or telegraph; said blessings are turned into curses in every land wherever disseminated. Surely we Freethinkers can at least do our own blessing and try to gather it not from heaven, but from the elements of the planet Earth. I remain Yours in the dawn of a higher light,
H. L. HAELKE.

BAKERSFIELD, CAL., Nov. 18, 1889.

FRIEND PUTNAM: I will subscribe for one share of the stock of the new enterprise, and only regret that I cannot do more. Wishing you success in all undertakings, I am, dear sir,
Yours,
N. R. WILKINSON.

LARGO, CAL., Nov. 21, 1889.

DEAR SIR: Your circular letter of the 17th inst. duly received. I am pleased to note the effort you are making to advance the cause of Liberalism on this coast, and regret that my present position will not admit of my giving more substantial aid than to take one single share in your proposed enterprise, for I assure you I am an out-and-out Freethinker. This is all, however, I can promise at present, and when called upon I will hand in the five dollars.
Yours truly,
L. F. LONG.

KIDD CREEK, Nov. 23, 1889.

DEAR FRIENDS: I received yours of the 17th inst., and I see no reason why your plans as stated in circular should not come out all right. As I am situated at present financially I can only take two shares, but in the course of a few months I might go a little better. I have induced Mr. Henry C. Ogle to take two shares. There ought not to be any trouble in selling as many shares as will insure the success of FREETHOUGHT. With the present editors at the helm it is bound to float. Yours, in the cause of truth,
W. M. FERGUSON.

KNIGHT'S FERRY, CAL., Nov. 18, 1889.

FRIEND MACDONALD: I returned to my home at Red Mountain Vineyard last night, and this morning was handed your letter and inclosed circular proposing a FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY in San Francisco. Put me down for ten shares, of \$5 each. With you at the head I may perhaps be induced to take more in the future. I think well of such a plan, and hope there may be enough interested in it to insure its success. The more Freethought literature is distributed, the better for the cause. With Putnam in the field and you at the helm, it must succeed. You have made FREETHOUGHT one of the ablest papers in the United States.
Yours very truly,
A. SCHELL.

BOULDER CREEK, Cal., Nov. 17, 1889.

FRIENDS PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Your favor in regard to the projected Publishing Company is at hand, and in reply will say that I think it a good idea. The great trouble with the Freethought movement has been all along the utter indifference of Liberals. Giving those who are interested enough to help in this movement a direct interest in the paper ought to be an important step towards success. Nothing would please me more than to see a strong Freethought publishing house established here on the Pacific coast. It is what I have hoped to see all along. Hard times and many misfortunes will prevent me from doing all I could wish just now. You can put me down for ten shares anyway. I will also speak to all Liberals who will be likely to help, and do all I that can to help you.

Yours sincerely,
W. S. RODGERS.

SAN JOSE, Nov. 20, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: At a meeting of the San Jose Secular Union held on the 17th inst., five of the members present expressed themselves in readiness to take shares as follows: Miss Wehner one, R. H. Schwartz one, Mr. Pobritz one, L. Magenheim two, with privilege of more; Mr. Titus, "just as many as he could raise the money to take." There was a small attendance, or we could have sent more names. We meet again next Sunday to try and arrange for a public meeting in the form of a short musical and literary programme and an address, where this matter will be brought before the people. With best wishes for

the success of your new and grand enterprise, which we feel confident will meet with a favorable response from all the Liberals on this coast, we remain Fraternal yours,

SAN JOSE SECULAR UNION.
MRS. R. H. SCHWARTZ, Sec., R. H. SCHWARTZ, Pres.

SAN DIEGO, Nov. 18, 1889.

MR. PUTNAM, *Dear Sir*: The enterprise you speak of is good. I think it will benefit Freethought and the world at large. I will take one share in the enterprise and forward money when arrangements are perfected. Very respectfully,
JAS. BIDWELL.

CAZADERO, Nov. 18, 1889.

G. E. MACDONALD, *Dear Sir*: I hope that the proposition you make in your circular will be well supported by the Liberals of this coast, and that it may be the means of breaking the shackles of superstition that have such control over the human mind. I will take ten shares.

Please send me one dollar's worth of FREETHOUGHT of Nov. 16. I like the way you gave it to the president about that Thanksgiving proclamation. Yours,
H. F. EBERS.

SONOMA, CAL., Nov. 18, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Received your letter, and see with pleasure your statement that FREETHOUGHT promises to be self-sustaining and its principles increasing. If everybody would help according to his means, there could be very easily a substantial company formed. Now, I for my part, don't calculate on any gains to be received, or I would say I have no money to invest, but I like to help the cause, and so put me down for ten shares at \$50.
Yours truly,
ED. WEGNER.

LOTUS, Nov. 21, 1889.

GENTLEMEN: Your favor in regard to organizing the Freethought Publishing Company, came to hand a few days since, and I will say that it strikes me as a good idea, although it is something that is entirely out of my line of business and it may be that I am not qualified to form an opinion in regard to such matters, but am willing to take five shares on a risk. Have been afflicted with financial cramps lately or I would risk a few more shares, don't want to undertake more than I can carry through. Will try to induce some of my neighbors to invest in a few shares. Trusting that the undertaking may prove a grand success, I remain,
Yours in the cause,
G. W. RAMSEY.

FELTON, CAL., Nov. 18, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Your circular reached me to-day. I am very well pleased with the objects therein proposed. I write to say I sincerely hope it will be successful, as such a paper as FREETHOUGHT and a good bookstore are very much needed on this coast, and I hope the Liberals will come forward and help to build them up. There are plenty of Liberals around here, but many are of the do-nothing class, while others are afraid to say a word for fear of losing in business were they to avow their sentiments. For my part, I never intrude my opinions on any one, but when they are feeling round after my belief they very soon get it. There are a good many Liberals in the city of Santa Cruz, yet when Mr. S. P. Putnam was there lecturing they did not turn out, although I sent them word myself. The Spiritualists of Santa Cruz will always receive my gratitude for the help they gave us when Mr. Putnam was there. Now, gentlemen, you can put me down for five shares of stock. This looks small, I know, but I make my living by the labor of my hands, and money comes in very slow.

Hoping you will receive subscriptions enough to start and sustain the object you have in view, and with best wishes to all in FREETHOUGHT office, I remain,
Yours respectfully,
I. H. CURTIS.

DEL MAR, CAL., Nov. 20, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Yours of the 17th inst. is received, also the circular containing the proposition for the establishment of a Freethought Publishing Company. The idea of forming a joint stock company with shares at \$5 each strikes me

as one of the best and most practical propositions that you have up to the present time advanced. It commends itself to the necessities of the occasion as far more practical than did the "guarantee fund." I believe that the prospect of an investment that in time may yield a revenue to the stockholders will induce many of limited means to become stockholders. Another thing worthy of consideration, it will place the publishers of *FREETHOUGHT* on an equality with the stockholders (I mean in a business sense) instead of in the relation of beggars.

I did not like the "guarantee fund" proposition, but as that seemed to be the only method at that time to perpetuate *FREETHOUGHT*, and fearing that the "bust" of the boom might embarrass and burst the only representative paper we have on this coast, I felt it my duty to "lend a hand," and now we have the satisfaction of knowing that *FREETHOUGHT* has rode the billows and storm in safety. She comes into the glorious harbor of Freethought and common sense with her colors flying, ready again to take on more fuel for still heavier assaults upon the great enemy of mankind, superstition (commonly misnamed religion); not only ready for the fray, but eager. So, my dear warrior lads, put me down for twenty-five shares, with a favorable prospect of taking fifty more when the time comes for paying up.

That sterling Infidel, Wm. A. Allen, of San Diego, informed me that he would invest in five shares, and possibly more.

Hoping every Freethinker on the Pacific slope will make immediate application to the extent of his ability for shares, I am

Yours for the new order, H. L. SHAug.

SANTAQUIN, UTAH, Nov. 20, 1889.

GENTLEMEN: I received just now your circular of Nov. 17, and subscribe for two shares sure, and probably will take more if circumstances permit. I have no thought of deriving any benefit from the enterprise except—and that is fully satisfactory—the general good it will promote.

ROBERT NAGLER.

SUNOL, CAL., Nov. 18, 1889.

EDITOR *FREETHOUGHT*: I received your letter in which you inform me of the proposed Freethought Publishing Company, and in answer will say that I think the plan is a good one, and I will take three shares.

ANDY DERMING.

ESCONDIDO, CAL., Nov. 21, 1889.

DEAR GENTLEMEN: Yours of the 17th inst. is at hand. I am in favor of the noble cause and take one (1) share.

CHARLES HOTTENDORF.

THE "ORACLE" AND MISS FIELD.

EDITOR *FREETHOUGHT*: An up-country paper, which I shall call the Oracle, has taken occasion to criticise Miss Kate Field's late lectures. Miss Field, it seems, has the hardihood to think for herself, and says, "Women should not be allowed to vote or to participate in political affairs—on the ground that their intellects are untrained and their judgments faulty."

Upon this sound and logical proposition the Oracle comments as follows: "We shall not take issue with Miss Field on that point further than to remark that she herself furnishes abundant evidence of the conclusiveness of her argument." This silly school-boy's "you're-another" insinuation will hardly silence Miss Field. The Oracle declines to take issue with her on the woman-suffrage question, evidently because her arguments are incontrovertible, and also because the policy of that paper is to be on the popular side.

Commenting on Miss Field's woman-suffrage ideas, the Oracle indulges in a low fling at that lady personally, but has not the manliness to give her credit for indomitable pluck in facing the music of a senseless popular clamor. The Oracle's subterfuges will undoubtedly delight the ministers and the W. C. T. U., but Miss Field will still keep the lecture field, tingling ears to the contrary notwithstanding.

J. C. P.

Turlock, Cal., Nov. 12.

Judge Maguire's "Ireland and the Pope," a history of papal Intrigues against Irish liberty. Price, 50 cents.

OUR AMERICAN BARONS AND THEIR SERFS.*

BY J. A. CRUZAN.

"In days of old, when knights were bold, and barons held their sway," the baron, in his moated castle, not only owned the land, but the men who lived upon it were his vassals; they belonged to the land. The common people were not slaves—far from it. They were free, only attached to the soil where they were born. A "lordless" man was an outlaw in those good old days. The villain, as the serf was termed, must serve his lord on the land, in court, in field of battle, and in foray. In return, his lord must care for and protect him; the soil to which he was attached must yield him support. The great folks in the moated castle lived in splendor, and enjoyed life in their beastly, brutal way. But they must care for the villain, and so there was no Lazarus, in days of old, perishing at the gate of plenty. The baron cared for his serf in his vigor and old age.

Have we barons in America? Well, not with moated castles, certainly, but let us glance at a single case.

Yonder, in Lebanon county, Pa., is the Cornwall iron mine or, rather, quarry. Three great hills of nearly pure iron rise from the plain, and all that is necessary is to dig it out and carry it away. Eight million tons have already been taken out; thirty or forty million tons yet remain above the plain, and below that borings have shown the deposit to reach to the depth of at least three hundred feet. Who owns this vast treasure? Most common people would say that this great store of rich iron was for the benefit of mankind. But in some way the right to dispose of it for all future time inhered, about 1680, in one James Stuart, now dead, who was awhile king of England, and then retired into France. This James Stuart, from whom, although he is now nearly two centuries dead, all rights to the use of this great state of Pennsylvania are still supposed to come, made a grant of a considerable part of the planet he was so soon to leave to William Penn and others. The Penns sold these valuable hills of iron to one Turner; he sold it to one Alden, and in 1737 Alden sold three hundred acres, containing these three hills of iron, to one Peter Grubb.

In 1786 one Robert Coleman bought five-sixths of these valuable iron hills from the heirs of Grubb. These interests have descended through the Grubb and Coleman families to the present day. Now four Colemans, two male and two female, practically own this property. One of the two male Colemans lives in Paris, where he prefers to enjoy the enormous income which comes to him, without work on his part, by virtue of the grant of James II. The other Robert Coleman, a young man of great enterprise and liberality, lives in Lebanon, and is the manager of the estate. It is true he never knelt before a king and was smitten on the shoulder with the words, "Rise, Sir Knight," but in all but the title he is an American baron of the very best English type. His interest in the iron deposit, rich as it is, is only a part of his estate. He has some 20,000 acres of the finest land stocked with blooded cattle, a railroad or two, which connect with the Pennsylvania and Reading systems, a splendid mansion, and nobody knows what else besides. On the day of Robert's majority, besides his three hills of iron and other real and personal property, his guardian turned over to him \$1,200,000!

Baron Coleman, of Lebanon, Pa., U. S. A., does not make midnight forays followed by his retainers. No; he builds churches, makes good turnpikes of the slack out of his furnaces and plants them with shade trees, has given largely to the college in which he was educated, is kind and liberal to his tenants and employes, entertains distinguished guests royally, and seems to be, in short, the kind of a young prince that would delight the heart of a Tennyson—a genial, upright, and free-handed lord of the land and master of men who takes the world as he finds it.

But don't you suppose that he sometimes marvels at the hold which that old dogma, the "divine right" of kings, still has? Backed by our laws and courts and our industrial system, James II., dead two centuries, has the power to create these two American barons and to render this wonderful iron quarry and so much of the fair land about it as fully the private property of the Colemans as though they made it!

*Address delivered before the San Francisco Nationalist Club, Nov. 18;

Baron Robert Coleman is only one of many American barons, and one of the very best. He pays his miners \$1.40 per day. He is not compelled to do this; he could compel them to work for less, as other neighbor barons do. For example, Baron Andrew Carnegie's castle or domain is in that same state of Pennsylvania. While he was writing his book entitled "Triumphant Democracy," and later, when he was taking that celebrated coaching trip through England with James G. Blaine, he was paying the "triumphant democrats" in his mines \$1.10 per day; while the Lehigh Valley coal barons pay from 70 cents to \$1 to miners, and from 80 cents to \$1.15 to engineers. And this, remember, is not for continuous work. The largest number of days' work in the year 1887 given to any one miner was 265, and he was paid 70 cents per day. This gave this fortunate miner the magnificent income of \$185.50 with which to support himself and family. It is perhaps useless to remark that this miner did not take a coaching trip through England that year, and if he had written a book he would probably not have chosen "Triumphant Democracy" as the title.

Take a glance at our present social and industrial conditions. To the most superficial observer certain appalling facts appear. The first is this: Our present industrial system, based on competition and the law of supply and demand, has produced a moneyed aristocracy.

In theory we are intense democrats. The proposal to set up idols in our churches would not excite greater horror and indignation than would the conferring by Congress of a distinction of rank upon our most eminent men. But is there not growing up among us a class who have all the power without any of the virtues of aristocracy? We have simple citizens who control thousands of miles of railroad, millions of acres of land, the means of livelihood of great numbers of men, who name the governors of states as they name their clerks, choose senators as they choose attorneys, and whose will is as supreme with legislatures as the czar of Russia's with his state council; others who fix the price of coal oil and gamble with the people's bread. That rural member, Backwoods County, in the Pennsylvania legislature, simply had not learned his lesson: "If Tom Scott has nothing more he wishes this legislature to do, I move that we adjourn *sine die*."

The United States is not only the wealthiest nation on the globe, but her wealth is concentrated as no other nation in the hands of a few. In the last number of the Forum, Thomas G. Shearman has a startling and suggestive article, in which he gives the names of seventy persons no one of whom owns less than twenty millions, and who collectively possess \$2,700,000,000. Of these, eight were formerly or are now residents of this coast. And Mr. Shearman says that "the average annual income of the richest hundred Americans cannot be less than \$1,200,000, and probably exceeds \$1,500,000," while the average income of four-fifths of American families is less than \$500. And he answers the question, Who owns the United States? in these words: "The United States of America are practically owned by less than 250,000 persons, constituting less than one in sixty of its adult male population." "Within thirty years," continues Mr. Shearman, "with the present industrial conditions unchanged, the United States of America will be substantially owned by less than 50,000 persons, constituting less than one in five hundred of the adult male population." A plutocracy is the most abominable form of aristocracy. The undercurrents of the times seem to sweep us back again to the old conditions from which we dreamed we had escaped.

The development of the artisan and commercial classes partially broke down feudalism. But now the development of our present industrial system, coupled with law monopoly, threatens to compel every one to seek a master. Nothing seems exempt from this tendency. Industry everywhere tends to assume a form in which one is master and the many serve. And when one is master and the others serve, the one will control the others, even in such matters as votes. Just as the English landlord votes his tenants, so the New England mill-owner votes his operatives, the Pennsylvania baron his miners, the railroad magnate his employes, and the bonanza farmer his hands. We have our American barons, and both their number and their power are increasing every year.

Here is another fact: Our present industrial system is producing a dependent class—free in name, in fact serfs.

Henry George states only a patent fact when he says: "Unpleasant as it may be to admit it, it is evident that the enormous increase in productive power, which has so marked the present century and is still going on with accelerating ratio, has no tendency to extirpate poverty, or to lighten the burdens of those compelled to toil. It simply widens the gulf between Dives and Lazarus, and makes the struggle for existence more intense. The march of invention has clothed mankind with powers which, a century ago, the boldest imagination could not have dreamed. But in factories where labor-saving machinery has reached its most wonderful development, little children are at work. Wherever the new forces are anything like fully utilized, large classes are maintained by charity, or live on the verge of recourse to it. In the United States it is clear that squalor and misery, and the vices and crimes that spring from them, everywhere increase as the village grows to the city, and the march of development brings the advantages of the improved methods of production and exchange. It is the older and richer sections of the Union that pauperism and distress among the working classes are becoming more painfully apparent." What does it mean to the man—the triumphant democrat—whom Baron Carnegie pays \$1 per day, say, 200 days in a year? It means servitude and slavery in everything save the name. What does it mean to his children? Let a workingman who dipped his pen in his heart's blood when he wrote tell you. It means "to be born in a crowded and perhaps filthy tenement; to run the gauntlet of a thousand ills during infancy; to suffer the pains and, even to a child, the ignominy of poverty; to be scantily educated, and turned out into the world as a bread-winner for the family at an age when the children of those more fortunate are but just leaving the nursery; to be compelled to labor at something not your own choosing, and perhaps distasteful to you; to marry and to beget children; to still live in poorly furnished and ill-ventilated apartments; to struggle on through long years, sometimes years of panic when work is scarcely to be had at any price; to walk the streets idly in the winter time when your expenses are greatest; and then just when you become perfected in your trade, when your skill should make you more valuable than ever, to feel your sight grow dim, your limbs stiffen, your strength fail, and be cast aside as useless; to see the long years of labor wasted for a mere subsistence; to drag on by hook or crook a few years more of hopeless struggle and discontent, or perhaps, if you are so fortunate, to live on the charity of poverty-stricken or grudging children; finally, to have the grave close over you, leaving others as luckless to strive on as hopelessly."

Ceaselessly, during the past twenty-five years, a train of causes have been at work changing the condition of our working class from independence to dependence. Machinery, gathered in great factories, has driven to the wall the small shop and the craftsman with two or three helpers. The Wanamakers, Stewarts, Macys, and Field Leiters are making merciless and resistless war upon the small tradesman and shop-keeper. The great bonanza farms, containing fifty and a hundred thousand acres, with tens of thousands of dollars' worth of the latest and best machinery—paying \$16 per month to a small army of hands in the busy season, and \$8 per month to four or five hands in winter—are driving small farms into bankruptcy, and have compelled over eight hundred families in New Hampshire alone to abandon their farms for lack of return sufficient for their maintenance.

All these causes have combined to produce an ever-increasing class who have nothing but their labor to exchange for the necessities of life. They must accept the wages offered or starve. And hence the working class in many cases have fallen into a condition of wage slavery, which, in some respects, is worse than that of the black man before emancipation. They are, in stern reality, at the mercy of their employers; are compelled to stand in the market-place and sell their labor at a rate fixed, not by the golden rule, but by the ceaseless grinding competition of the hungry unemployed.

And this condition is becoming daily more aggravated. Five hundred thousand unemployed men—Mr. Powderly says one million—constantly recruited by the drift from foreign sewers,

compete with those who are at work, content if they receive but a pittance for their toil. The iron law, that the tendency of wages is to the lowest point of subsistence, is, in our times, absolute.

I can but briefly state another alarming fact, the result of our present industrial system—the congested state of our cities. To-day one-fourth of our population live in cities. Do you know how they live? Dr. Lyman Abbott says: "Our people are gathered in very compact quarters. We wonder at the density of the population of Peking, but we forget there are wards in New York city in which the population is more dense than in any quarter in Peking. There are wards in our great cities where there are actually more men, women, and children to the square foot of land than there are bodies in any cemetery in the country."

We think of the Scotch as a sturdy, thrifty race, and yet, yonder in Glasgow in 1883, out of a population of 114,000 families, over 48,000 lived in homes of but one room each, and of these 7000 rooms had two families. We have nothing of that in America! Dr. Abbott, in the speech from which I have already quoted, tells us of families living in one room, in New York, and taking boarders. A newsboy who applied at the home for lodging, when asked why he did not stay at home, replied that they had but one room and only one bed, and there was no room in it, as seven persons were sleeping in it already.

Joseph Cook, from the platform of Tremont Temple, drew this picture of a Boston "home": "Come with me up the rickety stairs into the attic. Place your hand on your head and the upper part of the palm touches the ceiling. Note the bed with nothing on it except a mattress of straw, a blanket, and one or two indescribably filthy coverlets. Five persons, a father, mother, and three children plunge themselves into that straw at night, cover themselves in January with those rags, and bless God for the cold, for it seals the poisonous sewer under the house." This is how some of the people massed in cities live—no; they do not live—they exist. What is to be the outcome? The forces and causes which have produced the present conditions are still ceaselessly, remorselessly, at work. The rich are daily becoming richer. The dependent class are daily increasing in number. Our cities are daily becoming more densely crowded.

Says Josiah Strong in *Our Century*: "The extreme peril which will certainly come eventually, and must probably be faced by multitudes who are now living, will arise when, the conditions having been fully prepared, some great industrial or other crisis precipitates an open struggle between the destructive and conservative elements of society. As civilization advances and society becomes more highly organized commercial transactions will be more complex and immense. As a result, all business relations and industries will be more sensitive. Commercial distress in any great business will more surely create widespread disaster. Under such conditions industrial paralysis is likely to occur from time to time, more general and more prostrating than any hitherto known. When such a commercial crisis has closed factories by the ten-thousand and wage-workers have been thrown out of employment by the million; when public lands, which hitherto at such times have afforded a relief, are all exhausted; when our city population has been multiplied several fold, and our Cincinnati has become Chicago, and our Chicago New York, and our New York London; when class antipathies are deepened; when Socialistic organizations, armed and drilled, are found in every city, and the ignorant, vicious power of crowded populations has fully found itself; when the corruption of city governments has grown apace; when crops fail or some gigantic corner doubles the price of bread, with starvation in the home; with idle workmen gathered, sullen, desperate, in the saloons; with unprotected wealth at hand; with the tremendous forces of chemistry within easy reach—then, with the opportunity, the means, the fit agents, the motive, the temptation to destroy, all brought into evil conjunction—then will come the real test of our institutions—then will appear whether we are capable of self-government."

Such a struggle is in the future unless we change our present industrial system, and thus remove the causes which are incessantly working to produce that conflict. Our present wage system and industrial system, based on competition and the law of supply and demand, must give place to a better one.

Professor Ely, of Johns Hopkins University, speaks the truth when he says: "Our present form of society is a most imperfect one. Scarcely a political economist of note will deny this. One-half million of idle hands seeking employment; idle land and unused natural resources; millions upon millions of unused capital vainly seeking investment; people crying with hunger because too much wheat is grown; people shivering with cold because too much warm clothing has been brought on the market! Such is the undesirable situation. Strange phenomenon! Long ago John Stuart Mill, in opposing Communism, said that if our present forms of economic life could not be improved, and if it were necessary to make choice between that and Communism, all the difficulties, great and small, of Communism would be but as dust in the balance."

The present industrial system can be improved upon without choosing Communism. It must be improved. It will be, for the American people love justice, and will have it. As Matthew Arnold said, the Americans have a way of seeing clear, thinking straight, and doing right.

The great change is coming. By peaceable means I believe it will come; by some means I am certain it will come. Let all concerned ponder the pregnant words of Carlyle: "Will not one French revolution suffice, or must there be two? There will be two if needed; there will be twenty if needed; there will be just as many as needed."

WHAT ARE THE FACTS?

Several persons seem to have misapprehended the real action of the Congress of the American Secular Union recently held in Philadelphia; and I desire to set them right.

1. The preamble of the Constitution was not changed, save to affirm that the government and Constitution of the United States are founded upon "no religion"—least of all upon the Christian religion. No fault can be found with this.

2. ARTICLES I and II are precisely as in the old constitution, except that "American Secular Union" is substituted for "National Liberal League."

3. ARTICLE III was only changed so as to make the "Nine Demands" more emphatic, as regards the "not reading of any Bible" in the public schools, and considering Sunday, not as a religious, but as an economic institution, for which many "physiological and other secular reasons can be given." How can any one suppose that this can impinge upon the rights of a man to do just what he pleases on Sunday, provided he does not interfere with the rights of others, I cannot imagine.

4. But ARTICLE IV seems to be the great stumbling block, and needs to be examined very carefully. The whole article reads thus:

"ARTICLE IV. The American Secular Union is strictly unsectarian and non-partisan in both politics and religion, *but will use any and all honorable means to secure its objects as above stated.* It is not either publicly or privately committed to the advancement of any system of any religious belief or disbelief, but honestly welcomes all persons, of whatever faith or party, to its membership, on the basis of 'no union of church and state.' The word secular is here used in the broadest sense, as applied to the state, and not to any system or religion or philosophy."

Certainly this is true. Are we sectarian or partisan, and are we in any way committed to a creed? Do we not welcome all persons, on the one condition of "no union of church and state?" But the objector's difficulty with this article lies in the closing paragraph. Let us look at this. Please to point out one single word in the old constitution at variance with this statement. Is not the whole object of our society state secularization? I said this at first, in accepting the presidency; and no man for a whole year has made any objection. There is not a word from beginning to end regarding Secularism as a religion, philosophy in our constitution, old or new.

If by Secularism we mean a system of religion or philosophy, why not say so in so many words, and not attempt to say one thing while we mean other? Let there be no disguises, no cloaking of our real faith by false pretense. I have no objections to make to those who regard Secularism as a religion and a phi-

losophy; but, in the matter of the demands of Liberalism for state secularization, we cannot insist upon everybody else accepting this view, provided they are right on the question of state secularization.

I see no compromise in thus acting—no “retrogressive movement” nor “bowing of the knee.” Moreover, those who wish can have all of Secularism as a philosophy that they desire in their local organizations, as these are declared “absolutely independent,” and as the “effect of their charters shall be simply to unite them in cordial fellowship and efficient co-operation of the freest kind with the American Secular Union and with other local societies.” If Spiritualists, or Unitarians, or Jews or even orthodox Christians see proper to organize a Secular society, let them do so, without giving up any of their peculiar beliefs; and so long as they go for state secularization, we will fellowship them, without accepting their doctrinal tenets. Indeed, there can be no hope of secularizing the state, unless we can enlist those who are far from accepting Secularism as a religion and philosophy, as they are a very large majority, while those who do accept it are as but one in a thousand. Why take such a narrow view of this subject, and practically ruin a great movement, for the sake of that which we are at perfect liberty to hold as individual local societies? Already, in the city of Philadelphia, we have as an auxiliary a German society, who own their own building, and who have two thousand children in their Liberal Sunday-school! Instead of having one Secular society, we have two and shall have ten! Let others go and do likewise, instead of sulking in their tents, or openly throwing stones.

Some other amendments were adopted, all tending to unify and give greater efficiency to our society, and to none of which have any objection been made.

We have a great work before us. The Blair Bills will soon come up again, and we must be prepared to “beard the lion in his den.” The National Reform Association has seven district secretaries; and even the Women’s Christian Temperance Union has recently resolved in Chicago that “God in Christ is the King of Nations, and as such, should be acknowledged in our government, and his word made the basis of our laws.” If we cannot get the American Secular Union out of the rut in which it has accomplished little or nothing for the last several years, we might as well give up. We had two or three hundred auxiliary societies a few years ago. We have only a dozen or two that are alive—and doing nothing!

I did not desire the presidency of the society (as is well known); and Miss Craddock can command several hundred dollars more than we have agreed to give her. Give us a fair trial; and if we do not do something, you need not turn us out next year, but we will go out. I think it very unfair to criticise Dr. McGlynn and Rev. M. J. Savage, as they both planted themselves upon our platform, fair and square. Our congress did not cost us much more than \$100, and our collections amounted to nearly one-half of this sum. Mr. Washburn was invited to speak with Mr. Wakeman, but was prevented by sickness from accepting. We did the best we could under the circumstances. We have the people with us and do not intend to make much notice of the soreheads!

R. B. WESTBROOK,

Philadelphia, Nov. 16, 1889.

Pres. Am. Sec. Union.

HOW IT WAS MEANT.

Our esteemed, intelligent, and lively contemporary FREETHOUGHT, in its issue of the 9th, disapproves of our reference to a certain lecturer, as if we had criticised freethinking. But not at all. We only said (in substance) that some freethinkers don’t know much. We still fear that this is true—particularly of such as don’t believe in the Single Tax. And even of those, while we deeply regret their melancholy state, we fully agree with FREETHOUGHT that there is no good reason why they should not express themselves. We are in favor of the freest thought and the freest speech by, for, and against whom or whatsoever it may concern.—Weekly Star.

“JOHN WARD, PREACHER,” has been issued in paper covers and can now be furnished for 50 cents.

EX-REV. C. B. REYNOLDS’S TOUR OF WASHINGTON.

November 9. Under the auspices of the Walla Walla Liberal Club, I have agreed to make a tour of the new-born giant state, to awake honest hearts to investigation of the reasons of their “faith and hope,” and more especially to arouse the Liberals to the pressing need of practical organization, and induce them to elect delegates to the great Liberal Convention, to be held at Seattle for that purpose. I left my dear wife, and the true, generous friends of Walla Walla, who were full of enthusiastic anticipations of a grand success of the complimentary lecture benefit tendered to Mrs. Reynolds, to take place at the opera house there the ensuing Sunday. Duty called, yet with much reluctance I departed and took the train for Seattle.

One reads of the terrible fires in cities, like those of Seattle, Ellensburg, Spokane, and Vancouver, so vividly described in the newspapers, but the best description utterly fails to convey to the mind the stern, startling reality.

When in Seattle a year ago last May I was astounded at the push, the active energy, the enterprise everywhere manifested. In all directions buildings were in course of erection—rented almost before the foundations were laid—and streets were being graded. Eager, hurrying crowds thronged the streets. Each day came a stream of new arrivals who all imbibed the spirit of speculation and added to the irresistible momentum of progress and improvement. And yet that was “Sleepy Hollow” stillness compared to the energy and hustle of the Seattle of to-day.

A fine harbor, the terminus of great railroad lines, proximity to iron mines, vast coal deposits, immense forests, unsurpassed fertile agricultural region, and abundant manufacturing facilities, combine to make Seattle the queen city of the Northwest.

There is hardly a steamer on the waters of Puget sound which does not make Seattle a trading center. Steamers which have their headquarters at Seattle now penetrate to every portion of the intricate waterways of Puget sound and find their way up the numerous tributary streams, carrying supplies from and bringing the products of an immense and wondrously fertile state back to its queen city. Steamships and sailing vessels from Seattle find their way to every part of the world. There is absolutely no limit to the capacity of this, the safest harbor in the world.

On the 6th of June last the fire fiend in a few hours destroyed buildings and property to the amount of \$20,000,000, on which the total insurance was less than \$3,000,000. The burnt district included forty blocks, or over eighty acres, exclusive of the water front, comprising eighteen blocks, making the total devastation one hundred and sixteen acres. In this vast area not a single building escaped destruction. The loss, however, was confined entirely to the business portion of the city.

Before the great fire had ceased to burn, meetings of citizens were held, and the rebuilding of the city upon a scale of magnificence worthy of her proud pre-eminence as the queen city of the Northwest was decided on. And never was decision of a public meeting more fully and faithfully carried out. From arrangements already made buildings will have been erected within one year from the date of the fire amounting to \$10,000,000. This is simply unprecedented by any city of its size in the known world.

Seattle to-day presents a marvelous, a most bewildering appearance. The black and charred remains are yet in many places discernible despite the at first sight seeming indiscriminate jumble of new buildings and canvas makeshifts. Bricks by the hundreds of thousands, lumber of all lengths, breadths, and thicknesses, immense masses of building stone, barrels of lime, cement, and heaps of mortar. Everywhere grand, imposing structures of brick and stone are in every stage of construction. The business of a great city carried on mainly under canvas; in many of the tents half a dozen separate and distinct concerns are carried on, every foot of space economized. Yet to speak of the cotton-covered business marts as tents conveys a false impression. I saw no center poles, but countless numbers of rough slat frames covered with heavy canvas, of every conceivable size. Restaurants, dining-room and kitchen, private supper rooms, all of cotton cloth; lodging-houses, barber shops, dry goods, hardware, and drug stores, and blacksmith shops all of duck.

Very many brick buildings are completed, and every week adds to the number of happy merchants who desert their canvas makeshifts for handsome, commodious brick buildings, and ere the last load of goods is fairly on the dray men are tearing down the tent, while others are digging the foundation for the stately three or five story brick or stone building to be erected on that site.

There is a very large force of men and teams engaged in grading the streets, an improvement which has resulted in leaving some buildings (houses beyond the burnt district) so high up from the new sidewalk that excavations have been made and large stores built under them.

The building work is not confined to the burnt district. Go back where you will for over three miles in any direction from the water front, and the eye rests on handsome dwellings in process of erection. The ladies go shopping, dodging from the sidewalk to the street, up and down, in and out, around great piles of brick, barrels of lime, huge stones, mortar boxes, parts of galvanized-iron cornices, and the dense throng of earnest, hurrying business-men, as serene as if promenading on Kearny street, San Francisco, while the sounds of many hundreds of hammers, axes, and tools of iron make loud, prophetic music, the overture to the great chorus of customers and clerks soon to be heard in each of the business palaces being hastened to completion.

Those desiring information in regard to business opportunities, investments in real estate, or starting any individual enterprise in Seattle will do well to write to that earnest, self-sacrificing worker for Liberalism and reliable, energetic young business man, R. J. Wilson, Horton block, corner Third and Cherry streets, Seattle, Wash.

Freethought keeps pace with the progress of the city; the best, most highly cultured and influential citizens of Seattle are Liberals. The fire broke up the very interesting and successful course of lectures by Dr. York. The Liberal friends are now arranging for me to deliver a lecture the Turners' hall on each Sunday evening during the winter. I shall make Seattle headquarters, and expect to visit all sections of the state in the interest of practical organization. When the distance renders it necessary for me to be absent over Sunday Mrs. Reynolds will lecture at Seattle in my stead.

The Liberals here, despite the great tax on their time and energies resulting from the rebuilding of the city, are quite enthusiastic over the proposed convention on Paine's birthday to effect practical organization.

There is only one rival to Seattle—Port Townsend. I will give an account of my visit there and state her claims to commercial and Freethought supremacy next week.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

AS MR. UNDERWOOD FOUND US.

I had but little time to spend in California, and that I put in lecturing at San Francisco, Oakland, Fresno, Hanford, and Lemoore. Application came from a dozen other places in the state, and since I could not visit them, owing to engagements East, I promised to return to California to give additional lectures in January. Mr. George E. Macdonald, editor of *FREETHOUGHT*, and Mr. A. H. Schou, of Oakland, made engagements at San Francisco, and I was greeted there by a large audience, which impressed me as being of fine quality also. I found Liberalism in the central part of the state very strong. I met many old friends who heard me lecture and debate with Rev. Dr. Parker at Visalia in 1874; then, Hanford, where I spoke to crowded houses lately, did not exist. An earthquake shock was felt during my second lecture there, and another soon after my arrival at Fresno.

While in San Francisco, I received friendly calls from many Liberals, including several who are well-known, and others who were known years ago. Among these were John S. Hittell, John A. Collins, Schuenemann Pott, F. B. Perkins, and W. E. Coleman. Mr. Hittell wrote a book, which was published in New York in 1855, entitled, "Evidences Against Christianity." It was an able and learned work, in two volumes, but the demand for the work did not come up to the author's expectations

and he turned his mind to other fields of thought. For years he has been an editorial writer on the *Alta California*, and has written a book on the "Resources of California," and one entitled "A Brief History of Culture," which he informed me was soon to appear, revised and enlarged. Mr. Hittell is a well-preserved man of about sixty, and he is now doing valuable work. I received from him a copy of his latest work—a little volume entitled, "A Code of Morals," which ought to be widely circulated.

Mr. Collins is now, as he was when he issued "A Bird's-Eye View of Society," nearly half a century ago, if I mistake not, especially interested in industrial co-operation. He has had quite a varied experience, is now 79 years old and in feeble health. He is, and has been for many years, a Spiritualist. He spoke with interest of Messrs. Seaver and Mendum, and of meeting them at an Infidel convention in New York city half a century ago. Mr. Collins was well-known among the Abolitionists for his energy and ability in organizing societies in the West.

Mr. Schuenemann Pott looks scarcely older than he did when I saw him in San Francisco and stood with him on the platform of his society in 1871. The German Free Congregation is still sustained, and Mr. Pott speaks for it now as he has spoken for it for years acceptably. He expects to make a trip East next fall. A man of fine attainments, a radical Freethinker, and an eloquent orator, he is a great favorite among German Liberals. I first met Mr. Pott at the Infidel Convention held in Philadelphia in 1857. A few years later I had the pleasure of speaking before his society in the same city. In his conversation the other day he made a very touching reference to Mr. Seaver's death, and kindly mention of the American Freethinkers he used to meet in Philadelphia—Thomas Eastman, Robert Wallin, and others.

Mr. F. B. Perkins, for years librarian of the San Francisco Free Library, and formerly of the Boston City Library, is now editor of the *San Francisco Star*. He is at home among books. A nephew of Henry Ward Beecher, he goes far beyond his renowned uncle in rejecting the dogmas of theology. He introduced me to the San Francisco audience which I addressed. Mr. Coleman I had not seen since the meeting of the Liberal League at Philadelphia in July, 1876. He has been since that time a student, and seems to have read almost everything relating to scientific, historic, and religious subjects, and he is indeed a cyclopædia of information. He came to my rooms at the hotel, his pockets filled with recently published books which he thought, and rightly, too, I had not yet seen. Mr. Coleman has a splendid library, and he is equipped to do excellent work. A very thorough piece of work was his recent criticism of Madame Blavatsky's "Isis Unveiled" which appeared in recent successive numbers of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. Mr. Coleman is a Spiritualist, "but," as Oliver Johnson added after saying the same of himself, "not a damned fool."

At Fresno, I had long conversations with Judge J. W. North. He was forty years ago or more an anti-slavery lecturer in Connecticut. He founded the towns of Faribault and Northfield, Minn., the latter taking its name from him, and also the town of Riverside, Cal. He did good work as a member of the Constitutional Convention of Nevada, and has filled positions of trust and honor in other states. Judge North is a man of scholarly attainments and a good public speaker. He is a radical Freethinker, and has done much to advance the Liberal cause in Fresno county, and indeed in the state. He is now an old man, nearly 75, but full of intellectual vigor, and with his interest in reform unabated. He is one of the most intellectual and interesting men I have ever met.—B. F. UNDERWOOD in the Boston Investigator.

A Text Perverted.

One of the oddest typographical errors ever made in Boston was in a book published by the firm of Crocker & Brewster, which has just been brought to public attention by the death of Mr. Brewster. It was in one of the sermons of Dr. Nathaniel Emmons, the great orthodox divine. The doctor quoted the Scripture text "Cut Him Down, Why Cumbereth He the Ground?" The intelligent compositor put in type, "Cut Him Down, Like a Cucumber, to the Ground."

A SON OF BELIAL.

The Holiness Band planted its banner on Montgomery avenue yesterday afternoon, says Monday's Chronicle, and opened its services with a hymn of praise. When the spell that the music created died away with the last notes of the song, the leader began an earnest exhortation. He had uttered only half a dozen words when a wild war-whoop went up from Peter Peterson. The crowd was startled, and it was thought that the holy words had found lodgment in the heart of a sinner. It was true that they had struck a sinner, but had not taken the proper root, for Mr. Peterson was blindly making for the banner with the vigor of a crusader. He was intercepted by John Gazella, who did not belong to the band, but believed in fair play. The men grappled, and the Holiness people gave them room. First it was Mr. Peterson and Mr. Gazella, and then it was Mr. Gazella and Mr. Peterson. They rolled over and over on the sidewalk until they reached the California Hotel, when the champion of the cause of the band raised his antagonist up and by a powerful effort dashed him through a plate-window. Peterson did not desire to go in alone, therefore he pulled the defender of the faith in after him.

Inside the place they gouged each other in private for awhile, when Officers Cummings and Rainsbury came up and separated them. Gazella's head was badly damaged by the contact with the window, and his head was patched up at the receiving hospital. Both men were charged with battery and malicious mischief. A large piece of iron was found on Peterson, which he had used on the head of his antagonist to advantage.

"I haven't done nothing," said Peterson, when he was backed up at the prison desk.

"Didn't you try to break up that meeting on the street?" demanded the sergeant.

"No, sir; I only wanted to give them a pointer."

"What kind of a pointer?"

"That fellow said we all had immortal souls. He hadn't read the papers, I knew, so I was about to tell him of Dr. Stevens's discovery."

"Put him in No. 2 with the other drunks," was the order.

"You don't know yourself," he yelled, as he was being borne away. "The seat of the soul is in the corpus callosum. You bet it is—in the corpus—"

Bang went the cell door, and Mr. Peterson and his soul were left together in happy communion, with time to dream a story of explanation for Judge Rix.

REPEOPLING NEW ENGLAND.

New Hampshire has gone into the business of immigration as well as Vermont, but with less show of necessity for doing so. There are many vacant farms in and around the White mountains, as tourists know very well, says a writer in the Boston Herald, but the summer boarder has done for New Hampshire what he has not done for Vermont. He has made a market for the poverty-stricken farmer, and eaten his corn and potatoes at a fair profit for the tiller of the soil. No such happy luck has come to the Vermont farmer, and the deserted farms of that state are ten to one in number, as compared with those to be found in New Hampshire. This does not lessen the gravity of the situation, however, for there are large tracts in Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Connecticut, and even in Massachusetts, where to-day you can buy a farm for a song, and where Finns, Swedes, Icelanders, or French-Canadians are cordially invited to succeed the Anglo-Saxons, who have run away to engage in more lucrative enterprises. The restocking of the remote towns is one of the questions of our social economy. It is plain that fresh blood must be taken to them, and it is believed that the honest agriculturists of the Old World constitute some of the very best elements which can be transplanted to New England.

This teeth powder is not common thing, as be sold in the world, it is powerful to hold the health of teeth, and recover the teeth from its sick. If you only examine should find that it never tell a lie.—From a Japanese Paper.

AN OPINION FROM ABROAD.

FREETHOUGHT, of San Francisco, may in some sense be termed a western offshoot from the Truth Seeker, Mr. George Macdonald and Mr. Putnam migrating to the Pacific coast to meet the call for a Freethought organ in that quarter. It was started in 1888. A prominent feature is Mr. Putnam's "News and Notes" of his journeys to and fro through the Western States. Mr. Macdonald compiles a "Brief History of the Week," and takes care that due prominence is given to the humorous element. FREETHOUGHT is a vigorous little paper, and once over its early trials will, we predict, have a thriving career.—London Freethinker.

Corrections of Treasurer's Report.

To the Editors of Freethought:

G. R. Higgins donated twice. The last was 50 cents and not \$5, as was published. C. V. Sweek, of Hamilton, Or., gave one dollar and Prof. W. J. Dean, of Talent, Or., gave two dollars. Are there any other mistakes or omissions? The last list published was not a list of all. The printer or myself made a mistake.

Liberals, you have the Treasurer's Report before you; wherein can the expenses of the next convention be reduced? Write me, privately, if you wish.

C. BEAL, President O. S. S. U.

It Therefore Follows.

To Dr. Juliet H. Severance:

GREETING: Whereas, The mighty kick delivered on the ribs of the A. S. Union, in Truth Seeker of November 9, drives the wind sorely out of some of the attendants to that Union, myself amongst the number, I humbly suggest the following:

That, whereas, Dr. Juliet H. Severance is by nature and practice fitted to be a leader on such occasions.

Whereas, There were several not satisfied at all, but deficient in talent, and lacking co-operation by being without leader.

Whereas, In case a good western attendance of Infidels had been there with Dr. Severance to lead the onslaught, the namby-pamby Liberal orthodox, or orthodox Liberal proceedings might have been severely sat down upon.

Whereas, The western attendance and Dr. J. H. Severance were very conspicuous by being absent:

It therefore follows that the kick in the ribs of the A. S. Union reverts as severely on those who by being absent allowed the namby-pamby, orthodox Liberal or Liberal orthodox course to be taken, as to those who were present but unable to stem the tide by lack of qualification and numbers.

That if Dr. J. H. Severance will do us the honor to be present at the next congress, she will probably find a good many loyal Infidels ready to follow her with a cheer, myself amongst the number.

DR. LESPINASSE.

THE late Andrew J. Geiger of Philadelphia left an estate valued at \$250,000. His will provides for the erection of an obelisk over his grave. The panel on the east side is to contain his name, age, and date of death. The north side will bear this inscription: "Traveled 60,000 miles in America, Europe, Asia and Africa." The south panel is to read: "Young man, stop and think. See what has been the reward for honesty, industry, and economy. In 1840 I worked on Robert Martin's farm, near Jersey shore, for 25 cents a day. No fortune left to me."

The west panel will say: "Lived and died in the faith of the immutable and unchangeable, and Nature's God. Believed in the gospel of peace, right, and justice."

SOME "New Phases in the Chinese Problem" will be presented, by Willard C. Farwell, in the December Popular Science Monthly. The writer asks, in view of the wretchedness of millions of the Chinese at home, whether exclusion will exclude, and invites more thoughtful consideration of the Chinese problem, which is made especially serious by the peculiar constitution of the Chinese mind.

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

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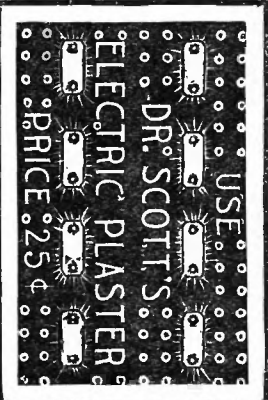
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" Forks	1.75	Largest Albums, \$1, \$2, \$3, \$4 to	10.00
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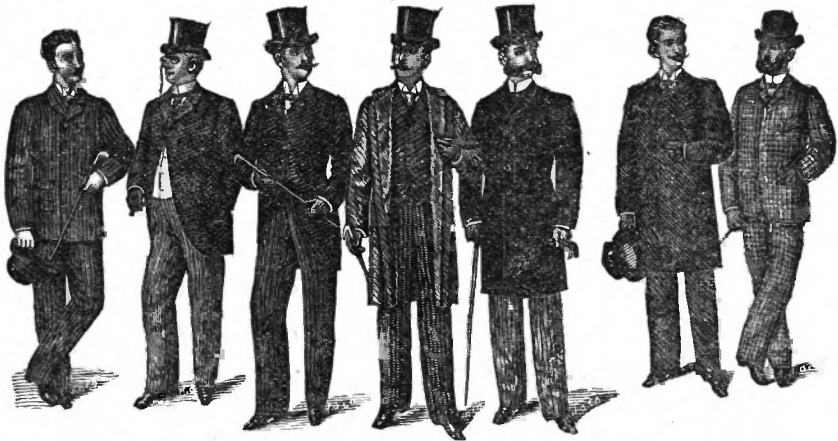
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Step from your outlook, your neutral position,
Bravely and openly join us outright.

Deep in your hearts you approve of our wishes,
'Tis but a question of time, as you know,
Openly come to us, say you are with us,
Now is the time to encourage us so.

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Come down and help us! "Come down off of the fence!" —The Primitive Catholic.

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But now he is merely talked about
As the man who "went out at first."

There's many a youth who in life's great game
Starts in with a winning gait
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A LIBERAL JOURNAL.

Vol. II—No. 49.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1889.

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FREETHOUGHT.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - DECEMBER 7, 1889.

THE PAPER AND THE WORK.

It is a fact that nowhere in the country has Liberalism been so progressive and victorious as upon the Pacific coast. Two state organizations have been built up and the local work in many quarters has received a splendid impulse. Those who believe in Liberalism; who realize that it is an intellectual and moral power which the world deeply needs; that it means civilization, humanity, nobler dignity for human life and toil, the removal of superstitions from the minds of men, and the establishment of justice; those who thus see in Liberalism the glory of the future, will rejoice that so much has been done and that the way is opening for larger efforts and success.

Much of this improvement is due to the lecturers in the field, who have so earnestly devoted themselves to the advancement of Freethought. The importance of the lectures given from point to point cannot be overestimated. They stir the minds of the people as nothing else can. They create discussion, inquiry, investigation, agitation, which only personal power can do—the presence of the individual who stands as the embodiment of the cause. Vast masses of people can be reached in this way that cannot be reached otherwise. Many will not read books or papers, even if thrust in their way, but will come and listen to a speaker, and even if they don't come the lecture will be discussed in one's hearing, and some ripple be made in his mind. Every great movement has been carried on by this means, every great party has won power by meetings and speeches. There is an attraction, an excitement, in such gatherings which comes not simply from the orator, but from the people who are together animated by the same purpose, which purpose grows stronger because of this union of heart and hand. The living voice has ever been a mighty power, and those who with devotion and enthusiasm and special training can fitly express the grand ideas of Liberalism upon the platform should receive a constant and generous support.

But when it comes to the combination of our forces—to a union of work upon a broad scale throughout the state and the nation—the lecture field is inadequate. The lecture creates a local activity, many lectures create many local activities, but when

it comes to the shaping of these local excitements into a comprehensive movement that shall make a grand army of all the scattered elements of Freethought, other means than lectures are necessary. The lecturer cannot speak to the whole state or nation at once. He is in a locality.

What is needed for a broad organized work is that which is not local—which can speak at once to all the Liberals, not from point to point as the lecturer does—and that power is the press, the paper. It is simply impossible to carry on any large organization without a paper. No party has ever succeeded or ever can succeed without it. No reform has ever been carried on without the influence of the press. Its power is this: That it is universal, it is constant, it can speak simultaneously to the masses. One issue reaches thousands and thousands of readers, and the same thought impels. No organization of any extent can be carried on without this means. Local organizations might be maintained, but there could be no general action, no united effort extending through large communities, through states, and the nation.

Those who have watched the course of events must see that FREETHOUGHT, as a Liberal journal, has been an all-important factor in the Liberal progress of the Pacific Coast for the last two years. The organization of the California Liberal Union, of the San Francisco local society, of the Oregon State Secular Union, and the late splendid Convention at Portland—all these have been the direct outcome of the establishment of the paper. It has made a bond of union which could not otherwise exist. It has enabled Liberals, though separated by thousands of miles, to communicate with each other and to act as one man. Through this paper two thousand Liberals are in constant association. A common purpose can be expressed and executed. This could not be done by lectures, or by the writing of letters. In addition to these individual methods of reaching one another there should be a universal method, and the press to-day is this method. Thousands of Liberals can be consulted at once, and action determined upon, and co-operation formed, which, without a paper, could not be done except by months of labor. To carry on the work of Liberalism, now so auspicious on the Pacific coast, the existence of the paper is absolutely necessary. The working power of the organizations already established depends upon the constant influence of the paper. The paper creates an atmosphere, a world of common thought and sympathy, which is the fountain of fresh enthusiasms. The soul, the spirit, of organization must be maintained by unceasing companionship. Suppose an army only drilled and acted as companies. The companies in themselves might be finely trained and, simply as a company, do excellent work. But the companies must be formed into regiments, regiments into brigades, brigades into divisions, divisions into corps, and corps into one grand army, every part acting harmoniously for a supreme purpose. This union of Liberals on a vast scale can only be effected by a paper. All the Liberals of California must act together for certain purposes. All the

Liberals of Oregon must do the same, and all the Liberals of Washington. There are other purposes for which all the Liberals of the Pacific coast and the Great West must work together. Without the paper the great organizations now established will be shorn of their usefulness. The life blood will cease to sparkle. Liberalism grows by fellowship, by the attraction of like with like. It is a social movement. It is not founded upon dogma or authority, but upon common interests. That which impels is a living and progressive humanity. The powers of this cannot be brought into play in full measure except by the almost illimitable potency of the press which, like the sun, keeps upon its unwearied course. The living voice, magnetic in its sphere, cannot, like the amazing and fairy-like power of the press, reach all lands, and in one word arouse millions to a united determination.

In the vast growth of Liberalism, in the organizations and unity to come, the Freethought paper is an unquestioned necessity. It displaces no other instrumentality, but unites, utilizes, and broadens and deepens them all. It opens new fields to individual effort. The press, by its very nature, is democratic and can only exist by meeting the common demands. It is not for the benefit of one but of all. It must be the child of the people, of the people and for the people, or it cannot flourish.

Every Liberal who believes in Liberalism and its future glory—in the development of man—must believe in the Liberal paper. He will see the necessity of the paper, and he will be ready to support the paper.

Every one of the two thousand subscribers of FREETHOUGHT who knows what has been done in the past and what can be done in the future will realize the importance of FREETHOUGHT. There is not a Liberal who would not deeply regret the suspension of the paper. Such a misfortune would retard for years the noble work that is now going on.

The editors of the paper, so far, have put their capital and work into the paper for the sake of the paper itself, and are ready and willing to continue the sacrifice. They desire no personal advantage. They desire the success of the paper because its success is the success of Liberalism itself.

The way of success is open. There is no doubt of it. The labors of the last two years have shown the splendid possibilities of the Liberal movement; what energy, devotion, self-sacrifice, hard work, and unquenchable faith in freedom and justice can do. The fields are open and the harvests are shining, but the harvests cannot be gathered except by co-operative effort. The results of the two year's work upon FREETHOUGHT are in the hands of the Liberals of the Great West.

It is not best hereafter that there should be any chance for personal advantage in the success of FREETHOUGHT. Whatever the paper gains, let it gain for the Liberals as a whole. It should be a common property; a representative organ supported by a body of representative Liberals. All there is in it of influence and profit will then go to the cause.

This movement cannot and will not be a failure. The future of the Liberalism of the coast depends upon it. Think what that future will be; what the Great West will be ten years from now. When one looks upon the immense resources of these lands, so varied, so wonderful, with mountain and plain, with gold and silver and iron, with fruit and grain, under the brightest skies, the most genial sun, with streams of trade East and West increasing day by day, with ships from every shore, the gleaming iron horse from every mart of industry, and the "prairie schooner"

floating by the thousands over vast deserts, laden with the best grit of the country, what a future of art, wealth, and splendor greets not simply the poet's eye, but the plain, business, common-sense view. These great states have just begun to grow. The long years of prosperity are still before. In the next decade millions of people will find a home in these regions of golden promise.

Never did Liberalism—Liberalism in the broadest and deepest sense, Liberalism in politics, in philosophy, in life, in home, in society—have such a splendid career before it, and the heart of every Liberal should thrill with joy at the opportunity he has, by united effort, of achieving for the future such a magnificent empire for justice and liberty and truth. Co-operation is the word of civilization to-day, it is the latest and best word of Evolution itself, it is the word of power. The churches co-operate against us; they have not only the churches themselves, but vast missionary associations and tract societies and publishing companies; they have secret organizations of which the world at large knows nothing, and with these vast instrumentalities they are working increasingly for the maintenance of superstition and slavery. Liberals must co-operate, not simply as a matter of fellowship but as a matter of business, of defense, of constructive work. The opportunity is now presented for the establishment of one of the most effective Freethought organizations in the country. It is an assured success, but the more there are in it, the larger the number of stockholders, the better. Let there be one thousand live Liberals in this movement. What a power they would be, having the manifold capacities of the press in their own hands, like Jove's thunderbolts or like the blessed power of light and heat, to be constantly used for liberty and the advancement of the world. Let not one single Liberal in the ranks of Freethought who can afford to buy a share, remain outside of this great movement.

HEAVEN'S LOCALITY.

In last Sunday's Examiner seven clergymen of San Francisco undertake to answer the question, "What is Heaven Like?" and not one of them succeeds.

The Rev. Dr. Harcourt owns up at once that "the attempt to localize heaven has been about as successful as the attempt to localize God"—that is, it has failed entirely. Nevertheless he asserts that "when we come into complete harmony with the laws of God we are in heaven. Heaven is harmony with God. Heaven is virtue and truth. Heaven is child-like confidence in our Father God. Heaven is love abiding. Union with God makes the true heaven." If any person desired a ticket for the heaven of Dr. Harcourt, it would be interesting to know just what language he would use in calling for it.

Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger falls back upon the faith that "Providence may be implicitly trusted to give divine care to the soul of man, after the processes of disintegration shall have obtained control of his body." This remark is about as wanting in definiteness as is Dr. Harcourt's description.

Dr. Stebbins, Unitarian, claims that "it is not a place at all, but a state of mind and heart. So heaven is wherever it is, and whenever it is." There seems to be no way of denying that conclusion.

The Rev. Thomas Easton says that "heaven is a place somewhere in the immensity of space." Naturally. It would be difficult to find a locality outside the immensity of space, but Dr. Easton's reply gives no information.

The Rev. John Gray observes: "When I am asked to tell what heaven is I feel that the best answer I can give is simply this: I have never been there; therefore I know nothing about it." That is candid if not satisfactory.

The Rev. William H. Scudder opens as follows: "That heaven is a place, goes with the saying; yet whether the generally received opinion about it, as a place, is not rather Miltonic than scriptural is a question that might be interesting to discuss were time and place afforded." Although Mr. Scudder occupies a half a column of space, he adds nothing to his exordium.

The last of the symposiasts is the Rev. P. J. Grey, who says: "When death comes and the spirit is separated from the body it goes to meet its reward, while the body is consigned to the earth. Thus the soul in its perfection may meet its maker and enjoy its reward before the resurrection of the body. Heaven is perfection, and only perfection is in heaven."

Here we have the best, presumably, that seven of what the Examiner calls San Francisco's ablest clergymen can say as to location and character of the heaven they preach; yet they tell us nothing about the future state of sufficient definiteness or authenticity to remove the Christian heaven from the realm of myths and fables. But we cannot blame them. They have told us all they know—and probably more.

In his "Sick-Room Notes," dated November 12, the first he has written since his late attack of illness, Mr. Charles Bradlaugh says:

"I am informed that several persons have circulated statements implying that some change has taken place in my opinions on questions of theology. There is not the shadow of foundation or excuse for any such statement. It would be ill-becoming to boast, but I may say that my convictions and teachings have not been with me subject of doubt or uncertainty. I note that the British Weekly states that 'on one occasion, he [Mr. Bradlaugh] said that he had almost been persuaded by a sermon of the Rev. Arthur Mursell.' There is no foundation whatever for this declaration. I received years ago many kindly attentions from the Rev. Arthur Mursell. I only heard him preach once, and that was very many years ago, in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. I remember of that sermon only the concluding words: 'My subject next Sunday will be "Beware of the Dog!"' The editor of the British Weekly clearly knows me better than I do myself. He says: 'He [Mr. Bradlaugh] has the earthiest of minds, is without a touch of poetry, imagination or yearning.' For the sake of his general readers I trust that there are some subjects on which the editor of the British Weekly writes with knowledge."

We received an invitation to be present at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. John J. McCabe, at their residence, 733 Broadway, Albany, N. Y., on Nov. 23, 1889. We are present in spirit to wish our friends all happiness as they pass the silver gates of love and joy. May they press on with flowers and music and happy labor to the golden gates. Mr. McCabe is well known throughout our ranks, a comrade who deserves honor and congratulation, and the wife also shall be crowned queen of the home. FREETHOUGHT gives its benediction to this delightful occasion.

A GREAT deal of space in this issue is given up to letters from those who wish to take stock in the Pacific Coast Freethought Publishing Company. No apology is needed for this course, because nothing can be more gratifying to our readers everywhere than such an exhibition of what Dr. Coman aptly calls "cash sympathy" with the movement. No one will therefore regret the less important matter crowded out.

"SOME of our Atheistic friends," remarks the editor of the Golden Gate, "seem so apprehensive that they might be betrayed into doing something that may squint at the recognition of an Infinite Overruling Intelligence, that they will hardly allow themselves to be properly appreciative of the real joys and blessings of life, lest such appreciation might be construed to the disadvantage of their materialistic claims." Brother Owen has a wrong idea of the matter he discusses. We have never known an Atheist who was opposed to a proper appreciation of the blessings of life. Atheists do not object to gratitude or thanksgiving, but they do most earnestly protest against state appointments of religious holy days marked by superstitious mummeries and prayer and praise addressed to a myth. To thank God for blessings referable solely to humanity is as unjust as it would be for Mr. Owen's subscribers to throw their money into the deep sea instead of sending it to the office of the Golden Gate.

THE three great fires of Thanksgiving week were a grim reminder of the foolishness of prayer and praise. At Lynn, in Massachusetts, ten millions' worth of property went up in smoke, and thousands of people were thrown out of employment and turned homeless into the streets. At Boston half as much property was destroyed by fire. At Minneapolis two-score persons perished in a death-trap called the Tribune Building. Meanwhile the people of the nation were thanking some alleged God for his goodness. An annual cursing day would be just as sensible.

MR. N. F. GRISWOLD, head of the Griswold, Richmond & Clock Company, Meriden, Conn., has notified us that he will take one hundred shares in the Freethought Publishing Company and forward draft for the amount thereof upon due notification. We trust that some of our local friends with plenty of means will see this raise of Mr. Griswold and perhaps go him a few better. Is California to be bluffed by Connecticut? Shall the Pacific take water from the Atlantic, and the orange bow to the nutmeg? We shall see.

We are pleased to receive notes like the following:

PROSPECT VALLEY, W. VA., Nov. 25, 1889.

PUBLISHERS OF FREETHOUGHT: I would be pleased to examine copies of your paper. I have preached the gospel of Christ for several years, but have lately abandoned the pulpit. I think we can get along without gospel preaching.

Yours truly, JAS. A. CHALFANT.

It is always gratifying to see the clergy abandoning the church provided they leave it head first.

THE courts have decided that the alien Mormons of Utah are not entitled to vote on account of their prior allegiance to the church. This is a great sketch of judicial authority, and if accepted as a precedent would disfranchise alien Roman Catholics and other sects.

OUR spiritual neighbor, the Carrier Dove, has suffered from fire in its printing office, probably in the absence of Dr. Schlesinger's guides. The sympathies of all good Spiritualists in this world and many in the next will be extended to our esteemed contemporary.

NEXT week we shall publish an extended account of the incorporation and proceedings up to the present time of the Freethought Publishing Company, including articles, by-laws, etc. It is believed that everything has been put in shape satisfactory to all shareholders.

SOMETHING LIKE A BOOM.

Shares in the FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY are being subscribed for with a readiness that is almost surprising, more than six hundred being already taken. This means nothing less than success, and the Company will be at once organized. The directors will immediately issue certificates of stock and be prepared to receive funds. Those who subscribe after reading this notice, may accompany their orders for stock with such cash installments as they are able to make; the amounts will be credited to the senders and certificates returned.

The following letters indicate the way Liberals in all parts of the West are taking hold of this enterprise:

SAN DIEGO, Nov. 29, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD, *Dear Sirs*: Your letter of Nov. 17, inclosing circular, is just received, forwarded to me from Denver. I think the new departure a good one. It will give the concern standing and enlist more persons directly in the cause.

I will take twenty shares at \$5 each, and if you do not get enough in a reasonable length of time to start the business I will double the amount. I have come over to this coast to spend the winter, as I have done for some years past, excepting last winter. I intend going north later in the season and shall make you a call. Hoping you will have a good outcome in the present venture, I remain Yours fraternally, AUSTIN W. SMITH.

MERIDEN, Conn., Nov. 28, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Your circular of the 17th came duly to hand, and contents have been noted with pleasure. I earnestly hope that you will receive a prompt and efficient response to your call from at least one-half of your subscribers for one or more shares of the stock, or what would be better, if every subscriber to FREETHOUGHT could own one share of the stock. However, as you have no doubt found from experience that many good-hearted Liberals are poor in pocket and that many more who are rich in pocket are poor in spirit, and that our principles will not permit us to do business on the swindling vicarious-atonement-free-salvation plan, I will send you a draft on New York for one hundred shares of the stock when you advise me that you are ready for business. Truly yours, N. F. GRISWOLD.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Nov. 25, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: I hope your scheme for the circulation of Freethought literature will be a success, and to help it in my small way I will gladly take one share—would take more if I could. C. E. SPAFFORD.

PORTLAND, OR., Nov. 23, 1889.

FRIEND PUTNAM: If a company is formed and commences the publication of FREETHOUGHT, I will make it a donation according to my means. Yours truly, C. BEAL.

SHERIDAN, OR., Nov. 24, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Yours of the 17th inst. is at hand, and after perusing it, I am well satisfied it would be a grand scheme for the Pacific slope to have a concern of this kind and hope that it may prosper. I cannot do very much just now, but hope to do so. I am only a laborer for wages, but I will canvass around for the interest of Liberalism any and every time. JOS. BARBEAU.

PORTLAND, OR., Nov. 24, 1889.

MR. S. P. PUTNAM: Yours of the 17th is received. I think the Freethought Publishing Company is just what the coast needs. Mrs. Kreckel and myself will take shares. I will talk it up in our society and I think every Liberal will and ought to take shares. The Portland Secular Union, which you worked so hard to organize at the close of your lectures, bids fair to be one of the

leading societies in Portland; we have at present fifty members, and before spring we hope to number one hundred. Much credit is due our worthy president, Dr. Semler. We have one of the nicest halls in the city, money in the treasury, and every one happy. We have meetings every Sunday, and every two weeks a social.

MATTIE BLAISDELL,

Secretary of the Portland Secular Union.

SAN PASQUAL, Nov. 23, 1889.

FRIEND MACDONALD: I think your scheme a laudable one, and am willing to help it on to the best of my ability by taking shares, just how much I will not now say, but nothing would please me better than to see it made a success. I have often thought we should have something of the kind on this coast. It will always be a pleasure to help on FREETHOUGHT and the cause.

Your friend and well-wisher, B. B. ROCKWOOD.

BUCKLEY, W. T., Nov. 26, 1889.

DEAR SIR: Yours concerning the FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY received. I hope the enterprise will prove a great success. I will take two shares at present, and may be able to interest others here if I can find the time. COKE EWING.

ARAGO, OR., Nov. 25, 1889.

PUTNAM & MACDONALD, *Dear Friends*: Your letter received. Your proposition strikes me as not only feasible but as one of the best means of organizing the Liberals of the coast, if they will take hold. Every Liberal should take at least one share. The more taking hold the greater assurance of success. Every stockholder will virtually be an agent, he will not only patronize the concern himself, but having a personal interest he will secure patronage from others.

I have spoken to several of the friends here, and I find that all indorse my opinions and will take stock.

You can count on me for at least four shares, provided the rest of the friends are not too greedy and take all before I get a chance. Save me one at least in this event.

I shall agitate this matter and write you again. Have started a subscription list. Yours fraternally, J. HENRY SCHROEDER.

EL MONTE, CAL., Nov. 27, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Your circular letter is received. I heartily approve of your plan to incorporate a joint stock FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, and I will take two (2) shares now, and more hereafter. Yours truly, A. H. HOYT.

FORT BRAGG, CAL., Nov. 26, 1889.

PUTNAM & MACDONALD, *Gentlemen*: Relative to the circular you sent me, proposing the establishment of a Freethought Publishing House, I think it a great and splendid idea, and I am quite willing to do all I can. If I cannot subscribe for ten or twenty shares, certainly I can take one. Yours truly, HENRY HOUSTON.

OREGON CITY, OR., Nov. 23, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Yours of November 18 is at hand I would say, I will take four shares at \$5 each, making \$20, as I am satisfied we need something of the kind on this coast, either in San Francisco or Portland, Oregon, in conjunction with FREETHOUGHT; it would be a good scheme. Let me know when you want the cash. Yours truly, B. F. LINN.

BUCKLEY, Nov. 19, 1889.

DEAR FRIENDS: I am poor but will go one five dollars to down our common enemy, religious ignorance. Yours truly, A. WICKERSHAM.

KALAMA, WASH., Nov. 25, 1889.

PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Yes, put me down for four shares at \$5 each. I hope it will be a success. I also expect to see some day a Freethinkers' Library (public or private) in San Francisco. It cost hundreds of dollars to muster any sort of a Freethought library. A person may not require to read volumes to understand the articles favoring the Nine Demands, but to

gather books, and extract facts and arguments to awaken our sleepy Christian friends, has become a heavy load on some of our Freethought group. Yours for the Liberal cause,
GEO. SVENSSON.

CALDWELL, IDAHO, Nov. 24, 1889.

PUTNAM AND MACDONALD: You may put my name down for one share, \$5, which I will remit when needed. I will do all I can to help the association along. As you are aware I have poor material to work on in this orthodox town. I think I am the only one who takes your paper here. Hoping you will meet with success in your undertaking, I remain, Yours truly,
MRS. M. PEPPERLE.

ELMA, WASH. Nov. 23, 1889.

To the Editors of Freethought:

In reply to your circular I will say that I will take one share after the 1st of January, 1890, and will take more if I can; will do all I can for you here. There are a good many Liberals here who, I think, will take shares.
Yours,
C. C. TUNNICLIFF.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL., Nov. 21, 1889.

DEAR FRIENDS: Your letter and circular of the 17th inst. is at hand, and I must say I am fully in sympathy with the enterprise, not that I would expect to be benefited financially, but it is just the kind of work I would like to see done. I wish I could do more, but I dare promise to take but one share.
Your friend,
L. P. LANGLEY.

TEMPE, ARIZ., Nov. 20, 1889.

DEAR FRIENDS: If the association is formed, I will take two shares and induce others to do something. I have spent but few dollars for mental liberty for the last year or two, for the reason that I have had but few dollars. It gives new hope to see your grit.
Yours,
W. A. CHESSE.

ROCKFORD, Nov. 23, 1889.

MR. PUTNAM, *Dear Friend*: Your letter in regard to establishing a FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY was received yesterday. I think it a good idea and I hope success will attend your efforts. I will take two shares. I am a great admirer of FREETHOUGHT. "News and Notes" describes many small places in the country that I presume we would not hear of in any other way.
MRS. S. B. MILLER.

HELENA, MONT., Nov. 24, 1889.

GENTLEMEN: You may enter my name for one share in the FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY. Yours in the faith,
CHAS. M. JEFFERS.

DEL MAR, CAL., Nov. 25, 1889.

GENTLEMEN: I will subscribe for two shares of stock in the Pacific Coast FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, and may it live long and prosper. Respectfully yours,
A. H. SMITH.

FRESNO FLATS, CAL., Nov. 26, 1889.

S. P. PUTNAM, *Friend and Brother*: I have received your circular and I think the enterprise will be a success. Put my name down for five shares; T. G. Hayes, one share; Jo. Crane, one share; Geo. Merritt, one share; O. M. Beam, one share; and I think I can get as many more. Yours as ever,
R. LARAMORE.

ALHAMBRA, CAL., Nov. 24, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Your circular asking for support for a Freethought Publishing Company to hand, and will say in reply that you can count on me for a share. I will also induce others to take stock in it to the best of my ability. I should be much pleased if some Freethinker residing within a radius of twenty-five miles of Alhambra would communicate with me, as I am entirely unacquainted with any persons holding heterodox views, and, as the Christians would say, I want to come into the fold. I am desirous of having some lectures given in

several small towns in this vicinity, in which I think good work could be done; and being entirely by myself in my views I feel unable to accomplish anything. Wishing your new enterprise success, I remain Yours for mental liberty, MURRAY HORNE.

TURNER, Or., Nov. 25, 1889.

FRIENDS PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Your circular of Nov. 17 is at hand. I will take one share. Hoping the enterprise will be indorsed by the many friends of FREETHOUGHT, I remain
Most truly,
W. H. NASH.

PALISADE MINES, Nov. 27, 1889.

FRIEND PUTNAM: Your favor is received. I will agree to take ten shares in the Freethought Publishing Company. Wishing you and FREETHOUGHT every success,
Yours truly,
R. F. GRIGSBY.

UNION, Or., Nov. 26, 1889.

DEAR PUTNAM: You can put me down for two shares in the Freethought Publishing Company. Yours truly,
E. C. BRAINARD.

BOULDER CREEK, Nov. 25, 1889.

PUTNAM & MACDONALD, *Dear Sirs*: You can count on me for one share. Wou'd like to take more, but am not able. I am one of those happy mortals that has to pay a happier mortal's debts. I think and hope your enterprise will be a success.
J. D. KAUFMAN.

STELLA, Wash., Nov. 22, 1889.

FRIENDS PUTNAM & MACDONALD: I like the idea; will help you all I can towards maintaining the institution you think of establishing; can't do much because I have not the means to do with, but I will take at least two shares. You will hear from other Liberals of this place about this matter in a short time. Success to you and FREETHOUGHT. Respectfully yours, JAMES JARREL.

BLOOMFIELD, Cal., Nov. 24, 1889.

MR. GEO. E. MACDONALD, *Dear Sir*: Mr. Doane directs me to say to you to put him down for one share, and also says that perhaps after a little he may take one or two shares more. We think well of the enterprise, and if I were to remain in the state I would surely invest. Very truly yours,
N. HUNT.

ORANGE CITY, Iowa, Nov. 22, 1889.

GENTLEMEN: I think the plan better than the guarantee fund. I have use for all the money I can scrape together at present in a venture of my own, but I will promise you a twenty dollar bill and take as many shares as that would bring. DELESPINASSE.

RAYMOND, Cal., Nov. 29, 1889.

S. P. PUTNAM, *Sir*: We have your proposition in reference to your institution. In the first place I will speak for myself. I propose to take four shares. Several others have expressed their resolution to take stock immediately. One or two more, under the circumstances, must wait awhile. I expect to be in San Francisco on the celebration of Paine's birthday and to have a list and the coin.
D. BUCKINGHAM.

McCanna, N. Dakota, Nov. 26, 1889.

EDITOR FREETHOUGHT, *Dear Sir*: Inclosed find two dollars for subscription to FREETHOUGHT. I will take one share of stock if the company is organized.
CHARLES BARTA.

HAMILTON, Or., Nov. 26, 1889.

KIND FRIENDS: As you have been good enough to offer me a chance to take part in your enterprise, the Freethought Publishing Company, I will take one share at five dollars.
Yours in the cause of Liberalism,
ALMIRA SWEET.

YAKIMA CITY, Wash., Nov. 28, 1889.

GENTLEMEN: I am pleased with the enterprise that you propose to go into and will do my best to help you on. I will take four or five shares in the business. I left the note I had from

you with a friend in North Yakima, who approves of the scheme and has put his name on the list. He will take some shares and try to get as many friends as he can to take an interest. It is the best business plan that has been proposed to aid the cause.

Yours ever, T. McAUSLAN.

UNION, Or., Nov. 26, 1889.

GENTLEMEN: Put my name down for one share for the proposed organization of the Freethought Publishing Company. If it is necessary to make it go I will probably take a few more shares.

A. K. JONES.

SOUTH BUTTE, Mont., Nov. 27, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Your circular to hand and I hope the enterprise will be a success. Put me down for one share. I expect to be in San Francisco shortly, when I will call in the office. If not, I will forward the money to you.

W. S. BIRKETT.

SAN LORENZO, Cal., Nov. 30, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: In answer to your circular of the 17th inst., I will state that, though not very strong, we'll help as much as able to push the cause along. Put Geo. Hinrichsen down for one share; also the undersigned for one share.

Fraternally, HENRY DOPMAN.

PUTNAM & MACDONALD, *Dear Friends*: I have received the circular announcing your grand enterprise, and consider it the duty of all who have the cause of Freethought at heart to come to the front and take every share they can spare money to take. I am a poor man, working on a salary, but you can depend on me for two shares.

O. B. LOGAN.

BAKER CITY, Or., Nov. 25, 1889.

S. P. PUTNAM, *Dear Friend and Brother*: Yours of the 17th is at hand. I think that the enterprise will be a success, at least I hope so, as a Liberal and scientific publishing house is just what is wanted on the coast. I think that the Liberals of California, Oregon, and Washington will take hold of this scheme with their whole heart. For energy, enterprise, and go-ahead-iveness, give me a Liberal every time in preference to a moss-covered disciple of theology. I will take at least five shares in the company.

Yours fraternally, H. J. FULLER, M.D.

ASPEN, Col., Nov. 27, 1889.

DEAR MR. PUTNAM: Your favor of the 17th inst. received with circular proposing the establishment of a Freethought Publishing Company in San Francisco. The idea is good; it is something we need; and I pledge myself to take five shares at \$5 each, and may be will take more in January next. I will try to induce others to invest.

Yours for success, JOHN ENGSTROM.

GEORGETOWN, Col., Nov. 25, 1889.

S. P. PUTNAM, *Dear Sir*: Your circular at hand. We think it a very favorable enterprise. You have hit on a splendid idea. I only regret not having the capital to take as many shares as I would wish. I will take one share, and you can call on me for the money any time you wish. If I can take more I will do so, but will not promise. A friend of ours, Mr. Thomson, will take one share. I will try to get others to take some. With our best wishes for the success of the Freethought Publishing Company,

Yours sincerely, MRS. T. S. OLD.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Dec. 1, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Your circular has been at hand ten days. I read it carefully twice. I think it would be a very good thing to organize and build up such an institution as you speak of, namely, the FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, and Scientific Book-store; and to aid it on, put me down for one share of stock.

LORD A. NELSON.

DAYTON, Or., Nov. 30, 1889.

BROTHERS PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Yours in regard to the Freethought Publishing Company is received. We gave it our earn-

est attention and think it a grand idea, and if carried out as proposed, it will be a great and lasting benefit to the people, and especially to the people on the Pacific Coast. You can count on \$10 from us (two shares), and call for the Vs when needed. We hope that those who are more able will take just as many shares as they possibly can.

Yours,

M. MILLER, SR., & M. MILLER, JR.

BERDAN, CAL., Nov. 24, 1889.

GENTLEMEN: I indorse the proposition in your circular letter in regard to FREETHOUGHT. Put me down for one share; also P. A. Jurgensen, one share. Call for money on or before Jan. 1, 1890. I would take a thousand shares if able. Wishing you success, I remain

Yours for Freethought, JNO. DIX.

ELLSWORTH, KAN., Nov. 28, 1889.

MR. EDITOR, *Dear Sir*: Put me down for one share in your Publishing Company. If money is plenty, I may take two, but will not promise now.

SARAH J. METZLER.

RANDOLPH, OR., Nov. 26, 1889.

DEAR SIR: I received your circular and shall be glad to take one share, as I consider the organization you contemplate is just what is needed.

ANDERS CARLSON.

BOULDER, COLO., Nov. 27, 1889.

DEAR SIR: Your plan meets with my approbation, and I must put myself down for one share, not that it will help much, but just to show my cash sympathy.

L. Z. COMAN.

SNOHOMISH, WASH., Nov. 27, 1889.

DEAR MR. PUTNAM: Your letter and circular were received some days ago. I will take two shares and perhaps more later on. With best wishes I remain,

Yours truly,

H. C. COMEGYS.

PUYALLUP, WASH., Nov. 24, 1889.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM: In answer to yours of the 17th, I like the idea of a stock company. I believe it will be a good investment. You can put me down for three shares and I may increase it to ten.

Yours truly, A. N. MILLER.

SILVERTON, OR., Nov. 29, 1889.

DEAR FRIENDS: Hoping your co-operative plan will succeed, as I think it a good one, I will take two shares, and I will trust to you to call for the amount as stated in circular, when you shall need it. I shall also try to bring in others who are not subscribers to your valuable paper, or any Liberal journal.

PETER RAUCH.

CORVALLIS, OR., Nov. 19, 1889.

MR. PUTNAM: Your note is received. I will take twenty-five shares, and one for Mr. Hickethies of Portland.

Your friend, LOUISA E. R. BENNETT.

SEATTLE, WASH., Nov. 23, 1889.

GENTLEMEN: Your circular of the 17th is at hand. The enterprise is a good one, and deserves success. Put me down for five shares. I inclose you a postal order for \$2.45, which apply on my subscription to FREETHOUGHT.

Yours, W. S. BUSH.

BOULDER, COL., Nov. 22, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Your circular, also Brother Putnam's letter of the 17th inst., are both here. I read both and then passed the circular to my wife for her opinion. Her judgment is that it is a good move and I should help. Therefore put me down for ten shares of stock. Of course I do not expect you to neglect me when it comes to notifying stockholders that the whole amount of stock is taken. I more than ever realize the necessity for combined efforts of Freethinkers. Recently I have been barred out from the Rocky Mountain News in discussing a project of the Methodists, backed closely up by Romanists, to change the constitution of Colorado so as to exempt all sectarian schools, with their endowments, from taxation. A

"pressure" was brought from both wings of our ecclesiastical octopus to bear on the managers of the News, which closed the door in my face, under circumstances peculiarly aggravating. But if the fools think any such scheme can be sprung on the people of Colorado without the most merciless discussion of not only it, but of the Nine Demands, they are badly mistaken. It may be possible that Colorado will meekly bow her neck for this additional load of ecclesiasticism but I don't believe it.

Be sure that what little I can do with tongue, pen, or limited means, to further the advance of religious liberty, will be done ungrudgingly.

Hoping for the full mid-day glare of a movement for mental emancipation now seemingly in the dawn, I am

Most sincerely yours, JOS. WOLFF.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Nov. 26, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD, *Gentlemen*: Mrs. E. H. Church wishes to express her approval of your plan to incorporate a stock company according to your circular of November 17th and her readiness to subscribe for one share of such stock, five dollars, whenever the plans are matured and the stock subscribed for.

E. H. C.

UNION MILLS, Nov. 26, 1889.

PUTNAM & MACDONALD, *Kind Friends*: Yours received. You can depend on me for \$10. May the good work go forward. Cheerfully yours, D. L. TRULLINGER.

MILL CITY, OR., Nov. 22, 1889.

MR. S. P. PUTNAM, *Dear Sir*: I received your communication of 17th inst. regarding your disposition of FREETHOUGHT. I think that you have hit upon a good plan, one that should place it upon a substantial foundation from a business point of view, and I think that such a publishing house, in combination with a book store, would be a financial success, and do more towards bringing about a thorough organization of the Liberals of this coast than anything else could possibly do. You can put me on your list for four shares of the Freethought Publishing Company's stock.

WILLIAM SIMS.

CRESCENT CITY, CAL., Nov. 24, 1889.

PUTNAM & MACDONALD, *Esteemed Friends*: Your favor of Nov. 17 at hand and contents carefully noted. In regard to organizing an association to be known as the Freethought Publishing Company, it meets my hearty approval. It is a need that we have long felt. I am confident that it will be a success, and insure the prosperity of FREETHOUGHT and our noble cause. I will assist all I can; will take ten shares (that will be fifty dollars), and you can call on me for it at any time. Wishing you the greatest success in this undertaking, I remain as ever, Yours truly,

JOSEPH BLABON, JR.

INCORPORATED.

On Monday, December 2, holders of capital stock in the Freethought Publishing Company met in the law office of the Hon. John A. Collins, at 526 Kearny street, and framed articles of incorporation, which were filed and a copy forwarded to the secretary of state at Sacramento. At a meeting held Tuesday, the 3d, the following board of directors was elected: S. P. Putnam (president), F. L. Browne (vice-president), Geo. E. Macdonald (secretary), W. H. Eastman, Emil S. Lemme.

The amount of the capital stock of the Company is fixed at \$20,000, divided into four thousand shares of a par value of \$5 each. It was voted that two thousand five hundred of these shares be placed upon the market, and one thousand five hundred reserved.

The Freethought Publishing Company is therefore now in

working order, and all subscribers for capital stock are invited to forward their money to the office, 504 Kearny street, San Francisco, Cal., addressing, and making all drafts, checks, and money orders payable to THE FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Geo. E. Macdonald, Secretary.

TO THE LIBERALS OF CALIFORNIA.

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

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

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

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

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.

Per Order of Executive Committee,

OBSERVATIONS.

In the whole of a long and somewhat bilious life, I have never passed a Thanksgiving day to which I could look back with less misgivings than I now experience in recurring to November 28th of the present year. The above date was passed in Sacramento at or near the house of N. D. Goodell, whither I proceeded in response to an invitation that I had never done anything to deserve.

There were three of us who took the dollar-and-a-half train Wednesday afternoon—Mr. Putnam, myself, and the member of my family who wears bangs. The journey as far as Port Costa was made without incident and without any cushions on the car seats which we occupied. I understand that the railroad company charges a dollar extra for cushioned seats and varnished cars. Just beyond Port Costa an episode occurred which might have made the thoughtless smile. The train ran onto the ferry boat that carries it across the bay, and the passengers got out of the cars to reconnoiter. On our right was a freight train, and on the farther side of that a coffee and doughnut dispensary. We went around the head of the freight train to the restaurant, and while gnawing a sandwich I saw a man take a cup of coffee in one hand and a plate of doughnuts in the other, and start out to carry them to a lady left in the car. But he made the mistake of going toward the stern of the boat instead of returning by the way he had come. It was perfectly dark; the way was narrow and rough, and the first thing the passenger discovered was that

he had reached the end of the train, but couldn't get around it without going into the bay. His next discovery related to the coffee and doughnuts. The coffee was mostly in the saucer, and the doughnuts had slipped off the plate and got away. But all was not lost; some coffee remained, and this, with rare presence of mind, the passenger proceeded to drink. He then began a careful though not successful search for the delinquent doughnuts, but after colliding with the hard end of a coupling-pin and attempting to straighten up under the edge of the car, which nearly broke his shoulder, he gathered up his crockery, fired it back into the restaurant, and then went into the car to think over the events of the hour. He forgot to pay for the coffee and doughnuts, and considering that it was Putnam, I settled the bill myself.

It was 8:30 o'clock when we reached Sacramento, and at 8:31 Mr. Goodell had us in a carriage and making good time toward his house on some alphabetical street which I have forgotten. It is a cheerful and hospitable home where Mr. Goodell lives. It is full of large rooms and small rooms, papers, books, pictures, agreeable young persons, and other knick-knacks. And he made things pleasant for us without regard to trouble and expense. Thursday morning he placed a two-horse carriage at our disposal, gave me the reins and Putnam his blessing, and sent us out to enjoy ourselves. There were four in the carriage. It was the liveliest team I have handled since I drove Deacon Jonathan Shelley's steers, back in New Hampshire, and went to school in the winter of '72. We took in most of the city, some of which came over the sides of the carriage and lodged on our laps. All Sacramento was out to attend the unveiling of the Stevens monument, and we saw the musicians, and the poet of the day, and the orators, but did not hear them.

Mr. Goodell is the architect of his own fortunes and the greater part of Sacramento. The city is full of houses that existed in his head before the owners ever saw them or knew how they would look. His handiwork is shown in residences, schoolhouses, and public buildings. I believe he has no church buildings on his conscience.

We took a dash out into the suburbs, driving around the unique county hospital of Mr. Goodell's creation; through the park, the cemetery, and the principal streets; by the white capitol building; past the big pavilion that, among the handsome houses where it is built, looks about as appropriate as a dry-goods box in a parlor; and to various other places. At the Plaza we met Mr. and Mrs. Davies, of Brighton, and later on saw Mr. Davies upon the sidewalk expounding the gospel of unbelief to a man who had made the mistake of thinking Mr. Davies needed enlightenment on religious subjects.

After the dinner we sat upon the veranda and talked. In the part of the country where I was raised it was not the custom to sit out of doors after dinner on Thanksgiving day, with the woodbine twining overhead, with roses blooming all around, and oranges ripening in the adjoining yard. There I was more habituated to going skating on six inches of ice. But nevertheless I felt content with the soft atmosphere and the flowers and the music and the company; and only when Mr. Goodell called me in and snowed me under in a game of euchre could I realize that it was late in autumn.

We arose at half-past five on Friday morning and took a green-eyed horsecar that came jingling through the mist. Our good and venerable host left us at the turn of the road, and when we separated in the morning twilight, with warm good-byes, it struck me that I had never met kinder men than Mr. Goodell and his friend Davies, who joined their forces to make our visit to Sacramento pleasant, memorable, and inexpensive.

The friends and enemies of Mr. B. G. Haskell are informed by these presents that I keep a club. It is a twelve-pound sash weight, with gilded tips, and hangs suspended within easy reach of my good right hand; and I am keeping it for them. I have never said that Mr. Haskell was a rogue, nor have I ever said in print that anybody else ever said that he was a rogue. It is true that several highly-excited callers have been referred to me by Mr. Putnam, and I have accepted the situation because somebody's life appeared to be in danger, and he thought I would

not be missed so much as he would; but as we are about to dissolve partnership in the conducting of this business he has no further claim upon my services as a bleeding sacrifice. Visitors are always welcome. They will find an extra pipe and a wad of plug-cut constantly on hand. They may read the morning paper until the evening journal comes in, and then peruse the latter as long as daylight permits. I will discuss with them the problems of finance, irrigation, base-ball, and Nationalism, or provide a person to do so, but allusions to the personal character of any one will be resented. I do not believe that Mr. Haskell is half as bad as a superficial knowledge of his career would prove him to be.

A subscriber sends this statement and query:

President Harrison has been in the habit of saying, "It was God's work," when people congratulated him upon his election. This made the politicians angry, as it gave them no credit for their work. Now, we understand, Mr. Harrison is angry over the result of the Democratic success and blames certain politicians. If he be consistent, why does he not blame God and say it was all his work?

If any man can answer the the above question, he can have it. I do not regard either a Democratic or a Republican victory as worthy of notice so long as the saintly figure of Postmaster-General Wanamaker looms up before our admiring gaze. Let us discuss Wanamaker.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The Oakland baseball team, who hold the local championship pennant, surprised an audience of about ten thousand people last Sunday by playing as good ball as the Boston nine, whom they tied in a game of seven innings.—The Union Iron Works of San Francisco, as a penalty for lack of horse-power in the cruiser *Charleston*, must forfeit \$33,384, and for the delay of completion \$3500. The original contract was \$1,017,500.—Dr. C. C. O'Donnell, ex-candidate for mayor of San Francisco, has been indicted by the grand jury on a charge of malpractice. He claims to have invited the indictment in order that he might vindicate himself.—An article in last Sunday's *Chronicle* accuses Burnette G. Haskell of fraud in conducting the affairs of the Kaweah Colony.—Dr. C. White practices dentistry at Los Angeles without the license required by law. He has been tried for it three times. The first two juries disagreed and the third acquitted him.—A dispatch from Winnipeg says: A brother of the late Judge Terry is on his way to Washington, where he intends to lay his side of the recent shooting before the Department of Justice.

The farmers in Kansas are burning corn for fuel, finding it cheaper than coal. Corn is sold on the farm at 20 cents a bushel, while the average price of coal delivered to the farm ranges from 21 to 23 cents a bushel.—The 51st Congress of the United States met at Washington last Monday. Reed, of Maine, is to be speaker.—Lum Smith, of Philadelphia, has been convicted of libeling Anthony Comstock.—It is thought that Fred Douglass, the colored Minister to Hayti, will be recalled, as the Haytian government refuses to treat with him.—Jefferson Davis was at last accounts alive but very weak, and sinking.—The eight-story building in which was published the *Minneapolis, Minn., Tribune* and several other newspapers, was destroyed by fire Dec. 1. Twenty-five persons lost their lives in the conflagration, and \$350,000 worth of property was destroyed.—Boston had a \$4,000,000 fire on Thanksgiving day.—Ten million dollars' worth of property was destroyed by fire in Lynn, Mass., last week.—The Rev. T. M. Little, of Elizabethtown, Tenn., shot and fatally wounded a well-known young man of that place Nov. 25 for betraying his daughter.

Dom Pedro, ex-emperor of Brazil, is in Portugal.—The London scandal, involving many titled rascals in the worst of practices, is being assiduously stirred up to the detriment of public morals.—Stanley, the African explorer, has written a book on "How I Relieved Emin," and sold the copyright for \$40,000.—The reform in the administration of the Baltic provinces of Russia has gone into effect. Under the new administration, journalists are deprived of franchise and the Russian language replaces the German.

NEW YORK LETTER.

I beg to congratulate FREETHOUGHT on its improvement in form and matter since my last letter. The number now before me, Nov. 16, is full of the best thought. I do, however, miss the sparkling letter of my old friend Putnam. I hope the dear boy is not ill from his arduous work in the lecture field. I am delighted to see that he has found so many congenial spirits on the Pacific coast. A friendship dating back to our school-days, never clouded, never weakened, ever warm, ever warmer, has invested me with an anxiety for his success in his far-off home. That success seems assured. I see that he has touched the heart of his new neighbors, and am happy in his good fortune. He deserves it all. He is worthy of the confidence and love of the Liberals, among whom he is laboring. His heart is as full of loving kindness as his head is of intellect.

I wrote FREETHOUGHT at least one year ago that a company with Mr. Andrew Carnegie at its head had been formed to build a music hall on the corner of 7th avenue and 57th street. The excavation for its foundation is about completed, and the plans for the building have been filed at the Bureau of Inspection of building. The style will be Venetian Renaissance, with a frontage on 57th street of at least 150 feet. This is to be the home of classical music, and the hall will be as perfect and beautiful as architectural genius and money can make it.

The company building on the site of the Madison Square Garden is pushing its work. The foundations are laid, and walls up to the sidewalk. This covers an entire square, from Fourth to Madison avenue and 26th to 27th street. On this spot there stood a quarter of a century ago the station of the Harlem railroad, which was used also by the New Haven road. The enormous building will contain a theater, a concert hall, cafes, and an arcade. It will be a novelty in this country. The company had up-hill work in placing its stock. It is in the hands of wide-awake and progressive men, and is bound to be a success. I fancy this will be the home of vaudeville rather than classical. The situation is central.

The marriage of Colonel Ingersoll's daughter did not make a ripple on the ocean of society. The girl was married as sensible girls like to be, at home surrounded by friends only. Mr. Brown is a gentleman and a man of wealth. He came into Wall street some dozen years ago, from Ohio, I understand. He has not the genial face of his father-in-law, but it is a thoughtful and intellectual one. Brown is never forgotten in his calculations. I mean his face indicates it.

Tammany Hall has been moved by impulse entirely in nominating Turner, the driver of an ice-wagon, for Congress in the Sixth district. There is no evidence that he possesses the first qualification for the position. There is one thing in his favor. He is a Yankee; was born up in Wentworth, New Hampshire, and is well educated. I don't suppose there is any doubt but he will be elected. This is more like a romance than politics. Tammany nominated a Mr. Durham for state senator; he seeing no chance for election refused to run, and chance brought out this unknown and unheard-of young laboring man. He accepted the nomination and made a run that amazed the politicians. His opponent, luckily for Turner, was elected by a few hundred votes. His staying-power so commended itself to the braves of Tammany that the sachems decided to run him for Congress and to pay out of its treasury all the expenses of the election. It is to be hoped that this sudden success will not turn the boy's head. It is presumable that, coming from the old Granite state, he has Yankee shrewdness at least. He may be another Daniel Webster in embryo—who knows? Whoever he is or whatever he is, he is certainly an improvement on Tim Campbell. At this date no one has been placed in the field against him.

The raising of the fair fund of \$5,000,000 is almost complete, \$321,000 only is wanting. There is no doubt but it will be subscribed by Saturday night. The determination to occupy a portion of the park almost killed it. The people were opposed to this idea, and it was only when the committee gave it up that the fund made any material progress. The tradespeople, of course, are anxious for it, as it would increase their business wonderfully. The average citizen would prefer it being held elsewhere. They

find that New York is too big to be glorified by a pandemonium of this kind. So far as they are concerned, they would not turn the hand over to bring it here. Chicago is welcome to it. Mr. Town, the celebrated engineer, thinks the time too short to complete the building and make it a success. The most active man raising this fund has been John Claflin, the senior of Claflin & Co. His firm subscribed \$100,000. He has been active in the dry-goods district soliciting subscriptions. Old Mr. Huntington yesterday gave \$25,000. I think D. O. Mills gave a like sum.

We notice a slight stir among the Protestants over the late congress of Catholics and its results. When a played-out old blatherskite like Dan Dougherty made the charge that the Catholic church has suffered persecution in this country and attempts to stir up a fanatical feeling in that church, it seems about time that some notice should be taken of the rapid strides that church has made in the United States during the past fifty years. I fancy few realize how rapid its growth has been, and how baneful its influence has been. Why should not a man steal when that sin can be wiped out by a priest? Our prison records show no pleasant page for the pope of Rome to read. Why not concentrate all your thunder on this particular branch of the church for the time being? There are many things to be shown up before this slow American public will be woke up to the dangers which surround it. Here is a good field for Freethought.

New York, Nov. 26, 1889.

EUDORUS.

OUR CHRISTIAN ALLIES.

It is worthy of note that the Christian sect called the Second Adventists should be so conspicuous as they are in battling against the traitors who are attempting to convert the constitution and government of the United States into a theocracy. It is the only sect in all American Christendom, so far as I know, that is actively engaged in exposing and opposing the plans of the fanatical revolutionists embodied in the Prohibition party, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the American Sabbath Union. The organ of the Second Adventists is the American Sentinel—well named—and the editors thoroughly understand the question at issue. I would be happier than I am if I were convinced that there were ten men in the two houses of Congress who comprehended as well the true relations between the state and the church under our national constitution, and who, during the coming session of Congress, could, and would, make it plain to the comprehension of the people.

I have lived for half a century in the neighborhood where this revolutionary party in religious politics was first organized, and have watched every step they have taken since. I have read and studied church history and know the why and wherefore of this movement, and I cannot adequately express my admiration of the ability and patriotic determination of the American Sentinel in its exposure of the conspiracy.

It is, however, easy to see why our Second Adventist friends understand so well the genius of our free institutions. Persecution has a wonderful effect in clearing the vision and enabling a person to understand the subject of human rights and the true nature of civil government. Roger Williams was an Englishman by birth, and would have held the same notions on this subject that his Puritan brethren of Massachusetts did but for the fact that he changed his views and became a Baptist, thus getting himself and followers into a minority. Hence he was banished into the wilderness. This converted him into a candid inquirer or free thinker on the subject and disposed him to look at both sides of the question instead of one only, and the effect was to immortalize him as the first clergyman ever known to be opposed on principle to the cruelty and stupidity of persecuting men for their opinions.

In like manner, in the barbarous states of our Union, conscientious Adventists who, as strictly as possible, worship God on the seventh day of the week, as commanded in the Decalogue, instead of the first day, as required by the church, are punished as criminals if they do any work on Sunday. I speak advisedly when I say "barbarous" states, for, in defiance of the national constitution, which requires the several states of the Union to conform their constitutions and laws to the supreme law of the

land, nearly all of them are guilty of the crime of persecuting men for their religious opinions and practices. There are three religious sects in this country which observe the seventh day of the week as a Sabbath—the Jews, the Second Adventists, and the Seventh-day Baptists. These people are all good citizens and regular tax-payers, and number thousands upon thousands in the several states. They are compelled to lose two working days of the week, while other people only lose one. Their consciences compel them to give up the seventh day as the Sabbath, and the state laws compel them to give up the first day. Now, suppose these three sects number in all a hundred thousand people, and that half of them are working people whose day's labor is worth a dollar. Then, there are fifty thousand good citizens who are fined by the individual states \$50,000 a week, or \$250,000 a year, for the offense of being sincere Jews, Second Adventists, and Seventh-day Baptists; and that under the national constitution, which the framers of it made purely secular in order to prevent this very thing from ever being done. Is it any wonder that when these citizens tamely submit to this outrage persecution should organize itself into a political party as it has for the purpose of more widely and effectively doing its unconstitutional and wicked work?

Messrs. Editors, allow me to say that all our editors, lecturers, writers, and Freethinkers should study and understand this subject of the proper relations of civil government to religion and religionists, so that the plans of the revolutionists may be defeated. And I know no teacher that can be compared to the American Sentinel. It has made the subject a speciality, and has a literature which forms a hand-book that every citizen ought to be familiar with.

A. B. BRADFORD.

Enon Valley, Pa., Nov 22, 1889.

THE CASE OF RICHARD ROE, "LABOR REFORMER."

PROLOGUE.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Mr. B. G. Haskell's challenge to his "slanderers" in your issue of FREETHOUGHT of November 30, recalls to my memory that more than five years ago I consulted a well-known attorney in regard to a slanderous libel Mr. Haskell circulated against me. The attorney, who knew Mr. Haskell quite well, said, "You can't imprison him for libel, and the man has no property through which you can sue him for damages; the only satisfaction you can get, in this case, is to give him a cowhiding." Of course that would bring me to Mr. Haskell's own level, which, for a clean man, is not desirable. Before this occurrence I had been closely associated with the "gentleman." Since then I have avoided him as I avoided certain little animals I met with during my six years' life on the western plains, which, upon the slightest disturbance in their usual occupation, make the surrounding atmosphere rather unpleasant to dwell in. Those who have had an acquaintance with Mr. Haskell extending over a number of years are rather amused at his challenge. Should any one step a little closer and examine this roaring lion he would find him like the long-eared animal in the fable of old.

Last Sunday, after a pleasant perusal of the columns of FREETHOUGHT, I drew the inclosed pen picture of an individual I have known well during past years in the labor movement, which I herewith submit to your readers. If Mr. Haskell fancies it looks like him he is at liberty to frame it and place the same in the largest hall of one of his many airy chateaus.

Yours very respectfully, C. F. BURGMAN.

(For address see advertising columns of FREETHOUGHT.)

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

In a large city near the shores of a majestic ocean, where sets the sun in golden grandeur at the entrance to a magnificent harbor, lived Richard Roe. Richard was a person somewhat below the average height, with sloping shoulders, a narrow chest, a round forehead, narrow contracted brow, and large protruding eyes, of a bluish gray color. His complexion looked unhealthy and sallow, and in walking he would lean slightly forward, inclining to the left. At first glance you might have taken him to be about twenty-three years of age, though in reality he was twenty-eight

and after some acquaintance with him he would impress you as a much older person.

Like a good many men in his day and generation, Richard was ambitious. He wanted to engrave his name on the pages of history and become a shining light among his fellow-men. Some Americans are proudly pointing their ancestry back to the advent of the Mayflower; Richard did more, he traced his ancestry back to the Swedish kings of the eleventh and twelfth century, and kept a genealogy to prove it; and though that genealogy bore the embellishing traces of his own artistic hand (he was an artist of the pen), and though Richard himself was the most conspicuous figure in it, yet there it was, a sure proof of his lineal descendancy from the loins of royal ancestors.

In his zeal to make a name for himself in the world, he cast about in early life for a suitable occupation that would lead him on the road to fame. He was an inveterate reader, and, dazzled by the great names and mighty deeds of famous generals, he decided to try his fortune as a soldier. It was true, the chances to become a famous general had passed about the time he had just risen from babyhood, but one could not tell what the future would bring.

Richard enlisted in a militia company, and by zealous application in an incredibly short time became the captain of the company and was on a fair way to step higher in the ranks of military distinction, when an influential journal of the city one morning startled the community by accusing Richard of having embezzled the funds of the company and left for parts unknown. Of course it was proven that he had only gone to a neighboring town on some private business, without announcing that fact to the world at large before departing, and somehow explained satisfactorily the absence of the company's funds; but his military career was blighted and he sought fortune in another field.

He would become a famous lawyer. Had he not the shining examples of Webster, Calhoun, and Blackstone before him? Yes, he would become a brilliant star in the legal firmament. Richard's next step was to enter into the employ of a prominent law firm, and there began his studies in legal lore. It happened, however, that a member of aforesaid firm became a rising luminary on the political horizon of the country in which they were domiciled, and Richard, dazzled by the possibility of becoming president of a great nation, threw himself headlong into politics. But being crossed by superior minds and craftier cunning, he determined to revenge blighted hopes and fallen aspirations by becoming a journalist. Here he would become a power in the community and a terror to his enemies. Politicians would seek his support and influence and statesmen bow to him. And maybe through the influence of his powerful organ he could direct the destiny of the nation.

To think and to do were one with Richard, and he soon had a prominent printing firm interested in his enterprise. Shortly before the issue of the projected paper, our hero chanced to enter a meeting in a hall on a prominent street of the city. It was a meeting of strange men, men of a type Richard had never met before. Their apparel was plain, their manner unassuming, but upon their countenances there was depicted an earnestness of purpose such as he had never witnessed before among all his associates. They were seated in a semi-circle, with a tall, commanding figure as presiding officer. Before the president's dais and facing the audience, which comprised about one hundred persons, stood a man of slender proportions and rather dark complexion who, in an earnest and impressive manner, addressed the audience before him, and who listened to him with eager expectancy and interest.

Richard learned soon that he was in a meeting of trades-delegates; the men present were the representatives of the different Trades Guilds, or Unions, as they are now called, of the city, and the speaker, whose name was John Doe, had just returned from a Trades Congress, where had been formed a gigantic combination of national and international trades unions for mutual protection and benefit, and was giving an account of the work accomplished and the discharge of duties entrusted to him. The speaker, having completed his task, was applauded to the echo, and resolutions of appreciation and thanks in recognition of the faithful discharge of his duty were tendered and adopted.

The discussions which followed touched upon subjects of which Richard had never heard before, and which opened to him a grand vista of noble work to be accomplished. He heard the relation of capital and labor discussed; the economic dependency of the wage slave to the proud factory lord was portrayed vividly to his mind. He was given a glimpse of the industrial barbarities practiced under the then prevailing civilization. Also the aims and objects which had brought these men together, and the means by which they thought they could regenerate society and place mankind upon a happier basis and into better conditions. These and other discussions so worked into the mind of our Richard that he at once concluded to become better acquainted with these men and if possible get their support in his enterprise, for he was convinced that these men would live true to their conviction, and would labor with all their might and mind for the accomplishment of their aims and objects.

(To be Continued.)

THE DECEMBER ECLIPSE.

At least four parties will make long and difficult journeys this month to observe the total eclipse of the sun, which occurs on the morning of December 22, 1889 (civil reckoning). In fact, it is more than probable that two of these parties are now at their chosen stations, and the other two close to their journey's end. The eclipse path extends completely across the Atlantic ocean, and it is only at one or two points on the South American coast and in a narrow belt of equatorial Africa that the phenomenon may be observed.

Of the four parties, two are sent by the Royal Astronomical Society of London, one by the United States Government, and one by Colonel Charles F. Crocker of this city, in behalf of the Lick Observatory.

S. J. Perry, Director of the Stonyhurst College Observatory, England, will direct one of the R. A. S. parties to be stationed at Cayenne, French Guiana. The other one will go to Africa in charge of Mr. Taylor, assistant in the private observatory of Mr. A. Ainslie Common, Ealing, England. The work of these two parties will be almost entirely photographic.

The United States Government party sailed from New York, October 10th, on the U. S. S. Pensacola, bound for the west coast of Africa. The expedition consists of Professor David P. Todd, Director of Amherst College Observatory, chief; Professor H. F. Bigelow of Racine College, and E. J. Loomis of the Nautical Almanac Office, astronomers; Professors Abbe of Washington and Jacoby of Princeton, meteorologists; E. D. Preston of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, geodesist, and H. S. Davis, Princeton, J. E. Carbutt, and E. J. Wright, photographers. It will be seen that the work of this party is comprehensive in the extreme. Even should cloudy weather ruin all chances of successful eclipse work, valuable results in all other departments of their scientific programme must ensue. The voyage will afford an opportunity of gathering information in many unknown regions, and the party has been made up with this end in view. The astronomical force, which is fully capable, is only a small fraction of the whole body of scientists; although it is to be hoped that their labors may not be hindered by unfavorable weather, the more especially since on a former occasion, when Professor Todd and his wife traveled all the way to Japan to secure observations of the total eclipse which occurred in 1886, cloudy weather prevented even a glimpse of the sun during the coveted seconds of totality.

Of this party Professors Bigelow and Loomis are both experienced naturalists, as well as expert astronomers. Professor Abbe is a well-known student of meteorological phenomena, and has with him a small army of assistants provided with every species of apparatus known to the officials of the United States Signal Service. In this case, observations of the wind and weather may accomplish some possible good, although an immense amount of misapplied energy is annually devoted to this work, which only results in an enormous aggregation of dry statistics. (By this comment no disparagement of the United States Signal Service is in any way intended. Their operations cover a large field and are thoroughly organized; while the weather forecasts and storm

predictions are of untold benefit to our commerce and agriculture. But in any scientific library the endless array of volumes of semi-collated "Meteorological Observations," which are published in every quarter of the globe, and only burden the shelves where they repose, is simply appalling!) The researches in natural history, projected for this *terra incognita*, should also be of extreme interest, as well as the geodetic operations. Mr. Preston of the Coast Survey is well known in this city through his pendulum work at the Lafayette Park Observatory and at Mt. Hamilton. This gentleman, who is one of the brightest of the young men on the survey, has had a wide experience in government expeditions. During furloughs from the Coast Survey duty he has served under Professor Gould in the Argentine Republic; with the Eclipse expedition of 1883 to the Caroline Islands, where he made pendulum observations to determine the attraction of gravity at various points, and, also in an extended geodetic campaign in the Hawaiian islands. Mr. Preston, besides being a leading scientist and a most companionable member of the expedition, is a thorough linguist. He can read and converse in every modern civilized tongue, and picked up enough of the Hawaiian language during his five months in the islands to translate our scientific books for their benefit. It is altogether likely that he will improve the opportunity for some ethnological researches, and will be on conversational terms with the native chiefs inside of a week.

Lastly, we have the Lick Observatory expedition to Cayenne, consisting of S. W. Burnham and J. M. Schaeberle. Their work during the eclipse will be entirely confined to photography and they will attempt to secure good negatives of both the "inner" and "outer" corona.

Professor Schaeberle will have charge of the camera, consisting of a six-lens by Clark, equatorially mounted; and Professor Burnham will use the Clark equatorial belonging to the observatory, of similar size, which he will stop down to about three inches for sharper definition, etc. It is believed that by making a moderately long exposure (half a minute) with the camera, a good negative may be secured, showing the outlying portions of corona, and probably sacrificing, through over-exposure, the details close to the sun. The reader should be reminded that in the California eclipse of last New Year's day, photographs taken by two members of the Pacific Coast Amateur Photographic Association, William H. Lowden and William Ireland, who were stationed with the remainder of their party at Cloverdale, Sonoma County, exhibited a greater extent of the coronal outlines than had ever before been rendered by this method. An intimate knowledge of photographic processes, as well as of the nature of the image they had to deal with, enabled these gentlemen to so time the exposures, and then regulate the development that the resulting impressions of the coronal streamers could be traced for nearly three degrees from the sun's center. This is nearly as far as any streamers have ever been detected by the naked eye—for it must be remembered that the eye is more sensitive to minute differences in shades of similar colored light than any photographic plates yet constructed.

One of the principal objects of the Cayenne expedition is to secure a plate confirmatory of the two California pictures—those made by Ireland and Lowden.

Messrs. Burnham and Schaeberle expect to remain in Cayenne during the whole of December and January. There are a number photographic experiments on star magnitudes to be made before the work is closed, while Mr. Burnham may be exploring the southern skies—a field new to him—for unknown double stars. In fact, if the discovery of new stellar pairs were as liberally rewarded as that of comets by Mr. Warner, the expedition under Burnham could doubtless be made to pay its own expenses instead of calling upon the funds so generously provided for its support by Colonel Crocker. CHAS. B. HILL, in the Examiner.

BRADLAUGH has resigned the presidency of the National Secular Society. He has had to make a choice between secular and political work, and chooses a parliamentary career.

W. F. JAMIESON is lecturing in Iowa. His address is Des Moines, Iowa.

A SAMPLE BISHOP.

The Vienna correspondent of the New York Tribune writes under recent date:

The climax to the recent scandals is to be found in the grave charges of malversation and fraud which have been brought by the Hungarian government against the famous Bishop Strossmeyer of Djakovar—charges which have led to the legal sequestration of the vast property of the episcopal see in question, and which will result in the removal and interment in some monastery of the unruly prelate.

Among the minor offenses laid at his door is that of having transgressed the forest laws by hewing down woods without the permission of the authorities; of having neglected to plant young trees where he cut down the old, and of having let the devastated forest to the owners of cattle, so that they are now in such a condition as to render replanting impossible. The oak forest, which formerly covered an area of more than 40,000 acres, have been completely destroyed, and the church property damaged thereby to the extent of several millions of dollars.

The vast sums derived from the sale of the timber have either been devoted to the personal enrichment of the bishop and his followers or else have been spent in fostering the Pan Slavist agitation in the Slavonic and Croatian provinces of the empire against the government of Francis Joseph. Bishop Strossmeyer has for many years past been regarded as the apostle of Pan Slavism in Austria, and was severely taken to task by the Kaiser a year ago for his disloyalty in teaching the people of his diocese to look for guidance and instruction to St. Petersburg and Moscow, rather than to Vienna and Buda-Pesth.

Among the long list of charges brought against the aged but by no means venerable prelate is a distinct and definite one of having appropriated to his own personal use a sum of 14,000 florins of trust money confided to his keeping, and the government is determined to avail itself thereof, to put a stop once and for all to his treasonable activity in behalf of Russia's propaganda in Austria-Hungary.

DOUBTFUL HEROISM.

Owing to a ghastly interest in leprosy and the colony of lepers on the Island of Molaki, and owing also to a widespread interest in any heroic good deed, probably there has been no death of any person more widely published and regretted than that of Father Damien, the priest who cast his lot among the lepers and finally lost his life by their disease in what has been said to be a self-sacrificing and wholly disinterested devotion of his life. Perhaps this aspect of the matter has been overdone, but at all events another side of the picture is now being presented. The government physician in charge of the colony says that the priest need not have become a leper if he had been cleanly in his habits; if he had employed ordinary precautions against contracting the disease, as the physicians themselves do. His religious opponents do not hesitate even to charge that his death should be attributed to his vices as well as his carelessness, and that he was not a pure man in his relations with the leper women. Probably there has been no greater cause of the spread of leprosy than sexual promiscuity, and if Damien's habits in this regard were no more careful and exclusive than in his free and easy table manners among them the result is not one to be surprised at or mourned.—Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

THE San Francisco Wasp will illuminate the coming Christmas with a gorgeous holiday number. Its edition for that day will contain fifty-two pages, with twelve full-page illustrations. But the supplement promised is what the Wasp Publishing Company is drawing particular attention to. It will be nothing less than a 24x28 inch reproduction of Francois Millet's great picture, "The Angelus," in all its original colors. The picture goes with the Christmas number of the Wasp without extra charge.

THERE is a mistake somewhere. The big fire in Boston did not scorch the Investigator office nor discolor a brick in Paine Hall.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS FOR DECEMBER.

Hanford.....	December 4, 5, 6	San Diego.....	December 22
Lemoore.....	" 8	Perris.....	" 23
Norwalk.....	" 12	Leon.....	" 24
Anaheim.....	" 13	San Jacinto.....	" 26, 27
Santa Ana.....	" 15	Los Angeles.....	" 29

At Milwaukee, Oregon.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel favored us with two of her ablest efforts Saturday and Sunday evenings, Nov. 23 and 24.

The audience was small from a combination of causes; among others, no announcement was made of her coming among us till the morning of the lecture. But Sunday evening we had a good house and a lecture equal to the occasion. No eulogy of mine can enhance her work. She clothes truths with the attributes that only a cultured, thinking student dares, when to champion it is almost social suicide in the eyes of the world. The old veteran, Mr. Lois Waisbrooker, will address us Sunday evening next. She favored us with some choice poems full of matured thought, and it acted as a harmonizer upon the audience. Even Christians speak well of Mrs. Krekel's lecture.

With Mrs. Waisbrooker and Dalhouse Priestly, we think we can set "sum on 'em a thinkin'" this winter.

Our meetings must, for a time at least be intermittent, as we are a few forlorn Liberal mariners upon a desert isle, whose rugged shores are lapped upon every side by the surging sea of perishing orthodoxy.

Milwaukee, Or.

MAURITZ S. LIDEN.

The Chivalrous Knight.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I am not here to further discuss the Terry case. My arguments upon that subject are closed. But I might be considered discourteous if I failed to pay my respects, in few words at least, to my bold antagonist whose presence perhaps is not generally known to the denizens of San Francisco. His second attempt to illuminate the illustrious career and amiable qualities of the much-abused Sarah Althea is but a reiteration of the first and possesses no significance or importance whatever, and is stale and flat; yet he manages to spread himself out over twelve general heads on the Terry case in a very attenuated form, until the readers cannot well resist the conclusion that our redoubtable Knight is afflicted with a disease known in the literary world as a "diarrhoea of words accompanied by a constipation of ideas."

He seems to emulate the old hen that tried to spread herself over more eggs than she could cover, and was very indifferent as to what kind of eggs she hatched, so long as they were eggs; and when the time came for the chickens to materialize, they turned out hawks, buzzards, and owls. That such will be the experience of my antagonist I have little doubt.

The many charges and indictments formulated against the judges, Sharon, and his friends by Mr. Knight are indeed distressing; that is, if they were true. The exposure he makes of himself in the attempts puts me in mind of a monkey climbing a greasy pole, the higher up he gets, the plainer he shows his caudal extremity.

Should Mr. Knight materialize in Fresno near the fort formerly held by her "Cousin Rodney," he would no doubt be astonished by a forcible reminder from the pedal extremity of one of the descendants of Judge Terry, on the unmentionable hinder part of his body, that his presence was not needed, and that would send him to hunt his "hole" on the double-quick.

A. SCHELL.

Knight's Ferry, Nov. 19, 1889.

The Freethinkers' Magazine for December will contain a full-page photographic illustration of the Bruno monument. A portion of the contents will be: "Reason at Rome and Romanism in America," by T. B. Wakeman; "Deputy Bovio's Consecration Address at the Rome Festival," translated by Professor Davidson; and a likeness of L. K. Washburn, editor of the Boston Investigator, and a sketch of his life. Price 20 cents. For sale at the office of FREETHOUGHT.

"The System of Nature," by Baron D'Holbach. \$2.

Now the lad who through the summer
Has wandered fancy free
Begins to cultivate the church,
With an eye on the Christmas tree.

An old Scotch minister told his congregation: "Brethren, you are just like the duke's swans in the lake yonder. You come to church every Sabbath, and I lave you all over with the gospel water, and I pour it upon you until you are almost drowned with it; but you just gang away hame and sit down by your fireside, give your wings a bit o' a flap, and you are just as dry as ever again."

DEACON JONES (solemnly)—My young friend, do you attend a place of worship? Young man—Yes, sir, regularly, every Sunday night.

Deacon Jones—Pray, tell me where you go to worship.

Young man—I'm on my way to see her now.

DICK—Why have you never married, Jack?

Jack—I was going to once, but Providence intervened. I eloped with a Boston girl and we were caught at Providence.

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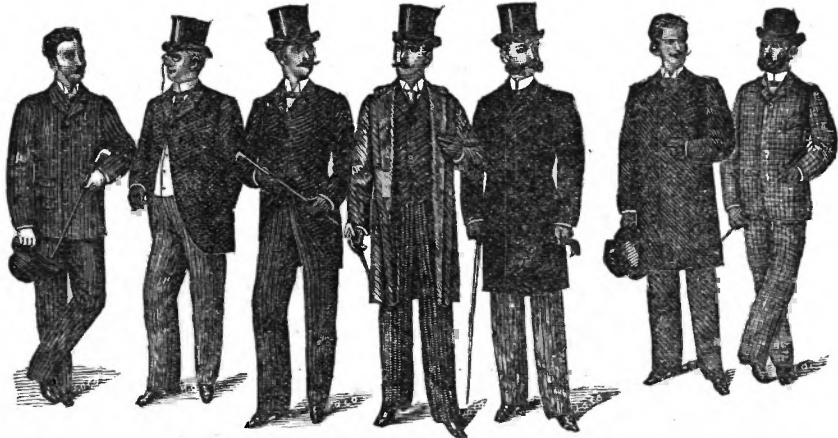
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Send 25 cents with bust and waist measure and number of inches from natural waist up as high as you wish the dress underneath the arm, for a sample pattern drafted to order, with full directions for making up, if you wish to test the system. To take the first measure correctly, place the tape above the bust, underneath the arms, and straight across the back, drawing it very tight. Write figures plainly. Address, Agents, DRESS CHART AGENCY, wanted, 504 Kearny st. San Francisco, Cal. Care of Putnam & Macdonald.

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PUTNAM & MACDONALD.**A Vision.**

I dreamed a dream. After long hours of pain
And parting, I had died, and lived again;
And floating somewhere far beyond the skies,
Had found the guarded gates of Paradise,
Where, to the angel of the flaming sword,
I showed my pass, signed, "Servant of the Lord."

"Enter!" the angel cried, "and have no fear;
Friends of your friends are always welcome here."

I bowed; the doors flew open wide; I heard the singing,
And saw the blest, through golden ether winging
As thick as, when an earthly sunbeam floats
Across the room, within it dance the motes.

There was the banker, who, from fraud-got store,
Had left a deodand to endow the poor;
The grim inquisitor, whose pious zeal
Showed heretics the flames he'd have them feel;
The gallows-housed felon's scarce-won wraith
For what are hope and charity and faith?
Yet, of all those who taught mankind to rise
Above this sordid world of woes and lies,
Of those by whom man's progress was begun
In love and wisdom, I beheld—not one.

My spirit sank. "Ah, sir!" in grief I cried,
"Have you no souls of nobler sort inside?
I dare not seek to live with such as these;
Where are Aurelius, Zeno, Socrates?
Spinoza, Galileo, Darwin, where?"
The angel answered, pointing downward,
"There!"

I turned and fluttered that way in affright
And reached, at length, a scene of softer light,
Where those I sought and more, with sober mien,
Were gathered, talking, active, but serene.

Voltaire advanced and, pointing to the door,
Said, "Welcome, friend, to sheol—hell no more.
These souls you see, the friends of all their kind,
To make the worst of evil had no mind.

And, truth to tell, had doubted, from the first,
That there could be a region so accursed.
Yet finding that, in fact, some things went ill,
Put forth their practiced energy and skill,
Improved the climate, drained the lake of fire,
Talked to the fallen angels, trained the choir,
Put down bad language, stopped theology,
And made the agreeable limbo as you see."
The Academy.

Thankful for Small Favors.

One of the church letters read at the annual meeting of the Philadelphia Association contained this: "We are spiritually dead, but we thank God that things are with us as they are."

The Rev. Dr. Murdock turned to the Rev. J. T. Buckley, D.D., and said: "That reminds me of a young man who arose in my meeting when I was a young pastor and said: 'Brethren, I am a great sinner, and I am determined to hold out to the end.'"

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A model of the above dryer is on exhibition at J. H. Redstone's at No. 1509 Market street.

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—O:—

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—O:—

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Freethought.

A LIBERAL JOURNAL.

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SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1889.

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FREETHOUGHT.

GEO. E. MACDONALD, | EDITORS. | SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - DECEMBER 14, 1889.

"PRAY excuse me," were the last words of Jefferson Davis. He is excused.

THE London Freethinker must not again refer to the state of Oregon as a territory. Our northern neighbor has been in the Union about thirty years, having been admitted in 1859.

C. R. BENNETT, Anthony Comstock's Pacific Coast agent, has drawn public attention to himself by the reckless discharge of firearms on the public streets. He endeavored to bring down a flying forger, and came near hitting several pedestrians and residents in the near neighborhood.

THE picture of L. K. Washburn in the Freethinkers' Magazine for December, hardly does justice to the softer and more amiable side of the subject's nature. The editor of the Investigator is not a fierce hussar with a barbed wire-moustache, eyes like the muzzle of a double-barreled shotgun, and a brow clothed with thunder.

THERE is a great deal of difference between Canada and California, not only geographically, but otherwise. The Canadian government, some time ago, refused to issue a certificate of incorporation to a Secular Thought Publishing Company, whereas the state of California has just licensed the Freethought Publishing Company without question or remark.

WE fail to see how anything is to be gained by criticism of the Secular Union Congress at Philadelphia. There is no plank in the platform adopted that every Liberal cannot indorse; and while the platform does not include all reforms considered necessary by Freethinkers, it includes more than are likely to be accomplished during the present administration.

THE Sabbatarians desire to suppress the Sunday ball games, which are attended by thousands in this city, on the ground that they are a desecration of the Sabbath and displeasing to God. The suggestion might be made that if God is displeased with Sunday baseball, he has at his command the most effective way of stopping it. He can at any time "call" the game by means of a

smart shower, but so long as he neglects to turn on the hose the players are justified in assuming that they have his tacit permission to proceed.

THE revivalist, Mrs. Woodworth, who has been doing business in a tent over in Oakland, has one lunatic to her credit. Christian Anderson, a young Dane, went to the Stockton asylum last week in a straitjacket. His insanity is of a religious nature, and is traceable to Mrs. Woodworth's ministrations.

"FOREORDINATION must go." So affirms the Rev. Dr. Harcourt. "Only a few years ago," said he in his sermon last Sunday, "for a Presbyterian minister to have even intimated such a thing as a change in the Westminster Confession of Faith would in itself have been sufficient grounds for bringing a charge against him for heterodoxy. Foreordination must go, and I am heartily glad of it. And that most absurd of doctrines that non-elect infants go into eternal suffering must also go before the light of a new civilization. That it could ever have had a place in a Christian creed seems almost incredible. The common sense of the nineteenth century casts out this unclean thought concerning God, and the church that refuses to do so must fall behind in the march to victory." And yet the Presbyterian church has damned thousands for not believing in these very dogmas that Dr. Harcourt now rejects.

THE NEW CATHOLIC DEPARTURE.

While power is falling from the hands of Rome in Italy and France, in the United States it is accumulating and threatens serious danger to the republic. Though she always, as far as possible, has influenced elections and politics for her own benefit, as against the welfare of the state, the church has not till lately boldly declared her intention to overthrow one of the most cherished bulwarks of liberty—the public school.

Forty years ago an eminent prelate declared: "The church is losing half of her children through the influences of the public schools. This should be stopped!" Soon after began the organization of parochial schools, which now give instruction to six hundred thousand children. In them all the dogmas of the church are taught, and their main object is to make good Catholics, which means bad citizens. Till lately the priesthood induced their asses of Issachar to patiently pay the double tax necessary to sustain the schools of the state and the schools of the church, promising them it should not always be so. Now they think they are strong enough to strike the fatal blow long meditated.

At a recent great representative gathering in Baltimore the public school was openly denounced as godless and injurious to the welfare of all religion. The special weapon chosen for the assassination is a demand for the division of the school moneys, each sect receiving its portion. This demand is now boldly and

persistently advocated. It was put forward at the last meeting of the National Educative Association at Nashville. It is arrogantly and stoutly claimed as a right by a Catholic bishop in the December Forum. We know by past experience that no flattery, threats, or corruption will be lacking to further it in the state and national legislatures. Rome has not planted herself strongly at Washington—in her so-called university—without deadly purpose. She is getting near the heart of the nation to stab it the more surely.

The church has grown rich and strong and believes that her ten million adherents will follow her new crusade against knowledge. If the American people allow her to succeed, a great torch of liberty will be extinguished. Inexpressible disaster will follow to the commonwealth.

THE CHURCH AND DIVORCE.

In his late article in the North American Review, Colonel Ingersoll said:

"The death of love is the end of marriage. Love is natural."
"Wherever love is it is pure."

Very few people could see anything calling for criticism in that sentiment, but the Catholic Review declares:

"Nothing fouler than this could pen contrive. The avowed apostles of free-love gave precisely the same definition. The outcome of its adoption by society would be that whenever a sensual man or weak and vain woman believes 'love' dead, that instant divorce becomes not only licit, but dutiful. 'Love' may 'die' because a husband cannot buy as handsome a fall bonnet as his wife would like. On his side 'love' may 'die' the moment he sees another who arouses in his lower nature passions that are 'natural.' Forthwith divorce for either or both. Forthwith go the children born in the previous union, wherever a court may direct; and if the precept herein implied should be carried to its complete conclusion, the state would have to return to the cruel and heartless imperialism of Lycurgus, and create vast nurseries for the care of offspring whose parents had ceased to 'love' each other."

The Catholic idea of marriage is that it is merely for purposes of increase, like the union of cattle, except that in the case of human beings no attention is paid to physical fitness. The church claims to own the human beings whom she mates, and the farmer owns the cattle; and her consent is necessary to their union as the cattle breeder's supervision is deemed necessary in raising stock. If, however, the stockman finds by experience that he has made a mistake in crossing two breeds for one season, he will take care that the error is not repeated. But it is the claim of the church that all mistakes of this kind occurring among men and women are to be perpetuated in this life on pain of eternal damnation in the next.

The Catholic Review asserts that were Colonel Ingersoll's views adopted, the outcome would be that "whenever a sensual man or weak and vain woman believes love dead, that instant divorce becomes not only licit but dutiful." Supposing a sensual man and a weak and vain woman are single, and believe that love is living instead of dead, and thereupon proceed to marry. Is not their union as bad in this case as their separation would be in the other? Is it not infinitely worse? Again, is it not as despicable for a woman to marry for the sake of a handsome fall bonnet as to seek a divorce for the lack of it? And if a man and a woman marry each other in obedience to their lower natures, are they any more moral than when they separate at the behest of the same instinct? This is, of course, a low and unpleasant aspect of the marriage relation, but it appears to be the only one the Catholic Review is capable of recognizing.

There is but one divorce court to which members of the Catholic church may appeal. It is the court presided over by Death. The church will admit that the unhappily married are divorced when husband or wife dies; and the Catholic church knows that thousands have found and welcomed this court prematurely, because there was no other open to them. The blood of these unfortunates, whose commitment to the matrimonial prison was signed by priests that denied them release, is upon the hands of the church. The responsibility for the blasted lives of men, the beaten and mangled flesh of women, the depravity of children begotten of hatred overcome by lust, lies at her door.

Colonel Ingersoll once drew a picture of the future, and he said: "I see a world without the beggar's outstretched palm, the miser's heartless, stony stare, the piteous wail of want, the pallid face of crime, the livid lips of lies, the cruel eyes of scorn. I see a race without disease of flesh or brain—shapely and fair, the married harmony of form and function. And as I look, Life lengthens, Joy deepens, Love intensifies, Fear dies; Liberty at last is God, and Heaven is here. This shall be."

But it will not be until the grasp of the church is taken from the hearts and lives of the men and women of this world.

EVER since the Freethought Publishing Company was thought of we have been waiting for the verdict of one man on the prospects of the enterprise—the man who, we are informed, established the business known as the Bancroft Company, the largest book dealers on the coast. That man is Mr. John McGlashan of Ukiah. Mr. McGlashan did nothing in haste. He thought the matter over. He is a man whose word is as good as his bond, and his word and bond go together. He would as soon support a movement with his money as with verbal encouragement, if he had no faith in its success. He is personally and intimately acquainted with the managers of FREETHOUGHT, and has aided them with sage advice and liberal donations. We therefore call especial attention to his letter on another page. It is a tower of strength.

LAST Sunday's Chronicle contained a large amount of matter written in vindication of B. G. Haskell from the accusations previously made against him with relation to the affairs of the Kaweah colony. It still remains to be proven to our entire satisfaction that Mr. Haskell is not an honest man, and we fondly hope that none of the charges brought against him can be made to stick. It should be understood that what Mr. Burgman has to say in FREETHOUGHT is in response to what he terms Mr. Haskell's "bluff" of two weeks ago, and that our columns are as free to Mr. Haskell as to Mr. Burgman, each being alone responsible for anything he may choose to write.

MR. CHARLES G. CASPARY, of Wagner, Or., writes under date of December 1: "A Liberal meeting was called for to-day and well attended. Resolutions were passed to meet every second Sunday; to form a Liberal club at our next meeting, and adopt rules and by-laws; also to elect officers. We are assured of a large audience at our next meeting, and hope to be able to give you a creditable report of the proceedings and success of the Haystack Liberal Club." This is encouraging; let the good work go on.

A CALL for the annual convention of the California State Liberal Union is issued, and no pains will be spared to make this the largest gathering of the kind yet held here or elsewhere. Liberals throughout the state will save the officers much labor

if they will promptly begin talking the matter up and making their contributions toward expenses of hall-rent and advertising. The treasurer's address is A. H. Schou, 677 Twenty-fifth street, Oakland.

FREETHOUGHT invites any one who knows anything to Burnette G. Haskell's credit to speak. Look out, Friend Macdonald, or you will soon be "within four walls." You are guilty of libel by implication.—Weekly Star.

Nay, not so; it is Mr. Haskell's friends who, in remaining silent, allow his reputation to suffer by contributory negligence.

JUDGE BUSH, of Seattle, begins this week a series of articles on "Judicial Oaths." They are worthy of careful perusal, like all that comes from his pen.

THE FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

As a good many hundred people are concerned in the recently organized Freethought Publishing Company, and as corporations are generally regarded as more or less mysterious and soulless bodies, it may be interesting to give a brief history of this, the only Freethought corporation in America.

When Mr. Putnam and myself first discussed the question of organizing this company, we had somewhat indefinite notions of what was necessary to be done, but we agreed that we could make no mistake in first feeling the Liberal pulse and ascertaining how many potential stockholders there were among our constituency. We found this out by means of a circular letter. In order that the circular might be satisfactory to both of us, Putnam wrote a copy for one, and I wrote another. Then the two were amalgamated, headed "Important to Liberals," and sent out under date of November 17. As has been seen by letters already published, the responses come fast and thick. We voted unanimously between ourselves that the company was a happy thought.

When our co-partnership was formed in 1887 to enter upon the publication of this paper, we simply drew up a document and signed it before a commissioner of deeds. In the present case it was thought the process might be similar, though subsequent experience has proved it to be quite otherwise. We had the presence of mind, however, to call upon the Honorable Judge Collins, of 526 Kearny street, and there we learned in a very few moments how little the average layman knows of legal processes. The judge asked us, with a twinkle in his eye, what we had done and how we intended to proceed to organize the company. We told him we had sold several hundred shares, and were going right ahead to issue certificates of stock. We should call a meeting of all who had subscribed, elect trustees, and proceed to business. Judge Collins commended that method as artless, but objected to it as devoid of legality and common sense. He begged us to realize that what we had done amounted to nothing in the eyes of the law, and that what we had expressed an intention of doing would be null. He then drew up a Subscription Paper reading as follows:

We, the undersigned, do hereby subscribe for and agree to take the number of shares of the capital stock of the Freethought Publishing Company set against our respective names, and to pay five dollars per share for the same.

He then inquired if we had decided on a Board of Directors, and we told him we had, mentioning names of men residing at various points between Crescent City and San Diego. The men were all good Liberals, generous subscribers, and calculated to

adorn any position. But the judge said it wouldn't do; the directors of an active corporation must be able to meet at short notice and without expense. He suggested that Mr. Putnam and myself be placed upon the board. We had not thought of that. The other directors, he said, should be young men who would work harmoniously together and with us. We therefore added the names of W. H. Eastman, Frank L. Browne, and Emil S. Lemme, and when Judge Collins met these gentlemen afterward he declared that they made as good-looking and intelligent a board as he had ever seen.

The judge assured us that we were now prepared for work, and upon the evening of Monday, December 2, the parties above indicated met in his office, signed the subscription paper, and drew up these Articles of Incorporation.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION OF THE FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Know all Men by these Presents:

That we, the undersigned, a majority of whom are citizens and residents of the state of California, have this day voluntarily associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the state of California.

And we Hereby Certify:

FIRST. That the name of said corporation shall be *The Freethought Publishing Company*.

SECOND. That the purposes for which it is formed are to maintain and conduct the "*Freethought*" Newspaper, and a Book and Job Printing Establishment; to purchase and sell Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, and Jewelry; and also to acquire, by purchase, exchange, or otherwise, and to improve, sell, mortgage, or lease, so much Real Estate as the business of the Company may require.

THIRD. That the place where the principal business of said Corporation is to be transacted is *San Francisco, California*.

FOURTH. That the term for which said Corporation is to exist is fifty years, from and after the date of its incorporation.

FIFTH. That the number of Directors or Trustees of said Corporation shall be *five*, and that the names and residences of the Directors or Trustees, who are appointed for the first year, and to serve until the election and qualification of such officers, are as follows, to wit: [names of Directors.]

SIXTH. That the amount of Capital Stock of said Corporation is twenty thousand dollars, and the number of Shares into which it is divided is four thousand of the par value of five dollars each.

SEVENTH. That the amount of said Capital Stock which has been actually subscribed is one thousand and twenty-five dollars, and the following are the names of the persons by whom the same has been subscribed, and the amount subscribed by each of them, to wit: [names and amounts subscribed.]

In witness whereof, we have here unto set our hands and seals, etc.

On the following day, December 3, the five incorporators appeared before a notary and again appended their signatures to the foregoing document, which was filed with the county clerk at an expense of \$2.50, and a copy thereof forwarded to the secretary of state at Sacramento for the trifling cost of \$11.00.

On the same evening a meeting of subscribers was held in Judge Collins's office, S. P. Putnam being appointed to the chair. Mr. Putnam made a statement of the work done and the objects of the company, and called for nominations for temporary officers. The chairman was elected to stay there, F. L. Browne being vice-president, and Geo. E. Macdonald received the most votes for secretary. These officers were subsequently elected by ballot to hold office for one year. Upon motion of Mr. Eastman, it was voted to purchase FREETHOUGHT, with all its stock of books, plates, and so forth, for five hundred dollars in cash and nine hundred shares of capital stock. Some matters of detail were discussed and voted upon. The present editors were retained,

Mr. Putnam without a salary. The undersigned is to be allowed a moderate stipend. The question of a treasurer caused considerable debate. The secretary favored a bank for treasurer; the others desired a proper person. Judge Collins, as adviser, supported the latter and said the board would honor itself by putting a woman in that position. The funds of the company must be either invested or placed in the bank, but somebody would be needed in the office to pay and receive bills. The finger of choice pointed to Mrs. Grace L. Macdonald and she was elected.

Following are the by-laws adopted:

BY-LAWS.

The name of the corporation shall be the Freethought Publishing Company.

ARTICLE I.—Corporate Powers.—The corporate powers of this corporation shall be vested in a Board of five Directors, who shall be Stockholders, holding one or more shares of stock in their own names on the books of the Corporation, and three shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

ARTICLE II.—Election of Directors.—The Directors shall be elected by ballot, at the annual meeting of the Stockholders, to serve for one year, and until their successors are elected. Their term of office shall begin immediately after election.

ARTICLE III.—Vacancies.—Vacancies in the Board of Directors shall be filled by the other Directors in office.

ARTICLE IV.—Power of Directors.—The Directors shall have power:—

1st. To call special meetings of the Stockholders when they deem it necessary. And they shall call a meeting at any time, upon the written request of Stockholders holding one-third of all the capital stock.

2d. To appoint and remove at pleasure all agents and employees of the Corporation, prescribe their duties, fix their compensation, and require from them security for faithful service.

3d. To conduct, manage, and control the affairs and business of the Corporation, and to make rules and regulations, not inconsistent with the laws of the State of California or the By-Laws of the Corporation, for the guidance of the officers and management of the affairs of the Corporation.

4th. To incur indebtedness. The terms and amount of such indebtedness shall be entered on the minutes of the Board, and the note or obligation given for the same, signed officially by the President and Secretary, shall be binding on the Corporation.

ARTICLE V.—Duties of Directors.—It shall be the duty of the Directors:—

1st. To cause to be kept a complete record of all their minutes and acts, and of the proceedings of the Stockholders, and present a full statement at the regular annual meeting of the Stockholders, showing in detail the assets and liabilities of the Corporation, and generally the condition of its affairs. A similar statement shall be presented at any other meeting of the Stockholders, when thereto required by persons holding at least one-half of the capital stock of the Corporation.

2d. To declare dividends out of the surplus profits, when such profits shall, in the opinion of the Directors, warrant the same.

3d. To supervise all officers, agents, and employees, and see that their duties are properly performed. To cause to be issued to the Stockholders, in proportion to their several interests, certificates of stock, not to exceed in the aggregate \$20,000.

ARTICLE VI.—Officers.—The officers shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, which officers shall be elected by the Board of Directors. The compensation and tenure of office of all the officers of the Corporation (other than Directors) shall be fixed and determined by the Board of Directors.

ARTICLE VII.—President.—The Board of Directors shall, at their first regular meeting, elect one of their number to act as President; and if at any time the President shall be unable to act, the Vice-President shall take his place and perform his duties; and if the Vice-President, from any cause, shall be unable to act, they shall appoint some other member of the Board to do so, in whom shall be vested, for the time being, all the duties and functions of his office. The President or in his absence the Director, appointed as above provided:—

1st. Shall preside over all meetings of the Stockholders and Directors, and shall have the casting vote.

2d. He shall sign, as President, all certificates of stock, and all contracts and other instruments of writing which have been first approved by the Board of Directors, and shall draw checks upon the Treasurer.

3d. He shall call the Directors together whenever he deems it necessary, and shall have, subject to the advice of the Directors, direction of the affairs of the Corporation, and generally shall discharge such other duties as may be required of him by the By-Laws of the Corporation.

The President, or two of the Directors, may call special meetings of the Directors at any time, and notice shall be given of such called meeting by leaving a written or printed notice at the last-known place of business or of residence of each Director. Such service of notice shall be entered on the minutes of the Corporation; and the said minutes, upon being read and approved at a subsequent meeting of the Board, shall be conclusive upon the question of service.

ARTICLE VIII.—Secretary.—The Board of Directors shall elect a Secretary.

1st. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a record of the proceedings of the Board of Directors and of Stockholders.

2d. He shall keep the corporate seal of the Corporation and the book of blank certificates of stock, fill up and countersign all certificates issued, and make the corresponding entries in the margin of such book on such issuance; and he shall affix said corporate seal to all papers requiring a seal.

3d. He shall keep a proper Transfer Book, and a stock ledger in debit and credit form, showing the number of shares issued to and transferred by any Stockholder, and the dates of such issuance and transfer.

4th. He shall keep proper Account Books, countersign all checks drawn upon the Treasurer, and discharge such other duties as pertain to his office and as are prescribed by the Board of Directors.

5th. The Secretary shall serve all notices required either by law or the By-Laws of the Company; and in case of his absence, inability, refusal or neglect so to do, then such notices may be served by any person thereunto directed by the President or Vice-President of the Company.

ARTICLE IX.—The Treasurer.—The Treasurer shall receive and keep all the funds of the Corporation, and pay them out only on the check of the President, countersigned by the Secretary.

ARTICLE X.—Books and Papers.—The books and such papers as may be placed on file by vote of the Stockholders or Directors, shall at all times, in business hours, be subject to the inspection of the Board of Directors and of any Stockholder.

ARTICLE XI.—Certificates of Stock.—Certificates of stock shall be of such form and device as the Board of Directors may direct, and each certificate shall be signed by the President and countersigned by the Secretary, and express on its face its number, date of issuance, the number of shares for which, and the person to whom it is issued.

The Certificate Book shall contain a margin, on which shall be entered the number, date, number of shares, and name of the person expressed in the corresponding certificate.

ARTICLE XII.—Transfer of Stock.—Shares of the Corporation may be transferred at any time by the holders thereof, or by attorney legally constituted, or by their legal representatives, by indorsement on the certificate of stock. But no transfer shall be valid until the surrender of the certificate and the acknowledgment of such transfer on the books of the Company.

No surrendered certificate shall be canceled by the Secretary before a new one is issued in lieu thereof; and the Secretary shall preserve the certificate so canceled as a voucher. If, however, a certificate shall be lost or destroyed, the Board of Directors may order a new certificate issued upon such guarantees by the parties claiming the same as they may deem satisfactory.

ARTICLE XIII.—Meetings.—The annual meeting of the Stockholders may be held in San Francisco on the first Monday after last Sunday of January in each year, after January, 1890, and shall be called by a notice printed in one or more newspapers published in the City and County of San Francisco, as the Directors may direct, for at least ten days last preceding the day of meeting, or by a notice in writing by the President, delivered to each Stockholder personally.

No meeting of Stockholders shall be competent to transact business unless a majority of stock is represented, except to adjourn from day to day, or until such time as may be deemed proper.

At such annual meeting of the Stockholders, Directors for the ensuing year shall be elected by ballot, to serve for one year, and until their successors are elected. If, however, for want of a quorum, or other cause, a Stockholders' meeting shall not be held on the day above named, or should the Stockholders fail to complete their elections, or such other business as may be presented for their consideration, those present may adjourn from day to day, until the same shall be accomplished.

ARTICLE XIV.—*Voting*.—At all corporate meetings, each Stockholder either in person or by proxy, shall be entitled to as many votes as he owns shares of stock. Such proxy shall be in writing, and filed with the Secretary.

ARTICLE XV.—*Amendments*.—The By-Laws may be altered or amended at any meeting of the Stockholders, by a majority of the Stock represented at such meeting, or by a two-thirds vote of the whole number of the Board of Directors, to be ratified by the first meeting of the Stockholders thereafter.

ARTICLE XVI.—*Seal*.—The Company shall have a Common Seal consisting of a circle having on its circumference the words, The Freethought Publishing Company, Incorporated December 3, 1889.

With these by-laws copied into the minute book of the association, the Freethought Publishing Company stood ready to go ahead, but if anything more was needed a document just received from Sacramento would settle the question. Thus:

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

I, William C. Hendricks, Secretary of State of the State of California, do hereby certify that a copy of the Articles of Incorporation of the Freethought Publishing Company, certified by the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco as a copy of such Articles filed in his office, was filed in this office on the Fourth day of December, A.D. 1889, which Articles and the copy thereof contained the required Statement of Facts, to wit.; First, the name of the corporation as aforesaid; Second, the purpose for which it is formed; Third, the place where its principal business is to be transacted; Fourth, the term for which it is to exist; Fifth, the number of its directors or trustees, and the names and residences of those who are appointed for the first year; Sixth, the amount of its capital stock and the number of shares into which it is divided; Seventh, the amount of its capital stock actually subscribed and by whom.

Witness my hand and the Great Seal of State
[L.S.] at office in Sacramento, California, this the 4th
day of Dec'r, A.D. 1889. W. C. HENDRICKS,
Secretary of State.

With an instrument like this in our possession, bearing a golden seal four inches in diameter, there can be no doubt of the validity of the Freethought Publishing Company.

It would not be just to close this account without making due acknowledgment of the services of Judge Collins. The judge devoted many hours of his time to the drawing up of papers and guiding the incorporators through the legal mazes in which they became frequently lost, but he declined anything in the way of compensation, assuring all that their interest in the work could not exceed his pleasure in aiding them to accomplish it. The directors, however, did themselves the honor to vote him ten shares of stock in recognition of his eminent service.

The men who form the Board of Directors of the Freethought

Publishing Company need no elaborate introduction to the readers of this paper. The president, S. P. Putnam, has planted our banner upon the ramparts of a hundred Christian fortresses on this coast. The Company is incorporated for fifty years, but he expects to outlive it. Vice-President Browne is the printer of FREETHOUGHT, and often burns the midnight oil in getting the paper ready for the press. Ten or a dozen years ago he worked in the Truth Seeker office, and has ever since been connected with the press either as a publisher or printer. W. H. Eastman is a practical book-keeper of seven years' experience in a large printing establishment. He will lay out and supervise the books of the corporation, which will be kept with all possible accuracy, so that, as provided in the by-laws, a statement of the condition of affairs may be made at any time. Mr. Eastman is a vice-president of the San Francisco Freethought Society. Emil S. Lemme is also an officer of the Freethought Society, and of the State Liberal Union. He is an architect by trade, of German parentage, and the youngest member of the board. The secretary finds himself in this desirable company through the good luck which he has never deserted. The treasurer of the Company, Mrs. Grace L. Macdonald, is the youngest daughter of the late T. C. Leland. She is also the more worthy moiety of the secretary.

Thus manned the ship is launched, and she bids fair to prove as staunch a craft as ever flew the banner of FREETHOUGHT.

G. E. M.

The appended letters show how the shares are being taken up. We hope no subscriber will miss the chance to enroll his or her name on the list of stockholders:

UKIAH, CAL., Dec. 8, 1889.

FRIEND GEORGE: I should have answered your favor much sooner, but it appears that one thing and another has kept me so busy that I could not find time.

I think you have hit on the best plan yet to further the interests of Liberalism and humanity, in the idea of establishing a FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY. It certainly seems to me that you should have no difficulty in obtaining all the money needed, to have all the shares taken up readily. I feel satisfied that there is a fine opening on this coast for such an enterprise. It is needed—needed badly—and I think you are just in the position to make a success of it. Your paper is thoroughly established; it is now past its infancy; it is now past a doubt; it is a paying institution. Now with the increased circulation that is sure to be obtained by the means proposed, it will make it more remunerative in dollars and cents, and each and every member and stockholder will derive the benefit in that way also. With energy, care, and proper management, it must succeed. There is hardly a Liberal-minded person on this coast but can afford to take at least one share, and when he or she does that, they have the satisfaction of feeling that they have done something to benefit the human family; done something to lighten the ignorance and superstition, and help to lift some of the gloom and persecution of the past dark ages, which still surrounds us, with priestcraft and bigotry. Science, Freethought, and Liberalism have never yet, it is well known, made a single step in progress and improvement, searching into the laws of Nature, but every inch gained had to be wrested from the hands of those whose interest it was, and still is, to keep us in ignorance and darkness. Give the people an opportunity to read; some will be set thinking. Put me down for five shares of \$5 each, \$25.

Yours ever, JOHN MCGLASHAN.

ARGENTA, MONT., Nov. 30, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR: Your notice to incorporate FREETHOUGHT has been received and duly noted. You may put my name down for five shares, and if I am in easy circumstances when the time to pay comes, will take more. Please let me make here one

suggestion. If you incorporate FREETHOUGHT, the services of Geo. E. Macdonald and Samuel P. Putnam must be retained for a few years at least. To me the paper would be an orphan without you both. Perhaps after a period of five or six years we might be able to spare one of you, but not at this time. I do not mean to flatter either of you when I say this. But I have great faith that you and "George" can carry FREETHOUGHT over the stormy sea.

A. BESSETTE.

UNIONTOWN, OR., Dec. 4, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Yours of the 17th is received. In regard to the enterprise you wrote about, I will assist it some; will take one share at least, and will get another man to take one share. I think it can be made up; I know it ought to be.

Yours respectfully, T. CAMERON.

STOCKTON, CAL., Dec. 8, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM AND MACDONALD: You may enroll myself and wife and Charles Haas and wife for one share each; also Jacob Grundike, I. K. Garrett, M. L. Sims, W. S. Fowler, J. E. McKenzie, and Frank McClure, one share each in the contemplated corporation. There are doubtless some others who may be induced to aid in the movement, and as opportunity is afforded me I will communicate with them for the desired purpose.

Yours, W. F. FREEMAN.

LIVERMORE, CAL., Dec. 8, 1889.

DEAR SIR: I received yours on the seventh, and inclosed you will find an order for five dollars as a free gift to help the right—no issue of stock upon it. Wishing you success and progress, I remain,

Yours, MARVIN S. PALMER.

SALMON CITY, IDAHO, Dec. 3, 1889.

FRIENDS: Inclosed find \$3.50, balance due on this and last year's subscription for FREETHOUGHT.

You can count on my taking two shares in the Freethought Publishing Company, and I am ready to remit on application. The paper, FREETHOUGHT, is perfectly satisfactory, and I like it better and better the more I read it.

Long may it live to down the obstructions to progress and humanity! There is no truth in Christianity, and as to priests and preachers they may be divided into two classes—fools and hypocrites, and they are the cause of a great deal of harm. Yours for science and morality, and no religion,

CHAS. F. BLACKBURN.

ROSALIA, WASH., Dec. 3, 1889.

DEAR SIR: Yours of Nov. 17, in regard to the co-operative association, is at hand. I will take ten shares, not that I expect to reap any pecuniary gains, but as a duty we owe to our fellow-men to drive ignorance and superstition from the land. That, I know, is a big undertaking, but patience and perseverance will accomplish many things. If all the Liberals could see the danger of priestcraft as I do, they would come out liberally, and fight the monster in his den. Wishing you success,

WM. FISK.

DENVER, COL., Nov. 30, 1889.

DEAR FRIENDS: I will subscribe for \$10 worth of stock, and wish you all success.

THOS. J. TRUSS.

WALLA WALLA, WASH., Dec. 4, 1889.

DEAR SIR: My reply to your favor of Nov. 16 had to suffer delay on account of my absence from home during several weeks. I welcome your new proposition and am ready to take five shares in the Freethought Publishing Company.

Yours faithfully, ALBERT ROSENOW.

KNAPPTON, WASH., Dec. 5, 1889.

FRIENDS: We have received your circular and will take two shares in the Freethought Publishing Company. Put us down for \$10, five for W. W. Butts and five for R. I. Butts. We are Spiritualists, but we don't care a fig whether you are or not. If you cannot see spirits you cannot help it, and you have a work

to do. Don't stop to bicker with Spiritualists (for they can take care of themselves), but fight the enemies of our liberties and blessings we all like to enjoy, Yours ever truly, R. I. BUTTS.

SALMON CITY, IDAHO.

GENTLEMEN: Yours just received. I will take two shares in your enterprise at present, and more by and by. Hoping for your success in your undertaking I am, yours very truly,

J. M. MOORE.

CLINTON, IOWA, Dec. 1, 1889.

GENTLEMEN: Circular received. Count me in for five shares at \$25. Keep the ball rolling, and make your call on my purse strings at any time and you will get response. Fraternally,

JAMES A. GREENHILL.

MOLALLA, OR., Dec. 2, 1889.

DEAR SIR: I received your letter in regard to forming a stock company so that you could carry a stock of books. I hope you will meet with success, and will take one share at \$5.

A. B. KLISE.

BOCA, CAL., Dec. 2, 1889.

GENTLEMEN: I inclose \$2, for which please send FREETHOUGHT one year to my address. Please put down my name for one share in the Freethought Publishing Company. Will send the money any time you want it.

JOS. M. DOAN, M. D.

DEEP RIVER P. O., WASH., Nov. 29, 1889.

DEAR FRIENDS: Your circular was duly received. I hope the Freethought Publishing Company will prove a grand success. I have tried my best to get the Liberals here to take shares, and have succeeded in obtaining the following names: Ella A. Nelson, one share; Emma G. Nelson, one share; J. P. Foster, one share; M. E. Foster, one share; R. S. James, one share; John Anderson, one share; John Nelson, one share. I send you two new subscribers to FREETHOUGHT. With best wishes for your success,

EMMA G. NELSON.

ARAGO, OR., Dec. 2, 1889.

MR. PUTNAM, Dear Sir: I received yours of Nov. 17 in due time, and I am in hearty accord with you. It is by a combination of forces that strength is gained. We have long felt the need of a bookstore where Liberal and scientific works could be had. Mr. H. Snow's was the only place on the coast where we could get any, and his supply was limited. FREETHOUGHT is doing such a noble work now that with the additional strength it would gain by the book store, I think its usefulness would be greatly increased.

I will do all that I can to forward the enterprise. I will certainly take one share, perhaps more, but to do what I can you can count on me all the time.

I have not the shadow of a doubt of your success, for Putnam and Macdonald are the right men in the right place.

Yours truly, JAS. McNAUGHTON.

TALENT, OR., Dec. 4, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Find inclosed \$2 subscription to FREETHOUGHT for one year. Received Mr. Putnam's letter in regard to book house. If you are likely to succeed I will throw in a piece.

Yours truly,

H. AMERMAN.

OTTUMWA, IA., Dec. 1, 1889.

DEAR FREETHOUGHT: Your circular at hand. I have been watching with great interest the development of Liberalism in the West, and I am rejoiced to see it, for I think the success of the cause mainly depends on the free West. The producers, those who make the wealth of our country, are being crushed to death by the money power at home and English capital combined. This power controls all the offices of the country from the president to the policemen on our streets, and all the bishops, preachers, and other parasites that are getting their regular salaries, which were doubled when our country was prosperous and all profitably employed, and continued to the present time, when

labor has to go a-begging. The indications this fall are that the people are waking up to their interests, and I look on Liberalism as one of the most potent factors to full liberty, politically and religiously. I have been hoping that Chicago would become the prominent point for Liberalism, but I see the far West is going ahead of all other parts of the country. You can count on me for one share in your company. Yours for liberty,

WM. LINDSEY.

PRINEVILLE, OR., Nov. 27, 1889.

DEAR SIR: I have just received your circular, and will do something—at least one share, may be five or six.

W. H. CAMPBELL.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Dec. 4, 1889.

GENTLEMEN: You can put me down for two shares of stock in your new venture. I hope it may prove a grand success.

NELSON SMITH.

NEWPORT, OR., Dec. 2, 1889.

MR. S. P. PUTNAM, *Esteemed Friend*: I received your circular, and am highly pleased with the plan of a Freethought Publishing Company. I will take one share. Several here have told me that they intend to take stock. Will do all I can for the enterprise.

J. B. HOSS.

BOULDER CREEK, CAL., Dec. 6, 1889.

DEAR SIR: Put my name down for five shares in the Freethought Publishing Company. I think your undertaking will be a grand success.

Yours truly,

O. R. HARMON.

RED CANYON, WYO., Dec. 1, 1889.

GENTLEMEN: I will take one share at \$5, and forward money when notified. I will also try to get a new subscriber and will remit you during this month. With the best of wishes for yourselves and FREETHOUGHT,

WALT R. MACDONALD.

WILSONVILLE, OR., Dec. 1, 1889.

GENTLEMEN: Your circular received, and after carefully reading it I consider this plan one of the best for promoting the cause of liberty. You may put me down for one share, and the money is ready whenever you see fit to call for it. It is to be hoped that every Liberal, Freethinker, and Spiritualist will at least take one share, as their interests are identical. This would insure success, and the amount would not be missed.

JOHN KRUSE.

ROSWELL, N. M., Nov. 26, 1889.

DEAR SIR: The books and first installment of FREETHOUGHT duly received. Thanks. You have also inclosed me a circular letter advocating the establishment of the Pacific Coast Freethought Publishing Company. I am in full accord with your Liberal principles and with the objects of your enterprise. I sympathize deeply and sincerely with your struggles to emancipate man from the thralldom of bigotry and superstition, by which the world is so pitifully degraded and enslaved, and from the toils of priestcraft and hypocrisy.

You can enroll my name upon your subscription list for ten shares, or \$50, stock in the firm. Whenever you notify me that you have so far succeeded as to call in subscriptions I will forward amount promptly.

Yours,

P. F. GARRETT.

SECULARISM IN WEST VIRGINIA.

The Wheeling, W. Va., Register of Dec. 2 contains this notice of a meeting of Liberals in that city:

Another meeting of the Secular Union was held at Germania Hall yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock. About forty persons were present, and most of them seemed to be identified with the movement.

The temporary chairman, Mr. Allen Noe, called the meeting to order, after which the secretary *pro tem.*, Mr. D. G. Crow, was called to the floor, and addressed the audience on the purposes and plans of the organization. The address lasted about forty minutes, and the speaker gave a history of the movement from

its inception up to the present day. He also gave an insight into another organization to which the Secularists appear to be opposed—the American Reform Association, whose aim, the speaker stated, was to destroy the secular character of our laws and Constitution. The address was a stirring appeal for the preservation of the secular character of our Constitution and public schools.

At times the speaker grew animated, but never abusive; critical but fair, in dealing with his opponents. The address was listened to with marked attention, and frequently brought forth hearty applause from the auditors.

After the address the work of organization was commenced. A constitution was adopted, but as it was growing late, an election of officers was postponed until the next meeting.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

It is understood that the Southern Pacific Railroad Company will proceed at once to build new roads in the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys in order to head off the encroachments of Eastern lines.—Those who know when they have had enough, say that no more rain is needed at present in California.—Portland, Or., has a new ordinance under which the Salvation Army disturbances are to be repressed.—The San Francisco Mint is at present overloaded with bullion, 800 bars of silver having come in from Montana. The metal is piled up in the building in every direction, and the gold, in the language of the informant, is "heaped up on end, and we are about swamped for space." On account of this large accession of bullion from one source, in addition to the usual deposits, six extra men are required in the melting department, and the entire force is kept busy.—A case of reckless shooting in the streets by officers of the law occurred on the 6th. Police Detective Silvey and Agent Bennett of the Society for the Suppression of Vice fired seven shots after a fugitive forger on Sacramento street. One of the bullets passed through a window at which a young lady was standing, and others narrowly missed citizens on the crowded street.

A young man named Ostrom, who confesses to the embezzlement of \$2200 of the Pioneer Press fund, is charged with firing the Minneapolis Tribune building in order to efface the evidence of his guilt.—Jefferson Davis was at one time secretary of war, but the war department at Washington will take no official notice of his death.—The police raided a faith-cure establishment in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday and arrested three persons who had endangered the public health by going from a house infected with diphtheria and scarlet fever to a place of public meeting without taking the ordinary precautions to prevent the spread of the disease.—The women journalists of New York have organized a woman's press club, with Mrs. Croly (Jennie June) as president.—The Knights of Labor and the Farmers' Alliance have formed a partnership.—O. F. Brannon, of Holyoke, Col., chairman of the Republican Central Committee, and a leading lawyer, became so enthusiastic over the news announcing the death of Jefferson Davis that he hoisted the Stars and Stripes at full mast over his office and kept it flying all day. Considerable comment was made upon his action.—The Rev. W. F. Pettit was arrested at Columbus, O., Dec. 7, charged with poisoning his wife. Pettit is the grand prelate of the Indiana commandery of Knights Templar.—Dover, N. H., has recently experienced a severe shock of earthquake.—Justus H. Rathbone, founder of the order of Knights of Pythias, died at Lima, O., last Monday, aged 50.

Dom Pedro, the exiled emperor of Brazil, thinks that lately established republic will not be permanent, as the people of Brazil are not sufficiently educated for self-government.—The explorer Stanley is out of the woods and is now at Zanzibar. Emin Pasha (Dr. Edward Sehnitzler), whom Stanley penetrated Africa to rescue, has recently met with a severe fall which endangered his life, but he may recover.—Boulanger, the French general, will visit America in the beginning of next year and deliver a course of lectures.—Henry Searle, champion oarsman of the world, died of typhoid fever at Adelaide, Aus., on the 9th. He was 23 years old.

THE TWO KNIGHTS.

In ancient days when valor marked the man,
And prowess made him master of his clan;
When might was right, and polished steel was law,
A famous knight a wondrous vision saw:
Returning from the tournament, he lay
Upon the barren moor at close of day,
His mighty lance, that chivalry defied,
And all his glittering armor laid aside.
He seemed by nature formed to master men,
Having the weight of two, the strength of ten.
His battle ax, no other knight could swing,
To him was light as sceptre of a king.
He held the list, so great a knight was he,
Against the pride and flower of chivalry.
And oft the tide of battle to restrain,
Stalked, like the sickler, through the harvest grain.
Falling asleep while musing on his fame,
He dreamed a stronger Knight, unarmored, came,
And with a slender rapier touched his breast,
And startled, he the stranger thus addressed:

"And who art thou—or knight, or page, or squire—
That com'st to me in such a strange attire?"
To which the stranger said: "Behold in me
The Knighthood of the Nineteenth Century."
"What mail hast thou beneath thy robes concealed.
That makes thee bold? Thou hast no arms nor shield!
Quaint knight, to challenge me thou dost presume
With nothing knightly 'bout thee save thy plume;
The weight of my huge sword would cleave in twain
That casque of thine which barely sheds the rain;
That rapier toy thou dost so deftly wear
Will serve as bodkin for my lady fair;
For since thou hast defied me on the road
My lance shall spit thee as thou would'st a toad—
If knight thou claim'st to be, pray tell me how,
Unarmed, thou dost maintain thy knightly vow—
The oath of chivalry that poets sing:—
'Defense of God, the ladies, and the king?'"

"Defense of God," quoth he, "we ne'er pretend,
For heaven itself can heaven itself defend.
Protect the ladies? Yes! the precious elves,
But, bless your soul, they can protect themselves.
Although we're seldom charged with their defense,
Pray do not think they're any less expense.
And kings are luxuries, beyond a doubt,
The world is learning fast to live without.
Mankind to man refuse to bend the knee,
And kings are only kings by courtesy.
I represent"—at this his proud lip curled—
"An age where mind, not muscle, rules the world."

"Since thou hast challenged me unarmed, Knight,
Use thou thy weapon; I unarmed will fight!
But that thy boldness earns respect from me,
With my mailed gauntlet I would chasten thee,
Or, if inclined, clutching thee by thy frock,
Dash out those brains upon the wayside rock
Thou claimst as thy defense—and thou shouldst find
That muscle still is master over mind!
I'll take thee 'neath my arm and squeeze thee there
As one would play a bagpipe at a fair—
And thou shalt feel me piping at thy throat,
And, swan-like, die with thy expiring note!"

Replied the stranger: "Sir, you'd best reflect!
Before we're done you'll speak with more respect!
Before the title of Brave Knight you earned,
A little caution, too, I ween you learned!
While man is human he should never scorn;
No man so great but greater may be born.
The strongest nations, those most civilized
With arts destructive, reason hath devised.
Although I am a vulnerable ghost,
I fear you not, no matter how you boast."

At which the knight made at him, thus defied;
Meanwhile the stranger nimbly stepped aside,
Drawing his pistol as he turned around,
Fired through the empty helmet on the ground.
Amazed, the trembling knight, prostrate with fear,
Gasped: "What infernal noise is this I hear?
And art thou, sir, the devil in disguise?
Is that the thing with which to civilize?"

"I am but mortal, sir; pray have no fear—
His majesty ne'er puts on knightly gear.
This pistol, sir, the product of the mind,

Unto one common level brings mankind.
Be not amazed; 'tis but a common toy,
And rates the giant with the cripple boy.
Look where the bullet pierced your helmet through!
'Tis well, Sir Knight, I did not shoot at you—
Although the instrument is well designed
To impress an argument upon the mind.
Here's dynamite—a modest powder brown—
That burrows earth and tears the mountains down!
Should I the wonders of the age explain,
Your feeble mind would hardly bear the strain;
It is enough, Sir Knight, for you to know
True chivalry doth not in armor go.
Who conquers others, oft much valor shows;
Who conquers self, subdues the greater foes.
The fiercest wars are battles of the mind—
Bring sweeter peace and leave less ills behind.
If swords bring death far better than we break them,
And help poor orphans rather than to make them,
'Twere far more valorous to wield the spade,
For making widows is a sorry trade.
They need no armor who in modern years
Shed benefits instead of purple tears.
Not he alone of great athletic might
Or skill to use the sword may be a knight.
But every man who scorns oppression's ways,
Loves country, home, and mother all his days;
Who can be cautious, too, as well as brave,
And bear through life his honor to the grave—
A life of purity, without pretense,
Of charity and sweet benevolence—
Twin virtues by which chivalry may find
Man's greatest glory is to bless mankind.
Though he's true knight in whom these virtues blend,
He's truest knight who's truest to his friend;
For friendship—grandest boon to mortals given—
Creates on earth a little bit of heaven."

A while in wonder he the stranger scanned,
Acknowledging defeat with proffered hand:
"I'll be a modern knight henceforth," said he,
"For thou, defenseless knight, hath conquered me!
I feel a power within that's greater than
The sinewed might of any mortal man!
No more shall my huge lance, on tented field,
Strike down opposing knight too brave to yield.
The foremost knight shall be the foremost man,
And, chivalrous, turn Good Samaritan!"

The archers o'er night's ramparts had begun
To shoot the golden arrows of the sun
Before the dreamer, waking, found that he
Had wandered in some future century.
He felt the soul within, beyond a doubt,
Was greater than the mighty man without—
The spirit, the aspiring mind, and heart
Alone, were heaven's eternal counterpart;
That prowess, after all, was empty name,
And noble deeds the surest road to fame.

—Selected.

WHAT GEORGE CHAINEY IS DOING.

George Chainey, of America, the mildest visionary that ever saw visions and dreamt dreams, called upon me again the other day. He has a coffee-colored face, and great black eyes like a gazelle, and his kingdom is not of this world. He poses as a Christ, and is the most unruffled sort of Christ imaginable. When reviled he revileth not again. He gets into no scrapes with Scribes or Pharisees, and is so far removed above human emotions and passions that he cares not a jot should some Judas betray him every hour of the day. I do not think that, if he were being even crucified, he should make any fuss about the matter whatever. Such is the advantage or disadvantage of living in the clouds.

Mr. George Chainey is engaged in producing a book to be called "Shusan"—not Susan, mark you, for George is now away a thousand miles over the heads of all mere Susans, although popular report hath it that he was not always so. This Shusan of his is the name of some old palace mentioned in the Bible, and which, being translated, according to George, meaneth roses and cat's whiskers. This book, George assures me, is being composed principally in his sleep. Whether revealed to him by the Lord, or quite the other party, he saith not. I have to keep very wide awake when I am writing my books, such as they are; but it is quite otherwise with George. It is revealed to him in his

sleep that the Bible has an esoteric meaning never dreamt of by Jehovah or the Holy Ghost when they wrote it. But then Jehovah and the Holy Ghost are poor benighted creatures when compared with George.—SALADIN, in the London Agnostic Journal.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS FOR DECEMBER.

Hanford.....	December 4, 5, 6	San Diego.....	December 22
Lemoore.....	" 8	Perris.....	" 23
Norwalk.....	" 12	Leon.....	" 24
Anaheim.....	" 13	San Jacinto.....	" 26, 27
Santa Ana.....	" 15	Los Angeles.....	" 29

THE CASE OF RICHARD ROE, "LABOR REFORMER."

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

CHAPTER II.

After the conclusion of the meeting Richard introduced himself to John Doe, complimented him as a participant in a noble work, and stated that he would publish a full report of the meeting in his new journal which would appear in a few days. Having tendered John Doe an invitation to call at his office, Richard left to prepare his plans to captivate the active interest of the men he had met that evening.

John Doe, however, paid no attention to Richard Roe's invitation. The assertion that his "paper would be devoted to the interests of the laboring people and had come to stay" was stale to him. He knew of demagogues and self-seekers who had published papers before and had gained the confidence and support of the people by such promises, only to betray the cause they professed to espouse and sell out to the highest bidder at election times; and in a few moments Richard Roe disappeared from his mind.

Richard, however, kept his word. The first issue of the paper, which was printed in neat type and had a generally clean appearance, contained a glowing account of the aforesaid meeting, and a number of copies were forwarded to the address of John Doe, who, favorably impressed, distributed them among his associates. Richard invited correspondence and articles on subjects these men were interested in, which, much to their surprise, were printed as regularly as they were forwarded.

Now the publication of a paper advocating the views of this group of reformers had been under discussion for some time previous, and the unsolicited support of this young stranger was rather unexpected, and though a little dubious as to the final outcome they went to work and extended the circulation of "The Banner," as it shall be termed hereafter.

Richard Roe, little by little, insinuated himself into the confidence of the different members of the group who constituted the controlling and organizing force of all the various branches of industrial organizations in and about the great city, and soon was initiated into their secret councils. He was shortly able to grasp the object aimed at and became a champion of the cause of the oppressed. One day he complained that his paper did not receive the financial support he had expected, and he was afraid that from lack of means he would soon have to suspend publication. This threatening calamity was looked upon as a severe blow to the cause, which was advancing at that moment quite favorably, and after a consultation with his friends, John Doe, who had become an enthusiastic admirer and a warm champion of "The Banner," packed his working tools together, left his occupation where, as an intelligent mechanic, he had earned a good and steady competency, and embarked upon the very uncertain venture of extending the circulation of "The Banner."

Coming in closer contact with Richard Roe, John found him in needy circumstances, though struggling to keep up appearances. Finding Richard's wardrobe extremely depleted, John, through the medium of one of his tailor associates, had Richard fitted out in a new suit of clothes. Finding on another occasion the house in which Richard lived cold, without fuel, or money to buy it, John sent him a ton of coal and brought warmth and cheer to the premises. John also found that Richard had no personal financial interest in the stock and fixtures of "The

Banner," but that it was the property of the printing firm in whose office it was edited and whence it was issued weekly.

Under John Doe's active canvass the circulation of "The Banner" extended rapidly, subscriptions and advertisements poured toward it in a pleasing stream, and for a time it looked as though "The Banner" would prove a phenomenal success. About this time the country was thrown into a fever of political excitement owing to the near approach of a presidential election, and the people, absorbed for the time being in the topics of the day, were rather adverse to investigating the ideas advanced through the medium of "The Banner," and the financial aspect was rather clouded. The firm publishing the paper endeavored to run it into the course of current politics, and failing in this, owing to the active objection of that band of reformers which had given the paper circulation and prominence, finally refused to publish it any longer.

This was a sad blow to Richard; all his hopes and aspirations were centered in the success of this publication, and with its cessation all his airy castles were dashed to the ground. However, his newly made friends came to his rescue. John Doe procured the type and fixtures of a suspended publication at a small monthly rental; and with the assistance of his associates in a few hours secured several hundred dollars, with which he rented an office on one of the main thoroughfares of the city, and soon "The Banner" flourished again with Richard Roe as editor.

The financial deficiencies of the paper were covered by a co-operative stock company formed solely to give backing to the publication, and, with the active assistance of many hands and many minds, "The Banner" soon attracted widespread attention. With the growth and influence of the paper the innate nature of Richard Roe asserted itself. Out of the realms of possibility his imagination took flight, and from his fertile and rapidly working brain schemes were evolved which startled the public and filled his associates with dismay. The wild fancies of an opium eater could not have appeared more grotesque than the propositions advanced by Richard Roe at the secret conclaves of the "Reformers' Association," and finding himself opposed by cooler heads and more experienced counsel, he finally determined to carry out his schemes in the face of this well-meant opposition.

Meantime the circulation of "The Banner," through the editorial extravagances, began steadily to decline, and John Doe, though facing tremendous odds for a time bravely, was finally compelled to return to his trade to make a living for his family. He had put two of the best years of his life into the support of this publication. It was true he had not much money, but such little as he possessed he had given freely. His wife, who possessed a little property, had sold it, and put the proceeds into the paper; and money which she had secured from her parents to pay doctor and nurse bills during approaching confinement was used to pay printer's wages and press bills for "The Banner;" and now after all these sacrifices he found the paper a failure. He found that for some mysterious reason his friends and associates were falling away from him. With the soles of his shoes worn to a wafer, his wife's and his own wardrobe worn out during the past two years; with 15 cents in his pocket, hundreds of dollars in debt, several months' rent in arrears, not a bite to eat in the house, not a pound of coal to warm his sick little baby and his brave, patient wife with, he left the office one January day to face the world anew. But John had not yet drained the bitter cup of experience completely; he was destined to learn something of the dark side of human nature from a quarter he least expected it. Richard Roe, fearing to lose the support of John's associates as well as he lost John's immediate co-operation, had for some time thrown out suspicious hints regarding John Doe's honesty, which accounted for the strange deportment of John's friends toward their associate. Shortly after, when John had left the city for a few days, Richard Roe grew bolder and openly charged John Doe with embezzlement of the funds of the publishing company, to the amount of over one hundred dollars. John, on his return, hearing of these reports, demanded an investigation of the accounts of the company, which, by the way, had been kept during a year or more by Richard himself or a member of his family. The committee appointed to investigate these books, at a subsequent meeting reported that "The Banner

Publishing Company" was indebted to John Doe to an amount of several hundred dollars, thus completely vindicating him. Notwithstanding this honorable vindication, Richard Roe continued, with inconceivable malice and a strange perversion of human nature, to tell this infamous falsehood in an exaggerated form as years rolled on, even when he could derive no possible benefit from stating it.

CHAPTER III.

After John Doe's retirement, "The Banner" was reduced from a weekly to a monthly publication in magazine form, in which Richard Roe made extravagant promises that of course were not kept, and after a few issues, finally suspended altogether. The members who constituted the "Reformers' Association," thoroughly disgusted with Richard's wild and extravagant schemes, one by one resigned, and one by one Richard would fill their places with newly made friends. In council with his old associates, Richard had taken a pledge with all other members of the association that, in case of death or resignation, no new members should be added to the central council of the "Reformers' Association" without the unanimous consent of all the other members, active or retired, and that in case the number in the central council should fall below a certain point, the association should disband and the name be discontinued; thus expressly providing against the possible perversion of the aims and objects of the association, which were purely educational in their scope, by the introduction of untrained minds. Furthermore, the members had become suspicious of Richard Roe, who had on several occasions advanced propositions at the council meetings which, if carried out in earnest, would have resulted in the violation of the law and the destruction of both private and public property and would have resulted in swift punishment of the perpetrators by an indignant public, and an indefinite postponement of the aims and objects sought for by the association.

As before stated, after the retirement of the majority of the older members of the association, Richard Roe, who had been secretary and still retained possession of the books, in violation of his pledge, filled the places with men of his own choice, and continuing the name of the association carried on the affairs with a high hand. The association had numerous branches extending along the coast, and members' fees and contributions to push the work of reform or "propaganda" (Richard's favorite word) flowed constantly toward the secretary, a proper account of which was never rendered. Soon rumors of the existence of a dangerous society began to agitate the press of the city, and stories of plots against life and property became circulated. Dark hints were given as to the ringleaders of the society, and all indications pointed to Richard Roe as the head and front. One morning the community was startled through the announcement of the public press that a dangerous plot had been discovered to blow up certain portions of the city with a high explosive, and a number of arrests had been made. The men arrested were well known by some of the old reformers to have intimate association with Richard Roe in his new schemes, yet, strange to state, Richard was never publicly implicated with the affair, though the men arrested were tried and condemned to imprisonment. Strange stories of schemes connected with Richard's name, and of which those who knew him intimately believed him fully capable, circulated freely, but Richard, with a daring stroke of generalship, stepped out from the veil of secrecy, and, improvising a convention of so-called trades representatives, gave himself a standing in the reorganization of the trades guilds council which had fallen somewhat into oblivion for a few years.

He proved himself to be a successful organizer, and with a band of devoted followers soon gained prominence and distinction in this new venture. However, his power was of short duration, and the solid, plain sense of the trades people soon forced him out of the council chamber. Meantime he had reached out in other directions. A wave of co-operative experiment had swept over the country; and reformers everywhere joined hands to start co-operative colonies. Hundreds of men and women left their homes to join kindred minds, at distant points, in co-operative efforts, and Richard Roe was not slow in taking advantage of this new movement. He soon located a colony, which he advertised extensively, and in glowing, seductive word-pictures, ap-

pealing to the emotional nature of men and women, shortly drew together a nucleus to start a colony with. Money flowed in readily; men in shop and factory parted with their hard earnings to buy a share in this new enterprise; men aged in years who bore the traces of many a hard-fought battle for the enlightenment and elevation of mankind, men frugal to an extremity in their personal habits, offered up their hard and slowly saved earnings on the altar of co-operative effort, only to find after a while that they were losing both their rights and interest in Richard Roe's co-operative colony. Internal dissensions broke out, and Richard, in league with a few crafty followers, soon had the best and foremost men outside of the pale of the colony, through devices of which only a man versed in the methods of legal craftiness, and of the calibre of Richard Roe, was capable.

Certain events transpiring in the country where Richard dwelt struck a deathblow at secret societies of a revolutionary character, and the advocates of industrial and social reform concluded that truth had better be told to the world in the broad open light of the day; let the consequences to the individual for telling it be faced bravely. Of course individuals of the character of Richard Roe could not flourish long under these changed conditions. The transparent impracticability of all his ill-digested propositions made his leadership impossible, and he was on the eve of falling into oblivion, when suddenly a brilliant star on the horizon of industrial and social reform brought new light and hope to despondent souls and rallied the reformers of all shades and opinions to bathe in its luminous rays.

A "wonderful book" had outlined a perfect system of industrial co-operation, had shown a clearer way to a civilization which had long been the dream of the poets, the desire of philosophers, and the hope of the multitude. To carry out the plans laid down in this book, associations sprung up like the flowers in springtime. Everybody who had any heart for the welfare of his fellow-men became an enthusiastic worker. And Richard, gaining new life with the general rejoicing, at once constituted himself anew a leader. But the days of bombast were gone; good, earnest, and sincere workers were wanted; honesty and sincerity and unselfish devotion were needed in a time like this, and Richard, finding suspicion thrown upon him on account of his previous career, soon joined the ranks of the deservedly forgotten.

I have thus outlined a character unique among men; an individual who, possessed of certain personal habits which would make sensitive persons shrink from him, yet had a magnetic attraction that few for a time could resist. As an orator he would raise his audience to the highest pitch of excitement, and by the very force of his apparent earnestness he had many devoted followers. And though it was impossible to bind any really thoughtful person to him for any length of time, yet he was always able to replace the loss of an old friend by the advent of a new one. He was a man, too, who, notwithstanding his many bad qualities, did some good and lasting work, and many a trades guild owed its existence to his splendid organizing talent. His main force lay in appealing to the sympathies of the people before him, and posing as a martyr to the cause he espoused; and he would shrink from no falsehood whatever to accomplish his objects, to make a living without hard labor, and gain prominence among his fellows. Thus he never blushed in stating that he had sunk \$10,000 of his own private fortune in the publication of "The Banner," when in fact he was a penniless outcast from old associations at the time he entered on its publication.

I have given this sketch to show how brilliant parasites fasten themselves upon associations and do the progress of reform movements incalculable injury. If it will convey a lesson I have accomplished my object. C. F. BURGMAN.

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

Judge Maguire's "Ireland and the Pope," a history of papal intrigues against Irish liberty. Price, 50 cents.

Taylor's "Diegesis," by the Rev. Robert Taylor. A discovery of the Origin, Evidences, and early history of Christianity. \$2.

IS MEDIUMSHIP CRIMINAL AND FRAUDULENT?

The *Spiritual Instructor*, published monthly at Grand Rapids, Mich., by Walter E. Reid, brings information of the fact that its editor has been indicted by a grand jury of the United States court on the ground that in proposing to get communications from the spirit world in answer to sealed letters he was offending against the mail laws which make it unlawful to use the mails in any scheme to defraud. The Spiritualists of Grand Rapids have appointed a Defense Committee to invite means to make a good defense, for this committee announces that "Spiritualism and mediumship are on trial," and they regard it as a species of religious persecution, or an attempt of the dominant orthodox church creeds, now represented largely in the highest offices of the United States, to crush the faith and practices of a minor religion. The secretary and treasurer of this committee is Mr. L. H. Austin, 31 Huron street, Grand Rapids, to whom we have already sent our contribution to help pay attorney's fees, witnesses' expenses, etc., not because we have any care for Spiritualism or any use for mediumship, but because we have already seen too much abuse of Comstockian mail laws, and because we fully endorse the resolution of the last congress of the American Secular Union, to wit:

Resolved. That we strenuously oppose the perversion of the state's penal laws by tyrannical and bigoted officials belonging to dominant religious sects, to destroy their critics and religious opponents, as such action is conspicuously illustrated in the prosecutions directed against Messrs. Harman & Walker, of Valley Falls, Kan., and W. E. Reid, of Grand Rapids, Mich.—that both these cases bear evidence of being the results of personal animosities and contemptible religious antipathies, which make it a disgrace for the state to lend its powers to the use of the church.

The attorney for the defense has already made an ineffectual attempt to have the indictment quashed on the ground that the indictment charges the defendant with acts which are necessary for the exercise and enjoyment of his religious belief, that no trial can be had without making the truth or falsity of Spiritualism material to the issue, and that this sort of interference with religious beliefs and functions is unconstitutional. In sustaining the indictment and holding Reid for trial the judge admitted that if "respondent believed he could do what he said he could, he was innocent; but if he practiced the device knowing it to be fraudulent, then he was guilty," and this delicate point the judge proposes to leave for the decision of a jury. The trial is set down for Nov. 22. Of this case the *New York World*, democratic, has said, "We are inclined to agree with Dr. Reid in his opinion that individual liberty has been attacked in his person." Those who accept this view, and who stand ready to take offense at the first invasions of liberty, would do well to keep track of this case by subscribing to Dr. Reid's paper, and exhibit the extent of their yearning love of liberty by subscribing to the defense fund.

From the standpoint of physiology and psychology there is much of interest in the subject of "mediumship" which we cannot here present further than to say that "double consciousness" is now recognized, or states in which verily the right hand knoweth not what the left hand doeth, and one hand may write unknown to the predominant consciousness of the individual. The subject has been considerably explained in recent numbers of a radical, scientific weekly of Chicago, *The Open Court*, and we have no doubt that the expounder of such curious phases of activity of the human brain could readily show that many a person might, on scientifically understood grounds, believe himself possessed of "mediumistic powers." The United States government not long ago exhibited its barbarous lack of scientific advancement by executing on the gallows a man better fitted for a lunatic asylum; and it may appear in this case that the government is committing a medico-legal blunder by trying as a criminal a man with a freak-brain, perhaps unusually endowed, possibly warped; but knowing, as we do, that the prosecution is the outcome of petty jealousies and quarrels among the Spiritualists themselves on the one hand, and the old spirit of religious persecution and intolerance on the other; it looks as though the court of Uncle Sam were being debased to the promotion of undignified as well as unconstitutional purposes.—*Health Monthly*.

JUDICIAL OATHS.

I.

A judicial oath may be defined as a solemn promise to tell the truth, made in judicial proceedings, and punishable with the pains and penalties of perjury.

Burrill (2 *Law Dictionary*, p. 163) says: "An oath, considered with reference to its words, consists of two parts: A declaration of what the party will do, or a declaration in reference to what he has done; and an appeal to the deity by way of attestation or confirmation of it; the latter being expressed by the concluding clause, 'So help you, God,' or 'So help me, God!' In this appeal the force and essence of the oath consists."

He considered the words, "So help me, God!" of the essence of the oath; and according to his views an oath which omitted this form was not an invocation to God to attest the truth of the testimony of the witness.

Michaelis, a writer of the seventeenth century, says: "An oath is an appeal to God as a surety, and a punisher of perjury: which appeal as he has accepted, he of course becomes bound to vindicate upon a perjured person irremissibly. Were not God to take upon himself to guaranty oaths, an appeal to him in swearing would be foolish and sinful."

An oath, then, where the swearer does not appeal to God, where he has no faith in his power to guaranty the truth of the testimony, is unreasonable, and derives its force only from human laws. Prior to the date Michaelis wrote, the church had its own courts, claimed jurisdiction of the morals of the people and of perjury, to the exclusion of the civil power; and its priesthood claimed to represent the deity and curse in his name all who offended the church or profaned its ceremonies. They made the oath an appeal to God, and made its administration imposing and solemn by religious ceremonies. Michaelis's definition is based on the canons of the church.

Starkie (*Starkie on Evidence*, 80) says: "A judicial oath may be defined to be a solemn invocation of the vengeance of the deity upon the witness if he does not declare the whole truth as far as he knows it." This is in accordance with ecclesiastical ideas.

Bouvier (3 *Institutes*, 443) defines an oath to be "a declaration or promise made according to law, before a competent authority, to tell the truth; or it is the act of one who, when lawfully required to tell the truth, takes God to witness that what he says is true." This recognizes the secular oath, and the ecclesiastical oath; or, as stated by some writers, the promissory oath, and the imprecatory oath. He adds: "In an oath two things may be observed, (1) An invocation by which we take as witness the God of Truth who knows all things; and (2) the imprecation by which we ask him as just and almighty to avenge our perjury."

This definition is based on the idea of a direct miraculous interposition of God. It may be called the Christian theory of the oath. This theory, that God takes note of every witness and is ready to strike him down with vengeance if he swears falsely, has not been universally received by mankind, nor by civilized nations who had made progress in the arts, sciences, and philosophy.

In China, about 1000 B.C., judges were instructed in criminal cases, "Say not that heaven is unjust—it is man that brings these evils upon himself. If it were not that heaven inflicts these severe punishments the world would be ungoverned." In strict compliance with this philosophy,* in the modern jurisprudence of China, there is no allusion to any evidence save that of facts substantiated by witnesses, and even oaths are neither required nor admitted in judicial proceedings.†

"Dr. S. Wells Williams says that in the consular courts of China no effort is made to exact an oath, but the witnesses are simply warned that if they give false testimony they are liable to punishment for lying.

"To settle a dispute among themselves they often resort to a temple wherein there is one of their national gods, and cut off a cock's head, smash a plate or make some other sign, as a token

*"Virtue in its grandest aspect is neither more nor less than following reason."—Lao Tsze, seventh century B.C.

†Stanton's Penal Code of China, p. 364.

of what they wish to happen to themselves in case they do not do what is promised, or are guilty of the charge. This cannot be done in their own courts where there are no idols. . . . The witnesses in a native court, in general, give as fair an account of a transaction as they give in their common intercourse with each other. By experience they have learned that, in order to get along in life, a certain amount of truth is necessary. Few or none of them expect that an invocation, or an oath, to or before an idol, would have much weight or carry a conviction to make a man speak the truth, when otherwise he would lie. The ceremony of killing a cock is rather an imprecation of like punishment to himself than a call on a spiritual being who knows the heart, and whom he fears, to attest the truth of what he says. Consequently, such ceremonies are not general, for they do not carry much weight. The experience of consular courts in China is favorable to the general credibility of the testimony."*

The Hellenic nations outgrew the superstition which recognized the ordeal as the proper mode of determining the truth, and upon the principle that a miracle would not be wrought to attest the truth, they did not require an imprecatory oath; and where the person testifying was a man of good character, the judges had the power to dispense with the oath. This was done in the case of Zenocrates.†

The Essenes, like the Greeks, held that men pure in character need not be sworn, and regarded the direction of Christ, "Swear not at all," as absolute law. John the Baptist and Christ himself are believed to have belonged to this sect of the Jews, and this text is doubtless derived from the "Sabæan Book of the Law," which was written before the time of Christ, and says, "Adhere so firmly to the truth that your Yea shall be yea, and your Nay, nay."‡

Numa is said to have established among the Romans as their most binding pledge of truth an oath by the goddess Fides. An ancient form of the oath is, "I promise," or "I speak the truth from the thoughts of my heart"—"from my conscience"—a purely promissory oath.

The history of the actual practice of the Roman courts is fragmentary so far as relates to the period prior to the formation of the codes under the empire. The Twelve Tables contained the oldest part of the Roman criminal law. Fragments only remain. The Eighth Table, as reconstructed by Ortolan, provides:

"XXII. Any person who having been a witness in any business or contract afterwards refuses to give his evidence, becomes infamous and incapable of making a will.

"XXIII. Whoever gives false evidence must be thrown from the Tarpeian rock."

These provisions show that great stress was laid upon truthfulness, that refusing to testify or falsely testifying were among the gravest of crimes. Truth was essential—not the form of swearing. The penalty was not in the next world, but the brand of infamy or swift death in this life. As, however, the courts regulated their own practice and created their own law, the mode of examining witnesses was within their own control. Their decisions, legislative enactments, and the decrees of the emperors, produced a body of law afterwards codified in the Theodosian code and the Pandects. The text of these prior laws has not been fully preserved.

The Digest, or Pandects, is not a complete collection of the decisions, speculations, and transformations of the Roman law, but a collection and attempt to harmonize the conclusions that continued to be authoritative towards the middle of the sixth century, when Christian influence molded the principles of jurisprudence and the practice of the courts. Christian councils had then fixed the canon of the Old and New Testaments, and defined the creed of the church. Heresies were defined, and heretics compelled to recant or die. The miraculous, the supernatural in religion, was sustained by the sword of the Christian emperors as the true faith of the church, and there is no doubt that the treasures of law perished in the same flames that swept away pagan literature and the heretical works of the early Christian writers.—(*To be Continued.*)

W. S. BUSH.

*Central Law Journal, 576.

†Tyler on Oaths, 34, 117.

‡Conway's Sacred Anthology, p. 7.

TO THE LIBERALS OF CALIFORNIA.

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

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

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

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

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

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President,
EMIL S. LEMME, Secretary,
A. H. SCHOU, Treasurer,
J. W. NORTH, First Vice-President,
Executive Committee.

CATHOLIC TOLERANCE.

From Point Pleasant, West Va., comes this interesting story of the barriers which the Catholic church puts up between its children and their free affections: "Miss Minnie Offenheimer, the beautiful daughter of a wealthy Catholic citizen of Mason City, fell in love with Mr. Ed Shoemaker, a young Protestant business man. They became engaged. Miss Offenheimer's parents objected to Shoemaker's religion. She refused to give him up, and her parents locked her in her room, where she was half starved and cruelly beaten every day for weeks. Neighbors heard her cries and finally interfered, only to find that the girl's sufferings had driven her insane." We suppose the mother church will console the parents of Miss Offenheimer with the assurance that it is better that their daughter should have been driven insane through their harsh treatment than that she should be the honored wife of a Protestant. And yet Catholics complain of the intolerant spirit of the Protestant majority in the United States.—America.

PROFESSOR SEYMOUR, just in from the Trail, had a full house last Sunday evening to hear his famous lecture, "Love and Marriage; or Nature's Method of Doing Things." The sham Mormon wedding at the end of the lecture took the house down for its novelty. Next Sunday evening at 909½ Market street, at 8, Mr. Seymour will speak on the redemption of the race, by scientific mating of the sexes and hereditary law. Admission free; also clairvoyant and psychometric readings of character, giving incidents in the past and future of persons in the audience. This is said to be very interesting and amusing; also the same during the week at 841 Market street, room 22. Call and see him.

"The System of Nature," by Baron D'Holbach. \$2.

He Had Been a Teacher.

Snooper—Have you ever paid school tax?
Simeral—No, but I have sat on them.

"Yes, I have subscribed for your paper now nigh on two years, but I'm a-goin' to quit." "I'm sorry, Mr. Plowfield. What is the matter?" "Wal, I don't want nuthin' but what is fust-class. I've knowed all 'long that your paper wasn't no great shucks, but I allers supposed you considered it somethin' putty good, an' now here you hev come right out and printed it, 'Entered at the Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.' You can't put no second-class truck off on me."

THE WEEKLY STAR.

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The New God. 10c. The New God was made by an artist hand, guided by a poet soul. It is as perfect as sculpture. The creator makes his "god" in his own image, and breathes into his nostrils the breath of his own life.—*L. K. Washburn.*

Golden Throne. A romance. Price, \$1 00. "The author certainly has genius. The divine creative spark is within him. The book is filled with manly thoughts, expressed in manly words, the transcript of a manly mind. Every Liberal should read 'Golden Throne.'"—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Walls and Wanderings. A new American story. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1 00. "A prose epic of the war; rich with incident and dramatic power; breezy from first page to last with the living spirit of to-day."—*John Swinton's Paper.*

Why Don't He Lend a Hand? And other Agnostic Poems. Price, 10 cents. "Mr. Putnam is a vigorous poet. His poetry rings like a bell, and stirs the reader like a trumpet."—*Bulgarius.*

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The Problem of the Universe, and Its Scientific Solution. Price, 20 cents. "As a philosophical writer Mr. Putnam is always a success, and we delight to read him. His easy style and poetic expression make his productions very attractive."—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

Ingersoll and Jesus. A Poem. Price, 10 cents. "Written in a rather familiar style, but the sentiment is quite good, liberal, and sensible, and witty without being coarse. On the whole, it is a very clever dream, and very pleasantly related. It is well worth reading."—*Boston Investigator.*

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THE GLORY OF INFIDELITY

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

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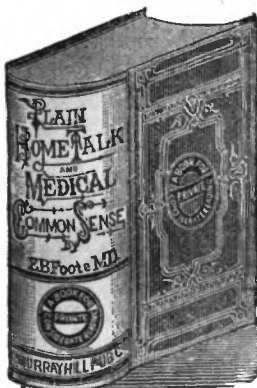
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NEWS AND NOTES.

Hanford and Lemoore are in the beautiful Lucerne valley, so named because of its resemblance to the Lucerne district of Switzerland. King's river, Tulare lake, and the Coast Range and Sierra mountains form the picturesque scenery of this fruitful place. It contains an area of six hundred square miles, and has a population of about four thousand. Its main productions are grains, fruits, stock, and alfalfa. It is the home of the rose, which blooms all the year round. Along the river courses are groves of giant oak. Tulare lake is the largest body of fresh water in California. The county is the sixth in size, in the state, having a greater area than Rhode Island, Delaware, or Connecticut. It is claimed to be the banner county in the production of wheat. For barley it is equally good, and corn has been successfully raised. The average rainfall in Lucerne valley is about six inches. The system of irrigation is excellent. The source of water supply is the rainfall and snow in the Sierra Nevada mountains. This finds its way to Lucerne by Kings, Kaweah, and Tule rivers. There is also an important supply from artesian wells, of which there are quite a number in what is called the artesian belt. The climate is healthful and bright. The sunshine is golden, and winter rejoices in the splendor of summer. It is claimed that there are no sunstrokes, no cyclones, and no blizzards in this locality. The prosperity and wealth of the country are simply a matter of time.

I did not get to Hanford, however, without some difficulty. The way to an earthly paradise is sometimes as disappointing as the way to a heavenly paradise, and we are never sure until we get there. The express train from San Francisco stopped two hours at Lathrop for the eastern passengers, via Sacramento, and this delay brought me to Hanford somewhere about ten o'clock at night, and this was too late for any lecture that evening. It was a disappointment to a large number who came quite a distance from the surrounding country to attend. I have no doubt, however, that the Christians were highly delighted, for they were running a revival at this time, and if the Infidel lecturer was not on hand they would have a better chance for recruits to the army of the Lord. However, there was plenty of chance for work on

our side, and the lectures were given on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, and to full houses. The audiences, too, were representative of the culture and intelligence of the place, although, with proverbial Christian charity, the preacher declared that only "saloon bummers" would be present, "so drunk that they wouldn't know enough to take off their hats." A desperate effort was made to prolong the interest in the revival. About a dozen, mostly children, were baptized each night, and on Saturday flaming red posters were plastered over the city announcing for that evening the soul-thrilling theme, "Prisoners of Hope, and Prisoners of Despair." The attendance at the lectures, however, constantly increased, and on Saturday night there was only standing room, and I could not find more appreciative listeners. Hanford is indeed permeated with a splendid Liberal element. Many of those in the churches find themselves in harmony with Liberal ideas. This shows the unconscious growth of humanity, and that the drift is onward. The pronounced Liberals of Hanford are most intelligent and constructive. There is not the unbelief of negation, but of affirmative advance. I was pleased with the people I met here—so earnest and cultivated. I found a cheerful atmosphere of thought and I see large possibilities in the growth of this city, although there are five churches here, and the baptismal font is lively. Orthodoxy has lost its grip. Even one of the clergymen declares that hell-fire is a myth and that the Bible does not make religion, but religion makes the Bible, which is a dead give away to the supernatural claims of Christianity. If the clergy are so wise in their generation what shall we say of the Liberal?

The day after my arrival was simply lovely. There was no need of any fire. The skies were balmy, softly blue, with stretches of great white clouds, lustrous in the brilliant dome. The grass was green, like the June green of New England. The flowers were in bloom. No wonder the people of this land expect to make it the garden of the world. Eve might eat the apple here and still she would dwell in paradise. There is no banishment, no flaming sword in this flowery kingdom, where days of blue and gold go marching on, with the soul of music and joy in their exhilarating breath. Not all the days are blue and gold, I admit. The skies will lower in spite of our prayers, and the prayers of the Christians superadded, and the rain will fall, and the mud will stick to the wandering feet, but when the sun does shine forth, the glorious landscapes, the broad plains sweeping to the snowy heights, make a resplendent palace in the pathway of the storms, built as if by magic.

I find my home at the Commercial House, formerly the Lucerne, and this is kept in apple-pie order, for the landlord is a landlady, and the genius of woman prevails, and, therefore, there is comfort for the traveler, especially a good square meal.

The company is varied and cordial, some Liberal, some Christian, but all in pleasant spirit, in the interchange of thought.

When the passenger alights at Hanford, he will find the Commercial a comfortable location.

Right at the corner is the gallery of my friend, H. C. Tandy; and here the hours go happily by, while the faces look kindly from the walls, among them the genial countenance, life-like, of Dr. Moore, my platonic companion, of Lemoore, who has solved the problem of the universe with such comprehensive scope, and made it the dwelling-place of the beautiful that never dies. My friend Tandy takes pictures, among them my own, with lightning-like rapidity, but he gives no "counterfeit presentment" of himself, but stands before the world an uncompromising Free-thinker; and a worker too, for by his strenuous services Free-thought has made itself felt, and the lectures by Mr. Underwood and myself are the result of his enthusiastic labors. His heart is in the cause. Like attracts like, and in this artist-laboratory of his, congenial minds give thought and life to the winged hours. A. D. Wolff, the schoolmaster, discourses of Darwin and evolution with the insight of a genuine scholar, and O. B. Phelps, whose father is one of the veterans of Silverton, makes the rafters ring with the jolly laugh of the heretic who can no longer be burned at the stake for his honest thought. Fred Dodge and George Dodge don't hesitate to join the Liberal Club, and say their say without any fear of the orthodox club, and Dr. N. P. Duncan, who delivers his radical ideas as quietly as the deacon would say his prayers, but with a thousand times more effect—a lover, the doctor is, of what may be, as well as a student of what is, and who extends the line of logic into dreamland; A. F. Jewett, who is always in the front rank, the color-sergeant, a head taller than the rest, he bears the standard on; A. L. Gates, in whom philosophy needs no "regeneration," for it discovers no "miracle;" C. C. Curtis and Mrs. Curtis; Ira Chrisman, who must know "that the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small;" J. O. Hickman, who delights to take the opposite view, especially when the clergymen are about, and others, formed a charming and changing circle of intellectual force. J. H. Malone, Dr. R. W. Musgrave, L. Cohn, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Ford, and Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Brown, of Porterville, visiting with them. Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Jenkinson, Henry Boice, F. E. Welsh and family, Ed. Weisbaum, etc., also generously aided the cause, and are not afraid to be counted. I had the pleasure of breaking bread with Dr. Mickle and Mrs. Mickle, who are from the sunny south. The doctor is a sturdy radical. Mrs. Mickle has always thought she was a Christian, but she attended the three lectures, and if she does not give up the old, she is certainly ready to welcome the new in the spirit of humanity. Thus I have delightful memories of my sojourn in this Switzerland of California, where the rain mingled with the sunshine day by day, but refrained from pouring down during the lecture hours; and "between spells" the campaign went on successfully, and a greater number were present at each lecture than at the revival.

Alas! Sunday morning was lowery, and it looked gloomy for the lectures at Lemoore. Frank B. Fox came up for me, and while the mists were falling, and the far horizon was glittering with a little sunshine, the good steed took us along the valley where the harvests were being stored up, for the June days, by the million quivering drops. We come to the little house around the corner where resides our veteran of the anti-slavery days, a soldier of humanity every inch, Joel A. Fox and his wife, Sarah G. Fox, who sometimes writes for the Truth Seeker, and I hope will sometimes write for FREETHOUGHT, and tell how the cause goes on.

The moment I got out of the rain into the rocking-chair in the corner by the stove, where the fire was blazing, I was at home, for the welcome was as cordial as heart could wish. The rain kept pouring down, the horizon darkened, and there was no hope of sunshine that day. However, a good audience was present, the hall was nearly full, and among them were two preachers, and I thought that my discourse on "Universal Mental Liberty" would not be altogether in vain if I could set them to thinking. One of them was a cowboy preacher, converted in the wilds of Texas, and I believe he has some sense, for in spite of the exhortation of the elder clergyman not to do it he did do it; that is, he came up and shook hands with me and said he liked the discourse. Evidently he is not much bound by the creed. A good audience was also present in the evening. To my delight, Mr. B. K. Sweetland and Lynn Fox furnished music for the occasion, which was quite an attraction and helped to make us forget the gloomy weather. I don't know of any place that is more deeply penetrated with Freethought than Lemoore. Many of our friends here are Spiritualists, but they are thoroughly progressive and intellectual. Mr. and Mrs. Fox have had many remarkable experiences, and in view of them, all I can say is "I don't know," and in the mean time we will join hands and do the most good where we are.

I was sorry not to see Dr. Moore and his wife. She, at present, is not well, and the doctor was obliged to remain with her and not attend the lectures. Our deepest sympathy extends to these good and true friends. I hope that the blessings of health and strength will keep our friends long with us in the glorious work of life and progress here.

Captain Nelson says he is coming to San Francisco. He shall have a royal welcome at FREETHOUGHT headquarters.

I was glad to see again my good old friend, Dr. Morse. Age does not dim his devotion to Freethought. Dr. Hamlin, A. S. Cunningham, and W. S. Cunningham, always loaded to the brim with Freethought ammunition; Samuel Kipp, W. M. Gill, of the Lemoore Leader, P. Hollenbeck, and many others, I was pleased to see. The movement is going onward in Lemoore. The time is coming for an organization, both here and at Hanford, and without doubt this beautiful valley will be a home for Liberalism. Here the harvests will grow, the harvests of humanity mingling with the radiant wealth of earth. This is indeed one of the brightest spots in California. The scenery is picturesque, broad, and inspiring. The distant ranges, glittering with eternal snow, a hundred peaks rising to the blue sky, give health and wealth to these fruitful scenes.

I must not forget to say that I met McCord at Hanford, who has a ranch of sixteen hundred acres about nine miles from Hanford, towards the lake. He is as ready to tackle orthodoxy as ever, but he deals his blows in such a deft way that even the clergy don't know how hard they are hit, and shake him by the hand and call him "brother."

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

X

WHY INDEED?

Concerning Mrs. Woodworth, the magnetic revivalist now bringing weak-minded sinners to their knees in Oakland, a correspondent in Turlock says:

"A writer in the Daily Report objects to the craze which Mrs. Woodworth is seeking to spread in Oakland, and says, 'It is a wonder they are not rotten-egged, or driven out of Oakland in some rational way.'

"Mrs. Woodworth is only doing what Protestant ministers are everywhere trying to do, especially at revivals and campmeetings—to make

converts. A revivalist at this place lately declared, in the church, that if he had the power he would drag, or even starve, every sinner into the church. Not long since a prominent citizen of the pious little town of Modesto was sent to the insane asylum, crazed by religion. He was discharged, but finally hung himself in his barn. Since then, another religious crank has been sent to the asylum from Oakdale.

"If Mrs. Woodworth is to be egged, why not others of the same stripe?"
"J. C. P."

It is indeed a question why Mrs. Woodworth should be singled out for special treatment with eggs. She professes to be preaching the Christian gospel and to be working through the power of God. The only difference between her and the other sensational preachers consists in the fact that she is more successful than the majority of them. If Mrs. Woodworth is honest she is not to be blamed, and while she is the immediate cause of lunacy in some cases, she is as much the victim of delusion as those whose minds she unsettles. The persons really responsible for the evil are the intelligent and sane clergymen who preach the Christian religion, of whose doctrines Mrs. Woodworth and her gibbering converts are the natural results.

S. P. PUTNAM TO LECTURE IN LOS ANGELES.

Samuel P. Putnam will lecture at Illinois Hall, corner of Sixth and Fort streets, Los Angeles, on Sunday evening, December 29; subject, "The Bible and Modern Thought." Every Liberal in Los Angeles and vicinity is invited to be present and to bring friends. A large attendance is desired.

A MUDDLED THEOLOGIAN.

The Rev. L. M. Schofield, a Presbyterian clergyman of San Francisco, undertook last Sunday the task of proving by reasoning and by court decisions that the United States is a Christian nation. "One of the most vital questions of the day," said he, "is, Is this a Christian or a Protestant nation, or is it a secular one? The question is variously answered, and answered positively in the true American style by people who have scarcely read a page of our history intelligently, and by people who are utterly ignorant of the very words. Some answer that it is no more a Protestant than a Catholic or a Jewish government. If they mean it is not denominational and has no union of church and state, I agree with them, but if the claim is made that all faiths and no faith are on an equality save only in regard to the freedom of profession, the dogma is absurd."

The Rev. Mr. Schofield is pretty badly mixed, if he is correctly reported. It is not the unintelligent or those unacquainted with the history of the United States who deny that it is a Christian nation. A document more than one hundred years old, signed by the man who is called the father of his country, declared that the nation was not Christian. In matters of this kind the decision of George Washington should be rated as high as that of some politician who may have decided that the laws of the Protestant church are the common law of the land.

But the Rev. Mr. Schofield should explain how a nation can be either Christian or Infidel. "Nation," as the word is now employed, is the collective name of a people living under one government. It is not a person, capable of enjoying baptism, regeneration, salvation, and a future state of rewards or punishment. A nation can no more have religion than it can have the rheumatism. The people may have it, but the nation lacks the necessary bodily parts for the disease to subsist upon; and in the same manner it is destitute of the organs exercised by religious

emotions. A Christian is supposed to go to heaven. Does the Rev. Dr. Schofield think that the United States will go there and be immortal? If the Christian zealots could only get their vision clear, they would see that religion must be a matter of belief and not of politics, and that in seeking state support for Christianity, they virtually acknowledge that their religion is too weak to stand alone, and cannot exist on its own merits.

WORK IMMEDIATELY BEFORE US.

If there is to be a successful convention and Paine celebration in this city next month, there must be immediate action on the part of officers of the state and local societies. We have taken the responsibility of securing Union Square Hall for the month of January. On Sunday evening, the 5th, S. P. Putnam will lecture in the small hall; on the following Sunday evening some other speaker will occupy the platform, and on the 19th Mr. Putnam will speak again. It is arranged to have a State Convention in the large hall on Saturday and Sunday, the 25th and 26th, and a Paine celebration on the evening of Wednesday, the 29th.

The object of the preliminary meetings previous to the convention is to set the ball rolling and awaken interest. Mr. Putnam proposes, for this purpose, to give his month's work without money and without price. He desires to lay before his listeners the exact state of affairs as regards ecclesiastical encroachments, and the attitude of the church towards liberty, so that a definite notion may be gained of the nature of the work to be done.

Mr. Putnam's first lecture will be a review of the late Catholic convention at Baltimore. That convention was in some respects the most significant gathering of the kind ever held, as it outlined the aims of the church and gave the people of the country some idea of the growth and power and objects of Rome in America. The American Secular Union and its auxiliaries are the only organized bodies in the country working for total separation of church and state, and against both Catholic and Protestant schemes for religious domination. There seem to be but few people in America who realize the value of secular work, and it is therefore all the more important that these few should be continually active. With the Roman hierarchy gaining ground swiftly and surely, and with the National Reform Association reaching out through its organizations in every direction to lay the state under tribute to the church, it would seem that the imperative necessity of secular effort must impress itself upon all who care for the preservation of religious liberty.

What we must do, then, is this. We must turn out in large numbers at the preliminary meeting of January 5. Members of the San Francisco Freethought Society should be there in full force prepared to renew their allegiance and subscriptions to the work of the society. They should come prepared for business; hold a business meeting, appoint committees to arrange for the convention and the Paine celebration, and for other details.

We hope that every Californian reader may be able to think of something he can do to make the new year's work open auspiciously. The burden of preparation must be divided. If every one leaves the work for somebody else to do, it will not be done; but if, on the other hand, everyone makes a determination to do something, a great deal of effective work may be accomplished.

The hall rent will amount to \$80, and other expenses will take more. If all interested will contribute to this fund, the individual burden will be light and the result large.

The foregoing suggestions are here thrown out unofficially for

the consideration of Californian Liberals. The officers of the State Union are S. P. Putnam, president; Emil S. Lemme, secretary, 504 Kearny street, San Francisco and A. H. Schou, treasurer, 677 Twenty-fifth street, Oakland. Communicate with these officers. Send suggestions, subscriptions, and counsel. Give the union the vitality that comes from unity and association, and a successful convention and Paine celebration are assured.

THE Mormons are about as plausible hypocrites as their Catholic brethren. Wilford Woodruff, Geo. Q. Cannon, and Joseph F. Smith, apostles of the Mormon church, have issued another manifesto unqualifiedly denying all the charges made against the church in the recent hearing before Judge Anderson. So far from any doctrine or teaching of the church being hostile to the United States government, they say, the members of the church are under divine command to revere the Constitution as a heaven-inspired instrument, and obey as supreme all laws made in pursuance of its provisions. If the Mormons were allowed to judge for themselves what laws are in pursuance of the provisions of the Constitution, no doubt their plea would be sound. The trouble arises from their inability to agree with the federal judges in construing that instrument.

IN attempting to reconcile the facts of science with the claims of religion, the Very Rev. Joseph Sasia, head of the Jesuit order in California, said in a recent discourse that "the conflict between science and religion is only apparent and not real. Science treats of the natural world, which is God's work; religion treats of the truths of divine revelation, which is God's word." This is equivalent to an admission that in religion there need not necessarily be any of that harmony between word and fact which constitutes truth, or that the subjective order of thought need not of necessity correspond with the objective order of phenomena. Bearing in mind this distinction between natural and revealed truth, the Rev. Father Sasia could not consistently ask us to prove our position if we pronounced him a humbug and a fraud.

SAID ex-President Cleveland in a late public address: "We need not stifle our scorn and contempt for the wretch who basely sells his vote, and who for a bribe betrays his trust of citizenship. And yet the thought will intrude itself, that he but follows in a low and vulgar fashion the example of those who proceed upon the theory that political action may be turned to private gain." It is well to keep this matter before the people; and to apply the philosophy of the above remark, let us inquire why John Doe, who sells his vote for two dollars, is not as honest as John Wanamaker, who in return for raising a four hundred thousand dollar campaign fund was rewarded with the position of post-master-general, which position he now uses in the interests of himself and his religion.

THE ministers of Minneapolis are making war upon the Sunday newspaper and are signing an agreement which reads as follows: "We pledge ourselves to withhold all patronage from the Sunday newspaper, both in the matter of subscription and advertisement, and to persuade our people, in so far as possible, to take the same position. We do this believing that the Sunday newspaper is the head and front of all offending." We do not believe the Minneapolis ministers have the slightest hope that they can stop the publication of Sunday papers. The movement is simply an advertising dodge on the part of the clergy. They

must do something to call attention to themselves or they would be forgotten.

FREETHOUGHT has received from Mr. M. S. Wahrhaftig, of Esperanza, Tulare county, a long review of his relations with B. G. Haskell. It would cover two or three pages of the paper, and we hardly think that the interest felt by our readers in Mr. Haskell would warrant its publication. Mr. Wahrhaftig's estimate of Haskell is substantially identical with Mr. Burgman's, already published. FREETHOUGHT has made no attack upon Mr. Haskell, nor any statement concerning him that has been denied or needs to be proven. With the writer's consent, Mr. Wahrhaftig's manuscript may be turned over to Mr. Haskell for such action as he chooses to take. It was written in response to a "bluff" published in this paper October the 25th.

THE death of Dr. Oliver Johnson, which occurred at Brooklyn, N. Y., December 10, removes a prominent figure from the list of leaders in the abolition movement. Dr. Johnson differed from the majority of his co-laborers in matters of religion, that is to say, he lived and died in the narrowness of the orthodox faith. He leaves but few survivors among those who worked with him. Among these are Parker Pillsbury and Lucy N. Colman in the East, and on this coast the Hon. John A. Collins, of San Francisco, and Judge J. W. Forth, of Fresno. There may be others, but the past decade has witnessed the death of many of the old heroes of Antislavery.

MR. FRED EMERSON BROOKS, the well-known poet, has called to inform us that he is the author of the lines published in last week's FREETHOUGHT under the heading of "The Two Knights." It is a work that any poet might be proud of, and we are not surprised that Mr. Brooks should object to losing the credit of writing it.

SOME of the spirit of Calvin still exists in Geneva. A member of the Salvation Army was lately fined \$25 for infringing a decree by which he had been expelled from Switzerland.

THE FREETHOUGHT BROTHERHOOD.

We give a few out of the many letters received since our last from friends who desire shares in the Freethought Publishing Company. Between 700 and 800 shares have now been taken.

OREGON CITY, OR., Dec. 7, 1889.

GENTLEMEN: I received your letter. Times are hard, but put me down for five dollars for one share. GEO. JOHNSON.

FORT BRAGG, Nov. 28, 1889.

GENTLEMEN: Your circular letter of the 17th inst. is at hand, in reply to which I will say that you can depend upon me for one and maybe two shares of your enterprise, and I regret very much that I am not able to take more. Call on me for one share whenever you are ready and I will forward the price. Wishing you every success in your enterprise and cause, I am very respectfully yours, JOHN PILGER.

CALEB, OR., Dec. 3, 1889.

GENTLEMEN: Your favor of Nov. 17, informing me of your intention to organize a FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, arrived by yesterday's mail. Thanks. Kind friends, I consider this a good move, and in the right direction. A good FREETHOUGHT bookstore is a necessity and we must have it. Your servant is willing to take a few shares in this enterprise, and hopes every Liberal on the entire coast will do the same. I am happy to note that Freethought is gaining ground very rapidly and I have the greatest hopes for its future. If I thought there was any vir-

tue in prayer, I would pray long and fervently for the success of FREETHOUGHT. But while there is no virtue in prayer, I am positive there is lots of virtue in a few dollars. So you will find inclosed a five dollar bill, which you will please place to my credit and forward me the inclosed list of books. Hoping that by making this order and renewing my subscription, I am helping the interest of Freethought, and wishing you the best of success, and agreeing to take five shares in the Publishing Company, I remain,
Yours for U. M. L., WILLIS L. PENCE.

FRESNO, CAL., Dec. 2, 1889.

DEAR FRIENDS: After being broke and sick for two years, I have recovered some of my health and spunk, and getting disgusted trying for several days to find one that would take a share in Freethought Publishing Company, and failing, was raised to such a pitch as to up and take one all by myself, and here is the money. There are a dozen good talking Liberals that are more able to take a hundred than I am to take one, right here in Fresno. I have only made thirty dollars this year, but I am in hope to make more now, and I will take one share for every \$30 that I earn, until you have them all taken, and I hope you will find no difficulty in getting five thousand shares taken this month.
Your everlasting friend, JOSEPH LEE.

PLAZA, WASH., Nov. 28, 1889.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM: The plan you think of adopting in regard to FREETHOUGHT, I think is an admirable one. My heart is with the cause and I hope to take at least four five dollar shares. We have built a nice school house at Plaza in which I hope to hear you lecture next summer.
ABRAM DORSEY.

ROMLEY, COLO., Dec. 30, 1889.

DEAR SIR: In reply to yours of the 17th inst., will say that you can put me down for \$5 anyway. If I can spare more will let you know.
Yours truly, F. SHODL.

MORGAN CITY, UTAH., Dec. 1, 1889.

MR. S. P. PUTNAM: *Dear Friend*: Your letter received. In reply will say you can count on me for two shares at five dollars each, and I think my son Joseph will take some. I believe it to be a grand enterprise, and will be the means of doing a great deal of good. Money will be on hand anytime when needed. Accept kindest regards.
DANIEL WILLIAMS.

PRINEVILLE, OR., Nov. 26, 1889.

DEAR SIR: Your circular and kind letter came duly to hand last Saturday. As to the enterprise of making FREETHOUGHT a corporate concern, I think it a good one. In my judgment, it will at least insure its continued publication. I am a poor man, but you can put me down for at least one share, and if I can see my way clear, when you call on me for the money, will perhaps take two or more.
C. ROGERS.

DEEP RIVER, WASH., Dec. 6, 1889.

DEAR FRIENDS: Your circular letter of Nov. 17 is duly received. The enterprise you speak of is good. I think it will benefit Freethought and the world at large. I will take one share in the enterprise, and forward the money when it is wanted.
J. P. MILLER.

SCOTT'S MILLS, OR., Dec. 12, 1889.

DEAR SIR AND FRIENDS: I received your letter of late date, a few days since, in regard to the Freethought Publishing Company. I think it a good scheme, as the west and northwest are much in need of such a company. I will inclose \$10, for which you will please send to me a certificate for two paid-up shares of stock for R. H. Scott, and oblige,
Very truly, CHAS. SCOTT.

NATIONAL CITY, CAL., Dec. 18, 1889.

MY DEAR PUTNAM: Samuel McHenry authorizes me to inform you that he will take four shares in the Freethought Publishing Company—\$5 each. Draw on me for \$10. Mr. McHenry will remit \$20 on demand. I am agreeably surprised to see how the "boys" respond. I think your motive and aim are in-

dorsed by the reasonable and intelligent public, therefore, why not "make ready for war in time of peace?" I trust you will not leave a stone unturned. I will hear you at San Diego, Dec. 22, as announced. If I am here I will shout and do all I can to get you out an audience.
Yours, A. N. BURGESS.

WILLAPA, WASH., Dec. 5, 1889.

FRIENDS: You are making the right move. May the new concern prosper is my best wish; and call on me, when you are ready for it, for twenty dollars.
JACOB DRISSLER.

CASCADES, WASH., Dec. 8, 1889.

FRIENDS: Your proposition to build up a Freethought Publishing Company meets my approval. You may put me down for two shares anyway, and if I happen to be pretty flush when pay day comes, I will take more.
Yours for Liberty, Reason and Truth, S. B. IVES.

GRAY'S RIVER, WASH., Dec. 8, 1889.

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 17th received. J. L. Hansen will take one share and I will take two shares, and will send the money as soon as called for. P. C. Nelson also takes one share.
H. P. ANDRESEN.

LOST VALLEY, OR., Dec. 9, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Yours of November 17 to hand; will take two shares for David Hardie, two for George Hardie, two for W. M. Stewart, and five for Alex. Hardie. We think it a good plan, and hope for its success.
Yours, ALEX. HARDIE.

DEEP RIVER, OR., Dec. 9, 1889.

PUTNAM & MACDONALD: Put my name down for one share in the Freethought Publishing Company.
LEWIS OLSON.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK

The long rain is apparently to be succeeded by settled weather, clear and cool.—Dr. O'Donnell the late aspirant for the mayoralty of San Francisco, must stand trial on a charge of criminal malpractice. His case will come up after the holidays.—There were 119 deaths in this city last week against 106 for the corresponding week in 1888.—It is said that the damage by rain in San Diego will foot up \$150,000.—The town of Truckee has lost three school-houses by fire in four months. The last and best, worth \$5000, was burnt Dec. 16.—Karl Formes, the distinguished basso, died of pneumonia in this city last Saturday. He was a native of Germany, and was 74 years old.

Four men, Daniel Coughlin, Martin Burke, Patrick O'Sullivan, and John Kunze, were found guilty by the Cronin jury, which rendered its verdict last Monday morning. The first three were sentenced to imprisonment for life, and Kunze gets three years' imprisonment. The fifth man implicated, John F. Beggs, was acquitted.—Franklin B. Gowen, ex-president of the Reading Railroad, committed suicide at Washington last Saturday by shooting himself.—Kilrain, the pugilist who fought Sullivan in Mississippi, will have to go to jail for two months and pay a fine of \$200, having been convicted of assault and battery.—Miss Caldwell, the deluded young woman who endowed the Catholic University at Washington, will marry the ruined French Prince Murat. He marries her for her money and she marries him for his title.—An anti-Catholic procession, headed by a vehicle with illuminated inscriptions of "No Popery," was dispersed last Saturday at Toronto, Can., by the police, who used their batons freely and made one arrest.—Oliver Johnson, one of the original Abolitionists, is dead.

Gladstone declines to accept an invitation to initiate the agitation looking to the establishment of a working day of eight hours. He says his time must be largely devoted to the settlement of the Irish question.—Browning, the great English poet, died in London Dec. 12, in his 77th year. He is to be buried in Westminster Abbey.—Emin Pasha, the man rescued from African wilds, and who injured his skull by a fall at Zanzibar, is rapidly improving.—Influenza is epidemic all over Europe.

OBSERVATIONS.

Lucifer, of Valley Falls, Kan., has just reprinted one of my early efforts at rhyme, and Brother Harman gives it this favorable introduction:

The following loving tribute to D. M. Bennett was written by Mr. George E. Macdonald, now one of the editors of FREETHOUGHT, in the spring after Mr. Bennett's death. It appeared in the Truth Seeker June 9, 1883. It is full of beauty and tenderness, and we gladly accede to the request of a friend to republish it.

I have changed the lines a little, and print them here. They may help to keep alive the memory of one of the bravest soldiers that ever donned the armor of Freethought:

IN MEMORY.

We journey onward, marching day by day,
We join the million-footed forward tread,
Yet memory, pausing by a wayside stone,
Dwells for a season with its heroes dead.

A single winter spread its snowy shroud,
And draped the earth since 'neath its sod we placed
The martyred form that mingles dust with dust,
And one short spring its path of verdure traced.

'Tis meet that those, unworthy though they be,
Whose shoulders bear the mantle of his years,
Should consecrate the spot where valor lies,
As holy ground made holier by tears.

'Tis ours to raise above the grave of him
A mark to grace the resting-place of worth;
To tell the story how he lived and died,
The great among the great ones of the earth.

A thankful task, this tribute to his dust;
Love's work requites us by its own accord;
And we would bless the stone that should above
His quiet grave keep lonely watch and ward.

Sleep on, then, silent sleeper, with the dead;
Thy labor here hath brought thee well-won rest.
Sweet be thy dream amid calm Greenwood's graves,
Eternal be thy memory, and blest.

While o'er thy slumbering clay a shaft we raise
To bear the story of a hero gone;
Mid storm and sun, 'neath changeless stars, and clouds,
First in our heart of hearts, sleep on, sleep on.

I suppose that when Mr. J. C. Weybright wrote the communication printed in another column and headed "Nationalism," he was under the impression that in some way he had knocked the props out from under my position as regards the new razzle-dazzle order of Socialists and let me down to the moist earth. Perhaps he is correct, though the more I read his words the less I see to convince me that I have been struck. I did not give any definition of Nationalism, religious or otherwise. I merely called attention to the fact that various religionists accepted it as a part of their religion, which I object to do myself. Religion is the relation between man and God, while Socialism deals with men's relations to one another; and if a man regards Nationalism as a religion, I would oppose his introducing it as a form of government as I would oppose Christianity. Being Secularists, we should treat Christism and Bellamism with impartiality, provided both are put forward as religions. I do not know how the movement is conducted elsewhere, but in San Francisco it is run on the principles that prevail in revival meetings. The present civilization stands for the hell from which sinners are warned to flee, and Boston in the year of grace 2000 is the heaven they are invited to seek. "Looking Backward" is the Bible, Bellamy is God, and B. G. Haskell is his prophet.

Somehow or other I cannot get rid of the notion that the quality of this world depends on the people in it, and that our governments reflect pretty accurately the elements which create them. If the whole population of the globe were good people like the majority of the Nationalists, we would have a government and a civilization of a similar character. I once heard a Liberal Club orator remark that the government of a country was represented by the hands of a clock, while the people were the works. If the clock did not indicate correct time it showed that something was the matter with the works, and nothing could be gained by tinkering with the hands. Perhaps he was right.

Perhaps the reason why governments are bad is because people are bad or ignorant. We have a robber class which will exist under any government so long as there are people who will submit to be robbed and whose highest ambition is to become robbers themselves. It is the same with the priestly class. They will exist so long as people consent to be humbugged. I look to education, therefore, as the way out of the difficulty, and in so far as the Nationalist societies are educators they add their drop to the stream of tendency toward better things. But if they attempt to make a paradise with the human material at hand unchanged, they will be about as successful as the man who tried to manufacture a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

There is no Christian faith:
A man may say all increase is of God,
But he who plants not seed beneath the clod
Reaps barren sod.

That man who hastes, when clouds are in the sky,
To house his grain, knows that no God on high
Will keep it dry.

The mariner seeks heaven's aid no more,
But life preservers, when the breakers roar
On leeward shore.

"The wind is tempered," says the Christian seer,
Yet prudent herdsmen scarce are known to shear
At fall of year.

We go to rest with prayer when day is o'er,
But seldom lock our sense in sleep before
We've locked the door.

Believers rear their temples high and broad,
And then attach, not having trust in God,
A lightning rod.

And who has read of flaming holocaust,
Not noted, touching churches that were lost,
"Insured for cost."

Whoever for another day prepares,
And guards 'gainst danger coming unawares,
God's word forswears.

He rises from his knees when prayers are said,
And, shunning heaven to whom he prayed,
Seeks human aid.

There is no Christian faith;
Men with their lips may trust a God on high,
And by their every act their word deny,
I know not why.

I observe that Brother Owen, editor of the Golden Gate, is about to issue in book form some of his random thoughts that have already appeared in the G. G. under the heading of "Editorial Fragments." He does this in response to the clamor of his readers, who are not satisfied with reading his articles once, but desire to have them where they can refer to them at almost any time. I always read Mr. Owen's "Editorial Fragments" as soon as I have leisure after the paper comes in, and I am not surprised that his subscribers want them preserved in book form. They belong to the kind of literature that you can read the second time with just as much pleasure and profit as you gained when you read it first. Then there is nothing incendiary about it; it doesn't heat the blood with excitement, or swell the veins out by producing violent laughter. You stay right with it, expecting to strike a valuable idea pretty soon, the same as a hopeful miner always thinks that pay dirt is just ahead. It is good for Sunday reading, too, and would save you from breaking the Sabbath by working your brain on that day. It fills your mind with the lonesome sort of calm that pervades a house when everybody is away from home, or a railroad depot just after the train has gone out.

I am watching the success of Brother Owen's book with considerable anxiety; because if it succeeds I may publish one myself embodying "Some Casual Observations," heretofore ap-

pearing in this paper. There has been no call for such a work, but I can write one myself and sign it "Admiring Reader," and thus supply the deficiency.

NATIONALISM.

To the Writer of "Observations:"

Nationalism is different from Secularism, but I cannot accept your definition of it. The fact that a number of religious teachers have professed to receive it as a part of their religious belief is not sufficient reason for giving it a religious definition. And admitting the important distinction of which Mr. Burgess loses sight, still there is something of Bellamy's dream; a thing in which you hold slight faith.

We all know that it is not quite so easy to build a Utopia as to criticise theories favoring one. But the Incas of Peru had a practical government far superior to ours, industrially. Are the ideas, then, of Bellamy's book less practical? Is there not a very important distinction between Bellamy's paradise and the paradise of religion? Bellamy's is to be here; in this life, in this world. Men and women co-operate to create an earthly home, free from many of the annoyances that now befall them, without any reference to the beyond; while the paradise beyond Jordan is quite another affair; one has to die to get there. Please excuse me, I cannot appreciate the idea, but can see why you have not much faith in it.

Secularism is educational; but how do the Secularists expect to make their ideas practical if they do not use them politically?

Please tell us why you have little faith in Bellamy's paradise. You seem to have faith in co-operation; and that is one of the chief features of his dream. I do not think any of the subscribers to the stock of FREETHOUGHT are actuated by a speculative selfishness; still, what security have they that, when your business becomes profitable, some one or more persons will not combine to freeze out the lesser shareholders? Persons who are now in no way connected with the enterprise may buy up the stock and hamper or control the journal and other business. Such things have been done. But if you adopted the Bellamy co-operative system each and all would be equally interested and identified with the cause, and the motive for speculation would be absent.

Does justice only "condemn and punish?" Does it not also reward? Does a mother's love always overlook the faults of her child? Is there not a genuine mother love mingled with justice when she lovingly though firmly corrects her child? In fact, is not all justice backed by a love of right? Why do we uphold justice? Is it not because we believe it is for the greatest good, and want those we love to enjoy that good?

Please give us the principles advocated in Nationalism, I mean the platform.

J. C. WEYBRIGHT.

The platform of the Nationalists is printed monthly in the organ of the society, under the name of "Declaration of Principles." It reads as follows:

The principle of the Brotherhood of Humanity is one of the eternal truths that govern the world's progress on lines which distinguish human nature from brute nature.

The principle of competition is simply the application of the brutal law of the survival of the strongest and most cunning.

Therefore, so long as competition continues to be the ruling factor in our industrial system, the highest development of the individual cannot be reached, the loftiest aims of humanity cannot be realized.

No truth can avail unless practically applied. Therefore those who seek the welfare of man must endeavor to suppress the system founded on the brute principle of competition and put in its place another based on the nobler principle of association.

But in striving to apply this nobler and wiser principle to the complex conditions of modern life, we advocate no sudden or ill considered changes; we make no war upon individuals; we do not censure those who have accumulated immense fortunes simply by carrying to a logical end the false principle on which business is now based.

The combinations, trusts, and syndicates of which the people at present complain demonstrate the practicability of our basic principle of association. We merely seek to push this principle a little further and have all industries operated in the interest of all by the nation—the people organized—the organic unity of the whole people.

The present industrial system proves itself wrong by the immense wrongs it produces; it proves itself absurd by the immense waste of energy and material which is admitted to be its concomitant. Against

this system we raise our protest; for the abolition of the slavery it has wrought and would perpetuate, we pledge our best efforts.

MR. HASKELL'S DEFINITION.

Nationalism takes for its corner-stone the fundamental American proposition that taxation without representation is tyranny.

It asserts that the trusts, syndicates, and corporations (in which we are not represented) yearly tax the people out of two-thirds of their earnings, and affirms that the natural remedy for this is for the government to assume and run these great businesses for the benefit of the people at cost, thus finally abolishing rent, interest, profit, poverty, and crime.

If the city of San Francisco, for instance, owned and operated its own water-works and street car lines and appropriated the revenues to public use, these revenues would be equal to the total annual municipal taxation now levied upon our city. Why should we give this enormous amount yearly to gentlemen like Charles Webb Howard and Robert F. Morrow instead of taking it ourselves?

This, briefly stated, is one of the issues of Nationalism.

It is an issue of common sense as well.

A LETTER FROM SWEDEN.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Mr. Viktor E. Lennstrand has forwarded your kind letter to him and ordered me to reply. The order for two dollars U. S. money thankfully received within a few days. I'll send the Fritankaren to Mr. George Svensson, Kalamas, Wash., U. S. A., and will also send our paper to yourselves. My personal friend, Mr. J. M. Wheeler, of London, sent me a copy of the San Francisco FREETHOUGHT, and I found that you had received a number of Fritankaren but were "unable to enjoy any of the good things which Fritankaren doubtless contains." I see now by your letter to Mr. Lennstrand that some countryman of mine has translated from Fritankaren and you kindly republished it in your paper. I will send our numbers to you, and if they can be of any direct use to you we should be glad. As we have a great many countrymen spread all over the U. S. A., we should indeed feel very much obliged to you if you in your paper would recommend our paper to our American countrymen and also to the benevolence of the American Freethinkers. Fritankaren is at present the only means for Freethought propaganda in Sweden, while our stout-hearted young leader is in prison. He is now sentenced for two prosecutions to six months' imprisonment, but there are still three undecided, and they will most probably procure him nine months' additional imprisonment.

We hope our American fellow Freethought champions will show us their sympathy and sustain us in the struggle. We are wanting funds to be able to in the long run keep the Freethought banner waving upon the air in opposition to clerical and autocratical oppression and persecution.

The Liberals of all professions in Sweden have cheered us by their timely subscriptions in order to minimize the prison sufferings of our noble young chief, Lennstrand.

Mr. Putnam, I know you are a lecturer in the States and hope you will do what you can to recommend us to American Freethinkers. I will also send some back numbers of Fritankaren, and please to distribute them to those who are Swedes among your listeners. The 15th inst. I wrote to the same purpose to Colonel Ingersoll and appealed for his interference.

I was honored with a letter from Mr. E. M. Macdonald, of New York, in which he asked for news about the Freethought movement in Sweden, and I availed myself of the opportunity and asked him to interest the American Freethinkers in our behalf. The pecuniary result may be what it will; it will in any case be of very great service to us. The moral assistance would be great, for the Swedes are particularly sensitive to the opinions abroad.

The kind pecuniary assistance from the Freethinkers in England when Mr. Lennstrand was for the first time incarcerated advanced our movement greatly, and the unceasing endeavors of my dear friend, Mr. J. M. Wheeler, of London, to make us known abroad have proved to be of inestimable value.

Gentlemen, with the greatest regard from Mr. Lennstrand and myself,
Most truly yours,
OTTO THOMSON,
Secretary to "Utilistiske Samfundet" in Sweden, and business manager of Fritankaren, Stockholm.

"The System of Nature," by Baron D'Holbach. \$2.

JUDICIAL OATHS.

II.

Under the empire the accuser and the accused appeared before the judge. The accuser took an oath that his accusation was not calumnious, and stated its nature. If the accused did not deny it, the accuser filed an indictment, a day was set for trial, the court constituted, and time allowed for the production of witnesses and documents. Whether the accused could call witnesses other than to character is a matter of doubt; the opinion of jurists on this point being based on a passage in Quintilian's *Institutes* and on a study of Cicero's orations. But under the civil law as administered on the continent, up to a recent period, the prosecutor only could call witnesses. Under the empire torture was used as a part of the Roman criminal procedure. The efficacy of the oath, though administered by priests and buttressed by solemn religious ceremonies, was deemed insufficient to secure truthful testimony.

The Theodosian Code was compiled about 450 A.D., and the Digest between 530 and 533. The interval between the Twelve Tables and the compilation of the Justinian Code was about one thousand years. The various *Leges Julice*, the statutory basis of the Digest, were passed about three centuries after the legislation contained in the Twelve Tables. What is known as the civil law is based on the Digest or Pandects.

In the Pandects an oath is defined to be "a religious asseveration by the invocation of God as an avenger if the juror knowingly should deceive." This was the result of the modification of the Roman law by the Christian emperors. The original forms and principles of the Roman law professed to be based on reason and not on superstition. The accuser was compelled to prove his case, and the burden of proof lay upon him. The accused was presumed to be innocent.

The priesthood, however, set little store by simple oaths. They reckoned the obligation of an oath by the holiness of the place where, or the material objects on which they were taken; and when these were relics or places of particular sanctity, they were held to have the power of punishing the perjurer, rendering the oath thus administered an absolute ordeal. This was the rule in St. Augustine's time, 395 to 430 A.D., and the sacredness of the relic on which the oath was taken, or of the altar on which it was administered, was believed to give the oath its efficacy. Hence superstition encouraged the oath. So did priestly avarice. The priesthood derived fees from its administration. They magnified their claim as God's chosen mediators, and as agents having power to visit upon perjurers here the vengeance of the deity. They maintained the supremacy of Christian emperors in civil affairs, for the civil powers admitted their supremacy over the morals, the consciences, and religion of their own people.

The early rules of evidence in judicial proceedings allowed the testimony of all persons who knew the facts to be given on the trial. This was the rule of the English common law among the Saxons before as well as after the conquest, and no restriction existed on account of the religious belief of the witness.

The oath by the weapon was a common form of swearing among the northern tribes of Europe. In the days of Cæsar and Tacitus, so far as we have any knowledge of the mythology of those days, there was no supernatural idea connected with an oath by a weapon. In the Germanic tribes all freemen stood upon an equality. Whenever, in time of war, leaders were chosen, the armed host pledged themselves to follow those leaders. This pledge of honor, which bound them to the fortune of their tribe and to personal allegiance to the leader, was based upon the principle of personal honor. It was chivalric in its character. The traitor, or deserter, ceased to be a man of honor, was no longer truthful, and no longer entitled to take his place among the freemen of his village. As his weapons constituted the true insignia of his honorable standing in his village community, it was natural that his promissory oath should be made by touching those weapons. In their village moots when any action was taken and the votes of freemen called for, they were given by the clanging of arms upon the shield. The ceremony of taking an oath by the weapon remained so common in Christendom that by a synodical decree it was forbidden.

The Scottish oath, where the witness with upraised hand swears

to tell the truth as he shall answer to God at the day of judgment, is an example of an oath based upon the Christian idea. The English oath was sworn upon a halidome—a holy or sacred object. This oath in the present form—touching the New Testament and invoking the deity—is the outgrowth of the Christian form of the oath after the sixth century. The Icelandic oath adopted in the twelfth century was in this form: "Name I to witness that I take oath by the ring, law-oath, so help me Frey, and Niordh, and almighty Thor, [*hialpi mer sva Freyr, ok Niordh, ok hinn almatliki Ass*] as I shall this suit follow or defend, or witness bear or verdict or doom, as I wit rightest and soothest and most lawfully," etc. Two of the gods here referred to are the old English gods whose names we commemorate in Friday and Thursday. This is what Tylor calls an oath of conditional favor; but it seems in its essence to be an appeal not to vengeance, but to the powerful gods above to aid the witness in stating the truth with the utmost clearness—a prayer for help rather than an imprecation of vengeance.

The savage tribes feared the destructive forces of nature, believing that falsity would bring penalty upon him who uttered it. They expected the violation of truth or of a promise would be punished in this world; that a curse would follow a man who did not keep his pledged word. They believed that a perjurer would be punished by accident, disease, or death here; but as men rose to a higher point of civilization and began to reason in regard to the action of natural laws, and compared opinions with facts, they saw that falsehood was not punished in this world by the operation of natural forces.

In the classic time of Greece the effect of reason was seen by the poets and the philosophers, as is shown in the Dialogue of Aristophanes. The farmer Strepsiades asks, "Whence comes the blazing thunderbolt that Zeus hurls at the perjured?" "You fool," replied the Socrates of the play; "you smack of old Kronos's times." "If Zeus smote perjurers, wouldn't he have been down on those awful fellows, Simon, and Kléonymos, and Théoros? Why, what Zeus does with his bolt is to smite his own temple, and the heights of Sunium, and the tall oaks! Do you mean to say that an oak tree can commit perjury?"

Mr. Tylor alleges that the thought of the perjurer being punished in the world beyond the grave is plainly written in the laws of Menu: "A man of understanding shall swear no false oath even in a trifling matter, for he who swears a false oath goes hereafter and here to destruction." This extract must be taken in connection with the ethics of the Hindoos. It was a part of their religious belief that falsehood once spoken led on by simple degrees to the destruction of the person; that it followed him through all time to the point where personality was absolutely annihilated. A false oath was followed by no severer penalty than a false word, as they believed veracity was the key to happiness here and to eternal life hereafter.

Lecky, in his "History of European Morals," Vol. I., p. 294, says: "A third and still more important service which Stoicism rendered to popular morals was in the formation of Roman jurisprudence. . . . A deep reverence for law was one of their chief moral characteristics, and in order that it might be inculcated from the earliest years, it was a part of the Roman system of education to oblige the children to repeat by rote the code of the Decemvirs."

The preparation of a code of jurisprudence was begun under Augustus by the Stoic Labea, continued under Hadrian and Alexander Severus, and resulted in the compilations of Theodosius and Justinian. "In this movement," says Lecky, "we have to observe two parts. There were certain rules of guidance laid down by the great Roman lawyers, which constituted what may be called the ideal of the jurisconsults—the ends to which their special enactments tended—the principles of equity to guide the judge where the law was silent or ambiguous. There were also definite enactments to meet specified cases. The first part was borrowed from the Stoics, whose doctrines and method thus passed from the narrow circle of a philosophical academy and became the moral beacons of the civilized globe. . . . The essential characteristics of the Stoical method was the assertion of the existence of a certain law of nature to which it was the end of philosophy to conform. These tenets were laid down in the

most unqualified language by the Roman lawyers. "As far as natural law is concerned," said Ulpian, "all men are equal." "Nature," says Paul, "has established among us a certain relationship." "By natural law," Ulpian declared, "all men are born free." Slavery was defined by Florentinus as "a custom of the law of nations by which one man, contrary to the law of nature, is subjected to the dominion of another." In accordance with these principles it became a maxim among the Roman lawyers, that in every doubtful case where the alternative of freedom or slavery was at issue, the decision of the judge should be in favor of the former. (Ibid, p. 295, 296.) Zeno, the founder of Stoicism, before the time of Christ, laid down the broad principle that "all men are equal, and that virtue alone establishes a difference between them." Lecky says that Seneca, "careless of a future world, and profoundly convinced of the supreme majesty of man," labored to emancipate his disciples "from every fear of God and man." (Ibid, p. 342.) W. S. BUSH.
(To be Continued.)

THE COLONY OF VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

In order to give an adequate idea of the advancement made by the colony of Victoria it is necessary for me to go back forty years and place myself in one of the dingy old habitations of the squatter of that time, who, for convenience, I shall name Mr. Wether. Here, surrounded by flocks of sheep and a few ticket-of-leave prisoners as slaves, Mr. Wether lives in the most profound obscurity. His apparel consists of a European fabric of such cut and fashion as recalls at least the memory of a hundred years ago. Thus with a greasy cabbage-tree hat of native manufacture Mr. Wether stalks forth, the aristocrat of Australian society, and such he was and is, for on the opening up of the gold-fields his beef and mutton, which had hitherto been of no value, found a ready market at very high prices and Mr. Wether became suddenly wealthy and possessed himself of all the land he could grab. The first Victorian Parliament found him in the upper house, or Victorian House of Lords, with his distinguishing brass collar registered "Sir Wether Ram." Such are the humbugs who call themselves democrats, with a parliament presided over by an impostor appointed in Downing street who entertains all the royal beggars who reach these shores at the expense of the working classes of the colony. But I shall deliver them over to be dealt with by Mr. Symes and proceed to something else.

A decidedly radical change is taking place in the sentiment of the people of these colonies; they are no more all loyalists and jubilant over the long reign of a worthless monarch. The Liberator newspaper has opened their eyes to the trickery of their rulers and the sinister and clandestine scheme of confederation of the empire—a scheme which would pin Australia to the apron-string of Great Britain for all time. But the radical spirit is up, and the people are day by day getting more alienated from the crown, and long for an opportunity to assert their right (I may say in a certain sense) to home rule, and dismiss their foreign governors. Great Britain has too many irons in the fire, and this one in the southern hemisphere is getting too cold to work into the machinery of the empire. Considering the geographical position of these colonies, their vast territory and resources, there is nothing more natural than that they should aim at independence; and in all human probability the Australian colonies will become a union of confederated republican states.

From this idea springs their friendly feeling towards America. They know that the United States will be the first to acknowledge their independence and the mightiest to maintain that acknowledgment. If the thundercloud which hangs over Europe should burst and draw Great Britain within its vortex, such a course would become absolutely necessary.

The extreme radical press, the Anarchistic, are at present discussing the subject of individual rights, and after they have darkened several pages with their bewildering arguments and their metaphysical jargon, they generally arrive at the conclusion that anyone of common sense must know, intuitively, that every one born into this world has a right to an equal portion of its surface and as far under as he wishes to go; but the majority have been forced to accept about six feet under, and no one was ever yet

known to grumble when placed in possession of his allotment. The great question is, What constitutes right and under what conditions is it obtainable? Now suppose that there are but two individuals in the world and they disputed about the ownership of it; morality might give in to brute force and might become right, and the stronger of the two would own the whole world and all that therein is, including his comrade. This is precisely what has been the matter with the world ever since that old bee-hunter Moses frightened the people into subjection to rulers with that pugnacious arch-ghost called Jehovah. Seeing, then, that our fathers and great-grandfathers have been swindled out of their birthright through dreary centuries, is it not high time the swindlers should be brought to book and compelled to divide what they have got on hand and allow the arrears to stand over as a memento of the reign of that hideous conception whose name is destined to become obsolete? F. W. HARRIS.

Upper Yarra, Victoria, Australia.

AN IMPARTIAL JUDGE.

Judge Alexander Laidlaw, of the Oakland police court, recently went on a drunk, and while in an intoxicated state smashed windows and bull-dozed inoffensive citizens. The authorities paid no attention to his violation of the law, and he therefore took the matter into his own hands. A daily paper thus relates the particulars:

The dreary, weary, ordinary routine of every-day proceedings in the Oakland police court received a shock yesterday afternoon that has not only shaken up the blind-eyed goddess in the Athens of the Pacific, but has visibly staggered all the philosophic habits in the corridors of justice.

During the morning hours, Judge Laidlaw sat upon the bench and meted out justice to drunks by ones, by twos, and by threes. They all told the same old story, received the same old sentence, and went the same old way. Only once were the proceedings interrupted, and that was when old Daddy Harkiss feelingly replied to his honor's stern "ten days:" "Them laws was made for them as drinks beer and not them as drinks wine. I'm not the judge, so I wont say anything about that whirl your honor had at the White House."

"Ten days," repeated the inexorable justice, rubbing his nose, but there was a tremor in his tones.

"Five days," sighed his honor, as the last bibulous pilgrim passed up, and Clerk O'Brien looked up with a start. Judge Laidlaw was easing his cravat; his face was pale, but determined. While the courtroom loungers looked on in breathless awe, he began in a voice packed with emotion:

"Mr. Bailiff, call Alexander Laidlaw. It seems he has been violating an ordinance at the White House."

Bailiff Mitchell blushed, shifted his position, and looked appealingly from the judge to the spectators. Neither offered any assistance, and while he was trying his best to sink through the floor, Judge Laidlaw exclaimed gently: "This Laidlaw is released on his own recognizance. Now, Mr. Clerk, enter a charge of violating an ordinance of the city of Oakland against this Alexander Laidlaw." A tear stood in Clerk O'Brien's eye as he shot an appealing glance at the inexorable judge.

"Enter the charge," sternly repeated the judge. Clerk O'Brien sorrowfully complied.

"To that charge I plead guilty," continued his honor, "and before I pass sentence I deem it my duty to make a few remarks concerning this case. That I was drunk, or to use the language of the ordinance, 'under the influence of intoxicating liquors,' is true. That there was no palliation nor extenuation then, nor is there now, for this offense is also true. That the entire occurrence is lamentably, sincerely, and sadly regretted I can honestly state, and I do so state.

"I, who have sat here day after day, week after week, month after month, dispensing justice with an honesty of purpose, sense of justice, and every other motive of right that can possibly actuate an honest man, cannot pass by the greatest offense of my life. Is it right? Is it just? Is it honorable? Is it honest to myself, or to the people of this city, to permit myself to go unpunished for the commission of an offense for which I punish

others daily? My answer is No! Emphatically, No!" And echoes from all about the courtroom answered "No!"

For a tramp or a vagrant, lost to the world, to his home, to his family, to decency and shame, there may possibly be some excuse in the commission of an offense of this character, but to one of my past standing in this community, there is no excuse. But for the sake of one I hold most dear and who inculcated those early precepts which I shall never forget, I deem myself in duty bound to show my manliness and admit frankly and sincerely that I have committed a wrong and ask forgiveness for the same.

"I have made this statement freely and voluntarily, and with a proper consideration of the fact that many a better man than I has 'put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains,' but I sincerely hope that this affair may serve as a warning to all such as are beset by that curse of modern civilization, drink."

"Upon a repetition of this offense, I shall not ask for mercy, neither will I expect it." [Cries of "Hear, hear!" from below stairs.]

"In conclusion I wish to exonerate and exculpate all persons from any blame, whatsoever, whose names have been coupled with mine in this unfortunate affair. The sentence of the court is that the defendant pay a fine of \$50, with the usual alternative."

The awed spectators never breathed till Judge Laidlaw thrust his hands into his own pockets and produced three twenty-dollar pieces, which he solemnly handed to the clerk, who scrupulously returned the exact change.

Court being adjourned, Judge Laidlaw descended from the bench and received the congratulations of his admiring friends on his light escape.

TO THE LIBERALS OF CALIFORNIA.

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

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

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

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

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

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President,
EMIL S. LEMME, Secretary,
A. H. SCHOU, Treasurer,
J. W. NORTH, First Vice-President.

Executive Committee.

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

A GOOD NOTICE.

The Hanford, Cal., Sentinel contains the following report of Mr. Putnam's lectures at that place:

The series of three lectures by Samuel P. Putnam, of San Francisco, at Pythian Hall last week were well attended, the recent lectures of Mr. Underwood having popularized, to some extent, the Liberal idea in this community. He is the golden glimmer of eloquence that dances on the sea of thought, while Underwood is more of the diver into the depths of logic, coming forth every time with a scientific gem. The audience that loves music and the silvery ripple of an eloquent tongue will listen to Mr. Putnam untired for hours. His first lecture, "The American Republic," was devoted to the attitude of the church toward the state, and the growing tendency toward ecclesiastical legislation, his position, of course, being against any union of religion with civil law. The second lecture was, "The Bible and Modern Thought." He discussed the authenticity of the scriptures, and quoted the words of Luther, Calvin, Dr. Thomas, and other Christian ministers, as well as scientific authority, to sustain his position. He pointed out what he considered the errors of accepting through faith what has been compiled by men in an ignorant and superstitious age and passed down through generations on the chariot of tradition, yet he would not discard the Bible, but would cling to it as a literary work, and declared that a truth in it is the same as any other truth—eternal, and that an error in it should be as much an error as if it were discovered anywhere else. Saturday night closed the series with the subject, "The New Heaven and the New Earth." The speaker gave some leaves from the diary of his own experience. He is a graduate of a theological college, and was for several years in the Christian ministry. He would have men strive to become honest citizens, sympathizing brothers on this earth, as the best preparation for any life that is to come. He knew of no future beyond the grave, but the cultivation of virtue, justice, and brotherly love could at least fit us for any future existence. The lecturer closed each discourse by reciting a beautiful poem, and those who heard him testify to his candor, his captivating eloquence, and gentlemanly treatment of his opponents in the realm of thought.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Turner's luck took him from a salary of twelve dollars a week, and lifted him into our national legislature with the modest income of \$5,000 a year—a sudden change in the life of this boy of twenty-eight. This "presto change" will either ruin or make him; if the latter, there is a great future before him in this democratic city, for the multitude is hungry for a new name, for a new man. Almost anything is within his reach, certainly the mayoralty. Mr. Collier, a truckman, nominated himself as an opposition candidate, distributed his own ticket, and polled over 1,100 votes. The poor fellow will, in all probability, be forgotten before another year rolls round. Lightning is not apt to strike as anticipated. Queer things happen in politics. Cummings represented the sixth ward in the last congress and voted against the Mills bill. He was dropped last fall for that vote, but this fall he has been elected to take "Sunset" Cox's place. Mr. Turner goes to Washington with the best wishes of New York. No one envies him. All rejoice at his good luck.

Daniel Dougherty has had his say at Baltimore, and now comes Dr. McGlynn with his Sunday night talk. He thinks that no Catholic could be elected to the presidency. He rather rejoices at this, if I am able to judge by the meager report of his remarks. He, however, thinks there is an unfair and ungenerous prejudice against the Catholic church in this country. Well, why should there not be? What has that church ever done to disarm that prejudice? Is not every Protestant, in her eyes, a heretic, and has she not in her heart, if not always in words, cursed them and sent them to perdition? Is she not straining every muscle to undermine our common school system?

Dr. McGlynn said that all this prejudice was based upon the fear which the citizens of this country had of the Catholic ecclesiastical political machine, which has no end in view save its own aggrandizement, and he thought that until this ambition for tem-

poral power was eradicated from the leaders of the church, this bar to the presidency would exist. "It is the truth, and I am prepared to give names that the pope is coquetting with his desire to send a papal ambassador to the seat of government at Washington."

We think there is something more in this deep-seated feeling against it than the doctor suggests. This is not a Catholic country, and nothing but a lowering of its pretensions, and a modification of its theology can wipe out, or even lessen this prejudice. There is one thing our citizens are blind over; New York is paying the Catholic institutions to educate our waifs to Catholicism; paying to bring our children up in superstition and religious intolerance. Is San Francisco doing the same thing?

Colonel Ingersoll will deliver the annual address before our State Bar Association on the third of January, subject, "Crimes against Criminals." We can look for something fresh and grand. The fair fund continues to increase. The committee does not intend stopping at any limit this side of \$10,000,000. A little ambitious, I think. If absolutely necessary, it could be raised, but it won't be. The fight now goes to Washington. The chances are that it will be a "fizzle" if held here; if it is held in an inland city it will be "flunk." It is ridiculous to suppose that foreigners are going to reship their goods a thousand miles inland. What would the French exhibition have amounted to if it had been held at Lyons? These exhibitions are worthless shows anyway. What did the one in '76 do towards extending our foreign trade? The amount subscribed to date is \$5,116,000. The investigation of the Dock department shows the same corrupt methods of swindling the city. The commissioners, to say the least, are three incapable men, whom the mayor ought to remove at once, but it is not to be expected. Why such men were appointed is a mystery. Nothing in their career showed any fitness for the position. But in this town fitness is an unknown quantity; the "political pull" is the potential factor governing appointments. Grant is no more to be blamed than Hewitt or Edson or Grace, or even old Havermeyer. There are plenty of honest, capable democrats in New York, who would gladly accept such an appointment, but such men have no pull, consequently men like Matthews and Crane fill our offices of trust. Where is the fault? Is it in the times, the people, or in our system of government?

In J. A. Cruzan's address before the San Francisco Nationalist Club, November 18, I find this, "are driving small farms into bankruptcy, and have compelled over eight hundred families in New Hampshire alone to abandon their farms for lack of return sufficient for their maintenance." That a large number of farms have been, in one sense, abandoned in that state is true, but not for the cause this gentleman states. New Hampshire is a large importer of corn and flour. Almost every farmer in that state buys every year more or less of those two articles, so the "bonanza farms" of the West, instead of injuring the farmers of New Hampshire, are a positive benefit, giving them cheap corn and flour. There is one thing, or rather two, which hits the New Hampshire farmer hard; one is the sending dressed beef east, and the other, the large cattle ranches of the West. The failures of the cattle kings have forced so many cattle on the market, west and east, that the price of beef has dropped to a point in this section almost ruinous to the farmer. But as soon as this surplus is worked off, there will be a rebound in prices. The cause of farms being abandoned in New Hampshire is the decay of families. The young boys go to the cities, south or west, and when the old man dies, there is no one to take his place and till the old homestead. These farms are not given back to the wilderness. They are still owned by some one, and in a way cultivated. In most instances some one occupies the house, some have been "turned out to pasture." The farmers of New Hampshire as a rule are more prosperous to-day than they ever were. They have better houses, barns, horses, carriages, and harnesses than they ever had before. They dress their wives and children better than they did thirty years ago; they also have better schools than when I was a boy. There is nothing in the life of the New Hampshire farmer for any one to mourn over, or to write essays on. He is prosperous and contented.

EUDORUS.

New York, Dec. 4, 1889.

INCIDENTS IN THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE.*

BY JUDGE J. W. NORTH.

In attempting on this occasion to call your attention to science, and to some incidents in its history, I can touch only upon a very few points, and leave you to look into them more at leisure for yourselves. The field is illimitably broad; we can only glance at it.

Let us first inquire, what is science? The best answer I can give is that it is knowledge—systematized knowledge—not guesswork, not mythology, not legend or tradition, but knowledge based on evidence. If all the facts concerning any given subject are collected and methodically arranged, the knowledge we get from them is called the science of that subject.

Science is as broad as the universe, as far-reaching as the telescope, as minute as the objects revealed by the microscope. It takes account of the earth on which we live, its size, its form, its motion, its climates, its productions. It takes note of its forests and its flowers, its strata and its hidden treasures; its infinite variety of animal life, from the invisible insect to the behemoth, from the humming-bird to the eagle, from the tiny fish that inhabit our smaller streams to the monsters of the deep.

Science also reads the heavens, tracing the planets in their orbits and the stars in their courses. It uses them in determining and dividing time; and by teaching the navigator his latitude and longitude, it guides him through unknown seas and leads him safely to his destined haven. We may say of it, and without irreverence, what the Psalmist said in addressing the deity: "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

Science guides the commerce of the world and every civilized industry; it superintends the building of our ships and railroads, our telegraph and telephone lines; it furnishes us with the indispensable friction match, also with the illuminating gas and the electric light; it gives us protection from lightning, and informs us of coming storms days before their arrival.

It enables nations to converse together over mountains, across deserts and under oceans, as though they were assembled in a social circle; it enables us to read the world's doings of yesterday before we sit down at our breakfast tables.

Coming down to man it furnishes minute knowledge of the wonderful structure of the human body, and the still more wonderful structure of the mind. It affords protection from disease and relief from suffering. It guides in the construction of our homes, in the preparation of our clothing, of the food we eat, the water we drink, and the very air we breathe. Science makes the difference between savage and civilized life; between the Indians of our mountains and the statesmen who compose our government. It guides every step in the progress of civilization.

The origin of science cannot now be fixed with certainty. Long centuries before our era, wise and thoughtful men were earnestly seeking truth, and notwithstanding numerous mistakes, they caught glimpses of some truths that have stood the test of time and have come down to us through the ages, forming a part of the science of our day.

At the commencement of the Christian era, science scarcely existed, even in name. The ideas of Pythagoras, asserting the globular form of the earth and its revolution, had survived but to meet the earnest hostility of the early Christian fathers. Exaggerated ideas of the "Books of Moses" had early taken possession of the leading minds of the church, and there seemed no limit to the claim set for them. Deeming these books to contain not only the unadulterated truth, but all truth, everything outside of them, or opposed to them, must be necessarily false. This unfortunate position dominated the entire church, and, of course, presented an insurmountable obstacle to all progressive learning. Science and civilization have been retarded many hundreds of years by this absurd folly of really good but mistaken men.

Tertullian (A. D. 200) held that the "Books of Moses" were "not only all truth, but that all truth was contained in them."

*A lecture delivered before the Unity Society of Fresno.

Lactantius, more than a century later, in referring to the "heretical doctrine of the globular form of the earth" and its revolution, says, "Is it possible that men can be so absurd as to believe that the crops and trees on the other side of the earth hang downward?"

St. Augustine, about the year 400, says: "It is impossible there should be inhabitants on the other side of the earth, since there is no such race mentioned in scripture among the descendants of Adam." And then he adds, what he evidently thinks a complete refutation of the idea: "In the day of judgment, men on the other side of the earth could not see the Lord descending through the air."

At this period the whole influence of the church was brought to bear to rebuke or frown down everything that savored of science. The most eminent bishops spoke contemptuously, saying that they did "not trouble themselves with such things." The lesser lights dealt in absurd denunciation.

(To be Continued.)

LESS CARPING!

TO THE EDITORS OF FREETHOUGHT: Let me say a word to Liberals. Are we Secularists, or hobbyists, which? I consider all this harsh criticism in our ranks regarding others' opinions and their various shades of belief, whatever they may be, as absolutely detrimental to Freethought and Secular work. What belief others entertain is no one's business so long as they fulfil their duties as Secularists by favoring and supporting Secular work. A true Liberal should be employed in better work than flinging sarcasm at those who entertain views different from his. All such clashing creates dissension in our Secular work and retards the progress of the Union. The question is not as to what you believe, but what are you willing to do for Secular work (the welfare of the human race) and the American Secular Union? All who wish to promote these objects and help to support the Nine Demands (which is the work of the A. S. U.)—count them in, and stop this clashing and brewing dissension in regard to what opinions others entertain. It has no business in our Secular Union, or in our separate Secular work. Let us rise above it; then there will be no such word as fail. President Westbrook has well said, "If the movement for secularizing the state is kept on the narrow basis advocated by some of our friends, it would take ten thousand years." It would be well for many Secularists to memorize the letter of President Westbrook as published in the Truth Seeker of Dec. 7, and constantly bear in mind what the Secular Union is organized for.

R. H. SCHWARTZ.

On the Trail.

To the Editors of Freethought:

After my long ride down the Snake river, I changed to the cars at Riparia, passed through Walla Walla at daybreak, arrived at Pendleton, on the main line, at 9 A.M., and took the through overland train for Portland. From Pendleton to The Dalles it is one continuous desert of sand and sagebrush. The wind was blowing almost a hurricane, and the air was so thick with flying sand that we could see but few feet from the car window. We had to stop several times for the Chinamen to shovel off the sand, that had drifted upon the track. Immense drifts of sand were piled up mountain high on both sides of the railroad, and for miles I saw the sand clear up to the tops of the telegraph poles, so that the wires were lying in it. In many places, the fences were buried twenty to forty feet deep in the sand-dunes. The railroad company has tried all kinds of devices to stop the sands of this wind-swept desert from burying up their track and other property, but without much apparent success. I think they will have to erect snowsheds for over a hundred miles, and these would soon be buried many feet deep, and simply make a long, dismal tunnel. This desert of the Columbia is one of the most dreary imaginable, and does not impress the traveler from the east, after his long ride over the sand and alkali plains of Idaho and Wyoming, that Oregon is very much better. But at length we are out of the dismal waste, and among the bluffs and mighty gorges of the Columbia with its basalt cliffs. The river, at this point, runs with frightful rapidity through a narrow channel it has cut in the black rocks; in fact, it seems that one could almost step across the rushing, foaming river, so

narrow is the channel. The next moment it is divided into several channels that seem to be mere creeks; and yet this is one of the mightiest and grandest rivers in America. Here is the place where the government has expended millions in cutting canals around these terrible rapids, and will expend, perhaps, hundreds of millions more, in order to have the upper and lower river connected by navigation. The forces that have been at work in cutting down this river channel through the mighty snowcapped Cascades are beyond computation. Millions of years must have rolled away while the slow work of erosion has been going on. The scenery at this point is grand beyond the power to express. The change from the wind-swept sand-plains to the falls and rapids of The Dalles in the Columbia is a picture no artist can paint or poet rhyme—nothing on the continent can excel it, save, possibly, the chasm of the Colorado in Arizona.

A snort of the iron horse and a jerk, and we leave this workshop of nature, and are soon in another world, in the green fields and vine-clad hills in western Oregon, where winter never comes; but the gentle rains come pattering softly down, for weeks and months, and the hills and valleys ever bloom with choicest flowers that make this fair land an earthly paradise. I arrived at Portland at 9 P.M., where scores of old friends meet me and bid me welcome. The next Sunday I speak for the first society of Spiritualists, in one of the best halls in the city, to a fine audience. Then as the rains come down apparently never to terminate, I am off by the night overland express, for the city by the Golden Gate, to rest awhile from my tramp "On the Trail." D. C. SEYMOUR.

Mrs. Krekel.

To the Editors of Freethought:

We were favored with two lectures by Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel on the last evening of last month, and first of this; subjects, "Evolution of Thought and Progress of Ideas," and "Natural Morality Superior to Theological Restraint as a Safeguard to Society." There was a fair attendance and good attention. We, as Liberals, were highly pleased with the subject and the way it was handled. I don't see how it could otherwise than favorably impress all who were Liberal enough to attend, as there was no ridiculing Christianity, which seems to be a predominant feature with some of our ex-Christian Liberals. I hope the Liberals on this coast will keep Mrs. Krekel in the field, and extend the hand of hospitality to the woman who dares face the world alone. She deserves the best we, as Liberals, can do for her. I am not alone in this opinion, and I feel confident all who hear her will join me in her praise.

Fraternally, JENNIE VOSE GRAHAM.

Mrs. Waisbrooker.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Mrs. Lois Waisbrooker lectured as announced on the evening of December 1; her subject was "God Manifest in the Flesh." It was well delivered and well received. For fear of being misunderstood on the "God question," she said: "If God is anything like the common conception of him, he should be put down in the deepest pit of his orthodox hell and have mountains of sulphur and brimstone piled on him to burn, not forever, but till some of that 'infinite' selfishness was scorched out of him." She was to have delivered another lecture as a sequel to this, but lack of health and an engagement with the Portland Secular Society prevented.

Yours, MAURITZ S. LIDEN.

Milwaukee, Or., Dec. 11.

THE lecture at St. George's Hall on "How to Fall in Love with Your Mother-in-law, and Hereditary Descent," last Sunday evening, was well attended. It was something entirely new and was much appreciated. The readings of character, giving leading incidents in the history of persons in the audience, with a horoscope of their future, is a peculiar feature and creates much amusement. Another free lecture will be given next Sunday evening, Dec. 22, at 7.30, at 909½ Market street. Private receptions and delineations every day after ten o'clock at 841 Market street, room 22, by Professor Seymour. *

S. P. Putnam's Lecture Appointments for December.

San Diego.....	December.	22	San Jacinto.....	December 26,	27
Perris.....	"	23	Los Angeles.....	"	29
Leon.....	"	24			

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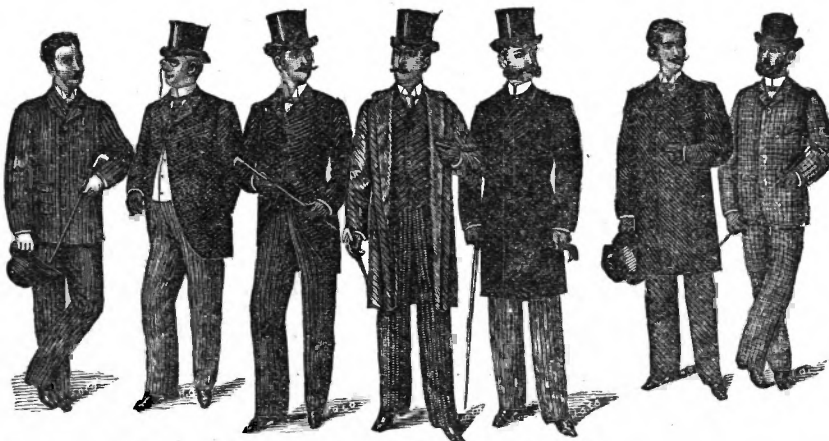
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And ye say, "Abdallah's dead"—
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears;
I can hear your sighs and prayers.
Yet I smile and whisper this:
I am not the thing you miss!
Cease your tears and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not I.

Sweet friends, what the women lave
For the last sleep of the grave
Is a hut which I am quitting;
Is a garment no more fitting;
Is a cage, from which, at last,
Like a bird my soul has passed.
Love the inmate, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb—the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars
That kept him from the splendid stars.

Loving friends, oh rise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye!
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell—one
Out of which the pearl is gone.
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul is here.
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury—
A mind that loved him, let it lie,
Let the shards be earth once more,
Since the gold is in his store.

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood—
Now the long, long wonder ends;
Yet ye weep, my foolish friends,
While the man whom you call dead
In unbroken bliss instead,
Lives and loves you—lost, lost 'tis true,
In the light that shines for you;
But in the light you cannot see,
In undisturbed felicity—
In a perfect paradise,
And a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends, yet not farewell,
Where I go, you too shall dwell,
I am gone before your face—
A moment's worth, a little space,
When you come where I have stopt,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That here is all and there is naught.

He who died at Azim gave
This to those who made his grave.

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A LIBERAL JOURNAL.

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FREETHOUGHT.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - DECEMBER 29, 1889.

REMOVAL.

On and after December 26, 1889, the address of the FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY will be 838 Howard street San Francisco.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Glorious Southern California—glorious in sunshine and in storm; how wonderfully these mingle in beauty, softness, and grandeur. The wide plains, the green hills, the sparkling sea, the sky filled with masses of clouds, sweeping in gorgeous ranks over the blue depths; the wild and rushing rivers that, from the bosom of darkness, lift their white banners against the sun; the iron horse slowly advancing over the creaking bridge, and anon dashing athwart the level spaces; these vast and picturesque scenes make the panorama of travel now, and if one has plenty of time and can take the varying fortune, whether he "gets there" or not, the journey is certainly one of fascinating alternation.

When I arrived in Los Angeles it was bathed in brilliant sunlight, and the June roses of New England were redolent in its radiant gardens. The pulse of the Queen of the Angels still beats. The "black eye" is scarcely noticeable. Inflation is now at an end, and real business proceeds. The Los Angelese realize the supreme blessing, "Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall not be disappointed." They are coming to the gospel of hard work and natural resources. The future of the city is assured. New buildings are going up constantly—fine blocks and residences. There is an air of improvement. Wealth, however, will not come, like Jonah's gourd, in a night, or day either, or a year.

J. E. Clark has removed from his old quarters to 516 South Spring street, a new and larger building, but the old flag is flying still. Always there is welcome. He will divide his last dollar with the Secular Pilgrim. He was formerly of Snohomish, when the mighty woods were almost untouched by the axe. Three children are buried there. Stella, on the Columbia river, was named after his daughter by a company of friends who, in love with the musical appellation, so named their abiding-place, and,

the star shines on unto this day. Clark was also at Salem, joining forces with our transcendental philosopher, C. A. Reed, some years ago. I guess the latter will recognize his Materialistic ally, who has fought the battle all along the line from Puget Sound to San Pedro; and if any place needs his unconquerable spirit it is Los Angeles.

When evening shades prevail and the electric lights shine in silver opposition to the golden stars, I climb Mt. Zion, alias Metcalf street, to number 11, where John Riggins is gracefully wending his way to his one hundredth birthday anniversary, amidst flowers and greenswards—the white crowns of hills in the blue distance. A warm welcome is here and the firelight is sparkling. Uncle John is eighty years of age and the reminiscences of his life extend over a wonderful arc of the nation's history. He was born in Maryland, and before he was twenty years of age struck out for the Great West. At that time he was a clerk in a store at the munificent salary of thirty dollars per year and board. He thought he could do better. When he arrived at St. Louis it was a city of five thousand inhabitants. He was a citizen and prosperous business man in this city for fifty-three years, and saw its expansion from five thousand to five hundred thousand inhabitants. During the stormy days of the war he was an unflinching Union man, although born in the South, and a slaveholder. As one of the officials of the city he was in familiar relations with Grant and other great generals. He was in the thick of the conflict of public opinion, and it required courage to express his devotion while so many of his associates were determined to fight it out on the other side. He enjoys life to the utmost, for he has all that wealth and a delightful home can give. He believes in Freethought, and is thoroughly interested in all the plans of organization and advancement. He is one of the largest stockholders in the new Freethought Publishing Company, and has the utmost confidence in its success.

Wednesday, the next day, I hunt up Severance, who, like Jesus, is pursuing the honorable avocation of a carpenter. I found him at the bench, keen and bright as ever. The readers of FREETHOUGHT know that he can write a rattling article and give humbug many a shaking. C. C. Stephens also put in an appearance ready for work. Up and down the mazy stairs I wend my way, and greet the Schroeder Bros., who are willing to give their colors to the cause. Others I find. Illinois Hall, a new and handsome structure, is secured for the lecture to be given Sunday evening, Dec. 29, and if the weather is fair I have no doubt of a large audience. My Prohibition friend Bruce is on the alert, but he doesn't take any stock in the church racket which is holding such solemn sway at Pomona, Riverside, Orange, and other places, where the prayers of Christians so prevail that business is almost at a stand-still, and all the whiskey that a man wants can be purchased underground. I found Rieman at the post-office and shook hands for myself and Wilson, of distant Davenport, who will recognize the bond.

Wednesday it began to rain, a little at a time, and when the mantle of night came down, it poured a flood. I was safe in John Riggin's mansion, with him and Severance for merry and philosophic companions. All night and the next day there was a steady flow, and the lower part of the city was something like a river. I was due at Norwalk that evening, but the cable cars ceased to run and I couldn't get through on foot. So I was put upon Riggin's noble steed. I had to take it horseback, for the waters were too deep for a carriage. I waded down to Clark's and there was a telegraphic dispatch not to come to Norwalk. The weather was too bad, and I didn't need any proof of that assertion. I stayed at home willingly, and adjourned my lecture at Norwalk until the New Year. The next day, however, I pushed on to Anaheim. The train was late and I saw nothing of my friends K. and L. Parker. I found afterwards that our energetic worker, Mrs. Parker, had been thrown from a carriage and severely injured. She is now getting better. There was no chance for a lecture at Anaheim, for Noah himself would have been discouraged. I remained until the next day and had the pleasure of a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Bates, S. Littlefield, and other friends.

All the trains were behind, and it was doubtful when I could get to Santa Ana, even if I undertook to wade or swim there. However, I ventured forth, and was fortunate enough to reach Santa Ana at noon. But the horse cars were not running and the mud and water were too much for the pedestrian, and so I have to charter a hack. This lands me at H. A. Newman's, and I am safe for a week at least, no matter what happens. Good luck, in the course of an hour or two, brings me a conveyance to Edson Smith's "Ten Acres Enough," and I rest Saturday night while, with almost redoubled force, the rain patters upon the roof. It is a dark outlook for the Sunday. But the clerk of the weather is in a genial mood and concludes to fling in a day or two of beautiful sunshine, and, indeed, a more resplendent day seldom marches along the blue heavens. The roads are simply awful and the horses have to walk, but the white flag over the black flag gives the signal of hope, and the breezes blow from the sea, and the mountains lift their shining foreheads without a cloud upon them, and the blue expands its glowing canopy until only along the far horizon gleam the misty splendors of the departing storm phalanx. I find over a hundred present at the hall in the afternoon, and a hundred and fifty in the evening. Had not the roads been almost impassable, over twice that number would have attended. As it was five ministers were in the audience, and I feel that, on the whole, I did a pretty good day's work.

Sunday night I spent at Hotel Richelieu, where the Goepper Bros. make the traveler happy, and especially myself. I had the pleasure, also, of visiting Mrs. Florence Porter, who, with Emil Goepper and brother, furnished excellent music for the lectures, which was a most inspiring alliance. Mrs. Porter has the courage of her convictions and is a noble and enthusiastic adherent of Freethought—not as a thought only, but as a living life and help to the world.

Monday morning friend Smith takes me over to Tustin and round about, and I have a chance to see what a beautiful country surrounds Santa Ana, and the splendid possibilities for the future. Santa Ana is now the county-seat of Orange county, and its prosperity is undoubted. It is the centre of a fertile territory.

A call on Baker, of the Standard, gives one new vim. He is an editor with back-bone, who says what he means and means

what he says. His paper is the most popular in the county, for it is a live journal.

Monday evening I spend with Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, of Wahoo, Neb., but who find refuge from cyclones in this lovely valley. They are earnest Liberals and will help to make Santa Ana a banner town for Freethought. So will Mr. and Mrs. Cone, lately from Kansas, where the Catholic riot has made such a stir, and where his brother holds the fort. The Cones, both of them, are splendid soldiers of liberty.

Tuesday morning Herman Goepper drives me over to Orange and vicinity. Father Goepper is a philosopher indeed. He has fought the battle of life and in thoughtful age dwells in the tents of peace. He has deeply considered theology, and from the bosom of the church has traveled to the open fields of the universe.

Orange is a pretty place, but it is in the clutches of ecclesiastical prohibition and has the doleful aspect of a graveyard. What is the value of temperance unless it is the voluntary life of the people?

Journeying homewards we encounter Seymour, not Professor, but "Brick" Seymour, very much like Brick Pomeroy in the originality of his ideas and expression. He says he is three parts Irish and one part Indian. I guess the diagnosis is correct. At any rate he has plenty of Milesian wit. He is a graduate of New York politics and amused us with tales of Fenton, Conkling, and the "Bald Eagle," etc. He was working on his wedding suit, he told us. I should judge by its appearance that the suit was about a century old. But Seymour sticks to the substance of things and not to the looks. He is tremendously radical, and could overthrow a whole legion of clergymen if he could get a chance to talk at them.

The Sabbath Union held its convention while I was at Santa Ana, and a local organization was formed, and names, especially those of boys and girls who hardly know what they are signing, were attached to a petition for a Sabbath law in California. So the lines are forming, and next winter the conflict will open with hot shot, and it is to be hoped that the Liberals will not be behind hand with their artillery.

The Rev. Mr. Thompson, the agent of the Sabbath Union, made the affirmation that I had refused to debate with him; but when or where I had not the slightest knowledge. In order, however, to settle the question as to whether I was ready to debate with him or not, a challenge was immediately issued to him by my friends; but, strange to say, the valiant gentleman could nowhere be found to answer the summons. At last accounts, he has not put in an appearance. He will be compelled to meet me in debate, or back down, if it takes all winter and summer to find him.

My friend Smithwick, over four score years of age, never takes a back seat when the flag of Freethought is unfurled. He is there every time, with the best of them. So is Newman, who wished me all manner of good luck as I said good-bye, almost swimming through the mud to reach the horse-car creeping like a snail to the Santa Fe station.

Edson Smith has been married since I was here, and his beautiful home is bright with mingling hope and memory. The trees are blooming all the year round and the fruits glisten. The incubator flourishes and hundreds of chickens peep forth, and the ducks are coming, too. Smith has bet a Thanksgiving dinner that he will raise a thousand ducks this year, on ten acres. The incubator is a decided improvement for ducks. An incubated

duck fed like Captain Jinks's horse, on corn and beans, surpasses the wild duck and is becoming the favorite of the market. Such are the blessings of evolution, and there is something new under the sun. What would Solomon say to an incubator? He would not cry all is vanity and vexation of spirit, if he could partake of a modern duck raised on dry land, kindled to birth by the flame of a kerosene lamp.

I did not know what was before me as I left Santa Ana on Wednesday morning. It was rumored that the railroad communication with San Diego was cut off, and that I would have to take a steamer at Oceanside to complete my journey. This seemed a pleasant diversion, and I determined to go. A voyage over the shining Pacific was an attraction. When we got to Oceanside, however, no boat was in sight, and was not expected for an hour or two. When it did appear, it proved to be only a tug-boat, that tossed like a cockle-shell on the swelling sea, for the winds were rising, and the clouds rolled threateningly over the fair promise of the morning. The waves were so rough that it was impossible for the tug to reach the wharf. The only way was to trust our lives in a little boat. Gentlemen were allowed to try this, provided they would not sue the railroad company if they got drowned. Ladies were absolutely forbidden to make the effort. The privilege was given to return to Los Angeles free, and try again when there was safer transportation. I made up my mind to go back to Santa Ana. One man, who said that he had sailed the seas often, declared that he would not go out upon the Pacific in that tug-boat for a hundred dollars. I went down to the wharf to take a look. It was near sunset and the clouds were rolling off, and the view of the broad ocean was exceedingly magnificent. The colors were brilliant, sea and sky reflecting the ever-changing splendors. At the end of the wharf a big crowd was gathered to see the passengers who were brave enough to try to land from the tug-boat. Some of these were ladies, and I thought they showed remarkable courage to try that dangerous way. The boats that took them from the steamer floated thirty feet below the landing-place, which was reached by a wooden ladder straight up and down. A rope was lowered, tied around them, and thus secured, they climbed the "golden stairs," and were lifted upon the wharf like a bag of wheat. About a half a dozen ladies were landed in this fashion, but they declared that they never wanted to try it again. I came to the conclusion that if ladies could weather the difficulty, I, of the "sterner sex," ought to do the same, and if they could get from the boat to the land, I certainly could get from the land to the boat. About half a dozen other passengers going south, determined to do the same. There was no knowing if anything better would offer for a week to come. So, swinging around the ladder, I climbed down into the abyss. It was very much like descending into hades. When I got to the bottom and was ready to drop, I had to wait for the surges to sweep the boat under and, in the nick of time, let go. I landed safely on the mail bags, and stayed there while the boat rocked away, and then rocked back again to take the next passenger in the same way, and so on. I remarked to the captain that it required considerable nerve for ladies to land in a sea like this. "Why," said the captain, "I had rather handle ladies any time, in a difficulty like this, than men. The ladies always obey orders without question, while the men think they know it all, and the first thing is, they get their heads broken or are drowned." I meditated that it was best to follow the feminine example and do as you are told. When we got to the little steamer, dancing on the huge billows, we had to

wait until the boat and it collided, and then roll on board with all your might. If you didn't happen to strike it just right, you might tumble into the boiling waters beneath. When the man took my hand and said "jump," I jumped, and found myself, the next second, flat on the deck of the steamer, but no bones broken. I scrambled to the cabin, and such a woeful picture as met my view was indescribable. Men and women who had come from San Diego and were too sick to land were stretched on the seats, a bucket before each of them, and the way they went for those buckets at every lurch of the vessel was highly suggestive of a disordered stomach. One woman was pitifully crying, "O Lord, I shall die, I shall die." I myself had the premonitory symptoms of sea indigestion, and at the earliest possible convenience stretched myself flat on the cabin floor. I made out to keep my balance, and did not surrender a particle of my dinner; but my slumbers were continually interrupted by gurgling throats and prolonged groans, and the passenger next to me would flop his heels in a semi-circle over my head, as he frantically embraced that iron-bound bucket that did not "hang in the well." I braced myself against the table, and murmured, "Rock me to sleep." Four hours and more we thus rolled and tossed and heaved, while the boat ploughed its way through the Pacific. At eleven o'clock we passed the light-house at Point Loma, and then the placid waters of San Diego bay were before, and in a little while all were safely landed. A hundred other passengers, however, returned to Los Angeles to wait for better means of travel. I would not advise anybody to come this way, unless they had to. I have tried it once, but it is by no means a pleasure excursion. Of all modes of locomotion, I think I struck the worst one this time.

I am safe and sound now at San Diego, and the fishes have no longer any chance at me. I am at the New Carleton House. The sun is shining brightly, the skies are clear, the sea is glistening with diamonds, Coronado Beach and the broad city and encircling mountains are glowing in the happy light. It looks as if the storms were over. Not for many years have such violent rains prevailed, and so much damage been done. But a world of wealth is in these floods after all. California emerges from it with the bow of promise on her radiant brow.

San Diego, Dec. 19, 1889.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

"FREETHOUGHT'S" NEW HOME.

The next number of FREETHOUGHT will be issued from the new quarters at 838 Howard street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, at which place a large store has been leased. After much search and some fruitless advertising, this location has been selected as the most eligible, all things considered. Howard street is four minutes' walk from Market. It has a line of cable cars running to the ferries, and is traversed at Fourth street by a horse-car line connecting with the railroad depot at Townsend street. While not enjoying the extensive traffic of Market, Kearny, and Montgomery streets, it is still a great and lively thoroughfare, and is destined to become still more populous. No. 838 can be conveniently reached from all parts of the city, and our store and office are upon the ground floor.

The room rented is sixty-five feet deep, having a frontage of twenty-two feet. It is in a new three-story building just completed, and FREETHOUGHT is its first tenant. Numerous windows at the rear provide ample light for the composing-room and job printing-office soon to be established, while the capacious show-window in front will display Freethought and scientific books

and papers as they were never before displayed in this country or any other. A jog in the wall furnishes space for the editor's desk, and it is proposed to provide a small reading room where visitors who feel so disposed may enjoy themselves at the expense of our many exchanges.

Besides Liberal and scientific books, will also be kept on hand an extensive line of all radical and reform literature. We shall have Dr. Foote's and Dr. Holbrook's health and hygienic works; Colby & Rich's Spiritualistic publications, and books on Theosophy; also the literature of Labor—Nationalism, Socialism, Communism, etc. Also a large stock of popular books such as everybody buys. Heretofore Liberal book dealers have been exclusive, and have drawn their custom from the limited number of readers of their special class of literature. It is not apparent why this should be so in San Francisco. While there may be no more readers of Liberal books in this city than others of its size, there is less of orthodox bigotry: and the average citizen gets his reading matter wherever it is most convenient. He is not particular where the profit of the transaction goes, so long as he gets the worth of his money. There is therefore no reason why the average citizen should not help to support the Freethought Publishing Company's bookstore, and he will if it keeps the books he wants. We intend to supply the demand. If inclosed in a popular novel or magazine he finds a tract setting forth a new thought and informing the reader where more of the same can be found, it may excite his curiosity, and perhaps he will return. We have known the course of a man's life to be changed by some simple truth imprinted on the wrapper of a parcel.

It is believed that the location selected will warrant the establishment of a book and job printing-office. At any rate the putting in of a press of sufficient size to work off Freethought tracts and to do our own job-work is as good as assured.

The work of moving in and fitting up the store is in lively progress. Architect Lemme spent last Sunday taking measurements and drawing plans for shelving, counters, and partitions, and Contractor Schou and Mr. Gierisch are putting Mr. Lemme's designs into material form. Friends are invited to drop in and look on.

INGERSOLL'S ALLEGED CHANGE OF VIEW.

The editors of numerous daily papers, and some of the Christian ministers, are calling what attention they can to a recent letter by Colonel Ingersoll on the subject of immortality. The Cleveland Plain Dealer says that "Ingersoll has backed down," while the more cautious writer of headlines for the daily Examiner puts it in another form, thus: "He intimates his belief in a life after death." The proceeding is accepted as a change of front on the part of the colonel by those who would be glad to have it so.

The utterance on the part of Ingersoll that has been made the apology for these misleading statements was called out by the work of Mr. E. R. Johnes, a Chicago lawyer, who, it is claimed, has applied to the doctrine of immortality the law of circumstantial evidence with much ingenuity and original thought. Mr. Johnes sent a copy of his work to Ingersoll, and the following is the colonel's reply:

"If we admit the existence of a God of infinite wisdom and compassion, we may say that there must be a world better than this; but how do we account for one worse—that is to say, if injustice triumphs here, why not there? If honesty goes without bread in this world, why not in another? Certainly God will be no better then than now.

"Still, it may be possible that a God of infinite love and compassion will so reward those who suffer—through suffering itself—that all that happens will be consistent with wisdom and compassion.

"I do not see any evidence in this world that it was created by either wisdom or compassion. Nor do I see what right we have to say that man has a spiritual body any more than trees have.

"The tree springs from a seed; so does man. The trees produce others and then perish from the earth. The same is true of the human race. You have had the courage to accept the logic of your position and give to all life the immortality that Christians give to man. I hardly know the meaning of the words spiritualist and materialist. I don't see that it makes the slightest difference with the argument to admit that everything is spiritual or to assert that everything is material. He who asserts that all is spiritual admits the existence of everything that another calls material, and he who insists that all is material admits the existence of everything that is by the other called spiritual. Call it what you will, it remains beyond the grasp of our minds. I congratulate you on what you have said concerning the wax figures of Milton. His 'heaven' was simply another England, with a government somewhat worse.

"You have endeavored to establish your doctrine by something universal, and you have wisely left the provincialisms, the prejudices, the puerilities of Christianity. Love and hope are universal. As long as men love and as long as men hope there will probably be in the heart and brain the splendid dream of immortality. It may be that we live no more, that we go back to the unconscious dust, and yet the heart will always say, 'Perhaps there is another life.' But whether there is or not, let us all paint on the canvas of the future the picture that delights and satisfies the soul. We know that in this world after joy comes grief, as after day comes night, and it may be there is some world where after grief comes joy, as after night comes day."

After reading the foregoing carefully we are still at a loss to understand how any one in the slightest degree conversant with Ingersoll's writings can find in this anything more than the admissions long previously made by him concerning the possibility of a future life. Ten years ago he said and has often repeated: "The idea of immortality, that like a sea has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, with its countless waves of hope and fear beating against the shores and rocks of time and fate, was not born of any book, nor of any creed, nor of any religion. It was born of human affection, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death. It is the rainbow—Hope shining upon the tears of grief."

Ingersoll does not say that he believes in immortality. He says "perhaps," as all candid people are obliged to do. Those who are so anxious to make something out of his latest remark on the subject are persons who are unfamiliar with his previous utterances and who fail to distinguish between a fair admission of possibility and a positive assertion. The probability is that when Colonel Ingersoll changes his views he will announce the fact in language that will need no explanatory comment by the clergy.

LECTURES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

As announced last week, Mr. Putnam will lecture at Union Square Hall on the evening of Sunday, January 5, on "The Baltimore Convention." Admission free. All members of the San Francisco Freethought Society are requested to be present.

We have been gratified during the past week by receiving calls from the Hon. A. Schell, of Knight's Ferry, and Judge J. W. North, of Fresno. Mr. Schell will be present at the State Convention in January and will deliver an address, but Judge North, who is conducting most successfully the Unity Society of Fresno, may be kept away by feeble health and home duties.

THE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Because we do not publish this week any letters from shareholders in the Freethought Publishing Company, no one should infer that we have none on hand. We have scores of them, but they are deferred.

All who send cash now receive handsome certificates of stock to the amount of their investment. The shares are five dollars each, and a few more are on the market. We hope every subscriber to FREETHOUGHT will become a member of the Company by investing in these shares.

S. P. PUTNAM TO LECTURE IN LOS ANGELES.

Samuel P. Putnam will lecture at Illinois Hall, corner of Sixth and Fort streets, Los Angeles, on Sunday evening, December 29; subject, "The Bible and Modern Thought." Every Liberal in Los Angeles and vicinity is invited to be present and to bring friends. A large attendance is desired.

A BITTER contest over sectarianism in the public schools of Boston promises to break out again, says a dispatch. The Protestants elected three-fourths of the school board, who announce their intention of abolishing the use of Professor Anderson's history, which is lenient to all religious beliefs, and to reinstate Swinton's history, which is a most obnoxious one to Catholics. The Catholic members of the board have signified their intention of resigning and issuing an address to the Catholic citizens. Nearly half of the public school children are Catholics, and such an action will undoubtedly lead to the church ordering them to the parochial schools. As the latter are under control of the Protestant school committee, and the law compels them to be up to the standard of the public schools, a serious contention of faiths is promised. The question whether or not Swinton is historically accurate does not appear to have come up for discussion. It is a war for religion, not truth.

THE postal-telegraph question has come up before Congress in a mild form. Senator Cullom last week introduced a bill authorizing the postmaster-general to contract for five years with any existing telegraph company for the use of its lines for the transmission of its postal messages between free-delivery offices, the postmaster-general having authority to determine between what points the lines shall run. The messages are to be prepaid with stamps, at rates to be fixed by the postmaster-general, and are to be delivered by letter-carriers on the first mail delivery after they are received, and at such other times as the postmaster-general may direct. We do not know what chance Senator Cullom's bill has of becoming a law, but there is undoubtedly a long-felt want for such a service as it contemplates.

THE Economite Society at Harmony, Pa., which originally consisted of over seven hundred persons, has dwindled to a membership of less than thirty-five, nearly all aged people, and the community threatens to die out unless new accessions are received. The Economites are celibates, but as their wealth amounts to millions they will probably experience no difficulty in finding recruits who are willing to give up their families in view of improved financial prospects. Nine new members, it is said, are to be admitted next month, some of whom are married.

MANUEL BAPTISTE, a boy who was before the Lunacy Commissioners the other day, is suffering from a horrible hallucina-

tion. He imagines he is being pursued by the devil, and is constantly attempting to run away and hide from his satanic tormentor. He ran away from his home recently, and when an attempt was made to recapture him he fought like a tiger, shrieking in terror that his family and friends were in league with the evil one to torture and torment him. He was adjudged insane. Merely another victim of popular religious teaching. The boy is right if Christianity is true, for according to that system of superstition the devil is after all of us. Baptiste has made the mistake of believing what his teachers tell him, instead of merely professing to do so.

THE Rev. Dr. Stratton, in talking to the Teachers' Institute at Redding, declared that a great danger to the country was the too free license to vote, as it now placed the governing power in the hands of the ignorant and those having no settled interest in the country. He proposed, among other remedies, that no person not possessing five hundred dollars' worth of property should be allowed to vote. This plan of Dr. Stratton's would create a most respectable oligarchy; but if he believes that five hundred dollars entitle a man to one vote, he must be able to answer the question why a thousand dollars would not entitle another man to vote twice.

THERE are queer things in law as well as in religion. Henry Miller and Anna Miller were adjudged guilty of criminal conspiracy by the Superior Court of San Diego county, and sentenced, the husband to one year's imprisonment in the county jail, and the wife to pay a fine of \$1. Miller, on appeal, contended that the information did not charge him with any crime, as he and his wife were one person, and it was impossible for one person to enter into a conspiracy. The Supreme Court sustained this view and directed the discharge of the prisoner.

If any desire to know why we have not located on Market street, let them ascertain the rent of stores on that thoroughfare. It is about a million a minute. As a rule no lease is to be had, and the landlords, it is said, make a practice of raising the rent as fast as the traffic will bear it. When the tenant has been frozen out by this process, they reduce the rent to the previous figure, and set the trap for another victim.

NOTHING is heard in these quarters concerning the movement to organize a State Union in Washington. Progress is to be reported through the Ironclad Age, of Indianapolis, Ind., which will give news an opportunity to cool somewhat before falling into the hands of those most interested. The Age, we learn from its editor, and as we have reason to know, is an immense paper.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, editor of the Children's Corner of the Truth Seeker and an occasional correspondent of FREETHOUGHT, has recently been elected to the school board of Fall River, Mass. Her opponent was a popular Episcopal minister. Miss Wixon is one of the brightest young women in the country, and we are glad to see her ability recognized by her fellow-townsmen.

MR. W. N. SLOCUM, who left his case in the composing-room of FREETHOUGHT in order to cast his lot with the Sinaloa Colonists of Mexico, has just returned. He does not give a flattering report of either the prospects of the colony, or the character of its present managers.

A PROMISING Liberal book, a "Handbook of Freethought," is soon to appear. W. S. Bell has written it, and Henry Replogle, of Oakland is, putting it in type. Mr. Bell, with a large and heavy form under his arm, on his way to the stereotype foundry, has become a familiar figure on the ferryboats crossing the bay.

THE first announcement of the Board of Directors of the American Secular Union is in print this week. The Directors met in New York, where they were introduced to the attendants at the Liberal Club, and tendered a reception at the residence of Dr. E. B. Foote.

DR. LEONHARDT's communication on another page will be interesting both to those who do and those who do not consider possible the indefinite prolongation of human life. All will recognize in the writer a man who has thought before speaking.

READERS will see from a note published this week that Mr. B. F. Underwood is not to visit the coast until next spring. We had hoped to hear him at Union Square Hall during January.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The copious rains since our last issue have not verified the remark that settled weather was likely to prevail. The coast has had more rain than ever before at this season of the year.—Capt. J. H. Drummond, one of the leading viticulturists of this state, died at Glen Ellen last week of heart disease.—Sailors will be apt to regard the British ship *Durham* with superstitious awe. Within a single week the ship caught fire, two well-known citizens were smothered in the hold, and last Sunday the first and second mates were drowned while coming from the ship to this city.—A worthless man named Eubanks shot his daughter to death with a shotgun last Sunday at Los Gatos, because she refused to give him her wages. The wretch narrowly escaped lynching.—An invitation has been extended to Henry George by the Single-tax Club of Oakland to deliver a lecture before that body on his visit to this coast in January.—Governor Waterman hopes to obtain government aid in controlling the Sacramento river, which has been running over its banks during the recent rains.—Colonel Crocker has given \$10,000 to the Brooklyn, N. Y., Polytechnic Institute.—The Rev. Mr. Kincaid, of this city, who recently resigned a pulpit here because he had become convinced that he was not a Baptist, has been called to a Presbyterian church in Minneapolis.—A dozen girls were severely burnt by the upsetting of a candle while rehearsing a Christmas cantata at Detroit last week. Their clothing caught fire, and one was fatally injured and four others seriously.—Archibald Gunter, the novelist, has been black-balled by the Calumet Club of New York because he is an author.—Governor Miller of North Dakota, has signed the Prohibition bill, and the state will go dry.—Sixteen men lost their lives on the 22d inst. by the caving of the Lane mine at Angel's Camp, Calaveras county.—The observers who went to the west coast of Africa to witness the total eclipse of the sun, which occurred Dec. 23, were baffled by cloudy weather, and were able to record only partial obscurations.

California pioneers have organized a society in Chicago.—Henry W. Grady, the editor and orator, died of pneumonia at Atlanta, Ga., last Monday morning.—A warrant was issued last week for the arrest of T. V. Powderly, general master workman of the Knights of Labor, who is charged with "conspiracy." The warrant was found imperfect and was not served.—Chu Fong, a Chinese interpreter and cashier of Kwong Hong Long & Co., Mott street, New York, has suddenly disappeared with the funds of several Chinese firms. His misappropriations, so far as known, amount to about \$25,000. Chu Fong is a converted heathen, and has been an ardent Sunday-school worker for the past six years.

The people of Brazil have cut Dom Pedro off without a shilling and have forbidden him to return for two years. De Fon-

seca, head of the provisional government, has been seriously sick, but is reported out of danger.—An agitation in favor of a republic is going on in Spain. Castelar is at the head of it.—Queen Victoria is about going to Ireland on a visit of state.—It is worthy of note that three men of Berne, Switzerland, have been acquitted of issuing an Anarchist manifesto.—The czar of Russia proposes to be crowned king of Poland, and the event will come off next year.—William O'Brien, the Irish agitator, is just out of jail again from the Galway prison. He started a novel while in durance and will hide himself for a few weeks in order to finish it.

THE AUMSVILLE DEBATING CLUB.

Some time ago some "brother in the cause" recommended in your columns the introduction of Freethought questions in local debating clubs in order to induce discussion and thus familiarize the people with Liberal ideas. I have acted upon this idea, and found it to work well. Here in this priest-ridden community we have lately debated the question, "Resolved, That Catholic aggression is detrimental to American institutions and ought to be repressed." Also, "Resolved, That church property should be taxed the same as any other property." At our next meeting we take up, "Resolved, That foreigners should reside in the United States fifteen years before being allowed to vote."

A year ago these questions would not be touched with a forty-rod pole. I failed to get more than one discussion, and to do so had to go out of this neighborhood and then debate against the crowd, solitary and alone (as published in your paper last winter). Now we discuss these questions here, and do so good-naturedly too. Are we not advancing? Surely so; and the lyceum plan is a success. People here are learning more of Secularism; are beginning to see that there are two sides to the question, and that other people have rights as well as themselves. The extra-pious fight shy, however, and I have not as yet succeeded in getting a preacher into discussion. We have a new eastern preacher here named Baley, who talked largely when he first came, but when business was offered him he prudently keeps out.

Thus the debating club gives us access to the people which cannot be well had in any other way. Here we have the advantage of the priest, as he will not meet us on equal ground, and we thus get the inside taack.

We have also a little free-trade club here, not political or partisan, but simply for the discussion of protection versus free trade. We find the protectionists quite shy. We have held five meetings and only had one discussion, the "protects" not responding. We are satisfied, however, with the one we did have, and want some more. The more I learn of this question, the more I am in favor of Secular adoption of free trade, as well as free thought, free speech, or any other "free." Not as political partisans, but as a universal and everlasting principle applied to all nations, and to the United States especially. Tax the states directly for the support of the general government; no customs, no custom-houses, no revenue officers, but absolutely free and unrestricted commerce with all the world.

Why not discuss this question through the columns of FREETHOUGHT? I for one would like it and hope it will be done.

Aumsville, Or.

F. S. MATTESON.

A NOTE FROM B. F. UNDERWOOD.

EDITORS FREETHOUGHT: When I left the Pacific coast last fall I thought I should be able to return to California in January and spend a month lecturing in the state. I desired to do so, since I was obliged to return East without visiting several places that had applied for lectures, and since some of those visited wished me to give additional lectures. But I see now that my next trip to the Pacific coast must be deferred till spring, and I take this way of making the fact known to those who may desire to arrange for lectures at that time. Truly yours, B. F. UNDERWOOD, P. O. Drawer 134, Chicago, Ill.

S. P. Putnam's Lecture Appointments for December.

Perris.....	December	23	San Jacinto.....	December 26,	27
Leon.....	"	24	Los Angeles.....	"	29

A WARDEN'S LETTER.

FRIEND PUTNAM: Since my father's death (whom you knew well) I have seen but few Liberal papers; in fact, I have been up here on this island as acting warden and only occasionally visit my family in Seattle. I have before me the FREETHOUGHT, a copy of which I purchased at Tacoma yesterday, and was happy to find your name associated with that of Mr. Macdonald as editors.

A few items right here might be of interest to your intelligent readers. In running over the prison records in my office, dating from July 6, 1889, I find 76 names of convicts or prisoners sentenced to short terms, from thirty days to eighteen months. The record shows 40 Catholics, 14 Protestants, 5 Lutherans, 2 Episcopalians, 9 professing to have no religion, 4 Methodists, 1 Baptist, and 1 Atheist. This Liberal received a short sentence, and the offense (if it could be called such) was giving a drink of whisky to an old Indian friend. The record the past three and one-half years shows about the same ratio as to religious views. Comment is unnecessary, as you know and have statistics from many prisons.

We have confined here Frank Fuller, the man who killed the archbishop of Alaska, or rather a Catholic priest. This Fuller is himself a devout Catholic. It seems he was a traveling companion of the priest, only Indians making trips with them across the wilds of Alaska when the manslaughter as charged occurred. Only Indians served as witnesses. Fuller claims it to have been an accident. He got ten years. If the victim had not been a priest, the fellow would have been cleared. Fuller packed the priest's body over frozen ground on his back, many miles. We have an Indian in here from the wilds of Alaska sentenced to 99 years for killing his wife, whom he caught in the act of adultery with another Indian. Their code of laws is such that if husband or wife commits adultery the penalty is death, and the injured party is the one to inflict it. In my opinion this Indian (Jim) should be pardoned out by the president. I make a trusty of him and find him faithful and smart.

A few reminiscences of my father, Asa Coombs, may be admissible. He died at Seattle about one year ago, 93 years and 2 months old. He had lived under every president up to the time of his death, and was a veteran of the war of 1812. He was a subscriber to the old Boston Investigator for fifty years, and a Liberalist. I was at his bedside almost continuously from the first illness, ten or twelve days before. A very kind lady, a Christian neighbor, took occasion to lay down her views on a hereafter. He very quietly listened, and before responding fell off into a refreshing sleep and on awaking felt very much relieved of his pains. He said to my sister, "Tell Mrs. Allen [the Christian neighbor] to come in," and as she approached he said to her, "You can tell all you meet, that wish to know, that I die as I have lived, an Infidel and Liberal."

Our city, Seattle, is taking wonderful strides ahead just now, and when I reach home to stay, about January, 1890, I will do my level best to get a large list of subscribers for your paper, and stockholders as well. Seattle and Tacoma should be a good field for Liberal lecturers.

Yours truly,

S. F. COOMBS,

Warden U. S. Pen., McNeil's Island, Wash.

TO THE LIBERALS OF CALIFORNIA.

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

The main question which is now presented to the Liberals of California, and which demands, on their part, persistent and united action, is the Sabbath question. "At a recent meeting of the American Sabbath Association of California it was resolved

to proceed at once with a vigorous and well-directed campaign to restore, by state legislation, the weekly day of rest to its proper position." This is the declaration of the ecclesiastical party. The California Liberal Union is opposed to any Sabbath legislation, and the purpose of its Convention is to arouse the people to the threatened danger and, by the force of an enlightened public opinion, to guard against the passage of any laws by the state legislature for the enforcement of the Sunday as a Sabbath.

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

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

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

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President,
EMIL S. LEMME, Secretary,
A. H. SCHOU, Treasurer,
J. W. NORTH, First Vice-President.

Executive Committee.

DEATH OF A FREETHINKER.

William Germain, of Black Hawk, Col., died Nov. 3, aged 55 years. He was a pioneer settler in his locality. In mentioning his death, a paper published at Black Hawk says:

"He went down into the darkness apparently without fear. We have often discussed the problems of life and death with him. We differed widely in our views. He did not believe in a life beyond the grave. He denounced all such beliefs as relics of superstition. He forbade any religious services at his funeral. What better evidence can one give of the honesty and sincerity of his views than to hold firmly to them when the dew of death is on his brow and the death-rattle in his throat? We remember a few months ago, in the heat of argument, telling him that if he thought he had but a few hours to live he would pray and ask others to pray for him. It appears he did not. He died as he had lived. William Germain came here in the spring of '60 and was, in company with two brothers, engaged in freighting across the plains for several years. He has since mined, run a drug store, a livery stable, and many other things. He was a man of a considerable more than average ability. He was buried in the Dory Hill cemetery on the afternoon of Wednesday, the funeral being under the auspices of the Pioneers' Association of Gilpin County."

A CAUTIOUS "PIRATE."

D. Edson Smith, one of our best citizens, called at the little "Pirate" office and asked it to insert a notice of Putnam's lectures this week, as all of the other papers did. Brother Clarke whined and said he was afraid that it would offend the two dozen timid minded-subscribers he had on his list, who were unused to hearing intelligence on the rostrum and would therefore have to decline it until he called a meeting of the long-haired cranks and and short-haired females who run the Pirate. Brother Clarke's cautiousness is to be commended, but his liberality and judgment are on a par with the class of fanatics he represents. Intelligence is what the Pirate has to combat in its struggle for existence.—Santa Ana Standard.

HERBERT SPENCER was recently quoted in the London Times as favoring the nationalization of land, which drew out a letter from him repudiating the doctrine as ascribed to him. This led to a lively discussion, in which Prof. Huxley, Sir Louis Mallet, and others took part, and a variety of views on the general question were expressed. The correspondence will be printed in the January Popular Science Monthly, under the title "Letters on the Land Question."

INCIDENTS IN THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE.*

BY JUDGE J. W. NORTH.

II.

Cosmas early in the sixth century published his "Christian Topography," the great object of which was—as he declares—to denounce the false and heathen doctrine of the rotundity of the earth, and to show that the tabernacle in the wilderness is the pattern or model of the universe. "The earth," he says, "is a rectangular plane four hundred day's journey east and west, and exactly half that distance north and south. It is surrounded by mountains, on which the sky rests. The heavens come down to the earth on all four sides, like the walls of a room. All below the firmament is the world, the story above is heaven, and below the earth's surface is hell. Midway in the rectangular surface below lies the inhabited earth, encompassed by ocean. Beyond ocean, bordering on the edge, is the unvisited terrestrial paradise. Here, too, on a barren and thorny soil, without the walls of paradise dwelt man from the fall to the deluge. The ark floated the survivors across the great ocean belt to this better land which we inhabit. This oblong plain lies a little tilted to the south, so that the rivers, like the Tigris and Euphrates, running south, run rapidly, while those running north, like the Nile, run more slowly because they have to run up hill."

These were the opinions of the Christian church for more than a thousand years, and were all based on the Bible. During thirteen hundred years Christendom furnished to the world no astronomer or chemist. The Mohammedans were far in advance of the Christians in both of these studies.

As time advanced the hostility of the church to science became intensified. At the beginning of the fifth century the growing power of Rome had taken from Alexandria its pre-eminence as a seat of learning, and left it but secondary to the home of the Cæsars. The Greek School of Philosophy had dwindled to small dimensions, and was mainly represented by Hypatia (the daughter of Theon, the mathematician), whose beauty, learning and eloquence drew to her academy the learned and the elite of the city.

Cyril, the most influential and aggressive, as well as the most violent and unscrupulous of the Christian fathers, was then bishop of Alexandria. The great popularity of Hypatia was an obstacle in his way, as well as an annoyance to him. The result was that a Christian mob—usually called Cyril's mob—of many monks, seized Hypatia and dragged her from her carriage one morning as she was riding to her academy, stripped her of her clothing, took her to a church, and Peter the reader struck her on the head with a club, killing her.

This Christian mob then cut her body into pieces, scraped the flesh from her bones with shells, and burned her piece-meal.

This was Saint Cyril's method of extinguishing the light of science, and of promoting the cause of Christianity, in the early part of the fifth century. And though no one seems to have questioned Cyril's guilt, in this brutal murder of a woman noted for her virtue, as well as for her intellectual attainments, the Christian church never called him to account for the infamous deed, but on the contrary enrolled him among her saints, and he is known to-day only as "Saint Cyril."

This policy of suppressing science by murder continued to be the policy of the church for more than twelve hundred years, and is suspended now only because it has not the power to practice it.

The Catholic church, though suspending the working of the Inquisition for want of power, has retained the organization complete, and now, from 1875 to this day, a crowd of defenders has arisen, advocating the re-establishment of the Inquisition. If any doubt it let them read the article on "Inquisition" in the New Encyclopædia Britannica, or the recent encyclical letter of the pope, read from all the Catholic pulpits in America by order of Cardinal Gibbons. This letter sounds like a cry of rage and agony, that a statue has been reared in Rome to the martyr, Bruno, on the spot where he was burned in 1600 for teaching some commonly accepted facts of science of the present time.

*A lecture delivered before the Unity Society of Fresno.

When the forces of Victor Emanuel entered Rome in 1870 the pope and the Inquisition were driven into the Vatican. Shall they now come forth to establish their throne in America? And shall we hear no note of remonstrance from our statesmen? Not one word against setting up here a hierarchy, a government by the priesthood?

But to return from this reference to our own time, let us follow the treatment of science. We have seen how its light was extinguished in Alexandria by the infamous murder of Hypatia; after which no one dared to enter that field. We must also notice that both Rome and Constantinople were at the same time controlled by the same power, which was hostile to all scientific research. At the commencement of the sixth century there was but one prominent seat of learning in all Christendom where science was permitted to be taught; and even this was not continued long. In 529, the Christian Emperor Justinian suppressed the schools of philosophy of Athens, and the night of "the dark ages" closed down on what was then known as the Christian world; the night of a thousand years, in which the church ruled, both temporally and spiritually; a church that claims to be the light of the world, and yet this period was the darkest that our era has known.

If it be now asked, what produced the dark ages, history gives us the answer. If it be asked, what continued the dark ages for a thousand years, or what influence sought to present the revival of learning at the end of these thousand years, we receive from history the same unequivocal answer. It was in each and every case, mainly, the Christian church.

During this long night of darkness the puerile "Christian Topography" of Cosmas continued to be the doctrine of the church and the treatment of students of science remained unchanged. A single instance will be sufficient to illustrate both.

In the thirteenth century, Roger Bacon of England, spending some years in France, devoted himself somewhat to the study of chemistry, a science then unknown. But the first advances towards it were condemned by the church. Though he had received his degree of doctor of theology, his experimental studies were denounced by the ignorant priests as magic and the black arts, and his orthodoxy was at once questioned. Having returned to Oxford and commenced lecturing there, his lectures were interdicted, and he was placed under supervision at Paris, where for ten years he was prohibited from writing anything that might be published. A Franciscan monk himself, after his return to England he denounced "the ignorance and vices of the clergy and monks, and generally the insufficiency of the existing studies," for which his works were condemned by a general of the order, who afterwards became pope, and Bacon was thrown into prison, where he remained for fourteen years, dying two years later. Such was the penalty that Christianity inflicted for the study of science in the thirteenth century.

In 1507, Copernicus, a modest priest and learned Prussian, away off on the confines of Hungary, had completed a book on "The Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies." Knowing the hostility of the church to any such teaching he waited thirty-six years before daring to publish his work. After that length of time, being urged to it by a cardinal, he ventured to give it to the public. This was the great work that was the foundation of our Copernican system of astronomy. Mark the reception that was given it by the Christian church. On the day that the first copy of this great work was brought to him, moist from the press, he died, and thus escaped the personal vengeance of the church; but his work was condemned and burned, so far as his persecutors could accomplish it.

Here we come to the time of Luther, Calvin, and other reformers. Does anyone hope that they will be found more favorable to science than their antagonists? Vain hope. Historians tell us that they were even more bitter than the Catholics in their denunciation of science. Luther called Copernicus a fool, and thought he had answered him effectually by saying that "Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, which he would not have done if the sun did not move."

Galileo, some eighty years later, revived and taught the theories of Copernicus, and having constructed a telescope, made many valuable discoveries. For this he was accused of "impos-

ture, heresy, blasphemy, and Atheism." Do we not here see where the clergy of our time learn to call every man an Infidel or Atheist, who is in advance of his fellows in search of truth? He was summoned before the "holy inquisition, under the accusation that the earth moves around the sun, a doctrine utterly contrary to the scriptures." He was compelled to retract his "heresy," and for sixteen years the church had rest; but in 1632 he published his book entitled "The System of the World," which sustained the theory of Copernicus. He was again brought before the Inquisition, and though he again retracted, he was thrust into prison and treated with remorseless severity for the remaining ten years of his life.

But by following to the end the story of Galileo we have passed by a few years, the tragic events connected with the fate of his contemporary, Giordano Bruno.

(To be Continued.)

NEW YORK LETTER.

John Greenwald was hanged on the 6th for murdering Lyman S. Weeks at his home, 1071 De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn, on the 15th of March, 1887. Father O'Hara was his spiritual adviser, and consequently this murderer died in good standing in the Catholic church and his body was buried in Holy Cross Cemetery. A few weeks ago Miss Theresa Kelly (her name if my memory is correct) died. This lady for years had been a devout member of St. Stephen's church. She had, however, followed her beloved pastor, Dr. McGlynn, when he was removed from his pastorate, and had remained faithful to him after his excommunication. For this the authorities of the church laid its heavy hand on her after death. The testimony of all is that she was a pure, loveable woman; that she had kept all the requirements of her church, and had died in the faith. Her friends placed her body in the receiving vault of Calvary Cemetery. They were forced by the authorities of the Catholic church to remove it, and to-day it rests in a vault of a Protestant cemetery. (These are the facts as I understand them.) That church buries in her consecrated ground the body of a midnight assassin, and refuses a like repose to the body of a pure woman. And why? Because it could not, by cracking its whip over her back, drive her from her old pastor, could not force her to give up her womanhood, to acknowledge that Archbishop Corrigan was the umpire of her conscience. Miss Kelly fought a good fight for liberty against ecclesiastical tyranny. In life she was successful, but in death will the American people permit her to fail? Shall the Catholic church possess the right to refuse burial to a woman who owns a lot in a Catholic cemetery? Our courts have decided that the church has that right.

And now comes a report through the Herald that a Catholic bank with a capital of \$100,000,000 is to be started in America. Such a bank would be more powerful than the old United States Bank, which Jackson crushed out. We don't believe the church is so foolish.

The closing of the Erie Canal on the 1st inst. ends one of the most prosperous years of its history. Perhaps a few items might interest your readers. Freight has been large and prices remunerative. There have been cleared from Buffalo during the season 6855 boats. They have carried east 33,000,000 feet of lumber, 56,000,000 pounds of flax seed, 19,000,000 pounds of iron, 11,500 tons of coal, 15,000,000 bushels of wheat, 20,000,000 of corn, 4,000,000 of oats, and 2,500,000 of rye and barley. There has been taken over the canal west 66,000,000 pounds of iron, 20,000,000 pounds of salt, 12,000,000 pounds of sugar, 1,500,000 pounds of coffee, 100,000 tons of coal, 95,000,000 pounds of merchandise, and at least 165,000,000 pounds of sundries. This great artery of commerce is opened to the traffic of the West free and untrammelled. There is no question but a free canal has lowered the price of farm products in this state, but in other respects our people have been benefited.

There is almost universal complaint among the farmers of this state over the low prices of wheat, oats, corn, barley, and rye. The farmers in the West have formed an alliance or association to control the deliveries of their crops, but thus far it has been of no value in maintaining prices. Either it is not yet working

order, or they have attempted an impossible thing. It has been fashionable for the past few years for the world to bear our crops. The world seems all at once convinced that wheat and corn have little value. The press in the East has echoed this idea until it is almost a public offense to avow yourself a friend of the farmer. Low prices have made poor farmers, and these poor farmers, constituting about one-third of the population, are not buyers of dry-goods and luxuries. The consequence is dull markets at Fall River and Lowell, dullness in Maiden Lane and Church street, our merchants failing or going out of trade. The railroads cannot show large net earnings so long as they have to haul empty cars into the wheat and corn region of the West. Transportation one way only does not mean large income for any company. From these remarks your readers can readily infer that business the past fall has not been satisfactory. Our merchants have sold goods at small profit, and collections have been and are slow. At the stock, produce, cotton, metal, and coffee exchanges dullness has held sway. The public is not there. Dry rot is eating the life out of them. Low prices have made poor farmers, poor farmers have made poor merchants, and poor merchants and poor farmers have made poor brokers. The iron trade has always been considered the barometer of business. That branch has been active the past three months, but has failed to infuse life and activity into ordinary trade.

I see that Bonner predicts a boom in '90. The people of the East are in great need of one to get them out of the rut they have been in since Garfield was shot. The moment our farm products advance in price to a fair profit over the cost of production there will be a revival of business. Europe's wheat and rye crop for 1889 is largely deficient. Russia alone has raised this year 91,000,000 bushels less wheat and 95,000,000 bushels less rye than in 1888. Austro-Hungary is in the same bad fix. This ought to make a demand for every bushel of wheat we have to spare and advance prices. The advocates of low-price wheat are constantly depicting the hardships an enhanced price of flour would bring to the poor of our cities, forgetting the reflexive nature of prices. High-price flour never made a man poor. It is whisky and beer that bring poverty into the laboring man's home. The higher flour is the less money the working men would have for rum, and consequently, from a moral point of view, a blessing. The poor farmer, struggling with a mortgage on his land, has no sympathy. A flood, a drouth, a frost, may destroy his crops and not a tear is shed over his misfortunes. The change is always rung on the poverty of the city.

The investigation of the dock department has ended. The impression is general that Mayor Grant will stir up some of the dry bones in that department. The removal of the commissioners will only satisfy the public. Our young mayor has an opportunity to win favor.

The weather is unusually warm. Almost everyone is suffering with colds.

New York, Dec. 11, 1889.

EUDORUS.

"STEVENS."

DEAR GEORGE: I have been dreadfully worried of late. Nearly all the daily papers throughout the country have been publishing scandalous libels against my financial integrity, so that I have been kept busy repudiating them. Would you believe it? These newspapers have not only insinuated, but positively asserted that I, E. A. Stevens, was the possessor of fifty or twenty millions. I don't just now exactly remember the amount, but a few millions of dollars, more or less, either way is a matter of no consequence to me whatever. Could anything be farther from the truth? And to think that you gave currency to such sordid rumors without giving my friends one word of explanation that I possibly could not be the culprit. My chief maligner in this matter is a fellow for whom I had a sort of sneaking regard, and whom I certainly never injured, Thos. G. Sherman. I do not know whether I ought to commence a libel suit against him or not. But learning he had abandoned the practice of law for journalism I concluded there was little prospect of recovering damages—especially heavy damages, such as I in justice should be entitled to receive—so I fortified myself to try and brace up against this

burden in solemn silence. However, humanity is a gregarious animal, so I fly to you, metaphorically, to unburden my woes. Think for a moment how bright hopes might be blighted; what brilliant opportunities might turn from my grasp, if my friends and associates should be confirmed in the sad delusion that I was the parsimonious possessor of \$50,000,000. Might they not shun me? Worse still, some one having a "little bill" against this fifty-millionaire might try to collect it off your humble servant, which would be a marvel of financiering, I assure you. Again, some personal friend of this much-to-be-pitied moneyed magnate might, in redeeming his *i. o. u.* for a few thousands, send me his check or the currency, and I, innocently enough, go off and spend it. That would indeed be a calamity! Looking at it from any point of view, I am confronted with the gravest possibilities, so that I beseech you to kindly and promptly inform my friends that I am entirely, unqualifiedly, and absolutely above suspicion; that I am free from so baseless, so utterly groundless, a charge as that of being possessed of \$50,000,000. Honor bright!

In your issue of the 7th, just read with my usual deep interest, I note that you spent the solemn Thanksgiving in riotous living—doughnuts, coffee, and euchre. The latter pernicious practice, I believe, with a gentleman who is old enough to know better. By a strange coincidence I also observe that "all Sacramento was out to attend the unveiling of the Stevens monument." The strange coincidence is that I am here and alive, and the monument is in the wrong place. All Sacramento should rise to explain.

E. A. STEVENS.

Chicago, Ill.

PHYSICAL IMMORTALITY.

"If that thou seekest thou findest not within thee, thou wilt never find it without thee."—*ABIRILL*.

In all ages and among all nations, the search for immortality has been in progress. It has always been, and it still is, the prize which every religion offers its devotees. It has ever been a theme of poets, the goal of philosophers, and the never realized dream of humanity. The idea of an endless life seems to be coeval with the race; it is involuntary and constant, coming without instruction and never wholly disappearing from human consciousness.

The myths of bygone ages are filled with instances of fortunate or unfortunate mortals whose lives were prolonged far in excess of the usual allotment of years to most men. Some were blessed with the secret of renewing their youth continually; some possessed control of a power whereby they became independent of known physical laws; others, as a penalty, were doomed to live forever and never to taste of the repose of death. As examples of this notion may be cited the legend of the gods who drank from the pool of Umritsar; Tithonus, Endymion, and the poet Epimenides, Joseph of Arimathea, and St. John; Charlemagne, Frederic Barbarosa, Thomas of Erceldoune, and William Tell; the priests of Sophia, and the French victims of the Sicilian Vespers, Sebastian of Portugal, Tryggoason of Norway, Porsenna of Russia, and the Wandering Jew; The Dancers of Kolbeck, The Wild Huntsman, The Captain of the Phantom Ship, and many others.

Doubtless the fact that many good men live lives of unhappiness, while others who are vile and wicked seem to prosper and are happy, creates in many a sort of necessary belief in the existence of a future conscious life when all this injustice and inequality may be righted.

Before the idea of ultramundane immortality took shape in the minds of men, and later those who did not accept that theory, there were individuals who believed in the possibility of prolonging the present life indefinitely by ascetic practices, hoping thereby to wring the secret of rejuvenescence from nature, and another class who expected to achieve a similar result by the taking of some elixir, drug, or substance that contained the longed-for property therapeutically. In the Orient, societies still exist whose fellows hope to render themselves independent of the limitations that now affect ordinary human life. They aspire to physical immortality with the same confidence that they look forward to a time when they shall be able to transport themselves through space without regard to time or distance. In

centers of civilization, numerically strong religious denominations flourish whose adherents furnish examples of those who await the realization of this "blessed hope" by devotion and the faithful performance of their various sectarian virtues. Isolated instances present, in these places and elsewhere, of men who seek this consummation by preferment, contending that there is no necessary relation existing between the art of living forever and the observance of any form of asceticism or faith; they base their opinion on the longevity enjoyed by such persons as Johannes de Temporibus, Thomas Parr, James Bowles, Henry Jenkins, John Rovin, Joseph Surrington, and others.

There is a fragment of truth in all these opinions. That the prolonged and intense application of the mind to psychical pursuits does not invest its owner with powers that, to the simply intellectual, are little less than miraculous, cannot now be denied; but it does not appear that the longevity of the people of China, Siam, Thibet, and British India, is on this account increasing either individually or collectively. That an organism like the human body should cease to exhibit all its capabilities immediately upon dying cannot be believed in the face of what is now known of posthumous manifestations. That physical immortality can ever be acquired by demolishing the structure it is one day expected to animate, that any kind of life can ensue upon the death of the body, or that eternal life can be acquired by the taking of some subtle potion, are all equally improbable.

The revival of ancient mediæval mysticism is a most remarkable part of the annals of this age. The belief in mascots, sprites, ghouls, gnomes, and vampires; the power to commune with the ghosts of the dear or hated dead; magic, mesmerism, and a hundred different phases of occultism; the search for the philosopher's stone, elixirs of life, etc., these inanities show an extraordinary state of affairs to obtain in the closing years of a century such as this has been. That modern science is much at fault, that it is sometimes misleading and occasionally at sea, no one who knows will deny. That some ancient beliefs, which were proven false by scientists of a later day, are again being clothed with the dignity of truths, is not denied; this, if it proves anything, demonstrates the impartiality of modern research rather than its futility or insufficiency. The knowledge now professed of the seen and unseen universe, is at least rational; nomenclatures have taken the place of symbols, legitimate inferentialism has taken the place of many aged superstitions and puerile faiths, the compass and sextant have displaced star and "cross-staff" gazing; steam, which superseded wind as a motor, is being itself rapidly displaced by electricity; we now have greater confidence in boards of health than in abracadabras; and the signal service officer of to-day has a greater following than the hedge-hog of yesterday. There are certain self-evident and other consecrated truths that no kind or amount of assumption or mysticism can ever change or displace; they are solutions that have been obtained according to the rules of the "fixed arithmetic of the universe." Along the ever widening horizon of human attainments there is a gradual shading into the realms of the unknown which, to the intellectually myopic, has the appearance of a dividing line, but which the profoundly scientific assure us is no more a demarcation than the circumference of one's field of vision, or the borders of the horizon. It is the mental explorations of the latter kind of men that promise such scope to the possible, newer and larger measures of success daily, and that, with every revision of the past, enlarges the circles of positive knowledge and rational belief.

At present, the idea of a continued and uninterrupted development seems to have taken complete possession of the race and to actually override our age; all really able books are full of it; it is revolutionizing the trend of all research; it is stirring the pretensions, beliefs, and sciences of every age and every people to their very depths; it cannot be wholly meaningless.

The fact that we live is proof that we have the power to live. The decreased death rate since 1861, which in England alone has added two thousand years to the lives of one thousand males during their productive period, demonstrates that mankind controls, in a measure at least, the duration of terrestrial life. The fact that a healthy human body exhibits an overplus of ability to arrange external conditions with advantage to itself during its de-

velopmental period, and for a number of years a perfect counterpoise between molecular destruction and reconstruction, evinces the power, for a time at least, of maintaining an equilibrium between itself and external condition. All phenomena show that force and matter are inseparable and unchanging in quantity; we think this has been proven by what is known of the transmutation of actual energy of every kind. It is now held by physicists, that all the known cosmic forces may result from the action of living bodies; that the organic and the inorganic are but the two ends of one and the same thing, that both are subject to the same natural laws; that vitality is no force or thing at all, doing no work whatever, nor existing contrary to or independent of the ordinary known physical forces; that a body acted upon by a given force will continue to move in the direction of that force until the impulse ceases; that there are no superlative, diminutive, or repeating decimals in nature; that action and reaction are always equal. In view of all this it seems to be a warrantable inference, that the human individual should continue to live as long as the earth exists and produces plants. There is nothing absurd in such a conclusion; it is a logical possibility. The fact not having come into actual existence as yet, is no reason that it can never be realized; because life is the only sum that does not at all times exactly contain all its factors, is evidence that the mathematics of being is not yet mastered rather than that it is faulty. Surely the way in which human life at this time meets its requirements is by no means to be regarded as the only way in which they can be met!

It does not seem consistent with present knowledge, however, to expect that perfect balance which the body maintains between itself and its environments for something like a score of years can be made perpetual, or even of very long duration, by the employment of any therapeutical agent taken before, during, or after this equation has been disturbed. The effects of all medicines are as transitory as their exhibition, they act as catalysis; when by assimilation remedies become part by the economy, they are foods.

That every creature must elaborate its own tissues, is an axiom in biology. The blood of one animal taken into the stomach of another acts as a certain amount of food, not as so much blood; even when injected directly into the circulation it is a question whether it has any effect different from that of the same amount of milk or even water of the requisite density, similarly employed. For the same reason, the introduction of a semeniferous fluid can become no permanent part of the body unless made so by nutrition, in which event it acts simply as so much food. We know what effect castration has on "hair and horn," but it does not appear that either of these in greater or less abundance adds to the individual longevity of its possessor. True, males, as a rule, are pugnacious and ornamental, but these qualities do not postulate greater power of life—in fact, there are numerous exceptions in nature. To the question, What effect has emasculation on the longevity of males? we have no statistics from which to frame an answer. The gelding is not shorter-lived than the stallion, and the eunuch frequently outlives the lord of the harem. A fluid capable of initiating the process of embryonic development certainly possesses dynamogenetic properties of some kind, and that its subcutaneous injection should cause the fires of life, smothered under the weight of years, to burn more brightly for a time, is not surprising; but other fluids not seminal have been known to do as much—indeed it is quite possible that the reaction succeeding the momentary pain consequent upon the insertion of the needle would do the same. But stimulation is not reconstruction; there has not been a continuation of the normal life; an exhibition of colored fire, a masquerade has occurred, not a reality; endless life is a question of extension, not one of patching.

I do not believe that the attainment of longer lease of life is possible by means of so simple a procedure that may be taken advantage of at any time in life. The secret of everlasting life, if there is one, is a clustered fact, every integral part of which will have to be well understood and scrupulously observed, for they will be found to be basic conditions underlying the whole period of the individual's life at least from his birth. These conditions must necessarily be complex, such as the knowledge whereby the present process of reproductive nutrition may be

radically changed; a practical application of means that shall render the dynamic expense of living continually self-sustaining, etc. The realization of these requisites will alone make it possible to develop a quality of life that shall be of long, perhaps æonian, duration. The process will doubtless be slow and difficult, but it will not be more tedious and painful than was the evolution of man to his present state of excellence; to attain the age supposed to have been enjoyed by the patriarchs, need not necessarily be measured by geological time.

This desire for more abundant life is shown throughout the whole animate world in the instinct of self-preservation. It is greatest in those whose measure of life is already large, and most active in man, especially those who are in possession of the prizes of the world. It is only the weak, the aggrieved, and the persecuted who see in death "the friendly stroke;" to those who are strong, successful, and content, death is not a "grand and consoling idea."

—"To die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod—'tis too horrible."

This aversion to death and longing for life, inherent in all things that live and have the prospect of ultimately perishing, cannot be without cause. This dread of the one and yearning for the other is an irresistible law that obtains in all sentient creatures, and it acts as a sort of intuitive knowledge that the one can be avoided and that the other can be obtained. In its operation it behaves like that unconscious ratiocination shown by the birds of the air, the fishes of the sea, and the beasts of the field: in the phenomenon of migration; and like that, it shows a cyclic ebb and flow as genuine as man's belief in immortality, which has waxed and waned many times in his history. Whatever the causes may be that impel these migrations, they are equally indomitable whether affecting the inferior creatures or man himself. The same blind impetuosity that characterizes the journeys of locusts, tile fish, blue-throats, humming-birds, antelopes, wolves, and monkeys, marked the wanderings of the Cimmerians, Scythians, Jews, Mongols, Turks, Gauls, Goths, Huns, Avars, Negros, etc. These promptings certainly depend on the hopes and aspirations of life rather than on the expectation of dying.

May it not be that some psychic law now and then, here and there, takes hold on humanity and gives rise to this aspiration to perfection, and expresses itself in this longing for immortality?
JOHN S. LEONHARDT.

PRAYERS.

There are so many specimens of invocation to the deity, that one scarcely knows of which to make a selection. There are the supplicating, the didactic, the advisory, and many others too numerous to mention.

There, for instance, is the chaplain's prayer. Not a very pleasant nostrum, but regarded as necessary to the political conscience. About the principal merit of this "obsequium" is the salary attached to it; its efficacy is here apparent. Keeping the incentive in view, the prayer should be a good one.

Then we have the "universal prayer"—"father of all, in every age, in every clime adored." This prayer is progressive in its tendencies, a grand improvement upon its cotemporaries, but a little behind for this age of the world.

Something akin to it is Byron's "Prayer to Nature," a supplication sensibly imbued with the poetry of religion, but considerably lacking in logical sequences. Had the author displayed no more genius in "Childe Harold" or "Don Juan," Valhalla would scarcely have been his portion.

Again, we have the prayer of courtesy, delivered as a kind of compliment to the religious element. It is only a polite ceremonial, and understood by Infidels as a leave-taking of a dying mythology. This prayer is not addressed to an anthropomorphic God, but to that less tangible conception—a divine intelligence.

Possessing, it may be, less ornamentation, but more honesty, is the prayer of that miserable old outcast—Lear: "I will pray

and then I'll sleep." Inferentially, this prayer was dutiful, but deliberate and procrastinating. The resolve is suggestive of the human, whether crowned or uncrowned; depending upon God, when all other dependence has forsaken it.

Again, we have the common, every-day prayer of the sanctuary. Of all specimens this is most farcical, the most despicable. Not only is it mercenary but diabolical. It is the essence of mockery, the quintessence of craft. No matter where its santimonious draw regales the ear, there is no mistaking it. It is a kind of compact between hypocrisy and malignancy. The master of ceremonies takes both heaven and hell under his jurisdiction, and proposes to manipulate the machinery according to his own sweet will; consigning all who do not submissively kneel to him to torture eternal, and audaciously imploring divine wrath to aid him.

But of all the prayers, there is but one kind that justly deserves the name, the truly spontaneous, the genuinely sincere. This is such as is heard in the hour of dire extremity—when the ship is sinking, when the house is burning. It wells up when all hope of earthly help has departed. It is the promptings of fear, the voice of distress, the irrepressible wail of despair. The hands of assistance hold out to it, and it thrills to agony the soul of pity. But like all other prayers to the "Supreme," its cries are useless, its pleadings are vain.

VIRGINIA E. VANCE.

JUDICIAL OATHS.

III.

So far as the codes of Rome were true to fundamental principles they were Agnostic. The Atheist was equal to the believer in one god or in many gods. So far as warped and twisted by the priesthood, the code was bigoted and superstitious. Under the Christian theories, Adam and Eve were felons, their blood corrupted, their children cursed with the same disabilities, until, as the elect of God, they were redeemed by the blood of Christ. As the elect, with their blood cleansed and redeemed, the Christians arrogantly held themselves above other men, and claimed the right to disfranchise and exterminate heretics. This may have been the reason that Christianity was not tolerated in Rome. As practiced it denied the equal rights of manhood. Lecky says that "from the time of Tiberius, with the single exception of the Christians, perfect liberty of worship seems to have been granted to the professors of all religions in Rome."

The Christian emperors, when the Pandects were compiled, abandoned the views of the early Christians and accepted the superstitious idea of the oath. Tyler says: "I have never found the definition of an oath, or the form of an oath, implying the imprecatory clause, acquiesced in by the early Christians. The ages when the most dreadful imprecations were used, and a multiplication of them was relied upon as a greater security for the truth, were the ages of religious darkness and corruption."*

The Essenes did not believe in oaths. The Ebionites refused to swear. Tertullian, who lived in the second century, seems to have considered an oath as in no case allowable. Gregory Nazianzen, who lived in the fourth century, never took an oath. "Fly from every oath," he says. "How then shall we be believed?" he was asked. "By our word, and by a life that makes our word worthy of credit," he answered. Chrysostom, Theodoret, Epiphanius, Basil, and Theophylact seem to have considered all oaths forbidden. Augustine says, "We do not assert that we never swear; I myself swear, but only when compelled by urgent necessity; and then after weighing the matter well, I say with great fear, 'Before God; God is witness;' or 'Christ knows that so it is in my mind.'" He also says "that the oath is the fault, not of those who swear, but of the person who will not believe without an oath." St. Augustine was asked by one Publicola, "Whether it was lawful for us to put a man upon his oath whom we knew to be a heathen; and who consequently would swear by an idol." He answered in the affirmative, alleging the necessity of the case. "If you will not admit the oath of an idolater," says Augustine, "there is no other adequate method of forming a covenant with him, or of binding him to

keep his word; or of preserving the public peace; nor is it forbidden by any law of God to employ for a good purpose the oath of that man whose fault consists in swearing by false gods, but who keeps the faith which he had pledged." He thus recognizes the Roman oath as a simple contract to tell the truth. Pope Pius ruled that an oath sworn according to the swearer's own superstition should be accepted as valid, because the only question is, "Has an oath been taken?" not "Whether that oath ought to have been taken."

These citations show that in the early centuries of the Christian era, the oath was not universally required, that the character of the man who testified was more important than the form of the oath, or the sacred person or thing by which he swore; and that a solemn asseveration by a truthful man was deemed a legal and valid oath. For some time the early Christians only called "the truth to witness," regarding that as a form of oath. This in fact is the Brahman's oath, and was probably the form used by all the oriental nations. "Whatever we speak as in the presence of God," says Athanasius, who died 373 A.D., "we Christians consider as spoken under an oath."

The form of an oath required by the Christian emperors is shown by the oath of fidelity required of each soldier. Vegetius says: "They swear by God, and by Christ, and by the Holy Spirit, and by the emperor's majesty, which next to God is to be loved and worshiped by mankind; for, when our prince hath once been invested with the title of Augustus, we are to pay to him, as to a present and a mortal god, faithful devotion and most watchful service." This joint divinity is recognized in the oath taken by the Council of Ephesus, which was by "the Holy and Consubstantial Trinity and by the piety and victory of the two masters of the world, Flavius Theodocius and Flavius Valentinus, the emperors."

The form of swearing by the gospels appears to have been instituted by Justinian, and after his time the most usual form required the witness to touch with his hand or kiss the book of the gospels, saying: "So help me God! and these holy gospels." Prior to that time, 527, 565 A.D., all religions were tolerated, and while philosophers asserted the independent dignity of reason, they resigned their actions to the demands of law and custom. The Christians had separate organized communities regulated by their own laws; but when Constantine embraced Christianity he legalized their ecclesiastical organization, and thenceforth they claimed as the just and inalienable rights of their order what they had been permitted to do. The whole body of the Catholic clergy was exempted from all service, public or private, and from all taxes, and the performance of their professional duties was accepted as a full discharge of their obligations to the government. The bishop was the censor of morals. The priesthood devised a system of canonical jurisprudence, which minutely defined the rules of evidence, the degrees of guilt, and the measure of punishment.

The Romans were descended from Aryan stock, and Aryan customs were preserved, so that the various tribes in Italy had many customs and rules of law in common. These Italian tribes constituted "all the world" to Rome, and when the members of other tribes came to Rome they were not admitted to citizenship, but were accorded certain rights, and, in determining their rights, there grew up a body of law called the *Jus Gentium*, or law of nations—that is, the law recognized in common by all these foreign tribes as well as by Rome. It was defined in Justinian's treatise, as "that which natural reason appoints for all mankind." Between the law based on reason, and the code of the church based on the absolute depravity of mankind, there was a direct conflict. Under the old Roman law the making of contracts was attended with ceremonies; and the makers felt themselves bound to observe all ceremonial contracts, no matter what the cost to themselves might be. These contracts were not deemed legal contracts based on a legal obligation, but contracts binding on the consciences of the makers. Gradually these ceremonies were dispensed with, and contracts were merged into pacts—or legal obligations.*

W. S. BUSH.

To be Continued.

*Tyler on Oaths, 15.

*Maine on Ancient Law, 313.

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

The first meeting of the Directors of the American Secular Union was held in New York on December 7, 1889, at which all the members of the Board were present, except Dr. Juliet H. Severance, who was detained home by an accident. After a free discussion, the following policy was adopted, and is hereby submitted to the members and friends of the society, in the hope of securing their prompt and active co-operation.

We recognize the fact that "there is a tide in the affairs of men" which should be "taken at the flood." There are certain subjects which are now uppermost in the public mind; and to these we call special attention, viz.: Church Taxation, Secular Public Schools, and no Sabbath Laws as such. To these three demands of Secularism we propose to give special attention, without abandoning the other six.

In pursuance of our work, the methods proposed are as follows:

I. To give earnest attention to organization. Many of our local auxiliary societies—which at one time numbered nearly three hundred or more—have become inactive and indifferent; while the National Reform Association and the American Sabbath Union are unusually active, having their agents at work everywhere, holding public meetings and subsidizing the press. We must counteract this influence by a more complete organization of our forces.

The records of such local societies as we have are incomplete and unreliable. We therefore call upon all who are interested in this subject to send us as soon as possible the names of all local societies, whether auxiliary to the American Secular Union or not, with the names of their officers, and the names of all persons who would be likely to be interested in this matter. We want to prepare a perfect inventory of all organizations and persons who are likely to work in our cause. We call for help in this regard.

If your local society is alive, or half-dead and inactive, or if you have no local society, and have only five persons who desire to be organized, let us know at once. Especially let the auxiliaries of the old National Liberal League now come to our assistance.

We invite the co-operation of all persons and societies, whether they agree with us in other matters or not, to unite with us in promoting some if not all of the "Nine Demands."

II. We invoke the assistance of all traveling lecturers and organizers in forming new societies; and in return we will aid them by maintaining a "Bureau of Information" regarding Liberal societies and active workers in the cause throughout the United States.

III. Especially do we invite the correspondence of all volunteer agents residing in the cities where state legislatures meet, and in every important center where local issues may arise, or where new legislation may be proposed; and we ask for information regarding the abuse of any existing laws involving the Secular principle of our government.

We propose to look after Secular interests through our auxiliaries, through local representatives, and through other competent agents, wherever these interests are endangered.

IV. We propose that our treasurer shall keep accounts of a special fund for the free distribution of pamphlets and Liberal literature generally, selecting the matter in accordance with the wishes of contributors. We hope to organize this work so as to make it a propaganda which shall be widely efficient, with the least possible waste and expense. We already have frequent calls for publications of this kind, and hope to be promptly supplied with money for this purpose.

V. We urge life members and annual members to help our secretary to compile correct lists, in order that we may know how many there are in our ranks, or interested in our cause, or able or willing to aid it.

VI. We urge all who have time, capacity, or inclination to act as local volunteer reporters, agents, or pickets, to make themselves known to us, and to say what they can and will do in such practical work as circulating petitions, distributing documents or

attending and reporting the proceedings of public meetings, and especially of legislative bodies.

VII. We urge all who can, to subscribe money for the work of the Union, and, upon receipt of this announcement, to promptly send to the treasurer, Mr. F. C. Mende, 930 N. 17th street, Philadelphia, either some actual subscription, or some pledge of what they can do during the year, so that the extent of our work can be planned accordingly, and its execution insured.

VIII. We invite further suggestions as to the work to be done, and the means for accomplishing it; but especially do we ask that those who are willing to lend a hand in any way should communicate with us at once, as above suggested. Let each member and every Liberal wake up to the fact that it is his duty to answer to the roll-call and to inform us where he may be found, what he can do, and how much he will contribute. We are now prepared for a large amount of active, systematic work; but our plans presuppose the existence of live members and local branches; and our success will necessarily be proportionate to our support.

IX. We have taken an office at No. 930 N. 17th street, Philadelphia, as our headquarters, where our secretary is at work early and late, and where our president and treasurer make daily calls, to see that the battle for freedom is wisely directed. Write at once, and let us know what to depend upon.

F. C. MENDE, Treas.

R. B. WESTBROOK, Pres.

930 N. 17th St., Philad'a, Pa. IDA C. CRADDOCK, Cor. Sec.
Dec. 11, 1889.

A MISSING CHAMPION.

To the Editors of *Freethought*:

Brother Putnam has just left for San Diego. It rained for three days previous to the time appointed for his lecture here, and the churches united in petitioning their God to keep the windows of heaven open so as to forbid the holding of meetings by the Infidels. But their prayers did not avail. The sun god rose in his majesty one hour before the specified time for our meeting and, like magic, swept every cloud from the sky. And although the roads and streets were almost impassable, we had good audiences both afternoon and evening. And, best of all, we got four clergymen to the afternoon meeting. Had the roads been in their usual condition the large hall would have been crowded. Mrs. Porter and the Goepper Brothers furnished delightful music at each of our meetings, and Brother Putnam sowed the seeds of truth with great effect.

The next morning, having business in Tustin, a few miles away, I took Mr. Putnam in my cart and drove through the principal street of Santa Ana, in the direction of the Santa Fe depot. The orthodox observers thought Mr. Putnam was going to take the train for San Diego, and no sooner were we out of sight than some of them began to brag how one of their prominent preachers had backed Putnam down with a debating challenge; and how eager this clergyman was to debate the Sunday question with Mr. Putnam.

A namesake of mine offered to put up ten dollars that Mr. Putnam never refused to debate with any representative gentleman at any proper time or place. When we returned, and Mr. Putnam was told that the Christians had a champion eager for the fray, he said, "Bring him on, I am ready. I know no such challenge as they talk about. I will delay going to San Diego and debate with him as long as he chooses."

This was a bomb they were not expecting, and on receiving Mr. Putnam's answer, their champion could not be found. Runners were dispatched in all directions to hunt him up, and twenty-four hours were given to find him. This morning we hunted up one of the ministers who had boasted about his champion and he meekly told me that his man didn't care to debate the question.

I told him if they succeeded in finding a man who did wish to debate upon any of the issues made in Mr. Putnam's lectures, he would find a representative man to meet him. So we intend to hold their noses close to the grindstone. Yours for education,
Santa Ana, Cal., Dec. 18, 1889. D. EDSON SMITH.

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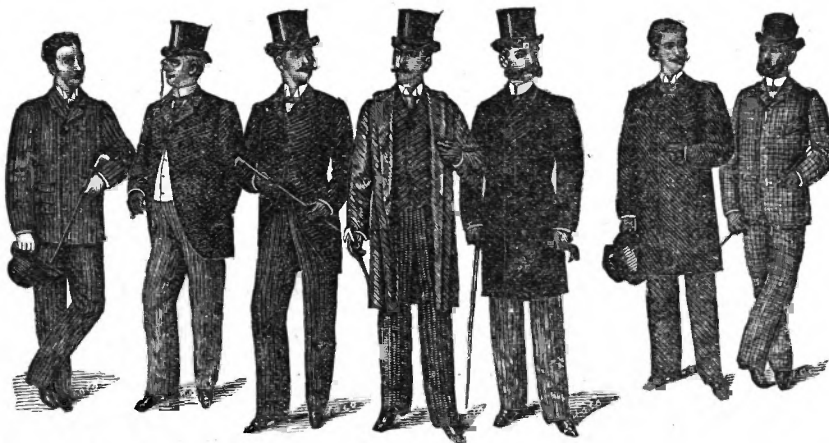
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