

# THE LIGHT OF THE AGES,

RECENTLY WRITTEN BY ANCIENT  
IMMORTALS,

AND

# THE DEATHBLOW TO POVERTY,

BY THE MODERN ANTEDILUVIAN.

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CRIME-BREEDING POVERTY IS A FLAG OF DIS-  
TRESS ON THE SHIP OF STATE. YOU CAN-  
NOT SAVE THE SHIP BY CUTTING  
DOWN THE FLAG WITH THE  
COLD AX OF CHARITY.

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DEDICATED IN LOVING GRATITUDE

TO

MINERVA MERRICK,

WHO IS THE EMBODIMENT OF THOSE TWO WORDS—BENEVOLENT  
RIGHTEOUSNESS, AND WITHOUT WHOSE SUGGESTION AND  
MENTAL SYMPATHY THIS WORK WOULD NOT  
HAVE BEEN WRITTEN.

C. D. TRANSFER FEB 1 4 1940





**H**IS is a *love* story—not a violent prejudice of two individuals in favor of each other that culminates in family selfishness, but the far-reaching altruistic love of two mortals and many immortals for all humanity, that will culminate in making the brotherhood of man a reality instead of a sentiment.

It is a mighty effort of heaven and earth to point the way to avert or prevent the coming cataclysm that the logic of events declare is overhanging the civilized world. Cunning men will sneer at the assertion of assistance from immortals. We are sorry their bushel is so small and dishonest with which they measure the grain of others. Men who know the awe-inspiring potencies of matter, and its indestructibility may come to realize that life is as indestructible and a far deeper mystery.

They will recognize that no man has a right to say that any problem is in the realm of the *unknowable* when it is admitted that each new discovery becomes an implement or tool with which to make further inroads into the realm of the unknown. He cannot know that the next discovery will not enable us to entrench on what he calls the unknowable.

VI.

Science is an infant yet, and what is *impossible* to the infantile development may not be to the adult.

The cunning man cannot help regenerate society; his opinion is therefore worthless. From *wise* men we hope for assistance, and are supremely anxious that they shall give the statements (that science smiles at), their calmer reconsideration.

# THE LIGHT OF THE AGES.

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**N**OW unfortunate that the human family prefer to be amused rather than instructed, because instruction in the "dismal study," called "Political Economy," would soon bring a condition where humanity would have ten times the amusement and happiness that they now enjoy.

The Declaration of Independence says that the pursuit of happiness is "an inalienable right." But it has dismally failed to give directions as to how to overtake *her*.

I know how she may be overtaken, and for many years my heart's desire has been to impart this, the most valuable of all secrets, to my much loved brothers and sisters.

I am sorry that the information involves a little reflection on the part of the reader. I am very sorry that the average man is intellectually lazy, preferring, "in theology," to hire some one to do his thinking for him. I, therefore, know that this will be a fruitless task, unless I dishonestly adulterate my valuable instruction with a disgraceful lot of cheap amusement.

Josh Billings says that the young man born this month will have an inquiring turn of mind and that the first thing he will inquire for will be some hard cider. I was born this month, but it was "later on" before I discovered the beauties of cider. The first thing I inquired for was the milk of human kindness. I found a terrible drouth of it on a planet bountiful enough to

What must the tired horses have thought if they had each others' tracks in the most complicated manner. hundreds of milkmen were crossing and recrossing blocks in which they had no customer, and that the miles away. I found that they all had to drive several next door to the house where another of them lived that one of those milkmen had a customer who lived man kindness for the other three competitors. I found in milk, not one of those milkmen had the milk of hn- from four contending milkmen, and, although dealing across the way had four tenants who took their milk Inquiry revealed the knowledge that the building finding it so scarce, I then inquired the reason.

and that I inquired for the milk of human kindness; I said I was born with an inquiring turn of mind, edge is drawn.

full nature, the only true source from which all knowl- my own observation of society and contact with bounti- one set of mistakes. What I shall say is mainly from his own experience with her, he is only responsible for of mistakes. When he paints from nature or relates few more of his own; his work has therefore two sets are of no use to me. When a man copies a book or pic- As I am going to write on the future, encyclopedias experience.

I am known to be ripe in years; I hope I am so in human kindness. one hundred fold and deluge the world in the milk of ditions such, as to increase the sum of human happiness main object of this amusing volume is to make the con- living froze the genial current of their souls. The ness, but the conditions under which they had to get a the hearts of the people were overflowing with kind- produce a deluge. Strange to say that, individually,



known that the people in every house they had passed had to be served with milk? They would have held a mass meeting and passed resolutions requiring their idiotic masters to have uniformity in quality of milk and each serve milk to the whole of the inhabitants in a given locality.

By this method five sensible horses and as many wise men could do the work of one hundred stupidly contending ones and leave the other ninety-five to serve out the milk of human kindness at home. When I suggested this, I was told that such an unhalloved line of conduct would be introducing that desperately wicked thing called socialism.

That it would take away the opportunity of the greatest schemer to get the trade away from all the rest and get more money than he knew what to do with, while the others perished of hunger.

That it was the hope of being able to do this that made them all get up so early that they had to wait for the day to break and after it broke they came near breaking their necks, trying to break the heart and bring to ruin their competing milkman. Those too honest to milk the pump and sell water cheap, and those who had not kissed the blarney stone, lost customers, lured from them by those who had the least regard for honesty and truth.

These qualifications stand in the way of success in the present struggle for existence. How sad to think that we have a state of society where all the qualities we admire, such as truthfulness, tender pity, gratitude, benevolence, candor, only tend to drag their possessors to a poverty-stricken hovel, while the qualities we despise, such as grasping acquisitiveness, secretness, insincerity, and a desire to take advantage of your neighbor's

necessities; these awful qualities become steeds on which you can ride to regal splendor.

We will show in this volume how this order of things can be reversed, and point the way where the possession of the virtues shall lead to prosperity and where a vice shall be a handicap, where the greatest good of all shall be the greatest good of each, and where men will blush to emblazon their stores (as a shoemaker in Chicago did) with these awful words: "We have all the other dealers by the throat!"

It is awfully wicked to have such a wish in your mind. But conceive, if you can, the brutal depravity of a society where men are not ashamed to harbor the idea of strangling their fellow-men, commercially, but are proud to flaunt and throw their wickedness in the face of the public. This volume is an effort to change society by replacing the present unrelated, antagonistic, strangling methods with humane, just and scientific conditions.

The most conservative need not fear a change, because the imagination must be abnormal that can conceive of worse conditions.

Remembering my promise that this was to be amusing reading, I will introduce myself, in the hope that a sketch of this mortal's contact with this planet may incline you to give more heed to the result.

In the year 1836, in the city of Edinburgh, on the 10th of June, at 10 o'clock in the morning, at No. 10 Saunders street, a ten-pound boy was born. I took up my abode in that boy, and have paid the rent in food and clothing ever since.

"Ah! you are a foreigner. What right have you to interfere with our institutions? We are not asking your opinion about our society; if you don't like it get

out of our country and stay out. We don't want your socialism here."

I was the victim of that speech, and mildly asked the gentleman how many summers he had seen. He said he was 26 years old. I informed him that I came to America nine years before he was born and had circumnavigated the globe before I came; that I chose this country of all others, and that a man was more likely to love a country that he had come to by selection than one who came here without being consulted and by the accident of birth. I was invited here; but if the invitation had said, "We shall tax you, but you shall have no say in the government," I would not have come. I was not the least offended at that young man. Why should I be? He was not on the intellectual plane of being able either to advance or retard civilization. He did not know that America was born over one hundred million years ago and that it was only the other day that the whites stole it from the Indians. What I have of it I bought from the whites, and my title is certainly as good as theirs. I don't think they should make such a fuss about being here a few minutes before me. That fellow was a patriot on the dishonest plane of saying, "My country, right or wrong," and his sense of justice and brotherhood ended at the boundaries of his country. I am a cosmopolitan. The brotherhood of man with me includes the human race, and I sincerely endorse Thomas Paine when he said, "The world is my country; to do good, my religion."

This planet is none too large to be the home of any broad-minded man, and the welfare of humanity on any part of the globe not too remote to be reached by his sympathy and influence.

But to return to the autobiographical part of this book. Among my earliest recollections is a strong

sense of indignation at being called "Ducky" by very small boys, who, no doubt, thought I had earned the title by my love for wading, slipping and falling in the water of Leith.

I was born a heretic, and would have used the right of private judgment if Luther had never lived.

I was not very old when I had my first controversy. Said I: "Father, do you think that Abraham owned his boy's life?" Said he: "Why are you inquiring?" "Because I think his son's life belongs to that boy, and that Abraham did not own it any more than he owned his neighbor's son's life." "But," said father, "you must have another reason for inquiring about this?" "My reason is that it is very easy to be generous with other people's lives. If God wants anything of me I would like to have him ask me for something that belonged to me and was mine to give, for it is no sacrifice to be generous with other people's property." "Charley, what is the matter with you? Don't you know that Abraham is one of the most revered of the ancient patriarchs? His conduct has never been called in question." "Well, father, don't you think it is high time it was?" From that day to this the determination to examine every subject, law or custom of society in the light of its merits, from its foundation up, and from a basis of equity to all men, and to do this unaffected and unbiassed by modern custom, ancient authority or venerated religion, has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength.

I lost a mother's care very early. In consequence, had more freedom to skirmish around and come in contact with actual life.

The remorse I suffered at playing truant from school was not strong enough to keep me from enjoying the sight of vessels sailing into the seaport of Leith, from

all parts of the world, with the sailors and ships weatherbeaten. My imagination conceived all sorts of marvelous sights abroad, and I wondered how men could live and die in one locality and be satisfied to go to another world, without having seen the one they lived on. Since that day I have been in many positions that men call dangerous, but have never received such a fright as I did then. I was returning home from one of those *truant* pilgrimages when I was paralyzed with fear by the sight of our venerated pedagogue on the other side of the street, called Leith Walk, although he did not see me.

The only way I can account for being thus terror-stricken is that my conscience smote me for playing truant. The reason I have never been so frightened since is that my conscience has been relatively clear, hence I am a firm believer in the wisdom and truth of the statement that "Conscience makes cowards of us all."

Many were the days I wandered round the docks admiring the ships that had breathed the billows; admiring the ingenuity of man that could, out of wood, iron and hemp, build a craft obedient to his will to take him to any part of the wide, wide world. I admired the captains (their ruling spirit), and ventured to ask one to take me with him on the next trip; but he smiled a bland smile at my diminutive size, hurt my dignity and exaggerated my feelings by telling me to go home to ma. I did not play truant any more for a long time after that. The spirit of adventure was only smouldering, it burst forth in an eloquent appeal to my father to get me a position from one of the ship owners he knew to go on a voyage. He did so on a vessel called the Pomona, bound for St. Johns, N. B. But father changed his mind and came to me in the middle of the night before

she was to sail, and with tears in his eyes asked me not to go, as he could not forgive himself (if anything befell me) for letting me go so very young. Of course my emotional nature was touched and I consented.

My normal position at school was near the foot of the class except for three months, and these corresponded accurately with those three months for which the teacher had bought a ticket that would admit to the zoological gardens on Saturday all the boys that had acquitted themselves well during the week. By a coincident the power of the ticket to admit us to see the wild beasts and my power to keep at the head of the class failed simultaneously.

I am sorry to be compelled to admit that my father was a patriot. His preference in favor of one part of the earth without having seen the rest made his imagination revel in the beauties of his birthplace (the little town of Brechin). He carried this so far as to betray himself into calling it Brightshine. His enthusiasm was infectious, and inspired me with a determination to see that town that lay so lovingly at the foot of the Grampion Mountains and laved its feet in the River Erk. Having murderous designs on the inhabitants of that river, I was equipped with a fishing rod and other traps, and, inflated with importance, stepped on board the steamboat at Leith to take my first independent voyage.

I felt very mature, being able to boast of having seen thirteen summers with their proper allowance of winters. I had long outgrown the offending nick-name of "Ducky," under which I found it almost impossible to maintain my dignity.

But I had another to contend with and that was "The Antideluvian." This carried with it a high degree of mystery, from which (to this day) I have not quite

recovered. The reflective gentleman who gave me that name claimed that I had been on this planet several times before and since the flood. Up to a year ago I would have given him a smile implying condescending superior knowledge, and asked him if he really thought that the human race was perfect enough to be worth continuing their identity. My last year's extraordinary experiences have revolutionized my thoughts in this direction and given me evidence on subjects that were vaguely floating through my imagination. The supernatural does not exist, but no man knoweth the boundaries of the natural. I am now in harmony with the following by Minerva Merrick, whose hospitable mind is open to avenues of information that some men who claim to be scientists close their minds against.

She asserts that all life is a continual re-incarnation and by correspondence of nature's laws can prove re-incarnation to be consistent with them. There is no death of anything, all substance is materializing and dematerializing. The oak has a life experience in resisting storms, heat and cold. At its meridian it dematerializes and falls to the earth and lays there until it is picked up by the chemical law of disintegration, positive and negative force, attraction and repulsion—all a unit. The tree disappears. Where is it? Matter is eternal. We say it has been attracted to its native elements—the atmosphere—and will return to clothe other oak trees. If the material is indestructible the germ—the life principle—certainly is. Life is a continual change like the waters from the spring which ascend to the clouds and return again, filling them full of refreshment. There is no limit to the circle of knowledge. Like harmony in music, like mathematics, self-existent principles, buried under the dark soil of ignor-

ance, will be dug out as the scientist's labor to demonstrate facts, progression and probation forever—world without end.

Having stolen a march on my reader by inflicting this piece of wisdom, and knowing that humanity does not want to be instructed, I will promise better behavior and proceed with the first voyage of the thirteen-year-old Antideluvian. Where was I? Yes, I had stepped on board of a screw propeller whose destination was Dundee. Was almost immediately insulted by the ticket collector by his asking me where my folks were.

We sailed out of the firth of Forth into the German Ocean. I never saw a steamship so afraid of its propeller; its terror not only made it run away from it as fast as it could, but it trembled all over. I thought little improvement could be made on that vessel, but recent contemplation of an Atlantic Liner inclines me to think that I must have been mistaken.

The last one built is an embodiment of nearly all the discoveries and inventions of man. She is a living, working organism. She has a stomach and a voracious appetite. Her food is coal and she devours over three hundred tons a day. She smokes, and has a fiery breath and a mighty heart that never loses a single throb from shore to shore. She has a very small brain, it is in the captain's head; but she obeys it implicitly and rushes in safety past rocks and shoals and in her majesty can defy the storm.

But I beg the craft's pardon (that I am making invidious comparisons against), for she landed me safely in Dundee. I made an effort to appear self-contained to the people at the hotel. So successful was it that they did ask me about my parents.

In very foul weather I took the train to Arbroath, where my father's sister lived, a Mrs. Fairweather.



She represented her name, for serenity reigned in that house.

The town of Arbroath was entirely given over to making Presbyterians and sail cloth. The Presbyterian owners of the factories in their pious, loving kindness, worked the girls as long as nature would hold out, magnanimously allowing them thirty minutes for dinner.

But Sunday came once a week and they were compelled to take their rest in the Presbyterian pews. Exhausted nature asserted herself and sweet sleep kissed the eyelids of her worn-out children and gave the frantic minister an audience of unconscious girls. The one I saw pounded the pulpit with his bible and shouted in approval of his own bad logic, and I was thankful that he could not wake the sleepers.

I was walking out next Sunday to view the red cliffs that rose in majesty from the German Ocean, when I was accosted by a piece of solemnity in a white choker, with the remark: "Boy, that is not the road to the church." I took a circuitous route, and told him that I was one he could not enslave. He said: "Perdition awaits you, thou son of wrath." No doubt it would if he was God. Up to date I have never paid a premium to those sky pilots on an eternal fire insurance policy, and don't intend to until softening of the brain assails me.

Next morning I was off to survey the beauties of the much loved town of Brechin.

Nature's methods are a regular irregularity. The town was laid out after them, and if a house felt like being built with its gable to the street it had independence enough to do so. The feature that the inhabitants felt like boasting about was the one that they ought to have been ashamed of. This was Lord Panmure's castle and extensive grounds. Nature has thrust on us an

organism that cannot live without sustenance from land, water and air. Hence these three are of necessity inalienable rights, and a gift of nature to all her children alike. If an act of congress could take from you the air you breathe and smother you to death, it would be no more unjust than to take from you the land without which you will die or be a slave to the man who claims to own it. A couple of hundred years ago much of the land of Britain was owned by all the people and called common, where all could graze their cattle alike.

If a sycophantic Lord could get a new plaything for a brutal king that arrogant, ignorant, transient robber would give him a large tract of the people's land forever, and disinherit the thousands alive and millions to be born to find nature's gift to them stolen from them.

Our much loved Declaration of Independence is such a very falable document that it calls life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness inalienable rights and leaves air, water and land out of the list, as if they did not know that life, liberty and happiness were impossible if the land on which they all depended was not inalienable.

Lord Panmure might say, but although I admit that my title to this land was originally bad, a hundred years of possession has made it good. But I say that no length of time can ever convert an original robbery into an honest transaction, and justice can never sleep so long that she has no right to wake and reform.

If a piece of villainy has existed long enough, the unthinking man will venerate it and look on his enslaver and the robber of his birthright as the Lord God of the neighborhood. And so it was in that town. They would actually point at him with awe as something to be revered.

I returned to Edinburg and hurt my dear father's feelings by the slighting way in which I spoke of the place of his birth. I have an elder brother who at that early day had a knack of carrying off the first prizes given by the Royal Academy of Design, so father always bought a season ticket for the annual exhibition of modern paintings. We went often. On one of these occasions I stopped father before a full-length portrait. Said I, "Father, what first-class pirate is that?" "How dare you talk that way? Why, that is His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch." "What did he ever do to entitle him to be so bedizzened all over with insignas of honor? What did he ever do?" "Well, I don't know that he ever did much of anything; but his father—oh, he was a great border raider." "Ah, now I understand. His father was a brutal ruffian, who gathered around him a hundred others nearly as bad. They all rode away into the unprotected section of a neighboring county, carrying with them murder, fire and sword. They stole all that was movable and destroyed what they could not move, leaving behind them widows and orphans, famine and desolation. A few such raids would make him rich, and the land he could not seize he could buy; and thereby become the Lord God of his neighborhood. It is very evident that those who have had the least regard for the rights of others to life and property have waded through blood to power and are strutting through the courts of Europe with implements dangling at their side fashioned to murder men. Why can we not have philosophers instead of legal murderers at the helm of state?"

I had seen my fifteenth year and was a socialist without knowing it.

My brother was born an aristocrat, and the privi-

lege he had of associating with them confirmed his natural tendencies. One of his remonstrances with me was to this effect:

“Charley, why are you trying to disturb society? Don't you know that it has been hundreds of years in settling, 'the rabble are where they belong?'”

All I want to do is to give them a fair start in the race of life. As long as class legislation exists that is impossible. Here is one man in Lanarkshire who gets more money (for doing nothing) in mining rents and royalties than the 1,800 miners get for working hard and risking their lives. The coal and iron is a gift of bountiful nature to all mankind, and she is not aware of the presence or absence on the planet of the insignificant upstart who has the audacity to claim that the sun stored it up millions of years ago for him alone.

The legal vested right to this individual is a villainous wrong to thousands and makes them his slaves. Those born with superior minds to his are so ground to earth with poverty that the education necessary to make their talent available is impossible of attainment.

They are handicapped by him. Equity cannot reign until all men shall have a fair start in the race of life.

Those who come to the front then will deserve to win, as it will be the result of merit. Those who fall behind will not be so far away as the peasant is from the prince or the mendicant from the millionaire. Every man who loves justice must approve what I have said. Every man who does not, but thinks that some men were born to work and provide for others, is a disgusting, dishonest reprobate and an excrement on the face of society.

I must curb my indignation at such organisms and continue this sketch of my life.

About this time glowing accounts of the discovery of gold in Australia reached us. Father read them with such great gusto that he fired again the spirit of adventure in me.

This time the torrent of my determination to see other lands than mine was more than he cared to stem, so with his consent and assistance I prepared for the voyage.

Aggravating people said that I was not man enough to go to Australia alone and that I would get about as far as Liverpool and return. I was inclined to think that they were not acquainted with me.

Father thought it necessary to get up a party—a gathering of our friends—to have a convivial time and wish me a successful voyage.

I feared this ordeal a great deal more than the voyage, because it involved the presence of an ungainly, gaunt and angular man, who had a mental twist in thinking himself one of nature's greatest orators. If he was, then nature is not original, for having heard one of his orations you had heard them all.

I knew that he would be restless at the party until he had an opportunity to get on his legs to inflict on us his powers and make of me the subject of his eloquence.

His lack of originality enabled me to guess what the tenor of his remarks would be and prepare a reply before the occasion, that would appear extemporaneous because it would fit them.

It was as I expected. When he got through with the effort of his life he looked around with the feeling that

I was extinguished and that my father would have to reply for me.

I astonished myself by the composure with which I made my own reply. This enabled me to add something to what I had committed to memory and to bring the house down to the conviction that I was full-fledged to circumnavigate the globe, if it was twice as large.

There is a class of wicked men who think it unprofitable to resent abuse from customers, so they meekly swallow it, carry it home and vomit it all over their poor wives—their method of getting even with the one they got it from.

The orator of the evening was one of these, and also one of those who reserve all their amiability for company. Think of the fidelity of a handsome woman who, in spite of these drawbacks of temper and face, and a figure (which seemed to have all the joints reversed), was his ardent admirer, and would look at him when he was repeating old saws as though he was uttering the wisdom of the ages.

My sister once said to her, in the simplicity of her heart, "what possessed you to marry such a looking man as that?" She stepped on a hornet's nest, and was made to understand that for beauty Apollo was nowhere and for wisdom Solomon was eclipsed, and that if she ever got a husband at all it would be something far inferior.

The most painful trial I ever passed through was the parting with my relatives and friends at the Caledonian Railroad station. If I had been older I would not have been ashamed to open the safety valves of emotion.

I was foolish enough then to think that tears were unmanly and that I must crush all signs of being af-

lected by the benedictions and fervent blessings that were heaped upon me and under which I was literally smothered. My own emotions were surging beneath a surface that tried to appear calm, under the impression that if I allowed them to burst their bonds that would prove that the orators of the previous evening were mistaken in supposing me man enough for an independent traveler.

Happily for me the train began to move and the last words I heard were from my brother. They were, "God bless you, Charley."

If that train had started five minutes later I believe my heart would have burst from suppressed emotion. In those days cars were not so brilliantly lighted as now, for which I was very thankful. I got into a corner and shook with painful convulsion. The only other occupants of that car were a family. They were making a great deal more noise of the same sort than I. Their dignity did not require them to suppress their emotions until they were ready to explode. I found that theirs was caused by parting with their friends, to take up their abode in Liverpool.

I soothed their feelings by telling them that Liverpool was only my starting point, and that if I ever returned I would feel myself almost at home when I reached there.

Since then I have discovered that the higher the organism the more brain and blood it has in proportion to gross weight. The better the brain the more it can appreciate and put itself in sympathy with the object or subject reflected. This activity of the mind disturbs the even tenor of the circulation of the blood, and the greater the amount the more that double action pump called the heart has to labor. Hence the

higher the organism the more emotional the nature, and those who are the most courageous, morally and physically, are the easiest moved to tears. Never be ashamed of laughter or tears. They are not brutal, but very, very human.

I had an uncle in Liverpool, to whose house I went, and the dog that father gave him two years before recognized me a long way off. His tireless exhibition of joy made me feel like endorsing the bachelor when he said to the deserted girl: "Love a dog, madam; they will never go back on you." If you would like to know why men and women go back on each other I will tell you.

As civilization advances the number of religions increase and there is a greater division of the lines of labor. The believers and workers in these give undue importance to their particular kind of religion and to their particular branch of industry. Their conversation will run on these out of all proportion to other subjects.

One of the necessary qualifications for a congenial partnership is that there shall be no contention about their religion or want of it, and that each shall be very much interested in the other's avocation, so that the further we are removed from primitive conditions the fewer there are in a thousand whose lack of interest in one or the other or contention about them will not conspire to destroy their happiness.

But having struck a subject in which we are all violently interested, viz., how to select a congenial partner that will not go back on you, I feel justified in giving a little more than a synopsis of it, because the evolution or retrogression of the human race is dependent on whether we shall allow this most important of all steps



to be guided by passion, luck and chance or by science, wisdom and evidence.

Mind never guided pen on a more important subject than the perpetuation of the good-for-somethings and the extinction of the good-for-nothings, and establishing a state of society where the honest, the sincere, the righteous, the altruistic shall be the fittest to survive and change the present conditions that make the scheming, dishonest hustler the fittest to survive.

This subject being so universally interesting, in order to make it lucid I shall go back to first principles.

Amongst savage tribes, where each one hunts, fishes and fights, their training is all of the same kind and nearly to the same degree. Their power of attracting the females is very nearly equal, similarly with the males, so that either may select a partner out of any half-dozen and live relatively happy. It is soon discovered that one or more of their number has developed greater skill and speed than the others in making implements for hunting and fighting. The wisdom of the following offer is recognized, that if he will make their weapons they will do his hunting, and by this division of labor more leisure will result to all.

This introduces amongst the females the first element of preference, some delighting in the bold hunter, others in the ingenious artisan.

As the savage develops into the barbarian his wants increase in number and are more diversified; the making of these wants develops peculiarities that are attractive to some and repulsive to others.

Every member of the savage tribe believes in the one Great Spirit and the one method of approaching him. The semi-civilized believe in many Great Spirits,

in one, in none, and they have a hundred ways of approaching him.

Each one thinks that his way is the only route, and if you won't take it he pities you. His pity is not of that kind that turns to love, but I am sorry to say that it turns to hate. It has whitened the sands of Syria and reddened the rivers of Europe with the bones and blood of the slain.

As division of labor becomes more minute and more new avenues are opened, instead of there being only the arrow-user and the arrow-maker, the occupations of men are almost innumerable.

There are hard workers in astronomy, geology, comparative anatomy, others harnessing the forces of nature to do the work of men—painting, sculpture, literature, music, mechanics, and a thousand departments of production and distribution. All this, besides the monster army of human parasites whose study it is to get the wealth away from those who produce it—all these influences producing peculiarities that are attractive to some and repulsive to others.

Is it any wonder, then, when we come to consider that steam and enterprise have dispersed the human race all over the globe, with their peculiarities of nation, religion and employment; that the further we are removed from primitive conditions the fewer there are in a thousand where some absurd peculiarities would not conspire to breed indifference or hatred for each other?

As the number decreases that could live harmoniously together, the opportunity of becoming acquainted with a larger number from which to select should be extended.

It is generally admitted that women have as strong

attractions and repulsions, likes and dislikes, for men, as men have for women. This being so, is there any justice in the fact that their opportunity of selecting a companion from a large number of men is so circumscribed.

A man may travel the world over alone, and in some country see a woman that represents his ideal. He can find out where she lives, and his ingenuity can get him an introduction. He stands one chance in six of getting this particular one for a partner out of millions.

How is it with a woman. That brainless imbecile called "Good Form," backed by the destroyers of sincerity, freedom and happiness called Mrs. Grundy and Miss Propriety, all proclaim that it is not "good form" for a young woman to travel unless they accompany her to make sure that all natural conduct shall be suppressed and artificialism substituted.

This young woman is fortunate enough to see her ideal man. Nature would make her pulse quicken, her color to rise, her eyes to flash, her tongue to proclaim her real thoughts. But Mrs. Grundy stood guard. "Good Form" stilled her heart and Miss Propriety falsified her speech, crushed out her happiness and blighted her life.

Her ideal man never knew she cared for him. I would like to put a knife to the heart of these three deceptive reprobates that keep humanity from acting sincere and truthful.

We are the victims of education. From boyhood we are taught that it is our prerogative to do the courting and that if a girl undertakes to do any she is altogether "too previous."

This is largely the result of societary conditions that make it very difficult for women to have financial inde-

pendence. When all lines of production and distribution are organized (as they soon will be) on an improvement on the educational department and the postal service, and every line adapted to women that will not hurt them mentally or physically shall be reserved exclusively for them at the same remuneration as men, then the position of women with reference to showing her love for man will be entirely changed.

With financial dependence many dare not show their real sentiments because they think they would be offering the man an incumbrance.

With financial independence they would feel that they were offering prosperity with all the happiness of which we are capable thrown in.

Let us try to put ourselves in a position to know from scientific evidence whether the proposition from that man or woman would lead to evolution and happiness or retrogression and misery. The evidence of what the vegetable kingdom is to its center is plainly shown on the surface. A botanist can distinguish two hundred varieties of oak trees and tell their character clear to the heart.

The animal kingdom is a higher one, and man therefore carries the evidence on the surface of what he is clear to the heart more plainly than the tree. If we don't read it right, it is not the fault of the evidence but it is the fault of our want of discrimination in not being able to discern the meaning of what we see.

Now, ladies, if you contemplate companionship with a man do not leave this, your most important step in life, to luck and chance, but use the following main points of evidence.

There was a period on this planet when the highest organisms were skulless vertebrata. As evolution pro-

gressed, the last vertebra bulged out and held a little brain, then two vertebrae differentiated and made it larger.

A human skull is made up of flattened vertebra, and the more it runs forward from the line of the spinal column the higher is its development.

Now, in the light of this, take a side view of your lover, the object being to discover how much of his head is behind his ears and how much in front of them. If the biggest part is behind them he will be ruled by his passions, his impulses and the brutal side of his nature. In controversy he will see his side of the question very vividly and yours very vaguely, and if with that drawback, his eyes are near the roof of his head and have an occasional furtive glance, his face recedes from the nose up and down, his voice is harsh, his hair is coarse, he should be given a wide berth and allowed to remain the last of his kind.

The expressions that are most habitual will stamp deepest the lines that represent them. There are lines of hatred, lines of sarcasm, lines of thought, lines of mischief. A few years of crime will stamp its record on the face of man plainly and a yellow dog will recognize it quicker than those human beings who have been taught to trust to luck.

Greek measurements were one-third for the forehead, one-third for the nose and one-third for the mouth and chin. But evolution has brought the eyes of philosophers down so low that the upper line of Robert Ingersoll's lower eyelid is the center of his face.

The man you should select (looked at from a side view) will have a great deal more of his head in front of his ears than behind them. His eyes will be low down on a face that does not recede from the nose both

ways. They will be calm and fearless and never betray a furtive glance. His voice will be mellow, his hair will be fine. Such an exterior will have a mind that can put itself in the opponent's place and see a subject under controversy from his standpoint.

Men on this plane realize how small is the volume of the known compared to the volume of the unknown. If asked to address an audience their position is modest, the back is inclined to be convex, the head inclined forward. His self-possession, if he has much, is assumed. Before he gets through he will instruct and edify.

If the other fellow described was asked to address an audience he would think it was a good thing for them, because he would be proud in the degree that he had nothing to be proud of, and vain in proportion to his ignorance. His spinal column would be concave, his head thrown back. He will make a flourish of trumpets and fill the hall with echoes and chestnuts.

After I take you a little further with me on my voyage around the world, I will give the different definitions that these two men put on the sacred word Love and how the man who really loves you looks to your happiness instead of his own and can never go back on you any more than my yellow dog could on me, that I have left in Liverpool during this long digression, jumping and barking with delight.

I received a hearty welcome from uncle and aunt, though not quite so demonstrative as from Oscar. They could vent their feelings in speech. The dog had to make up this deficiency in gesticulation.

Next day I went toward the forest of masts to pick out the three that were to sustain the propelling power for sixteen thousand miles; to look at the vessel whose

three-inch planks were to be all there was between myself and eternity for one hundred days.

There she is, a full-rigged ship, royals fore and aft, 1,700 tons, new, A1., at Lloyds, her first voyage, Captain Noble, and we soon found that his name would stand reversing to Noble Captain. Her name was the name of my destination—the Australia.

I looked up the number of 'my state-room and thought its name was a little top-heavy, it being a section of temporary partitions, each containing two bunks. There was no permanency about this state, because they intended to fill the space they occupied with hides and tallow on the return voyage.

It was a grand state of confusion with the other fellows' belongings, from which circumstance it probably derived its grand name.

My youth attracted a confidence man, who asked if I was one of the passengers. I said I was. "Where are your folks?" "I am going alone." "You don't say so!" A watchman run him ashore. He was joined by a pal and they constituted themselves watchmen over me. When I left the ship they joined me and stuck closer than brothers; asked me if I had such and such things absolutely necessary for the voyage. They were only to be had in a certain street, and that I must come with them. I said, "Not this evening." They then insisted on showing me the gay places of Liverpool. On my refusing point blank they began to show their teeth. Just then I turned a corner almost into the arms of a guardian of the peace and one of these thugs was in his charge before he had time to run.

The policeman knew him as an old offender. I felt relieved. When I told my uncle he was more alarmed than I was.

The *Australia* was advertised to sail on the morrow, the 12th of May, 1852, at ten a. m. That ship was as punctual as a true man. The lines were hauled in, she began to move, nor stopped that motion until she was far away in the southern hemisphere and the sun went round by the north.

She is not there yet, but being towed into the Mersey river, and I see my aunt far, far away, still waving her white handkerchief.

My eyes are moist, but the spirit of adventure soon dries them, and Byron's poem is called to memory—a favorite my father often sang:

Adieu! adieu! My native land fades o'er the waters blue;  
I see thy fast receding strand, loud shrieks the wild seamew.  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea we follow in its flight;  
Adieu awhile to it and thee, my native land, good night.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go across the foaming brine,  
Nor care what land thou bringest me to, so not again to mine.  
Welcome! welcome! ye dark blue waves, and when ye fail my  
sight,  
Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves, my native land, good night.

Before darkness brooded over the deep we encountered a gale in the Irish channel. It came from the south. The yards were braced hard up and she careened over and struggled to make more headway than leeway.

The shrieking of the wind through the rigging, the creaking, groaning and swaying of the ship, that seemed to stop and quiver when struck by a heavy sea, and then to leap forward and roll over.

I found myself on the quarter deck listening to a conversation between the captain and the mate. The subject was the sailing qualities of the ship, how she obeyed her helm, how close she could sail to the wind,



how she behaved in stays. The mate said, with great enthusiasm, "She is all you can expect from wood and iron."

The captain asked him what he knew about the crew. So little was known that they thought it wise to test the crew before they sailed into the night.

The boatswain's shrill whistle piped, "All hands ahoy!" The command to 'bout ship was given. The jolly tars knew their duty; each man was at his post. The words "hard a-lee," in a sonorous and powerful voice, came ringing through the air. The brawny sinews of the two men at the wheel came into action and that helm was turned "hard a-lee," and the five hundred souls, the seventeen hundred tons of cargo, with its wooden casing, was brought into the teeth of the gale.

The sails began to quiver and then to flap, as though impatient of being held prisoners by their bolt ropes and compelled to drag that monster through the ocean.

Again that sonorous trumpet voice was heard above the gale. The command this time was, "Mainsail haul."

The lee braces were let go. The relieved yards were swung round, every man working like a beaver, most of them hauling in the slack of what had been the weather braces. The lee braces were hauled up sharp to the time of the song the sailors sang, and the song was ended for every brace by the captain's command, "belay."

The ship was majestically obedient. After falling off a little on the other tack, she came so close to the wind again that the sails began to shiver and the captain told the steersman to keep them full.

This test of the ship and crew was satisfactory and gave courage to face the gathering storm. Soon the

men were called again to shorten sail and make all things secure.

Although all things were secure on deck, nothing was secure below. The trunks that were on one side of the ship before she was put about were now on the other.

Everything seemed to object to stay in the place where it had been put. This mutiny seemed to be so universal that it affected even the dinners of the passengers. Regret at leaving terra firma was everywhere, and the dominant facial expression was *woebegone*. Many felt like saying, "If you want to lighten the ship throw me over first."

My stomach seemed to be in an amiable frame of mind and had no intention of quarreling with or ejecting its dinner.

I was remarkably proud of its behavior, and the little services I rendered to others less fortunate were tarnished by an air of implied experience.

I kept in the background the fact that my experience was limited to my acquaintance with the vessel that trembled at its own propeller.

Sea-sickness and misery held carnival on board that ship for a week while she labored in the face of the storm crossing and re-crossing the Irish channel.

The bunks being ranged across the vessel in those magnificent state-rooms, and the vessel being careened over, we would go to bed standing on our feet. But if the magic words, "mainsail haul" were heard, that put the ship on the other tack, the law of compensation would step in and the lowly would be made highly and we would find ourselves struggling to sleep standing on our heads.

The law of life is sunshine and shadow, joy and

sorrow, laughter and tears, storm and calm, and the deeper the shadows the more brilliant the lights appear.

After striking terror into the hearts of all, one dark and stormy night, by grazing the rocks of the Irish coast with her keel, our good ship sailed into calm and sunshine.

The sick came out of their state-rooms and order came out of chaos. The rebellion was quelled in the stomachs and they were peaceably trying to adapt themselves to their environments.

Legs were trying to reconcile themselves to the fact that what they walked on claimed as much right to change position as they had.

Those who had been the most woebegone were now the most joyous. We were soon in the trade winds. They were relatively constant and amiable.

A sailor's privilege allowed them to tie a passenger to the rigging if he objected to pay toll for the privilege of going aloft. I had often been aloft. But so far they had failed to capture me. On this occasion I was in the cross-trees of the mainmast scanning the horizon for a sail. Two sailors came after me on the ratlines, one on each side of the mast. Escape seemed cut off. I cared not for the amount of the toll—it was only a bottle of grog—but I did care for the disgrace of being caught. Rather than that, I threw my feet over a backstay, slid down it to the mizzenmast and jumped almost into the captain's arms, who joined the passengers in applauding my escape.

I kept the knowledge to myself that my hands were burnt and skinned by the friction on that backstay.

Of course I presented the sailors with a bottle of grog for the privilege of the rigging.

We are now a large family, who indulge in music and dancing on the quarter deck in the evening. We sail amongst the beautiful Madeira Islands.

The captain tells me that the conical mountain I see far away to the left is the Peak of Teneriff. A long, low, black craft is seen off the weather quarter. We don't like her appearance. All hands are piped to make sail. Studding-sill booms are launched along the yards and nine more wings are thrown to the breeze.

The vessel, we think a pirate, is not gaining so fast now. If she knew how many well armed, determined men are aboard the *Australia*, she would not be so very anxious to overtake us. We fear a long-range fight. A shot is fired. It is as we expected. She can stand off at a distance and sink us. I suggest to haul down our colors, and when she came near enough for a fair fight to haul them up again.

We are glad to bid good-bye to the setting sun and pleased to know that a stern chase is a long one. The binnacle lamp to steer by is the only light allowed in the ship. We do not expect such humane treatment from the murderous spirit that guides this craft as that adopted by the Mediterranean pirates, from whom you ought to know originated the profitable scheme called Protection.

They outgrew the barbarous method of killing the captain and crew and scuttling the ship, because they discovered that that ship could never come that way again with another cargo and be robbed a second time.

These pirates, in their wisdom, concluded that it was more profitable to take half of the cargo (as tariff) every trip they made than to take the whole of it only once.

The captains who had been so magnanimously let go

with half of their cargo thought that if they had only mounted a stern chaser and a little more spread of canvass they could have got away from the pirate.

With this preparation they are encouraged to make other trips, and they sometimes escaped.

Even with this drawback, the enterprise of the pirates was far more lucrative than if they had taken ship and cargo and killed the crew the first trip.

These pirates did not have any respectable law to sanction the protection they gave to industry in not seizing the vessel and killing the crew.

To sanction the tariff, they imposed on the transportation of goods. By the way, I want you to remember that the word tariff takes its name from *Tariffa*, the hiding-place of the pirates, where it was originally invented and imposed.

In the course of time a king noticed the wealth and prosperity of those pirates, and concluded that theirs was a good scheme. The only objection he could find to this "tariff for revenue only" was that there was no security against finding a captain and crew whose objections to pay the tariff were so vigorous that they often resulted in hanging the pirates to the yard-arm.

The king thought that part of the scheme an uncomfortable and even bad feature, but that if the unpleasant risk of being hung could be eliminated this "tariff for revenue" was a great scheme indeed.

To this end he called his wise counsellors to solve this knotty problem.

A grave and reverend senior solved it thus: "Your Majesty has overlooked the fact that the act which makes a soldier a hero, constitutes a citizen a murderer. The one has a fall with a hempen cravat. The other has a rise with a medal. What is a crime in a private

individual is a virtue in a public one. The conduct that is called piracy, with no law behind it, can be christened with the most benign word in the language, if you only make it legal. I would therefore humbly suggest that piracy should receive the sanction of the law, and that its name be changed to 'Protection to Industry.'

Personally, I deprecate the idea of retaining the name tariff, because the few who dare to think independently would naturally associate its name with the home of the pirates, and this might cause inquiry as to the pedigree of the benign robbery called "Protection to Industry."

Now, your Majesty, I see clearly how to overcome the pugnacity of those captains and crews who have so recently hung so many pirates to the yard-arm.

I would advise that your Majesty build and equip a number of vessels in all essentials the same as piratical craft. Let them be fast and have guns and a numerous crew, to use force if necessary. It will not be necessary, however, if you will make the following slight distinctions: -Change the design on the flag from a skull and cross-bones to your royal penant; change the name of the ship from the "Throat Cutter" to the "Revenue Cutter."

When you board a vessel do not say I come with the vengeance of Red Rover, but simply say I represent the law.

You will find that the word law is the magic paralyzer before which every sword will drop and every show of resistance will hide.

Establish a pirate's store-house at every port—I meant a "Custom House"—and make them do their own unloading and give you half the cargo or the value

of it, but be sure not to take so much for custom dues as to discourage the owner and drive him from off the seas.

The essential differences in the two vessels are very slight—a little paint to change the design on the flag and a little more to change the name of the ship from "The Throat Cutter" to "Revenue Cutter."

Then the whole transaction is highly respectable and the robbery is more complete because it is scientifically adjusted to the full capacity of the victim to pay and still continue the commerce.

The hope that animated the captain's bosom of being able to escape the Tariff pirates has died. Es- cape from the legal pirates is impossible. The captain tells the man who buys his cargo that he can't bring any more at that price. The jobber says, if you charge me more I will have to charge the people more, but bringing the goods along; I guess they will pay. This will remove the burden of the tariff from your shoulders to those of the people who are compelled to use the goods. The legal pirate discovers this arrangement and wisely concludes that the many could survive being robbed of more than the few, so up goes the tariff, until in their piratical greed they drive the commerce from off the seas.

They invite it back again by placing the tariff under the new rule of "as much as the traffic will bear." All this is tariff for revenue only to pay the expenses of government. The piratical crafts called revenue cutters and the millions to the men who announce to-day that "to the victors belong the spoils" are some of the vicious ex- penses of government. In the meantime some of the inhabitants recognize

how great a scheme is this "tariff for revenue only," and how peaceably the fleeced people endure it.

These people were manufacturers of the same kind of goods as those imported. They conclude that if they could bribe the members of the legislature to put the tariff so high as to be prohibitory that they could divert this enormous governmental revenue into private revenue.

They saw at a glance that if the cost of the foreign goods was fifty cents and the tariff tax was fifty cents that the home manufacturer could charge ninety cents and put the forty cents of private tariff into their own pockets.

This of course would compel the government to tax the people in another way to pay the spoils of office.

When the revenue flowed into the coffers of the government it was called tariff; when it was diverted into the pockets of the manufacturers it resumed the benign title of "Protection to Industry." Its real name, however, is Legal Protection to Villainy—a villainy so great that it enables a host of vampires like Andy Carnegie to build castles abroad and live in regal splendor on the earnings of their swindled employes and the increased price the people were compelled to pay for the goods.

They can well afford to hire silver-tongued orators to confuse and muddle the minds of a long-suffering and fleeced people.

The men who bribe the administration to protect their industries, and thereby enable them to charge more for their goods, are not required by government to pay their employes any more. They hire the labor that produces the goods, not according to the value of the service, but only in the degree of the necessity of



those seeking employment, and pay as little as they can.

When science is introduced into society, and the brotherhood of man is recognized as a fact instead of a fiction, it will be found that each particular locality on the planet's surface has a natural advantage over others for producing some commodity in general use.

Where there is a mountain of iron ore and a bed of coal near, that is the place to produce iron and the finished articles that are made of it—*that* industry needs no protection there; corn needs no protection in Illinois, neither does wheat in Dakota. It is far better for our Dakota brother to exchange wheat for sugar or oranges with his southern friend than to raise protected sugar and oranges under glass. Because transportation is far cheaper than to undertake to produce goods at a natural disadvantage.

Protection originated in piracy. There is far less chance to escape from this legal pirate than from his illegal father.

A friendly gloom hid the pirate that was after us. We changed our course. The morning revealed an uninterrupted horizon.

I presume my readers are disappointed that I have no sea fight to describe. If I were not dealing in cold facts, I might imagine one, knowing that humanity love excitement. We are approaching the equator; the pitch is melting out of the seams of the deck.

Iron can not be touched with impunity. It is so hot. The stifling atmosphere will not allow sleep to close the eyes of those below.

We are becalmed and the ship is rolling a helpless log on a heaving glassy sea.

This lasted two or three days. I began to wonder

if there ever was such a thing as wind; what these sails were made for; if it ever had blown; if it would ever blow again; or, if we would be allowed to consume our food and water and rot on the deck of the boiling, helpless ship?

After every calm nature brings the beneficent storm, that clears the atmosphere and rescues life from death.

I stood on the quarter deck; the vessel rolled, the spanker sail flapped against the mast and created a draft. I knew that if I brought a mattress and put it in the bottom of the boat that was hanging on the davits, that the delightful draft would reach me there. I did so, and chuckled at the luxury, feeling well pleased with myself. I went to sleep.

But the best laid schemes of mice and men aft gang alee,  
And leaves us naught, but grief and pain for promised joy.

The storm's threat was changed to fulfillment; the rain descended in torrents and filled an awning that shifted its burden and in turn half filled my bou'doir

I had visions of being thought the Jonah, and of being cast into the sea. I reached out and caught hold of a rib, and I thanked my stars that it was the rib of a boat instead of a whale. I consoled myself with the thought that water could not make me any wetter, so I resolved to witness this tropical storm, of which the captain seemed to have warning.

The ship was now under reefed topsails and storm jib and bending to the shock that came. One minute we seemed to be in the Egyptian darkness, of which the church has bottled relics. The next, every particle of ship and rigging was revealed with startling vividness against a threatening sky. In this way I spent my six-

teenth birthday, crossing the equator on the 10th of June, 1852.

Next morning astern of us, away on the horizon, we saw the royals of a ship. As she drew near the top-gallant, the topsails, the foresail, and then the hull could be seen; by night she was alongside of us. I felt indignant at being overhauled or outtailed. My patriotism made me forgive the ship, because she proved to be Scotch, The Aberfeldy, an Aberdeen clipper, going to China for tea.

Soon after this we realized the truth of the monotonous saying in an ocean trip, where sometimes, alas, we ship a sea, and sometimes see a ship.

We sailed past the coast of Africa, far enough away to avoid the danger of a lee shore in a storm and doubled the Cape of Good Hope closer to the land. A small mind in a man is easier and oftener ruffled in temper than a large one, but when a large mind feels justified in being angry it is a mighty tempest, instead of one in a tea-pot, and so it is with everything, great and small.

The Pacific Ocean deserves its name; it is good-tempered and is seldom moved to wrath, but when it is, it engulphs its victims and death reveals 'mid sublimity. I apologized because we escaped from the pirate, and I had no fight to describe. Now I have a sea-fight to describe, but it is a fight with the sea. I was contemplating an ominous sky, when the captain rushed on deck and asked the first officer if the heavens could not warn him of danger. He had been sent on deck by the barometer falling as he had never seen it before. He seized a trumpet and shouted, "Every able man in the ship on deck! Organize to

take in sail before the ship is laid on her beam ends and the masts go overboard."

Two hundred men went to work; the sailors all in the rigging; halyards were let go; clew lines hauled up; downhauls run with along the deck; every sail snugly stored away on the yards and masts—nothing left but storm staysails and topsails, and those threble-reefed. A man on the forecastle was knocked overboard with the swinging block of a flying jib, and no attention was paid to his last agonized shrieks.

Not a moment too soon was the astonished ship trained for her fight with the tempest tossed sea.

The passengers were ordered below; the hatches were battened down, that the sea might roll over the ship without swamping her. With one of her topsails reversed, she met the onset gallantly and with majestic front. The two men lashed at the wheel, turned her head to the storm, while she trembled from stem to stern.

After helping to put the ship in fighting trim, I went below, put on as much clothing as I could get into, filled the pockets with lunch, and, armed with a waterproof and a piece of rope, found my way to the quarter-deck, sat down under the lee of the skylight to the cabin and lashed myself to an iron stanchion.

If I had not been a favorite with Capt. Noble, I would have been ordered below, and compelled to endure the bad air and worse suspense; but he saw that I was in the safest part of the ship, safely tied to something staunch and was bound to see the sea fight out.

As yet, the sea was very level; if a wave raised its head it was decapitated by the tempest and the air was filled with water.

The ocean soon began to lift its headless shoulders and surge and roll and lash itself into fury.

The ship was long and narrow when its bow and stern were plunged deep into the top of two waves, with no support from the valley between. I thought it must break in two, when the stem and stern were showing the keel and her midships rested 'mid waters green. I expected to hear the crash of the parting timbers. I would feel myself being hoisted aloft and see before me the ship resolved on a plunge to the ocean's bed, but although the jibboom would salute the sea, and the monster wave would roll over the forecastle, the gallant ship would shake the water from her mane and rise in majesty.

Then again I would feel her quarter-deck sink under me and expect to see the green and liquid mountain behind and above engulf us; but she would glide out from under it, and roll over and dip her long yard-arms into the top of a mountain wave.

This ship was made of many planks, each dependent on every other, and all of them on each. A single false one, and five hundred and nine spirits would have been liberated and the fishes given a banquet. I thank the vegetable kingdom that hearts of oak are staunch and that safety depends on co-operation at sea as well as on land. The wind was dependent on the sails for the power to move the ship, the sails were dependent on the masts for the power to resist the wind, and the masts were dependent on the rigging and the hull for the power to hold the sails, and these on every bolt that made them co-operate—all dependent on the compass, and their entire usefulness dependent on the brain of man.

If a single bolt had resolved to be governed by pri-

vate enterprise and had severed the co-operative bond by pulling itself out of a plank, that ship would have sprung a-leak and society would have been a little longer in realizing the necessity of benevolent co-operation.

That is an artificial illustration of the principle that must be used before it is possible to introduce plenty, peace and civilization on earth. To clinch this and confirm it I will show that universal co-operation is the method used by nature (in embryology) to build that complex harp of a thousand strings called Man.

As nature is the source of all knowledge, let me then solemnly impress on you this great truth: that it is supreme wisdom to obey her teachings.

The many cells that generation has formed to build the organism called man are known to be independent individuals, all of them with different adaptations, none of which could accomplish their mission without the others. For mutual benefit they co-operate to build the organism, on the same principle that the citizens of a republic would co-operate to build a postoffice for general good. Each cell falls naturally into the place where its powers and potencies are of the greatest benefit to itself as well as to all others. Every function and faculty is considered equally important, because the existence and life of the entire structure depends on each and all of them. No cell feels degraded at the position it naturally falls into, because that is the one nature adapted it for and in which it can be of the greatest service to itself and others.

In this way the most wonderful structure on earth, with all its complex adaptations of means to ends and in which the rebellion of any cell would destroy the whole; in this way, on the principle of universal co-

operation and brotherly love, is nature's masterpiece builded, and in this way the "body politic" must be built if we would forever end plunder, poverty and desolation.

When embryology has built the organism called man, he is not healthy unless equity reigns in the various departments of action throughout the system.

Exercise is necessary to every faculty and function. It is the temperate use of all of them that is the moral life and the one that leads to happiness and longevity. If the organism is best adapted for physical labor, the most of the blood or circulating medium will be sent to the muscles to sustain them. If the organism is best adapted to render a service to society by the use of its mind, the most of the blood or circulating medium will be sent to the brain.

The intuitive faculties or headquarters of the organism are watching the welfare of this harp of a thousand strings, knowing well that an injury to one member is an injury to all, and is sending blood or the circulating medium to the various branches of the body—just in proportion to the work it does. The more service the more blood.

When a man is healthy it is proof that the administration within him has been just to all its members.

Suppose the cells that built the human organism had tried to do it on the principle of individualism, each one saying, "let me alone; every one for himself regardless of others." Of course, the necessary and unavoidable result of this conduct would be the destruction and death of all of them. Hence, individual action in society must necessarily result in universal destruction.

Kind nature presents us with the knowledge of how to prevent the coming calamity; her methods

are perfect; no man can say they are not just, or that they are not for public good, or that they are not practical. Because every intelligence must recognize that the harmonious working of all the subtle faculties and functions in the human organism is infinitely more complex than to organize production and distribution on a basis of equity by the people—for the people.

To be born poor fifty years ago was not nearly as great a calamity as it is to be born poor to-day. Then you might engage in the production of many things without expensive machinery and compete successfully. Now these opportunities do not exist, because everything in general use is made by machinery that costs far more money than a workman can get; then he had a degree of independence. Now he has none, but must plead with the rich man who owns the machinery for the privilege of becoming a cog in one of his machines, for the privilege of making him a millionaire, for the privilege of being his wage slave, without incurring for his master any responsibility for food and shelter when worn out in his service.

The average wage slave does not realize who little there is between him and starvation. He does not realize that so-called civilization has taken away from him the natural opportunities to provide against hunger (that the savage enjoys) and furnishes no other, and does not hold itself responsible to provide any other. When the savage is hungry he has the land with its herbs, roots and fruits between him and starvation. He has the woods full of animal life between him and starvation. He has the inhabitants of the rivers and lakes between him and starvation.



All these the fruits of the land. (The land that is his inalienable right) has been taken from the civilized man and no other shield provided.

When the wage slave is hungry, tramping the streets for hundreds of miles looking for work, pleading with his fellowman for leave to toil, all that he has between him and starvation is degrading and pauperizing charity.

All that he needs is justice.

In Chicago a little while ago Mr. Welscheck, an honest, industrious man, (past the prime of life, cold, weary and hungry), asked the privilege of lying on the floor in the warm police station. It was granted. He returned each day more and more disheartened at the rebuffs he endured when pleading for employment. Each morning hope revived only to be crushed when night drew nigh.

Hunger gnawed at his vitals. He knew that if he were to steal something society would not only give him a warm room to sleep in, but a cot and something to eat to stop the dreadful famishing sensation.

With a hopeless expression he was leaving the police station one morning to renew his search for some one that wanted him, when an officer notified him that as the weather was moderating he must not come back there any more but find lodgings elsewhere.

For a moment he thought of committing a crime and thereby gain the right to be fed, clothed and warmed by society.

He changed his mind, because he remembered that none of his family had ever been criminals; they had given him an untarnished name, which he resolved to leave unsullied behind. He went down to the pier and jumped into Lake Michigan.

Society fished him out, pumped him out, revived him, and even denied him the right to die an honest man, but stamped him with a criminal record and sent him to Bridewell for daring to destroy the life of an American citizen.

Society reserved the right to conscript this man and make him face the cannon's mouth, and shoot him if he deserts. She holds him responsible to her, but she thinks that she is not responsible to him.

Every just man must agree with me when I assert that a so-called civilized society that takes away the natural opportunities to provide against hunger (that are open to the savage) and furnishes no other is disgustingly and heartlessly dishonest.

Her imperative duty in this case is to provide and keep open the opportunity for every member of society to exchange their labor into their wants with the assistance of state owned machinery.

The account of that honest man not being allowed to leave the world without a criminal record, not being allowed to relieve the labor market by making one less suppliant for the privilege of toil, was written up in the papers with the most heartless flippancy.

To me it appeared awful and opened the fountains of my deepest feeling.

Human laws and customs are foolish and wicked things and we cannot have good ones until we have wise and righteous men to make such laws as they see written in the sacred book of nature or those that harmonize with them—to make laws founded in the adamant of equity and that bear with even justice on all mankind.

Let us take the case of two individuals: Here is a lazy, dissolute wretch, who will not work, but is resolved

to live on the labor of others. He is caught in the act of stealing. He is the enemy of society.

Here is an industrious, temperate man, fruitlessly pleading for work, compelled to steal to save the lives of his children. Instead of this man being the enemy of society, the case is reversed and society becomes this man's desperate enemy.

Stupid, wicked human law would treat those two cases very much alike, but what would equity do? Equity would take away the liberty of the dissolute, dishonest, lazy man, and compel him to work to produce the value of what he had stolen, and also the equivalent of the labor of compelling him to do it.

Now, what would equity say should be done to the industrious, temperate man who is compelled to steal by the treatment he received at the hands of society?

Equity would make this man the plaintiff and would arraign society as the criminal for taking away from him the natural opportunities to sustain life and for furnishing no other.

Equity would say let this man present his bill of damages against society. He was born into this world without being consulted as to whether he would like to come or not. He was born with an organism that must be sustained by what the land produces. But the criminal called *society* made his inalienable birthright (*the land*) a commodity to be bought and sold, and gave it away to corporations and Lord Dundrearys and their dissolute progeny, and disinherited him, and millions like him, by the sanction of a wicked human law that secured it to those favorites forever.

The criminal called *society* is arraigned for pre-empting the world against unborn generations.

She has shut up every avenue by which a man may

reach the motherly bosom of bountiful nature and sustain the life she thrust upon him, and by which he may do this without lowering his manhood by vainly pleading with his fellow man for the privilege to toil.

The robbery of this man's birthright by sanctimonious society is one of the large items in his bill of damages.

The next item that equity would place in his bill of damages would be, that society's usage of him compelled the exercise of all the resentment and evil in him, thereby developing his worst propensities and leaving unexercised and therefore undeveloped all that is noble. Society's criminal usage of him compelling him to steal, made him think himself a thief, and made him lose his self-respect and manhood.

This is the greatest calamity that can befall a man, because every reflecting person knows that in order to enjoy life it is absolutely necessary that your own private opinion of yourself shall be good. It is far better to lose the good opinion of ten thousand others. You can get away from them, but you can never get away from yourself; and to know that you are eternally in the company of a thief is a far bigger price than a reflecting man will pay.

In order to be happy you must feel that when you tuck the clothes around you at night that there is an honest man in that bed.

This man has been directly and indirectly robbed by society from the cradle to the present time.

She might make some restitution materially, but she cannot do so morally, by placing the man on the intellectual plane that nature intended him to occupy, or by restoring to him his stolen self-respect.

We do not want courts of short-sighted, imbecile

law, that would treat the cases of those two men very much alike. But we do want courts of equity, with wisdom enough to look far back to foundation principles and know that every act is the effect of a cause, and discrimination enough to put the blame where it belongs.

But I must pick up the thread of the antediluvian's travels, and follow the fate of the gallant ship that we left struggling mightily with the mighty waves of a mighty ocean.

The day has passed into the night and through the deepening gloom she begins to look like a wreck. The furious onslaught of the tempest has made a breach in her bulwarks and a topsail, strained beyond endurance, has burst her heart and the sound of it has past upon the gale.

I am still lashed to the stanchion, awe-stricken, while watching the midnight fight at sea.

My sympathies are with the ship, for the winds and waves are mighty and two to one against her. I thought they were trying to warn presumptuous men to keep on land and not venture so far away on an element that was not his.

The ship makes a fearful plunge and crash went the jibboom and a sail with it. The daring sailors cut away the wreckage that is being dragged along her lee.

She looks more and more like a wreck as she rises majestic between sea and sky.

The ship has lost so much headway by the loss of that sail that she is slow to obey her helm and be kept facing the fight—the only position where hope of safety lies.

To bend another sail to the blast seems impossible. But the captain knows that if she is allowed to get into

the trough of the sea the marine report will be: "The ship Australia, Capt. Noble, must have foundered at sea, for there is not a soul left to tell the tale."

Through the captain's trumpet a man was ordered to cut away the lashing that held the foretopmast staysail.

The noble fellow, too anxious to obey orders, did not watch his opportunity, and as he was crossing the forecastle as the prow of the ship plunged into a mountain wave that washed him away.

For many a day the shriek of his last farewell rang through my ears.

A more experienced sailor volunteered, crossed the space when the vessel was rising, fastened himself under the lee of the bowsprit and cut the lines that held. The halyard was passed through a snatch-block and taken for safety to an after capstan, the bars were shipped and manned, the sail began to rise to the click of the strong purchase, it flapped and threshed around the two blocks that were soon to be the instruments of its subjection.

The click of the capstan was stopped by the word "belay" from the trumpet of the captain.

It was now the turn of the blocks that had been so shamefully threshed around by the staysail to show which was master, for through their instrumentality that sail was made to obey and save the ship from foundering in the trough of the seas.

The captain was well pleased and breathed relief when he found the speed of the ship increased and that now she could and would obey her helm.

I called aloud, "Captain, were you ever in such a tempest?" "No, my child, but we are on a ship that is all that man can expect from wood and iron. Have courage, my hearty."

Terror reigned supreme between decks, and those whose souls were the smallest made the greatest noise about saving them.

Some of them reminded the Deity that he watched the sparrows fall. I thought (that if he loved his children) he might let them fall unnoticed, and turn his attention to keep those noble sailors from falling overboard; turn his attention to calming the troubled waters.

Since questioning the right of Abraham to murder his son, I had never offered a prayer. I thought, and still think, that the best preparation for a hereafter (whatever it may be) is to bend your energies to some reform that will result in far-reaching or universal good here.

The conditions of society are such that justice weeps and equity mourns, and undeserved woe and gaudy poverty go hand in hand.

If I could get humanity to understand why it is that the inventions of man have failed to drive poverty from earth I would expect to be welcomed in the hereafter as a good and faithful servant.

My chance of saving my soul will be better if I waste no time on it, but concern myself with establishing conditions that will bring universal good.

If I could get humanity to understand the following explanation of the deadlock on production, or why it is that with the power and will to produce so much wealth we produce so very little, I could face the hereafter with a fearless front, feeling proud that I had been partially instrumental in driving poverty and the fear of it from off this beautiful planet.

Let me plead with you to read the following explanation of the deadlock on production, and to read it so

carefully that you thoroughly understand it, and let me  
implore you to act in such a way as will open this dead-  
lock door and allow plenty and prosperity to enter and  
bless all the children of men.

You will readily understand that in many lines of  
industry we have the power to produce fifty times as  
much wealth as we had as many years ago.  
A little girl, with the assistance of machinery, can  
produce as much cotton cloth as fifty men could then.  
The reaper, binder and thrasher have replaced the  
sickle and the flail. The freight train has replaced the  
wagon. The locomotive, the ox team, and the log that  
took two men all day to cut can be changed into turn-  
ber in a minute.

When beneficent machinery is running it is pro-  
ducing wealth. Then how is it that all men are not  
rich? When fifty men were engaged fifty years ago  
making no more cotton cloth than a little girl does  
now they all got a living then, and that is as much as  
the child gets to-day.

How is it that since invention has commanded the  
elements to produce wealth and harnessed the forces  
to do the work of men, that mankind toil nearly as long  
as ever and fear poverty more than ever?

Here is the solution—mark it well: Every improve-  
ment in machinery diminishes the number of hands re-  
quired to produce a given amount of goods; it also  
diminishes the amount of skill necessary to run it.  
These facts lessen the wage bill. It is the amount of  
money paid as wages to the masses. That measures  
the extent of their purchasing power. They cannot  
buy any more goods than the amount of their wages.

The men who own the expensive machinery will not  
produce any more goods than they can sell with a profit.



and the amount of these is necessarily limited almost to the amount of wages paid, which of course is the purchasing power of the masses.

If any more is produced than the people have money to purchase, in their idiotic absurdity the owners of the machinery call it overproduction.

How can it be overproduction when the masses are hungering, shivering and thirsting for those things, looking into the stores and being tantalized by seeing in rich profusion the things they sorely need but lack the power to purchase.

Finding goods on their shelves that cannot be sold, the owners of the machinery for producing wealth shut down their plants and factories and convert their employes into prostitutes and tramps, with less purchasing power than they had before and more overproduction and more starvation and more distress and wretchedness, for want of the things of which (idiots say) too much has been produced.

The solution of this problem is the most important subject of the century, because it is the one on which the most happiness or misery for humanity depends.

I shall therefore try to explain it in another way and prove the impossibility of driving poverty from the earth, unless the foundation principles on which production and distribution are carried on are changed and a condition established where production shall not be limited to purchasing power, but only limited to the needs of the people, and where overproduction shall be impossible until nobody wants any more of those things—until nobody wants any more wealth.

The following is the same all-important problem explained in another way:

A capitalist is looking up statistics of production for

a profitable investment. He finds that in many lines about half of the value of the goods produced will pay the wages of the overseer and all the hands employed. He knows nothing about the making of cloth, but he advertises for a competent man who does; tells him to erect the buildings, fill them with machinery and material, and go to work producing.

The capitalist can go to Europe and revel in high-toned riot.

The thousand men he left behind to produce the equivalent of what he spends discover that his presence or absence does not increase or diminish the output or production by a single yard of cloth.

The wholesale selling price of the goods produced by the thousand men and overseer amounts to twice as much as their wages. The other half goes to the single individual to pay for use of capital and profit.

Now the men need those goods or their equivalent, but they cannot buy but a little over a quarter of them, because they have to purchase them at the retail price. The single individual who gets the half of the cloth produced, as reward for investment, cannot consume his half, because his needs are not as great as those of a thousand men.

His half lies on the shelves, unsold. He insanely shouts overproduction, and says, "I will not allow those men to produce any more cloth until what I have on hand is sold."

The factory is shut down and enforced idleness thrust upon those thousand men, their purchasing power reduced from being able to buy one-third of the output to being able to buy nothing.

If the single individual could consume his half of what the thousand produced, fools would not shout over-

production, the mill would not be shut down, and the calamity would be reduced to the injustice that a few thousand dollars was earning as much as a thousand men.

The fact is, however, that all the money in the world (unassisted by labor) could not furnish a single meal. The fact that the capitalist cannot consume his half produces the strange phenomena of rusting machinery and idle men, both able and very anxious to deluge the world in wealth, but are prevented from doing so.

The obstacle in the way is the deadlock on production, caused by the present wage system that limits production to purchasing power; caused by the fact that we produce for profit, instead of use; caused by the fact that the machinery for production is in private hands, instead of being owned by the state.

The distribution of letters, &c., is organized and much of the machinery of distribution owned by the state. The postage stamp is the entire cost of the labor of distribution, and no part of it goes to profit and capital.

If the state owned the plant for the production of cloth, instead of the overseer and the thousand men getting half the value of the cloth they produced they would get the whole of it. As a necessity of this, they would be able to purchase all of what they produced or its equivalent.

Overproduction could not occur then until nobody wanted any more of those things. A heaven on earth would exist then, where poverty could not come, because every person would have the opportunity to exchange their labor into their wants, with the assistance of state owned machinery and organized, rapid production.

Machinery, under these circumstances, would be the beneficent blessing that inspiration intended, instead of a curse in private hands, that takes away the poor man's independence and compels him to plead with its owner for the privilege to live.

I am not going to apologize for leaving that ship and the antediluvian, who is well pleased that she is able to keep out of the trough of the sea, because I know that if humanity had a strong enough realization of the great importance of what I have said to act on it, they could well afford to let the antediluvian and the five hundred and eight other spirits bequeath their homes to make the good square meal that the fishes have a right to expect as the legitimate fruit of such a tempest.

I revere the truth of the old saying that "the hotter the war the sooner the peace," and was glad to discover that this hurricane came within its scope.

I welcomed that dawn of day as I never welcomed another. Hope was in the ascendancy when we realized that we had passed the zenith of the tempest's fury.

Bye-and-bye the captain thought he would venture to put the ship on her course. This was fraught with danger. Our course was before the wind, and the mountain seas would follow and roll over us on the quarter deck if we did not have speed enough on the ship to enable us to glide from under them.

Our recent experience inclined us to the belief that an acre of land was worth nearly two acres of sea. Therefore my objections to the captain running the risk of turning the good ship's prow toward terra firma were inclined to be feeble.

My objection's knees were weakened by my absolute confidence in the captain's ability.

The first thing to be done was to let out reefs in the topsails to get the necessary speed to get away from the monster waves that would follow us and fall over on the ship and swamp her.

The jolly tars swarmed up the weather ratlines and spread themselves along the yard to let go the reef lines. I expected to see some of them lose their grip when the yard, plunging toward the sea, would suddenly turn the other way, and I breathed again when they came down to hoist away on the halyards.

When (in the captain's judgment) we had sail enough to get the necessary speed to keep from being pooped, the ship was let off further and further from the wind, the weather braces hauled in, and men stood ready by the foresail to spread it to the gale if the sea was found to be running faster than us.

We were before the wind, the sun had risen and was painting the tops of the monster waves a brilliant pea green. These awful waves seemed resolved on our destruction and were racing after us with death in their embrace.

We objected to being embraced, and we now had the victorious ship under sufficient way to enable us to sustain our objections.

The bulk of the passengers had abandoned hope, and were astonished to find themselves presented with a new lease of life.

The carpenters amongst them volunteered to help the ship's carpenter bind up the wounds of the noble vessel that had come out triumphant in such an encounter.

The spirit of congratulation drove monotony out of the following week.

The weather has been such that our latitude and longitude are accurately known. The captain said with this atmosphere we ought to see the coast of Australia off the lee bow.

I seize a telescope and run up to the crosstrees—sure enough, there it is. I shout with a will, “Land, oh! Land, oh!”

The five hundred and eight storm-tossed travelers were all insane with delight. They had not seen a speck of blessed land for two long months. Christmas never inspired such sudden friendliness. The rigging was crowded. Those who dare not go high enough to see the land were reassured by others.

The course of the ship was not changed a single point. Soon the welcome land could be seen from the deck along the lee bow and in front of us—an unbroken high bank. The vessel is going straight towards it. We are all straining our daylights to find an opening into Hobson’s Bay.

The captain had never been south of the equator before, and he seemed to be sailing straight on to unbroken headlands.

The captain said, “I have taken accurate observations. The entrance to Hobson’s Bay ought to be and must be straight ahead. Put a man in the chains to heave the lead.”

An old salt obeyed, swung the lead forward and let go, but did not touch bottom. The ship was under shortened sail now but going straight ahead. The lead is hove again; the sailor sings out, “By the deep, nine.” We can see very plainly now and discern

a little slit in the headlands straight ahead that opens up as we approach.

Our confidence in the captain and the science of navigation is confirmed tenfold. He is congratulated at being able to go as direct to a port sixteen thousand miles away, in unknown seas, as though he had never sailed to any other.

While the good ship is carefully picking her way through the narrows of Hobson's Bay, I, the antediluvian, standing on the quarter-deck of the *Australia*, can find time to thank the toiling scientist who invented the barometer, who discovered the way to combine the forces and put them in such a position towards each other that they could manifest intelligence, or at least appear to possess intelligence and anxiety for the fate of the ship and her living freight.

When the captain looked at the falling barometer, it warned him to rush on deck, not a moment too soon to save the ship from inevitable doom.

I thanked the patient scientists, whose combined efforts had made the sextant so perfect that we knew exactly where we were on a boundless ocean whose horizon was all alike, without a single object to mark a spot.

I thanked the discoverers of the constancy of the magnet, and I thanked those bright minds who compelled it to show us the way round the world.

I thanked the far-reaching minds of the astronomers, whose exalted spirits had been liberated by the torch in the hands of that blood thirsty, relentless fiend, called the Roman Church.

I thanked all those who were born five hundred years too soon for the comfort of their days. I was an agnostic then. I now know that I will have the oppor-

tunity of presenting my thanks to those exalted spirits, whose discoveries and words of truth the church could not strangle, and to whose patient labors we are entirely indebted for what little civilization we have.

Let us consider what it is that constitutes civilization.

The knowledge of the savage consists mainly of how to get food, clothing and shelter, and make himself understood.

Civilization is such a knowledge of the sciences as will enable us to understand our true relation to our surroundings; such a knowledge of sciences as will enable us to command the forces of nature to do the work of men and liberate the children of earth from eternal slavery.

Civilization means the development of morality to the point where you are as anxious to see justice done to others as you are to see it done to yourself.

Now you ought to be convinced that we are entirely indebted to the sciences for any civilization. Theologians have the monumental dishonesty to say that Christianity is the cause of civilization and call the conditions under which we live "Christian Civilization."

These two words are as antagonistic as oil and water. They are the antipodes of each other. It would be no more absurd to say Unjust Equity or Ignorant Intelligence. No! No! No! The sciences are the cause of civilization and relentless cold-blooded Christianity has been their most desperate enemy.

The Mohammedan religion hated science as bad as the Christian.

Some time ago a society of agnostics, thinking that the antediluvian was not very easily imposed upon, ap-



pointed him to investigate the phenomena called Spir-  
itualism.

The antediluvian accepted the mission with a very bad grace and an adult sneer on his lips, because he thought the subject beneath intelligent controversy; nevertheless, to satisfy others, he condescended to go and expose the fraud.

He went to see one of those unfortunate females that Christianity used to call witches and that the church has enjoyed the burning of so intensely that it has turned its back to the fire that was shriveling up the bodies and dispersing the souls of nine agonized women at once, and parted the tails of its coat.

We call them mediums now. This one claimed to be the avenue through which departed spirits could precipitate written messages to the spirits that still inhabit bodies here.

I was asked to tear out a sheet of paper from any part of a book that was on the table. I did so, examined it and, placing it on the table, put my left hand on it; she rose and took hold of my right hand and thanked the spirits.

With my hand I felt it writing, with my ears I heard it writing, with my eyes I saw it written, with my judgment I approved the contents.

The first sentence was, "He alone is great who can suffer injury without desire for revenge." The balance was a personal message.

In defiance of its personality, I concluded that the whole block of paper from which I had taken a sheet contained photographed writing, and that the process through which it had passed had developed it.

I knew (that from the standpoint of the present degree of the development of the sciences) what had ap-  
B

peared to occur was absolutely impossible.

Madam, have you any objections to me bringing my own paper? None whatever.

Next day, armed with my own paper and also with suspicion and every precaution against fraud, with the determination to keep that paper in my own possession and guard it sacredly from mortal contact, I found myself before the witch.

I placed my paper on the table and kept my hand on it. She said the current was on and that there was a light on the paper.

The experience of the day before was repeated. I felt it writing, heard it writing, saw it written, and my judgment approved the contents, which were on a high plane of intelligence, beautifully written, and covered four sheets.

I thought that if I was certain that a mortal did not write that message the only rational conclusion was that an immortal must have written it.

I also thought and still think that the man who denies evidence that appeals to every one of his senses except his taste, and does that in broad daylight, where there is no possibility of apparatus, that that man is not a wise man, but only a cunning man—so dishonest that he thinks all others are.

This low cunning becomes instrumental in cheating himself out of the knowledge of his true relation to his surroundings.

I think it very probable that I could have had all my senses imposed upon a few times. But since that day I have had at least one hundred such messages, under every conceivable circumstance, many of them elucidating problems from foundation principles—problems that I was writing upon and doing so with a

thorough appreciation of the relativity of knowledge—social problems for the guidance of mankind in the future, and that therefore no encyclopædia could contain.

I have received as many as thirty-two pages at once that mortal never wrote, but that were written with the pen of lightning in the twinkling of an eye. Part of one of these I will give verbatim, in evidence of my right to arraign the church as being the desperate and relentless enemy of science, and therefore of civilization.

This volume would be more profitable if I claimed the authorship of what I am about to write, hence cunning men with present business principles cannot truly say I have an ax to grind.

Let all remember that the supernatural does not exist, but that no man knoweth the boundaries of the natural.

I have no hope of convincing any man of the truth of the genuineness of these writings, whose head is mostly behind his ears and its rear elevation very exalted, because he will be an intellectual fossil and a mental petrification, and think that those phenomena outside of his own experience are as false as himself.

This signifies nothing, because they are not on the intellectual plane of being able to advance civilization.

I do hope to induce the men and women whose heads are in front of their ears to inquire into the possibility of these documents coming as I represent, viz: that they were dictated and precipitated on paper by some process unknown to us, by intelligences who have passed that phase of evolution called Death.

I am anxious to arouse every man and woman who stands on the frontier of information with a hospitable

mind and an appreciation of the infinite size of the volume of what they don't know.

I want all such people (who are ready to exchange a mistake for a fact) to drop what little conceit they have about knowing that my statements (though sincere) are only the result of an abnormally heated imagination. Let all those come down onto the modest shores of knowing that they are only picking up pebbles on shores of information. All I ask is that they give the same amount of credence that they do to the unexplainable physical phenomena around them.

For instance, take two tiny seeds, plant them side by side. From the same earth, sun and air one will abstract noxious vapor, poison and death; the other will abstract perfume, sustenance and life.

Can your wisdom explain their potencies?

Suppose at noon we call up the direction where the sun is, the earth revolving. By night our heads are down. Can your wisdom explain why we weigh the same?

You will probably say gravitation. Are you quite sure you can explain that expression, or is it only a word behind which you hide your ignorance?

We all admit that a small bar of steel is composed of particles absolutely separate and that they are held together by something that nobody ever saw; and so strong is this attraction of cohesion that locomotives cannot pull it apart.

The sun, although more than a million times larger than the earth, is only a star of the fourth magnitude. The star Sirius is only two hundred times larger than the sun. Our best instruments, assisted by photography, show stars so numerous as to justify an estimate of ninety millions in sight. Look at the heavens with

a weak telescope: you will see ten million stars. Double the strength of it and you will see twenty million. Double that and you will see forty million. Double that again, the result will be eighty million stars, and some of them so far away that light traveling at the rate of 185,000 miles per second would require two million years to come from them to us. It only takes eight minutes for light to reach us from the sun.

From evidence it looks as though space was endless and occupied, because every time we have doubled our power to see stars we have doubled the number seen. If it is true (as it seems to be) that space is endless and occupied, it is a logical deduction that if the ninety million of stars in sight could be blotted out of existence, that there would not be any fewer stars. In other words, their number would not be affected.

All the hosts of heaven act with orderly precision. Compelled by awful, unknown, invisible forces—they are called attractions and repulsions—we give these forces these names to cover up our ignorance of them.

The thing that every rational man is compelled to admit is this, that the powers and potencies of the invisible are infinitely greater than those of the visible.

The antediluvian intended to give the sacred writing that arraigns the church most strongly first, but instead will give the first important message he received in the way described. He apologizes for printing the flattering title by which he is addressed, but takes shelter behind the fact that the spirits did not consult his feelings when they wrote it.

The place where my self-esteem ought to be is altogether too flat for adaptation to environment, and I am confident that those who know me would not accuse

me of writing such a eulogy of myself. It is a commission to a reformer.

I agree with it so far that no age ever saw more urgency for one. Here it is:

SPHERE OF ETERNAL PROGRESSION.

CORDIAL GREETING:

The United Spheres salute thee!

Thou wast born into life on your planet to introduce a new and blessed habit of life, a sweet and holy manner of thought and conduct, redeeming the world collectively by reforming the world individually, and to fearlessly occupy the foremost position amongst men.

A plane on which *you* will be made to appear but the author of the highest religion because its creed is *fact*.

Encase not then thy power within the rigid enclosure of human rites, forms or ceremonies, but henceforth let it be the outbreathing of your divine individualism that your followers shall receive inspiration and become teachers in turn.

Speaking from out a sphere of eternal truth and in the interest of truth and progression on your planet, and observing with a vision from which has been forever removed the veil, I marvel even from my exalted plane that anything was left to the human race as a heritage and an inspiration, when the old life memory represents to my critical vision of my present perfected state the monstrous theological impositions piled upon humanity by those bad and mad centuries, during which you will remember the theological expression of a so-called Christianity was formulated and riveted upon the church.

But why consume or waste this wonderous current of infinite *force*?

Why consume your valuable time in enumerating the multitude of errors, theories, half-right, half-wrong, good, bad or neither, or simply foolish, theories and speculations which have been piled like Ossa upon Pillion—a mighty mass—whilst the eternal truths of nature have been ignored and almost buried out of mortal sight during the countless cycles of your planet's evolution. And if I do refer to the long list, why ask ye? Because I would have you tunnel down through the superincumbent mass of human fiction and base fabrication which has hampered humanity in securing and enjoying a perfected evolution.

Thou art the *real man* among men, who possesses the *real spirit* of an individual *fearlessness* so absolutely necessary for the advance of TRUE REFORM. And though you may for a time be looked upon with suspicion, yet I DECLARE UNTO YOU that YOUR NAME shall descend through the other countless ages of your planet's existence as its TRUE SAVIOR and Redeemer.

Years in the enjoyment of my present perfected state, with their increase in knowledge and broadening of the mental vision through phases of endless evolution, teaches modesty, and give birth to a certain timidity when speaking on great and difficult themes. But in this I am happily placed and conditioned, viz., I am no longer fettered by an imperfect environment, but am untrammelled by all human professionalism.

Eternal truth is our only school of interpretation. My spirit is unapproachable to any influence save that high organism through as spirit we can manifest our personality from out the great spheres of eternal destiny beyond, and through the high desire which springs from honesty of purpose and a *desire still* to assist you to live rightly, and you *still* being human

and hence *partial* of knowledge and imperfect of understanding, you are liable to err; and believe, my chosen and elect brother, that it is *no* insult to thy royal intellect to consult other intelligences perfected through that phase of evolution called Death.

Fear not the responsibility thus hurled upon you. Approach *us* as we do you, without fear or favor; with your manifold short-comings, we proclaim that thou art *the man*.

Gainsay *us* not; since what *other man*, save *thyself*, ever rose above race, religion, the influence of his age and his political surroundings, and took his high stand on the higher level of universal brotherhood?

Such unprecedented conduct starts interrogation, and interrogation on the part of humanity means evolution.

Remember, then, you are the embodiment and impersonation of a divine energy and a restorative influence capable of redeeming your race, as a race, from error to the highest attainable perfection on your earth plane.

When you were born, a new manner of life and living—not a new manner of thinking—was born. When you were born, a new life and not a creed appeared for men's guidance.

By your *teachings*, the ancestral habits, the effects of heredity, the perpetuated characteristics of blood, the family selfishness, the pride of race—these shall be displaced, shoved aside, killed in them, making your communication with us; one of heart, and not of mind; of unending life, and not of thought and creed; and whose only dogma is universal harmony.

The so-called Christianity of your schools is a vast system of shallow intellectualism. It is a huge attempt



of the human mind, laboring through corrupt centuries, to make man understand God and his relation to him.

The effort was a failure, and ever will be. God is a spirit. No one hath seen him at any time. He, the great Cosmos is back of all life, even here, and when we have occasion to refer to his name a finger is laid upon the mouth and emphasized by total silence.

Vain is the attempt to bring men to God through the portals of the mind. They are too small for the soul to pass out or for that supreme force in nature called God to pass in through them. Vain are the attempted definitions of God which human schools have taught, and vainer yet their attempt to make man understand those definitions. Vain the attempt to erect a temple of salvation on faith and grace when it must be founded, if founded at all, on the truths in nature.

I restrain myself from enumeration—you are vast of intellect, my brother, and know the awful count your hand must hurl and urge against theological Christianity.

Such your mission. Despise it not. It welcomes all thinkers, but not because they are all good and logical thinkers. It favors no school of thought. It connects itself with *no* ecclesiasticism. It is joined to no philosophy. It depends for its advertisement upon the facility of no creed. It antagonizes no one, but welcomes with outstretched arms to the companionship of its endeavors, its hopes and its fruitions those who would live rightly and enjoy the future lights of sublime evolution.

You shall reach the fullness of your life's ambition to implant in human hearts the lasting germ of truth.

Go forth, then, to victory,

The evoked and ever evolving

Hosts are thy companions.

Thy Brother and Guide,

DARWIN.

For the benefit of those who have plunged into the maelstrom of dishonest trade and think it a meritorious act to compete their fellowmen out of existence, and who measure other people's grain with their fraudulent bushel.

For the benefit of that class who think that there is no one on earth that in any degree resembles the description of the antediluvian, to whom the foregoing commission was given, and that if they think they do, infinity represents their vanity. For the benefit of that class I will state a few facts that can be verified, proving, at least, that there is some truth in the last sentence of the commission, which runs as follows: "You shall reach the fullness of your life's ambition to implant in human hearts the lasting germ of Truth."

Many years ago my conviction that legal murder was the wrong way to settle a dispute on a basis of equity forced me to take a lecture tour through a part of Michigan. I had with me a stereopticon and slides illustrating the horrors of war.

I was so earnest that I was able to render the following poem in such a way as to touch the good and the divine in my audience and bring them to tears:

What! was it a dream, am I all alone?

In the dreary night and the drizzling rain.

Hist! Ah it was only the river's moan,

They have left me behind with the mangled slain.

Yes! Now I remember it all too well,

We met from the battling ranks apart,

Together our weapons flashed and fell,

And mine was sheathed in his quivering heart.

In the cypress gloom where the deed was done,  
'Twas all too dark to see his face,  
But I heard his death groans one by one,  
And he holds me still in cold embrace.

He spoke but once, but I could not hear  
The words he said for the cannon's roar,  
But my heart grew cold with a deadly fear,  
Oh God! I had heard that voice before.

Heard it before at our mother's knee,  
As we lisped together our evening prayer.  
My brother! Oh, would I had died for thee!  
This burden is more than my soul can bear.

I pressed my lips to his death cold cheek,  
And begged him to show me by word or sign  
That he knew and forgave me, he could not speak,  
But he nestled his poor cold face to mine.

The blood flowed fast from my wounded side  
And then for awhile I forgot my pain,  
And over the lakelet we seemed to glide  
In our little boat, two boys again.

And then (in my dream) we stood alone  
On a forest path where the shadows fell,  
And I heard again the tremulous tone  
And the tender words of his last farewell.

But that parting was years, long years ago,  
And he wandered away to a foreign land.  
Our dear old mother shall never know  
That he died to-night by his brother's hand.

The soldiers who buried the dead away  
Disturbed not clasp of that last embrace,  
But laid them to rest till the Judgment Day,  
Heart folded to heart and face to face.

I told my hearers that the whole human family were brothers and that it was as wicked to kill somebody else's son as their own mother's son, and that a patriotism that will make men dishonestly shout, "my

country right or wrong," and with murder in their hearts fly at the throats of their brothers, was a damnably wicked sentiment and that civilization was impossible until we realized the actual brotherhood of man, and replaced blood thirsty, narrow patriotism with broad-minded, benign cosmopolitanism.

Thus far, at least, the antediluvian fits the commission.

There are men in Chicago who know that he has been called the fearless man of the philosophical society.

Thus far he fits the commission.

The Sunset Club, of Chicago, contains one thousand of the intellectual athletes of the city. On the occasion when the subject under discussion was "The Law's Delay."

In the middle of the banquet the secretary, Joseph Errant, came to the man who got that commission and told him that one of the speakers who had been notified to prepare a paper on the subject of "The Law's Delay" had failed them. He therefore requested the antediluvian to fill his place.

The reply was: This is a legal subject. There are probably fifty of the brightest legal lights in America present. I see amongst them Judge Altgeld and Judge Tuley. Request one of these to fill the place.

We have put our dependence in you. Please come; you don't need preparation. "All right." Then come with me to the speaker's table.

Judge Moran read a paper on the Law's Delay and its majesty burying this monument of human foolishness and partiality beneath a mountain of obsequious flattery and illustrated the majesty of the law for daring to try a slave owner for the murder of his slave.

The humane and intellectual chairman, Robert Lindblom, introduced the antediluvian as follows:

The next speaker has no occasion to be annoyed at "The Law's Delay." If the law of propagation had been delayed one hundred years he would have found himself in more congenial company.

Let us be grateful that he is with us one hundred years ahead of time. I request for him that attention he is entitled to by his power to edify.

The antediluvian arose sorely afraid that the expectations of the intellectual athletes had been raised too high.

Expressed himself sorry that Judge Moran had not been able to find a few more eulogistic terms with which to besmere the majesty of the law, and was sorry that the Judge could not see far enough to let him know that the trial of the slave owner for the murder of his slave was an effect instead of a cause and that the cause of the crime was a desperately wicked human law that made the murdered man a slave.

He pointed out that courts of law could only fit the penalty justly to one set of circumstances, and that no two sets of circumstances were ever alike. That the act that would be a crime under one set of circumstances might be a virtue under another.

The present imbecile human laws would treat the defendants very much alike.

Courts of law must be replaced by courts of equity, whose great endeavor it should be to take the circumstances into consideration. When that was done they would often discover that the alleged enemy of society should be the plaintiff, and that in his case society must be arraigned as his desperate enemy because she had robbed him of the natural opportunities to sustain

life and did not hold herself responsible to furnish any other.

One of the best balanced minds in America inhabits a mortal at the head of the court of equity in Chicago. His name is Judge Tuley. That he bestirred himself to get an opportunity to assist the antediluvian with his overcoat goes somewhat to sustain the commission and writings that address the antediluvian as "Son of Wisdom."

I consider them far more eulogistic than I feel entitled to. I have traveled through the slums of cities wondering how people could enjoy such useless and prodigal dissipation within a stone's throw of so much undeserved woe.

I knew that what I saw was the effect of a deeper cause and that charity was a mistake, because it degrades the manhood of men and breeds the pauper spirit.

The only way you can help your fellowman is to put him in the way to help himself. Charity, at best, can only cover over an eruption on the surface of society and drive the disease deeper into the body politic.

I have spent my leisure and money in writing and distributing pamphlets that dealt with the cause of starved and neglected industry and gorged and pampered indolence, and with the assistance of the immortals I shall be partly instrumental in putting a new foundation under society that will admit of no man being able to get something for nothing, and in which every man's income shall be very nearly the value of the service he renders.

I have told you that advanced immortals despised the machinations of the church and know it to be the desperate enemy of civilization, and they have given me a written arraignment of it, which I herewith give to you.

I received the following a few moments before I went to the North Side Turner Hall to deliver a lecture on Physic Phenomena:

SPHERE OF ETERNAL PROGRESSION.

LOYAL FRIEND AND BROTHER, I GREET THEE:

How sweet thus to converse from our sphere of perfection! Not an hour of thy time are *we* absent from thy side. We praise and applaud your inspired lecture. It is simply unanswerable!!

Remove the erroneous ideas from humanity in the contemplation and conception of a *personal God*.

By your teachings, writings and lectures broaden the comprehensive powers of the people!

Though the idea of a supreme power or of a future state has not been universal, yet from the beginning, from man's earliest evolution to a reasoning state, in a word, from his earliest possession of *knowledge* of a remote past, man in almost every clime has been a worshipper.

With rare exceptions, almost every tribe or nation on your planet has paid homage to some great superior, either real or fancied.

Some have seen the placid smile of Deity in the early sunbeam. Others have trembled to hear his angry voice in the midnight tempest. But man's noblest emotions have ever been awakened while acting in submission to that controlling power which the *God in Nature* has depicted to the majesty of his reason as being the most beneficent.

Instruct humanity that compassionate nature is far more worthy of being loved than Omnipotence, which has been foully represented by theologians as jealous and revengeful, and poor, deluded mankind painting himself after his God necessitous, assumes the

liberality and intolerance of a church and creed-bound ignorance, according to the character of the Deity they are known and taught to worship and reverence.

Oh! My august brother, one of the chief attributes of your advanced organism to cope with, and successfully fight against the further inroads of human oppression, was the contempt and disdain with which you have regarded the awful horrors of war!!

You have justly looked upon the profession of arms as barbarism, and upon so-called military glory as degrading to humanity!

Great, indeed, the pity, that poverty and human wretchedness should so often be found amid the attractive beauties of divine nature on your planet, making even the sunlight gloomy to many!

Great the pity that the human eye should ever give a dewdrop to the flower, or that the sigh from a sad heart should waft the odor from the rose!

But, oh, joy and gladness will now become the everlasting birthright and dower of humanity through your instrumentality.

The uncomplaining poor shall write thy epitaph, and adown the long ages of time they shall sound thy deathless praise!!!

You have, indeed, and to all mortal appearance, alone solved the great problem for humanity.

There should be no poverty. There should be no mortal distress. In a planet of wealth and greatness there should not be one solitary instance of suffering for lack of food!

The birds of the air and the fishes of the sea have their abundance. The mountain goat finds herbage even mid rocks and wastes, flocks luxuriate in rich valleys and the cattle on a thousand hills grow fat. Then,



if this indeed be so, why should man alone, of all great nature's creatures, be compelled to feel the pangs of hunger?!!

What a shame that the corrupting power of any such *bastard as a church* should avert benign mother nature's efforts for her children and degrade while she systematically robs them as well!!

Your planet contains ample stores for all. Kind nature, willing to be impartial, is lavish in her dealings and yields her gifts in rich profusion; but the fair, equitable distribution which she intended is interfered with by the selfish and rapacious and unheeded by those who represent wealth and power.

But fear not, brother, this shall all be speedily changed, and through your noble immolation of self upon the sacred altar of equity.

This apathy on the part of those in power is a direct violation of *natural rights*, for where all the children of earth are equal inheritors, unequal distribution of the patrimony is *injustice*.

A few, by force or by fraud, or by little or no industry, have amassed wealth and possess a *superabundance* of every comfort. The millions have mostly to exist by severe toil and suffer great deprivations.

A few monopolize the ownership of the very land, keeping large tracts unproductive, while the other vast millions of virtual paupers can show no claim, unless it be for interment, to a single foot of their native country.

This is a palpable outrage on his brother's *natural rights*. Accursed be *that law* which defends monopoly and offers no true remedy; no just restoration for the lawless usurpation of the *few* against the many, and

whose ancient right to rob their brothers' birthright was legalized by that scarlet harlot of all harlots—*Rome*.

And this she, with brazen audacity, offers in the name of a God to humanity, under the guise of religion, while that same religion stands by and smiles with satisfaction at your planet's deformed social arrangements, and while herself supported by plunder, will still make no effort at reform in this particular, but remains contented with its earthly honors and emoluments, and assumes a proud humility and bids its destitute adherents be submissive to the decrees of Providence; and then, by its own base and nefarious course, it glaringly exhibits a sad example of partiality and injustice in the instance of the children of that same Providence.

If I continue, my noble brother, it is not so much from a desire to extend instruction, but rather to encourage and stimulate thy courage in thy great pull against the strong tide of human opposition.

Fear not to strike—steady thy hand against the further indulgence of the trade of these unscrupulous men, who, clothed in *religious* garb, uttering false prayers and incantations, have circumscribed scientific progress and stifled many of the most generous impulses and the grandest inventions possible to humanity on your planet. Think me not intrusive if I recall to your mind some few instances of the folly of the church.

When Mantheo, the Egyptian priest and historian, first saw the vastness of the pyramids and obelisks, colossal statues and temples on the Nile, he insisted in his writings that these amazing structures had been erected by a dynasty of gods. Thus, in the same spirit, has Rome added to her false system lies to blind and deceive and oppose.

When the Caliph of Mamm, the cotemporary of Charlemagne, received with distinction at his court at Bagdad foreign astronomers and learned men, he encouraged much opposition from Mohammedan priests who did not wish that faithful Moslems should ever seek for science or wisdom beyond that contained in the Koran. When Omar, surnamed El-Alem, or The Learned, wrote a geological work on the retreat of the sea, the same priests declared that his system was contradictory to certain passages in the inspired Koran. He was therefore called upon to make a public recantation of his supposed error, and to avoid death and persecution he left Samarakand.

After Copernicus had written his great work, "De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium," proving the sun to be the centre of our planet's system, so opposed were the priests of his time to new opinions that he hid his manuscript for over twelve years, lest its publication should insure anathema.

Learned (?) Jesuit Fathers of the Christian Church so intimidated Galileo, by threats and imprisonment, that he made a degrading adjuration of what he had written in favor of the Copernican System. His works Rome proclaimed to be in direct opposition to the express word of God. His dialogues were burnt at Rome. Yet, though seven Cardinals signed the sentence of the Inquisition against Galileo, and though even our good brother—Luther—joined in the outcry against the correct theory of planetary revolution, still that theory is the correct one and is now accepted by scientists among your race and his name is honored by all lovers of truth.

As soon as Buffon had published his *Natural History*, which included his "Theory of the Earth,"

he was officially informed by the faculty of theology in Paris that several of his propositions were reprehensible and contrary to the creed of the church. And Buffon, too, was compelled to humbly declare that he had no intention to contradict scripture, and that he would abandon everything he had written which might be considered contrary to the law of Moses.

Newton's theory of gravitation was at first strongly opposed. He was accused of skepticism, and certain of your planet's pious ones declared against human learning, and maintained that the Hebrew scriptures, when rightly translated, comprised a perfect system of natural philosophy.

Ignorant priests had the audacity then, as now, even to dictate to science and foolishly protest against the discoveries of enlightened men.

Discovery and invention have ever been regarded by the churches as twin children of the *Evil One*. Geographical as well as astronomical and geological knowledge or discovery has ever been promptly opposed and discredited whenever it came in contact with crude and conceited clerical ignorance.

When the enlightened Bavarian Bishop Virgil, before your ninth century, asserted the existence of the antipodes, Pope Zachary (who was scandalized at the idea) sent orders to his legate to strip him of his priesthood and drive him from the church altars of God.

Roger Bacon, the ingenious Franciscan Friar, who was called by his learned admirers "The Doctor Mirabilis," who dared to reprove the immoral monks and clergy of his time; who ventured (inspired by grand spirit intelligence) to explore the great secrets of nature; who was an astronomer, and who invented spec-

tacles and made useful suggestions respecting the telescope and the microscope, and who made many valuable scientific discoveries, among them being the power of the transfusion of common earth and transmuting the same into *gold*, and which secret with its matchless formula Rome possesses intact. And yet this worthy son and brother was harrassed by clerical ignorance and jealousy.

He was accused of being in league with the devil—of having sold himself to Satan.

This great brother was imprisoned and tortured and commanded not to teach.

The establishment of the Royal Society of England was opposed because it was feared that discoveries in experimental philosophy might be subversive of the Christian faith.

The telescope and the microscope were called atheistical inventions.

Doctor Jenner was denounced for his discovery of vaccination and the pulpits proclaimed the operation diabolical—a tempting of God's providence—and therefore a heinous crime.

Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood was denounced and scoffed at by priests and church.

Dr. Franklin was charged with sacrilege for his temerity with lightning, and lightning rods were condemned as threatening the will of an angry God.

But I refrain, my beloved and chosen friend, knowing full well that you grasp the meaning of the strange clerical obstinacy which has retarded the progress of astronomy, geology, philosophy and every other moral and physical science.

This church system has ever been a hindrance to social and political advancement; and who shall num-

ber the patient, energetic seekers after truth, from the days of Gallileo until this day and hour on your planet, whose goodly lives have been embittered by the false teachings of bibliolaters?

Who shall count the hosts of weaker men whose sense of truth has been destroyed in the effort to harmonize impossibilities; whose lives have been wasted in the attempt to force the generous new wine of science into the old bottles of Judaism, compelled by the outcry of the same strong party?

Beloved friends, (there were three present when this writing came) it is true that if philosophers have suffered it is equally true that their cause has been avenged! You will extinguish—*ye three*—those infamous theologians which now lie about the cradle of science. Strangle these snakes for humanity. Fear not the result.

Thy cordial Brother in the Work of Redemption,

DARWIN.

In the judgment of the antediluvian, Darwin has given the church a crushing blow; but he realizes (nearly as well as the immortal who sent mortals [through another avenue] the following poem) how tenacious of life is a very large, hoary-headed, respectable lie, and will arraign the church himself after the good ship that has brought him half-way round the world is in a safe place:

A RESPECTABLE LIE.

A respectable lie! Sir! pray, what do you mean?  
 The thing in itself is a plain contradiction.  
 A lie is a lie, and deserves no respect,  
 But merciless judgment and speedy conviction.

It springs from corruption, is servile and mean,  
An evil conception, a coward's invention,  
And whether direct or but simply implied  
Has naught but deceit for its aim and intention.

Ah yes, very well, so good morals would teach,  
But facts are the most stubborn things in existence,  
And they go to show that great lies win respect  
And hold their position with wonderous persistence.

The small lies, the white lies, the lies feebly told,  
The world will condemn, both in spirit and letter;  
But the great bloated lies will maintain their respect,  
And the larger and older a lie is the better.

A respectable lie, from a popular man,  
On a popular theme, never taxes endurance,  
While the pure golden coin of unpopular truth  
Is often refused for the brass of assurance.

You may dare all the laws of the land to defy,  
And hold to the truth the most shameless relation,  
But never attack a respectable lie  
If you value your name or a good reputation.

A lie well established and hoary with age  
Resists the assaults of the boldest seceder,  
And he is considered the greatest of saints  
Who silences reason and follows the leader.

Whenever a mortal has dared to be wise  
And seize upon truth as the soul's Magna Charter,  
He always has won from the lovers of lies  
The name of a fool or the fate of a martyr.

There are popular lies and political lies,  
And lies that stick fast between buying and selling,  
And lies of politeness, conventional lies,  
That scarcely are reckoned as such in the telling.

There are lies of sheer malice and slanderous lies,  
From those who delight to peck filth like a pigeon,  
But the oldest and far most respectable lies  
Are those that are told in the name of religion.

*The Light of the Ages.*

We mock at the Catholics, bigots at Rome,  
 Who strive with their dogmas man's reason to fetter,  
 But we turn to the Protestant bigots at home,  
 And we find that their dogmas are scarce a whit better.

We are called to believe in the wrath of the Lord,  
 In endless damnation and torments infernal,  
 While around and above us the infinite truth,  
 Scarce heeded or heard, speaks sublime and eternal.

'Tis sad, but the day star is shining on high,  
 And science comes in with her conquering legions,  
 And every respectable, time-honored lie  
 Shall fly from her face to the mythical regions.

The soul shall no longer in terror behold  
 The red waves of wrath that leap up to engulf her,  
 For science ignores the existence of hell,  
 And chemistry finds better use for sulphur.

We may dare to repose in the beautiful faith  
 That an infinite life is the source of all being,  
 And though we may strive with delusion and death,  
 We may trust to a love and a wisdom all-seeing.

We may dare in the strength of our might to arise  
 And stand where our feet shall not stumble or falter,  
 And freed from the bondage of time-honored lies,  
 To lay all we *have* on the truth's sacred altar.

But if I don't stand by the ship I will never be able  
 to get round this globe or take my reader with me.

The immortal part of the antediluvian owes her  
 an apology for deserting her when the winds and the  
 waves seemed determined to tear her asunder, and for  
 deserting her when shoals and rocks threatened disas-  
 ter. But the spirit of the traveler has returned and  
 finds that with the assistance of two men in the chains  
 heaving the lead she has carefully picked her way  
 through the narrow headlands of Hobson's Bay.

We look around and take warning from the skele-  
 tons of several ships.



The gold fields have brought commerce out of all proportion to pilots. The telescope can't find one. Our destination is forty miles up the bay, where the city of Melbourne sits. A man is standing by with a sledgehammer, ready to strike the blow that shall let go the anchor, should we get into shoal water.

The men in the chains are heaving the leads and singing out the depth. The captain is anxiously listening. The assuring song comes: "By-the-deep, nine;" then again, "by-the-mark, seven."

Suddenly the drawl is stopped and a man shouts, "By-the-mark, four!" Then in trumpet tones from the captain, "Let go the anchor!" Simultaneously down comes the sledgehammer with a mighty blow. The long imprisoned anchor is liberated and she plunges into the bay, resolved to show her power, and stop that restless ship.

The monster cable rushes out of the horsehole in a very threatening way; the ship has been close-hauled; her prow is put close into the wind, and her sails shiver and lose their propelling power; the anchor holds, and all is well,

Boats are lowered and soundings taken, but the direction of the wind will not permit us to pass up the channel.

We try to curb our impatience by betraying and deceiving the fishes with food-covered barbed hooks. Our villainy is successful and our astonishment great at the brilliant colors and impossible shapes of the finny tribe south of the equator.

Next morning our anxiety to get our feet on something stationary makes us call on our latent eloquence to make an effort to persuade the captain that the wind

has changed enough to allow the ship to sail in the channel.

Bloquence is dangerous if owned by a dishonest man. With it he can seem to make north appear south.

The captain was not demoralized by it, but he good-naturedly consented to try and called out, "Heave away on the anchor."

Every man in the ship was ready and anxious to heave. It came up as though it belonged to a man-of-war. The ship fell off; then gained headway; the men in the chains sang out the soundings, which were off and on precarious. The wrecks on shore helped to increase the intense anxiety.

The last sounding, within two feet of the keel, brought the unwelcome command, "Let go the anchor." We lost faith in the proverb, "As changeable as the wind." It would not change, in spite of the unanimous invitation willing up from that ship.

The anchor was weighed and "let go" twice more before we reached Sandridge.

We had become a large family by more than a quarter of a year's close association—by the tie of having survived together the greatest storm old salts had seen, and many a heart throbbd as an important, puffd-up, little steamboat took part of us away.

As we puffd up the Yaroaro river I was inclined to think that plenty was the mother of waste and prodigality, because in one place the river was almost obstructed with the heads of cattle thrown away as refuse. The gold fields of Australia were only used by me as an excuse and a tool with which to overcome my father's objections to my leaving home.

The spirit of adventure and the desire to be introduced to and become acquainted with this world before I passed through that phase of evolution called death to another, was the real impelling power.

Hence I was in no particular hurry to rush off to the gold mines, but occupied my mind making comparisons between Scotland and what I saw around me. The site of the city of Melbourne did not compare favorably with that of Edinburgh. Even to this day I do not think my judgment was warped by that wicked sentiment called patriotism.

To keep my promise to adulterate instruction with amusement, and to show that originality is possible in the description of a site, I will have to transport my reader, on the wings of the spirit, to the city of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

That city has the honor of sustaining in grandeur a popular hardware man. Nature has been very lavish with this man in endowing him with eminent business ability and principles, which condensed mean the sub-time genius required to take advantage of your fellow-man's necessities and buy a thing for a cent that is worth two and sell it for five. All these gifted children live in mansions.

This gentleman had deeply imbibed with his mother's milk a supreme contempt for simple language. Hence his conversation was of a very grandiloquent style and very impressive to those who failed to recognize that he seldom used these grand words in the right place. The natural result of this second lavish gift was that he was unanimously elected a school director. This genius (slightly assisted by the reproductive forces of nature) compelled that school to so flourish

that it was thought that a green bay tree had cause to bluish.

A flight of eloquence from the hardware man was instrumental in deciding the purchase of a site for the new school that far outshone the one on which the city of Melbourne is built.

In describing this site he surpassed himself in the selection of terms that he did not understand, and would inform his entranced hearers that the land *descended* all round.

The importance and weight of this gentleman's words capsize his boat on Reed's Lake. Those who witnessed the catastrophe (fearing that a blight would fall on education) desirred themselves and fished him out before he lost the power to gratefully express himself thus: "I thank God that I am on *vice versa* once more."

"What the schools should teach" perplexed him sadly. His deep reflection is interrupted by a loud noise, composed mainly of thumps and feminine screams. He wiped his throbbing brow and rushed in the direction to discover that the wife of his bosom (a lady of strict propriety) had fallen down the cellar.

In narrating this accident he described her condition as being perfectly *prostitute*, remonstrance to the contrary notwithstanding.

The theme that large words could not elucidate, "What the schools should teach," should be undertaken by some one who does not despise small ones.

When a college-bred man is turned loose on the world there are very few niches in society into which he can fit.

If society were founded justly and every man was compelled to assume his share of the burden of it, there

would be still fewer places that he could fit and be of any service to himself or the community.

At present he could be a street car conductor; failing that opportunity, he generally turns his ingenuity in the direction of an effort to get the wealth away from those who produce it.

Nature is the source of all wealth. It is impossible to be honest unless you know how to get the wealth away from her or give an equivalent to the man who knows how. Put a college-bred man on an island (alone) that was rich in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms; that had a profusion of the raw material from which all wealth is derived—that college-bred man would probably die of cold and hunger.

The most important thing the schools can teach is a knowledge of the raw material out of which wealth is produced; a knowledge of the forces of nature and how to harness them to do his work and change this abundant raw material into things that minister to his wants, his comforts and his luxuries. In other words, to change the raw material into wealth.

After putting himself in a position where the necessity does not exist to legally steal the wealth away from those who produce it, he may then, if he so desires, load his brain with the effete and useless acquirements called fashionable, polite education.

The manual training schools of to-day are a step in the right direction to produce self-reliant, useful members of society; whereas colleges only produce useless parasites on society.

My feet had become so accustomed to adjust themselves to the uncertain swaying deck that the land of Australia seemed very permanent and reliable, if Melbourne was built on a fair sample of it.

A passenger (who put up at the same house that I did) was uncertain as to whether he had imbibed a large enough supply of religion before he left England to last him the voyage, and urged me to go to church with him to renew his faith.

My amiability overcame my better judgment and conspired to make me a victim of a tirade of respectable falsehoods, uttered from a castle called a pulpit, where a moral coward is protected by law from the inconvenience of being called on then and there to prove his base assertions.

On this occasion he thought himself eloquent on the power of religion to make men honest and restrain them from crime. He dwelt with unction on the wickedness of daring to think for yourself unless you understood Greek and Hebrew—just as though a piece of folly could not be written in a foreign language; just as though it was any fault of ours that the Lord's vanity would not let him spare one of his praise-singers to translate it right.

In the course of his tirade he fitted an old chestnut to Australia and narrated the story of a man traveling with a lot of gold. No place to stay but a little hovel, he resolved to lie awake all night and guard his treasure. But before retiring the owner of the shanty asked him if he would join in a season of prayer. The owner of the gold was delighted to find that the owner of the shanty was a Christian.

This great discovery filled him with confidence that a Christian could not be a confidence man, so he went to bed, had a sound sleep, and found his gold all safe in the morning.

The idea conveyed was that unless you believed in his superstition you was necessarily a robber.

He forgot to mention that intellectual development produces heretics, but it also gives them the knowledge that crime can never lead to happiness.

His statement that the gold miner run far less risk of being robbed in the house of a Christian than of a man who did not play traitor to his divine reasoning powers was the reverse of the facts.

Here are the facts—mark them: The British House of Commons thought it worth its while to have statistics taken with a view to discover to which part of the community the crime belonged.

They found that for every forty-two Roman Catholics there was a jail-bird; for every sixty-seven Episcopalians there was a criminal; for every seventy-eight Presbyterians there was another, and that for every *twenty-seven hundred Agnostics* there was only one criminal—and they were astonished to find him.

Hence the gold miner stood more than sixty chances of losing his treasure that he would have done if he had slept in the house of a man who scouted Christianity and was honest enough not to pretend to believe anything that insulted his divine reasoning powers.

I said divine advisedly. We contemplate the landscape that the vegetable kingdom has clothed in beauty and conclude that it is a kingdom of Divine origin.

Close observation discloses the animal kingdom with still more complex adaptations of means to ends, we therefore decide that this is a higher kingdom and therefore better entitled to be considered of Divine origin.

Our minds revert to the human race, and in it we recognize the highest specimen of the highest kingdom. We are forced to the conclusion that the sublime reasoning power is the highest attribute of the

highest organism on the planet, and therefore the one above all others that has an absolute right to be called of Divine origin.

Now, if the divine reasoning powers conflict with a book that you know was made by man, which would you deny? Is it not a greater insult to Divinity to deny her grandest work—the divine reasoning powers—than to deny a book, a human production that has been twisted and garbled by a designing, luxury-loving, lazy priest-craft, who command you to play traitor to your divine reasoning powers that they may enslave you mentally and rob you of the fruits of your labor by frightening you into paying them a heavy premium on an eternal fire insurance policy.

Whenever a man, claiming to be a moral teacher, belittles the reasoning powers and advises you to betray them, you may be certain that he is a blackhearted moral leper instead of a moral teacher.

The moral leper that was in that Melbourne pulpit thought all such men as I needed to be born over again. At first I was inclined to think that as there was such vast room for improvement in himself that he should make the request to be born over again quite a number of times. Mature thought, however, brought me to the conclusion that he had been born once too often for the good of humanity.

Evolution has probably not lifted more than one in a million on to the intellectual plane where their income does not affect their statements. Hence, on that premise, I maintain that the man whose income depends on the success or failure of the ideas he teaches is an unqualified juror as to the truth or falsehood of those ideas.



The old saying is that "He that won't fight for his dinner, won't fight for his king." Hence, in the degree that he loves his family and is helpless to support it in any other way, in that degree he has an ax to grind, and should be ruled out of the controversy, if the object is to search for the truth. Sorry I am to be compelled to say that this is not their object, but that history demonstrates that their supreme object has been to strangle every truth and every exalted man who uttered one that conflicted with theological ignorance.

I have been taught by my benign and all-wise counsel to look kindly on all humanity; that love is the complete fulfilling of the law; been taught to regard my former enemies in the light of friends and neighbors, who are as so many unenlightened children. The immortals say, "Hatred consumes energy—love conquers all." Tell them that you seek no success for yourself except as what profits you personally; that the *community* shall profit also. Care nothing for the censure or approval of the world, and teach thy hearers that above all not to allow the love of mammon to tarnish their life motives. This once established, the time will speedily arrive when, in a new atmosphere of love and honor, distrust will disappear."

Well! I care nothing for the censure or approval of the world; but I do care for my own approval, and though I may appear very harsh at times, it is that good may follow.

I intend to conquer with brotherly love even those who know that I am undermining their present methods of getting a living. The effect of what I say will be to open new channels in which their energy, directed by truth and equity, shall be a blessing instead of a curse to themselves and their fellowmen.

These same men shall put their shoulders to the wheel of the car of progress and bless the man and the words that relieved them from their false lives.

My mission is to make nature's bountiful gifts crown the efforts of all, and peace, plenty and good will be the common heritage of the race, and drive poverty and evil from off the face of the earth.

I have been given a great deal of wisdom in the form of manuscript from the celestial spheres—writings that mortal men never wrote. False, *cunning* men are not expected to believe this. It signifies little that they do not, because these are not they who have the inclination or the power to help redeem society. The gifts which have fallen to me are not the dreams of a heated and abnormal imagination; but they are stern, awful and lofty realities, capable of demonstration. They are not exclusively mine, but belong to all faithful seekers after truth, who really have the uplifting of humanity as their object, and whose motives are genuine; who care nothing for money except as an instrument with which to benefit the race.

Lazy, luxury-loving ministers, babbling to their sleepy flocks, claim virtues they don't possess—amongst them that the right and might of spiritual power lies vested in them. This is the genuine article of blasphemy we have heard about, but looked for in the wrong direction.

If they had the spiritual power that they claim, they could demonstrate the immortality of the soul. The reason they can not do that is this, that they have been recreant to their trust, and instead of lifting up humanity they have ground her in the dust, and the spiritual power bequeathed by Christ has been taken from them. Amongst the hundreds and thousands of priests and

ministers, from the Pope down, the immortals have not been able to discover a seeker after truth whose motives were pure.

If they had, *That One* would have received such messages from the spheres as I have. That one would have been able to demonstrate the immortality of the soul. Their own false hearts have betrayed them. They can deceive themselves, but they cannot deceive the all-wise immortals.

They have cared nothing for equity. Every effort to improve conditions must fail unless equity is the pedestal on which it stands. They have kept humanity undeveloped by deflecting their thoughts from the *real* to the imaginary. They will give minute descriptions of a personal God that even the immortal spirits have not seen. The immortals say: "He, the great *Cosmos*, is back of all life, *even here*, and when we have occasion to refer to his name a finger is placed upon the mouth and emphasized by total silence."

When the *Divine* reasoning powers have controlled the actions of men, the gods have retired and civilization has taken a step in advance. I know that I am fighting a mighty power. Before I was called an *illuminated teacher* little fear was mine when I thought that I knew that oblivion awaited me. If I had little fear then, why should I have any now, when the immortals have given me the power and weapons of the spirit, and when I know that death is *not oblivion*, but only a stage of evolution and a delightful change from a legalized crime-cursed planet, where the conversation of the very poor and the very rich is brutal, insincere and vapid.

Death to me would mean my liberation from the abuse of a purchased, scurrilous, pusillanimous press. It would mean my liberation from the hatred of the

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vampires who are enabled by wicked laws to sink their fangs deep into the vitals of pale and bleeding industry and keep them there, if they can, until they inaugurate a revolution.

Death, to me, would be a translation from a cramped environment of pitiful scenes of unnecessary and undeserved woe to the delights of conditions where space is annihilated, where all the mysteries of nature are elucidated, where vices are not known, and where truth and brotherly love reign supreme.

Before I knew this I was sick of the sycophant's heaven, where praises were sung to a jealous God to tickle his vanity and keep him from changing to an angry one. No self-respecting person would want to go there.

I say that garbled Christianity is the enemy of civilization. I have no right to say so unless I, like the immortals, can arraign it with a criminal indictment founded on truth.

With the exception of the humane and amiable Buddhist religion, all others have used some form of force to compel belief in their preposterous doctrines.

Belief is something over which you have as little control as you have over the color of your hair or eyes, or the beating of your heart.

The fearless and unperverted judgment analyzes the proposition offered and arbitrarily dictates what your private thoughts shall be.

If the penalty for expressing those private thoughts is too great, they will still be entertained but not expressed.

Force cannot compel belief. It can only compel a pretense of it.

The church can manufacture *true* believers by taking a cowardly advantage of a child's confiding mind and paralyzing its judgment by the shameful instrumentality of fear of future punishment. But in all human beings whose divine reasoning powers have partially escaped paralysis the *fear* (that wicked weapon of the church) can only make such *pretend* to believe—can only breed hypocrits.

I propose to strip from this sanctimonious institution the power to compel that slimy thing called *hypocrisy*.

The immortals have given you a long list of advanced mortals whose lives have been made a hideous nightmare by the persecution of the church.

Evolution only produces one human being in a million whom nature has endowed with the intellectual power to make inroads into the realm of the unknown. These discoveries, these secrets that beneficent spirits have confided to the noblest of men, are what constitute the difference between savagedom and civilization.

All sane men must admit that the killing or imprisoning of one human being, who is on the intellectual plane of making a discovery, does more toward retarding civilization than the murder of fifty million ordinary people.

The church has only frightened and swindled the ordinary mortals out of their earnings and kept them ignorant, because she knew that ignorance was the mother of devotion.

Oh! what has she done with the extraordinary mortals? She has hunted them like wild beasts all over Europe. She has racked her ingenuity how to wreck her victims. She has made them endure all the suffering they could and still have them live. She has then

imprisoned them for years; and after all that, her vengeance has been fiercer than ever—so wickedly fierce that she has brought her victims out of damp and dark dungeons and burnt them.

The sight of the emaciated bodies that held the noble minds never raised a scintillation of pity in the reptilian eye of the cold-blooded church.

The immortal Geordano Bruno was one of the many exalted minds who suffered more than I have recorded; and, after all that, his spirit was liberated by fire. The church stood by, with a fiendish smile of delight, to witness its departure to realms that *she* is too wicked to reach.

But ever the truth comes uppermost,  
And ever is justice done.

For on the very spot in Rome where this awful tragedy occurred, February 16th, 1700, a monument is erected by warm-hearted, grateful men and women who have brains enough to discriminate between the enemies of earth and her benefactors.

Such was the treatment of those who were ready to die that civilization might live. Thousands of weaker fiber, fearing torture, have died and their discoveries have been buried with them.

The fear of anathema, torture and death at the bloody hands of the church, has certainly retarded civilization one thousand years.

The human race would now have been on a high plane of evolution and in the enjoyment of all the knowledge that will constitute the civilization of many centuries hence, if the gory claw of the church had not exterminated the noblest of mankind.

Knowing their record, it is very exasperating to hear false, brainless, bad-reasoning pulpiteers reiterate that

brazen falsehood—that theologic Christianity is the cause of civilization.

Remember, I have nothing but loving admiration for what Jesus Christ really did say.

The main object priests and ministers had in view was to crush out science and sweep civilization from off the face of the earth with the besom of destruction.

They know very well that as soon as men grow intelligent that it becomes very difficult to frighten them with the imaginary wrath of imaginary gods or devils, or the torture of an imaginary hell. They know very well that a civilized man would ask them to produce their evidence for the truth of these conditions said to exist in the future.

They know very well that a civilized man would ask them how they came to own such a profitable corner on the future that it enables them to live in luxury and idleness by frightening the ignorant out of their earnings.

Civilized men see at a glance that it is a great scheme to hold up a cross with one hand and put the other in the pockets of the ignorant and steal their wages.

Civilized men observe how lavishly generous the clergy are with their real estate and mansions in heaven, but they know that these are as unreal as their power to keep their promises.

These generous but false promises have the effect intended, namely, of making the swindled toiler endure peaceably his wrongs and wretchedness here, in the hope of getting even hereafter; for has he not been told that a rich man cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven?

I am glad to know that this is far more true than the clerical liars (who utter it) think it is.

I am in a position now to know that repentance does not count in the future. Restitution is the principle on which all robberies of the confiding by the cunning must be settled.

What a bill those pious and legal swindlers will have to pay, because the more they have robbed labor the more restitution they will have to make by rendering a menial service through the long ages before them. The person who cannot see that theological Christianity is a scheme of the cunning and the lazy to rob the ignorant and the industrious, by playing on their fears with falsehoods, *that person is not civilized.*

Astronomy is classed amongst the liberal sciences, and the implements by which the celestial world is revealed to us are little short of sacred.

Theological Christianity has called to her assistance every crime on the calendar and some crimes too wicked to be on it. She called them to help her to strange astronomy and to help her exterminate astronomers. Her pitiless eye has gleamed with delight to witness their mental and bodily suffering.

Astronomy is the most ennobling and exalted of all the sciences. It broadens the mental vision and puts sublimity into life. It gives us a glimpse of the home of the immortals and (to those who know that with spirit space is annihilated) that home is broader and more varied than the grandest imagination can conceive. This fills them with radiant hope for the future. The brazen church did all she could to crush, to assassinate and bury this branch of Christianity is the cause of civilization.

The tireless chemist, patiently toiling in his laboratory for the good of mankind, has held his breath, while



his heart has beat like a triphammer at every unusual sound, expecting the reptilian hearted wretches (who desecrate the name of Christ,) were after his life, or at least after him to give amusement to priests while they tortured his poor body and agonized his mind while seeing his loved retorts and ingenious contrivances destroyed.

What we have of this branch of civilization had to struggle through fire and blood and tears.

Comparative anatomy, that key that unlocked many of the secrets of geology, did not escape biology and botany. All these have been strangled when she had the power, and insulted when she had not.

A knowledge of these sciences is what constitutes the difference between savagedom and civilization. None but the blackest of reprobates will dare to deny that Theological Christianity has used all her evil power to crush, to strangle and exterminate all the sciences and therefore to deny civilization a home on this planet.

The cunning of the church has been equal to her ruthless villainy.

As soon as she discovered that truth crushed to earth a thousand times will rise again, what does she? This brazen old harlot pretends to fall in love with innocent young civilization.

She has the abominable effrontry to claim that she has nursed young civilization with far more than a mother's tender solicitude.

She announces to the community that she has married him, and that now her name is Christian civilization.

Young and righteous civilization revolts at this unholy alliance between sanctimonious theology and

himself. He claims that he was very weak and under age when she stole his good name, and that he has resolved on a divorce on the ground of absolute incompatibility.

When the trial comes off he can prove by clouds of witnesses that she has tortured and murdered with rack, fire, sword and hemp nearly all of his ancestors.

That she has been the desperate enemy of all of his relatives, and that even now she would strangle him in bed if the law would let her. In short, that she is the concentrated essence of respectable wickedness, and that civilization and Theological Christianity cannot live together in the same house or on the same planet.

You can steal a million with the assistance of law and be considered highly respectable. But if you steal a dollar without its assistance you are highly disrespectful.

The greatest crimes are the respectable crimes. The most respectable of all crimes is by far the greatest crime.

I demand your earnest attention while I point it out. Perhaps you think that to twist and stunt the body of a white child slave in a factory and make its nights sleepless with aching bones. Perhaps you think that to crush out the frolicsome glee that kind nature intended and make this tiny slave's mind premature careworn and anxious. Perhaps you think that to make its whole life a hunger-panged, back-aching horror and a great calamity that it was ever born into this benign Christian civilization.

Perhaps you think that this is the greatest crime that the imagination of man can conceive. But great as it is, it is as nothing compared to that very respectable one committed in the Sabbath school.

As the mind is above the body, so the crime of the Sabbath school is above that of the factory.

The child of the savage in the wild wood has no aching bones, and its eyes sparkle with delight.

The Christian's child in the fetid tenement den has no bones that do not ache and no joy in its sad heart, because it was born in a Christian civilization.

This heartless civilization is perpetuated by the hellish cunning of the very respectable Sabbath school class.

To stunt and twist the body of a child in a factory is a very great crime, but to twist and deform the mind of a child in a Sabbath school class is a far greater one.

The successful way to perpetuate the ignorance so necessary to the life of the church, is to take a mean advantage of the confiding minds of children and hold over them the influence of FEAR, by telling them that it is wicked to doubt their false assertions. By picturing to them in glowing colors scenes of seething, never-dying fires, reveling in the agony and living on the bodies of those who dare to contradict them and who dare to be guided by their divine reasoning powers.

These children are told that a horrible hell is the portion of those who doubt, and a delightful heaven the reward of those who believe.

The men who teach children that it is wicked to doubt what they cannot demonstrate to be true are the most desperate enemies of civilization.

When a child has been fully persuaded that its reasoning powers are no good; that they must not be consulted where the church is concerned; that his belief was made for him before he was born; that child (overborne by fear of imaginary penalties,) denies his divine reasoning powers. To deny the reasoning powers is to

The unholly attitude that the Protestant and the  
 throats.  
 enough for men to take delight in flying at each others  
 in matters of theology will inspire venomous hatred  
 It is astonishing how small a difference of opinion  
 whitened the sands of Syria with their bones.  
 fanatics convulsively bit the dust, and millions of men  
 hatred went on; peace was banished and theologys  
 away by violent death, and still this war of religious  
 three hundred years. Generations came and passed  
 hatred enough to keep the fires of war burning during  
 beauties called Mohammedanism and Romanism bred  
 The slight difference in the complexion of those two  
 this beyond even her fondest hopes.  
 but must admit that theology has succeeded in doing  
 other. No honest man who knows anything of history  
 The next greatest crime is to cause men to hate each  
 To cause insanity is the champion crime on earth.  
 bring it to the coffers of those sky pilots.  
 and that they would be unable to create wealth and  
 and drift on to the desolate shores of complete lunacy,  
 of life, that they would be without compass or rudder  
 use their divine reasoning powers in the other affairs  
 that if it tells its oft fleeced flock that they must not  
 The church has method in its madness. It knows  
 to the lunatic asylum.  
 they do on theology, every one of them would be sent  
 If its victims were to reason on other subjects as  
 Sabbath school is the cunning breeder of insanity.  
 to become insane. And yet the highly respectable  
 the greatest calamity that can befall a human being is  
 There can be no dissenting voice when I say that  
 unable conclusions is the best definition of insanity.  
 come to unreasonable conclusions. To come to unreas-

Roman curse assumed towards each other for eighty years illustrates this.

Philip II of Spain had his brain viciously deformed in the Sabbath school class. This made him say that he would rather not reign at all than reign over heretics. He had reference to the three million Protestants of the Netherlands.

Being resolved on this, he piously issued a mandate, decreeing the entire inhabitants to be put to death, by their convincing arguments, fire, sword and hemp.

The young men of that country objected to this holy arrangement by which their mothers, their fathers, their wives, their sweethearts, their children—the good, the bad, the young, the old, the guilty, the innocent alike were to perish by the agency of hemp, sword and ruthless fire.

The energy with which the men of the Netherlands objected to the Roman fiend's degree inaugurated a pious war that lasted thirty years. Think of the famine, the hatred, the fire that was used to desolate that land.

When they did stop the carnage it was not because they loved each other any more or hated each other any less. No, indeed, famine was the gaunt umpire that stopped the war caused by a brain being distorted in the Sabbath school.

Nature meant diversity—there being no two leaves or two brains alike; hence in the realm of the undemonstrable they must differ. The church struggles against nature to make conformity. This insane effort has caused the human family to hate each other to the death, and if it had every other virtue (which it has not,) that one vice would crown it still an awful curse.

The difference of opinion (on a subject that neither of them know anything about,) may be so slight as to

be scarcely discernable, but it is sufficient to make one fanatic delight in burning another.

The unpleasantness that arose between Servitus and Calvin illustrates this.

Servitus was fortunate enough to escape from the Sabbath school with a part of his reasoning powers untwisted. This led him to suppose that if Jesus Christ was in fact the Son of God, he ought to be a trifle younger than his father, if it was only a few minutes.

The Sabbath school was more fortunate with Calvin. So complete was his insanity that he said that the son was not a minute younger than the father, and if any man said he was, that man was a blasphemous heretic and must be burnt at the stake.

Calvin having the power to do this, the fierce hatred born of a slight difference of opinion gave him the desire.

He ordered the funeral pyre made of green oak wood, that the spirit of Servitus would be slow to escape from his body, and give the tiger in the breast of the sanctimonious Calvin time to enjoy the agony of the man who differed so slightly from him.

A thoughtless wind conspired with a cruel man to prolong the victim's suffering, and while the flames were withering his limbs Servitus pled as follows:

"Oh thou, Jesus Christ, son of the everlasting God, have mercy on me!" But he was taunted and admonished to mend his words.

To amend his words did not mean that the words were not all right, but only to transpose them, thus—instead of saying "Son of the Everlasting God," they demanded that he must say "The Everlasting Son of God."

Servitus' way of putting it conveyed the idea that

the son might be younger than the father. Calvin's construction conveyed the idea that the son was just as old as the father and possibly a trifle older.

Servitus was right. The church has ever made the right disappear in smoke and flame and taken great pains to propagate the wrong.

One of the great curses involved in Theological Christianity is, that it is written with the indefiniteness of ignorance, not the accuracy of science. This indefiniteness justifies men in putting a construction on it to suit their own character and purposes. Consequently there are no independent thinkers who arrive at the same conclusions in all particulars.

Within the lids of our garbled Bible can be found *sanctions for and commands against every virtue and every vice.*

Is it any wonder then that good will amongst men, and harmony and peace on earth are impossible as long as the Sabbath schools are allowed to make lunatics by teaching preposterous nonsense under the influence of *fear.*

At present the false church crouches in impotent rage at having lost its power to burn witches (in other words, the avenues through which immortals reach us,) and to liberate with fire the souls of the *great.*

She now thinks it policy to draw in her long and gory claws and extend her velvet paw to science.

With a meek and long suffering smile she says that it is all a mistake to suppose that she ever had any hard feelings towards science, when in fact nothing but the most tender solicitude towards that handmaiden of hers had ever desecrated her righteous bosom; that there was no occasion to, because science and the Bible do

not in the smallest degree conflict; that in fact science is a corroboration of the Holy Scriptures.

These very common but very respectable liars are now racking their prostituted brains to make the Bible and science appear to harmonize by the aid of sophistry and fraud.

Here is one illustration of their methods of making *falsehood* appear to harmonize with *truth*. By unveiling the following piece of pious dishonesty it will enable you to see that all their other efforts are of the same fraudulent brand.

The testimony of the rocks, as truthfully expressed by geology, demonstrates that it is many, many millions of years since the eternal elements condensed into the rudimentary form of this planet, and that this world of ours has been making or perfecting ever since.

The Bible says that the world was made in six days, and that it is only a few thousand years old. Hence, to make this harmonize with the truth that they could not kill, they brazenly say that the six days in which the Bible says that the world was made *did not mean days at all*, but that *each* day meant an enormous period of indefinite duration, representing millions of years.

Now, mark how I expose them! If I were to tell you that a work took six days to complete, you would naturally suppose that I meant six times twenty-four hours; but if I were to confirm that statement by telling you that there was an evening and a morning to each day, you would know then for a certainty that twenty-four hours was the time I intended to convey, for the invulnerable reason that the earth takes just that time to revolve and cause an evening and a morning. But if I were to confirm my meaning a third time, by telling you that humanity was commanded to rest on the sev-



enth day, would it not be preposterous to ask people (who only lived a generation) to periodically take a rest of an indefinite number of millions of years?

An idiot, even, might be certain that the intention of the ignorant writer of this part of the Bible was positively to convert the idea of a twenty-four hour day. This is corroborated more times than I have mentioned.

To make the Bible harmonize with truth, how they twist and distort its language out of its intended meaning.

A man can be just as dishonest in handling language as in handling money. This being proven, I am justified in pronouncing them teachers of duplicity, subterfuge, causistry and dishonesty, and I assert that they have no more right to be called *moral teachers* than the convict serving sentence.

Now let us examine the attitude of priests and ministers toward the people from an economic standpoint.

Do they ever give their influence to abolish wicked human laws that violate and murder equity? Laws under the sanction of which every crime is committed wholesale? No! When chattel slavery was lawful they were enthusiastic in commanding those slaves to be law-abiding.

There are many laws in force to-day as indirectly wicked as the one that made chattel slavery respectable, and through their vicious power men are as completely slaves as though they were chattels.

The greatest crimes committed against humanity to-day (by those who are resolved that they will not work) are all very highly respectable, and of course sanctioned by law—human laws, made by the few to enable them to enslave and plunder the many, and to cast a halo over the piracy.

In the new order of conditions about to be established, every human law shall be tried before the sacred bar of justice. If there is a single clause in it enabling one class of men to fleece another, that vicious clause shall be wiped out, pure equity placed in its stead, and the scales of justice evenly balanced.

Did you ever know a priest or a minister sufficiently honest or brave to inquire into the righteousness of the laws? No, not one. This is why the power to demonstrate the immortality of the soul has been taken from them and given to those that they used to call witches.

If, instead of being lazy, insincere parasites and obstructors of civilization, priests and ministers had been righteous, moral teachers, this awe-inspiring power would have consecrated their lives.

Suppose the morning had dawned that brought the inspiration and the glorious power to those men to demonstrate the immortality of the soul in such a way as to put it beyond the realm of controversy.

This would have been the result: They would majestically step into their pulpits and proclaim the glad tidings and with it the demonstrable evidence. How grand they would feel when they found that there was not one dissenting thought in the minds of their humble listeners, and that they were as fully convinced as though they had been told that two and two were four.

What think ye would be the necessary and unavoidable effect of this? The people would say that settles that subject. They would cease to go to church. When the minister inquired why they did not come, they would say why should we come? That subject has been proven true. It is settled. No man will waste his time going to hear an admitted fact proven true.

Advertise a lecture to prove that the whole is greater than any of its parts, or that the world is larger than America, and not one sane mortal would attend.

As soon as a truth is demonstrated it is universally recognized as a fact and immediately taken out of the arena of controversy.

The churches cannot demonstrate the immortality of the soul. It is the hope of having this done that perpetuates it.

When I have enlightened *sincere* men and made their motives pure, they will also receive the power to demonstrate the immortality of the soul and the power to get in manuscript the wisdom of heaven and earth. Then the mission of the church, through eighteen centuries, will be ended. The magnificent edifices that they have polluted will be changed into moral and manual training schools. Education will then mean, first: **Morals**; do as you would that others should do unto you.

If you know not what that should be, then listen! Square your actions and transactions between yourself and others on a foundation of pure equity. This, looked at from every point of view, will be found to be justice to all.

Education will then mean an accurate knowledge of your true relation to your surroundings, and how to compel the elements, the forces, to do your bidding; and all efforts to acquire wealth must be directed either to the source of it—namely, bountiful **Mother Earth**—or to render a service to those who have gone to its sources.

Education shall bring about a condition where all shall be members of society and each granted the opportunity to follow their inclination in the production

of something that ministers to the wants of man, and how to produce the greatest amount with the least possible labor.

Education will then mean how to invoke the righteous powers to help us drive white slavery from earth by making production so easy that no one will be called upon to work more than three hours a day.

Existence, in the present state of society, is truly called the battle of life; and so it is, for every man's hand is clutching at the throat of his fellowman to compete him out of existence. Care and anxiety sit on the brow of those men who are called successful; then what must be the condition of the unsuccessful? Pride keeps most of the misery from being seen in all its hideous ghastliness. Some leap over the precipice of suicide, and millions stand on the brink of it. All this horror is the result of *not* having our actions and laws founded in equity, brotherly love and co-operation.

The church is responsible for nearly all this anguish. She claims to be the teacher of the people, but she is a false teacher, and has sold herself as the mouthpiece of their oppressors.

She is trying to reinstate herself into her former power by a desperate effort to put God in the Constitution of America. If she succeeds it will enable her to draw back the velvet from off her paw and exhibit her gory claws once more, and every intelligent man will be given the choice of pretending to swallow her pious ignorance or be roasted for her amusement. See *to it*, my brethren, that she does not succeed; and remember that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

The immortals have given their arraignment of the church, and so has the antediluvian, and they both

mourn that they cannot say, "Well done, thou good

and faithful servant."

We left the antediluvian in a church in Melbourne,

enduring the indignity of having his reasoning powers insulted. We will now go with him to the gold mines.

He joins a party of four, one of them afterwards discovered to be a runaway convict, who asked the antediluvian how he liked the country? "It seems to be a

lovely climate—its principal drawback is the great number of convicts." The convict's countenance fell, but I afterwards found him to be far more of a man than any of the other three.

He was one of the victims of the criminal code that Governor Altheid of Illinois so humanely refers to.

The eighty miles between Melbourne and Forest Creek was more of an undertaking than you would suppose. The tracks of the wagons were all that represented the roads; each driver, being confident that he could not find a worse road than the other one, was inspired with a great deal of daring originality—hence the roads in places were several miles wide.

The wagons were two-wheeled, lumbering affairs, with two or more tons of merchandise balanced on them—a long pole, supported by a yoke on the necks of two powerful steers, with generally seven more pairs of steers strung along on a chain in front of them, and all of them pulling the hide and flesh off their bleeding shoulders against barbarous iron bows.

The Christian teamsters were armed with long whips, whose lashes were of silk, twisted and knotted hard. In their meekness they could walk alongside the middle of the team and relish seeing the blood flow from a scientific silken cut through the hides of the flanks of the leaders.

Two or three teams generally went together, so as to be able to pull each other out of quagmires where the bottom of the wagon slid along and the patient oxen did not flounder, as horses would, but took time to draw their hoofs out of the mud, only to put them in again.

I am glad I did not write a diary of my travels, because it is likely that the incidents my memory retains are the most interesting. I sincerely wish that they were more so, but do not intend to try to make the facts more attractive by the aid of fiction.

We seemed to be passing through a fertile country, destitute of romantic features. A forest was in our route, called the Black Forest. The timber was large, of cedar, she oak, wattle, stringy bark and gum trees.

This forest of twelve miles had the credit of being the rendezvous of bushrangers, whose delight it was to relieve the gentlemen (who guarded the government express that carried the gold to town) from any further responsibility. At that date there was said to be room for improvement in accommodation for travelers on that route.

The treatment I received at the hands of a heavy rainstorm inclined me to the same opinion. I found the ground under the wagon of unusually good shape to fit the form of this youth, enabling me to enjoy sweet repose.

If I had followed that hollow to its source I might have made the discovery that it was the dry bed of a miniature water course. This would have saved me the indignity of being washed out of my sleeping apartment without due notice. But the sun came up smiling next morning as though nothing had happened, dried our clothes and beguiled the party out of their woe-begone expressions.

What risks men will run, what will they not endure, for gold? And, after all, humanity could get along very well without it. It is mainly adapted for a gawdaw to tickle the vanity of a savage.

Iron is infinitely more valuable. Without it we could not build a railroad or an engine to run on it; we could have no machinery, and civilization would be paralyzed.

We reached the gold mines. What did they look like? At Forest Creek the bedrock was from twelve to twenty feet from the surface of the ground. The clay and gravel for six inches on top of the bedrock was what was found to contain the gold. The law allowed each man a claim of eighteen feet square, in the centre of which he could sink a shaft, and where it would pay to undermine this eighteen feet square it was done. Hence the green sod and rich soil of the valley were buried four feet deep beneath worthless gravel, and the landscape was drilled with pitfalls. They got a little gold or something with which to measure wealth, but they covered up the soil and prevented it from producing the wealth they wished to measure.

Let me explain the meaning of the word wealth. Wealth is something that sustains life and makes it enjoyable; food, clothing and shelter are wealth. Gold of itself cannot provide either of these. I discovered this later on, having lost myself in the interior, and being brought near death by starvation, with several pounds weight of gold on my person; it could neither feed, clothe or shelter me. The fertile valleys destroyed by the gold miners could have furnished wealth. But the human idiots preferred the almost useless thing that they had set up as something by which to measure real wealth.

The localities were all named. One (I remember) was called "New Chum Gully," another "Moonlight Flat," and I really think the moon would be flat indeed if it condescended to shine on a landscape so desecrated by the vandal hand of man.

When society is a body politic in fact and every person one of its units production organized and administration responsible, the absurdity of a gold basis will be recognized, and paper found to be able to answer all purposes for measuring wealth.

I offer my youth as an excuse for my folly in turning over such a large proportion of wealth producing earth to get such a small proportion of gold.

My imagination pictured undiscovered regions on that vast island where the proportion was reversed, and sent me alone in search of new gold fields.

As I hinted a while ago, the first expedition of the sort came very near being the last. I was armed with a compass, a tin pan, pick and shovel, some salt, etc. The first day's journey in a given direction along in the afternoon brought me in sight of a cloud of dust; closer acquaintance revealed the cause, a lot of wild cattle, and the bulls amongst them were engaged in a controversy over the merits of some feminine acquaintance. They were emphasizing their opinions by tossing the dust in the air.

I am afraid it might have culminated in trouble if I had not appeared on the scene to divert their attention. I am free to admit that I received more attention than was compatible with safety. Their astonishment at seeing a white man with clothes on made me suppose that they had never seen one before. The trees were few and far between, and of such a nature that I could not climb.



I had noticed enough of the ways of man and beast to recognize the potency of bluff. Bluff enables a couple of unarmed men to drive a thousand head of cattle to the slaughter house, any one of which realizing their power could put their pigmy murderers to rout. I knew that if I did not make it appear to those long horned bulls that I was far more formidable than all of them combined that I would be trampled in the dust and tossed into fragments.

The first instinct was to run, but reflection told me that that meant death, in being their horn and foot ball.

The law of bluff is this, that as you appear to gain courage the other party loses it. In accord with it, I kept the same speed in nearly the same direction, and when they came dangerously near and ready to rush on me, I fired a shot over their heads; they would stop at the report and the flash and paw the dirt and shake their horns; their decision to rush on me hung by a hair, some were afraid and others dare not, and they took it out in bellowing.

Checking their rising courage by firing over their heads continued until my ammunition was all gone, but the friendly sun had set. They gradually lost interest and dropped off one by one until the last one stopped. I breathed once more and wiped the perspiration from my brow. My knees objected to sustain either myself or the bluff any longer, so I staggered behind a tree and collapsed, resolving to get out of that locality before daylight. I kept my resolve.

When far enough away for safety to allow my thoughts to revert to the object of my expedition, I began to take my bearings, so that I could locate the Forrest creek mines. I examined the trees. I found they had a mossy side and a smooth side. In Scotland

the mossy side of the bark was the north side of the tree, the sun going round by the south would not permit the mossy parasites to suck the sap running up the south side of the tree.

My game of bluff of the day before had disturbed the even tenor of my calm reasoning powers and kept me from making the discovery that the mossy side of trees that grow in Australia, or any country south of the equator, must necessarily be the south side of the tree, because the sun went round by the north. I looked at my compass; it asserted that the mossy side of these trees point toward the south. My experience said it pointed towards the north.

I had not then as much confidence as now in the constancy and infallibility of the magnet; hence I looked with contempt and disgust on my faithful compass, and said, "You are a fraud." I have apologized to every compass since, because I have found them to be as true as the North star.

I came very near paying my life as a penalty for the insult offered to an instrument that has done so much for civilization and saved the lives of millions. I was now in the awful dilemma of having both my reasoning powers and the compass against me. Starvation held up a bony finger and threatened me, because that country is almost destitute of wild fruit, and although the air is sometimes white with cockatoos and again green with paroquits, and on every side is wattle birds and others of gorgeous plumage too numerous to mention. Still I had spent all my ammunition in the game of bluff and was powerless to murder them.

My judgment against the compass was leading me further and further astray; the scenery is changing and becoming more and more unlike the locality I left. I

sat down on a fallen tree to collect my thoughts and draw up a notch in my belt to stop the pangs of hunger. I lost faith in my judgment and did not gain it in the compass. The result of my reflection was to follow all the highest land and see if it would not lead me to an eminence from which I might take my bearings or discern some sign of human life.

I wrote my name on a card, fastened it to the handle of my shovel, covered it with my prospecting pan, and left them conspicuous in the crotch of the fallen tree. I had not gone but a few miles when the shadows of night prevented me from seeing whether the land I was treading was rising or falling.

Resigning myself to the care of the snakes under a tree, I listened to a concert given by a society of opossums, each member of which seemed resolved on so insulting my sense of harmony as to compel me to fill the air with profanity. The effect of this was to lower opossums in my estimation and make me think that the world would be just as well off if one of them would be kind enough to allow me to get near enough to persuade it to serve the purpose of breakfast, dinner and supper. It was starlight, and I looked amongst the trees to see if there were any I could climb. I found one in which a concert was raging, and up the tree I went, but sorry am I to say, that instead of them going to their homes in the hollow ends of decayed branches they scampered past me and my visions of supper faded away.

Morning found me following the highest land at a desperate rate of speed. It led me to an eminence from which I could see the far horizon in three directions and the tops of the trees solemnly waving on the limitless landscape. But I looked for signs of humanity in vain.

My reflection was called upon again to lead me out of this dilemma. The result was to advise a close examination of the anatomy of the landscape and discover which part of all the wavering forests appeared the lowest, for there we might hope to find a vein—an artery or a river.

I knew that in new countries the rivers were the most attractive to venturesome man. I took my bearings for what appeared the lowest land and went straight for it.

A few miles (in which I found myself crossing a former track,) brought me to an insignificant stream. And, by the way, the rivers of Australia are very small in proportion to the size of the country, leading people to suppose the interior a desert.

I noted the general direction of this particular stream and crossed it many times. Hope rose with a bound when I saw a tree that had been cut down by a white man's ax. From the tracks of many sheep I concluded that I was near a sheep station. A few miles more revealed a hut that sheltered two of the vilest things in human form that disgrace this planet. They were ticket-of-leave men—a shepherd and hutkeeper.

They had seen me coming and thought that I was a lost gold miner. They meant to get my gold, if I had any, but did not have sense enough to get my confidence—give me a meal, and relieve me of it when exhaustion compelled benign sleep to shut the windows of the soul.

I read them and asked for food, but said I must leave for the mines, as my friends must be very anxious. The answer was, "Well, mate, if you are such a swell that you can't stay in this shebang over night you may go to hell for your tea-damper and fat mutton."

I hitched up the butt of my empty revolver and said, I am a dead-shot and a desperate man; that I would find their sheep and kill one, and that I would kill the man that followed me with far less regret.

The game of bluff worked like a charm the second time. All nations adopt it in war. The ponderous bearskin hats make men look larger; the scarlet uniform makes them a distinctly seen target, but every man is seen, and their imposing appearance makes the fingers of their enemies tremble on the triggers. The game of bluff is so recognized by nations that they will hang an extra jacket on a soldier and call him a hussar, to make it appear in the frightened eyes of those they charge that there are two men on every horse, and that it is insanity to do anything but run away from such an imposing power.

I backed out of that hut with a revolver in one hand and a bowie-knife in the other. The last words I heard were, "Dogs after you!" Found wheel tracks leading towards what we are pleased to call civilization. I also found the sheep, caught one, ruthlessly killed it, and had a hind quarter dangling over my shoulder in a wonderfully short time.

The wheel tracks ran alongside that river, but I crossed it many times and waded down stream distances to keep the dogs from following.

When I thought it relatively safe or could endure the pangs of hunger no longer, I picked up fragments of dead limbs, carried them to the centre of an open space, lit a fire, and wondered how I had never known the exquisitely delicious taste of mutton and salt. That meal eclipsed all the banquets since.

Reinvigorated, I found the track once more, and put ten miles between myself and the convicts. For some

distance back my track had branched into one of considerable traffic, and the cruel crack of the relentless whip that I used to despise fell with pleasure on my ear. It proved to be in the hands of a jolly, honest teamster going to the very mines I had left.

He took in the situation and myself at the same time, and humanely prepared a snug berth under the canvas of this prairie ship. Security invited exhausted nature to oblivion while he cheerily drove to the mines.

The boys had become alarmed at my absence, and with the assistance of others as willing, had hauled logs to the top of a hill and kept a bonfire every night.

Anxiety had lent me such energy that I was too far away to see it. That there is more rejoicing over the return of *one* lost sheep than the other ninety-nine was illustrated on my return, and the better side of human nature was brought to light.

After telling my story, we compared compasses. The ex-convict then told me that the sun in Australia went round by the north. The scales fell from my eyes and my *faith* in the constancy of eternal laws was changed to knowledge.

Wandering through the mines, I met one of our passengers, a young man by the name of Picton. He was radiant with hope and confident of making his fortune, but death struck him down, with many others—victims of drinking water that settled in the new holes that had been dug in search of gold. This may reach the eye of a sweetheart who thought herself forsaken.

The *modus operandi* of those primitive mines was to take about six or more inches of the clay and gravel immediately above the bedrock and wash it, by putting six bucketsfull in a half cask, pour into this two or three of water, puddle it with a shovel to stir the water, clay

and gravel round and round until the clay is dissolved and poured off with the water, leaving the gravel and gold at the bottom of the tub. This gravel is shoveled a little at a time into the upper hopper of a machine called a cradle, that has two slides running slanting in opposite directions. You rock this cradle while pouring water on the gravel; the gold being the heaviest, settles in the bottom of the lower slide, generally mixed with black sand. This you place into a tin pan like those used by farmers for milk. You take it to the creek and with water in it swash it round and round, compelling the gold to settle to the bottom. You put the pan bodily into the creek, at an angle of forty-five, allowing the water to slide up on it and carry back with it the sand. By repeating this you will soon find that there is nothing left but the gold and a little black sand. This you dry on a shovel before the fire; put it in a dustpan, spread out some newspapers, and keep tossing the whole while you blow the dust out of it.

Save the black sand until you have enough to fill a kettle; then pour in a bottle of quicksilver, stir it round, and all the particles of gold so small as to be scarcely discernable will rush for and unite with the quicksilver. Lift the globes of quicksilver with a spoon, pour them into a chamois leather bag, hold the bag over a bottle, run your hand down the bag, pressing it as you go. The quicksilver will run through the leather into the bottle, leaving the gold behind. It looks white. Put this in a piece of clay and the clay in the fire. The pure yellow gold will run out in the form of a nugget.

This was the primitive gold mining of 1853. I will not dwell on the repetition of this, with the expectation

of a great fortune every shaft you sink, because expectation is the only reward of the great majority. As there was no purchasing power in expectation, those who received it only became unwilling and soon unable to pay the thirty shillings per month demanded by the British Government as license for the privilege of working.

At the deep diggings of Balaratt the monster Discontent showed itself in the form of miners on top of stumps violently gesticulating, calling on their brother miners to make a bonfire of all the licenses, and throw defiance in the face of the British lion.

They made the bonfire. The Melbourne *Argus* spread the news. The spirit of rebellion flew to all the mines, and bonfires of licenses were the order of the day.

Every miner was as well armed as the soldiers they sent to collect the licenses, and much more formidable because more intelligent.

On the mine where I was working with my mate—an "English blacksmith"—a troop of eight soldiers came along with six miners in charge whom they had fruitlessly asked to show their license. They were going to take them to the Commissioner's tent to fine them five pounds each for digging without a license.

The blacksmith said to me, "You talk to them. I ain't going." The sergeant called out, "Where are your licenses?" "Have none," said the blacksmith. "Fall in! Fall in!"

"Hold on, sergeant. Let me tell you something. Here is a man who says he is not going with you. You have six miners there; we make eight. We are as many as you and just as well armed. A whistle will bring a hundred more and all of them without licenses. You



had better go to the Commissioner and tell him that although you have the best desire to obey his orders to arrest all the miners without licenses, still you don't think it quite safe, even with the bluff of uniform and bad laws behind you, for eight soldiers to arrest several hundred well armed courageous men. It would be far safer to agree to arrest those who have licenses, because there are none—a bonfire took them all."

The sergeant's head was level. Said he: "Men, the youngster is right. Good day, all. We threw up our hats in the air and made the welking ring. But John Bulldog is very tenacious and did not mean to stop sucking the blood of his subjects.

We went to Goldburn shortly after this. The boys voted in favor of selecting me to go to Melbourne to sell the gold and get the letters, because I was a rapid and tireless walker.

I passed the outskirts of the mines before daylight. The last tent seemed to be a gambling den. Two hard cases stared at me as I passed, and after some little time they made up their minds to follow and rob me. The landscape was an undulating plain for about eight miles ahead.

I looked behind occasionally and found the men were gaining on me. I was surprised. The cause of this I discovered by the motion of their heads, which told that they ran when they came to a hollow in this undulating plain.

I put myself in a position to breathe freely and commenced to run at such a speed as I knew I could maintain for a long time.

I felt confident that temperance could outendure and outrun all dissipation, and so it proved, although I had to increase my speed.

I felt relieved when I saw one fall out of the race, and the other did not dare to follow alone. I thought they must have had some hint that I had my party's gold.

If they had overtaken me they might have regretted it. I went to Melbourne at the rate of forty miles per day. Ten miles this side of the city I met Her Britannic Majesty's fortieth regiment of infantry going towards Balarat to enforce the monthly one pound ten robbery of the miners, or make the discovery that they could not do it.

I learned that the warm reception they met inclined them to the latter opinion.

The antediluvian is now in Melbourne looking about for a place to stay, after having received the letters and sold the gold. Its equivalent is much lighter and in Bank of England notes of large denomination. He thinks that he has reserved enough change for immediate use, but soon finds his mistake.

"Gold Miners' Home" attracts him. The word home, when you are fifteen thousand miles away, is a delusive siren with more power than she knows how to use.

I went to that Home. Its first assurance of the home feeling was that the family flashy female demanded pay in advance, and so much of it that I had to call on my large roll of bills.

She said, "Have you none of smaller denomination?" The pupil of her eye turned ominously to one side when I said I had not.

After supper I strolled out and found myself in Ashleys' amphitheatre. On coming out I met an old Yankee whose acquaintance I had made at one of the mines. I asked him where he put up. He had no

place yet. He came to my Home. The lady was evidently waiting for me, to make the Home attractive; asked how I enjoyed the theatre. She repeated the statement that she would very much like to go, if there was gallantry enough at *home* to invite her.

I was too young to refuse the bait.

Next evening my craft was ready to sail, with flying colors. An hour before time, she asked if I had any objections to call with her on a friend on Collins street. I had none; was shown into a luxurious parlor; lots of opportunity to recline or observe while she went upstairs to arrange the trap.

I preferred to observe the paintings with drapery adapted for a shade in the tropics.

The mantelpiece had a recess and shadow. I should have mentioned that before leaving the *home* a pretty girl, the personification of candor, held up a warning expression and finger that I interpreted aright.

This warning admonished me to take a chair near the shadow of the recess.

Very affable ladies soon appeared, and so did the wine. Very accidentally, on purpose it was passed to the others first, leaving me no choice but the drugged glass.

I took it, and calling all their attention to a mistake in the anatomy of the knee of the lady in a painting, I had lots of time to empty my glass over my shoulder on the angle of the shadowy recess.

When they turned round I was smacking my lips. The hour for the theatre was upon us. I insisted on going. They insisted on my staying, that they might get the reward of what they thought I had drunk.

The lady from our Home said she cared not for the theatre, as she had been there often lately, and that

there would be a much more interesting time where we were.

I insisted upon going, and the three sirens in my way were astonished to find how much strength temperance, exercise and large veins had given me.

When they discovered that I had the power to go, they run aloft their true colors and said they would call their fighting man. I threw them from me, drew a revolver and told them that I would have the first shot and they would have a dead bully on their hands. I then told them that they would find their poisoned liquor on the angling wall of the mantle; that there was no hope of my being in their power, and if they did not unlock the door I might leave more than one corpse behind me. That door was unlocked. I was in the street looking at the house. It had no number. It's appearance was photographed on my brain. I intended to go to the police station, but was afraid I might be detained to give evidence; for had there not been a day wasted and my partners would be anxious about their gold, knowing my general dispatch?

I went to the Gold Miners' *Home*. It was really attractive now, for did it not shelter the lovely girl whose honest soul had lifted the warning finger that saved me? She was the picture of anxiety and asked me to come with her. When she found herself alone with me she was still more alarmed; my great embarrassment at being alone with her reassured her, of the two I was one most afraid. I told her my adventure; she listened with wrapt attention, forgot her embarrassment in her anxiety for me, and appeared the innocent child of nature that she was.

Our individuality is our attraction; we all have a little, but conformity to custom covers it up. Instinct

told her that she had no occasion to be afraid. I told her that I must leave *this* night for the mines, and walk fast enough to make up for lost time:

She asked with alarm if I had to pass through the Black Forest, and when she found that I had to, plead with me not to go, as I surely would be waylaid and killed. I reassured her by saying that I would not go the beaten track.

I made the trip so quick that my party had scarcely commenced to look for me. The miners had been successful in resisting the fortieth regiment. The tyrannical government resorts to duplicity to get an equal revenue. They abolish the thirty shilling a month license and substitute a twenty shilling annual miner's right; they institute a storekeeper's license, and put a duty of half a crown an ounce on gold. In this way there is a less grievous burden about paying the duty, as it falls on those only who get the gold. The robbery being divided into three separate methods, no one of them can excite as much hatred as if combined. The people are fleeced as much as before, but there being no prominent point of attack the method holds good. With the gold duty in force, a digger leaving the mines for England would pass through the following experience, that I did later on:

I took my bag of gold to the commissoiners' tent in Yackandandah, asked them to forward it by the government escort to Melbourne, a distance of 219 miles. They gave me a receipt, which read nearly thus: "Received from the Antediluvian a bag *said* to contain so many ounces of gold, to be forwarded to the treasury at Melbourne, without responsibility." I objected to such a receipt as being a fraud, and said, "You can weigh it and know that there is so many

ounces of gold; and if you will not take any responsibility, sixpence an ounce is too big a price, and I propose to carry it myself."

The reply was, "We have your gold, you have our receipt—that part of the transaction is ended."

I called at the treasury in Melbourne and presented my sham receipt. Instead of handing me the gold, they gave me a paper that required me to go to the custom house to pay the duty of half a crown an ounce on it.

I said, "Suppose I have not enough money to pay the duty, will you take part of it as payment?" "We don't do business that way. The gold will stay here until you get the money."

I have known more amiable men than I was as I wended my way towards that custom house. My temper was not improved when, after paying the amount of the duty, the tyrannical thief charged me two shillings and sixpence to pay for the labor of announcing on the books the fact that I had paid the duty. That last act opened a vial of my wrath, and I left a lot of supercilious, arrogant dudes expecting a bullet to give them another window to their souls.

Before they got over their surprise I was a block away, running towards the treasury to present my receipt and get my gold before they could hear from the custom house.

A bag was handed me with a large seal over the mouth of it. They kept the receipt I paid the money on, and the seal over the mouth of the bag was the only evidence I had that the duty had been paid.

The unbroken seal was the only thing that would take that bag through the custom house in Liverpool. It was impossible to discover whether those legal robbers had substituted lead for gold until you were fifteen

thousand miles away from the source of your grievance. When I broke the seal in England I was relieved to see that it was gold, although three and one-quarter ounces short. All those who had a chance had dipped into it. It is astonishing that there is such a thing as a loyal subject in the world.

When will people realize that we do not want governments by arrogant tyrants, but that we do want an administration of public affairs by competent, polite servants of the people.

Governments by arrogant tyrants are the cause of war, and war is forced on the people after the following manner:

A king is no stronger, physically, than a subject; but the subjects are foolish enough to concede him the right to tax them. With this money he hires part of his subjects as soldiers. A soldier is not allowed to dictate his own actions any more than if he had no brains or no head. The will of the king is his will, right or wrong.

This is a very good scheme, for by it the king's strength is multiplied by the number of his army. This is further strengthened by the foolish veneration in the minds of the people for the supposed divine rights of kings and that they can do no wrong, when it would be nearer the truth to say that he cannot do right.

The slaughter of deer has become too tame to gratify his murderous instincts. He thinks excitement would be good for his health and that the death of a hundred thousand of his fellowmen would make life for him more interesting. In fact, this would cover him with *glory* and justly entitle him to bedizzen his uniform with a great many more insignias of *honor*.

With this in view, he sends out the soldiers whom

the people's money has enabled him to hire. The stupid people stand in awe of the king's servants and peaceably allow themselves to be conscripted, to be torn from their homes, from their old fathers and mothers, from their loved sweethearts, their wives and their dear children.

They are not asked if they approve of the flimsy excuse the king has trumped up for making war. Oh, no! They are not asked their opinion as to whether this wholesale murder they are forced to commit will accurately balance the powers.

The first act that they foolishly conceded to the king, namely, the right to tax them and do as he pleased with the revenue, involves all the calamities that befell them.

Involves the right to tear them from their homes, firesides and loved ones.

Involves the right to make murderers of them, and to murder them in turn.

These dire calamities all originated in the apparently harmless act of allowing a bloodthirsty barbarian in uniform to tax them and do as he pleased with the money.

Would that I had a pen dipped in the blood of fiends and directed by remorseless, pitiless furies. Then I might hope to give you a picture of the awful horrors of war.

"The all-white eye, the roll in the dust—these reward your rank and file by thousands. The rest may get a ribbon at their breast." I have given you the method by which men are made to become their own jailors and their own murderers; but it is supplemented by playing on the emotional nature of foolish dupes and pandering to their vanity with gorgeous uniforms, the



flaunt of emblazoned banners, the stirring strains of martial music and the panoply of war. These excite men into the mad conviction that making wives widows and children fatherless is a virtue that entitles them to undying laurels.

All this through the instrumentality of that terribly wicked word called patriotism.

Patriotism is one of the savage stages of development through which humanity seems compelled to pass in its bloody journey towards cosmopolitanism and the brotherhood of man.

Patriotism is an evolution from the savage, whose sympathies are confined to his family.

Patriotism is an evolution from the barbarian, whose sympathies are confined to his clan.

Patriotism is a part of the narrow mind of the semi-barbarian, whose sympathies can only reach the boundaries of his country and who glories in shouting, with dishonest effrontery, "My country, right or wrong!" In fact, it is only Pat-riot-ism, and, like an Irishman, "is never at peace unless he's at war."

The savage is often embroiled in petty wars. The barbarian more seldom, but far more seriously. The patriot or semi-barbarian still more seldom, but when it occurs it is fearful and awful in its disaster and desolation.

Mighty premiums are held up to betray the divine intellect of man to prostitute itself by inventing ingenious contrivances to destroy in one hour more life, joy and happiness, and create more desolation and anguish, than gentle peace can replace and assuage in twenty years.

Pat-riot-ism causes all this woe. The inconceivable part of it is that patriots are proud of their horrible

handiwork—so wonderfully proud of it are they that they will go to the enormous expense of making every dock and bridge between Germany and the World's Fair at Chicago unnecessarily strong. What do you suppose this is for? Simply to inspire savage patriots with furious delight at the contemplation of a monster gun that weighs one hundred and twenty tons—a gun that can indiscriminately destroy more lives of the good, the bad, the just, the unjust, the young, the old, and spread more desolation at one discharge than any other cursed gun.

I am very glad that Pat-riot-ism is the last bloody step in the three stages of evolution towards reflecting, humane and world-embracing cosmopolitanism.

Civilization is impossible as long as we have governments by decorated, arrogant, savage patriots, who delight to wade through blood to power, and whose ideal promenade is a moonlight landscape adorned with the dead and dying.

The reins of government must be taken out of their bloody fingers, and the reins of (not government but) administration placed in the hands of reflecting, philosophical, cosmopolitans, who waste no time in trying to remedy effects, but strike fearlessly at the causes of evil and misery, and settle all disputes on a basis of pure equity.

The first step towards keeping the bloodthirsty patriots who are in power from gratifying their insatiable appetite for wholesale murder and from scattering the lives of their subjects with as little regret as though they were vermin, is the absolutely necessary establishment of an international court—an international court to settle all misunderstandings between nations, not on a basis of might and murder, not on a basis of Pat-riot-

ism that dishonestly says "my country right, or my country when she is wrong," but on the sacred foundation of eternal justice.

An international court shall be one of the cornerstones of the new foundation on which society shall be builded. It is the most practical means by which you can stop the savage few from compelling the peaceful many to kill each other for their amusement. Patriotism has the power to engender such a fiendish spirit in the bosom of humanity that the sun never sets on this beautiful planet without having occasion to blush over a scene of carnage somewhere.

There is no need of thinning the population yet, because this bountiful planet can sustain (under scientific cultivation) with leisure, peace and plenty fifty times its present population. If it could not, war would be an unscientific way of doing it, because there are many relatively good men who have not developed out of that bad inheritance called Patriotism.

War thins out the population by murdering them. If thinning becomes necessary, let society see to it that all habitual criminals, all those who having an opportunity to render a service to society but will not assume their share of the burden of it, are prevented from covering this lovely globe with their mental and physical abortions.

Patriotism makes men regard the extension of boundary lines more desirable than justice. It makes their brotherly love become congealed at the boundaries of their country, and makes them ready, at the word of command, to fly at the throats of the people who live on the other side of a range of hills, a river, or an ocean. Civilization is impossible unless we evolve out of this sentiment that has crimsoned the rivers with the blood

of the slain. I herewith throw my whole soul in one mighty protest against unreason, savage, virtueless Pat-riot-ism.

While boundary lines continue, each country might send their representatives to this international court. It would be insanity to send a patriot, for the splendid reason that his judgment would be biased in favor of the country in which he was born. He cannot realize that the geographical circumstance of his birth was not of his selecting, but simply an accident. Nevertheless, he would vote for his country, right or wrong.

It would also be madness to send a man who offers himself and modestly (?) shouts his qualifications from the house-top.

The retiring philosopher, on the intellectual plane of being a cosmopolitan who feels that the world is his country and not any too big to be his home, that the welfare of good men and women on any part of it is his concern—such a man would give his vote to sustain equity, whether it was in favor or against the country he represented or was born in. Such a man or woman you must call from his or her retirement and urge them to use their unbiased divine reasoning powers for the evolution of the world and the establishment *forever* of the reign of peace and good will amongst men.

Let us consider a few of the beneficent effects that must result from an international court, presided over by just, cosmopolitan philosophers, whose decisions were made final by all nations agreeing to compel compliance on the part of a refractory one.

First, all the armies of the so-called civilized world would be disbanded. The full meaning of that, in all its beneficent ramifications, can not be realized by any mind. Among the nations jealousy of each other com-

pels them to strain every nerve to increase and strengthen their army for offensive and defensive purposes. When a strong nation adds a few more thousand men to its army, every other nation feels compelled, for its safety, to do likewise. This has been done so often that now the whole energy of every nation in Europe is directed towards making it a monster machine for legalized murder by land and sea.

At this moment the brainless, bloodthirsty Emperor of Germany is struggling by the sweat of his savage jaw to compel a still larger proportion of his patient, burdened, kindly people to become murderers of men and desolators of homes. This vile thing has not sense enough to realize that his face should turn crimson with shame at the awful fact that there is not a solitary woman among the large producing class whose beautiful form has not been distorted and twisted out of all cemetry by the ceaseless toil necessary to decorate, clothe and feed that devouring, destroying monster called the army. These millions of men, disbanded and changed from consumers and destroyers to producers and builders, their inventive powers turned from engines of destruction to engines of production, society organized so that every member is a related unit with the right always open to exchange his labor into his wants, with the assistance of the elements and the finest state owned machinery, labor would then not exceed the exercise necessary to health. Life would be a radiant holiday, with leisure for mental and moral development, and evolution would take such strides as she never did before. Fortifications would be as useless as the iron plating on the ships, if men will vote for a platform such as I shall write.

One of the reasons why savage, bloodthirsty gov-

ernments are perpetuated on a relatively civilized people is the potency of the law of heredity in mental as well as physical attributes.

The parents of the present generation have been trained that it is sacrilege to doubt the divine right of a prince to step on to the throne which the parental tyrant has been humanely removed by death.

The mental exercise of the father has been in such lines as might be right, and how to extend his domain by stealing land from a neighboring nation; his already swollen vanity has been tickled by such adulation as "Here the conquering hero comes." He thinks that robbery, force, tyranny and murder (if the enforcers and victims of them are only dressed in uniform) are glorious.

The rudimentary mental attributes of the king, that would incline towards according rights (not because the party to whom they belonged had the power to take them, but) because of his love of equity—these moral qualities have been left dormant, unexercised and are consequently far more rudimentary than the average of his subjects on whom evolution has been working unobstructed. The law of increased heredity gives the son a more savage mental twist than the father, illustrated by the Emperor referred to, and compels retrogression to take the place of evolution.

The inherited veneration in the minds of the masses for the divine right of princes to fill the throne vacated by the father accounts for the fact that Europe, containing thousands of humane and just philosophers, is governed by murderous savages in uniform.

This is not only the opinion of the antediluvian, but it is sustained by the noble cosmopolitan immortal, Thomas Paine. He recently sent to me the following

message in the following manner. No matter how incredible it may appear to those cunning men who think that science knows it all, it is nevertheless an awe-inspiring fact. The current between the celestial and terrestrial world was on. The medium said: "Get some paper, quick, for the strain is great. I see a light." I rushed for a package of seventeen hundred sheets I had recently purchased, and brought about fifty.

She said: "The light is on the paper. Count out the sheets one by one until the light ceases to shine on the remainder." This occurred when I had counted thirty-two. By direction, I took two pieces of pasteboard, put one below and the other above the paper to sustain it level while I held the thirty-two pages at arms length in my left hand for about one minute. I both felt and heard it writing. She said: "Look and see if it is finished?" I said: "There is only half of the paper filled with writing and it is signed." "There must be another message coming; hold it out again." I did so. The medium appeared to be in agony and said: "I cannot hold out any longer." I heard three raps on the pasteboard. She said: "It is finished."

I insert here only the second message that came at that time. It is in reply to a threat from me to throw up the mission with which I was intrusted, and is a corroboration of the savagery of the brains who are in power and are strutting through the courts of Europe with implements dangling at their sides fashioned to murder men.

I am very sorry that the message is written in such eulogistic terms, but I give the word of a man (on the intellectual plane of knowing that it is impossible to enjoy life unless our private opinion of ourself is good,)

that I, or any other mortal did not write it. If this was not true I would despise myself.

*Sphere of Eternal Progression. Loyal Friend and Brother—CORDIAL GREETING:*

If I approach you on a subject apt to be painful to the conscientious man, it is not in a spirit of reproach, but that you may form a correct idea of our relation with your phase of humanity as existing on your planet.

First of all, then, you must bear in mind that in our present perfected state of evolution the environments of the old earth life and its conditions are forever done with and that they do not exist for us longer. Their methods are useless to us. Our regulation of currents and our manner of reaching and impressing organisms who shall be of use to you in supplying your scarcity of that most accursed of all human commodities—scrip—are not accomplished as you may suppose.

If this were so, what would prevent us from hourly communicating with every one on your planet. This may not be for the great herd of humanity until they shall have evolved or approximated to your high standard. Nor yet rebuke us, my brother, since hast not thy guide and brother, the perfected Darwin, given you a straightforward and immediate system upon which is founded the reliable source of attaining an immediate income against that perfected current which we are establishing to bring about the fulfillment of our promise to ward off all temporal want.

We shall never demand or exact of your organism aught that would conflict with the full sanction of your own judgment. Has it not been said by the wise of your planet that the world knows its greatest men? Now this adage, like other wise observations, is founded



upon the experience of the most discriminating. Then, if this be an accepted truth, how much more those statements which emanate from out a sphere of Eternal Truth?

Not one of our statements are vain.

Remember that the greatest heroes are the philanthropists and the magnanimous that are content to remain unknown. Superficial and designing men are ever most anxious for prominent positions.

It is not every one that attains power that is the most fitted to execute authority. Thou art fitted, and hence commissioned above other organisms.

Again, it is not he that may be at the helm of state, or a popular leader, or in command of an army, that is always best qualified for the important post.

Like in your instance, true genius is ever modest and retiring. The shallow and conceited are forward and audacious in their pretensions. Men often rise to the most eminent positions by the practice of basest devices, and too often dissimulation and treachery are the unworthy aids that elevate some to the very pinnacle of greatness. Your planet's history teems with and gives overwhelming evidence that numbers of demigods and heroes—the so-called patriots of your planet's ancient and modern times—have risen above the surface and towered up to fame quite indifferent to the havoc or disaster which had preceded or must have followed their elevation.

Monarchs have reached a throne only by passing over the carcasses of the slain. And great commanders have been eager to rise higher and higher by adding to the ghastly pyramid of skulls which was the hideous pedestal of their success.

Not so thy mission.

In church and state, in camp and in forum, in the highest and in the lowest positions you will find men ready to rush forward to gain distinction, even though they should have to crush hearts, or desolate homes, or blast the reputations of the most deserving. While the truly noble, like you, scorn to ascend by base degrees, others will rise and climb, no matter how meanly they have to overreach, no matter even if every step in the ladder of their ambition has to be a crime.

Eagles, with outstretched wings, sweep grandly to the mountain top; yet the snake will manage to get to the same elevation by creeping on its belly. While a host of subservient beings are therefore to be found in every direction lying prostrate as it were before such gods of clay, of wood, or of stone as may prove attractive for a time to a throng of fanatical worshippers; while men in every human position, who claim to be actuated by the noblest desires and governed by the purest motives, can be seen crowding and crushing and intriguing for precedence and for preferment; while you have orators who fear to speak, scribes who fear to write, critics who fear to judge, and a human press so pusillanimous as to dread the frown of wealth, the ban of a conjuring priest, or the threat of a knavish legislator; while there are persons who are languishing to hear thy voice of wisdom and slake their thirst at the great tributaries of reform.

Canst thou lightly throw aside thy mission of Truth?

Is it not a form of relief and satisfaction not purchaseable with gold to know that among humanity that thine the voice of steadfastness to principle, thine the voice to rebuke pretension, thine the voice to wipe allegiance to imposture, and who alone is able to maintain

(at a personal sacrifice of feeling) the sacred principles of truth and justice. Aye! Aye! Aye!

You have never courted the great or pandered to the whims or prejudices of the multitude. You have never sought popularity by wantonly declaiming against persons in high position who rendered society a fair equivalent for benefits enjoyed, or by attributing exclusive virtues to those who tilled the soil or were obliged to work for their daily bread. You have not cared how a man shaped or formed his gods, whether he prayed to a hundred or none at all, provided he was influenced and governed by the great principles of humanity.

For the possession of such inherent and superior qualifications wast thy mission revealed unto you.

Reject—throw it aside if you will—but charge not to us that we at any period of our celestial intercourse with you failed to map out the human channel by and through which temporal want would vanish for you and those dependent upon your love or the requirements of human liabilities. Permit me to close, my brother, with a fitting quotation from a most profound work.

The quotation is from a pamphlet by the antediluvian, who is speaking of society when the Immortal makes it thus:

“It must be changed, and in its stead erect a graceful social edifice, whose everlasting foundations are pure equity, whose frescoed ceilings are love and security, whose solid walls are fraternity and co-operation, whose pillars, capitals and cornices are adorned with mutual forbearance, urbanity and politeness, and whose inscription over the portal is this altruistic truth:

‘The greatest good of all is the greatest good of each.’”

This *inspired* writer then affirms and asks our belief

while he pens thus. "This is no impossible vision." Neither, oh my brother, is thy mission.

Thine in the work of reform.

THOMAS PAINE.

If I did not hold the above message from the celestial spheres too sacred to garble or tamper with, I would have withheld the part that refers to my financial necessities, and also many laudatory sentences. I now make two quotations from that celestial message in support of my argument.

"It is not every one that attains power that is most fitted to execute authority."

Again, "it is not he that may be at the helm of state, or a popular leader, or in command of an army, that is always best qualified for the important post."

I will impress this more strongly by still another quotation:

"Monarchs have reached a throne only by passing over the carcasses of the slain. And great commanders have been eager to rise higher and higher by adding to the ghastly pyramid of skulls, which was the hideous pedestal of their success."

When might was considered right those who had the least regard for the lives and property of others came to the front, and veneration for the right of inheritance has kept them there. Hence philosophers are dictated to by savages in uniform.

Now that might is not considered right these men are entirely out of place, and will do all in their power to obstruct the establishment of an international court. Because if one were established they would be compelled to forego their favorite sport—the murder of their fellow men.

These men must be brought under constitutional government. And all constitutions must be made adapted to the new factors recently brought into society. And also be made a codification of the will of the people instead of an avenue for the expression of a tyrant's will. Great power, great wealth, great poverty, all tend to brutalize their possessors. Their demoralizing influence is not confined to kings or emperors. The pious President of the United States is affected this way to such a degree that it compels him to become a murderer of innocent ducks, as a substitute for want of the privilege of making war. Now, a butcher whose business it is to take the life of animals that furnish food for humanity as a rule takes no delight in it. But this savage President, with a great income and greater perquisites, actually takes pleasure from his accomplishments, (that contemptible little trick of being able to squirt along a murderous barrel and kill a duck,) a trick within the capacity of any bad boy. He takes more pleasure from this than pain or remorse at taking the life of a creature that seemed to be enjoying its life. His savage brain never give a thought to the months of anguish endured by the hundreds of animals and birds his erring hand and far more erring soul had wounded. His cold reptilian eye has no remorse in seeing them suffer from bleeding breast and broken wing and hunger.

Is there any one so insane as to suppose that men on the brutal plane of delighting in this, or of having deer driven into a corner and slaughtered by them, are the right men to fill the highest positions in the gift of the people? A president-elect has been known to take refuge from office seekers on an island, where he could reveal

unmolestedly in the delights of murder. The highest positions ought to be filled by the highest men.

You have thousands of philosophers evolved to the plane of realizing that the highest happiness on earth is the intellectual enjoyment of nature; they must use their divine reasoning powers to steer the ship of state with the helm of equity into the harbor of justice.

These men are above pulling wires or pandering to any class, and consequently (with present methods) can not be placed where their gifts would lift the world.

Great wealth also brutalizes. A while ago the elite four hundred of New York had a banquet. Although ample provision had been made for three times the number, the impression got abroad that some one might get left. The fear of this inaugurated a drunken, dissolute scramble, such as would disgrace billingsgate, and proved conclusively that great wealth brutalizes. The veneer of civilization on the four hundred was proven thinner than varnish.

Great wealth turns the minds of men into very trifling channels, such as the cut of their coat, the flavor of a cigar, the position they are entitled to at table, the momentous study as to what is good form, the fearful danger involved in being a few minutes behind the fashion.

A hundred of those brutal beasts, dressed in red coats, will mount noble animals and carry destruction over many miles while hunting to the death a poor little fox. The tail of the fox is more important and has a sweeter aroma than their conversation. Great wealth with the average man shrivels up his heart and makes him delight to flaunt his riches in the faces of those he stole them from.

The adaptability of nature to enable an organism to withstand a greater and greater dose of poison without fatal consequences enables the wealthy man, by constant use, to consume an enormous amount of liquor and keep his respectability—a tenth of which, irregularly used by the working man, would often place him under a fine for being drunk and disorderly.

These vested rights idlers are far more vicious wrongs on society than dissolute working men. They think of nothing but the gratification of their lowest desires.

A perusal of the back numbers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* will show those desires to be horribly revolting and too brutal to explain, and that the very wealthy class have reached a depth of depravity far below the level of the slums.

When we establish civilization through the instrumentality of co-operation in production and distribution with state-owned machinery, and also the abolition of private ownership in land, private enterprise, the competitive system and wage slavery, there will be no lazy, idle drones languishing for dissipation and no exhausted bees with a craving for poisonous stimulants. There will be no parasites or working men, but all men will lend a hand and a mind to production, distribution or the direction of these, or a service to those who do.

This by such scientific and organized methods that manual labor will be reduced to such a minimum as to amount to exercise only sufficient for health. Exhausted producers and languid consumers will not exist.

I have said that great power, great wealth and great poverty all tend to brutalize mankind and make criminals of them. I have noticed the first two. I shall notice the last.

It has been well said that the lower the grade of humanity the less power of self-restraint they possess. Let us look for the cause.

When a man works ten or twelve hours per day, his blood is nearly all engaged sustaining his muscles. He is in this condition on his way home. The desire for artificial stimulants to replace the languor of exhaustion is more than his mind in its blood-depleted condition can resist. As the days and years go by resistance becomes less and less possible. He begets children in this condition; they inherit his dissolute tendencies; the exhaustion of so many hours of labor is the *cause*. They also inherit better opportunity for education. This education lets his son see that industry is starved and neglected, and legal, scheming villainy is gorged and pampered. He sees that his father's life has had in it far more pain than pleasure. He sees that those who do not work seem to have more pleasure than pain in life, and believes that they deserve it less. He thinks that if they can get along without work, why may not he? He knows that he is as brilliant as Lord Dundreary, but he does not seem to know that vicious laws constitute it a virtue for Lord Dundreary to rob the people, but a crime for him to do likewise.

Lord Dundreary owns vested rights, and vested rights were established by human laws made to confirm the right of robbers to their stolen property; laws that were made by brains, on the immoral plane of thinking chattel slavery a righteous institution; laws that were made by raiders, who devastated homes and appropriated the people's land and confirmed the robbery with a law. The human laws that we are called upon to respect enable the rich imbecile to revel in riot and



dissipation at the expense of the industry and ability of the relatively noble of mankind.

But to return to the inheritor of poverty who is trying to imitate Lord Dundreary without the assistance of law. When he takes something from society without giving it anything in return, the law calls it theft; when Lord Dundreary takes something from society without giving it anything in return, the law calls it vested rights, but it is as completely a theft and its evil effects are in proportion to the amount stolen. One may have stolen a dollar—the other a million.

Ah! but Lord Dundreary gave society the use of his land. He did not. Anything that a man can make is his against all the world; but he cannot make the gifts of nature, such as air, water and land. They existed before him and will exist after him. They don't know that this transient pigmy exists and has the dishonest audacity to withhold from the children of earth their birthright and appropriate it to himself and progeny forever. The land would have been there if he had never been born. His great, great grandfather may have bribed an act of parliament through, enabling him to fence it in and steal the commons from the people. That was the original robbery.

Both of those men are thieves. The laborer's son, who will not work, steals small sums in violation of law; the Lord steals large sums, and the law will help him to enforce the robbery. All laws that sustain robbery, and all men who sustain such laws, are such a stench in the nostrils of rectitude and justice that these virtues have been driven from earth.

We are trying to make the earth a fit place for their abode.

It is generally supposed that a man who steals and will not work is the enemy of society. This is very true; but it is only a retribution on society, because of the crime she committed against his father, who was willing to work, but whom society so ruthlessly robbed that the son became discouraged.

A stone dropped into the lake seems a small thing to affect it from shore to shore, but it does. The crime committed by society in robbing the parent bred the retribution that caused the son to rob society. The cost of all the locks and keys, safes and vaults, court houses and jails, poor and insane asylums, policemen and lawyers, armies and navies, are only a part of the retributive price we pay for the wicked, short-sighted, legal crimes society has committed in the past against men and nations.

Every human law, common or statute, that enables one man by class legislation to take advantage of his fellowman in such a way as to enable him to shirk his share of the burden of society and place it on the shoulder of his brother, is a rotten and an accursed thing and must be wiped off the statute books by constitutional means.

Men made such laws as enabled them to buy, sell, enslave and lash their fellowmen. These laws flourished and their justice and respectability was upheld and lauded from bench and pulpit. The war of secession was part of the retributive price of this crime.

Slavery was not considered a legal crime in its day. But we are evolving onto a higher plane, and becoming able to see that laws that originated when slavery flourished are wolves in sheep's clothing.

Interest is one of them. It originated as compensation for risk of loosing principal, and when there is

risk it is just. But it has continued when the money is safer than if it were in your own possession. When a man renders a service for a barrel of flour, when he consumes it the transaction is ended. If he renders a service for a piece of furniture, it will wear out by use. If he renders a service for a diamond, he will have to pay for its safe keeping. But if he renders a service for a dollar, he is not satisfied with having it kept safe, without cost, and that it shall not spoil (if not used) like flour, or wear out and become worthless, like furniture; not satisfied that it shall always retain its purchasing power. But he straightway invests this dollar with reproductive powers far greater than the animal kingdom. He solemnizes the marriage of one dollar to another, and these two in twelve months beget as many children, called pennies. These children grow into dollars, and their fathers and mothers, grandfathers and mothers, great-grandfathers and mothers, *ad infinitum*, never, never grow old enough to stop reproduction, compounded and compounded.

So the usurer thinks. But the fact is that no million dollars ever had a birth in the family, and that the enormous increase has all been legally stolen from the pocket of labor.

Henry George maintains the righteousness of interest and says something to this effect. Enterprise asks capital for the use of money. Capital says, "Yes, at six per cent." Enterprise says, "No; competition is so close that I must fail if I pay that price." "All right. If you don't want it, I can turn the money into natural channels and the reproductive forces of nature will give me ten per cent. I can buy a yearling heifer, turn it out to grass, and when it is a year older it will be worth more than ten per cent over cost of keeping."

Now, if the labor involved of seeing that it has access to water, of fencing it in, of storing food for its winter use, and of feeding, watering, bedding, cleaning and sheltering it is omitted, the capitalist will not only lose his interest but will also lose his principal.

Now is there any man such a swindler and so destitute of conscience as to dare to say that all this labor is not worth the difference in the value between the yearling and the two-year-old heifer? Is there a single interest monger who would like to do this labor for less? No; the increase in the value is not nature's justification for interest that Henry George flaunts in our faces. But it is nature's just recompense for labor involved.

If any man gets it done for less he is living by the sweat of another man's brow. The average wage slave crushed by interest does not realize the very precarious position he is in. He does not realize the great probability of not being able to get work enough, or pay enough for his work, to keep himself and family from starvation. He does not realize that the savage in the wild wood is protected from hunger far more effectually by bountiful nature than the white wage slave is in a city.

The savage has the freedom of the landscape, with its wealth of roots, herbs and fruit, between him and starvation. He has the forests, teeming with animal life, between him and starvation. He has the rivers and lakes, and all their finny tribe, between him and starvation. The fur of an animal will protect him better against cold than the cotton pants of a wage slave. If the savage were to work six hours per day he could provide himself with more luxuries than he would know what to do with. All this he can have without

lowering his manhood, by having to plead with his fellow man for the privilege to toil and live.

The savage, without the assistance of beneficent inventions, is more secure in life than the wage slave, because the savage is honest enough to admit that the land is bountiful nature's gift to all her children alike as much and as completely as the air and the water, and that to buy and sell it is a crime only exceeded by the people's representatives giving it away forever to corporations.

Now let us see what protection against hunger and death a white wage slave has in a so-called civilized city. He travels the streets for hundreds of miles looking for work. For the first week hope sustains him and he asks for it with some degree of manliness. Later on, hope dies and he pleads for work; hunger gnaws at his vitals and he implores for work. The tiger in all men shines through his sunken eyes while he looks to mother earth for sustenance, but he is a trespasser on every foot of it, for the tramp law makes him a trespasser on the roads. All the storehouses of nature (open to the savage,) are closed to him. There is nothing between him and starvation but pauperizing charity or suicide.

If he had justice he would not need charity. This man cannot put himself to work because everything in general use is made by machinery. Machinery costs much money, and is owned by an individual, and he cannot compete against it. This man is starving, and so are his children. He thinks it a greater crime to let them die than to steal to save their lives. He is not the enemy of society; but it is society that is *his* desperate enemy, for taking away from him the natural opportunities to sustain the life that nature thrust upon

him, without holding itself in any way responsible to furnish any other.

This inconsistent villainy is so intensely wicked that it carries within itself the elements of its own destruction. We hope the cataclysm will not come before we have time to avert it by co-operation, and change the conditions that cause it by constitutional means.

But there are enemies of society who have become discouraged by discovering how small the fruits of industry are, and who have discovered that indolence was pampered and gorged. These discoveries have made them dissolute and lazy and entitled to the name of habitual criminals, or the enemies of society.

Now that society is to be reformed and made righteous and just in all her dealings with mankind, what is she going to do with the specimens of humanity that the present swindling society has made worthless?

These worthless specimens are not to blame. They are the inevitable result of their original germ and the conditions by which they were surrounded, and these again are the necessary effect of a previous cause. That cause, of course, is a piratical society of class legislation and "vested rights." The wretchedness, the destitution, the anxiety of the people, has been brought upon them by allowing a few interested rascals to make the laws for all.

In this way they have stolen the people's land, with all its vegetable, animal and mineral wealth. They have stolen the people's heritage from impartial nature. They have therefore stolen the people's independence and liberty and made them as completely slaves as though they had a bill of sale of them.

A little piece of writing, representing ground rent or a mortgage, with that accursed thing called interest

attached, will hold a white slave to his utmost efforts, day and night, until he ruins his constitution and prematurely drops into his grave. It does this at far less expense than the black slave's overseer used to cost.

I want you all to be *good* law-abiding—not bad law-abiding citizens. We don't want a revision of the bad laws. We must have them wiped out by constitutional means; they are all-sufficient; you have the ballot and numbers in your hands, and if you have enough sense to vote for the platform I shall give in this book you can do it.

We can do without the bad laws far better than we can do without the smallpox. If we need any new laws to secure us from class legislation, let them not be confirmed by the men who are sent to represent the people, because existing laws have made humanity so corrupt that men looking for such positions can be bought.

All fundamental laws must be referred to the whole people for their approval, otherwise the classes will be sure to swindle the masses once more. We must establish what is called the referendum before we can choke off the vampires from bleeding industry, that enabled those favorites to swindle the rest. But we have these good-for-nothings in our midst, and what shall we do with them?

I said that they were not to blame. Neither is the wolf. He is the result of one of nature's low stages of development; but if we have more regard for the lives of our children than we have for the appetite of the wolf, we suppress the wolf, or at least take his liberty from him, and see to it that he does not raise a large family to devour the children or the substance of higher and better organisms.

A fearfully wicked society has existed for so many generations that it has bred a great many human wolves, whose vices have been transmitted by heredity. There is a class amongst the rich and amongst the poor who are confirmed criminals, although the former are not called so. Now, what shall be done with those people who are resolved that they will not produce anything and are equally resolved that they will consume all they can?

It is a self-evident proposition that if one person consumes and produces nothing, another person must produce more than he consumes. This flagrant injustice must end. We have had far too much of it. The idea entertained by those poor and rich thieves that some men were born to work and provide for other men is the essence of villainy, and must be stamped out. Leniency, to this kind of criminal, means the robbery of the honest and industrious. A certain proportion of drones means the extinction of the bees. Which do you think should be the fittest to survive?

In the present state of society the man who is called a hustler is the fittest to survive. He can get bills passed by aldermen, by the use of corruption money, that give him the privilege of swindling the people out of enormous sums. This hustler never does anything without a law or a franchise to back him, but he swindles his fellowman on so extreme a construction of it that he is sailing along under the very walls of the penitentiary most of the time. This man gets much money that others have earned. He can afford to marry; has a large family at home and a larger one abroad. With society as it is, his progeny are the fittest to survive.

Society must be very bad indeed when such a villain is fittest to survive. If it were allowed to continue



much longer we would get back to the ethics of the reptilian age, when to devour and have cunning enough to escape being devoured was the law of life and death.

The question naturally arises, how shall we make the industrious, the just, the noble, the righteous, the altruistic, the fittest to survive?

In the first place, we must abolish all wicked human laws that give one man an unfair advantage over another—all laws by which individuals arrogate to themselves the exclusive ownership of the bounties kind nature intended as an inheritance to all the children of men, and without which they could not exist on this planet.

Think of the monumental impudence of a man claiming to own the coal beds. Did he make them? Did he put them there? No! His birth, his death, his presence or absence on the globe could not affect them one hair's breadth. And still that dishonest, arrogant upstart has the audacity to claim that he owns them, simply because a few villains made a human law to sustain him by force in his piratical theft of these bounties that the sun stored up millions of years ago and that she graciously intended to make a happy fire-side for all the children of men.

These vile laws have put it in the power of a dozen men in this country to dictate to the sixty-five million inhabitants and graciously tell them how much anthracite coal they will allow them to burn. They know that there is more profit from one ton at five dollars than two tons at three dollars. This makes scarcity a curse to the people and a blessing to them. Believing in the blessing of scarcity, they limit the output and throw thousands of men out of work and into starvation. Then follows this strange phenom-

ena: A very bountiful supply of coal in the bosom of Mother Earth; thousands of starving men very anxious to be allowed to excavate it; hundreds of people frozen to death for want of coal; millions wretched whose lives are shortened by a scarcity of it. What is gained by the enduring of so much suffering and the loss of so much happiness and so many lives? Simply that a few vile, indirect murderers may gratify a very low ambition, and that is to pile up the millions of money that they have legally stolen from the people—millions that they cannot and will not use on earth.

I speak with the authority of the immortals behind me when I assert that no debt can be paid by any amount of repentance, and that restitution is the basis on which all accounts must be squared in the hereafter, and that these men (for the woe they have spread on earth) will have to render a menial service through the long ages before them.

The remedy for this is, that all the plants of good coal mines shall be purchased by the state and the coal beds worked by the people for the people, and that the price of the coal shall be a fair equivalent for the labor involved in excavating and transporting it. The wickedness of limiting the output shall cease and supply be made to equal demand; and that robber of labor, called dividend, shall curse the producer no more.

The coal beds side-tracked me from the ideas of how to make the altruistic the fittest to survive, and what shall be done with the rich and poor good-for-nothings that are the effect of a villainous society and are left on our hands. They think that the world owes them a living. It does not. It does owe them, however, the opportunity to draw a living from her stores with the key of labor. Their construction of the sentence that

the "world owes them a living" is that others shall toil and earn the living and they shall steal it from them.

I heard that one hundred and forty habitual criminals in York state could trace their ancestry back to the same criminal female. Millions of the earnings of the industrious were stolen, destroyed and used for purposes of restraint. No estimate can be made of the anxiety and suffering caused by them. All this because society did not take the precaution to protect itself by preventing this bad organism from reproducing her kind.

Like does not beget like, but it does beget similar. In the light of the knowledge we have of the wonderful law of heredity, does it not look like driveling idiocy to send ministers to jail to solemnize the marriage of two habitual criminals, or a criminal and a fool who are ready and anxious to cover this beautiful planet with their mental and physical abortions?

When this thief strikes his wife the stroke becomes a cause. The effect of that cause does not stop when the bruise is healed, but heredity proves that the effect goes echoing down through the ages and shows itself in a greater degree of brutality in their children's children's children.

This is why we have in our midst that blot in human form called a wife-beater. This is why we have viragos whose children are afraid of them. This is how human brutes are bred that are far more dangerous than any animal and will stoop to lower depths of depravity. If I were a monkey and a thieving wife-beater claimed relationship, I would sue him for defamation of character.

As water cannot rise above its level, so society cannot rise above the moral of its leading members.

When men have become habitual criminals and have had it proven against them (beyond a peradventure) that they are resolved that they will not produce anything, but will consume all they can. These people are good-for-nothings. Their existence on this planet necessitates the slavery of the good-for-some things, because the latter have to work three times as much as would suffice for their own support, in order to provide for and also to furnish the means to pay for the very costly restraints of sales, jails, asylums, policemen, lawyers, &c., &c., all made necessary by the good-for-nothings. One of this kind has no self-restraint; he revels in riot whenever he gets money, and he does this with a full knowledge that his wife and children are freezing and starving at home. This human brute flatters himself that he is very generous, because he puts up the drinks for those whom he is sure will return the compliment with interest.

Instead of this wretch being afflicted with too large a faculty of generosity, he is in reality the boiled down essence of concentrated selfishness, away below this brute creation. The wild beasts in the jungle will forage for their young, and the selfish hog shows a high degree of benevolence towards its pigs compared to this human brute's treatment of his starving children.

The benevolence of good men and women furnishes the material sympathy that wards off death by starvation, and raises his family, which is generally large, for the reason that the lower the organism the more prolific. Bye-and-bye they discover that they have been kindly raising a large crop of inherited vice, and that the cost of restraining them is ten times greater than the cost of raising them, and that they are a fearful burden on the community.

Reliable people have self-restraint. Before they commit an act they figure on the consequences and on their power to carry out their intentions in such a way as to cause more pleasure than pain to all concerned. If they are kept poor by their benevolent impulses being so often called upon, and borne down by heavy taxes to pay for the endless costly restraints made necessary by the thieving, lazy good-for-nothings, they will feel that they had better not propose to the noble woman they love, fearing to bring her to poverty. They will feel that they had better forego the pleasures of home and not raise a family, knowing that they cannot be sure that they will be able to provide for and educate their children as they ought to be.

The good-for-nothings do not look to the consequences of their acts, and would care nothing for them if they did, for don't they see that the benevolent shoulder their burden? Present selfish gratification is all they care for, and they employ their energies to carry this out by false, foul and treacherous means.

The reliable people are called on to furnish the money to support their vicious children and ten times as much money to restrain them. They are kept so poor by this enormous expense that they cannot afford to have any good children of their own, although theirs would have been a blessing to the world, while the others are only an enormously costly curse.

There is nothing more certain and true than that leniency and benevolence towards the habitual criminal directly and positively means the extinction of the noble and the righteous.

He who loves the intellectual, honest and industrious man more than the lazy, dissolute thief is committing an awful crime against the former when he allows

his very foolish sympathies to shield the vicious from the natural consequences of their selfish, wicked acts.

If in all the past shortsighted, stupid, misdirected kindness had not shielded ruthless villainy (simply because it stole the form and semblance of humanity) from the consequences of its deliberate crime, and nature (which has neither vengeance nor pity) had been allowed to bring her just retribution, at this date in the world's history, crime would have been exterminated. Lawyers, policemen, detectives, jailors and soldiers would have been occupations gone and known only to very ancient history. It is certain that if all mankind were honest, truthful and good reasoners there would be no more use for any of these or their accessories. These are a part of the fearful price we pay for allowing foolish, misdirected benevolence to cherish good-for-nothings.

Do not think for one moment that I wish your heart and hand to be closed against the poor who are the victims of misfortunes that they did not cause, or those who are born too honest to succeed in the present corrupt competitive system.

Some of those need help because they are born a hundred years too soon for the comfort of their days and are not adapted to their vicious environments. A helping hand to those would be intelligent benevolence and a great factor in the evolution of the world.

A high state of civilization is impossible unless we allow the criminals to die out, therefore we must provide for the raising of those only who need no restraint. We have been dilligently suppressing the good and industriously providing for the raising of those who leave the world by the rapid-transit hemp-line throat-short-cut direct route to heaven.

That like begets similar is a fact beyond controversy. In the brilliant light of that fact I propose to make a few wholesome statements that may shock the pretense of prateing prudes. It is of no consequence if it does, because their opinions are worthless.

A little while ago the horses of America were small and vicious. Now the majority are large, good tempered and symmetrical. What would you think of the stock raiser who had many magnificent horses, powerful and true, kind, intelligent and gentle? He also owned a vicious, deformed, balky little plug, whose energies could not be diverted from kicking to pieces anything you put behind him. The farmer knew that this worthless plug, this caricature of a horse, was not to blame for being what he was—for being the inevitable effect of a bad heredity.

It is a very busy time with the farmer and stock raiser and his noble horses are all working like leviathans, turning over the land, making the landscape bloom, and raising food for man and beast. The farmer feels that he cannot spare from work one of his noble horses a minute, but he also realizes that he should attend to his stock raising. The happy thought occurs that he can spare the time of the vicious plug, as it is of no value to himself or anybody else, and gives him the run of the pasture.

The evil in him counteracts the good in others, and all the progeny are discovered to be vicious and worthless.

What would you think of the sense or judgment of the stock raiser who did that? Would he not be ridiculed all over the land as the champion idiot, and execrated by every man who filled the air with profanity while trying to use one of his horses.

This is a fair illustration of what the driveling fool called society is doing.

All Washingtonian homes, all inebriate asylums, all Keely institutions, and every other institution for protecting and building up the organisms of dissolute, lazy thieves and sending them home reinvigorated are doing the idiotic thing the farmer did with his balky, savage plug.

Every such institution that reinvigorates bad organisms and protects them from natural consequences is a stupidly wicked institution and a monster millstone around the neck of civilization. It is a dreadful obstruction to higher conditions, because it counteracts the law of evolution. Every such institution has the effect of a conspiracy to wipe from off this planet the noble and the just and fill their places with the brutal and the dissolute.

If you could protect the vicious from nature's just penalty without making the virtuous pay for it, without exterminating the good and perpetuating the bad, I would not be so indignant. But that is clearly impossible.

Every man that has brains enough to recognize that what I have said is simply true, and in the face of these facts pays one dollar for the support of any institution that directly or indirectly builds up again the organisms of the dissolute and the lazy, that man becomes a criminal himself because he is helping to exterminate the righteous.

The true way to bring heaven on earth soon is to put no restriction on the sale of liquor, no restriction on any den that leads to vice and the destruction of the organism. Those who could not refrain demonstrate by their helplessness that they are low or vicious or



both—proven by the fact that the lower men are in the scale of humanity the less power of restraint they possess.

What would be the consequence of this? Why, the lowest would soon be found in the gutter. Don't disturb them. Let them endure the retribution they voluntarily brought upon themselves, and that nature intended. The benevolent fool who carries them home and nurses them back to vigor and the marriage relation is an enemy of evolution, of progress, of development, of civilization, and a desperate enemy of the righteous of mankind.

The grade of humanity above the gutter snipe would be longer on the spree, but would finally come with crawling humility to borrow from friends to tide him over until next pay day. To lend to him is a black crime, because it wards off the natural consequences of his acts and prevents him from receiving and enduring the salutary lesson nature would have given him.

If he was allowed to starve for four or five days, the recollection of the anguish he endured would probably make him carry his next week's wages home to his neglected and starving family. This might be the means of a sudden resolve whereby his good tendencies would overcome the evil ones, and permanently gain the mastery, and prove him to be one of the self-poised individuals that are fit for a civilization that needs no restraint.

Valuables lying around loose are no temptation to an honest man. But they are a very great temptation to a thief. If every store in the block were converted into a saloon, it would not affect the conduct of the man who is truly fit to survive. He recognizes that every faculty and function is equally honorable, because the

existence of the organism is dependent on each, and that the temperate use of all of them is the moral life and the one that leads to longevity and the greatest amount of happiness. And so it is with the bounties of nature, (the things we consume). Every thing is good in the proper quantity, time and place, and every thing is bad in the abuse of the use of it. You can make yourself very sick on too much wholesome bread.

The above course would soon give the generous more power to assuage the undeserved woe of those who did not bring their misfortunes on themselves.

Now let us act so as to herald the reign of that glorious time when locks, safes, policemen, lawyers and soldiers are not necessary, and they certainly would not be if all men and women were honest, truthful and good reasoners. And they certainly are made necessary by the criminal negligence of society in allowing the propagation of lazy, dissolute pugnacious thieves, classed as habitual criminals.

With the mighty and righteous purpose in view of leading the way to a civilization that needs no restraint, society is perfectly justified in treating those abortions in human form as they would a deformed, balky, little, vicious plug horse.

In our anxiety to instruct humanity how to bring heaven to earth we have almost lost sight of the Antediluvian. Where did we leave him? Oh, yes; I think it was at a mine called Goldburn.

My first acquaintance with the aborigines of Australia (under circumstances that might have led to unpleasantness,) occurred at Goldburn. A native thirsting for firewater sold a dog to a Scotchman in the next tent to me. The miner tied the dog to a stake at his tent. The dog did not appreciate the honor of being

promoted to the post of sentinel over the property of a white man, and forthwith struggles to get back to his black master with a view to being sold over again for more firewater. The noose is so tight around his neck that his ears came very near paying the price of liberty.

Big Sandy asked me if I would go with him that night to the dark heavy forest where the native's camp was to help him recover his dog. Oh, yes! But don't you think you ought to invite a few more miners to go with us? So seven of us started in the direction where many little fires gleamed through the woods, a family around each one. They seemed to sit nearly all around the fires, the lee side considered as much a parquet seat as any; they would never blink at a whiff of blue smoke passing across their eyes. The general effect of each group was, a small fire, a dozen pair of whites of eyes, a dozen set of teeth, and red lights on one or two large trees, with faint indications of spears, boomerangs, mimies, tomahawks, etc.

We inspected the patriarch of each group, in order to identify the one that sold the dog so many times, but our search seemed to be in vain. Curiosity sent a couple of delegates from each family to watch our movements. By the time we came to the family that had the honor of being presided over by the commercial genius there was nothing in sight from out the darkness but one small fire and a great many bright eyes and teeth.

Big Sandy demanded the dog, but since the discovery of gold the native had learned to lie like a white man's epitaph. He said he had not seen it. One of the miners said: "White fellah got gun!" The knowledge that in union and numbers there is strength inspired a native to say, "Black fellah gun too!" On

that statement the house or rather the woods adjoined. We sharpened our elbows to hew a path between the ribs of the natives wide enough to let us through single file.

Indignant murmurs from the throats of the white seven inspired fear in the bosoms of the black seventy times seven. They called us back and sent a lubra after the dog. She disappeared in the darkness as though she had been sent from a cannon's mouth with such force as to disperse all the drapery. I found that impression to be wrong, for as a rule they do not live in the duds' awful suspense of having a tailor's bill presented.

We made the peace offering fast to the tent so securely that no more firewater could be had through his instrumentality.

Up to this time I had been working in what is called dry diggings. The knowledge that variety is the spice of life sent me in quest of what is called wet diggings. These I found at a place called Yackandandah. The method of getting the gold out of the river bed there was to dig a canal across a bend in the river, turn the river into it, then dig a hole in the river bed down to the bed rock, put in a pump driven incessantly by a water-wheel, dig long strips twelve feet wide opening into the place where the pump is, leaving three feet of the gravel and clay above the bed rock to be washed by sluice boxes. These boxes are about twelve feet long, six inches deep and a foot wide. Fit them into each other, fix them on stands at an angle of 45 degrees, let a hose bring a stream of a water into the upper one; a man on each side of it shovels in the gravel. There are strips of wood an inch high across the bottom of the boxes at intervals, and at the end of the lower box there

are several strips. The heavy black sand and gold collects in front of those strips, the light sand and gravel passes over them, and is shoveled away by a man standing in the water at the end of the last box. The post of skill is the one occupied by a man who walks up and down on the edge of these boxes with a fork of five tines, throwing out the large stones and loosening up the sand in front of the stops. If he neglects to keep this sand loosened, the gold (which is like little fish scales,) will pass over the stops and be lost. When the day's work is done the water is allowed to run down the boxes and carry away as much of the sand as possible. The black sand and the gold is put into a tin pan and the operation gone through that I described at the dry diggings.

Our party opened a claim there, and had everything in good running order. One Saturday afternoon two of our party were gone. The Dane and I were in the cabin door. The clouds looked ominous. I saw a stream of water running down the mountain's side making a new channel. Thinking the river would rise, I seized a long handled shovel and ran down to the claim to fill in a tailoress. The Dane came after me. We were both busy, but heard a rush and roar. I had time to make a spring for the shore, but the Dane sprang the other way and got on top of an artificial bank we had thrown up, while the torrent swept both sides of him, and carried our three month's labor and all our tools away. The water was brown with the soil torn from the mountain side. I thought it was the collapse of a waterspout that the wind had picked up from some lake. I did not think that just then. I was too busy coiling up a piece of hose and throwing it towards Hans on the island, but it fell short, and

another wall of water freighted with debris and logs came down the river and swept him away. The torrent was rapid, compelling me to run down the river's rugged bank to keep Hans Neilson Gronbeck in sight. He had been able to seize an unruly log that kept rolling—illustrating the story of Paddy with the bear, who was half the time on top. The log was so unruly that it would not follow the bed of the river, so paid the penalty by being stopped in its mad career by a large tree. Hans had been mate of a ship. This training helped him to go up that tree almost as well as a native. When he got into the crotch of it he looked as dark as a native.

While Hans was going down the river I kept my eyes on him and not on the road I was running, hence I went headlong twice, bruising myself badly. When he came to anchor in the tree, I found myself lame while running back to the cabin for a coil of rope. I made good time, because I feared that the debris would collect and sweep the tree away. It stood staunch, but too far away for me to throw a line to. The water seemed shallow to an island nearer. Putting as large a stone as I could lift on my shoulder to hold me down, I waded over to the island and threw him the line. He fastened it to his tree and I did to one where I was. He came over hand over hand.

The water was very cold and so was Hans. I gave him my piece of rock to get ashore with, and told him to make good time to the cabin for another rope to throw to me. He did so, and threw me the end of the line. I made it fast and waded in until the water took me off my feet. In his anxiety he held on to the rope. He brought me so rapidly to the bank against a rock that I was more injured than Hans.

When the river went down we opened our claim again in such a primitive way that it would not pay. One noontime the Dane brought a specimen he had found. After we had all examined it, he put it away. He also put the act out of his memory. Next day he asked the Yankee for it. The American told him that he had returned it and that I saw him do so. Being referred to, I said I had seen him return it. This conceited Dane called me a liar. My reply infuriated him to such a degree that he rushed at me with his mouth open. Stepping back, my heel caught on the support of a bunk and gave him a chance to bury his teeth in my chest, when I sprang from under. I said that I had not figured on dog's methods of fighting. His reply was to draw his bowie knife and say that he would fight me any way, and stepped out of the cabin.

The Yankee said: "I will watch this fight, and if he seems to be getting the best of you I will sail in."

My brain worked like lightning and took in the situation. The Dane was no taller than I but much heavier, and the sailor's life had developed his shoulders and arms out of all proportions to his limbs. This made him slow in his movements and was his weak point. My own right arm and hand had an unusually strong grip and I was far quicker on my feet. It was a case of agility against far superior strength. He had his bowie knife in his right hand; I took mine in my left. My object was to make a spring for his right wrist when it bore the knife aloft. His rage prevented him from seeing my design, and he rushed at me at once. I got out of his way and kept the high side of the land. I made several feints in order to get his hand and arm in the right position and had to spring away again. His rage was increasing. This gave me more

confidence, because it is the cold iron that fashions the hot. His readiness to fight was based on a knowledge of his strength. He did not reckon that he might not be able to get hold of me until it suited my purpose. I could have kept so near and yet so far all day. I had begun to find out what to do to get him to raise his arm to nearly the position I wanted. At the proper moment from the high side of the land I made a spring like a panther. My right hand clasped his wrist when it was above his head, the hand holding a knife thirsting for blood. One limb was around his body, while my left hand dealt a blow through his thigh from behind. "I have your life! Will you be treacherous if I don't take it?" "No! I'll be your friend." I had struck an artery and the blood spurting in time to the beating of his heart. We bound it above and below, but could not stop it until Hans was far too weak to be dangerous.

About this time I had thoughts of going home, but had a friend who had burst a blood vessel and I could not leave him. I hired out to a party of brothers (mining further up the river) for seven pound ten shillings per week. We boarded at a tent where fifty others did—representatives from the four corners of the earth.

With a board across my knee I was writing a letter to my anxious father, one Sunday, (and I repent my sad cruelty in writing so few) when I heard a voice behind me say, "Well! well! I wish I could write." The voice belonged to a Lag, or runaway convict. Said I, "Do you wish to write a letter?" "Yes, I would like to send one to my old mother." "Well, just tell me what you want to say and I write it now. Go ahead." But he could not go ahead. That was something out of his line. But my offer struck the tender chord in the man, against whom every man's hand had been raised;



so we got quite sociable. I led him along in such a way that he gave me a synopsis of his life. I looked at his various expressions and phrenology and sized him up. I told him to go away and I would write something that he might want to send to his mother.

I allowed my imagination to work in the line of what the external evidence said he was, and so wove it around the synopsis of his life that he was scarcely conscious he had given me. When I read it to him the man thought me supernatural and swore that I knew more about him than he did about himself, and that that letter was worth more than ten pounds to him, and he wanted me to take it. Of course I could not prostitute a kindness that way. But I told him that if he had any friends wishing a similar service I would be more than glad to do it.

For two or three Sundays I amused myself in that way. It was principally the desperate characters who could not write. These men had suffered a famine of kindness, and the element of gratitude was so great in them that if any man had looked at me from the wrong corner of his eye his life would have paid the penalty.

I was passing through the tent one night and two men jumped from a poker table with murder in their eyes and revolvers in their hands. I spoke up with the authority of the prestige I had gained over ignorance: "Stop, fools! It does not follow that the man who gets the drop on the other is right."

One of them was the fellow I wrote the first letter for. He said, "I will stand by what the Antediluvian says is right." The other one said, "So shall I." If I am to be umpire in this—you must abide by my decision without a word. A dozen voices from the surroundings shouted "We shall see that they do."

The two men were about to speak at once, but I shut one of them up and told him not to dare interrupt. "We will see to that, Judge," came from the surrounding forty men. In a few minutes I saw how the matter stood and who the villain was, but I went through the judicial forms and took a little time to sum up. I then said, "Pay this man twenty-seven pounds ten and make him an apology." "I will be damned if I'll do it." Many voices said, "We will be damned but you will," and emphasized their requests by squinting along bright revolvers. "I will give the money; but what do I know about how to make an apology?" Say this, "I admit I am wrong and will cheat no more." That was harder to get out of him than the money; but he had to say it.

The miners did not work on Sunday, but kept the Sabbath day holy by fighting to a finish to settle the quarrels they had contracted during the week. When the sun made the shadows long on Jackandandah Flat prostrate men were often seen; some could crawl away of their own volition, and others never would. While contemplating these sights a passenger from the good ship *Australia* accosted me. "Judge, don't you think we could have a court here that would end these bloody scenes?" I thought we might. "Would you be afraid to take the post of Judge again?" Find out the feeling of the majority on these flats. If I am elected I will serve on Sundays and nights, when occasion demands.

This resulted in my saving many broken heads and probably some lives, at an expense of very little personal danger, for those I decided against felt that I was right, as soon as their brains were clear; until then they had to be disarmed and fastened to trees.

I was now at liberty to start for home. In my walk

to Melbourne I was accosted by a lot of dingoes (a species of wolf). Their intentions not being honorable, I thought it judicious to make that day the last on which the yellow eyes of several of them should shine, because they shone with an expression that it would be a mistake to interpret as indicating benevolence. This was corroborated by the rapidity with which they tore their wounded comrades to pieces. My preference inclined towards having them satisfy their appetite in that way than in the way they intended.

The plan on which organisms exist on earth, where each lives on the agony of others, and every mouth is a slaughter-house, seems too savage to be the work of a benevolent power.

I was once invited to attend a course of lectures called Christian Science. Passing over the absurdity of the marriage of these two antagonistic words, the lady insisted that there was no evil on earth, and seemed convinced that she could prove it by multiplying the assertion. Shortly after this I went to my farm, and, strolling around, found myself seated on a log in the woods. All nature seemed very peaceful and the logic of the lady Christian Scientist did not seem so absurd.

Bye-and-bye I saw a chipmunk run out of its hole, look around and run back again. It did that several times, venturing further on each occasion. That chipmunk does not believe the lady orator's assertion that there is no evil on earth. He seems to be under the impression that he cannot get his dinner without running the risk of losing his life.

Pretty soon a hawk pounced down on a bird and drove its talons into its quivering flesh. I heard the bird scream while it was being carried to a secluded place to be torn limb from limb. From the bird's standpoint it inclined

to the appearance that there was some evil on earth, for if to be eaten while yet alive is not evil, then there is no room in the world for that word. I looked further and saw that the herbivours lived on the death of vegetable life; the carnivours devoured them, and that even the humane amongst humanity took joy and strength out of the anguish of all three classes.

If the most humane lady were to see in long procession before her all the organisms that had suffered a violent death, simply that she might live, she might ask herself if her usefulness on earth made her really worth such a holocaust of sacrifice.

There is a home on earth for the word evil. This book is an effort to cure some of those ills that we understand and bring conditions where evil shall not so often triumph.

The wolves did not seem called upon to blush for being cannibals and left me to journey towards the place where I might get a ship to take me round the other half of the world.

"The James Bain," the crack ship of the Black Ball line, was lying in the Melbourne harbor. The papers had glowing accounts of her; how she was the largest Australian liner, being five thousand tons burden, carrying an acre and five-eighths of canvas—skysails, stay-sails, fore and aft; a hundred and twenty men before the mast; made the quickest voyage on record from England to Australia; was armed and would carry the gold and defy all pirates.

I took passage on her. . Capt. MacDonell was a very young man, but born to command. The first officer, a big, bloated tyrant when he could be, and a sycophant when he could not. The wind was fair and we went down Hobson's bay as fast as we were slow in coming

up. Passed through the heads at a great speed, and were soon out on the heaving bosom of the mighty ocean. I had come to Australia from the west, but instead of turning her swift prow towards the west to find home it was turned in the opposite direction to find the same port in England. Although the distance was further, the trade winds were more favorable. The passengers were nearly all men. Women were scarce enough in Australia to make them tyrants. We did not know how many men there were at Jackandandah diggings, but we knew the exact number of white women. On these terms we could not afford to take them back to England.

In passing through Bassi's straits I was struck by the appearance of a great number of very little islands, clothed in vegetation, standing abruptly out of the sea, and a long distance from the main land. I thought that the charts of those seas at that time would not be very accurate, and what was to prevent one of those islands from forgetting to come to the surface? It seemed unpleasantly probable that the ship might run against an absent-minded one only a few feet below the surface. But let us not borrow trouble. The ship's course was towards Cape Horn and she plowed along in gallant style, being sailed as though she was a little yacht; for was not the captain making a supreme effort to put a laurel on his brow by having made the quickest voyage on record around the world?

We came to a part of the ocean through which it was dangerous to sail at night, because of the probability of striking the inhospitable perpendicular wall of an iceberg and plunging to the bottom of the sea. This part of the ocean had the appearance of a glutinous scum on the surface, composed of animalculæ, and said

to be food for whales. The sea was relatively smooth, but a strong wind sprang up in the most favorable direction for every sail to pull like a bulldog, until it seemed ready to burst. The mighty ship careened over and sped before the gale with the lee bulwarks sipping the water. Captain calls, "Heave the log." The triangle-shaped piece of wood was no sooner thrown overboard than the reel was empty. The quartermaster makes the astounding statement that the "James Bain" is rushing through the Pacific ocean at the rate of eighteen knots an hour, which is equal to twenty-one English miles.

Approaching night is shutting from our view the icebergs we fear. The watch on the forecastle is doubled, but the night so dark and stormy would defy the penetration of the keenest sight in time to call hard a port or starboard and to ward off danger.

The strange appearance of the sea by day is still more strange by night, for on the crest of every wave you see a flash of light.

I look over the side of the mighty ship and the long roll of foam that is dashed with such violence from her resistless prow is now a roll of phosphorescent fire that fades away in the deep darkness far behind.

Impressed with the grandeur of the picture the ship was making in her rush through the fiery waters, I longed to be able to see her from some other point of view. This idea impelled me to slip past one of the men on the lookout and take a seat in the shadow of the bowsprit.

The men were watching the ocean, not the ship. Unobserved I slipped along the footline to the end of the jibboom, throwing one foot over it. I seized the skysail stay with a death grip, and turning my face

toward the ship was awestricken at the sight. It was a view seldom seen by mortal and only by the daring.

When the long ship lifted her long boom high in air I seemed to take a leap towards the heavens, and when the boom descended I seemed to be stationary and on an independent point of view, with a mighty living fiery monster rushing towards me. It must have run me down if the boom had not tossed me away with every bound it made toward the darkened sky.

The two rolls of seething foam were two rolls of fire that lit the full sails alow and aloft. The flashes of light from the bursting waves from out the deep darkness added solemnity to a scene that did not seem to belong to earth, for she looked like a mighty, resistless, terrible monster rushing through a sea of fire in the immensity of space that was lighting up the blackness of darkness of the infernal regions.

I allowed my imagination to revel in the supposition that she was alive, for did she not have one red and fiery eye in the fore peak that could be seen, but might not see. Did it not look at me and say, you are defying fate and deforming my long and bony finger. I shall dip it into the top of the next wave and suck you to eternity or land you on an iceberg. This awful monster, with her burden of five thousand tons, seemed to know where she was going, for did she not keep her eye on and point the long way to the stormiest cape on earth.

Can it be that this rushing monster has no independent action of its own, but is only an ingenious combination of inanimate wood, iron and hemp, and that the little pigmy you can scarcely see by the binnacle, grasping the wheel, is the potent power behind the throne, at whose slightest touch she yields obedience.

I thought it folly to have men peering into the deep darkness ahead in the vain hope of averting danger while at that fearful rate of speed, but I was mistaken.

The waves of the indignant Pacific, surging against an intruding iceberg, made a long and irregular line of unearthly fire. The lookout was quick to see the difference between that and the flash from a single wave, and the words "hard a lee" rang above the storm.

The power of the pigmy at the binnacle seemed supernatural. The wheel flew around, commanding a new and mighty purchase, and the long finger and the red eye that were pointing and looking towards the Horn now turned their attention to the South pole.

The boatswain's shrill whistle called a hundred and twenty men to trim and shorten sail. Soon the halyard of the flying jib was let go and the down-haul drawn in. The men who went to stow it on the boom discovered the Antediluvian with his eyes on the towering green iceberg, from whose cold embrace the phosphorous light had saved us.

Bereft of skysails and skysail-staysails, the grand ship turned her eye and pointed the way once more to the stormy cape.

With a mind stamped with an impression that can not die the Antediluvian sought repose. At that far off time he had not recognized the evidence of the endless continuity of thought and action.

The announcement I have made that I have writings in my possession that mortal never wrote is simply and unqualifiedly true, and sneering denials from all the cunning superficial men on earth cannot disturb this solemn fact.

It is also true that they were written, so to speak, in



the twinkling of an eye and signed by the mightiest intellects that have passed away.

I will describe another method by which heaven and earth join hands. There were four persons in my studio, three gentlemen and a lady, that can be produced to verify the following. A rap came at the door. The young man sent to open it seeing no one, slammed it. The lady said: "I see a spirit. Get some paper and jot down what I hear." I did so. The following is what she said she heard:

"Next time, young man, shut not the door in my face, I do not deserve it, but will come again.

THOMAS PAINE."

One word more, "I was welcome." The lady said that she saw two spirits. Then Paine continued:

"Loyal Friend and Brother—When we view the acts of the old earth plain life, it is with infinite pity that we turn aside from the follies and absurdities of human beliefs. Behold in me but a pupil in the great truths of eternal progression."

Just then we noticed a letter lying on the floor, having been dropped by the postman through the aperture in the door.

Paine continued: "Ha! Ha! Human invitation indeed! Oh, my brother, accept it, and I will control thy organism and speak to the multitude through you as I never spoke in the Age of Reason. If I have entered forbidden, forgive, for thou wast ever the champion of Truth and I come in friendly spirit. Wherein I have erred I will gladly make good the error."

The lady said: "It seems strange. The spirit has faded away. Light is all over us. I see the spirit of Paine come back and destroy a book leaf by leaf." At this point the young man brought me the letter that

was lying on the floor. The lady said, if I did not object, she would read it before being opened. She placed it for a moment on her forehead and passed it over to a Mr. M., requesting him to place it on his knee. She then read the letter while it was ten feet away and unopened. While she read, I wrote down what she said its contents were. When done I told Mr. M. to open the letter, and we found that what I had written was verbatim. The contents were as follows, the name excepted:

“CHICAGO, Dec. 25, 1891.

*The Antediluvian.*

DEAR SIR:—The arrangement committee have taken the liberty to appoint you a member of the reception committee of the Thomas Paine anniversary, to be given at the North Side Turner Hall, Friday evening, Jan. 29th, 1892.

Trusting that we will receive your earnest co-operation as an ardent believer in the principles enunciated in the “Age of Reason” and a worker in the interest of the Chicago Secular Union,

We remain, yours respectfully,

ALBERT SCHAFFNER,  
S. SCHOENFELDT,  
MILLARD F. DONEY.”

The above letter proved to be the human invitation that the spirit of Thomas Paine referred to when he laughed, “Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Human invitation indeed. Oh, my brother, I will control thy organism and speak to the multitude through you as I never spoke in the Age of Reason.”

The following morning (Sunday) I was in my studio *alone*, writing a reply to the committee’s invitation, in which I was recounting the appalling psychic experi-

ence connected with it. I had come to the part where Paine's spirit was seen (clairvoyantly) to come back and destroy a book, leaf by leaf. (Remember I was alone). Just then I received as violent a slap on my right shoulder with a New Testament as was compatible with inflicting no pain. I turned around and saw the book falling on the floor. I picked it up and found the following message written in large letters on the brown lining of the cover and along the margin of forty leaves.

LOYAL FRIEND AND BROTHER:—When I was seen to destroy a book page by page, I meant to convey that so would you destroy the grave errors of a theological religion. Christ, the Nazerene, was but a great perfectionist and reformer, and was only of divine origin as explained by the God in nature. He (the Christ) was in reality the son of the Chief High Priest Eli and of the woman Mary who was a perfected organism fit for the production of a reformer such as that represented by the Nazerene.

Beautiful and profound indeed his mission, and his life and teachings must have been acted upon and your planet been now in the enjoyment of a high stage of evolution had not the erroneous teachings and annexed dogmas of a prostitute and prostituting church pushed his reforms into the background. It is none other than *she* who has distorted and garbled the wondrous truths of social reform which he came into existence to establish for the evolution and perfection of the human race.

Upon you devolves much of this perfection of humanity. Be not dismayed at the heaviness of the task, for we are with you. Onward! Courage, for it means progression for mankind. Fear not.

Thy cordial brother in the work of reform,

THOMAS PAINE.

I had no means of verifying the truth of what the lady said she saw clairvoyantly or heard clairaudiently the day before of the presence and speech of Thomas Paine. But the written message coming to me while absolutely alone, in an apparently impossible manner, proved them both to be as true as the North star.

Let me give you another psychic experience still more startling, nevertheless true. My typewriter's opinion of his own literary ability was quite good. He was copying an article I had written, and discovering an idea in it that did not meet his approval he interpolated a paragraph of his own, on which he was magnanimous enough to allow me to ascend to fame.

When reading the article I wondered how I could have written it, and whether or not I had intermittent softening of the brain; but the main objection I had to using it as a steed on which to ascend to fame was the slight drawback that it was entirely false.

Knowing that I was advocating ideas too righteous to be popular, and that a single falsehood brought home to me would destroy my power for good, I gave the youth his due and told him not to contaminate my presence again, for had he not burnt my manuscript to cover up detection?

When he was in the hall his fierce anger (that the first child of his fertile brain should be so slighted) prompted him to make a threat that involved ingratitude.

Believing ingratitude to be the worst of crimes, I wrote a letter to him in which I said: "If you carry out your threat, Mother Earth will not be able to hide you from my vengeance."

I bethought myself and concluded that the game was not worth the powder; was in the act of putting the

letter in the fire, when I was startled to my center by the greatest noise I ever heard in my life, that was not a concussion.

The medium was present and deathlike with fear. I soon recovered from the shock, and, stamping my foot, demanded the meaning of this awful noise.

No reply was given until next morning, when the following message was written (by some means unknown to me) on blank paper that I held out at arm's length in my left hand:

SPHERE OF THE INNER CIRCLE.

*Most Illustrious Brother*—WE SALUTE THEE:

Marvel not at the exhibition of the power displayed last night in your planet. The voice or vibration of sound wave was not intended to terrify. On the contrary, it was given in evidence of our appreciation of your entire worthiness.

Thou canst form some faint idea of the vast force, when you are informed that the velocity with which that sound wave traveled was at the speed of one million miles per second. Nor yet did it proceed from one voice, but from a Council of Advanced and Perfected Spirits, who rejoice to be given an opportunity to greet you in another manner than by their more usual method. The greeting was, "Hail, Brother." The severest cyclone ever experienced on your planet was in force to the power expressed by the power shown in this instance but as the peaceful breathing of an infant enjoying blissful repose. There is yet another cause, oh Brother, which intensified the volume of sound wave. Incline your ear and give attention to the wonderous laws of Infinite Conditions. Without any intention of

conveying *other* than the gentlest instruction, permit your mind to revert to your individual assertion, to call upon and follow with the most potent of spirit power an earth organism which will still require ages of perfecting stages of evolution to evolve into anything like a rational soul organism.

At the precise moment we, thy council, stood within your sanctuary and permitted you to experience (by a gentle salutation) some little of the power you so vehemently swore to evoke, and retiring to our own distant sphere spake in gentlest whisper of the mighty forces of eternal nature you then established.

Impute not then to the organism who is beside thee the slightest element of fear. Such is not the case. She knoweth not human fear, but well might tremble at the infinite power invoked.

“The supernatural does not exist, but no man knoweth the boundaries of the natural.”

The above is a sentence that the Antediluvian wrote the day before, of which the spirits seemed to be cognizant. They proceed as follows:

Thou has spoken rare words of wisdom, and thy feet shall tread great nature's scientific pathway, and thy mouth shall proclaim her manifold and hidden mysteries. Thou hast exercised thy individual power in this instance. Learn to harmonize it in thy life channels and not one of the social reforms humanity is thirsting and perishing for but shall come to pass and thou shalt not have lived in vain.

We also assure you that all that you stand in need of from a temporal standpoint shall be forthcoming.

We salute you as the fortieth of your planet re-

deemer of your planet. Deflect not. Onward, for it means upward.

Thy sacred council,

PYTHAGORAS,  
PLATO,  
ZOROASTER,  
MARCUS AURELIUS,  
DARWIN.

Those who can make a fair estimate of what a man really is by his writings will absolve me from being such an infernally conceited arrogant cockscomb as to announce myself, "The fortieth redeemer of this planet." The strange part of this is, that I wrote and delivered a lecture about twelve years ago, in which I had taken great pains to hunt up all the characters who had been called saviors and redeemers of the world, and my list made Jesus Christ appear as the thirty-ninth. A professional lady lecturer borrowed it immediately after and forgot to return it.

I will tax the credulity of even the spiritualists still more by giving another psychic experience. I cannot expect many to believe it, because I admit that I could not if I were in their place. What I ask you to believe is this, that to my brain and all my senses what I am about to relate appeared to occur, and moreover it is a brain that has never been intoxicated either by tobacco or liquor.

On the afternoon of December 24th the medium was in my studio and immediately called, "I see a light," and also requested me to look after my hat, because it was actually going towards the open window, apparently of its own erratic volition, it was taking a sail from the top of an easel twelve feet away.

Next day I was writing an account of my hat's behavior and expressing my anxiety about losing it, as it was my only hat. When I had written the statement that it was my only hat, an incident took place (related as it actually occurred) transcends your power to believe.

When I purchased this animated hat I left the silk one I wore with the hatter, who had polished it up and sent it to my studio. Now I knew that I had that hat and that it was in the other room under bundles of kindling wood, but the feeling that I never intended to wear it (not having seen it since its regeneration,) was my only justification for the falsehood I was writing. When I came to the word hat I stopped and an ordinary hat box appeared to come through an eighteen inch brick wall and a large oil painting, without apparent damage to either. After touching my forehead lightly, my hand more heavily, it rolled on the floor. I picked it up and took my seat again with the hat box on my knee, cover uppermost. And while I looked on the cover I heard a ticking like a telegraph instrument. Writing appeared and my eye followed each word as it appeared. The words were these: "Your statement lacks accuracy, but we enjoy thy mirth." The first sentence, "Your statement lacks accuracy," is one I have used in debate. They evidently knew this, because they enclosed it in quotation marks. It is a sentence that does not hurt the feelings of your adversary as much as others that make no greater accusation.

This incident, containing an admonition so kind and gentle, also informs us that they enjoy our mirth.

Is there any opportunity for a man to be swindled when his eye follows the words along as they are being written? Is there any prestidigitator that can do that?



I never saw any. Hence am compelled to give the credit of its being done to the continuation of life and intelligences in the spheres who are interested in making happier conditions for their earthly brethren.

Let us see how much this little incident proves. It proves that spirits prefer to admonish with gentleness. It proves that they heard me debating in public. It proves that they enjoy our mirth. It proves that shut windows or doors cannot bar them from our presence. It also proves (if I have not been deceived,) that they can take a frail article and disintegrate and integrate a brick wall and oil painting and pass it through without injury to either.

This psychic experience does not end here, for on looking at the top of the easel where my hat had been hung, I found it decorated with a festoon of paper half an inch wide, such as ribbons are wound on.

The medium said she heard a voice and requested me to write to its dictation, which was as follows: "You are right. We removed the hat; hang the paper on the child's portrait; lift it carefully and hang it up. Observe it from time to time as you shall desire, but let not mortal hand come in contact, or it will frustrate the current we are about to establish this night for you."

As requested, I hung the ribbon of paper, nine and one-half yards long, in many a twist and fold, on the corner of the child's picture, which stood well out from the wall.

Next morning I examined it. No change had taken place. I placed the picture I was painting (The Boy Christ Confounding the Doctors) in a position where I could watch the festoon of paper, but no change occurred.

About 3 P. M. my typewriter and the medium arrived. We had a controversy as to the advisability of prefacing a lecture, with a public demonstration of her power to precipitate writing on paper owned and in the possession of a member of the audience, who should be chosen by a committee.

The medium said she heard a voice, and asked me to put on paper what she heard. It ran thus:

“What! This matter of discussion we will adjust, and speedily, to thy entire satisfaction. Nothing, my brother, shall be demanded of thy courage but what shall be given to sustain and convince multitude upon multitude. Canst thou perfect our current with you? Nay! consider the harmony requisite for your palette. If the colors be mixed indiscriminately, where would be the harmony of color? or the creation of the work to be executed?”

The medium said, “I see you clothed in light, and rays stream from your head towards the child’s picture.” Just above the picture I see three faces; the center one is he who speaks thus:

“Approach, Oh Brother, and receive words of great import.”

I went toward the picture and was awestricken when my eyes conveyed the information to my brain that the whole of the nine and one-half yards hanging loosely in the air, in many a twist and fold, was beautifully written upon and conveyed the following message to me:

#### SPHERE OF ETERNAL PROGRESSION.

*Beloved Brother:*

As you have made inquiry as to your best mode of proceeding in your difficult mission, it affords us joy to

answer some important facts in connection with your high calling.

First and foremost amongst these important truths is that a conservation of the powers be observed in the instance of the organism through which we approach you and others. For instance, no manner of test should be given to the purely curious who seek amusement in the gratification of their idle curiosity. This deters the progress of the great work of reform with which thou art commissioned. Neither will these great truths be largely benefitted by this or that society which may appoint its own narrow organisms, who will only restrict the progress of scientific truths by putting all phenomena to their uses. This may not be, since we have announced that thou art to be the chosen instrument through whom this scientific revelation is to be given to humanity.

How, ask ye, is this to be accomplished single-handed? Easy of solution, my brother. These truths you shall lecture upon, not here and there, but the length and breadth of the civilized world. This method of procedure will net a vast income, besides legacies for the furtherance of altruistic purposes. Cut loose, then, from all conditions of men and channels which frustrate.

DARWIN.

In one of these psychic experiences I have asserted that both gross and delicate matter appeared to have disintegrated and integrated to allow the passage of other matter.

I admit that from the standpoint of the present degree of the development of the sciences that this is absolutely impossible.

No wise man who understands the relativity of knowledge and realizes that science is still in her swad-

ding clothes will dare to say where the line should be drawn between the possible and the impossible.

Those on the intellectual plane of saying all things are possible with God are amongst they who think that very few things are possible with man. But the realm of the impossible must even reach a deity, because he could not make a very old planet in a minute. Who shall say possible with man is growing rapidly. Who shall say where its limit shall be one thousand years hence?

If I had abused my mind by dissipation and had such experiences, numbering only twelve, I would be the first to conclude that I was the victim of ledgerdemain or hallucination, every time; but when such experiences number hundreds, and my friends admit that I am a temperate man and a close and level-headed agnostic logician, then it begins to look as though no man knew the boundaries of the natural.

The acts of my life demand this much, however: that you shall believe that I believe what I state to be true. I have often received written messages stating that I would receive a telegram in a given time, generally in less than an hour, and stating the contents. They were always verified, and they sometimes advised the kind of a reply; but when they did not, I was astonished that such powers should be employed for so little purpose.

I will give you a psychic experience of another kind.

The medium, a youth and myself were accidentally sitting in a triangle about twelve feet apart. She called, "There is a current established; take some paper." The youth almost involuntarily took from his pocket a business card, one side blank; the other contained this:

CAROLINE L. CROUCH,  
Typewriter, 333 Manhattan Bldg.,  
Stenographer, 315 Dearborn St.,  
Notary Public, Chicago, Ill.

In one moment, while he held it between his fingers, the following message appeared on it:

SPHERE OF ADVANCEMENT.

SON:—Thou art a sensitive. Thou hast not consumption. Thy brother Julian greets thee.

I sent him on an errand and he stumbled against many while rereading his message, being so delighted to have his fears of consumption made groundless when he returned. The medium said: "You was too officious in pulling that card out of your pocket. The light streamed towards the Antediluvian, for whom the message was intended, but suddenly deflected on to your card. However, as the current is on again, hand him your card. Your message will disappear and one to him come in its stead." He did so reluctantly, and I was about to put it in my pocket, when she called: "The change is made."

The following is what appeared on the blank side of the card where the other had been:

SPHERE OF ETERNAL PROGRESSION.

Be not dismayed at the defection of mankind. Thou shalt mould anew. Unto thee is confided the elucidation of all the mysteries of nature. Go forward, my brother, I am thy guide. DARWIN.

About this time I had dealings with a man whose sympathies and heart had been shriveled into horrible deformity by the possession of a million of other men's earnings and whose soul had become microscopic by the

same influence. I was about to tear the mask from him before a court of justice when my intention was frustrated by the following piece of immortal diction much above my capacity:

SPHERE OF WISDOM.

SON:—Remember thou art a teacher of wisdom. Her paths are straight and know no turning. Sully not thy prestige nor the sacredness of thy *office* by a common earth brawl, even though it should be the means of giving unto you your own. What cannot be attained by inherent justice is better lost than gained by the subtle connivance of a nefarious compulsion on the part of so-called law.

The weapon of the spirit has been given to you. If called upon and used with discrimination who shall gainsay its power.

Waste not thy energies on the foibles of simply one individual, but turn thou in earnest to the reformation of your social system collectively. This may only be accomplished when the organism is ripe for the perfecting finger of evolution. Conserve thy forces in speech, and nourish thy body and mind with the eloquence of silence.

The wise man giveth instruction by the majesty of his presence rather than by confidences and speech to those who cannot digest the strong wine of truth.

Amongst thy children become as one of them, but never forget that thou hast been invested with honors and dignities not granted to common mortal.

Let thy speech be even of such tone that the spheres listening, would hearing, rejoice with one acclaim.

Permit none, save the few chosen ones tried and true, to gather about thee or enter the perfection of thy hallowed aura.

Reject none, but at the same time be unto thyself an abiding law.

Be gracious unto all men, confiding unto none. No man may complete thy mission, but many the men who will conspire against it.

Silence and caution are the foundation stones upon which success is builded.

There is none to compete against thee, therefore thou art master. Condense thy thought. Prune. Thought flourishes best when the foliage is least.

I also am thy devoted brother, friend and guide,  
LORD BACON.

In my instance it does not seem to be absolutely necessary on all occasions to have a medium present, for while writing lectures I have stopped to consider if the assertion I was making was true in all its relations, and have been astonished to find an elucidation of the subject under consideration beautifully written on the sheets of paper underneath the one I was writing on.

Other subjects are commented on in the same way. For instance: The postman brought me a letter from my daughter, who was away from home finishing her education. I read it and laid it beside me, while I wrote the last two lines to finish that page of my lecture. I removed that sheet of paper and was astonished to find the sheet below it not blank, but containing an answer to the letter I had just received from my daughter Mabel through the mail and written in the handwriting of my supposed to be dead sister Mary. It was as follows:

SPHERE OF ADVANCEMENT—THIRD GRADE.

*My Dear Brother:*

I am rejoiced to greet you, nor can you imagine what bliss it is to realize that after death the soul still

lives and according to its earth development continues its progression.

There is much I would change if I had to live over again the old earth life, and nothing so much as my treatment of you, my noble and exalted brother, but you will be justified and glorified in thy life's work. I have read Mabel's mind. Let her return home. Think not harshly of me communing thus, since I was also un-mindful of your true interests when on earth, and if I speak now it is because I see and deplore my error.

Lovingly,

MARY.

I give the above to show that I could not have been the victim of an imposter because there was no one present. If any man takes me for one it is because he does not know me.

My friends lost faith in my judgment, because (having so much evidence thrust upon me,) I was compelled to defend the fact of the continuity of our individuality.

For a time I did not frequent the reform meetings.

After resuming attendance I received the following:

#### SPHERE OF ETERNAL PROGRESSION.

##### *Son of Wisdom:*

Thou hast done well in showing thyself amongst thy fellow men. None can gainsay thee. From mortal lips issue no more potent and incontrovertable words than thine. Courage, thy enemies shall bite the dust and sue for thy pardon.

Never for an instant forget that thou art an illumined teacher and that you are to sink sectarian or party differences and unite their forces in an appeal to the really divine element in man, which is essentially a human element, as it is the one distinguishing trait of



humanity which differentiates the human family from inferior types of conscious existence on your planet.

That the present is a critical stage in the history of all the civilized countries of your planet, and that the destinies of many lands not so civilized are deeply involved in a swiftly impending struggle between the positive power of good and the negative force of injustice cannot be disputed!

The great question before the thinking minds (over whom you have been set,) is to arouse them to a sense of their danger over the fate which awaits and threaten humanity by their own incertitude of action, and to at once take practical steps to hasten forward the glorious long expected time, when--

Peace shall over all the earth  
Its perfect splendors fling,  
And the whole world send back the song  
The blessed angels sing.

The law of nature which holds your humanity in its divine embrace is acknowledged in some form, more or less, by even the most ignorant and debased. Make it doubly plain then to the weaklings as to the strong of thy kind.

No practical mind would ever think of doubting that discovery of law and compliance with the essential requisites to a wise and just ordering of affairs in the external province of events where man is the motor power, where man is himself the rightful governor!

Teach them, oh beloved and exalted son, that the wonders which have fallen to your share are wonderful gifts which belong to all faithful seekers after truth, that they are not fictions or the dreams of a heated and abnormal imagination, but stern and great as well as awful and lofty realities capable of demonstration, pro-

vided only those who seek to enjoy these divine gifts shall be ready to abnegate their own ambitious selfhood and strive exclusively as well as unceasingly for the welfare of the human race, irrespective of any lines of color, creed or race.

The principal drawback to genuine and transcendent usefulness on the part of those who have set themselves up as spurious reformers, have been the aggressive assertion of personal claims and powers they did not possess, and hence their well merited failure. Not so, beloved son, thy God-like mission. Love is the complete fulfilling of the law.

Never can man be fully conscious of divine universal love and build any temple of effort or practice on any other foundation than that of equity.

How can it be possible for mankind to love his neighbor as himself and remain stolidly indifferent to the manifest lack of equity which is so painfully conspicuous in all so-called courts of justice on thy planet as well as in all the haunts of trade? Perish the base thought which thus plays such havoc with poor unevolved and labor-laden humanity.

Love demands equity as the pedestal on which its glorious image must stand revealed to human gaze, and no one can be true to the great principles of divine truth unless they so love equity as to seek to manifest it on every plane of expression.

In your days of labor riots and accursed financial panics, when men are plunging headlong into a diabolical race to compete each other out of existence, the voice of the angelic spheres is surely heard in the deep toned plea for universal co-operation which is sweeping over thy planet.

Pessimism, nihilism and anarchism shall disappear at the approach of thy grand presence and thy grander logic. They are but the natural outcome, the inevitable outpouring of long time tyranny and oppression, coupled with materialism, which mark the lowest ebb of spiritual consciousness in man.

But in thee, oh son of choicest election, we, as well as all mankind, shall hail with unqualified delight thy dignified advent upon the social horizon as the great evolutionary motor (power) rather than revolutionary, as the people of your planet do not yet understand the meaning of the word revolutionary.

Regeneration, which is a higher spiritual state of being, is the awakenment in man of a sublimer consciousness than any yet aroused in him and will be the keynote of the ethics of the gospel of thy wondrous mission of peace and plenty to all mankind.

The vilest sophistry which has ever been palmed upon a self-indulging world by a luxury loving religious ministry is the oft-reiterated babble of a blind pulpit to an equally blind pew that the right and might of spiritual power lies vested in them! Falsity of falsities.

What a height of daring impudence or blasphemous presumption those liars must have reached when they thus state, when they possess not the slightest power to convince their slumbering congregations of the immortality of the soul even by a convincing sign other than their very fallible say so.

What then is the remedy for these stupendous ills? What the work to destroy the cancer which is fast eating the vitals of your society.

Through thy voice, oh son, thou shalt call together and uplift the masses. Rally all the human forces and currents and unify thy work. Actively participate in

all measures to institute a peaceful bloodless revolution. Unite with the advanced of thy planet to stem the tide of mutual dislike which is now broadening between the classes and the masses, and show the headstrong of thy planet who sit in high places that nothing less than the patriotism of right, if applied, will precipitate a state of disaster unexampled in its awful history; that the patriotism of divine right shall usher in that glorious golden era of universal peace and liberty when mutual love and confidences, instead of distrust and hate, shall bring all secular affairs into agreement with spirit, and by sanctifying the secular remove the dividing line which has for so long mischievously divided the interests of universal brotherhood and the common interests.

Teach them when thy meetings are properly under way and thyself before the multitude as a teacher the cultivation of an unselfish universal love for all mankind. And from this hour, dear son, regard thy former enemies in the light of friends and neighbors who are as so many ignorant and unenlightened children. Hatred consumes energy. Love conquers all.

Tell them that you seek for no success for yourself, except as what profits you personally; that the community shall profit also. Care nothing for the censure or approval of the world, and teach thy hearers that above all not to allow the love of mammon to tarnish their life motives.

This once established, and the time will speedily arrive when in a new atmosphere of love and honor, distrust and selfishness will disappear, and peace and plenty will crown each individual life, and all the bounteous gifts of beneficent nature will be the common possession of the race. Let the light shine; despise no

avenue; make good manifest, and evil as its negation or contradictory must disappear, and this thy mission. We are with thee. Courage! We bless thee anew.

THY COUNSEL.

Being anxious that you shall believe the aweinspiring fact that mortal never wrote the manuscript from which the above is copied, I will insert a letter from a man of which Chicago has reason to be proud. This man, although rich, has sympathies easily reached by undeserved woe, and is not on the opposition, but a potent factor himself in bringing the time when equity shall be the pedestal of society.

Being a stranger in Quincy, I requested the financial support of this book to write to these men for information relative to my ability and sincerity. His reply was as follows, excepting my name:

CHICAGO, Jan. 24th, '93.

**MINERVA MERRICK, 301 Chestnut St., Quincy, Ill.:**

The Antediluvian is correct as Gallileo, as true as Prometheus, and as impractical as Don Quixote. He is absolutely honest, and being so, believes that honesty dwells in such monumental frauds as the medium. If he writes the book, and you attend to the business end, it may not be a complete failure.

Yours truly,

ROBT. LINDBLOM.

This gentleman, having proven himself my friend on more than this occasion, will not feel annoyed if I analyze. He says I am as correct Gallileo, as true as Prometheus. In my judgment the accuracy of science and the reliability of truth are the main essentials of practicability. Don Quixote was not as correct as Gal-

lileo. If he had been he would not have found a beauty-abducting enemy in a windmill.

With reference to the medium, whose name I have suppressed, let me say that nature never bestows a great gift on any of her children unless she withholds some of the ordinary faculties that would have fitted them to conventional society. A telegram is no less true because the wire passed through quicksand. The Immortals have admonished her severely and plead with me to bear with her failings, as it had taken the heredity of a thousand years to produce this, the most perfect gate between heaven and earth. And, further, I have asserted that some of these messages came when I was alone. If I am as true as Prometheus, they must be so also. Some of those messages show an intimate knowledge of my thoughts and actions for many years, while yet I was a materialist. Evidently to discover my motives, they probably heard the following conversation while painting the portrait of the best mayor Chicago ever had.

He said, "You have no right to talk that way." Why? Is it not true? "True? Of course it is; but the true thing is not the right thing to say. The right thing is the popular thing, the expedient thing, and the thing that will pay. Don't be a damned fool. Sail in, be one of us, and fit yourself to your surroundings."

The Immortals probably heard that conversation. The following makes it appear that they knew my motives:

#### SPHERE OF ETERNAL PROGRESSION.

SON OF WISDOM:—Not one word of all thou hast written but is noticed by us. Thou art right to warn in a voice of thunder. The great Marcus Aurelius in-

aspired and guided thy hand when thou didst pen thus thy solemn warning.

Every reflecting man who closely watches the logic of events sees clearly that there is an awful revolution hovering over the civilized world when the evil passions of the plundered many shall laugh at the rights of life and property.

It is known for a certainty that corporations, combination and private ownership in land are the three great causes of this coming cataclysm.

The Socialists are advocating legislative action to disband corporations, organize production and adopt the single tax.

Their advice heeded would side-track the coming revolution and avert the awful horror. Hence Socialists are the redeemers and peace-makers of the earth. Those who oppose those absolutely just measures are the revolutionists and the fendish furies of the world, who carry fire and sword in their train, and are certainly the direct cause of the coming revolution.

This warning, printed over the head of a paper, might be instrumental in coaxing gentle peace to remain on earth." Canst thou doubt thy mission after writing thus?

#### THEY COUNSEL.

The chirography is handsomer and bolder than I ever saw executed by mortal.

I was complaining bitterly at receiving a mission that (without capital to carry it out) seemed to be a mockery, when I received the following:

#### SPHERE OF ETERNAL PROGRESSION.

Blame us not. We can only use our current in conjunction with your established earth current. Thou

must establish and fashion; ours the duty to advise. Have we been lacking in aught? Many earth organisms have we approached, but such the worldly conditions by which they were surrounded that though the dead rose before them conviction must have been lacking. Remember, oh chosen Son of Wisdom, that thou *must not fail* in using thy every mortal endeavor to establish even those earth channels and currents whereby *we* may enter and perfect the current you shall *first* have established. Look to it!

THY COUNSEL.

Thou art commissioned from on high.

To carry out these instructions I approached many with a view to get them to furnish the necessary capital to put these ideas before the world and establish a current on which the spirits could enter and impress. But as the immortals said: "The conditions by which they were surrounded were so worldly that if the dead had rose before them conviction must have been lacking." Eventually my footsteps were led to the altruistic mortal who honors the dedication and to whom thousands in the present are and millions in the hereafter shall be deeply indebted.

The following contains advice and information not possessed by me:

SPHERE OF ETERNAL PROGRESSION.

*Children:*

Concentrate thy forces. Let naught of temporal difficulties obstruct the even tenor of thy spiritual advancement. This is paramount to all human possessions. Riches beyond compare of all the sordid dross thy planet contains or shall while it lasts. Be not overcome of difficulties, but courageously overcome them.



There is no one thing (though the most difficult on earth,) but thou canst accomplish if perfect harmony reigns. The power of will, of mind over matter, is simply incalculable. Exercise it then, not for selfish, but *altruistic purposes*. Be led of, not controvert the spirit. The longest life is not long enough to admit of undoing or correcting errors. Pause then ye who are gifted above others and by the possession of such supreme knowledge become the teachers of men. Onward! Upward!

SOCRATES.

The signature alone would have taken me two hours to draw and shade, so highly ornamental is it. The whole came while I would be writing a line.

At a lecture I was to deliver I had agreed to read a manuscript from my counsel. When the time came I found the drawer containing them locked and the key gone. Just then the medium arrived and said the current was on; get paper.

The light did not leave the paper until I had counted thirty sheets. I held them out in my left hand between two pieces of pasteboard to hold them level, felt the paper alive, heard it writing, saw it written.

It contained advice to the effect that it would not be advisable to read what I intended, as the press would steal or garble it, and that (with more to come) they would be given to the world in book form, but that I might read the part in this message which they had marked. It is as follows:

"SPHERE OF ETERNAL TRUTH.

*Son of Wisdom:*

Thou shalt overcome the many difficulties which surround thy path. For a time the multitude will hold aloof. Others of a sterner class following (like thyself)

for many years the materialistic tendency of your epoch will come only to hear as a matter of investigation what an inspired teacher of advanced thought has to say in rebuttal of the infamous myths of the so-called Christian church, and which long ages ago ought to have been relegated to the region of mythology.

Therefore, oh son, hast thou been pushed to the front to make plain those truths so long neglected and ignored by mankind. Unto you has been confided this awful and grand mission, because through no other organism can truth be promulgated so readily, widely and successfully because of thy marked personality. And if brazen faced humanity will but pause to look at this truth in the light of reason they cannot fail to see that thou art a leader among men.

The truths you expound are of the highest order. They appeal to the best, noblest and most exalted nature in man. They should be regarded even as in their very essence immortal and overwhelmingly impressive. For all truth, whether natural or spiritual, must have evangelists or messengers to announce and set forth their beauty and utility to men, and where on thy earth plane to-day could be found a better or grander messenger to herald immortal truths or a clearer exponent than that represented by thy great and good personality? None.

In thus setting forth thy personality in the foreground and what constitutes thy power we deal with what is noblest in man, for personality is the grandest power in the universe for education.

It is true that knowledge reveals itself in the feeblest growths of creation, in the tiniest flower and in the smallest insect that crawls. Men may learn much from nature in her extraordinary physical phenomena, in the roar of the ocean, and in the terrific thunder of her

mighty Niagaras, but the perfect and grandest instrument in your universe for imparting thought and feeling is personality. From the living lips comes the truth divine, more spiritual, more potent, because it is winged by a thousand influences, natural and spiritual, which have their origin only in a grand human personality like thine.

This personality is thy great endowment, thy one great gift amongst the many thou dost already possess. It is this gift which works revolutions, builds monuments of progress, and makes all history a theatre of wonder and absorbing interest.

Whatever may have been the magnitude of the forces of your planet while engaged in its great movements, the sublimest force is that which directs and controls them all, and this is the mind and heart of man.

Your age is ripe for advancement in the right direction. Your age has grown tired of hearing truths proved by quotations from its eminent writers. It is ready to be fed and nourished by an everlasting truth presented through a living, thinking and inspired organism. Thine the organism.

Man will not evolve by any intellectual notions. Truths are not true because they have been stated by good authority or by decrees of councils, but because of their inherent necessity or their evident capacity to adapt themselves to the needs of man the world over.

You will perceive at once what a tremendous force your instructions will have upon the ultimate emancipation and evolution of man. Thou art only demolishing to build more solidly, more harmoniously and more enduringly. It is this union of wonderful characteristics and universal elements above that possessed by

other organisms which fit you so exclusively for the mission.

There is no denominational mission or that which exists by defending whatever has been written or sanctioned by the past or to expound the dogmas of one small house amongst the millions of splendrous spheres in the endless empire of eternity. But thy mission proclaims thee to be one of those great prophets who arise in critical periods of thy planet's evolution to show how great and universal is truth in all her wondrous phases, how fitted to embrace the whole race within its fold.

We are gratified that thou art lacking in pessimism, nor yet are thy signal talents less useful because of a shadow of enthusiastic optimism.

The great mass of men naturally look towards a strong man who will help with his influence and inspiration the cause of justice and progress of the world.

The lot of man to-day is extremely unhappy. The social arrangements of your civilization places burdens hard to bear on the shoulders of many, and the few great leaders amongst your accursed political factions scarce lift or move a finger to help them.

The great mass of men are crying from the depth of dire misery and poverty for love and sympathy, for human justice, not charity.

There are great and awful evils in your world that must be subdued by some—a magnanimous soul, self-sacrificing to the last degree. Thou art such an one. Therefore go boldly forward. Reform civil codes, regenerate the whole pernicious system of society, which as it exists at this moment is not only unchristian but inhuman and must be abolished.

Your age possesses in you a great leader. Never in your planet's history has there been a period when

humanity was fraught with more danger than now. Pause not then, oh exalted brother, but bestir thee. Help is nigh."

The above message contains my sentiments, expressed with more-dignity. If I had been consulted I would have made the request to be left more in the background, but I would rather be thought vain than be guilty of garbling such majestic wisdom.

I claim to fit one of its paragraphs, however, and will repeat it thus:

"Your age has grown tired of hearing truths proved by quotations from its eminent writers. It is ready to be fed and nourished by an everlasting truth presented through a living, thinking organism."

I have not looked inside of a book since I commenced to write this one. There is not one in my room. The pictures of life presented are as they were reflected to my vision. My respect for past biased authority amounts to disdain.

Adam Smith, Mills, Spencer and George have fearlessly written economic truths untarnished by class legislation, and they have my gratitude, but Spencer is an individualist and George is on the fence, and such men cannot prevent the coming revolution.

The medium said that she heard the following from the Immortals. It is the only message I have given that they did not write. It is as follows:

"He who essays to speak is from out a sphere the remoteness of which cannot be approximated by the measurement of distance. One who, if he could communicate, would be of material assistance in the formation of powerful thought.

We regret that the many currents which permeated and blessed the sanctuary this morning have been un-

fortunately deflected and that humanity is none the better for our immortal presence. However this may be, it is no fault of yours, noble brother, or chargeable to the friend who desires to be consistent with his promise.

Currents once broken can no more be re-established for the time being than man can battle a cyclone. He who comes, if come he can, will so shape thy utterances that men hearing and seeing, shall believe in thee.

THY COUNSEL."

In this work I will annoy the inhospitable mind with but one more message. With the one exception, like all the others it was written by the Immortals.

"SPHERE OF ETERNAL LIFE.

*Beloved Children:*

We who struggled so hard and fought the battle of life courageously salute and greet thee.

He who was crucified for the teachings of Truth hath but passed through this sphere. May a tiny ray shed by his presence touch thy planet and permeate thy hearts. Mistake not his mission. He came amongst men to promulgate great truths. But they would not receive, but rejected him. Christ was but an exalted and perfected instrument.

Thou, oh son, art but another, less his crucifixion, and oh we, who though honored by our present exalted existence, tell thee with one acclaim that the sphere which awaits thy presence in the realms of eternal destiny beyond is not ours, but one like unto His, since it was not so ordered that in our earth lives that we should take or assume the majestic role of reformer.

Son, dwell no longer, nor seek to combat a supposed vicarious atonement," which is a purely theological and

mendacious lie, foisted upon humanity by a prostitute church. The true atonement takes place, not on Calvary, but in thine own hearts. The sacrifice of those olden times are spiritualized and made actual in thy own life experiences. It is a substitution of the life of Christ for your life by your really making such a substitution and making and accepting his divine truths as a pattern for more imperfect lives. This is the true atonement, the true reconciliation of Christ, not with an exacting personal God of blood and vengeance, but of expiating life itself in the defence of the principles of an everlasting truth.

The cross of Christ should evolve sacred thoughts, but it does not stand before mankind as the expression of vindictive or mechanical justice that has no place for the sweeter, diviner trait of forgiveness. The bleeding Christ bled for truth, not a vengeful Father.

The bleeding Christ is not the victim of unrelenting rage, nay, but the courageous yielding up of a life for the lessons he had imbibed with his mother's milk and from the sacred shrine of the temple of truth.

Look but closer, more studiously, into even the garbled translations of His teachings and thou shalt surely note a more visible expression of power of divine love, too deep, too intense, too agonizing in sympathy, too tender and outreaching and self-forgetful for the stammering expression of even inspired immortals to crystalize into words.

It is the most winsome thing in all thy world, not as the death of a man for many, (their number is legion who have died so,) but as a revelation of how truth should govern the heart of all humanity. It was sacrificed to constrain men to live nobler lives, to lift them into a realization of the God within them. It was ac-

accomplished for benighted humanity as one of the wondrous signs from out the bosom of eternity to teach men the fullest knowledge, a gain which they had lost through cycles of ingratitude and disobedience to the grand and magnificent teachings of the God in nature. Truths and mysteries which enabled the denizens of thy planet to have free converse and intercourse with those of the countless millions of spheres which ye denominate as stars, as a sign that truth again might reign throughout the whole human family, and given as good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people.

Such, oh son, thy mission, less the penalty of His cross. Begin to agitate from this hour anew."

I am very sorry that I have lost the remainder of this message from the stars.

Now, dear reader, as I intend to be as true with you and myself as my love of justice will enable me, it is but right that I show you how the other side of this spiritualistic picture appears to me at this date.

I have been admonished many times, in writing, not to controvert the spirit but to be led by the spirit. I admit that I am not easily led; but I tried to be, and in the degree that I succeeded, in that degree I was led into what mortals would call disaster. I have many writings holding out promises that were never realized. One, claiming that an enormous treasure was buried by pirates over a hundred years ago, and reserved to this date for myself and a few others, to be used for the altruistic purpose of enlightening humanity how to attain just social arrangements. They gave us the location exact to a foot, and hundreds of dollars, in time and money, were spent fruitlessly.

The spirits claimed that I had broken every human current they had established, which seemed to be a very



easy thing to do. This is the way one of them was destroyed: I was sent from a house we had hired in the vicinity of the treasure (to the hill where the treasure was said to be) to establish a current between the two places and to ward off suspicion by painting some more on a picture of the scenery. I found when I arrived on the spot that I had forgotten my palette, so could not paint. The fact that I did not was said to be breaking the letter of the law and the current at the same time. How very easily broken.

The spirits claimed that now that all the human currents were broken they would move the treasure by spirit power, and for this purpose we would find a human being whose *astral* could be used in Chicago. The one appointed objected, and so far an organism adapted has not been found. Astral power is a fact in nature, although many do not even know what the word means.

My not being able to approve the acts of the medium has resulted in unpleasantness, and in receiving from her a letter (in the same beautiful chirography) signed by the Sacred Counsel.

This letter denounces me as low as those I have inserted proclaim me high. *They cannot both be true.* The only thing this last letter succeeds in proving beyond a doubt is the fact that the Sacred Council can lie.

I do not say that they cannot tell the truth, because I know that there are many grand truths in the writings I have inserted, and I revere the truth wherever found. But the most perplexing, unaccountable and discouraging problem is this: How spirits or minds on an intellectual plane high enough to write these sublime truths should also be low enough to lie and deceive.

In lecturing I have spoken of some of the advice given by Christ as being impracticable and thought Christianity beneath intelligent controversy. My opposition has evidently been caused by the prostitute church garbling his teachings. Only for her brazen villainy, the human family would have been familiar with the teachings of *God in nature*. As the Immortals say, "Truths and mysteries which would have enabled the denizens of thy planet to have free converse and intercourse with those of the countless millions of spheres which you denominate as stars."

The immoralals of the church have swindled us out of all this bliss and joy, and has made the human race such villains that those we pay to protect us from robbery are more to be feared than the robbers. This sentiment I expressed in Chicago by a resolution which the papers were glad to reiterate when they could shirk the danger of it and say, "charge it to the Antediluvian." It ran as follows:

"Resolved, that Chief Marsh's indignation at the similarity of the Pinkerton uniform with that of the city police, enabling the former to abstract blackmail also, was a full and complete admission that the entire police force of Chicago was an organized band of robbers, who had graded their blackmail from the peanut stand to the largest establishment—taking millions out of saloons, millions out of male and female prostitutes, and millions from other sources; and that the amount of money out of which they frightened the people could easily be demonstrated as being one hundred times greater than that stolen by all the (relatively honest) illegal burglars and thieves. I called upon Mayor Cregier to disband the entire force, and called upon the people to assume their constitutional right to carry

arms to protect themselves against their paid protectors.

Many captains in plain clothes called at my studio to see the man who dare throw such words in the face of four thousand men, but conscience made cowards of them all. These men are small robbers compared with those higher in office. Society is disgustingly rotten to the core.

If I am not the redeemer that the Immortals are looking for it is not because one is not needed, for no age ever had so much occasion to blush over such universal scientific and respectable corruption.

All platforms written for administrative purposes are written by those slippery gentlemen called politicians. They pander to every class and nationality, and put in them planks of straw to attract the vote of each.

Corruption will flourish as long as it is profitable, and the only way to stop it is to remove the incentive to it. I will show you how to do this and write for you a platform on a cosmopolitan plane, uninfluenced by any party or clique, and I will warrant it to contain the power to redeem this crime-cursed planet and make of it a fit dwelling place for equity.

Every man who desires this will vote for it and help to make of me what the Immortals say I am.

The Antediluvian's anxiety about the welfare of humanity has withdrawn his mind from that magnificent ship that he left so majestically plowing a sea of fire.

We are spirits in the body and our minds (even now) have the qualification of annihilating space as we are able to do in entirety after we pass "that phase of evolution called death." I send mine once more from

Quincy to the South Pacific, in a flash of thought, and turn back the wheels of time thirty-seven years to follow the fortunes of that Black Ball liner as she sweeps around the globe.

Oceans as large as the Pacific are very monotonous. We saw sperm whales, but were in too great a hurry to stop to murder them. The passengers were drilled in the use of arms, to better secure the ship that carried the gold against pirates. A daring spirit made many anxious to meet one, feeling very secure in a ship of such speed, guarded by four hundred men.

What a barbarian, fictitious value is placed on gold. On the blade of a razor I bought was emblazoned the words, "as good as gold." If it had not been a great deal better it never would have answered its purpose.

I plead with the captain to go through the Straits of Magdalen, that I might gaze on the scenes that made the last impression on the brain of the immortal explorer who rounded up the earth so permanently that neither the Ptolemaic theory nor the brutal church could flatten it out again; but the weather was too stormy and we must have rounded the cape in the night time, because I never saw it.

In sailing about ten thousand miles we only saw one ship. She was dead ahead on the horizon in the morning; by noon she was alongside. She seemed to be going faster than us, plunging and buffeting the waves with a great broad bow; but we glided rapidly past her, and impatience was thrown on board by some one yelling, "Don't you want a towline?"

The wind was strong but very unfavorable, and the mighty ship was sailing as close to it as possible, all sail set, careened over like a yacht. She was racing under the gambling impulse; racing against time. I went

half-way aloft and found myself standing over the ocean instead of the ship; descended rapidly and none too soon, for just then a stronger blast on that great expanse of canvas bore the ship over on her beam-ends.

That is one of the ways ships are foundered at sea. The captain struggled out of his cabin, rushed to the wheel, turned it hard alee; she slid around into the teeth of the wind; the pressure being removed, she made a mighty effort, rose again and shook her white wings to the breeze.

When the quartermaster that was at the wheel saw the ship going over it was his duty to have turned her into the wind. This he failed to do; hence was put into irons the rest of the voyage.

The winds were not only adverse, but they left us altogether for days at a time. The sailors would whistle for the wind and the captain would swear and inquire what the Lord was thinking about making such weather as this.

We sailed into the region of dolphins, albacore, bonito, sea fowls and flying fish. My sympathies were with the flying fish. He had enemies beneath and above the water; when he flew out of his element to escape being devoured by one set he was captured in the air by another set.

To devour and have cunning enough to escape being devoured is the natural law of the fish and the reptile. It extends even to the lower order of mammals. But when organisms have developed to a high enough degree of this reflex action of the brain they are in a position to realize that nature is so bountiful that the reverse of this is the only course that will insure happiness, peace and plenty.

At this particular juncture I had an impulse to rise,

and, looking on the piano, (where were many written messages from the Immortals), my eye fell on this one, which seemed to fit the idea that I wished to express:

*Beloved Children:*

Peace be unto this house. Who is great among ye? He who is truly patient. Such triumph forever. Great wealth is only a tiny factor towards true happiness or the securing thereof.

To study the happiness of others before thine own is God-like—divine. Life is a beauteous flower; yet to whom is it given to extend its existence or cause its fragrance to intoxicate and exhale its perfume without change? None. Ye who are strong, bear the burdens of the weak. Ye who are weak, become thou strong. Let not contention find a foothold in thy sacred midst. There is only one commandment: It is Love, Peace, Harmony, Unity.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

The Immortals recognize that the evolution of thought having now given men the power to see the horn of plenty in the bountiful lap of Mother Earth, and having inspired her children to make the harvester, the engine, the cotton mill, and to change the log into lumber in a minute, they recognize that men may now see plainly that abundant food, clothing and shelter may be the common heritage of mankind, without the ethics of "devour or have cunning enough to escape being devoured."

It is the fear of poverty that is the cause of this fierce contention. Now that every mortal may know that science and co-operation can fill so easily the horn of plenty.

Then why will the children of men so contend,  
And each one his brother endeavor to rend,  
In the struggle and strife called the battle of life,  
Where commerce is carried with war to the knife?  
This beautiful, bountiful planet of ours  
Requires not her children to use all their powers  
To provide for their loved ones 'gainst hunger and cold,  
If the land that she gave them was not bought and sold.

We sailed into a region called the Grassy Sea, where seaweed seemed to grow from unknown depth. When we broke it off and fished it up the joints seemed the same size at either end.

With so many restless souls on board we had many practical jokers, and their victims—amongst the latter was an Episcopal minister, who held services on the quarterdeck on Sunday, and who voluntarily contributed to our solemnity one day in the week, and involuntarily to our mirthfulness the other six.

It was an illustration of what is done by Americans when they have the misfortune to raise a somber, bad logician—they send him to Andover.

From the ridiculous to the sublime is a very short step. The emotional nature of this weakling made him appear on the verge of the latter while making the funeral oration over the body of a loving young soul who was making her bridal tour to England, but who instead was forced (by long continued seasickness) to make her tour to the other shore.

The coffin that held the loved body was placed on a long plank across the bulwarks of the ship, draped in the folds of the flag of England. The words "dust to dust" was the awful signal that caused the solemn sailors to raise one end of the plank to allow the loved casket of the soul to plunge into the mighty ocean. From out the silence rose the wild farewell of her

stricken lover, and emotion reigned supreme through every heart. It gave us a glimpse of that brotherhood of man that we are trying to establish on earth.

Death visited that ship once again. This time it came to a strong man who never knew what it was to obey. I saw him on the fore-castle. The doctor said, "Why disobey my order to stay in your berth?" "Doctor, I am dying." "Nonsense," was the reply; but he demonstrated his truth by falling into my arms a dead man.

A lonely, large man, whose language no one seemed to understand, was very sick. I awakened his gratitude by taking exercise and amusement in waiting on him. I tried to appear interested while he labored to learn me the Italian language.

We are getting very impatient, and so are those in Britain waiting for us. We have been ordered by head winds and calms to be thirty days behind time.

Ingenuity, applied to harness water, has now taken the power from wind to detain us so long.

Through stormy weather we saw the coast of Wales, and soon the long responsibility of the captain was removed by the boarding of the ship by a weatherbeaten pilot. He asked a few questions of the captain and took absolute command of the mighty ship and her hundred and twenty men to compel her obedience. She was made to wind through a narrow channel in safety and enter the Mersey river.

A towboat, officiously smoking, and sailing no faster than us, had the impudence to demand a line to tow with. It was given to her, but she fell behind instead of going ahead. The pilot ordered the white wings to be folded that had been flung to the breeze for ninety-



eight days, propelling five thousand tons half-way round a globe covered miles deep with brine.

The ship lost way and the towboat went ahead and pretended that all our speed was the result of her efforts.

Anxiety for the fate of the long over-due ship and passengers brought a multitude to the wharf and many were the joyful greetings. In the midst of it I found myself seized bodily and kissed violently by a very large man. I was about to draw off in high indignation and give him a knockdown blow, when I was disarmed by seeing great tears coursing down the cheeks of the Italian whose health I had been partly instrumental in recovering.

He gave me his address; would have given me anything that was his, and made me understand that he had a lovely daughter.

I realized then that gratitude (the highest virtue) was common to all the children of earth, and that a patriotism that stood in the way of universal brotherhood was an unmitigated curse.

The nearer home I found myself the greater my longing to get there. My people had moved to Royal Crescent. I had my hand on the door-bell, wondering if this was the house. Suddenly the door opened and revealed my brother standing with an expression of, "Well, sir, your business?" For was I not still in miner's garb? That did not last but a second. With recognition the emotional nature necessary to the true artist asserted itself, and he gave me a welcome worthy the genius he is.

Father's welcome was undemonstrative but very deep and lasting. I had to recount a great many times the number of experiences that I have given here; was

kept a prisoner until the tailor had time to metamorphose me. I was admonished in the street to put my gloves on by my brother, who said, "he would as soon be seen barefooted as barehanded." Even then I was more concerned about getting shoes for all than summer gloves, both useless and uncomfortable for myself.

It was thought that I had earned the right to a few months of leisure. There was a scarcity of sons in Edinburgh. Enterprise had scattered them all over the face of the earth, leaving the daughters behind.

Mothers trained their daughters in the ways considered attractive to men by Madame Conventionality and Miss Propriety. The attractive spark, namely, (their individuality) was carefully crushed out and each was the echo of the other. To speak their real thoughts and show their real feelings was too improper to be thought of.

I began to suppose that I was not capable of this violent prejudice (in favor of one individual as against all others) called love. I soon found my mistake. The disturber of my peace was a betrothed woman, whose beauty (seen at this distance) I think language might be found to exaggerate. But, being engaged, the reins of propriety were removed and she had the privilege of appearing as nature intended and of showing that divine and entrancing spark, her individuality.

She appeared my ideal woman, removed far beyond my reach by her many inherent virtues. She had the power to make me tremble at the very house she dwelt in. If she had asked me to take another voyage round the world, for any trifle that would minister to her happiness, I believe I would have gone.

It may be that I had an ideal and only supposed her its embodiment, and that closer acquaintance would

have shown my mistake. But suppose I was not mistaken and she could have felt toward me as I regarded her, and in our association our mental development had kept pace with each other, what a heaven earth would have been to us.

I held the betrothal then as sacred as I do now, for that is voluntary and evenly balanced. Not so the marriage vow; it is a dishonest, one-sided piece of tyrannical villainy, all in favor of the man.

Holding the betrothal sacred, I never let her know that she had the power to make me all that kind nature intended.

In the beginning of this book I promised to explain the different conceptions men entertain of the meaning of the word love, according to their evolutionary development.

The man whose head is mostly behind his ears is delighted at the sight of a graceful woman whose rounded form makes lines of beauty everywhere. He is entranced with the damask of her cheek, the rose on her lips, the sparkle of her eye, the vivacity of her conversation and the tender sympathy she shows for woe.

He thinks himself in love and pays court to her. If he spends ten dollars for his own and her amusement he does not realize that he had more than twice the amusement with her that he would have had without her, and that if there is any indebtedness he is the one indebted. Not at all. He straightway imagines that he has a ten-dollar mortgage on her liberty.

He makes the unpleasant discovery that she has a will of her own. This he thinks unfortunate, but rather than run the risk of an open rupture he will slyly bide his time until after the barbarous marriage ceremony gives him the power to compel her to obey him.

He sees that she has the power to gratify his eye, his passions, minister to his wants, and bring all the happiness into his life that he is capable of enjoying. He thinks her a good investment for gratification. The happiness of the association of congenial minds is not on his list.

In the meantime intuition has warned the lady against him, and she gives her love to a more worthy object.

The savage in broadcloth, with his head behind his ears, says, I have spent a hundred dollars on her; I have that much of a mortgage on her; I can buy a good horse for that, and men and women are cheaper in the market than animals; besides, I love her, and if I can't have her, nobody else shall.

If I kill her without killing myself they will call me a murderer and hang me; if I kill myself after I kill her, they will call me a desperate lover. When a brute claims that he killed a person on account of love, he is a very common liar and too low in the scale of humanity to have realized the sublime emotion called love. His anger was caused by the insult to his vanity, by her discovery that he was a savage, and by showing this in accepting the attentions of a worthier man.

His anger was to avenge the loss of his own personal gratification and the delight she had the power to give.

It was himself, and himself alone, that he was very fond of. He had the effrontery to christen his selfishness by the name of love.

How very sorry I am that evolution has lifted so few minds on to the plane of realizing the sublimity and disinterestedness of the ennobling emotion called love.

The man whose head is mostly all in front of his ears can be so blessed, should he be so fortunate as to come within the aura of the woman who is worthy to awaken his latent love.

Pure love directs all efforts towards bringing happiness to the adored object. If the floodgates of his love has never seen an object worthy of its concentration, they will be opened for altruistic purposes that will bring more happiness to the human family.

This was recently illustrated in England. A philosopher and just critic saw a worthy woman who possessed the poetry of motion with which to charm, the altruistic mind with which to sympathize, and the musical power with which to entrance. The magnanimous soul loved her, and she was worthy. Her beauty was so radiant that he took her to one of earth's greatest geniuses to have it immortalized on canvas, that humanity might enjoy its contemplation long after it had ceased to be.

The presence of the artist caused the lady's color to come and go in response to a force over which she had no control. The artist was overcome in the same way and by the same involuntary power, and this so marked that the philosopher took in the situation. At the proper time he approached the artist and addressed him to the following effect:

"I see that you have greater powers to bring happiness to my wife than nature has given to me. I love that woman because she is a very lovable object—as near perfection as earth contains. The proof that I do love her is this, that her happiness not mine is my great solicitude. I know that if she were eligible you would marry her."

The artist admitted this to be true. The laws of nature are more sacred than the laws of men and well for those wherein they both concur. The result is she is the artist's wife and their constant and truest friend is the philosopher.

The immortal poet Tennyson, by having written "Enoch Arden," proved himself to be on the intellectual plane of realizing the disinterested self-sacrificing sublimity of true love.

The man who has a desire to inflict injury on the object he says that he loves is an infernal liar, and instead of being a desperate lover (as brainless sensational writers call him,) he is only a very desperate hater.

If there had been many true lovers of women or justice on earth that disgusting piece of dishonest tyranny called the marriage vow would not disgrace society and enslave women. She is made to promise to love this man her lifetime. "What fools these mortals be." This man may come home inside of a week from date reeking with tobacco, whisky and profanity, and thrash the life nearly out of his wife; nevertheless she must love him. Don't they know that they can't love an unloveable object. Don't they know that you have no more power over love than you have over the color of your hair or the beating of your heart.

When a person makes a promise (without any proviso) that they do not know that they will be able to keep, that person has made a very dishonest and immoral promise. If the vow was made to read that I shall love this man as long as he continues a loveable object, or as long as I possibly can, that would be a promise that she could keep, and therefore a moral promise.

The ignorant church puts immoral bonds on humanity that compel them to publish themselves as common liars.

This same disgraceful vow says she shall obey this man, and makes no proviso. Hence she is as much compelled to obey him when his object is rapine and murder as when it is enlightened beneficence.

The person who is compelled to make a promise to obey another person (if they intend to keep the wicked promise,) is that other person's abject slave. Every woman in so-called civilization ought to rise in righteous indignation and resolve to subscribe no more to the dishonest tyrannical slavery of the church. The confiding, venerating nature of women has been shamefully taken advantage of. They have been degraded and enslaved by this church, and their fidelity makes them lick the foot that kicked them.

All the labor of all the schemes for raising money to support their own enemy is done by women, and only for them the churches would soon be changed into manual training schools.

Women need emancipation. The race cannot be developed one-half at a time.

I was requested to speak at a woman's suffrage convention. Before I spoke a senator was besmearing the ladies with flattery, calling them the moral half of the universe and insisting on having the moral element of the country in its government. Another speaker said it would be a terrible thing if the fallen sisters had a vote.

When I spoke I said that the senator's eulogy on ladies was probably influenced by the large majority they represented in the audience; that this was a temptation because manly men liked the approval of ladies.

But as I was oftener in my own company than I was in theirs, I would make an effort to keep my own approval and give them a few facts.

If I make an appointment with a lady I am not any more certain that it will be kept than as though it was a gentleman. The sacredness with which a person holds their word is a very fair criterion of their morality. Instead of saying that they are the moral half of the universe, let us say that they are the other half. It is astonishing they are so good, considering how shamefully they have been used throughout the barbarous past.

Another gentleman says: "What a terrible thing it would be if the fallen sisters had a vote." What a pity it is that he forgot to mention that there are six times as many fallen brothers who are not disqualified on that account and whose injustice in law and marriage ceremonies is the cause. No man with an ounce of brains puts the blame of compulsory acts on the effect. Fallen sisters are an effect of causes produced by men.

It was said in public that Marshall Field gave five hundred dollars to the home for fallen women, and shortly after cut down the wages of the girls in his employ. He did this in order that the home might be filled. Because to demand that ladies shall dress in a particular way and pay board and lodging out of a salary that has not the power to do it is the true way to manufacture fallen sisters. Hence the men who take as profit what should be paid as wages are the awful cause, and these are they that should be sent to the home for fallen men and kept there as prisoners.

In this connection there is a great mistake as to what virtue really is. Through the past and into the barbarous present we have been classing a function



amongst the virtues. This has led to calamity. Some of the virtues are honesty, truthfulness, sincerity, benevolence, gratitude. What you have been classing as a virtue is not a virtue at all, but a function as honorable as eating or drinking.

I have known women said to be as virtuous as icebergs; but they did not have a virtue. Being false, they did not believe what men told them. Being selfish, they did not feel indebted for kindnesses rendered, so could not be led astray, and men said they were virtuous, but they were destitute of virtue.

I have known others who possessed all the virtues, and being truthful themselves believed what they heard, knowing well that it would have been true if they had said it. They had the virtues of generosity and also gratitude for kindnesses rendered, and lo! it was said that they had lost their virtue, when the facts were that they had more real virtue in their little fingers than the others had in their whole carcasses.

The pernicious folly of classing a function amongst the virtues has brought about a condition where one-half are sexually gorged and the other are starved, and neither are healthy, or happy, or enjoy life. There can be no civilization on earth until you class the functions and the virtues by themselves, and discover that the temperate use of all the faculties and functions is the moral life and the one that leads to longevity and happiness—not the starvation or gluttony of any of them. Of course, where two have agreed to be exclusive, and are not, they are not virtuous, for have they not broken the virtues of sincerity, reliability and truthfulness—not because they have exercised a function.

How long, oh! how long before men will be honest enough to compel society to recognize the righteousness

of conditions that assert that the conduct that will ruin a woman's reputation shall also ruin a man's. Hypocrisy stands at the door of society and smiles at hearing a fast young man recount wild oat adventures, and thinks that these adventures are quite spicy and tend to prove him rather a dashing and gallant young fellow, and that under the rose and in moderation they are conducive to and in fact necessary to health. But suppose his sister was to entertain by recounting the same kind of experiences and was to assert that if in moderation they were conducive to her brother's health they must be so to her own. Oh, how shocking this would be to the sensitive feelings of this pink of propriety and *false measure* called "society." This slimy hypocrite would open her doors wide to the brother and slam them in the face of his sister.

Men call themselves the stronger vessel, both physically and mentally. If they are compelled to be what is falsely called virtuous from lack of persuasive powers there is no great credit due. If they succeed in overcoming what they consider a weaker mind, they are the cause. Every man that is not a fool must admit that the blame attaches to the cause. Men have only their passions to resist. Women have those and also to resist a stronger will power than their own and their desire to please—three influences instead of one.

If equity stood at the door of society she would admit many fallen sisters who were only the victims, and slam it in the face of the fallen brothers who were the cause.

In the meantime, however, we will only demand conditions righteous enough to assert that the conduct that will ruin a woman's reputation shall also ruin a man's.

The false and loaded scales of conventional society,

like the slavery of the church, are perpetuated mainly by women. The fashionable circumspect woman of society, who misses no *safe* opportunity for gratification, is the first to slam the door in the face of her less cunning sister.

The customs, laws and usages of men are nearly all at cross purposes with the intention of nature.

After contemplating the words and actions of the members of the legislature in Michigan, I came to the conclusion that to be a wire pulling piece of shallow buncombe was a necessary qualification.

They all seemed to be loaded down with new laws to harness their fellowmen and nearly all of them in violation of the intention of nature. To obey those foolish rules and regulations is highly respectable; to treat them with well merited contempt is highly disreputable.

Let us be honest and wise enough to look to nature and discover her intention for the health and happiness of her children, and all acts and customs that are in harmony with *that* shall be known as respectable, and all acts and customs that are *not* shall be known as disreputable.

The first essential to woman's emancipation is a provision by society for their financial independence (which will be provided when we organize society) and a voice in administration, and with these they will be in a position to emancipate themselves.

From boyhood men are taught to suppose it to be their prerogative to be the first to show a preference. If a woman does this her chances of obtaining her object are lessened, as he will think her altogether too bold. She has discovered that objects are valued, not according to their intrinsic merits, but only according

to the difficulty of obtaining them. Realizing this, her evil attributes are called into action. She sees it to be her best policy to appear indifferent where she is intensely interested, and tries to make it appear that his suit is almost hopeless.

A condition must be established where the virtue of sincerity will answer the purpose far better than the vice of deception.

Without financial independence a woman showing a preference is looked on as offering the man she loves a heavy incumbrance.

With financial independence she would be offering him prosperity, a double team instead of a single one, with all the joy of which we are capable thrown in.

The usual effect of the present marriage relation is the stoppage (after the honeymoon,) of the little amenities of life shown in anticipating each other's wants that were the main stays that held them together before marriage. So common is this omission after the honeymoon that stereotyped sayings are plentiful to illustrate it. Here is one. "No man runs after a street car after he has caught it."

I am pleased to know that love never leaves an adapted couple who practice on each other the little amenities of life. The feeling that there is no necessity for these after marriage, because the law now holds them together, is a mistake. The law only appears to hold them together; nothing can do that in *fact* but a continuation of the conduct that brought them together.

Many men and women have exalted ideals and endow their lovers with them, only to discover after marriage that these virtues were not in the object on which they were placed, but only in their own imaginations. Present conditions induce people before marriage to show too

large a proportion of their virtues, hence disappointments afterwards are many and deep. So universal is this that the average novel ends when married life begins.

I am sanguine that conditions can be formulated so that the romance of life shall begin with the union of lovers instead of ending with it.

I once heard a story something to this effect: A married couple were living in constant contention. The minister thought it his duty to go and remonstrate with them. He had grown quite eloquent on the subject, and asked the woman if she was not ashamed to be more quarrelsome than the cat and dog which were each peaceably enjoying either end of the same rug before the fire. The crushing reply was, "Tie them together and watch the effect."

Of course the effect would have been similar to the Kilkenny cats who fought so desperately that nothing was left but their tails.

This is a homely story, but deep philosophy may be abstracted from it.

When you put a "must not" on an enterprising mind, that thing prohibited becomes unnaturally desirable.

The feeling that they must not and cannot separate without accusing one or both with crime, creates the desire to separate.

The promise to love forever and spend your whole life with an individual that you are but slightly acquainted with, physically and mentally, and have no knowledge as to whether your mentalities will grow together in sympathy or tug savagely apart, making each dread to hear the footsteps of the other. A lifetime promise of love, made on a foundation of such ig-

porance, is a very immoral promise, because you do not know that it will be in your power to keep that promise. No honest person will promise what they may not be able to perform.

The ideals of men and women change according to their mental development. The ideal of the average young woman is of the dudsish type; with more age and sense, she admires a grand physique and fearless expression; with still more years, she discovers the potency of mind over matter and admires the intellectual athlete whose mind can affect the world. She discovers that there is far more power for happiness in a symmetrical mind than in a symmetrical foot.

When an unnatural institution has lasted for a long time the law of heredity makes it appear the natural condition. Let me explain this more fully: A man was out hunting with an intelligent dog. When the dog saw the game his natural impulse was to run after it. This annoyed the man and the idea occurred to him that if he could train that dog to overcome the natural impulse to run after the game by an artificial one to stop and point at it, then he would be given the privilege and pleasure of doing the murdering. With infinite patience and pains the first dog was trained to overcome the natural tendency to run after the game with the artificial one of stopping to point with its paw at the game.

It was discovered that the progeny of that dog could be trained much easier to overcome the natural with the artificial, and the training required was less and less with each generation, until the puppies needed no training—the artificial having entirely overcome the natural.

An artificial mental attribute can be transmitted by heredity through the human family as completely as through the brute creation, and in the course of generations the artificial and the false will disgracefully usurp the place of the natural and the true.

Veneration for long established artificial usages compels the hypocrites to raise their eyes in holy horror at the hand that unbolts the doors of closets that contain so many skeletons.

Bad as men are, they are on a higher moral plane than they were when chattel slavery was considered right; and the further back you go in history the more positive men were that might was absolutely right.

From this you will discover that an old institution, originated at a time when the slave-driver's lash was thought a just equivalent for toil, and at a time when flourished

The good old rule, the ancient plan,  
That they should take who had the power,  
And they should keep who can.

The foregoing reasons are sufficient to prove that the longer an institution has existed the more likely it deserves to be overthrown.

By the law of heredity the artificial and the false have supplanted in the minds of men and women the natural and the true. Let us get back to nature and sincerity and relegate to oblivion all respectable pretense.

Evolution is not a theory; it is a beneficent fact that would soon bring heaven on earth if we will only make societary conditions such that it can work on humanity.

Let me tell you how this law operates. A man and woman love each other and are each other's equal in mental capacity. They marry. As a necessity of this

unselfish love they are violently interested in each other; indifference has not desecrated that home.

As a consequence of these conditions of love and violent interest in each other their children will have more brain in proportion to gross weight than either of them. In this way evolution has produced a few God-like men and women.

But let hatred take the place of love and indifference take the place of violent interest, instead of evolution being the result, retrogression will take her place. The progeny will have less brain in proportion to gross weight, and what they have will be vicious and adapt them for jail birds.

The greatest crime a man and woman can commit against society is to marry on passionate impulse, and after they have discovered their mutual hatred or indifference to continue to live together and raise a family whose evil tendencies go echoing and re-echoing away down through the ages, making civilization impossible and blighting conditions wherever they go.

The opinions of men in various parts of this globe have differed wonderfully as to what should be the true relation between men and women. Some have considered polygamy right, others monogamy their ideal, and others believed in poliandry. Their ideas as to permanency of association are equally at variance. Out of this chaos of contending opinions let us avoid what tends to retrogression and adopt what leads to righteous evolution and domestic happiness.

When society is made a unit (as it shall be,) and the good of each known and recognized to be the good of all, and being certain that love is a necessary factor to evolution, it shall be considered a heinous crime



against society to initiate an organism unless that sacred influence called love presides.

I repeat, at present a union cannot be dissolved without a crime being preferred against one or both. This is simply idiotically infamous, and a desperate attempt on the part of society to raise nothing but criminals.

Think of the patient labor a mother endures in raising a vicious, peevish child, and after it is raised it is like the horse that had only two faults that his owner would not divulge until he was sold. The purchaser said: "Now that he is mine, what are his faults?" "Well, when you let him loose you can never catch him." "I don't mind that; I will keep him up. What is his other fault?" "After you have caught him, he is good for nothing."

The raising of a child begotten of love is an endless joy, and after being raised a blessing to the race. The issue is too tremendous to allow any maudlin sentimentality to stand in the way. The opinions of idiots (who prefer old conditions that are fruitful of good-for-nothings to joyful humane ones that will be fruitful of God-like men and women) are not to be considered.

At present the children of all the people are educated by the people. When society is a body politic in fact instead of only in sentiment, the people will educate, feed and clothe the children of all those who desire it. To educate, feed and clothe good children would cost but a fraction of the sum we now have to pay only to educate and afterwards restrain bad children.

The mothers who have the ceaseless labor of raising the children must be intrusted with the great responsibility of raising good children who need no restraint.

This cannot be done without love and they are the best judges as to who is lovable.

Any man-made law that dictates to a woman how long she shall love an unlovable object, and gives him the command of her person no matter how brutal his conduct, no matter how much indifference, hatred or loathing this conduct has roused in her soul, that law is the efficient cause of so many brutes in human shape; that law is the efficient cause of locks and keys, bars and bolts, safes and vaults, asylums and jails; that law has populated the earth with good-for-nothings, who make policemen, lawyers and soldiers necessary.

Hypocritical, brainless good-for-nothings will shout that this is that immoral thing called free love. What is the only other alternative? Why, of course enslaved love! Do they prefer that? If you try to enslave love, you will find that he is not there.

Those who are not tyrants rejoice in the fact that love laughs at locksmiths. Love is as free as the wind. If you don't like him free, the nearest you can have is a disgusting, purchased counterfeit of him. He is a worthy God to worship and the world without him would be a pandemonium.

Some people are shocked at the word free-thinker! What is the other alternative? You are either a free thinker or a disgusting cowardly mentality that dare not think, and are such a slave that you deny and play traitor to your divine reasoning powers.

Is it not more noble to have love and thought free, because if they are not free they are not there, they do not exist. The man that prates against freedom is of the kind that enslaved conditions has bred.

Years of a woman's life is devoted to raising a child. If its inception was under the influence of enslaved

compulsion those years will be filled with horror while ministering to a cantankerous, snarling little reprobate that will ultimately be a curse to the world.

If its inception is under the influence of rapturous love those years will be filled with delight while ministering to and watching the development of beauty, of genius, of altruism and righteousness. All these blessings given to the world free, the result of evolution traveling through its only avenue—true love.

After marriage for life the minds of very few couples grow at the same speed or in the same direction. One may remain a savage Presbyterian, the other may develop to a Unitarian or to an Agnostic, or may even develop enough to know something of the future. This will cause the Agnostic to feel indifference towards the Presbyterian and cause the Presbyterian to feel hatred towards the Agnostic. The first few years of their lives may have been conducive to evolution, but to live longer together would be conducive to retrogression.

Remembering that our ideals change, is it asking any too much that the mothers of the race shall have the privilege of dissolving a contract without accusing or being accused of crime. Or is the all-important end, namely, the evolution of the race and stopping the production of criminals more likely to be gained by an ignorant human law that gives a tobacco and liquor saturated brute a legal right for life to command the person of a woman who is justified in entertaining for him no other sentiments but hatred and loathing.

Rape is justly considered a revolting crime and the newspapers are as delighted at the opportunity to revel in a minute description of it as they are in a dog fight or in each particular round of a more brutal man fight. They know what suits the appetite of that hypocrite

called society. She pretends to be shocked at illegal rape, but she institutes a sanctimonious law by which a thousand times more is committed and considers it highly respectable to have a sick woman in every other house.

We must see to it that a woman's person shall be held as sacred and as completely under her command after marriage as before, and that she shall be the best judge as to how long that marriage shall be conducive to evolution, and admonished not to allow it to last a day longer.

The immortal John Stewart Mill said that "Marriage is the only description of slavery sanctioned by law." He forgot to mention wage slavery. This book will show how to banish every description of slavery.

One of the strongest magnets that took me round the world was the delight my vision could inspire when it reflected scenic beauties.

A very large proportion of this world is composed of land and water in such ordinary form as not to be able to inspire pleasure unless it is decorated by the vegetable kingdom in some artistic way, or made ethereal by atmospheric effect, or painted by the perfect hand of the glorious sun in a million degrees of light and shade and with colors entrancingly brilliant and delicate.

It cannot fall to the lot of all mankind to dwell midst beauties natural. Hence we should be very grateful that the energy of the elements and the magic touch of the sun can change the tamest landscape into one of awe-inspiring grandeur.

Of the many thousand miles I have traveled I have seen no place where from one point of view greater

diversity of scenery could be decried than in the home of my childhood.

Take a view from the top of Arthur's seat, a hill eight hundred feet high within the limits of the city of Edinburgh. Look to the left some six or eight miles and see the sun burnish the tops of the Pentland hills. Nearly in the same direction Corstorphin hills, clothed with trees, are pleading for your admiration. A bold and precipitous rock stands firmly in the center of the city, holding up a castle solidly built nearly a thousand years ago, demands your admiration. A hill called Calton, decorated with monuments of Scotland's gratitude to her noblest sons, pleads for your attention. The winding river Forth, opening into the broad Firth, enlivened with many a ship and island, courts your loving gaze. And when the eye is almost surfeited with pleasure tracing the beauties surrounding the bass rock and that fade away in the ocean, you turn round and see nestling at your feet a beautiful lake, pleading to be admired, with its broad and fertile landscape behind it. Imagine all this diversity etherialized by the atmosphere, made brilliant by light and shade, and dazzling by tints innumerable, being flashed upon it by the oldest master, the glorious sun.

The Antediluvian now turns his attention to his great misfortune—that the joy of his heart had given her sacred word to be the bride of another.

The place of my birth, although so favored of nature, has lost its interest and my thoughts wandered to foreign shores.

To the west, to the west, to the land of the free,  
Where the mighty Missouri rolls on to the sea;  
Where a man is a man if he is willing to toil,  
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil.

A friend of mine sang that song with so little sincerity and so much enthusiasm that his wife got fired by it, and experienced great difficulty in compelling him to go.

I thought I would go across the Atlantic and see that haven of rest (to all the weary ladened who mourn in Europe,) where it was said that a man is a man if he is willing to toil and the humblest might gather the fruits of the soil.

I had heard of the independence of the farmer and the dignity of labor, knowing that if anything could make a man independent it ought to be land and labor. With that conviction I bought a farm on the banks of Lake Erie, but I found the eternally toiling farmer to be the common prey of a million scheming parasites, and the dignity of labor was only shouted in campaign speeches by gentlemen who were resolved that others should have all the labor and they would take the dignity.

I found that this great and fertile country that so many had hoped would be the asylum for honest toil, that so many had hoped would show to Europe that the reward of toil was the whole fruits of toil. Think of my disgust when I discovered that the fundamental laws of Europe were the fundamental laws of America; that Blackstone was quoted with as much veneration here as he was in England; that the cause of princes and paupers in Europe had been transplanted to this country, and that the inevitable result must be and is, mendicants and millionaires. The size of the territory made the conditions less severe. But if it was as large as Jupiter it would only be a matter of time when poverty and pandemonium

would cover it, as a necessary effect of the robber foundation principles of government.

The men who wrote the constitution of the United States thought they were doing something to avoid the fundamental evils that grew out of the wicked human laws of Europe. They recognized that a condition of society that produces princes and peasants, nobles and ignobles, mendicants and millionaires—these not being founded on the merits or demerits of either—was certainly not founded on a basis of equity.

With a view to establish a constitution on a basis of golden rule justice, Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine wrote an introduction to our constitution, known as our far-famed and much-loved Declaration of Independence, which declaration I shall proceed to analyze.

It begins by saying that all men are created equal. This sentence is a mistake, although the intention is very good. Firstly, there is no place in intelligent controversy where the word create can be used. The word originated at a time when it was not known that matter was indestructible. When ignorant men burnt up anything it appeared to them that something had changed into nothing. If something could change into nothing, it was as reasonable to suppose that nothing could change into something.

On this plane of intelligence the Bible was written, hence it affirms that the world was created out of nothing.

We now know that everything that appears to come into existence is only another one of the manifestations of the same indestructible, everlasting elements that form, reform and retransform into every object that meets the eye.

The word spontaneous conveys a falsehood of the

same class as the word create. We hear of spontaneous combustion, but that combustion had as efficient a cause as though a torch had been applied to it.

Spontaneous, like the word create, are assertions of effects without causes, which statements of course are impossible. These words are in the language and cause confusion. There is no place in the universe where they can be used.

The Declaration says that "all men are created equal." They are not created, but are remodeled out of existing elements. Neither are they equal, because no two are born with equal inherited potencies for physical and mental capacity.

The Declaration continues and affirms that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that amongst them are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This sentence is far more dangerously wrong than the first.

Life is not an inalienable right; it a force thrust upon you by nature, and liberty and the pursuit of happiness are effects of the possession of inalienable rights. Nature presents you with life and an organism that cannot sustain this life if it is not allowed free access to nature's provision for sustaining the life she thrust upon you. What are those provisions?

Air, water, land. Without air you will die, therefore an inalienable right. Without water you will die, therefore an inalienable right. Without land to furnish food, clothing and shelter you will die, therefore an inalienable right.

These are our inalienable rights. Without them we can neither have life or liberty or pursue happiness, to say nothing about being able to overtake her. I rather think that Thomas Paine did not help to write the Dec-



laration of Independence. He was too just and too wise to leave entirely out of that list our real inalienable rights and substitute in their place only effects of them. Continuing, the Declaration says, "That to secure those rights governments are instituted amongst men." Think of that statement. It says to secure those rights, when it forgot to mention our inalienable rights. But I presume it means to secure the right to pursue happiness. Perhaps they know that by not mentioning our inalienable rights and leaving them unsecured that the pursuit of happiness would be eternal.

The Declaration is strangely lacking in accuracy when it affirms that governments are instituted to secure men their rights.

Their rights are equal. No government ever existed on this planet that secured to all men equal rights. Class legislation has cursed them all. If the Declaration had said, "that to secure those equal rights to all men and women, governments ought to be, and shall be instituted amongst men," it would have been right. Such a government is possible, however, and if you care enough for the welfare of yourself, your family and humanity to organize and vote for the platform in this book it shall be instituted before I pass that phase of evolution called death.

Under such a government every person would start in the race of life without a legal handicap that favored others. Those who gained distinction then would deserve it, being the result of meritorious conduct in their parents and themselves. Those who needed to be born over again would fall behind in the race of life, but not so far away as the pauper is from the prince or the mendicant from the millionaire.

The Declaration says that liberty is an inalienable

right, but has shamefully omitted to place on the list of our inalienable rights the land, without which life and liberty are impossible.

The man who owns the land owns the people, and a lease will enable him to get every cent of their earnings above food and clothing, without the expense of a slave-driver.

The millions who are born into a pre-empted world and find the land (nature's inalienable endowment and right) all stolen from them by governments, can deny with a vengeance that any government was ever instituted to do anything but rob the many of their rights and give them to the few. One excuse that the writers of the Declaration of Independence had for leaving our principal inalienable right out of the list was the fact that there was more land owned by the Indians in common than the white people knew what to do with.

If the writers had turned their attention to the fundamental cause of princes and paupers, of gorged idleness and starved industry in Europe, they would have discovered that it was concentrated nonsense to say that the Creator made life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness inalienable rights, if the land, from which life and liberty sprang, was not inalienable. That piece of bad logic, that did not include all the factors to life and liberty, is responsible for the seething mass of suffering, injustice and anxiety in America to-day.

Leaving the land out of the list of our inalienable rights was one of the dragon's teeth planted a hundred and four years ago, from which has sprung a hundred men with a million a year and a million men with a hundred a year.

We must have an administration (not a government) that will secure to all men all their inalienable rights,

and the land, the pedestal of them all, will be included. Up to date all governments have favored classes and rotten foundations. We are making no attempt at repairing them, but we are making a potent attempt to replace those foundations with the everlasting adamant of pure equity.

The writers of the Declaration had an inspiration when they penned the following: "When any form of government becomes destructive of those ends (meaning the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness) it is the right of the people to alter and abolish it and to institute new government."

I am very grateful to them for this. It shows that they expected that new factors would come into society that would make their Declaration and Constitution destructive of the rights and happiness of the people. They could not foresee that land would rise in fictitious value from a dollar to one or two million dollars per acre, the principle and interest on it paid over and over again by the (community who made the value) to a very few land sharks. They could not foresee that beneficent inventions would sharpen competition and in private hands become a curse and a power to rob mankind of the opportunity to exchange his labor into his wants without pleading with the owners of the machinery for the privilege.

I will prove that this government (by leaving out the factor of land, the source of life, the first inalienable right, without which all others are an impossible mockery) has become destructive of the happiness of the people and incapable of defending those rights it professed to champion.

When the Declaration was written chattel slavery, with the lash and insolence as the reward of toil, was

highly respectable and the Bible was profusely quoted in support of it by reprobates in the pulpit.

How could we hope that anything written when that grade of morals was fashionable, would be able to fit society for a hundred years. The writers were ahead of their times and wise enough to urge it as the duty of the people to alter and abolish any government as soon as it became subversive of the ends for which it was intended.

The Declaration says, "that prudence would not advise a change for a transient cause, but experience shows that mankind will suffer much before abolishing those forms to which they are accustomed."

That is very true. They will suffer much and they have suffered much, but there is a point when they recognize that long-suffering amiability may cease to be a virtue. My fervent hope is that we shall evolve out of these bad conditions before we reach that point.

The Declaration goes on to say, "Such has been the patient suffering of the Colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their system of government."

The masses of the people in Colonial times did not suffer one-tenth of what they do now. They have, therefore, ten times the necessity to constrain them to alter their system of government. There were no mendicants and millionaires then; private ownership in land, and the betrayal of the people by their representatives in having given their land away to corporations. The competitive system, the deadlock on production caused by the private ownership of expensive machinery, converting it from a great blessing into a great curse. All these causes combined have had the effect of lifting the few who constitute the favored classes into regal splen-

dor and crushing the masses under mortgages and into idleness and tenement dens. They have had the effect of making dangerous tramps of the fathers, prostitutes of the mothers, and aching, stunted, joyless, careworn factory slaves of the children, justifying them in cursing the day that they were born into this Christian civilization.

Am I not right when I say that the colonists did not have a tenth of the cause to rise and change or abolish their system of government, more especially when (since colonial times) inventive inspirations have given us fifty times the power we had then to wrest wealth from nature and transport it where industrious poverty reigns? If science and equity were the foundations of any government, all men who were willing to work three hours per day would get rich without becoming legal robbers of the fruits of the earnings of others. Let me repeat why they are not rich and why we do not produce much more wealth than we did before these grand inventions gave us so much power. Simply because they are in private hands, who can stop both them and the people from producing wealth. Because we produce for profit instead of use. Because we limit production to purchasing power (instead of to the needs of the people), and purchasing power is limited to amount of wages paid. If new inventions were to give us twenty times the power to produce wealth from *nature* that we now possess, instead of spreading wealth it would spread poverty; instead of spreading happiness it would spread misery, because the labor not being needed, the amount of wages paid would be less and consequently the purchasing power of the masses diminished. Those who owned the machinery would not allow it to produce any more than could be sold

with a profit; as the productive power increased purchasing power would decrease, and gaunt poverty be still more universal. This is the effect of the above awfully wicked state of things. Millions of idle men made dangerous by the pangs of hunger gnawing the vitals of their loved ones and themselves; thousands of factories shut down; millions of dollars in machinery rusting; millions of acres of land near markets held out of use and unproductive. The deadlock on production removed, and these men and that machinery and land would be delighted to deluge the world in wealth. What is it prevents them? Why, only three savage dogs-in-the-manger. Their wicked names are Private Ownership in Land, Private Ownership in Machinery, and The Competitive System. I repeated this problem purposely, fearing that you did not fully grasp its far-reaching importance. Its adoption or rejection has more power for happiness or misery than any or all other problems combined.

We will now proceed to dissect these three respectable curses, beginning with "private ownership in land." Land is our first inalienable right. The declaration of independence and the constitution shamefully ignored this. Land is the right without which independent life and liberty are impossible and happiness a phantom never to be overtaken.

This fearful crime of omission, that the framers of the constitution of the United States committed over a hundred years ago, has grown like a cancer round the heart of society, and is fast driving happiness from this country as completely as it has from Europe.

Herbert Spencer (although an individualist) has proven by absolutely invulnerable logic that private

ownership in land is completely incompatible with justice to all men.

I hereby thank him for that chapter in his "Social Statics" on "the right to the use of the earth." Read it, and realize the hoary-headed villainy of "private ownership in land."

A believer in this dishonest curse might say, "Would it not be justice to divide up the land equitably to all the inhabitants?" No, it would not be justice to preempt the land against the next generation. Suppose you were to divide it all up, what is to become of the inalienable birthright of those who are to be born tomorrow. Suppose a parent squanders the patrimony of his children, are they to be robbed of the land on which their life depends because of their parent's crime? Are they to be the slaves forever of those who falsely claim to own the land?

At the time the constitution was written the crime of omitting to place the land on the list of inalienable rights looked like an innocent omission, because the land was so plentiful and the people so scarce.

There is more injustice and legal robbery committed in the name of "private ownership in land" than is realized. For a small part of the state of Pennsylvania perishable blankets were given in exchange for imperishable land. After dinner Chauncy said, (while complimenting Chicago's honesty,) that a few dollars were paid to the Indians for the site of that city and that the Indians were almost immediately swindled out of the money again by gambling with the white men who paid it to them. These are amongst the most honest original titles to land. Nearly all the rest has been stolen by the right of might and murder. The sword has been used to write the title deeds instead of the

pen, blood was used instead of ink, and death dealt out instead of money. This is the beautiful foundation on which stands that curse called "vested rights."

Anything that a man can make is his by right divine. Anything that no man can make that exists independent of him—such as air, water and land—are gifts of bountiful nature to all her children alike. The land question (being so large,) is apt to confuse and swamp the average mind. Hence, to bring it within the range of human capacity we will reduce the amount by supposing another flood. There being a great many arks already built, many people get into them. All the continents have sank except a piece of high land in America that the government had sold to an English lord.

The first ship load of people who are landed on it, agree to pay him more money as annual rent than it cost him forever. The next ship load agree to pay still more. The last load agree to pay him all they possibly can get and reserve enough only to maintain the energy to work on the coarsest food.

Before the people came the land was worth a dollar an acre. After their arrival it is worth a thousand dollars per acre. What made the difference in the value? Why, the presence of the people of course! Do the people get the value that they have created? Oh no, the land owner gets it all, and charges them heavily in rent to pay principal and interest on the value they themselves have created.

There are two kinds of wealth. First, "individual wealth," namely, that which is made by single effort. Secondly, "societary wealth," that which results from the presence of the whole community. The difference in the value of farming and city land being caused by



society, is "societary wealth." Private ownership in land enables the individual to seize the whole of the societary wealth that the community have made.

The measure of a man's income should and shall be the true value of his services to society. But the landlord renders no service to society for all this income, because the land would have been there if he had never been born. The low state of honesty and morality in the average land peculator heightens him in his own estimation if he can get something for nothing.

When one man gets something for nothing somebody has been robbed, direct or indirect.

As the population of this island increase those without land must have access to it, or die, and offer the landlord more rent than his tenants are paying. Competition amongst the inhabitants enables the landlord to get all they can earn.

An invention introduced that enables them to produce twice as much with the same labor only relieves them for a time, as competition for access to the soil will take it all to the landlord, because the rent increases with their capacity to pay.

This English landlord has inherited a strong desire for murder. He calls it sport. He resolves to restore part of this island back to its natural condition—to raise game where homes were—and will issue no more leases on that part of it. When they have expired he tells the people to get off his land. Where shall they go? He cares nothing for that. He burns up the homes, and raises deer, partridges, etc.

With the labor-saving machinery the balance of the island can produce all that it is capable of with half the number of inhabitants. The landlord tells the other half that he don't need or want them; they must not

trespass on his land because he is raising game; tells them, in fact, to get entirely off the island.

Now if they are good, law-abiding citizens they will peaceably pick up their children and take them into the sea and drown them and then drown themselves. If they have any brains they will ask if it was a natural law or a human law that gave this man the right and the power to drive thousands of his fellow men into the sea to make room for deer, and give him an opportunity to gratify his hellish desire for murder.

This is no imaginary story, but a case in all essentials similar to this actually occurred in Scotland, the principal difference being that there was more land than that island in the world onto which they moved, but if there had been no other land in the world the law gave the Duke of Sutherland the power to drive them off his land into the sea. These people in Scotland might have been called on any day to lay down their lives to protect the land from foreign invasion on which they had no right to live.

I hope you can see what a cursedly wicked stupendous piece of villainy is this human law that has established "private ownership in land."

Suppose twenty-five of the principal land owners in Chicago were to meet and one of them was to rise and make the following remarks: "Mr. Chairman and fellow speculators and land sharks—I find that the people in Chicago have it in their power to pay us more ground rent. This is proven clearly by the fact that I have seen people who were not landlords at places of amusement. These people are in our power. Our bank accounts will grow much faster if we charge them twice as much ground rent."

On the mud on which Chicago stands the landlords

have only drawn from sweat of the brows of the workers the small sum of forty-five million dollars last year. They decide to draw (as ground rent) ninety millions of dollars next year, and announce their decision to the business community.

The business men have a meeting and decide that in order to meet this new demand they must combine to charge higher profits. They do so. But the great mass of humanity (the workers whose wages have not been raised,) cannot buy as much as they did before. The business men find their profits are consequently no greater, and are unable to pay this enormous ground rent. They have an indignation meeting against the land sharks. They have the sympathy of the producers. They decide to boycott Chicago by moving every business enterprise fifty miles along the lake shore, and agree that the increase in the value of that land, being the result of the presence of the people, shall belong to the whole people who made it and be spent for public good.

The railroads and the people turn away from the old site of Chicago as though it had been struck by leprosy, and so it has, the leprosy of respectable robbery and speculation. The land of Chicago would be worth nothing then, not even for farming purposes.

Perhaps you can now see that it is the presence of the community that makes the land increase in value from a dollar to a million per acre. The difference is societary wealth and belongs to the whole people who made it.

Private ownership in land is the fulcrum over which the few are enabled to legally rob and enslave the many and revel in luxuries that others have earned

without the disagreeable duty of rendering society any service whatever.

I defy all the ingenuity of all the intellectual athletes on this planet to arrange words in such a way as to prove that a government could be founded in equity to all over whom it held sway if private ownership in land was one of the stones of its foundation.

Private ownership in land would have been more than one hundred years in developing into the awful curse that it is to-day, if the people's representatives had not betrayed them into the clutches of corporations. In only twenty years Congress gave away (as they thought) forever two hundred and eight million three hundred and forty-four thousand acres of the people's land, and I presume that to be nearly twenty acres for every head of a family in the United States. This villainy was perpetrated in the very face of the fact that the great mass of the producers of this country, and of the entire so-called civilized world, do not possess six feet of land in which to get buried.

Foreign curses called dukes, earls and marquises claim to own five acres in this foreign land for every head of a family here. Not one of all those piratical sharks will ever plow one furrow. Their European experience teaches them that if they can only own the land they then also own the bodies and the labor of the people, without the inconvenience of being responsible to keep them from starvation when they are worked out.

These foreign land sharks have put up ground rent so high all over the United States that the American farmer is frozen out and is wending his way so far west that he is out of humanity's reach and has to burn his crops to keep him warm, while millions of acres near

markets are held unproductive for speculative purposes by those misery-breeding dogs in the manger.

There can be no justice or peace on earth until all the land is the common property of all the people and until the land is acknowledged to be the one inalienable right, without which all the others are a disgusting fraud and a disgraceful mockery.

Private ownership in land is a revolting swindle with a putrid foundation and it must be abolished. You have the power to do this by constitutional means at the next election. It is a gigantic public evil.

If the land was taken out of the clutches of the sharks it would still be in existence and far more of it productive. Improvements, of course, would belong to those who made them. Homes and firesides would be far more secure and permanent. Nobody would be asked to move, but instead of paying an enormous rent to a cunning lazy shark-they would be required to pay a small rent to the administration for general good.

It may be asked why would you make the people pay rent on their own land? Because some are using land made very valuable by the whole people, others are using more than their share, while many are not using any. Those who had rendered a service to society for the money with which they had (in good faith,) purchased land, would not be required to pay rent while they lived, but land purchased by money that was earned does not amount to one per cent.

The ground rent of the city of Chicago this year is probably about forty-five million dollars. The great bulk of this goes into the pockets of professional sharks. The number of billions of dollars out of which the producers of the United States are annually swindled in the name of ground rent is not estimated, but it is

known that this Niagara of revenue turned into the coffers of the people to whom it belongs (in other words, the administration), would in a very short time enable it to purchase the railroads (with the ocean of water squeezed out), telegraph lines, plants of coal mines, plants of trusts, and then, as organization progressed, the improved machinery for general production. All of which shall be run without that robber called dividend. Every member of society having an opportunity to render a service, and those who render a service of either head or hand being they alone who receive a reward. COST being the limit of price and DEMAND being the only limit of supply.

Men do not work for the pleasure of it, but they labor for the good things that work will bring. Our ingenuity can make the forces of nature do most of our work for us, and under co-operation all that would be required of humanity would be two or three hours labor or only enough for healthful exercise. Let the interest mongers and land sharks take it that way instead of in gymnasiums.

Henry George thinks that the monster in society that perpetuates gant poverty has only one head and that its name is "private ownership in land," and that this one reform, followed through all its ramifications, has the power to bring justice and banish undeserved woe.

I admit that its first good effect would be to increase the purchasing power of the people and for awhile make the employers compete against each other for labor, instead of laborers competing against each other for employment. But competition breeds contention, whether from labor or capital, and contention is subversive of brotherly love.

I said that it would increase the purchasing power

of the people, and therefore increase production to that extent, *and no more*. It would not increase it to the *needs* of the people. It could not remove the deadlock on production. As long as private enterprise exists and the expensive machinery of production is in private hands, it is to the interest of the owners of the machinery to limit production and create a scarcity in order to get more profit on what they do produce. Scarcity is a blessing to them and a curse to the consumers.

Every cloth factory owner would be delighted if the machinery of every other factory was paralyzed, as it would make him a billionaire at once.

With machinery in private hands, under private enterprise, we have not a system of production, but a system hellishly devised to prevent production. Under this system the people have to pay the enormous expense of keeping thousands of drummers running all over the country trying to steal the trade away from each other, and lying worse than pirates in their efforts to do so.

When the managers of any branch of industry conclude that they will do this no longer, and agree to unite for the purpose of stopping competition and robbing the public; they call it a trust. That is, they trust in the belief that each one can become millionaires in two or three years.

In this way they have organized the production and refining of sugar, not by the people for the people, making demand the limit of supply. Not at all. But they do it by the people for the benefit of a few graspers. Their supply is not fitted to the needs of the people, but their supply is brought down to that point of scarcity where the greatest amount of money can be abstracted from the people. Their main object being,

not to furnish the people with sugar, but to furnish themselves with the largest possible dividend. To do this they have closed many sugar refineries, discharged many men—organized labor in their department—and employed the best machinery. All this skill and ingenuity to fleece the people and add to the robber of labor called dividend. This trust owns the machinery to produce sugar (in private hands). This machinery is a curse because the more you improve it the less labor is needed, reducing the wage bill and diminishing the power of the people to purchase the sugar.

If the production of sugar was organized and run by the people and for the people (instead of for millionaires,) the price of the sugar would be the cost of its production, without as much more being added for dividend. At that price the supply would be made equal to demand (with costly machinery in private hands); the first effect of public ownership in land would be that so many would go onto the land that food would be produced out of all proportion to clothing, shelter and machinery. This disproportionate production, hazardous private enterprise cannot possibly guard against (that is not formed into a trust,) is working against every one in secret, and each is ignorant of the quantity and quality of similar goods his antagonist is producing. The amount of labor absolutely wasted is therefore appalling.

When the Constitution was written labor-saving inventions were a very small factor in society. They were not complex or expensive, and could not be used to prevent poor men from engaging in production. To be born poor then was no great calamity, because you could engage in the production of anything without ex-



pensive machinery and compete successfully. A hundred years has altered the case entirely. No man can now engage in the production of anything in general use without large capital to purchase the complex and expensive machinery.

To be born poor now is an awful calamity, because with the land pre-empted there is no choice but to plead with the man who owns the machinery for the privilege of becoming a cog in it to grind out dollars for him. I was talking on this subject with a man who had become very rich by the production of iron. Said he: I have no sympathy with men who say that the field is not open in America for any man to carve out his fortune. I am a self-made man. I started with nothing but my labor as my capital. Nobody ever helped me. Well, said I, when you started, forty years ago, to produce iron on your own account, what did your plant for making it cost you? Ha! ha! I think I can see my plant now. You would laugh if you saw it. It cost nearly fifty dollars. Where did you get the money? Why, I saved it out of my wages. Now, my friend, answer me the following question fairly: You succeeded in the production of iron forty years ago with a plant that cost fifty dollars. To enable you to succeed now, against all competitors, what would your plant cost? A plant adapted to compete successfully with the present firms would require all the improved machinery. It would not cost less than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I then asked him how he would manage to save that out of his wages. Although he was a self-made man he had omitted to rivet the hair on his head, so he vigorously scratched the place where "it might have been" in the hopeless effort to solve the deep problem of how to save a hundred and fifty thousand dollars out

of a dollar and a half per day and do it soon enough to enable him to start in business on his own account while yet he was a young man. No, no! All such avenues are closed by the costliness and perversion of the use of beneficent machinery.

As long as the wealth-producing machinery of the world is owned by private individuals and scarcity is a blessing to them and a curse to the community, and as long as individuals have the power to stop this machinery from producing wealth and convert their employes into tramps and prostitutes, just so long will destitution make a hell on earth and life be hideous in this so-called civilization compared to that endured by the lowest breed of savages. The deadlock in production, caused by private enterprise and private ownership of machinery, is the reason why labor-saving inventions have not driven poverty from earth, and that in the midst of a possible deluge of abundance millions are starving.

This private enterprise system is criminally guilty. It creates destitution in the midst of a bountiful plenty and makes the lives of the toiling millions a hideous nightmare.

The magnitude of a moral act or a vicious one, a crime or a virtue, is only determined by its good or evil consequences on yourself or others now or hereafter.

When a man murders his fellow-man the consequences are only strongly felt in a small circle. Thousands of men and women have committed suicide, through poverty and the fear of it, because a few men claim to own the land and a few men do own the inventions of the workers and also the inventions of the generations that have passed over and bequeathed them to mankind. These inventions have the power, with very little effort on our part, to produce many times more

wealth than we could possibly use. But the private enterprise system of preventing production compelled those men to commit the greatest crime that the imagination can conceive. It is no less than this: That the owners of land and machinery (and I admit that they are only the tools of vicious conditions into which they were born) have brought unnecessary destitution on billions that are dead and millions that are alive, and made their lives a living horror. I am glad that labor-saving invention is the factor that makes it impossible for this corrupt state of things to last.

The man who opposes co-operation and universal peace, plenty and happiness is a very dark-complexioned revolutionary criminal.

I said that the monster that makes of this world a hell for the many has three ghastly heads. I have described two of them that are the causes of destitution and the deadlock on production. To cut one of these heads off (as Henry George suggests) the vigor of the monster's body will go into the other two. The other head, called "The Competitive System," corrupts the morals of men and makes them degraded enough to think that the acts compelled by it are perfectly legitimate.

Competition has been called "The Life of Trade." That is a mistake. It is the curse of trade and the death of truth and honesty. It has created a condition of society so vile that human virtues are all in the way of success in business. In nearly every newspaper my vision is insulted by the fierce portrait of a savage in broadcloth. He is a shoemaker of Massachusetts. His expression is perfectly relentless, and there is no tiger in any jungle more to be feared. He seems to be studying how to invent plausible fines by which to rob

his employes. A conscienceless human abortion is the kind of organism that the competitive system has made "the fittest to survive." Such a man will be provided with the very best machinery and the most automatic, (in order to save the wage bill). He will put a woman in the place where men should be, and a child in the place where women might be. His long list of offences to which fines are attached do his cursed ingenuity credit and stamp him a fiend.

Such a man will be on the lookout for the embarrassment or failure of leather dealers, take advantage of their necessities and build himself up on their ruin. He will examine every description of paper that he can introduce where leather ought to be. He will evade every liability that does not hurt his credit; and by these nefarious means he can put goods on the market much cheaper than an upright man, whose sense of justice would not allow him to descend to such ruthless villainy.

The competitive system compels every man who is engaged in the product of shoes (or anything else) to gauge his conduct (not by that of the noblest man amongst them) but relentlessly by that of the meanest wretch amongst them. If there is only one supreme villain in the business, he it is that the "competitive system" selects to set the pace that all the rest must follow or be ruined.

Under the "competitive system," if you follow the golden rule it will lead you quickly and directly to the poorhouse. Under it the less conscience the larger the bank account. Under it falsehood is profitable, especially in an advertisement. How modest are those lies, "Best in the world." How does he know? "None genuine without my mark;" "take no substitute;" "be-

ware of frauds." Let us give them credit for telling us to look out for themselves.

Hundreds of millions are spent every year (at the expense of the consumer) publishing such brazen falsehoods as "selling below cost." I have the only genuine article; all the rest are frauds. They boast of the great size of their business and advertise to get all the rest, hoping that destitution will seize every competitor. In this vile system every man is the industrial enemy of every other man, struggling to cut his throat, commercially.

Step into a grocer's establishment and be convinced that this system has succeeded in making all men liars. The labels on the goods do not represent the contents. That said to be imported is manufactured here. Adulteration corrupts the mass and falsehood is emblazoned brazenly on the face of everything. If you take off your hat as a token of respect for the scrupulous retailer of this competitive state of society you may find a lie in the crown of it, claiming that it was made in London or Paris.

A belligerent editor is said to have carried a pound of butter home in his rival's newspaper. When he opened the parcel he claimed that the concentrated lie in that editorial had changed the butter into soap. He was mistaken. It was the lie in advertisements that did it.

It is considered a meritorious act to ruin your neighbor by going into his enterprise with more capital and less conscience. These same people will prate about the brotherhood of man.

Competition is growing closer and will ruin every half-human capitalist. Under it no one can know security. Faithfulness and industry can not free you

from the fear of poverty. The telegraph wires are reverberating with the crimes that this dreadful system compels. Military credits to hire the idle, starving men of the nations to murder each other. Strikes, evictions, absconding cashiers, swindling speculators, coal barons limiting the output and freezing millions, destitution amongst wage slaves, failures, burglaries, suicides, and insane asylums crowded with the victims of this grab-game competitive society, where the unprincipled, cunning villain (nearest related to the monkey) is "the fittest to survive." Where all the qualities that we abhor and fear in man are stepping-stones to success, and where every virtue that we adore, such as trustfulness, benevolence, straightforward truthfulness, are handicaps to prosperity and beckon you to the poor-house.

As the most vivid imagination cannot conceive of a worse state of society, the most conservative need not fear a change.

Perfected machinery makes the present system of society absolutely impractical, and in connection with the other heads of the monster produces such terrible calamities as crises caused by ground rent, disproportionate production and overproduction, which of course means lack of purchasing power. Is it any wonder that gaunt famine stalks through our streets and that the amount of misery exhibited is only a small fraction of what pride carefully conceals, when we take into consideration the ruinous wastes of production and distribution.

First, the hundreds of thousands who fail in business for want of knowledge of supply and demand, and inability to compete with those who have larger capital, less conscience and better machinery. Second, the

mutual hostility of those engaged in the present grab-game business, where each one tries to ruin the other, and this is the only thing in which they are all successful.

Third, the waste from periodical gluts and crises, crash of prices, stoppage of production, destruction of property by riots caused by starvation in the vitals of discharged workmen.

Fourth, the terrible waste of idle capital and labor. Any one of these unnecessary wastes (were all others stopped) would make it eternally true that "the poor ye have always with you." When Christ uttered these words inventions for rapid production did not exist, and if their use in private hands had not been perverted, and if misplaced sympathy had not prevented nature from extinguishing bad organisms, poverty on this planet would have been unknown. Those wastes I have mentioned are only a fraction of the number that might be enumerated.

Labor organizations to fight capital are becoming more perfect every day. Just now the railroad employes are conspiring to stop transportation and destroy every perishable thing under transit and paralyze industry. We are all so related and still unrelated that an organized strike of one trade ruins many and affects all. Let the masons strike, and the carpenters, plasterers, painters, furnishers, and innumerable other industries, are all at a stand-still looking towards the poorhouse.

There can be no strikes in any socialistic service. The postal service never had one. Capital and labor apart are the lion and the lamb, and they cannot lie down together unless the lamb is inside of the lion. Capital and labor must be in one set of hands instead

of two. Insurance is another unnecessary and fearful waste.

Look at the hundreds of thousands of little stores where a man like a spider sits imprisoned all day to catch three or four flies and make enough profit out of them to pay for his idle time and rent.

From my farm in Michigan I sent to New York for some artist's canvas and keyed stretchers. The stretchers cost 30 cents each. This was the same price as at Chicago. About two miles from my farm I pulled up my horse before a factory where I saw some stretchers and ordered a dozen. The price was seven cents each, and they told me that they furnished the New York firm (Fredrichs Bros.) with stretchers at less money.

Every time the retailer handed a lie and a stretcher across the counter the consumer had to pay five times the amount that the producer received.

The waste of labor in unorganized distribution in every line is about as great as in the milk round already described.

This system is not only impractical on account of the waste of labor keeping men busy for twelve hours accomplishing so very little, but it is wickedly impractical, as it inevitably leads to a deadlock, when men are prevented from producing anything, and makes that exasperating condition where in the midst of a possible deluge of abundance millions of willing workers are starving.

Cowards think that reforming the world is too big an undertaking and that it is much easier to sail into this maelstrom of distress and corruption and feather their own nests regardless of others and harden their hearts against their distress. But let me tell them that



the percentage of those who succeed is growing smaller and smaller.

Up to date the sixty-five million people who produced the wealth of America only own about eleven per cent of it, and two hundred and fifty thousand have stolen the balance, materially assisted in doing so by the criminal omission of leaving the land out of the list of our inalienable rights.

Thomas Jefferson knew better than he penned, because he said that "the land belonged in usufruct to the living."

The chance of the dishonest cowards to sail in and feather their own nests on the principle of "The public be damned," is only one in 260. Sympathy would be wasted on his failure, and even his imagined success would be an awful failure. He could not succeed without swindling other men out of the fruits of their toil, and knowing himself to be a legal thief. The property he stole will be very insecure here, and in the hereafter he will be required to make restitution, and the more he has stolen the longer he will have to render a menial service. Dishonest repentance don't count a cent's worth.

There are many dishonest savages in broadcloth. The so-called elite of Europe, for instance, who think it a great blot on their escutcheon if their great great grandfathers were ever known to do any work or take any other exercise than would adapt them to murder men and animals. To have earned any part of what they spend is a very great disgrace.

It is an invulnerable proposition that the only honest men are they who give society full value for what society gives to them. They who consume enormously and have never produced anything, and think it a dis-

grace to do so, are criminally dishonest and are living on the legally stolen earnings of others.

What a vicious state of immorality and perverted pride this is, that will make shameless upstarts boast that they and their forefathers have always been thieves and robbers of the lives and property of the industrious. Every person with an ounce of brains must know that an honest man is the noblest of men. I mention that it is impossible to be honest unless you give society the equivalent of what you consume. And yet society is so vicious and so many millions of miles away from justice, that to be a producer and give society twice as much as you receive is to be despised; but to be an eternal parasite, a thief of the soil, and a murderer of men and beasts is to be a nobleman.

With the thousand and one legal schemes which those respectable villains (called the classes) have concocted for robbing the masses, life for the producer has been made an awful calamity. The hatred between them is growing appalling and the respect of the masses for the sacredness of the legally stolen wealth that is flaunted in their faces is becoming less and less.

In 1860 the masses owned 65 per cent of the wealth of America and 250,000 schemers owned the balance. The concentration of wealth in a few hands has been so very rapid that at the ratio of the last census the sixty-five million people only own about eleven per cent of all the wealth that they produced. If it only took thirty years to reduce the people's share from 65 to 11 per cent, what would be the result ten years hence if this plundering condition could last so long? Why, the sixty-five million workers who produced the wealth would all be so deeply in debt as to be sold soul and body to the 250,000 schemers whose only exercise had

been in drawing wicked ground rent and accursed interest. The concentration of wealth by these nefarious means is more rapid than it ever was.

Revolutions have occurred from this same cause in Egypt, Greece and Rome. The climax was reached when the many owned about three per cent and the few had legally stolen the ninety-seven.

Intelligence breeds discontent under unjust conditions, for the reason that it enquires into the causes that puts industry in hovels and indolence in palaces. The causes have been those I have mentioned, sanctioned (like ours) by the constitutions of those countries.

If the relatively ignorant masses of Egypt, Greece and Rome revolted when ninety-seven per cent of the fruits of their labor were possessed by those who toiled not, how much think ye the intelligent workers of America will allow the schemers to steal before they revolt?

I am under the impression that the fleeced people will revolt when the schemers have succeeded in getting ninety-three per cent of their earnings away from them, and that time is not far distant.

What think ye will happen then, if ye will not need my advice or vote for the platform that I shall give. Why, it will be this: The fiendish fury of long pent up hatred between the classes and the masses will burst its bonds, and a brutal and perfectly unreasoning mob will ply the bomb and the torch, while the wealth and the lives of the good and the bad, the just and the unjust will disappear in smoke, without one particle of discrimination.

No man can make a revolution; no set of men can make a general revolution. A revolution is the result

of the long and patient suffering of the people from foundation evils in society that are of univereal application.

The Declaration of Independence goes on to say: "Such has been the patient suffering of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former system of government." Since that instrument was written the problems of land, private enterprise, inventions and competition have entirely changed and have become the factors that constrain us to alter our system of government.

If we drift with the tide we will have a revolution. If we organize and harness science, co-operation and equity to the car of progress we shall have a benign evolution.

The capitalistic press has taken a great deal of pains to bring disrepute on righteous socialism by mixing it up with what they thought would bring odium on it and by associating it with impractical communism and anarchism. It has succeeded so well in mystifying, muddling and confusing the minds of the people that I think it well to elucidate those isms. Jesus Christ was a communist. Communism is a state of society where no man shall possess private property, and in which each and all members shall work according to their ability and be provided according to their wants.

This is generosity to those whose wants are great and whose power to produce them is small; but it is not justice, and it is impracticable because the human family are not now, and never were honest enough "to work according to their ability if provided according to their wants." There are far too many men who voluntarily dissipate and ruin their constitutions and make of themselves unproductive members of society. Providing for these would cause discontent in the bosoms

of those called upon to do it; hence communism (not being just) is impractical.

Archism is the right of a king and army to rule the people, conscript them, and compel them to become murderers of other men and jailors and murderers of themselves if they desert or disobey.

Scientific anarchism is a denial of that right and an assertion of the divine right of the people and a denial of the divine right of the king to amuse himself by creating quarrels and to revel in the wholesale slaughter of his subjects for his delightful gratification, and to take this as an excuse to decorate his uniform with another gewgaw, another toy—the outward show of his gory glory.

The anarchist sees plainly that the original intention of law has been prostituted in the name of government. I do not blame them for despising the world, because as soon as the average man is appointed to a position in government, from that moment he puts on airs and feels himself the arrogant master of the people who have elected him their servant. I do not blame the anarchists for despising a government by arrogant tyrants, but I do blame them for not seeing the difference between that and an administration by polite, competent servants of the people. The wholesale atrocities perpetrated in the name of government account for the fact that they have recoiled to the other extreme and assert the majesty of the individual and that conditions would be better if every man were a law unto himself.

The two following conditions necessary to the success of anarchy prove it impractical:

Anarchy requires that every adult person shall know or be able to discover exactly where their own rights

end and their neighbor's rights begin. In our complex society discrimination enough for that would involve perfection of judgment. No man has it.

Anarchy requires that every person shall have the desire and the power to accord their neighbors all their rights. That would involve perfection in morals. Hence before scientific anarchy could possibly be practical every adult must be on such a high intellectual plane as to be a better reasoner than Herbert Spencer and a more moral individual than Jesus Christ.

When evolution has worked on humanity for about thirty thousand years along the lines I have directed the human race may be good enough then to make scientific anarchy practical.

Anarchy believes in voluntary co-operation for production and distribution, but not in universal co-operation. Where a few co-operate for this purpose as against the rest it is only a trust. And the present individualistic methods in production and distribution are nothing but individualistic anarchy, each man saying let me alone, each man a law unto himself, and a very bad law at that, because they lack the impossible anarchistic requirement, namely, that every adult shall know where their rights end and their neighbor's begin and also that he shall have the power and the desire to accord his neighbor all his rights—these involving perfection in judgment and morals.

Anarchy is absolute individualism and antagonistic to and the other extreme from socialism, which is absolute collectivism. Anarchy is the legitimate effect of wickedness and horrors committed in the name of government.

Human happiness and development being the main object of life, socialism is the most important of all

subjects. It is not a science in the interest of any class. It does not propose to enrich the poor at the expense of the wealthy. It is a science that looks at society from a philosophical standpoint and can demonstrate (like a problem of Euclid,) that poverty is not a gift of bountiful nature, but that it is a fearful curse bequeathed by short-sighted, selfish, villainous man.

Socialism proposes to establish society on a scientific and just foundation, where a man's reward shall be the value of the service he renders, where the forces of nature harnessed by the inventions of man shall do his work, where all men shall always have the opportunity to exchange their labor into their wants with the assistance of state-owned inventions, where no man shall be called on to work more than is healthful exercise, where no man shall have the power to stop the wealth-producing machinery of the world and thereby spread poverty broadcast, where over-production will be impossible until nobody wants any more wealth, where disproportionate production can be guarded against, where men will discover that it is more to their welfare to combine with their fellow men than to contend in industrial warfare against them, where incentive to effort will be vastly increased by benign emulation supplanting villainous competition, where that dishonest disease called speculation can have no place and no man shall be able to get something for nothing, where the greatest good of each shall be known to be the greatest good of all.

The hideous deadlock on production that is the cause of tramps, prostitutes and white child slave labor and also the cause of creating a famine in the presence of a natural deluge of abundance. This deadlock door, behind which famine sits, can only be opened by the

key of equity in the hand of benign socialism to admit happiness, peace, plenty and good will to man.

Socialism is practical because it recognizes that there are a great many cunning, avaricious, unscrupulous specimens of humanity who require to be compelled to assume their share of the burden of society.

Socialism recognizes that nature meant diversity, no two being born equal or having the same capacity to render a service to society, or whose ideal of an enjoyable life is measured by the same number of wants.

Socialism recognizes that in order to live on this planet every man must work or live on those who do work. All the ingenuity of heaven and earth cannot discover a third way.

Socialism says you may work as much or as little as you please, but you *must* work enough to keep you from living on those who do work.

Individualists object to the word *must*. They insist that it interferes with their sacred liberty. The existence of an organism presupposes labor to sustain it. If that man will not work but consume the result of work, others must do their own and also his share. They have been robbed of their liberty by the lazy rascal while doing his share.

An honest man is anxious to work as much as will produce his wants. The *must* does not offend him; it only offends the lazy villain who intends to ride on the backs of his fellows.

Socialism means co-operation in production and transportation by the most improved and rapid methods and that the state shall purchase the machinery for both, the money to do this being derived from ground rent.

Socialism means to liberate inventions and convert



them into a mighty blessing to the whole people instead of the curse they are now in being a weapon in the hands of the few with which to enslave the many.

Socialism does not approve of governments by arrogant masters, but only an administration of production, distribution and foreign affairs by cosmopolitan, philosophical, competent servants (instead of masters) of the people.

Corruption in public affairs can never cease as long as it is profitable. Therefore socialism proposes to remove the incentive to it.

At present the accent of that country that cannot govern itself is most common in all city halls, because good men will not stoop to the actions necessary to get into office.

Now the saloon element spend many times the amount of the aldermanic salary to secure their election, because they know that they will get it all back again many fold in the price that private corporations will pay them for their vote to grant them a franchise by which they can swindle the public. Let me explain:

Through the instrumentality of a public franchise a private corporation has bought from aldermen the privilege of swindling the people of Chicago by charging them a dollar and twenty-five cents per thousand feet for gas. The actual cost of the production and distribution of gas is less than twenty-five cents. Out of this dollar of dividend they can well afford to corrupt the people's servants by bribing them to allow them to plunder the community by charging it five prices.

Under socialism the administration would furnish the people with gas. If twenty-five cents was actual cost, that would be the limit of price. An overcharge

of one cent would be called villainous boodle and would send the public servant to state's prison.

When individualism and private enterprise furnishes gas, an overcharge of one dollar on every thousand (this hundred-fold swindle) is called highly respectable dividend, and will enable the financier to pay his campaign expenses to send him to the state senate. The present society conditions hold up a premium for corruption everywhere. Where that exists pure administration is impossible.

Socialism will remove corruption by removing the incentive to it. The administration shall superintend the performing of every public service, actual cost being the price. There being no franchises to vote away and no private corporations to corrupt the people's servants by bribing them to do it, bad men could not afford to use the instrumentality of money, and would therefore not be elected.

Superficial perverters of new and just ideas make the dishonest claim that socialism intends to make the rich divide up with the poor, when the cold facts are that the very reverse of this is actually the case. Now listen! When a rich man draws a dividend he compels the poor man who earned that dividend to divide up with him. The word dividend means dividing up. It is the rich man only who commits this shameful robbery of dividing up.

Socialism proposes to stop this plundering fraud of having the industrious poor man earn the dividend and the idle rich man steal it from him. Socialism is the rich man's trick of dividing up with the poor man, by running all lines of production without a dividend, on a system something like the postal

service, but a vast improvement on it—cost being the limit of price, demand being the limit of supply; where a dividend is not allowed, but where it is declared to be a common swindle.

When we stop this dividing up the rich man will get poor if he won't work, and the poor man will get rich.

The crowning evil that proves the impracticability of the present system of individualism and private enterprise is this: that under it supply is necessarily limited to purchasing power, instead of being limited only to the needs of the people.

This is the fearful poverty-perpetuating fact for which the only remedy under heaven is universal co-operation, where we produce for use instead of profit, and where every adult would always have the opportunity to convert his or her labor into their wants, assisted by state-owned inventions.

When we liberate inventions by placing them in public hands and encourage inventors to bend their energies to make the forces help us more and more, with still less labor, (with the deadlock on production removed) life will be a long holiday and well worth living.

Many men are under the impression that organized collective society in production and distribution is impossible unless you are willing to resign the sovereignty of the individual, the right to command your own actions, and become a slave to government like a soldier in the army.

This unfortunate mistake is the stumbling-block that disunites reformers. With organized society, where men would combine for mutual benefit with the best machinery, more wealth could be produced in two hours than would be produced in ten hours where they

contend in individual warfare trying to make each other's efforts abortive. The only compulsion employed would be on the lazy villain who (knowing that the only two ways to get a living are to work or live on those who do work) would not voluntarily do his share. He would be compelled to work an hour and a half a day to provide the equivalent for what he consumed and prevent him from living on those who do work.

Honest men would be anxious to assume their share, of the burden of society and would need no compulsion. We are born with an organism that makes labor a necessity to sustain it. If it requires ten hours to do this in the present state of society, (represented by a dozen bootblacks in their scramble for a handful of coppers or as many chickens tugging and jerking at an angleworm) and only an hour and a half to do it by concerted action, has not your individuality more leisure in which to develop?

In present conditions NECESSITY is a much more severe taskmaster than any slave-driver, and takes away from you (for ten hours of every day) the power to command your own actions. Hence co-operation would mean freedom to all men instead of governmental slavery, because compulsion would only exist for an hour and a half and that only on the dishonest rascal.

Those who fear governmental slavery are justified by the past in having arrogant tyrants in their mind. But administration by polite servants will be the reverse of what governments are.

The avenues to distinction then will not be the wholesale legal murder of your fellow-men, but it will be genius that will enable its possessor to coax from nature her priceless secrets. It will be invention, it will be knowledge of the capabilities of the elements

and raw material, and how to convert them to our use with the least possible labor. It will be genius in every department of production and distribution, and in every department of literature, art and science, and those who are gifted with far-reaching administrative ability, combined with urbanity and politeness, will be welcomed as leaders over SOVEREIGN INDIVIDUALS. There is a sense in which men can exert power without offense, a sense in which the will of the governor and the governed blend, harmonize and concur with each other. Where the interests of all are identical the superiority and glory of another is a success and a personal triumph to each. The heroes of the future will be those who can render humanity the greatest service.

There is no arrangement at present for finding the groove in society for which the natural qualifications of youths and maidens adapt them, and in which they could render the greatest service and enjoy themselves while working, which work would be play to them. Hence the great majority of producers are round plugs in square holes.

A youth is driven out by *necessity* to look for work. He calls on the architect first; finds no opening; then he tries in turn those occupations more and more distasteful. Finally the butcher gives him a job. *Necessity* admits of no refusal. A mind that could have easily eclipsed the Eiffel Tower makes a third-class butcher.

The youths and maidens of the country (under organized production) would have the privilege of volunteering into that branch of industry most congenial, where in fact they would follow their particular hobby, and time for them would fly on the wings of enthusi-

asm. Where, oh, where indeed, would be the relinquishment of the sovereignty of the individual?

Necessity has taken our liberty from us. We need the leisure that only science in society can give in order to recover it.

The man who says that the present haphazard system (of preventing production) is more practical than an organized one has placed himself beneath intelligent controversy.

When the nation goes to war it suddenly sees the necessity of organization to make resistance effective. It murders men scientifically by co-operation. A great emergency lets them discover that co-operation is their only savior. There is an emergency before us much greater than any yet encountered by civilization, and universal co-operation is the only avenue of escape from impending doom.

The state has proven it practical to take a million men out of every calling and train them all in another way for offensive or defensive purposes. This is a far more difficult thing to do than to change all the railroad employes from private to public servants. Their duties are already learned. Regulate their salaries on a basis of equity; diminish the number of hours; hire more men and charge the community the cost.

The papers reported After Dinner Chauncey as saying, in one of his shallow, flippant speeches, that the New York Central paid labor that year, for all the service the public received of both head and hand, the sum of eleven millions of dollars; that this also kept up the road and rolling stock. He also stated that the gross earnings were thirty-six millions of dollars. Here was twenty-five millions of dollars of dividend that was earned by the head and hand service of the poor em-

ployes who did not divide up with the rich men but had to give it all up to them. According to the above the cost would be about one cent per mile.

Let us now examine the righteousness of the watered stock foundations of dividend, as illustrated in private enterprise railroads. During only twenty years the emissaries of railroads succeeded in bribing the people's servants at Washington into giving them over 208 millions acres of the people's land. They then proceed to corrupt state legislators and municipality aldermen into voting them more of the people's land and money. They then go to the patient, toiling, swindled farmers and tell them that they are undecided as to whether the road will go through this locality, or miles north or south of it, and that it will be located along the line of the farmers from whom they can get the most money to help build the road, and thus compel the farmer to compete against each other in generosity, although the sharks know where the road is going.

Many of these roads are built entirely by government and municipal lands and money and farmer subscriptions. The Kansas Midland cost \$10,200 per mile. The private enterprise corporation capitalizes it at \$53,025 per mile. Although the whole of it is a watered falsehood, they demand of the state legislature the right to charge freight and passage high enough to pay all the labor or service of both head and hand that the public receive and also heavy interest or dividend on \$53,024 for every mile of Kansas Midland road.

There is a road capitalized at \$106,000 per mile and I am confident that the original owners of the stock never paid one cent for it.

But Mr. Sidney Dillon, the railroad multi-millionaire says: "A citizen, simply a citizen, commits an im-

pertinence when he questions the right of a *corporation* to capitalize its property at any sum whatever." That is on the same plane of Vanderbilt's "Public be damned."

We citizens are beginning to wake up to the fact that we have a right to enquire into the amount of capitalization, because it is on the power of the earnings of the road to pay service and legal interest on its capitalization that the legislature gives them the right to charge three cents per mile. If it watered its stock other four times we would have to pay just so much more per mile.

The Kansas Midland cost \$10,200 per mile, and if the corporation had paid it that should be its just capitalization, but it is very doubtful if they ever paid one cent of it. The citizens have footed the bill, on which they are called to pay principal and interest.

These swindling corporations, in returning their income to the state as a basis on which to charge the public, never give as one of its items the enormous quantities of land given to them and sold to citizens or the enormous amounts of rents received on railroad properties.

These swindlers, although they agreed to pay interest on the people's loan, have not done so and they are fifty millions in arrears. Justice and equity could purchase the railroads for the people with a remarkably small sum. Public ownership of any enterprise never was known to be and could not be so corrupt.

The Army of the Potomac was more of an undertaking than it would be for the state to purchase the plant for the production of iron and have all the men engaged in it organize its production.

At present we vote for a man whose personality and



capacity is unknown to fill an office, the duties of which we are entirely ignorant, and the orators call us intelligent voters.

In organizing each line of production, only those connected with it could vote intelligently. The qualifications for an elector must be a knowledge of the capacity of the candidate and also a knowledge of the duties of the office. If efficiency and harmony are desired, appointments must be made from below (the reverse of the postal system). Workmen elect their foremen from amongst themselves. The foremen elect their superintendents. The superintendents of each large factory elect a state superintendent, and these again elect their chief of the iron industry. The state superintendent shall report the amount of time and skill in each description of goods, and that shall constitute the price, that being balanced with production in other lines. Those who produce the goods will have purchasing power equal to the value of all the goods produced, because there would be no dividend to take the half of their purchasing power and bring into existence that hideous poverty-perpetuating monster, "The Dead-lock on Production."

The functions of the chiefs of each industry would be to supervise the production of the country and take a telegraphic view of supply and demand. There being no production in secret (as there is in private enterprise), disproportionate production could be guarded against and supply accurately fitted to demand.

Chiefs will in no sense be governors, but only agents over products instead of men. The national board will be strictly an executive body, efficiency and politeness the only qualifications for office, and terms no longer than satisfaction given.

Each officer must be responsible for subordinates. A foreman could be removed by the superintendent. If the superintendent abused his power he might be removed by his chief. If the chief abused his power he is the only one who can be removed by those below him, all the rest being liable to removal by those above them. This would avoid all tyranny by balancing power between those above and below.

Some men think themselves justified in saying that socialism has been tried on a small scale and found to be impracticable. In the first place, it is impossible to try it in a county, because there is no county that produces all the commodities that civilized people use. They have to exchange for those grown North and South and for those commodities that are only found in favored localities. They are surrounded by private enterprise and competition on every side, and they are compelled to have dealings with them. Socialism (in a county) is a foreign plant in the midst of hostile surroundings. If the socialistic postal service was confined to a county, it would not be practical unless the people confined their correspondence within the limits of that county.

To test the practicability of organized production and distribution without a dividend, the size of the territory must be equal to the distance between the localities where the various kinds of raw material is grown and also equal to the distance you intend to transport it.

Socialism is grand enough to be cosmopolitan, nevertheless it is practical inside of a nation, but it requires a national administration. That it is practical is absolutely demonstrated at this date by the services that are

run by the people for the people without the robber dividend.

The postal service is practical now even with the great disadvantage of private enterprise, railroads, and other means of transportation, and every department in which it is at all possible (under existing circumstances) to try it, has proven itself practical; for instance, water works, fire and police departments, and also the public school system.

The employes of those institutions are sure of their wages. In consequence, they furnish only a very small fraction of their share of the crime and litigation in the courts. It is the awfully wicked deadlock on production that compels the crime, and this concentrated essence of curse can only be wrenched from the throat of industry by the beneficent hand of socialism.

Under socialism every person able to work will be on the roll of the working force, to work as much or as little as pleases them, provided they work enough to keep them from being a burden to others, and all workers shall get the full value of what they do, because they will all be joint heirs in owning the machinery and the land.

The present socialistic departments of service are not direct producers of wealth. It is on *those* that private enterprise entails such fearful calamities as crises, disproportionate and deadlock production.

It is the present system that is wickedly impractical. If this were not so (with our wealth producing inventions) every man who has worked to average three hours per day would have been rich.

Another description of fool says that socialism would remove all incentive to effort for an individual to distinguish himself, because if the deadlock was removed

so that we could produce \$10 per capita instead of fifty cents, why wealth would be so common that it would reduce every one to a dead level. This idiocy carries the impression that a man's importance and greatness is measured by the amount he can legally steal of other men's earnings.

Those frozen souls seem to think that it is impossible to enjoy a luxury-filled mansion unless there is a destitute hovel near to show the contrast. If they had hearts as big as mustard seeds the hovel would destroy their happiness. Socialism will give men nobler ambitions than a very large dishonest bank account.

The grand men of the world who have blessed the race and whose words and discoveries cannot die, and on whom the benedictions of mankind are poured, were not millionaires.

Lewis Agassiz said, "He had no time to waste in making money." Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Bruno, Humboldt, Goethe, Spenser, Marx, LaSalle, Carlisle, were souls above grasping. Compare them with the "Public be Darned" Vanderbilts and the soulless curses beneath contempt called Gouds. How do they compare?

A change of society is as much to the interest of those who have property as it is to those who have not, because they will loose their lives and property if they will not help us to side track the coming revolution and change it into a peaceful evolution.

Carlisle said that England was a nation of twenty-eight million inhabitants, mostly fools. If this is true of America we may have that much-to-be-avoided calamity—a revolution. My hope is the knowledge that a very small minority of intelligent humane men

can guide the energy of the poverty-stung masses into peaceful channels.

At present all classes are in a chronic state of anxiety. Security and happiness is well nigh driven from earth. The rich man is feverishly watching the rise and fall of stocks, the commercial standing of his debtors, the failure of banks and enterprises, the absconding of cashiers. From any one of these and many other sources grim ruin may come and make him a suicide.

The next class with good salaries constantly dread being discharged and consigned to the monster army of the hungry unemployed. Care and anxiety sit on the brow of the millions of wage slaves, because while robust and employed it takes all they can earn to support their families. When their thoughts revert to what their fate must be when overtaken by sickness and old age, I wonder that they can ever smile again.

No true reformer wishes to take individual property from those who have it, but we insist for their own good that they shall not obstruct those who will liberate the wealth producing machinery in order to allow it to make all other men rich by running it by the people for the people. At the end of a single year there would be twice as much wealth as there is to-day and no destitution.

Nearly all the sciences are called upon to lend their aid to build a ship of war. Is the ship of state of less importance? No, indeed, for on her construction the happiness or misery of humanity depend. The present ship of state is a rotten old hulk, built by Messrs. Villainy, Ignorance and Class Legislation.

We must build a new and glorious ship of state that shall challenge the admiration of the world. We shall summon all the sciences and the wisdom and righteous-

ness of heaven and earth to build it. Her keel shall be laid in and composed of the solid adamant of equity; her ribs and knees shall be of love and security; her planking shall be fraternity, made steadfast by bolts of co-operation. Every line that constitutes her rigging shall know that the greatest good of ALL is the greatest good of EACH. Her crew shall be composed of mutual forbearance, and her officers shall be urbanity and politeness. She shall be the first of her kind and her glorious name shall be the ALTRUIST.

The weapons of the past were swords and shields. The adepts in the use of those openly robbed the workers of their wealth. The weapons of the present are lobbying bills, purchasing legislatures, mortgage bonds, preferred stock, adulteration, cornering markets, ownership of machinery, speculation, and that monster and wholesale robber called private banking.

Socialism is the only remedy under the sun that can snatch all those leeches from off the bleeding body of pale industry.

I have not yet torn away the veil that hides the sanctimonious visages of all these respectable thieves, so I now proceed to expose the thief called private banking. Sometime ago an association of men raised \$300,000 in currency. They changed it at the U. S. treasury for the same sum in six per cent. gold-bearing bonds. They organized a national bank, deposited their bonds with the Comptroller of the Currency and received \$270,000 in national currency. That means that they let the government have \$30,000 more in currency than they received from it for banking purposes. But, mark you, they still had on deposit their entire capital, on which they were drawing \$18,000 interest in gold, exempt from taxation. In reality they only had

\$30,000 on deposit, for the Comptroller had given them \$270,000, so that the \$18,000 in gold was annual interest on \$30,000.

These men had their bank made into a public depository. There was seldom less than a million of money belonging to the public in their vault. They took this money and bought a million of 5-20 bonds with it. In other words, they exchanged the people's money for bonds and drew \$60,000 a year as interest in gold on it. Thus, for \$30,000 in currency, which they originally loaned the government, they received annually as interest the enormous sum of \$78,000 in gold. That \$78,000 was all earned by labor. The thousands of other banks are doing likewise, and have cost the people more than the war. Bankers draw interest on eight hundred million of their own debt, or three times as much money in interest as their entire capital invested.

Bankers get the confidence of fools by being pillars of the church, and when it suits their purpose piously betray that confidence by closing their doors and respectably swindling the poor out of their hard earnings and making the widow and the fatherless destitute, shelterless, ragged, cold and hungry.

Is there any one so idiotic as not to know that we must have all banking done by the administration, for which the entire wealth of the nation is responsible; that the industrious, the honest and confiding shall not always be the victims of cunning, lazy rascals?

Speculation is another revolting manifestation of disease in the body politic that needs her ghastliness exposed. A rich man was boasting about the credit of his father. I asked him about his own. Well, said he, I will tell you what I did the other day. I went to a

bank and asked the president to loan me anywhere between a quarter and a half a million of dollars. He said he could let me have the quarter, but would have to send a telegram about the balance. I went to the other three banks and made the same request. The result was that inside of an hour and a quarter from the time I left my office I had command of a million and a quarter of greenbacks. I asked him for what purpose he needed the money. The purpose was to pay the margin on sixty million bushels of Indian corn. Did you succeed in making an artificial scarcity; in other words, did you corner the market? Why, of course I had to, because it was the largest amount in bushels (although not in money) that had ever been dealt in. Did you move the grain? Oh, no. It remained in the elevators until we closed the transaction. Did you gain anything by the transaction? Yes, we made so much. I have forgotten the amount, but it was an enormous sum. Said I, you never made a cent of it; you stole it all. If you had moved the grain you would have rendered some service to society; but you did not, therefore you rendered no service to society whatever for all the money you stole from society. You ought to be looked on as a wholesale robber, a thief and pirate, that is more dangerous to the community than the whole of the inhabitants of the Joliet prison. The toiling farmers who raised that corn did not get any more for it on account of your transaction, but the poor people who consumed it had to pay more for it than they would have had to, if you had been hung twenty years ago.

Said he, we board of trade men look on such a deal as an honorable business transaction, but you put a very bad light on it.



Mr. C., I can put a worse light on it and here it is: You say that you went to the bank and by leaving collateral you got the use of the *people's* money—that is, you made the people's money the instrument with which to swindle the people. In other words, you cut the throat of the people with their own razor; and if you had misrepresented your assets and made a miscalculation in your deal, the people would not only have been compelled to pay more for the grain than if you had been drowned for human good, but they would have probably lost their deposits.

The disreputable gamblers only take money from those who are as dishonest as themselves and are as anxious to take it on the same terms, and if they lose, they win excitement, and excitement is considered an equivalent for money. Otherwise theatres exhibiting blood-and-thunder plays would not exist. But the respectable speculating gambler takes money from the good, the bad, the young, the old, the rich, the poor alike, and gives them no show whatever—not even excitement. You pass up and down the aisles of the Episcopal church with the plate to get money to reform the heathen, and you look and feel very much like an angel, but there is no such respectable wholesale villain in all heathendom. We need their missionaries here.

Is it any wonder that with all those leeches sucking on pale industry that the eternal toiler has nothing to represent his year's labor but the callouses on his hands and the patches on his pants?

The New York *Tribune* said that the banks had now made arrangements for such concerted action that no act of Congress could overcome or resist their decision.

That means that they have purchased the govern-

ment with the money out of which they have swindled the people.

That mouthpiece of capital, pious Joe Cook, said: "Here in the United States we must get rid of universal suffrage, and we shall."

The Indianapolis *News* said: "If the workingmen had no vote they would be more amenable to the teachings of hard times."

The reverend reprobate Hitchcock said: "The battle with socialism will be very brief but hot. No quarter will be given."

From these sample quotations you will see that capital intends to complete the purchase of your government, take your vote from you, make war on you, and enslave you.

Now, if the oppressors are only one to every two hundred and sixty of the oppressed, how dare they say that they will make *war* on you? Are they going to fight you themselves? No, indeed; they will get in a very safe place and fight you with the capital they have stolen from you. They have purchased the government. That includes the army and navy. They will hire the foolish half of the oppressed to fight the wise half of the oppressed. The foolish half will be called patriots; the wise half traitors.

This is an old trick that you must guard against. Whenever European lords want to steal a country and enslave the people they send a regiment of soldiers and missionaries to that country. The missionaries teach submission and the soldiers tickle their vanity with uniforms and teach them how to murder their brethren. They organize a great many regiments of the natives and put a white officer at the head of each, and if the balance of the natives object to be heavily taxed, made

slaves and have their country stolen from them. They are murdered by their own relatives in uniform, who are only the catspaw of the white robber.

The same trick will be played in America. There will be many regiments composed of the oppressed, with one capitalistic land owner as its officer. They shall be his catspaw and commanded to shoot down their best friends.

How do you like the picture? What are you going to do about it? Has the tinsel of the uniform of a soldier or militiaman such a power on your vanity that you will betray yourself and fellow-men? Is the flaunt of an emblazoned banner and the stirring strains of martial music enough to make of you such a contemptible idiot and tool of capital that you will be led to fasten the fetters of wage slavery on yourself and children and perpetuate gaunt poverty and make a hell of this beautiful, bountiful planet?

Capital is entirely dependent on vain fools to enable it to perpetuate its villainy. Heretofore the obstructors of righteous reforms have always been able to hire the foolish people to enslave themselves.

A workingman in a soldier's or militiaman's uniform ought to be hissed at and despised wherever seen, as a vain, brainless, murdering coxcomb and catspaw of capital. If these fools did not exist, one oppressor would not dare to say that he would rob the two hundred and sixty oppressed of their blood-bought right to vote. Think of it! That two hundred and fifty thousand shall rob the sixty-five million of any—say in a government supported entirely by them.

These conspirators against the sacred rights of the people are those alone who are brewing the awful revolution that we are trying to avoid.

Gould said that it cost less to purchase legislators after they were elected than to elect them. To betray constituents and legislate against the people, is more anarchistic than anarchy.

Their next move is to make those that they conspire against kill each other, while they sit at a safe distance and laugh over their champagne at their simple way of doing it.

In every city of any importance they are building armories and dressing and training murderous fools to sweep the streets with Gatling guns and murder indiscriminately men, women and children.

Militiamen and soldiers are tools of tyranny, curses to themselves and their fellow-men, and legal murderers that shall be execrated by every man who longs to see equity reign.

Last July labor took a hint from capital and organized a military company of workingmen. They applied to Governor Fifer, of Illinois, for a charter. Consternation seized the bosom of capital when it discovered that labor had at last awoke to the fact that two could play at the pretty game of legalized murder. Capital sent the governor a violent protest against granting the charter, on the principle of as many hundred regiments as capital wants, but none for labor. It is only capital that savagely intends to use the bullet. Labor has the numbers, and if they cannot be hired by capital to kill each other can easily win a bloodless victory with the ballot.

The constitution says that "ALL power shall be vested in the people's representatives." That is, they can conscript as many men as they want to fight and tax the balance as much as they please to support them.

We shall send repretatives who shall use all dis-

patch consistent with wisdom in organizing the people into an army of production instead of one of destruction.

Platforms of all the parties have been and are slippery pieces of non-committal sophistry, written in such terms as should, ought and we favor certain reforms, instead of we shall make those reforms, and the things we favor are they that shall come to pass. They raise hopes only to be blighted.

The third plank of the scheming People's Party illustrates this. In it they say: "And should the government enter upon the work of owning and managing any or all railroads, we should favor an amendment to the constitution, etc., etc." That is, they are trying to hoodwink the people into making them think that the government is some outside power, over which they have no control, and be absolved from blame for not making any change, when the fact is that these reprobates know very well that if they are elected that **THEY THEMSELVES are the government, WITH ALL POWER**, and if no fundamental change is made it is because they never intended to make any.

There are more than enough honest men in every country that would be anxious to put their names to the following conditions to guard against the betrayal of "THE EMANCIPATOR'S PARTY": "I, J. M. Smith, candidate for Representative of THE EMANCIPATOR'S PARTY, do hereby agree to vote to make its platform the fundamental laws of the land; and I voluntarily do this, realizing that the penalty for the heinous crime of betraying the people is imprisonment for life." This condition will be thought hard by those only who intend to betray. The corrupt foundations on which society is builded has bred mendicants and millionaires,

starved industry and gorged indolence; has bred cowardly sycophants and insolent tyrants, who brutally say, "The public be damned." Not satisfied with that, they are drilling thousands of vain, driveling imbeciles, to murder the public. Millionaires have bought your government and army, and are *forcing on this country* the awful revolution we are trying to avert. Every wage slave soldier that allows himself to be used as a cat-paw of capital to kill his friends is the desperate enemy of himself and righteous conditions. If he understands the situation he ought to be drawn limb from limb, and a people who, seeing the death of Freedom and the birth of Destitution (will not organize), deserve no better fate. Then 'save the nation by voting for "*The Emancipator's Party*," with the following efficient platform:

PLANK 1. I will vote to abolish the American House of Lords, called the Senate, it being a useless and pernicious obstruction to reform legislation, made up of millionaires, whose interest it is to obstruct the will of the people, as expressed through the House of Representatives.

PLANK 2. I will vote to restore to the people their stolen inalienable right to the land of America, on which life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness depend and without which they are impossible, and to do this through the instrumentality of the single tax.

PLANK 3. With this ground rent the means of transportation and machinery of production shall be purchased by the state for the people, and universal co-operation in production and distribution shall be inaugurated as rapidly as dispatch and wisdom shall dictate, beginning with those lines now run by trusts.

PLANK 4. Every line of production shall be sepa-

rately organized, improving on the postal service plan; that *demand* shall be the limit of supply and *cost* shall be the limit of price; that the robber of labor, called *dividend*, shall curse this planet no longer.

PLANK 5. To stop corruption, the reward for administrative ability shall not be greater than for equal capacity in lines of production.

PLANK 6. We shall establish a national currency, issued by the administration only, and shall prohibit all banking by private parties.

PLANK 7. We shall compel the adoption of the secret ballot throughout the nation, establish a graduated income and succession tax, and adopt the referendum.

PLANK 8. As protection is class legislation, we will establish free trade and abolish custom houses.

PLANK 9. We shall prohibit any institution from breeding insanity by taking advantage of the confiding minds of children (under twelve years of age) and using the instrumentality of *fear* of hell or purgatory to impress on their minds that it is WICKED to doubt what cannot be scientifically demonstrated as true, or to teach such doctrines of a higher and stronger allegiance to a foreign power as would make of them (at that power's command) traitors to America.

PLANK 10. Might not being considered right, we will use all diligence in establishing an International Court of Equity, where three cosmopolitan philosophers from each nation shall meet to make justice reign in international affairs, whose decisions shall be made final by all nations agreeing to combine, to compel compliance on the part of a refractory one. This accomplished, and horrible wars must end, navies and armies be disbanded, and these millions of destroyers and legal

murderers converted into peaceful producers, the burdens of the people made nominal, and the kingdom of heaven established on earth.

CHARLES ORCHARDSON.

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We intend to publish a synopsis of the economic part of this book for free distribution amongst the desperate poverty stricken victims of this sham and cruel civilization to show them the way to justice and plenty through the peaceful gate of evolution and turn the head of the column of the despairing plundered millions away from the lurid gate—revolution. Those who desire to be benefactors of the race can become so by sending us *monetary assistance* to side track and avert the (millionaire-caused) cataclysm by the free distribution of the information that gives the peaceful solution of this momentous problem.

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