

400 Years of Freethought.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

‘Yet I doubt not thro’ the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.’

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Ch. Weber del.

W. G. Woodcut.

PROEM.

FREETHOUGHT—PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

THE PAST—BRUNO.

Fair Bruno, looking forth with eyes of fire
Upon the world's broad scene; beyond the sun
Thy undimmed glance seems to behold the stars,
Countless, and rushing through the endless space,
With opulence of life as on earth's breast;
Thyself a star from out the past didst burn,
Wakening the darkness with resplendent course
Athwart the centuries of gloom and fear;
Herald of morning, of the happy days,
With Freedom breathing in the peaceful skies;
With science in the kingly garb of toil,
The green earth paradised with loving hearts.
O brave Immortal, glorious in the robe
Which burned thy body into fruitful dust,
They knew not, that wild horde about thy pyre,
Who knelt and trembled to a God of hate,
And crouched to earth—nor saw its wealth of life;
They knew not what was in thy dauntless gaze,
Outsweeping the rude throng and torturing heat—
The wingèd thoughts that all the despot's power
Could fetter not, nor blast with fiercest zeal.
They saw, that shuddering and relentless crowd,
The frail flesh sink in unconfining tomb,
And vainly triumphed o'er that murdered form.
For from that blackened spot went forth a word
Of wonder, joy, and beauty to all time,

And millions greet its power and hope unscathed.
 O martyred Bruno, Science' fearless path,
 Through regions numberless of earth and sky,
 Makes laurels for thee, and man's brightest days
 Flow from the moment of thy bitter death.
 In thee the past turns from its darkened course,
 Bursts from the gyves of ignorance and fear,
 Smites down the tyrant from his bloody throne ;
 And as the earth wheels round the golden sun,
 And as the sun speeds through unmeasured realms,
 So doth the mind of man, unchained and vast,
 From thy red dawn of death move radiant on,
 In paths of glory broadening to the noon.

THE PRESENT—INGERSOLL.

And now the present answers to the past,
 Genius to genius, through the wondrous years ;
 Bruno and Ingersoll, and on Time's arch
 What shining names adorn the pregnant space
 From Nolan's silent ashes to the lips
 That drop the sweetest words that charm the ear—
 The eloquence that ceases not with speech,
 But is immortal music to the mind !

Beloved master of the art supreme
 To language forth the spirit world within ;
 To make words flow with new melodious grace,
 Like waves that beaming break on shores of sense ;
 From the vast ocean of unbodied thought
 Thy brain hath caught all feeling, all the light
 Of imageries that fill the poet's eye ;
 The subtlest thoughts of man ; the dim desires
 That warm the savage breast ; the dreams that haunt
 And thrill and glorify the toiler's task,
 Till beauty springs from labor as the sheen
 Of lily from the sunless water spreads ;

Thou read'st the past, not as the bookworm reads,
 With words and facts strung on a leaden thread,
 But with imagination's golden power,
 So that the finest effluence of its life,
 Its heroes, martyrs, songs, philosophies,
 Resurgent in the living present breathe,
 Translated in thy miracle of speech
 To heavens of thought, enriching life to-day.
 Thus past and present in one glory join
 To make the marvel of our future hope ;
 From Bruno's stake to Voltaire's radiant star,
 To Paine's clear luster in the storms of war,
 To grace and charm of him who gems this hour
 With reason wedded to the poet's strain
 What light has gathered on man's toilsome way,
 What joy and promise, as new births bloom on !

THE FUTURE—THE CHILD.

O babe, so beautiful, love's gracious gift ;
 The sweetest jewel of our mortal life,
 The happy dawn upon our sorrow's path,
 The only tyrant that our hearts enthrone,
 The only monarch we obey and bless !
 O heir of ages, and the future's glass
 In which we see the splendors yet to be ;
 The tiny prophet of untraveled years ;
 The royal messenger of new domains
 Embosomed in the unborn wealth of time,
 To-morrow's king, sceptered in weakness dear,
 We bring to thee the treasures of the past ;
 Thou bring'st to us a thousand treasures more.
 For all the boundless future is thy realm ;
 Thine eyes are gates into the deeps of time,
 Far shining in their clear and wondering gaze ;
 In thee are all the imprints of the past—
 The million years of man's evolving life—

A thousand generations toiled for thee.
Poets have sung, and nations have marched on ;
Heroes have died, and martyrs starred the heavens ;
The lone discoverer hath watched the night,
Or toiled across the ocean's heaving breast,
Or pierced the chambers of the sea and land,
To make more splendid thy delightful hour—
To make thy birth the richest of all time.
In thee the past and present find their goal,
The fountain of the hope which jewels life.
Oh, what were life without thy helpless grace,
The soft entreaty of thy smiles and tears,
The beauty exquisite of dainty flesh
Flushed with the rose tints of thy joyous pulse ?
O crown of all our toils and all our gains,
Bear on the song of life to future years.
Oh, take the blessing of the mighty past ;
Oh, take the love, the glory of to-day,
Whose face is o'er thee tender as thy look,
Which holds the flower of promise o'er thy brow.
Grow strong and beautiful and brave and free,
Fair child, inheritor of sweet renown ;
Make thy bright harvest in the fields of time ;
Enrich with reason's light thy mingling path
With those which front with thine the golden dawn.
The great hereafter in thy beams we hail !



FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF FREETHOUGHT.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

FOUR hundred years of Freethought—from 1492 to 1892—present the most alluring and brilliant pages of human history. Only those who stand at the end of these crowded centuries can realize the advancing greatness of humanity. Never was the picture of Shakspeare so glowingly demonstrated: “What a piece of work is man; how noble in reason; how infinite in faculties; in form and moving how express and admirable; in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god.”

What lofty intellects adorn the way! What pomp of music is poured forth! What radiant discoveries on earth and in heaven are there! What vast inventions! what gigantic powers! It is like looking upon the splendors of the dawn, ever accumulating, as the day advances.

Through darkness and struggle; through bloody war; through torture and terror; through superstition, ignorance, and tyranny, Freethought has steadily pushed onward, with true Promethean fire, with the torch of reason, with undaunted face, with unreceding step, until now it leads the world with victorious colors.

But in tracing and unfolding the harmonious grandeur of these spacious centuries, it is necessary first of all that we understand what Freethought is—not a vague and indeterminate coruscation, but a distinct radiance, a manifold power, an intelligence “looking before and after,” a destroyer, and a builder.

Freethought is a spirit, a method, and a result.

The eternal spirit of Freethought is the spirit of doubt. Freethought never ceases to inquire, to question, and to deny. It utterly abhors faith. It makes no terms with a submissive mind.

Doubt, says Aristotle, is the beginning of wisdom. It is, indeed. Doubt is the first step to knowledge. It is only through Doubt that we can analyze, judge, and select. Unless we deny, we cannot search. Belief is ignorance. Unbelief is attainment. Doubt is sanity—faith is insanity. The supreme virtue of orthodoxy is credulity. The supreme virtue of Freethought is skepticism.

This has been the eternal battle—Faith on one side, Doubt against it, and Doubt has won and gemmed the earth with civilization.

Freethought doubts; but Freethought builds. Truth is its object; but there is only one way to reach truth—through facts.

The scientific method is the one universal method. There is no *a priori* royal road to truth. There is only the common road, the toilsome common-sense path of observation and induction. In experience alone are the beginnings of knowledge. He who starts with ideas, and labors to accommodate facts to ideas, is no Free-thinker, for he is bound to come to a certain conclusion, not by the force of truth, but the fiat of an assumption.

The truth for authority, and not authority for truth, is the axiom of Freethought; and by truth is meant not an image of the mind, but a fact of the universe.

Freethought is observation, experiment, demonstration—beyond that nothing.

It therefore rejects all authority—the authority of a book, of a church, of a pope, of a philosophy, of a scientific congress even. Science in itself is not authority, but influence—the constant association of facts with reason, not to command but to prove.

Freethought furthermore is a result. It is an intellectual attitude. It is Agnosticism, as that term is scientifically understood, and also Secularism. As all experience is finite, so all knowledge is finite, and relative. The infinite, the absolute are negations of thought—not thought itself. Freethought rejects intuitions, revelations, and high-sounding words, which have no meaning. It rejects God and Immortality as entirely outside of attainable truth. Freethought confesses the limitations of the human mind. To go outside of those limits is to become the slave of an imperious desire. We are not free when we think in obedience to an emotion. We are free only when we stick to facts. It is folly to assert that Freethought means that we can believe as we are a mind to. We can believe only according to evidence. It is not slavery to conform to reality; but it is slavery to believe a lie merely because it is attractive.

Freethought is not an intellectual result only, but a practical result. It is the application of truth. It is a selection of facts, and a re-arrangement of facts. It is the conquest of nature. It is human happiness, and human improvement by law and not by caprice. With Freethought there is no such thing as chance. It takes nothing on trust. It is open-eyed and always on the lookout. It believes in work, and is therefore an industrial power. It is action. It is forethought, skill, and invention. It is not only the illuminated brain, but the deft hand.

Freethought is also liberty, equality, and fraternity in

the domain of politics. These are not assumptions, but verities. As Freethought recognizes the unity of existence it must also recognize the equality of rights. If the king on the throne has any rights at all, the peasant in the hut has exactly the same rights. This is not a "glittering generality," but a scientific induction, for rights are not a condition dependent on circumstance and therefore variable, but a quality of life itself. The moment there is an individual there are rights, as the moment there is form there is relation. As well talk of form without relation as to talk of an individual without rights. Annihilation is preferable to a personality without liberty and equality. The doctrine of human rights has been of slow growth. It was scarcely recognized in ancient times. It is the result of many experiences, many conflicts, and many evolutions. It has gradually come to the front. It is the chief glory of modern times. Its greatest luster has shone since the birth of our republic. In the days of Columbus it was remote almost as the islands of the South Pacific.

Modern science affirms fraternity, not as a sentiment, but as a fact. This is an immense gain upon the Christian theory. We do not inculcate fraternity as a feeling merely, but we recognize it as a part of human knowledge. The race is actually one. The same life is in it, in every age, in every clime. There are no chasms in universal existence, no duality, but unity. When, therefore, I use the word Freethought, I use it in the most comprehensive sense, as an intellectual, moral, industrial, political, and social power. I mean scientific freedom, not a mere capricious freedom. I mean a freedom devoted to high ends. I mean doubt for the truth's sake. I mean facts correlated into a vast and splendid system of noble philosophy. I mean liberty whose expression is law, whose spirit is universal equality and universal brotherhood. In this large sense I would picture the triumphs of Freethought for the last four hun-

dred years—in philosophy, in science, in literature, in education, and in government.

I cannot minutely detail the progress of humanity throughout these vast domains of activity. It is a mighty maze, and volumes would be required to elucidate every current of thought. I can only touch upon the main features. I can only ascend a few mountain heights and from there record the extensive prospects. In passing through a vast country we cannot look upon every scene. We can not wander through every grove, or by every shining rivulet. Many a hill and dale must be neglected. We must hurry on, and from sublime eminences here and there behold the limitless expanse, and connect the whole by these radiant glimpses. Or, like the World's Fair, day after day we might haunt its treasured halls, and if we noted every beautiful exhibit it would take years to exhaust the marvelous display. We must take a few central points of observation, and from these witness what we can of its multitudinous scenes.

So must we study the Four Hundred Years of Free-thought by the representative geniuses, the lofty minds that in themselves contain and express supreme tendencies. I shall try and interpret history by personalities rather than by events, for it is in personalities that we see the heights and depths of human life, that we witness the trend of civilization. I am not giving the daily history of man, but the history of his highest moments, of his transcendent altitudes whence flow the thousand common streams of human advancement.

Many a philosopher, poet, hero, martyr, discoverer, and inventor I shall not mention, because, however shining and immortal their work, there is some superior mind who is the one grand interpreter of themselves and the age in which they live.

I shall not follow a strictly chronological course, for, entering upon some great domain of the world's progress,

I must outline its history for centuries, to the neglect for the time being of other parallel and equally important departments of man's growth.

Theologians, in endeavoring to reconcile Moses with geology, declare that in regard to creation's dawn and its wonderful events he did not receive a verbally inspired account of the exact process, but that the phantasmagoria of those primeval occurrences passed before his mind's eye, and he relates things not with objective accuracy, but as they subjectively appeared to him in his entranced state. He describes great pictures of the world beginnings as they roll upon his imagination. He is therefore right in his record from his position. What actually occurred would appear to him as he wrote it; but if his position had been changed, and he had been actually present at the creative period, his delineations would have been more scientifically correct.

However true this supposition may be about Moses, it exactly illustrates the method of my history of Free-thought. I shall not write it as if I were present at the unfolding of each event, so that I could photograph it and reproduce it exactly, but, standing at the end of the centuries on the gleaming heights of the World's Fair, these snowy Alps—not cold, but warm and effulgent as the golden bosom of the valleys where harvests shine—from these ample scenes and this central brightness I look back upon the morning and the shadows of the night and paint the pictures as they pass before my mental vision, as Moses might have painted the panorama of Creation. The misfortune of the theologian is that Moses failed to record his method, and it was not discovered until thirty-five hundred years after his death, and, as a consequence, many glorious intellects have suffered martyrdom who otherwise might have been honored and rewarded by the church. I take warning from the tragedy of the "Mistakes of Moses," and state my method and ask for criticisms on

that basis. I purpose to give a pictorial representation, rather than a narrative; interpretations, and not reports. Somebody playfully and yet keenly remarked of Macaulay's History that it was indeed "his story." This might be true and not altogether destroy the worth of Macaulay's labors, for a man's thoughts about history are sometimes as valuable as history itself, for truth may be in the thoughts as well as in the events themselves.

CHAPTER II.

COLUMBUS, VASCO DE GAMA, AND MAGELLAN—THE THREE VOYAGES.

EVERYBODY knows the history of Columbus—that he set sail from Palos with three small ships, etc. ; but what was the influence of that bold, adventurous, successful, and pathetic life upon man's advancement?

It was a fateful moment when Columbus placed foot upon the soil of the New World. Not even he could imagine the wonder that would be, the magnificence of the future, whose golden doors he was opening to eager millions. Think of the broad continent that lay before him, glittering in the setting sun. Think of the amazing riches of that unknown land, stretching for a thousand leagues from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Gold and silver were there in the heart of the mighty mountains. Virgin soil was there ribboned with many a shining stream. Vast lakes were there, blue as the sea itself, and boundless to the vision. Mile-wide rivers flowed from Northern zones to tropic splendors. Untrodden prairies spread in flowery billows over spaces more expanded than Europe itself. Gigantic forests, whose secrets it has taken centuries to unfold, extended in verdant gloom their stately ranks. Innumerable hills and valleys were waiting to bloom in harvest. Rich with the records of an illimitable past, a thousand heights fling challenge to man's daring step. Here are buried civilizations, and civilizations still living



and beautiful as the civilizations of the white invader's own home, and over which shall now fall the black pall of slavery and death. A whole race, roaming over the happy hunting-grounds, is doomed to destruction.

Freighted with desolation and glory was the landing of Columbus. Fifteen millions of human beings perished beneath the cross that waved in his silken banner, and even though liberty on this soil was to win its most dazzling triumphs, the church which he represented with drawn sword, darkening to a terrible tyranny, was now to be strengthened by the acquisition of millions of adherents and uncounted wealth. It was to own the fairest portions of this new world.

Vastness and grandeur of physical scenery, a wide and universal theater on which to act, conduce to freedom of thought; and in this respect America has added to man's hopes and progress. But superstition wins as well as freedom. The vastness and grandeur that inspire the lofty mind subdue and crush the weaker. The very amplitude of action in a new world prevents fineness of art, delicacy of genius, depth of insight, and nicety of achievement. These things must grow; they must be the result of age. The most superb of physical environments must be associated with centuries of national life before it can produce the most perfect flower. Action is apt to banish thought. I have met with thousands of shrewd businessmen who are still the slaves of the church. They have not time for reflection. I have noticed that amidst the grandest forms of nature there is oftentimes the greatest mental weakness and cowardice. I have struck miners, bold, resolute, adventurous, who obeyed the priest. It does not always follow that sublimity of natural aspect or opportunity for action conduce to liberty or intellectual power. As a matter of fact, in America to-day there is more petty interference with personal liberty than in almost any other portion of the civilized globe. And this is because Americans

are so taken up with the vastness of outward affairs that they will not concern themselves with fine, yet all-important, intellectual and moral distinctions. It does not happen because we are on a big continent and have immense physical vitality that therefore we are doing and thinking the best things. We are not, and the very greatness of our physical opportunities does prevent intellectual acumen. Not until Americans are crowded together, and material advantages are lessened, and there is not so much chance for muscle, and one must stop and think before he acts, will there be in our country the greatest poetry, the greatest philosophy, and the greatest art. There is such a thing as having too much room. To make the best of a little is of surpassing educational value. In compact Greece was produced the brightest civilization of ancient times. The vast countries never did give the world a genius. What did imperial Rome contribute to universal literature compared to what one of its little provinces—Germany, France, Britain—has contributed? And would Rome, if she had retained her enormous dominion, have rivaled the glories of modern civilization, which seem to be the result of concentration rather than of expansion?

It is not extent of territory that gives the only or greatest element of man's progress. It has its dangers as well as its opportunities. The tyrant avails himself of the unlimited chances and the very immensity of the continent gives him advantages that he would not otherwise possess. The Roman church is acquiring more power in America than in any other country. The Vatican, paling before the luster of Bruno's statue at Rome, is enthroned in the metropolis of the New World. Universal suffrage, greater than any king, is becoming the ally of this rapacious despotism. But Rome is not the only tyranny that flourishes in this republic through its very vastness. Upon our soil to-day we will find ignorance as dense as that of Africa, persecution as bitter as that of Siberia, and superstition as rank as that of the

South Sea islands; and it is the abundance of territory that makes these things possible. If all our millions were crammed into one-tenth the space they now occupy, ignorance and superstition and tyranny would vastly decrease. Extent of territory is a blessing so far as the bread-and-butter question is concerned, but this very facility of acquiring a living diminishes thought; and while populations are so widely scattered, so little in contact and ever moving, it is impossible to reach the highest point of human genius and excellence.

Therefore while Columbus opened a new world to freedom he also opened a new world to tyranny, and it may be that the greatest and bloodiest conflict of all time will yet take place upon this continent, even as the greatest civil war has already taken place, which would not have occurred but for the immense area over which our population extended. If the people had been in closer contact, the sword would not have been necessary.

The magnitude, therefore, of the discovery of Columbus makes it an uncertain benefit to the human race. Organized ignorance and superstition entered upon its conquest in opposition to freedom, which as yet, in 1492, scarcely recognized its powers. Justice for the time being was completely overthrown. The discovery of Columbus was followed by destruction and cruelty unparalleled in the history of the world. Slavery the most pitiless flung its black shadow over these fair regions. Bloody wars annihilated a happy people. The cross which Columbus bore and in whose name he took possession of this continent, gilded the blackest flag of piracy and murder that ever cursed humanity. Says Draper: "Those who died not under the lash in a tropical sun died in the darkness of the mine. From sequestered sand-banks where the red flamingo fishes in the gray of morning; from fever-stricken mangrove thickets and the gloom of impenetrable forests; from hiding-places in the clefts of rocks and the solitude

of invisible caves; from the eternal snows of the Andes where there was no witness but the all-seeing sun, there went up a cry of human despair. By millions and millions whole nations and races were remorselessly cut off. From Mexico and Peru a civilization that might have instructed Europe was crushed out."

Columbus was no Freethinker. He was a true child of the church, though he struck one of the keenest blows at the authority of the church ever inflicted by any skeptic. He gave almost undeniable proof that the earth was not flat, as it was declared to be by the standard theology of the church. For centuries the dark and passionate spirit of Augustine had ruled the theologians. On the question of the antipodes this great man had declared: "It is impossible there should be inhabitants on the opposite side of the earth, since no such race is recorded by scripture among the descendants of Adam."

This unanswerable argument was also made against the sphericity of the earth, that "in the day of judgment men on the other side of the globe could not see the Lord descending through the air."

Columbus demolished a cardinal doctrine when he stepped upon these shores. It was not so much the discovery of America as what the discovery declared as to the form of the earth that gave such immense significance to the voyage of Columbus. His persistent courage compelled the recognition of a new truth. Every wind that wafted him westward rolled back the clouds of a dark theology. If Columbus was not a heretic in thought he was certainly a heretic in action. He could not have done a greater service for Freethought. Devout Catholic as he was, his banners were the brightest signals in the broadening dawn of science. It certainly must have taken a man of superior genius to plunge into the unknown waste of waters, not only against night and storm, but the almost universal tradition of the church to which he gave

allegiance. I wonder sometimes if in the lone watches beneath the stars, straining his eyes to the westward to discover some sign of land after days of hope deferred, the words of the Christian father Lactantius did not come to his mind and almost make him repent of his audacity. "Is it possible," says this voice of the church, "that men can be so absurd as to believe that the crops and the trees on the other side of the earth hang downward, and that men have their feet higher than their heads. I am really at a loss what to say of those who when they have once gone wrong, steadily persevere in their folly."

Nevertheless Columbus did persevere, and he did discover trees that "hang downward," and men with "feet higher than their heads," and in so doing he set reason above faith, and toppled over theology.

And although the same ecclesiastical authorities declared that if the earth were round, "its rotundity would present a kind of mountain, up which it was impossible for him to sail, even with the fairest wind; and so he could never come back," yet Columbus did come back, not only revealing America, but the possibility of the vast earth with its continents and seas and peoples swinging through the immensities of space. It was no longer flat, a quadrangular plane, inclosed by mountains on which rests the crystalline dome of the sky. Though confuted by the Pentateuch, the Psalms, the Prophecies, the Gospels, the Epistles, and the writings of the Fathers, St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Gregory, St. Basil, and St. Ambrose, the sturdy sailor knocked over the proudest superstructure of the religion which he himself professed. I wonder if Columbus was at heart a Freethinker. Perhaps he belonged to that wise company of which D'Israeli relates, "Men of sense have but one religion." "What is that?" is the inquiry. "Men of sense never tell."

The church, however, as the final arbitress of all scien-

tific questions, had committed itself against the globular form of the earth. Rome the infallible never retracts anything, never recedes, unless absolutely compelled to by overwhelming evidence, and even the voyage of Columbus was not sufficient to convince the theologian of the error of the ancient geography constructed out of the texts of the Bible. Possibly the world might still be flat, only of larger extent than hitherto supposed. The four pillars might still be at the four corners of the earth. Columbus did not settle the question beyond the possibility of dispute. Other voyages must be made over still unknown seas. Columbus failed in his attempt to reach India by sailing to the west. Vasco de Gama succeeded by sailing to the south. He doubled the Cape of Good Hope and retraced the track of the ships of Pharaoh Necho which had accomplished the same undertaking two thousand years ago. He set sail July 9, 1497. On May 19, 1498, he reached Calicut on the Malabar coast.

The consequences of this voyage were to the last degree important. The commercial arrangements of Europe were completely dislocated. The front of Europe was changed. Britain was put in the van of the new movement.

And now, in consequence of the rivalry between Spain and Portugal, the greatest voyage of all time was undertaken. August 10, 1519, Magellan sailed from Seville. He struck boldly for the southwest. He lost sight of the North star, but held courageously on. A mutiny broke out. One ship deserted and stole back to Spain. His perseverance and resolution were at last rewarded by the discovery of the strait, named by him San Vittoria, in honor of his ship, but named ever after Strait of Magellan. November 20, 1520, he issued from its western portals into the Great South Sea. Admiring its illimitable and placid surface, he gave it the name, "Pacific Ocean."

Having burst through this barrier, he steered for the



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northwest. For three months and twenty days he never saw inhabited land. He was compelled by famine to eat the sweepings of the ship. Yet he resolutely held on his course, though his men were dying daily. He estimated that he sailed over this unfathomable sea not less than twelve thousand miles.

“In the whole history of human undertakings,” says Draper, “there is nothing that exceeds, if there is anything that equals, this voyage of Magellan’s. That of Columbus’s dwindles away. But though the church hath evermore from Holy Writ affirmed that the earth should be a widespread plane, bordered by waters, yet he comforted himself when he considered that in the eclipses of the moon the shadow cast of the earth is round; and as is the shadow such in like manner is the substance. It was a stout heart—a heart of triple brass—which could thus, against such authority, extract unyielding faith from a shadow.”

Magellan reached the Ladrones. He thus grandly accomplished his object; but it was not given him to complete the circumnavigation of the globe. At an island called Ze-bu, he was killed. “The General,” his men said, “was a very brave man, and received his death wound in his front.”

Magellan’s lieutenant, Sebastian d’Elcano, directed his course to the Cape of Good Hope, encountering the most fearful hardships. He doubled the cape, and on September 7, 1522, in the port of St. Luca, near Seville, the “good ship San Vittoria came safely to anchor. She had accomplished the greatest achievement in the history of the human race. She had circumnavigated the globe.”

“Doubly immortal and thrice happy is Magellan,” says the historian, “for he impressed his name indelibly on the earth and the sky; on the strait that connects the two great oceans, and on those clouds of starry worlds seen in

the southern heavens. He also imposed a designation on the largest portion of the globe."

It was now altogether useless for the church to bring forward the authority of Holy Writ that the earth was flat. It remained only to permit the dispute to pass into oblivion; but this could not be done without discovering the fact that science was beginning to display a vast advantage over Bible theology, and unmistakable tokens that ere long she would destroy her tyrannical antagonist.

CHAPTER III.

BEFORE COLUMBUS.

DRAPER places these three great voyages as immediately preceding the Age of Reason in Europe. They were the destroyers of ancient faith. They were the illuminators of the morning.

Before the time of Columbus were the "Dark Ages," but they were not altogether the dark ages, and anterior to the discovery of America there were wonderful streaks of light in those obscure times. Let us try and understand the condition.

Christianity, as it ruled the world in the time of Constantine, was indeed a blasting power. It was the greatest curse that ever came upon humanity. It destroyed life, it destroyed science, it destroyed civilization. The murder of Hypatia was the logical result both of the teachings of Jesus and St. Paul—"He who preaches any other gospel let him be accursed"; "Those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me." In its inception and progress Christianity is the most cruel religion that has ever blackened the pages of history. In the pathetic death of Hypatia we behold its immortal infamy.

The fate of Hypatia was a warning to all who would cultivate knowledge. Henceforth there was to be no freedom of human thought if Christianity prevailed.

In the sixth century, Mohammed appeared, more won-

derful and more successful than Jesus himself, for to-day he is the religious guide of one-third of the human race.

Mohammed overthrew and absolutely annihilated the old idolatry. The essential dogma of the new faith, "There is but one God," spread without any adulteration.

The doctrine of the unity of God is ever an advance upon the doctrine of the trinity of God. It is a step toward the destruction of God. In fact, as Bishop Huntingdon shows, the trinitarian philosophy is absolutely necessary to the permanency of the God-idea, for only a tri-une God is of any possible service to humanity, or is comprehensible by humanity. The doctrine of the trinity is not to satisfy the head, but the heart. Cold as it seems to be, it is the outcome of a passionate religious sentiment, which desires to make God real, tangible, and accessible, which he cannot be under the bare idea of unity.

The doctrine of the unity of God logically tends to Pantheism, as it did in the philosophy of Averroes, and Pantheism eventually becomes Atheism.

Both in philosophy and science Mohammedanism surpassed the Christianity of the Middle Ages. Whately views it as a corruption of Christianity. It is rather a reformation, and superior in many respects to Luther's reformation.

The triumph of the Saracen army was marvelous. Jerusalem, Alexandria, Carthage fell before its victorious colors. Mohammedanism dominated from the Altai Mountains to the Atlantic Ocean, and from the center of Asia to the western verge of Africa. Of its advance in Europe, Gibbon says: "A victorious line of march had been prolonged above a thousand miles from the rock of Gibraltar to the banks of the Loire—a repetition of an equal space would have carried the Saracens to the confines of Poland and the Highlands of Scotland."

The most powerful religious empire that the world had ever seen thus suddenly came into existence. It sur-

passed in extent the dominions of imperial Rome. Christianity found its safeguard not in the sword of Charles Martel or the prayers of the pope, but in the quarrels of the Omniades, the Fatimitis, and the Abassides.

The Nestorians, who were the ancient Unitarians, and the Jews, exerted great influence in the development of Mohammedanism. The fanaticism of the Saracens abated, their manners became polished, their thoughts elevated. They abandoned the fallacies of vulgar Mohammedanism, and accepted in their stead scientific truth. Al-Manun, on the shores of the Red Sea, in the plains of Shinar, established the truth of the sphericity of the earth. Translations of Greek philosophical authors were made into Arabic. Schools of medicine and law were established. Great libraries were collected. It was the boast of the Saracens that they produced more poets than all other nations combined. They perceived that science can never be advanced by mere speculation, but only by the practical interrogation of nature. The characteristics of their method are observation and experiment. They were the originators of chemistry, and the inventors of algebra, and adopted the Indian enumeration in arithmetic. "The Thousand and One Arabian Nights' Entertainment" bears testimony to the creative fancy of the Saracens. Besides these there were works on history, jurisprudence, politics, and philosophy. They taught Europe the game of chess. The empire was dotted all over with colleges. The modern philosophy of evolution was taught. The beautiful doctrines of Averroes prevailed and even invaded Christendom; doctrines which affirmed the indestructibility of matter and force, and that the spirit of man was an emanation of the universal intellect.

However, before the time of Columbus the brilliancy of Arabian scholarship had declined. Science and philosophy were retarded, and orthodox theology began to reign. The religion of Mohammed returned to the old

anthropomorphic conception of God, and of heaven as a mansion of carnal pleasures. Mohammedanism was a tremendous agitator and wide enlightenment, but it did not usher in the age of reason, though for a time it flamed with the colors of Freethought.

Averroes, in his old age, 1198, was expelled from Spain, and declared a traitor to religion. Other philosophers were put to death, and the consequence was that Islam like Europe was full of hypocrites.

In 1243 the Inquisition was introduced. Its first duty was that of dealing with the Jews.

Under the Saracen rule the Jews were treated with the utmost consideration. They became distinguished for wealth and learning. Their mercantile interests led them to travel all over the world. They were the physicians and bankers of Europe. They were proficient in mathematics and astronomy. They were the cause of the voyage of De Gama.

The orthodox clergy excited popular prejudice against them. A bull was issued in 1478 for the suppression of heresy. In 1481 two thousand victims were burnt at Andalusia; seventeen thousand were fined or imprisoned. Torture was relied upon for conviction. The families of the condemned were plunged into irretrievable ruin. Torquemada destroyed Hebrew Bibles wherever he could find them, and burnt six thousand volumes of Oriental literature. Then came the banishment of the Jews. March 30, 1492, about six months before the voyage of Columbus, the edict of expulsion was signed. All unbaptized Jews were ordered to leave Spain by the end of the following July. If they revisited the realm they would suffer death. The Spanish clergy occupied themselves by preaching in the public squares sermons filled with denunciations against their victims, who swarmed the roads and filled the air with cries of despair. Even the on-lookers



wept at the scene of agony. And this was in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The edict against the Jews was soon followed by one against the Moors. In 1502 all unbaptized Moors in the kingdoms of Castile and Leon were ordered to leave the country by the end of April. They were forbidden to emigrate to the Mohammedan dominions. Such was the fiendish intolerance of the Spanish government. No faith was kept with the victims. After a residence of eight centuries they were driven from the land.

These instances show what a black night of bigotry and tyranny was over the world in the days of Columbus. And yet there were bright and beautiful signs of the coming age.

Roger Bacon was born in England in 1214, and was one of the greatest geniuses of his age or of any age. He was familiar with Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic. Of mathematics he truly says: "It is the first of all the sciences. It precedes all others and disposes us to them." He affirmed the principles of inductive philosophy. In him, as Hallam says, "were many prophetic gleams of the future course of science." His life was one of the most pathetic and sublime ever lived upon this planet. He struggled against tremendous odds. He was in an age of ignorance and his glorious discoveries were little regarded. He was hundreds of years in advance of his times. How significant was his famous expression, "The ignorant mind cannot sustain the truth"! In his letter to Pope Clement he wrote: "It is on account of the ignorance of those by whom I am surrounded that I cannot accomplish more." After a life of noble devotion to knowledge he was rewarded in old age with ten years' imprisonment, and when he died he uttered the melancholy complaint: "I repent now that I have given myself so much trouble for the love of science." Of him it might be more fitly sung than of Milton:

“Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart.”

His lofty genius indeed shone in isolated grandeur, blazing with a light that it took centuries to appreciate. Brave, glorious old man, the brightest star upon the forehead of that dawn which opened to a boundless day, thou shouldst have lived to enjoy the fruits of thy desolate toil. To-day, thou wouldst have worn the crown. Too late, too late for thy bruised and martyred spirit hath star-eyed Science poured its glory upon man's path. But thou shalt not be forgotten, though centuries pass before the flowers bloom on thy unlaureled grave.

The regeneration of Italy began with the exile of the popes to Avignon, 1309. Dante sang his song in that century, and had the courage to put some of the popes in hell and damn them with melodious verse. The illustrious Petrarch, 1304-1374, not only poured forth his own passionate music, but endeavored to make his countrymen appreciate Homer. According to his own confession, the number who read Homer at that time did not exceed ten. Boccaccio, 1313-1375, joined in the same effort. He did more, however, by his own immortal productions, which will be a part of universal literature as long as the world stands. Shelley writes of Boccaccio: “How much do I admire Boccaccio! What descriptions of nature are there in his little introductions to every new day. Boccaccio seems to me to have possessed a deep sense of the fair ideal of human life. He often expresses things lightly, too, which have serious meanings of a very beautiful kind. His is the opposite of the Christian, stoical, ready-made and worldly system of morals.” This is the tribute of one Freethought poet to another across the centuries. In Petrarch and Boccaccio we see much “sweetness and light,” notwithstanding the darkness of their surroundings and the hideous theology that ruined the world. It is in literature that we see the life of a people rather than in any

series of events, however imposing, and the tales of Boccaccio, so graceful, so fanciful, so agreeable even to the imagination and culture of to-day, and sparkling with the effluence of the breaking Freethought of his own time, demonstrate that the spiritual bonds of Rome did not very strictly inclose the wit and genius of man—that there was a vast undercurrent of intelligence sweeping far beyond the doctrines of orthodoxy. The “tender and solemn enthusiasm,” as Shelley calls it, of Petrarch, the great representative of Italian humanism, ranks him also among the skeptics of the Renaissance, using the word skeptic in its philosophical meaning to denote thinkers of an analytic mind who search for truth constantly, and are opposed to dogmatism. Dante was also among the skeptics, in spite of his cruel Christianity, which is an indelible blot upon his otherwise magnificent poem, the greatest of Italian literature, and the most musical epic ever poured forth from the brain of man. In writing his poem in the exquisite Italian language, the great Dante revolted against the supremacy of the church, for, as Draper points out, the universal use of the Latin tongue was necessary to the absolute dominion of Rome. So long as this was the sole language of the educated classes the church possessed an inestimable advantage. The growth of modern languages, the Italian, German, French, and English especially, with their wealth of native literature, has not only been a vast civilizing and Freethought agency, but an enduring and insuperable obstacle to the unity of the church and its universal sway. Language is a most powerful instrumentality either for progress or retrogression, and the establishment of the Latin language as the one language of learning and literature did more perhaps than anything else to make Rome supreme. Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, by their ennoblement of their native speech, were the forerunners of the new Italy of to-day.

Another indication of the ocean currents of the human

mind was the extraordinary popularity of a work ascribed to Thomas á Kempis, "Imitation of Christ." It is said to have had more readers than any other book except the Bible. Its essential intention was to enable the pious to cultivate devotional feeling without the intervention of the clergy. As Draper says: "Such a work written at the present day would find an apt and popular title in 'Every Man His Own Priest.'" The celebrity of the book displays a profound distrust of the ecclesiastics both in morals and in intellect. This book was a favorite of George Eliot, one of the greatest Freethought writers of this age, and therefore there must be something in it of permanent value to one religiously inclined as George Eliot undoubtedly was, but whose vigorous and untrammelled genius would accept only the best of human thought. In a sense the "Imitation of Christ" was a revolutionary book, in that it cultivated self-reliance in religion instead of dependence upon a priesthood. In the "Imitation of Christ" we find the breath of the Reformation. Thomas á Kempis was the John the Baptist of Luther.

But the two greatest Freethought forces anterior to Columbus was the restoration of Greek to Italy, 1395, and the invention of printing, 1440.

Greek genius worked wonders in religion, in philosophy, in literature. Think of these mighty treasures of the incomparable past poured upon a people who had already been stirred by the songs of Dante, of Petrarch, and Boccaccio, who had imbibed the sublime and beautiful ideas of Averroes, and now discovered their fountain head. Gibbon, in one of his most splendid passages, thus describes the Greek tongue: "In their lowest depths of servitude and depression the subjects of the Byzantine throne were still possessed of a golden key that could unlock the treasures of antiquity, of a musical and prolific language that gives a soul to the objects of sense, and a body to

the abstractions of philosophy." Coleridge, also, with exquisite eloquence, says: "Greek, the shrine of the genius of the Old World, as universal as our race, as individual as ourselves; of infinite flexibility, of indefatigable strength, with the complication and the distinctness of nature herself; to which nothing was vulgar, from which nothing was excluded; speaking to the ear like Italian, speaking to the mind like English; with words like pictures, with words like the gossamer film of the summer; at once the variety and picturesqueness of Homer, the gloom and intensity of Eschylus; not compressed to the closest by Thucydides, not fathomed to the bottom by Plato, not sounding with all its thunder, nor lit up with all its ardors even under the Promethean touch of Demosthenes."

There never was, there never will be, anything like the Greek world of thought again. It shines with peculiar and immortal loveliness, the child of the sweetest clime that ever invigorated and expanded the genius of man. But not only the Greek thought, but the Greek language, is unequalled in its varied and marvelous potency, and so long as civilization endures it will be one of the noblest educators of human speech.

And the church dreaded this illustrious innovator, more ancient in its glory than its own hoary creeds, a living power before Rome was born. No wonder that its influence upon men's minds was a terror to the priest. With a quick and jealous suspicion he learned to detect a heretic from his knowledge of Greek—and of Hebrew, too, for the study at that time of Hebrew assailed the foundations of the church's faith.

The discovery of America was not so great a boon to the race as the discovery of intellectual Greece. The one was the revelation of physical grandeur and boundless material opportunity, the other of the sublimity of the mind, the splendor of art, of poetry, the beauty and the grace that must ever inspire humanity to its greatest deeds,

But mightier than Greek genius or the voyages of Columbus, De Gama, and Magellan was the art of printing, without which the civilization of to-day would be impossible. Society in its highest state depends upon its means of communication and records of the past. Without memory it is impossible to know or to advance. With memory is the first step of progress. Printing has increased a thousandfold the memory of man, and so his possibilities of improvement. For one thing, it has made insignificant the pulpit, which was once the sole means of communication with the people, and which thundered its anathemas, from which there was no appeal. The newspaper now is far more potent than the pulpit, and will not enslave the race, for from its very nature it must ever be the battlefield of opinions. The monopoly of the church was destroyed by the press.

But the printing-press would be of little value without paper. It would be like a chained giant. There were methods of printing in Rome, Babylon, and Egypt, but no paper. Books could not be multiplied. Fortunately, with the modern printing-press came the manufacture of paper in illimitable quantities, and the first manufacture of paper in Europe was by the Moors, and the art of printing came from China; so it seems that modern civilization is indebted to the disciples of Confucius and Mohammed for its most fruitful instruments, the press and paper, as also the mariner's compass and gunpowder. What honor is there for Christianity?

It is interesting to notice the activity of the press at the close of the fifteenth century. In all Europe, between 1470 and 1500, more than ten thousand editions of books and pamphlets were printed, a majority in Italy. In Venice there were 2,835, in Rome 925, in Paris 751, and in London only 130, at Oxford 7, and St. Albans 4. As late as 1550 but seven works had been printed in Scotland, and among them not a single classic. Italy was nearly as



far advanced in 1400 as England was in 1500, says Draper.

I have thus endeavored to give some idea of the state of the world at the time of Columbus. It was by no means a stagnant world. It was a world of energy, of which Columbus, De Gama, and Magellan are brilliant representatives. For centuries in the "Dark Ages," amidst the glooms of theology, the awful tyrannies of the church, the dense ignorance of the masses, the immorality of the clergy, and their hatred and terror of Greek and science, still were there mighty intellectual movements. The great Mohammedan empire sprang up, and temporarily allied itself with learning, philosophy, and science, and its vast pathway was adorned with the light of poetry, of romance, of glorious discovery and invention, though now the fiat of orthodoxy was upon it. Dante and Petrarch had sung; Boccaccio had made the shadow of death sunny with his immortal fancies; the radiant Oriental philosophy of Averroes had invaded even the courts of Rome; the ancient treasures of Greece were filling the world with unexpected light, and the art of printing had scattered millions of books from Italy to England.

CHAPTER IV.

ASTRONOMY.

AFTER the three great voyages of Columbus, De Gama, and Magellan, with their immense results, changing the whole face of human history, came the still vaster voyages of the mind of man through the infinite heavens. The earth was round. Still it might be stationary and the center of the universe. But a more amazing discovery was yet to be made; the ponderous earth itself was to be let loose, and, flying swifter than the ships of Columbus, travel space around the distant sun, and the sun itself, with its retinue of planets, was launched forth upon an endless journey. It was a staggering blow to the church, and no wonder it took centuries for the infallible pope to accommodate himself to this stupendous discovery.

What an enormous battlefield was now opening upon the range of man for the conflict between intellect and superstition. Not simply the solar system itself, but vast spaces wherein millions of orbs millions of times larger than the earth itself were sweeping with illimitable splendors. Slowly and timidly began the battle in behalf of the heliocentric theory. It was a daring speculation, a tremendous and fearful blow against the authority of the church, to be most bitterly resented. No wonder that Copernicus waited thirty-six years before he dared to give his discovery to the world. No wonder that he waited until his dying hour before publishing his heretical book,

that was to change the face of the heavens and give the lie to all the teachings of the Christian fathers. Copernicus died in 1543. On the day of his death, a few hours before he expired, a copy of his book was placed in his hands. He touched it and seemed conscious of what it was and then relapsed into a state of insensibility and passed away. He could only thus be safe from the hands of the Christian church for publishing the greatest truth yet made known to mankind—namely, that the earth was not stationary, but was moving around the sun and whirling upon its axis.

The doctrine of Copernicus was taken up by the indomitable Bruno and urged with extraordinary force upon the attention of Europe. Bruno was born in 1548 and died 1600, a martyr to Science. Bruno was an enthusiast, a fiery spirit, marvelously gifted with a vast imagination, and his work on "The Plurality of Worlds" was a most startling production. How insignificant it made the earth appear; how insignificant the church, with its pompous ceremonies, its popes and its cardinals, its scheme of redemption, its mother of God, St. Peter and the cross. No wonder that bigotry uttered a cry of horror and crushed the knight-errant of philosophy, who found no refuge anywhere in the civilized world. He was tried, excommunicated, and delivered over to the secular authorities to be punished "as mercifully as possible and without the shedding of blood," the abominable formula for burning a man alive. With prophetic truth he nobly responded when the sentence was passed upon him, "Perhaps it is with greater fear that ye pass this sentence upon me than I receive it." His illustrious monument now confronts the Vatican at Rome. The solemn pathos of his death scene is eloquently commemorated by a Freethought poet of America:

In the smiling land where the Tiber flows
On its winding way from the mountains down,
The sun of a far-off day arose
On a seven-hilled city of past renown.

It shone on pillar and tower and arch,
On church and temple and statue fair,
On a mob of black-robed priests who march
To a chosen spot in a public square.

It sees the man they have brought and bound,
It sees them driving the martyr's stake,
And while they are piling the fagots round
Their curses and maledictions break.

We look, and the cowed and howling crowd
Of Roman ruffians and Romish priests
Scowl dark on their victim, angry-browed
With the brutal passions of savage beasts.

No friend is present to take his part,
Nor venture the protest of groan or sob,
Save that some woman of tender heart
Weeps low at the outskirts of the mob.

The hands of assassins have lit the fire,
But the martyr, erect, unawed, unbowed,
Looks out from the smoke of his funeral pyre
Serene as the stars look through a cloud.

The deed is done, and the crowds disperse,
And Bruno, the noble, once more is free,
For the waves of the Tiber, a somber hearse,
Flow down with his ashes toward the sea.

Ah, this was Rome when the church had power,
And owned the soil that the patriot trod;
This was the bloom of the papal flower—
Yea, this was Italy under God.

But the sun shines still, round goes the world,
 And another era has dawned on Rome ;
 The vicar of Christ from the throne is hurled,
 And the land of the popes is the free man's home.

On the spot where Bruno died that day
 A marble statue confronts the eye,
 While the priests in their cloister curse or pray,
 And bemoan the worth of a time gone by.

And Italy's sons, while the Tiber flows,
 Will guard that statue from break or fall,
 And Bruno's lovers shall fame disclose,
 As the noblest Romans among them all.

Ah, this is Italy, free at last
 From the curse of the sacerdotal clan ;
 Undoing the crimes of a brutal past,
 Lo, this is Italy under Man.

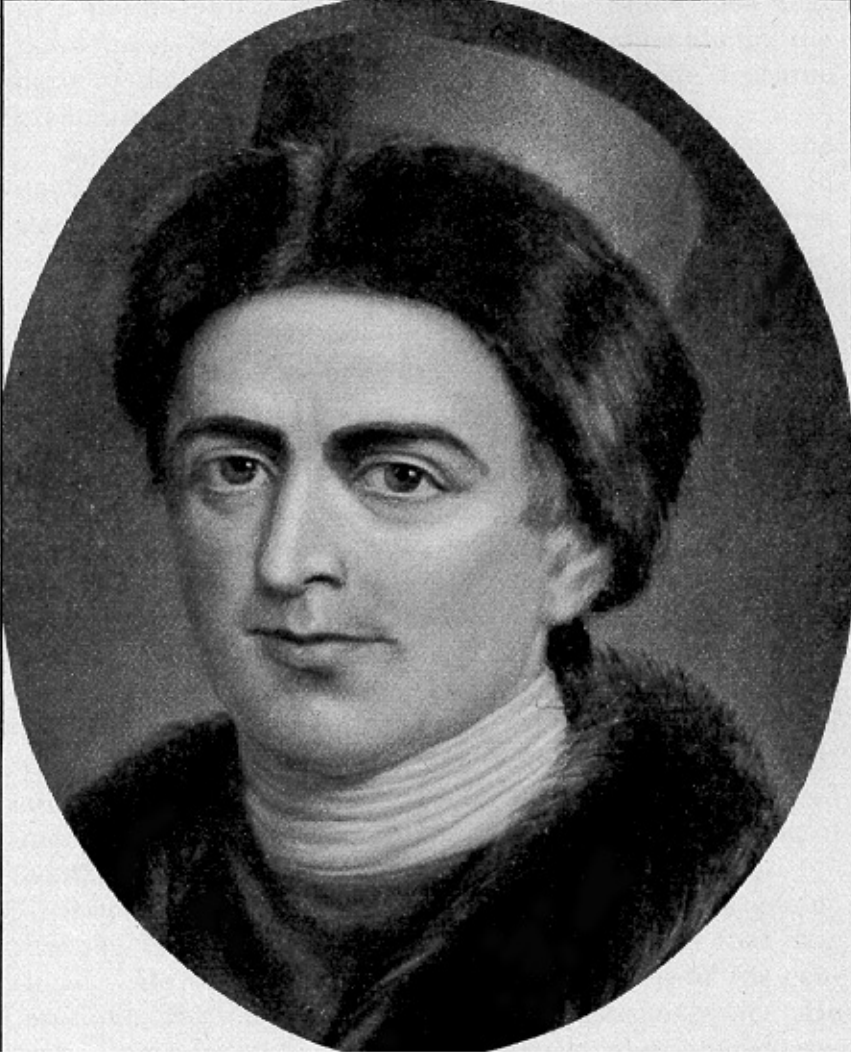
GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

Less than a decade after his death, a great and fortunate event occurred, which, by increasing the vision of man, destroyed the last hopes of the ecclesiastical party. This was the invention of the telescope, by Lippershey, a Dutchman, in 1608. Galileo, hearing of the circumstance in the following year, invented a form for himself. He applied it to celestial objects. On turning it to the moon, he found that she had mountains and valleys like those of the earth. He discovered innumerable fixed stars, hitherto unseen by man, an insuperable objection to the fallacy that they were made to illuminate the earth by night. He discovered the phases of Venus, which indubitably established for her a motion around the sun, and removed one of the weightiest objections to the Copernican theory. In 1611 he wrote a letter for the purpose of showing that the Bible was not intended to be a scientific authority.

He thus repeated Bruno's offense. He was summoned to Rome. His sentence was that he must renounce his heretical opinions and pledge himself that he would neither publish nor defend them for the future. He assented to the required recantation. The Inquisition then proceeded to denounce the new system of the universe as "that false Pythagorean doctrine utterly contrary to the Holy Scriptures." This was in 1616. In 1632 the irrepressible spirit of Galileo burst forth again, and he ventured on the publication of his work, "The System of the World," its object being to establish more fully the Copernican doctrine. He was again summoned before the Inquisition. He was put into solitary confinement—an old man in ill health. His trial completed, in penitential garment he received judgment. He was made to fall upon his knees before the assembled cardinals, and, with his hand on the Gospels, abjure his heresies. He was then committed to prison. After five years' confinement he was permitted to remove to Florence for his health. His infirmities and misfortunes now increased. In 1637 he became totally blind. Shortly after he became totally deaf. He died in 1642, a prisoner of the Inquisition. He was denied burial in consecrated ground.

But the church could not quench the immortal thought of Galileo any more than it could stop the stars upon their courses. It could not make the earth to stand still and the sun to roll about it. It could not make one iota less the interminable spaces through which sparkled uncounted suns. The thumbscrew could not vie with the telescope. Suffering might make Galileo blind, but naught could close that mighty eye—increasing in brightness until two hundred million suns glittered in its enormous circuit.

The sublime Kepler, with marvelous patience, with somewhat mystic insight, unfolded still further the harmonies and grandeurs of the solar system. The mind of Kepler seemed akin to the motions of the planets. He



was a splendid guesser, but every guess was submitted to inexorable computations. He himself said: "I considered and reflected until I was almost mad." But he held on with philosophical determination to the grand idea that there must be some physical inter-connection among the parts of the solar system. At length he hit upon the three great laws. He demonstrated them.

It was an important step to the establishment of the doctrine of the government of all the world by law. In the movement of the planets around the sun there was correlation and harmony.

But what was the cause of these exquisite and beautiful mathematical movements?

It would not do any longer to guess. There must be a slow and toilsome advance from the mechanics of the earth to the mechanics of the heavens. In the fall of a coin of gold and feather were to be traced the mighty laws of the movements of remotest worlds.

Leonardo da Vinci, born 1452, was one of the most radiantly gifted minds of his century. He was well acquainted with the earth's annual motion. He knew the law of friction. He described the camera obscura, the nature of colored shadows, the use of the iris. He occupied himself with the fall of bodies on the hypothesis of the earth's rotation. He treated of the times of descent along inclined planes and circular arcs, and foreshadowed one of the great discoveries of geology, the elevation of continents.

Leonardo da Vinci is certainly the man whose genius has the best right to be called universal of any that ever lived. He was the most accomplished painter of his generation. He was sculptor, architect, musician, critic. He was mechanic, anatomist, botanist, physiologist, astronomer, chemist, geologist, and geographer. He set himself to perform tasks and solve problems too arduous and too manifold for the strength of any single life. With

his labors, however, was the beginning of Natural Philosophy, and his name will always shine in the annals of scientific progress. He made possible the *Principia* of Newton. Along with Copernicus, Bruno, Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler he helped to reveal the immensities of the starry regions and to place them under law.

Galileo, in 1638, states the true law of the uniformity and perpetuity of motion, the knowledge of which lies at the basis of physical astronomy. Through the labors of Torricelli and others the principles of mechanics were solidly established, and everyone had become ready to admit that the motion of planetary bodies would find an explanation on these principles, but it wanted the master mind to demonstrate the theory.

In April, 1686, the "*Principia*" of Newton was presented to the Royal Society. As a purely intellectual work it is the greatest that has ever appeared in the world's history, and it probably will never be surpassed as an exhibition of the gigantic powers of the human mind.

Newton not only laid the foundation of physical astronomy, but carried the structure very far toward its completion. He unfolded the theory of universal gravitation. Newton was led to his discovery by reflecting that at all altitudes gravity appears to be undiminished. Might not gravity extend to the moon? In his first calculations, Newton found that the moon is deflected from the tangent thirteen feet every minute; but, if the theory of gravitation were true, the deflection should be fifteen feet. He put aside the subject for several years. At length, with new and more accurate measures of a degree which affected the estimate of the magnitude of the earth and the distance of the sun, he repeated the calculations. As they drew to a close, he became so agitated that he desired a friend to finish them. It was demonstrated that the moon revolved around the earth by the

force of terrestrial gravity, and that its orbit was elliptical, and so also must be the orbits of planets around the sun, and the cause of Kepler's laws was thus made plain.

Thus ended the greatest conflict in history between the church and science. It had been most bitterly contested. The church disputed every inch of ground. It imprisoned, it tortured, and it burned at the stake. The Ptolemaic system of astronomy was established in the second century, and maintained its ground for nearly fifteen hundred years. It was the "Principia" of Newton that destroyed it forever. That ancient system was necessary to the prestige of the church. It would not do to declare the infinity of worlds. It would not do for the earth to be a mere speck of light in the midst of numberless constellations. It would not do to declare that law pervaded the universe, and that there was no room for any miracle. It would not do for the telescope to penetrate space until the sun itself was but a mist upon the boundless expanse, and no God, no heaven anywhere—not a scintilla of angel or golden throne. It was a tremendous conflict—hoary ages and hoary superstition, the pope with his thunders of excommunication, the church with its everlasting hell, the dungeon and the fagot and the sword, the Inquisition with its awful horrors—all these were mustered against the rising glories of science. Copernicus died before he dared to blazon forth the truth he had through laborious years silently accumulated. Galileo bent the knee. Bruno imperiously perished in the flames. Yet the mind of man was unconquerable. It would not be chained, it would be free; it would scale the heavens, and how magnificent has been the result. What an elevation, what a splendor has been given to human life—though the earth itself shrinks into insignificance—for man finds himself part of an infinite universe, of infinite power, of infinite light, of infinite law. There is no end. Night after night the amazing spectacle passes before his eyes. Night after

night a thousand telescopes sweep the glittering plains. Vast systems extend before the gaze—some in perfect order, some in the nebular glow of formation, and some in the throes of destruction. Stars, comets, asteroids, planets, suns, in inconceivable and measureless pomp overwhelm the imagination with suggestions of still grander spaces and vaster orbs. What a battle-ground this has been, and what an ennobling victory has been won! The flag of Freethought is gemmed with stars, and it floats from an impregnable height.

CHAPTER V.

THE REFORMATION.

THE Reformation, lurid and destructive, marks an epoch in human progress. It soon reached its culmination and ceased to be of any benefit. It was a furious protest backed by the sword and cruel persecutions of its own, but it was a stroke for liberty. Millions of men were struggling for their own rights, though careless of the rights of others. It is something, however, for one to have the courage to defend himself rather than to submit. The Reformation was as relentless as Rome in its own way—but still it was better, and also by its opposition made Rome better. I doubt if science could have so grandly won its way if the despotic unity of Rome had not been destroyed and its very existence involved in a life-and-death struggle for political power. Luther himself was opposed to science. He had no use for Copernicus. He said of this astronomer: "People gave ear to an upstart astrologer who strove to show that the earth revolves, not the heavens or the firmament, the sun and the moon. Whoever wishes to appear clever must devise some new system which of all systems is of course the very best. This fool wishes to reverse the entire science of astronomy. But sacred Scripture tells us that Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still and not the earth."

Calvin burnt Servetus with a refinement of cruelty that

would have rejoiced the heart of the inquisitor-general. The gain of the Reformation for science was not in any direct help that it afforded, but by precipitating the world of Europe into a mortal struggle on theological questions; for the time being it withdrew the attention of authority to a certain extent from the transactions of science, which pursued its way as in the case of Newton somewhat unobtrusively, and won its splendid victories without the church apparently realizing their vast significance—and when the church did have a chance to turn its attention to these fields and supervise them as of old it was too late. The “Principia” had been published.

The Reformation was an enormous help to the literary activity of the people. The printing-press was used as an engine of war. Luther invoked its aid and was thus enabled to strike a terrific blow at Rome from which it has never recovered. Rome would have burned every printing-press if it had had the power. Rome wanted no means of communication with the people except the pulpit, and through an accredited priest. The power of the pulpit was the bulwark of Rome. On the other hand, the printing-press was the salvation of Luther. He could not have won without it. It enabled him to arouse vast masses of people—and to give them an opportunity to judge for themselves. His translation of the Bible into the common language was a masterstroke. To give the Bible to the people was an immense advance for liberty. No matter what the Bible is in itself, its distribution by hundreds of thousands of copies in the time of Luther with an appeal to private judgment was the source of a tremendous agitation. It brought into play forces of revolution that Luther and his princes could not control. Besides, Luther made the German language a literary power. It took the place of Latin as a vehicle for song and philosophy. Luther’s translation was the fountain head of the glorious poetry of Schiller and Goethe. It



showed what the language was capable of doing. It was the beginning of a national literature. And also, as Luther dissented from Rome, and Zwingli dissented from Luther it was inevitable that there should be dissent and protest everywhere. The era of individuality had set in, and Luther could not make its currents move according to his wishes. It swept beyond him. It swept beyond the power of any man or any church to regulate. There were numberless sects, divisions, separations, strifes, quarrels, and these indicated that there were plenty of private judgments, more than Luther ever bargained for; but it was the logic of the situation. Luther himself might retreat, but the tide went on, and the waves of controversy multiplied, and there was no knowing when the ocean of human thought would end its tumultuous course. In fact, there is no end, no finality, as we have found out in these latter days. The separation from Rome once begun, has no bounds. It goes on infinitely in every direction. There is an everlasting break up, not only away from the pope, but away from Christianity, away from the Bible, away from all religions. Luther put man upon a vaster voyage of discovery than Columbus or Magellan. One can circumnavigate the globe, but who can circumnavigate the truth or map out the intellectual reaches of inquiry?

So swift was the progress of the Reformation that at the close of Luther's life it seemed as if the papacy must end in total ruin; yet it recovered itself and is now stronger every way than before. The Reformation did not have in it any universal power, it did not represent any universal principle. Its chief value was in its destructive tendencies. The Reformation was simply a fight for an opinion—it was not a battle for world-wide freedom. Hence it was limited in its action and must soon reach the acme of its success. After the colossal political struggle was over—when the Thirty Years' war closed with the

peace of Westphalia and the great potentates lay down their arms—came the era of construction on other bases than mere force, and in this the papal church had superior advantages to that of the Protestant. It had age, culture, art, letters, the elegance of the day. It was logically the true conservative power, and kings naturally allied themselves with it rather than with the disintegrations of Protestantism, that must some day, to the far-seeing mind, end in democracy. And then when the Reformation became crystallized—when it ceased to be dynamic and became static, no longer a flowing energy, but an institution—what was there to choose between it and Rome, which had learned lessons from the struggle, was purged of its outward immoralities, and through the mighty spirit of Loyola consecrated itself as never before to a spiritual dominion over mankind? The churches of the Reformation kindled the flames of persecution. They were opposed to science and progress—they would bind people by the superstitions of the past; they would make a slave of the human mind, and they equally with Rome were the instruments of oppression. As a result, there was nothing to choose between the Reformation and the new papacy, as we might call it. I do not wonder that scholars and thinkers like Erasmus and Grotius accepted Romanism in the place of Protestantism. Intellectually there was no gain in the latter; and for a mind that delighted in beauty, order, and learning Rome offered the greater advantages. The *spirit* of Protestantism was what made its chief value; but that spirit after the peace of Westphalia was soon banished from the churches of the new faith. If there had not been something in the world to reform the Reformation the Reformation itself would have been as great a curse as Rome. Fortunately the *logic* of the Reformation is the irresistible power that will eventually destroy both it and Rome.

CHAPTER VI.

PHILOSOPHY: BRUNO AND SPINOZA.

WE are now to consider philosophical advance—represented by Bruno and Spinoza in one direction, and Descartes, Locke, Hume, Kant, Hamilton, and Comte in another. What is philosophy? Bruno defined it to be the search after unity. This certainly was the sense in which Bruno and Spinoza were philosophers; this was the goal of their ceaseless effort, the unity of the universe—the one in the many, the harmony of all worlds, all life, matter and spirit, God and man. If they did not solve the problem aright they certainly adorned their age with the brightest productions of human genius. They have given a noble impulse to Freethought. They have been the source of many a golden stream of poesy over the fields of time. The world will never cease to be a debtor to these immortal dreamers.

Bruno was not a man of science like Galileo or Darwin. He was not a plodder, infinitely painstaking, slow, patient, wary, advancing step by step. He assimilated the discoveries of his time with wonderful accuracy—but rather by genius than by investigation; and he leaped to conclusions far beyond even the daring speculations of Galileo and Kepler. Philosophy was his domain, not science. He was not analytic—but synthetic. He was a creator—a builder—out of the facts furnished by others. A more active or richly-gifted man never was on this planet. He

was like a flame. He was born for agitation—for controversy. He called himself “The awakener of sleeping minds.” He was indeed that. He was an intellectual athlete. He was armed and equipped for battle at every point. His learning was prodigious—and it was wrought together like chained lightning. No wonder the church dreaded this imperious knight whose armor was always shining, whose blows were always telling.

And what a glorious philosophy he proclaimed—beautiful and enchanting as the sweet poetry of Shelley. Indeed, Shelley is the modern Bruno, and the magnificence of the poet’s genius is the twin glory of the sixteenth-century martyr. If we desire to realize the spirit of Bruno, and the splendor of his powers, we must read Shelley. The one interprets the other. On the firmament of time they shine with the same intensity. One might think that the poet was singing of the philosopher in this glowing music :

“He is made one with nature ; there is heard
 His voice in all her music, from the moan
 Of thunder to the song of night’s sweet bird ;
 He is a presence to be felt and known
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
 Spreading itself where’er that power may move,
 Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
 Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
 Sustains it from below, and kindles it above.”

Bruno proclaimed the immanence of God ; that nature, at no point, was separate from God—but everywhere was his flowing divinity. Nature is the universal mother. There was no real discord. There was no creation—but constant emanation. As Goethe sings, Nature is the “garment we see Him by.” God is not on a throne, but is an eternal presence. There is no need of any priest—only the open soul.

Bruno infuses matter with the noblest qualities. Spirit is not degraded by any association with it. As I understand Bruno, he makes matter and spirit co-eternal, both unbeginning and unending. They are two different expressions of the same being, which being is incomprehensible in itself. But matter and spirit, however different their expression, are one in God—the universal soul. The word God to Bruno was simply the term for the unity of existence. He did not define God, or give him any character or personality, or any attribute except simply to make him the totality of existence, all-embracing.

As Goethe sings :

“ The all-enfolding,
 The all-upholding,
 To head and heart the force
 Still weaving its eternal secret
 Invisible, visible round our life.”

And Pope declares the same :

“ See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick and bursting into birth!
 Above, how high progressive life may go;
 Around, how wide ; how deep extend below.
 From nature’s chain, whichever link you strike,
 Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.”

And modern science still echoes the thought in Tyndall: “ I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter which we, in our ignorance, have hitherto covered with opprobrium the promise and potency of every form and quality of life.”

Bruno does not identify the universe with God. It is the expression of God—but not God himself. Withdraw God and the universe would cease to be, but Bruno seems to affirm that so long as God is, so long must he con-

stantly express himself in the universe ; that is, God must, in his very nature, be action, eternal action ; he cannot be merely a thought, or a dream, or a sleep. Therefore the universe is co-eternal with God. The relation of the universe to God is not one of identity, but of expression, or revealing. The universe is the constant revealing of God, and is one with God in the sense that language is one with the thought it expresses. The universe is the language or the word of God.

It is best, however, to give Bruno's own words, so that we may most clearly understand his pantheistic philosophy. He says : " There is only one absolute possibility, one only reality, one only activity. Whether it be form or soul, matter or body, it is but one—one only being, one sole existence. Unity is, therefore, perfection ; its character is impossibility of being comprehended, in other words, it possesses neither limit, bound, nor definitive determination. The one is infinite and immense, and therefore immovable ; it cannot change its place, because outside of it there is no space ; it is not engendered, because all existence is only its own existence ; it cannot perish, because it can neither pass into nor transform itself into anything else. It cannot increase nor diminish, because the infinite is susceptible neither of augmentation nor of diminution. It is liable to alteration neither from without, because nothing exists outside of it, nor from within, because it is at once, and at the same time, everything it can become. Its harmony is an eternal harmony since it is unity itself. Because it is self-identical, it cannot form two beings ; it has not two kinds of existence, because it has not two modes of being ; it has not different parts, for it is not composite. It is in the same manner, the whole and parts, all and one, limited and unlimited, formal and informal, matter and void, animate and inanimate. In the universe solid body does not differ from a mathematical point, nor the center from the circumference,



nor the finite from the infinite, nor the infinitely great from the infinitely little. The universe is only a center, or rather its center is everywhere, its circumference nowhere."

Again he explains: "The supreme being is the substance of the universe, the pure essence of all life and reality, the source of all being, the force of all forces, the virtue of all virtues. If nature is the outward originating cause of all existence, divinity is its deeper foundation, and the more profound basis, both of nature and of each individual. God being the cause of all causes, the ruling principle of all existence, may become everything; being also perfect he is everything. In him existence and power, reality and activity, are inseparably united, indeed they cannot be conceived separately and apart from him. Not only is he alone the external cause of all things, he is also the inherent principle which maintains them in life. By means of his omnipresence and his boundless activity, the existence and motion of all beings constitute but one sole life, one immense and inexhaustible reality. The cause of all causation, the supreme being is at once the formal, material, efficient, and final cause of all that exists. He is the nature of all nature, being the universal cause and in perpetual action. He is the universal reason, in other words, the intelligence which conceives all and produces all. Being also the universal power—that which determines and differentiates everything the world contains—the supreme being is the soul of the world, the spirit of the universe, the hidden life of every form of existence. The infinity of God, his presence and activity in every part of creation, as well as its immeasurable totality. His omnipresence and persistent energy constitute the most wonderful character of his being."

Bruno, notwithstanding his mysticism, was a born skeptic. Doubt with him was the starting-point of all philosophy and all reasoning. This is affirmed again and again.

in various parts of his works, and is exemplified in his own career. However much the abstractions of the Infinite and the One satisfied for the time his intellect and soothed his emotional needs, there was a prior stage of doubt of a sweeping and comprehensive character. "He who wishes to philosophize," says Bruno, "must begin by doubting all things." Bruno affirms that the human mind is made for knowledge and freedom. He lays it down that thought, by its own nature, cannot be the subject of punitive justice, for if sincere it can be no offense to God or human law. Thus political freedom is the outcome of his doctrines.

"Our opinions," he says, "do not depend upon ourselves; evidence, the force of circumstances, the reason, impose them on us. If no man, therefore, thinks what he wishes nor as he wishes, no one has the right of compelling another to think as he does. Every man ought to tolerate with patience, nay, with indulgence, the beliefs of his neighbor. Toleration, that natural faith graven upon all well-born hearts, the fruit of the enlightened reason, is an indispensable requirement of logic, as well as a precept of morality."

Bruno was an ardent worshiper of nature, because, in nature, he saw the ever-flowing divinity of the supreme being. He describes the charms of nature in the passionate language of a lover. Nature, moving, fluctuating, changing, instinct with life and energy.

Bruno was something like Milton, rather furious against personal enemies. One of his opponents he calls a pig. There was a kind of grim, elephantine humor in him—a fierce cynical mockery, which gives a sort of grotesque light to his otherwise magnificently earnest spirit. Neither Bruno nor Milton was born to be a wit, but their efforts at comedy are worthy of preservation. Bruno erects Asinity into a goddess and sings her praises thus :

“O sainted Asinity. Ignorance most holy!
 Stupidity most sacred! Devotion most profound,
 Thou alone canst make us learned, good, and sound.
 While human thought and study are void of value wholly.

Little availeth the search that men so fully
 Employ by every art or science-operation,
 Little availeth their sky-ward contemplation,
 To gain the heavenly seat which is thy object solely.

What boots then, ye curious, your persistent exploration?
 The wish to learn the secret of nature's laws and ways,
 If the stars be water, earth, or fiery exhalation?
 Holy Asinity despises wisdom's rays ;

Folded hands and knees form her sole occupation,
 Expecting from Providence the luck of better days ;
 All passes, nothing stays,
 Save the fruition of that eternal peace,
 Which God will give her after her decease.”

In another strain, more befitting his royal nature, he afterwards sings :

“Away from the prison cell, narrow and gloomy,
 Where so many years error closely hath bound me,
 Leaving the fetters and chains which around me
 My foe's cruel hand hath entwined to entomb me.
 Securely to the air my pinions I extend—
 Fearless of all barriers, feigned by men of old,
 The heavens I freely cleave—to the Infinite I tend.
 So leaving this, to other worlds my upward flight I wend.
 Ethereal fields I penetrate with dauntless heart and bold,
 And leave behind what others deem a prospect without
 end.”

And then, wonderfully, he seems to predict his own immortal martyrdom :

"Since I my wings to sweet desire do lend,
 The more the air uprises 'neath my feet,
 The swifter on the gale my pinions beat,
 And, earth despising, toward heaven I tend.
 Nor for the son of Dædalus' guilty end
 Feel I dismay, nay, rather bouyant heat;
 His deadly fall I joyfully would meet.
 Peer to such death, what life could mortal spend?
 Soaring, I hear my trembling heart's refrain,
 'Where bearest me, O rash one? The fell steep
 Too arduous is not climbed without much pain.'
 'Fear not,' I answer, 'for the fatal leap,
 Serene I cleave the clouds and death disdain,
 If death so glorious heaven will that I reap.' "

Such was the magnanimous soul of Bruno—a mighty light indeed shining at the beginning of the Era of Man.

Maurice says of him: "Grace and beauty of every kind speak to his soul, and exercise a dominion over him which one would fear must have often been too much for his judgment and loftier aspirations. His countenance testifies how mightily he must have been attracted, and how he must have attracted."

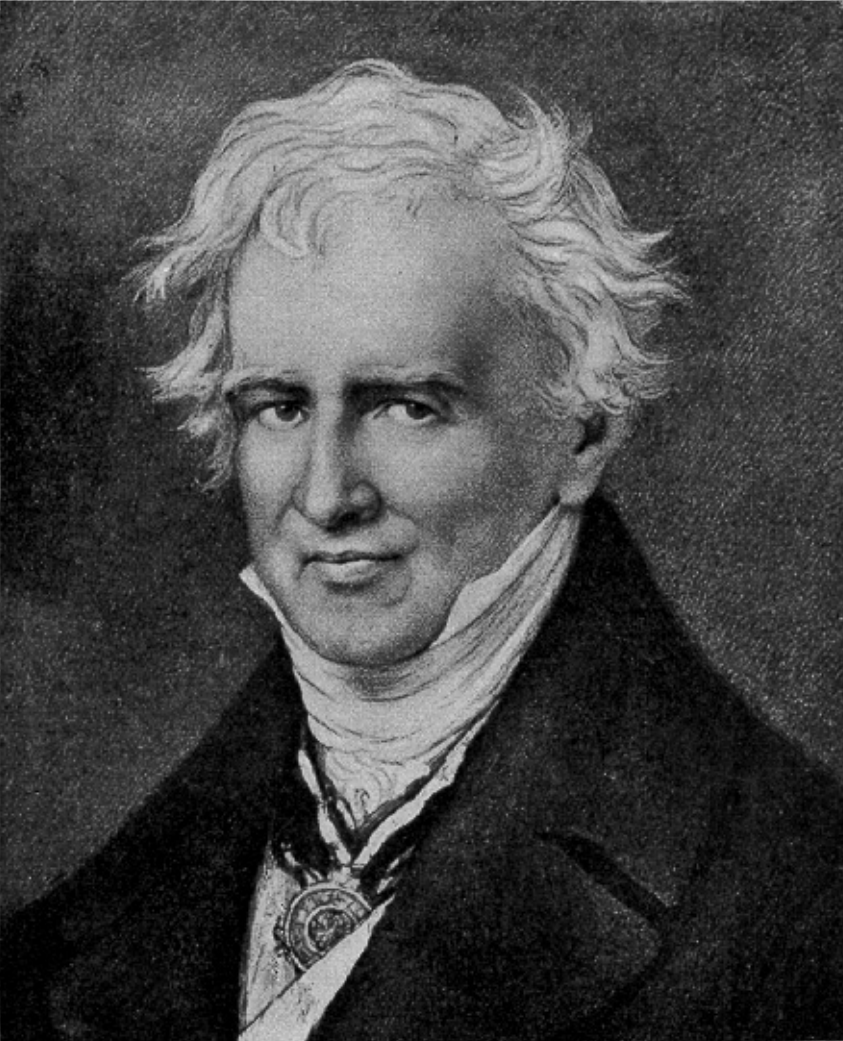
Professor Berti gives this description of Bruno: "Short in stature, agile in frame, of meager body, a thin and pallid face, thoughtful expression; a glance both piercing and melancholy; hair and beard between black and chestnut; a ready, rapid, imaginative tongue, accompanied by vivacious gestures, a manner courteous and gentle. Sociable, amiable, and pleasant in conversation, like the Italians of the South; adapting himself without difficulty to the tastes, usages, and habits of another; open and candid, both with friends and foes, and as far from rancor and revenge as he was quickly moved to anger."

After fifteen years' wandering over Europe Bruno ar-

rived at Venice about 1591. He paid occasional visits to Padua and gave private lessons to some German students. The chronology of Bruno's life shows that he could have had no personal acquaintance with Galileo, who did not commence lecturing at Padua until some months after Bruno's long incarceration had begun. On Friday, May 22, 1592, Mocenigo, of infamous memory, his former pupil and patron, and now his betrayer, forcibly entered the bed-chamber where Bruno was asleep, accompanied by his servant and five or six gondoliers of the neighborhood, and, on the pretext of wishing to converse with him, conducted him to a garret and then locked him in. He was removed on Saturday, the 23d of May, into the prison of the Inquisition. With this ends the free life of Bruno. Before him was a cruel captivity of eight long years, terminating with the stake. He was sent to Rome, January, 1593. "Never did malignant destiny," says the historian, "provide a fate so atrocious and pitiless as that which befell Bruno. His whole life had been a warfare with restriction. The limits of earth itself were too narrow for his soaring intellect. Incarceration in a dark and loathsome dungeon, for a man whose every breath was an aspiration for freedom, whose every thought centered in her divine attributes, and whose every act was part of a life-long struggle to possess her, imparts to his lot a peculiar aspect of intense harshness and grim irony. What Bruno's trials were; how often his limbs were stretched on the rack; what other tortures, mental and physical, he was compelled to endure; what cunning and ruthless efforts were made by his jailers to break down his indomitable spirit; to crush, fully and finally, his irrepressible yearnings after freedom; to transform the Freethinker into a religious slave, we shall never know. The long duration of his imprisonment seems to imply that unusual pains were taken to convert a heresiarch whose fame was European." In 1599 Bruno was the only prisoner in

charge of the Roman Inquisition whose incarceration commenced in 1593.

On Thursday, January 14, 1599, Bruno was brought before the Congregation of the Holy Office, when eight heretical propositions, extracted from his works, were placed before him for recantation. Another summer and autumn roll slowly over his head, and on Tuesday, December 21st, he is again brought before the Congregation. On this occasion Bruno said, "he neither ought, nor wished, to recant. He had nothing to recant." Thus passed 1599. Three weeks of the new year had gone by and Bruno again stood before his inquisitors. Once more Bruno refused to recant. The resolution was thereupon made that Bruno be delivered over to the secular arm. This was done on Tuesday, the 8th of February. He was brought forth to die on Thursday, the 17th of February. "The scene must have been remarkable," says the historian. "The year 1600 was a jubilee year. There were then in Rome not less than fifty cardinals. The streets were crowded with pilgrims. In every direction might be seen troops of strangers dressed in the different costumes of their own country, wending their way from one church to another, imploring pardon for their sins. There was ringing of bells, marching of processions, singing of penitential psalms, offering of vows and prayers at different shrines from morning till night." "While it might have seemed," says Berti, "that all hearts ought to have been inclined to mercy, and attracted lovingly to the gentle redeemer of humanity, the poor philosopher of Nola, preceded and followed by crowds of people, accompanied by priests carrying crucifixes, and escorted by soldiers, was wending his way to the Campo di Fiora, to die for freedom and the rights of conscience. As the lonely thinker—the disciple and worshiper of the infinite—passed through the streets, clothed in the san-benito, but with head erect, and haughty, fearless glance, what thoughts



must have passed through his mind. The feeling of utter isolation could not but have been felt by him. He must have found—it was the conclusion of his intellectual career, the inevitable destiny, too often, of the single-hearted truth seeker—that he was alone in his researches, in his passionate quest for truth.

“At length he comes to the fatal spot where the stake had been erected. He submits himself to be bound, and in a few minutes the fire blazes round the martyr. But not a word or moan escapes the firm-set lips, no expression of suffering or weakness passes across the wan and pale, but still handsome, features. One single gesture of impatience he gives way to when his tormentors thrust the crucifix before his dying gaze. Then he averted his eyes with a threatening glance.

“Bruno died. His impassioned words were like thunder bolts and lightning shafts, and his course like that of a comet. Prometheus-like, he brought the vital flame, not only from the single sun of our own system, but from the numberless orbs scattered through space. His perpetual warfare was with darkness and voluntary blindness. The eagles and birds of daylight were glad in his presence; the owls and bats detested him. He disappears from earth in a flame of fire, giving him new birth and eternal freedom.

“Bruno was one of those gigantic intellects, those myriad-minded men, whose multifarious erudition, eclectic methods, and many-sided sympathies, render a summary of their operations very difficult, if not impossible. Like a survey of a widely extended landscape, or an enormous building, the conspectus will only be a piecing, more or less rude and imperfect, of separate and fragmentary points of view. Employing his own illustration of the infinite powers and feelings of the human mind, we might almost say of his own intellect that its center is everywhere, its circumference nowhere. A child of the six-

teenth century, his speculations comprehend and his sympathies embrace methods of thought, current in ancient times on the one hand, and in our own day on the other. The immense range of his studies is proved by the fact that there is hardly an author, certainly not a subject known in his day, to which he does not seem to have paid attention, and on which he has not thrown some light."

Bruno did not reach the unqualified Pantheism of Spinoza. Spinoza affirmed the absolute identity of the universe with God. The universe was God, and God was the universe. The universe was not the expression, but the very being of God himself.

Draper says: "Bruno may be considered among philosophical writers as intermediate between Averroes and Spinoza. The latter held that God and the universe are the same; that all events happen by an immutable law of nature, by an unconquerable necessity; that God is the universe, producing a series of necessary movements or acts in consequence of intrinsic, unchangeable, and irresistible energy."

SPINOZA.

Spinoza was born at Amsterdam, Nov. 24, 1632. At an early age he was denounced to the heads of the Jewish synagogue as an apostate from the true faith. He withdrew from the synagogue. Dreading the force of his example, the synagogue offered him an annual pension of a thousand florins if he would only consent to be silent and assist, from time to time, in the ceremonies. He refused. Excommunication was pronounced. "Let him be accursed by day, and accursed by night," read the malediction. "Let none hold converse with him, or do him any service, or abide under the same roof with him." It will be seen that the Jewish synagogue could damn as well as the

pope. Notwithstanding all their own sufferings, the orthodox Jews were no more tolerant than their enemies.

Matthew Arnold says the excommunication "made Spinoza a child of Europe, and not of Israel." When he heard of it he said, "Well and good, but this shall force me to nothing I should not have been ready to do without it." He left his home and native city. He devoted himself entirely to philosophy. He endured a hard and gripping kind of poverty. The heritage which at his father's death fell to him, he resigned to his sisters. The pension offered him if he would dedicate a work to Louis XIV. he also declined. He desired to be absolutely independent. His ordinary daily diet consisted of a basin of milk porridge, with a little butter, costing about three half pence, and a draught of beer costing an additional penny.

He died in his forty-fifth year in the full vigor and maturity of his intellect. Says Schleiermacher: "The great spirit of the world penetrated him; the infinite was his beginning and his end; the universe his only and eternal love. He was filled with religion and religious feeling; and therefore it is that he stands alone, unapproachable; the master in his art, without adherents, and without even citizenship."

To the common mind there is, practically, little difference between Pantheism and Atheism; whether one says, "all God," or "no God." The distinction is intellectual, and not moral. Both are absolutely anti-orthodox. Spinoza, Bruno, and Averroes were called Atheists, although they were Pantheists, and Spinoza has been called the "God-intoxicated" one. Buddhism has been called an Atheistic religion, although it is Pantheistic.

Modern Pantheism, like Atheism, is the bitter foe of church and priest. It utterly abolishes heaven and hell, total depravity, vicarious atonement, a personal God, a personal devil, and a personal immortality. If all the

universe is God, then there is no need of any special means of communication with him—Pantheism is democratic. There is neither high nor low in Pantheism. All are equally divine—all on the same level—whatever that level may be. Tennyson has beautifully expressed the idea of Pantheism :

“ Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies ;
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.”

Pantheism, in its spirit, is certainly Freethought. It declares for human worth and human freedom. The question is not, Is it beautiful? for it is exceedingly beautiful, but is it true? Is the universe God?

The only difference between Pantheism and Atheism is in the use of the word God. The Atheist affirms that all existence is one; he affirms the universality of law; he affirms natural morality equally with the Pantheist.

Does Pantheism mean anything by the use of the word God? And, if so, what does it mean?

The God-idea is not simple, but complex, and in the ordinary conception there are included many human qualities. But throwing away as far as possible all anthropomorphic conceptions we must, as the ultimate, accept Swedenborg's definition of God, namely, infinite wisdom and infinite love. It seems to me that you can no more throw out the element of love from the God-idea, than the element of intelligence. Therefore, when one calls the universe God, he not only gives it the attribute of thought, but also of love; but the idea of love brings in the idea of purpose. It is teleological, and Pantheism naturally sings with Tennyson of

“Some far-off, divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.”

I can conceive of pure thought without a purpose—pure intelligence expressing itself spontaneously, recklessly, without a regard of consequences—but it cannot be so with love. If this universe is infinite goodness, then there must be a plan in it—a choice—a desire—a hope—an effort—a final goal. If there are gods, they must be as Keats describes them :

“With God-like exercise,
Of influence benign on planets pale,
Of admonitions to the winds and seas,
Of peaceful sway above men’s harvesting,
And all those acts which deity supreme
Doth ease its heart of love in.”

While Atheism affirms law, it does not affirm plan, or final purpose, or teleology. And that is why it does not use the word God. Science does not use the word God. It is a term which expresses a desire, but not a truth. We may hope that all things will be well, but we do not know it, and we never can know it.

Spinoza, however, excluded the attribute of love from the universe. He affirmed only two attributes of God, infinite thought and infinite extension.

But we cannot conceive of infinite extension, of infinite time, or infinite space. We say “infinite time,” “infinite space,” but these are mere words, they do not represent ideas. Try to conceive infinite space. You cannot do it. You can add conception to conception, but every conception is a finite conception. If, in one mental act, you could conceive “infinite space,” you could neither add to nor diminish that conception, but you can add to or diminish every conception of space possible to the human mind. You cannot conceive of any space so large but

what you can conceive of a larger. We have not, therefore, and cannot have, any idea of infinite space, and cannot affirm it of the universe. We can only affirm finite space.

How much less can we affirm thought to be an infinite, an eternal attribute of the universe or God. We must admit that space is everywhere in our experience, but not thought. The telescope reveals 200,000,000 suns in enormous realms of space, but it discovers no thought. The spectroscope reveals the same colors, the same elements, the same fire in these millions of stars as in earth, but it reveals no thought. We can conceive of matter without thought, but not of matter without space. It is pure assumption to affirm that in the universe is infinite thought. It may be so; but experience declares that thought only exists in certain conditions. It is simply a particular process, and not the universal energy.

Spinoza originated a splendid, but vanishing, system of philosophy, a system, however, which has exerted a prodigious influence upon the human mind. He has reared one of the most dazzling intellectual structures in the whole history of human thought, and, for a time, it seemed as if it would command the world. However, "the majestic struggle with the mysteries of existence failed, as it always must fail; but the struggle demands our warmest approbation, and the man our ardent sympathy. Spinoza stands out from the dim past like a tall beacon, whose shadow is thrown athwart the sea, and whose light will serve to warn the wanderers from the shoals and rocks on which hundreds of their brethren have perished."

A braver, a nobler, a grander man than Spinoza never lived. He was absolutely unselfish. He was thoroughly devoted to the truth, and while the world does not accept the whole of his magnificent system, it does accept many a priceless treasure of wisdom. Spinoza did not pursue a mere phantom. In the elaboration of his philosophy



he has unfolded a knowledge of nature and man which is of priceless value.

In 1670 he put forth, anonymously, a "Treatise on Theology and Politics," in which he examined and criticised the Hebrew scriptures. He is called the "Father of Biblical Criticism." From his learned, investigating and critical spirit has flowed those scholarly interpretations of the Bible and its inspiration which, to-day, are shaking the church to its very center. The biblical researches into the depths of history, thus begun by Spinoza, have been a vast influence in modern development. As Matthew Arnold has well stated it, the Bible is no longer "dogma; it is literature."

Spinoza gives these reasons for writing the book: "I am now engaged in the composition of my treatise on the scriptures, moved to undertake the work, First, By the prejudices of theologians, which, I feel satisfied, are the grand obstacles to the general study of philosophy. These prejudices I therefore expose, and do what I can to lessen their influence on the minds of people accessible to reason. Second, By my desire to disabuse the world of the false estimate formed of me when I am charged with Atheism. Third, By the wish I have to assert our title to free philosophical discussion, and to say, openly, what we think. This I maintain in every possible way, for here it is too much interfered with by the authority and abusiveness of the vulgar."

The Ethics, the great work of Spinoza, was not published until after his death. It has swayed and illuminated the minds of Lessing, Jacobi, Herder, Goethe, Fichte, Schelling, Schiller, Schleiermacher, Feuerbach, Auerbach, and a host of other philosophers, poets, and novelists in Modern Germany and throughout Europe.

In Spinoza's philosophy the conception of God is fundamental. In the first part of the Ethics he gives a definition of God as the absolutely infinite being or substance.

—infinite in extension, as well as infinite in thought, eternal, without beginning or end, self-existent, uncaused, or, to use the expression of Spinoza, *causa sui*, its own cause, or cause of itself. This conception is admirably and clearly set forth. In the second part the philosopher treats of the origin and nature of the human mind. In the third, fourth, and fifth parts the source and nature of the human passions are investigated, their power defined, and the way pointed out whereby their excessive and, therefore, hurtful action may be controlled so that man may be enabled to live in accordance with the dictates of reason, and enjoy that supreme felicity which the practice of virtue, and the intellectual love of God, will surely give.

Spinoza is almost Shakspearean in his knowledge of human nature, and in this lies the chief value of his wonderful work—its description of man—not his conception of God.

Says J. A. Froude: "After a masterly analysis of the tastes, tendencies, and inclinations of our mental composition, the most complete, by far, which has been made by any moral philosopher, Spinoza arrives at those principles, under which unity and consistency can be obtained, as the condition upon which a being, so composed, can look for any sort of happiness."

Says Dr. Maudsley: "Spinoza's admirable account of the passions has never yet been surpassed, and certainly will not easily be surpassed."

The identity of Spinoza's philosophy with modern, scientific, Atheism and Agnosticism, and his opposition to theology, is seen in his definition of good and evil.

He says: "Perfection and imperfection are, in fact, merely modes of thought, that is, notions which we are accustomed to form by comparing individual things of the same genus, or species, with one another; and it is for this reason that I have said that, by *reality* and *perfection*, I understand one and the same thing.

“The terms, *good* and *evil*, as applied to things considered in themselves, do not indicate anything positive in their nature. For one and the same thing may be, at the same time, both good and evil, or it may be indifferent. Lively music, for example, may be good to a melancholy person, bad to one who mourns, and neither good nor bad to one who is deaf. By *good*, therefore, I shall understand that which we know for certain is a means of approaching, more and more closely, to the exemplar we wish to hold up; and by *evil*, that which we know for certain to be a hindrance to the attainment of our exemplar. Furthermore, we shall speak of men as being more or less perfect and imperfect in the degree that they approach more or less near to our exemplar. Lastly, as I have said, I shall understand by perfection, *reality* in general, in other words, the essence of each particular thing in so far as it exists and acts in certain ways, *and without reference to its duration*. For no particular thing can be said to be more perfect by reason of its continuing a longer time in existence than another.

“By *good* I understand that which we know for certain to be useful to us.

“By *evil*, I understand that which we know for certain to be a hindrance to our enjoying something good.

“A passion is hurtful only in so far as it prevents the mind from thinking.”

We can sometimes understand a philosopher's ideas better through the attacks of his enemies than by any elucidation of our own, and the following dogmatic decrees of the Vatican Council in 1870, directed mainly against the doctrines of Spinoza, together with the teachings of modern science, will give a fair idea of the Pantheism which has dominated modern thought, and of which the church is in fear:

“Canon I.—3. If anyone shall say, that the substance

and essence of God, and of all things, is one and the same, let him be anathema.

“4. If anyone shall say that finite things, both corporeal and spiritual, have emanated from the divine substance; or that the divine essence, by the manifestation and evolution of itself, becomes all things; or, lastly, that God is a universal or indefinite being, which, by determining itself, constitutes the universality of things, distinct according to general species and individuals, let him be anathema.

“5. If anyone confess not that the world, and all things which are contained in it, both spiritual and material, have been in their whole substance created out of nothing; or shall say that God created, not by his will free from all necessity, but by a necessity equal to the necessity whereby he loves himself; or shall deny that the world was made for the glory of God, let him be anathema.

“Canon IV.—2. If anyone shall say that human sciences are to be so freely treated that their assertions, although opposed to revealed religion, are to be held as true, and cannot be condemned by the church, let him be anathema.

“3. If anyone shall assert it to be possible that sometimes, according to the progress of science, a sense be given to doctrines propounded by the church different from that which the church has understood and understands, let him be anathema.”

It will thus be seen that the “God-intoxicated” philosopher is as much under the maledictions of the church as the modern Agnostic and Atheist. The church knows that the triumphant Pantheism of Bruno and Spinoza would sweep its towers and steeples and pulpits forever from existence.

CHAPTER VII.

POMPONAZZI, TELESIO, CAMPANELLA, AND VANINI.

It is well, in connection with Bruno and Spinoza, to consider the minor philosophers of this great transition age; those who represent the streams of human thought which finally flow into the ocean expanse of Bruno and Spinoza, or find fuller fruition in the supreme philosophy of Descartes; men who have nobly helped the human race to liberty and knowledge, but are not its vast representative geniuses. We can better understand Bruno and Spinoza and Descartes when we understand these men, for they were the forerunners and aiders of these princely leaders; they helped to blazon the way; to cut the path of human progress in lonely and desolate martyrdom and self-sacrificing toil. They labored in the dawn, but through them has come the magnificence of the present day. Let not oblivion close over them, nor let the curses of the church hide their immortal virtues. Though they reached not all the heights of human glory, they flashed many a brilliant ray. They were pioneers in a tangled maze, and, children of their age, did not possess the skill and wisdom of modern times, but nevertheless they were in the van—Freethinkers in spirit, though not always in the line of scientific advance—hedged in by limitations which they could scarcely pass beyond, since they were men of radiant talent, rather than of transcendent genius. It is not simply for what they did, but for what they tried to do, that we honor their memory. In the luster of to-

day the results of their toil pale into insignificance, and yet they began that which is so infinitely beyond their vision. They builded better than they knew.

POMPONAZZI.

Pomponazzi is the philosopher of the Italian Renaissance, a movement that must be considered as both philosophical and literary. It was not simply an age of freer and nobler expression of man's imaginative being—it was also an opening into new vistas of thought. It was not simply the beginning of modern poetry, but the beginning of modern science; and to understand the vastness of that movement we must not only peruse the works of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Pulci, and Ariosto, but Machiavelli in politics, Guicciardini in history, and Pomponazzi in philosophy.

Pomponazzi takes us back before Columbus, and, by a consideration of his fervid and active life, we discover the immense agitations of that age of which Columbus is but the fruit. It is an unworthy conception of those times to regard Columbus as an exceptional man; that he did what he did by the force of an extraordinary genius. Columbus did not lift himself above his age. His age pushed him on, and if Columbus had not obeyed the impulse, somebody else certainly would. The discovery of America was in the air, for the mind of man at that time and anteriorly was intensely, was volcanically active.

The discussions of Abelard in the thirteenth century were tremendous mind awakers. They were like the surges of the sea. They stirred people profoundly, and set them to thinking in new channels. What vigor and animation is there displayed! The whole scene is instinct with full, fresh, and free intellectual life. Even the turbulence of the students is only an expression of mental excitation. There never was such a brilliant school of philosophy. It was like a play. It was a battle royal



between knights armed with syllogisms and spears of logic. It was an encounter of wit, of sarcasm; and the spectators cheered to the echo. A certain writer says: "Compare such a scene with the dull routine of an English [or American] university lecture-room in our own days, and who would not prefer the life and freedom of Paris in the thirteenth century to the staid and respectable but hopelessly apathetic proceedings of a college lecture of our own day? Moreover, what a reflection upon our boasted advance in liberty and civilization—the remark, I may say, does not apply to German universities, which have never given up their prerogative of free trade in teaching—that if a modern Abelard or Pomponazzi were to appear in one of our great seats of learning he could not find a room in which to deliver his lectures."

Pomponazzi at Padua, in the fourteenth century, was the successor of Abelard as a great philosophical debater and agitator, and one who dared to dispute accepted authorities.

Pomponazzi was born in 1462 in the town of Mantua. He was a student of philosophy and medicine in the university of Padua. In the year 1487 he took his degree. When only twenty-six years of age he was established as extraordinary professor in the university—a sufficient testimony to the precocity of his intellect. It was the custom in the Italian universities at that time to have public disputations between professors holding different views, and these tournaments excited great interest among the people. They were popular and fashionable in spite of ecclesiastical frowns. They seem to have been connected with the municipal rights and privileges of the free town, and were not, and perhaps could not be, legally forbidden by the theological inquisitor.

To understand the ferment, the curiosity, the interest of the populace in these debates, and as a picture of that restless age in which Columbus lived, it is well to epitomize

the vivid description of one of these scenes, by the historian :

“ We may imagine ourselves in Padua on a summer’s day of the year 1488, time 8 A.M. The narrow streets of the old town are crowded with citizens and students, who not only fill the arcades, but, to a considerable extent, the middle of the roadways. Among the students are to be seen men of various ages, from the beardless youth of sixteen to the man of thirty-five or forty years. Hardly less varied are their nationalities. Here a group of Englishmen, conspicuous by costume, language, and physiognomy, is followed by another of Frenchmen, with their national dress and characteristics. Spaniards and Germans, Hungarians and Bohemians, not to mention natives of smaller European states, are discernible among the crowd. Occasionally a university professor passes in broad-sleeved gown and long train. All seem hastening in the same direction. Whither are they going? To the Palace of Reason to see the combat—a discussion between the renowned Achillini and young Pomponazzi on the profound and interesting question of the simplicity or multiplicity of the intellect. We enter with the crowd into the great hall, the enormous proportions of which still astonish the visitor to Padua. The hall, notwithstanding its size, is crowded with students and citizens, and the hubbub is almost deafening, arising mainly from vehement and voluble discussions as to the merits of the two professors, intermingled with somewhat free expression of opinion on current political events. Never could one have imagined that among such a crowd an interest so passionate could have been evoked by questions so speculative and metaphysical. The commotion is subdued by the entry of the rival champions, accompanied by the rector and a few of the officials of the university. This is the signal for an outburst of vociferous applause; partisans on either side clamorously shout the name of their favorite. We turn

our attention to the heroes of the fray, who are taking their assigned positions in the center of the hall. Achillini is a striking looking man of about thirty years of age. He is rather tall, and stout in proportion, though a student's stoop of the shoulders detracts somewhat from his height. He possesses an intellectual countenance, which in repose seems placid and reflective, with large, dreamy-looking eyes. He walks to his desk with a careless, slouching gait. His professor's gown is torn in several places, and is remarkable by its narrow sleeves and general scanty proportions. Instead of forming a train behind him it scarcely reaches below his knees—evidently a man regardless of personal appearance. His adversary, on the other hand, is almost a dwarf, with a powerful looking face, a broad forehead, a hooked nose, which imparts a somewhat Jewish cast to his features; small, piercing black eyes, which, as he turns here and there, give him a peculiar expression of restless vivacity. His thin lips are almost continually curled into a satirical smile. He has scarce any hair on his face, so there is nothing to hide its sudden and perpetual change of expression.

“The preparations for the combat are characteristic of the men. Achillini has on the desk before him a row of ponderous folios which an assistant, a favorite disciple, is marshalling in due order. Pomponazzi has nothing but a few papers containing, apparently, references and notes. At last the moment arrives. An usher proclaims silence. The rector announces the subject to be debated and the wordy battle begins. Achillini with loud and rather coarse voice, but with great deliberation of manner, lays down in a short speech the proposition he intends to defend, ‘The intellect is simple, uniform, indecomposable. This clearly is the opinion of Aristotle as testified by Averroes, his greatest commentator.’ A storm of applause greets the speaker, but still greater cheering arises when Pomponazzi stands forward at his desk and throws his restless,

eager glance over the noisy crowd. In a tone of voice full, loud, and clear, which makes itself heard in every part of the hall, he takes exception to Achillini's argument. The intellect is not simple, but multiple, and this, he will prove, is Aristotle's real opinion, etc.

"Achillini is evidently a man of immense erudition and he seeks to overwhelm his adversary with some formidable and crushing dictum, or to ensnare him in the meshes of an involved and insidious argument. He is utterly foiled by the caution and vigilance of his foe. Pomponazzi is too wary to be impaled on the horns of a dilemma, or caught in a dialectical trap. He is prompt to turn the tables on his powerful but somewhat unwieldy antagonist. Each of his witty sallies or comic arguments is hailed with boisterous laughter and applause, in which even Achillini's partisans are compelled to join. It is an unequal combat, like that between a whale and a sword-fish, or between the ponderous Dominie Sampson and the facetious Pleydell."

These literary duels of the century of Columbus are significant of the increasing divergence between ancient and modern thought. Achillini typifies scholasticism—formal, ponderous, elaborate, unelastic. Pomponazzi represents modern thought—keen, eager, restless, vivacious, caring little for the traditional authorities and much for the clear, simple dictates of unfettered human reason. The fact that such a debate as this was possible is a notable indication of the sweep of thought in Italy and throughout the world. A century later, Bruno engaged in debates of the same nature, and proved himself a formidable antagonist.

Pomponazzi continued his professional labors until 1509. In that year, owing to the disasters which followed upon the League of Cambray and the policy of Pope Julius II., the University of Padua was closed and its professors and students scattered throughout Italy.

Pomponazzi found a temporary refuge in Ferrara. From Ferrara, in 1512, he moved to the university of Bologna, which was destined to become the seat of his greatest literary activity as well as his abode during the remainder of his life. To the magistracy of Bologna and their sympathy for intellectual liberty and progress Pomponazzi was indebted for much kindness and support during the most critical period of his life.

In 1516 he published his famous treatise on the "Immortality of the Soul," the foundation both of his character as a Freethinker and his fame as a philosopher.

"In this work," says Fiorentino, "he reveals himself as an original thinker."

At this time Aristotle was no longer outside the pale of Christianity. Tacitly and unofficially he had been received into the church. His works had been authoritatively reconciled with its dogmas. This had been effected by Thomas Aquinas and Albertus Magnus, the most gigantic intellects among the schoolmen. Doubts about Aristotle, therefore, were closely akin to doubts about the Christian dogmas. Pomponazzi dared to doubt even Aristotle.

The question of Immortality was an all-important question. Rome had discovered that the "future world" was the most valuable appendage pertaining to the church. "It was," says the historian, "the El Dorado whence it was enabled to draw the greater portion of its enormous revenues. Immortality, the reward or rather the necessary outcome of virtue and goodness, according to Christianity, had become a marketable commodity, to be sold on the one hand and bought on the other, on as favorable terms as buyer or seller could obtain. The rewards of the unseen world were treated just as a European government in our own day sells farms and settlements in a distant colony. This excessive and interested "other-worldliness" required, men thought, to have its

foundations closely examined. Hence arose numberless inquiries as to the nature of the soul, its relation to the physical organization, what reasonable grounds existed for predicating its immortality, etc. For some time this formed the main topic of lectures in all the Italian universities. We are told that whenever a new professor at any of these seats of learning prepared to address his hearers for the first time, no matter what the topic which he had appointed for the purpose, he was met by the clamorous demand, 'Tell us about the soul.' On minds so excited the treatise of Pomponazzi operated like a spark on a prepared train."

Pomponazzi takes the ground, almost, of pure Materialism. The dependence of the intellect upon matter was necessary, according to his philosophy, for four principal reasons.

1. Because matter undetermined and regarded as a potentiality is the genetic principle of all forms.

2. Because matter defined and determined as an organic body is the *sine qua non* of the existence of the soul, as its true form.

3. Because there is no plurality of substantial forms in man, but a unity of form and nature.

4. Because the necessity of considering the universal in the particular, the idea in the imagined picture, the intelligible in the sensible, proves that the functions of the intellect, in themselves spiritual, cannot be exercised without the organization.

It is obvious that this argument amounts to a denial of immortality as held by the Christian church, that is, it is a denial of natural immortality. Pomponazzi, however, admits a possible immortality, dependent, not upon man's nature, but upon circumstances. He opposes the Pantheism of Averroes, but at the same time declares his belief in a divine or abstract intelligence, which has no need of organism or matter of any kind. In the human soul there



is something of this abstract intelligence, and therefore, while the soul is inherently mortal, by peculiarity of function or circumstances, it might be immortal, for instance, by the miraculous resurrection of Jesus. The doctrine of Pomponazzi is somewhat akin to that of the modern Adventist; man is not by nature immortal, but he may become immortal by an act of faith.

On grounds of psychology Pomponazzi absolutely denies immortality, which, of course, was a bold and daring affirmation, for the power of the church is based on the natural immortality of man, not on his accidental immortality. The doctrine of Pomponazzi abolished at once hell and purgatory, and left only a possible paradise for an indefinite few.

As the result of his Materialistic philosophy, Pomponazzi is the first writer within the pale of the church who maintains the principle of disinterested and unconditional morality, and in this lies the radical value of his work. In this he is a true Freethinker. He says: "The essential reward of virtue is virtue itself; the punishment of the vicious is vice, than which nothing can be more wretched and unhappy. Whether the soul be mortal or immortal, death must be despised; and by no means must virtue be departed from, no matter what happens after death."

Pomponazzi faced the portentous fact that the doctrine of immortality had not been a moral power in the world—that the future rewards and punishments of the church had become utterly ineffectual as preservatives of, or stimulants to, morality among its chief ministers, as well as in the very citadel of Christendom itself. In 1520 he published a noteworthy treatise on "The Causes of Marvelous Effects in Nature." He takes essentially the position of Hume. "It would be ridiculous and absurd," he says, "to despise what is visible and natural, in order to have recourse to an invisible cause, the reality of which is not guaranteed to us by any solid reality." He asserts

the supremacy of reason. One cannot will his belief, and faith therefore is not a moral act. "Given the premises, the consequence follows, and it is not in our power to dissent from the conclusion. We may do without reasoning altogether; but we cannot grant the antecedent and deny the consequent."

He also asserts the doctrine of Human Liberty. He makes it the absolute source and condition of all morality.

Pomponazzi was thoroughly sincere. He grappled with the problems of the universe with a zeal which was almost appalling. Speaking of his attempts to reconcile God with human liberty, and the evils of the world, he cries out, "These are the things which oppress and embarrass me, which take away my sleep and almost my senses; so that I am a true illustration of the fable of Prometheus, whom, for trying to steal secretly the fire from heaven, Jupiter bound to a Scythian rock, and his heart became food for a vulture which gnawed continually upon it. Prometheus is the true philosopher who, because he will know the secrets of God, is devoured by perpetual cares and cogitations. He is incapacitated from thirst, hunger, sleep, or from satisfying the most ordinary needs of human life; he is derided by all, is regarded as a fool and heretic; he is persecuted by inquisitors; he becomes the laughing-stock to the multitude. These, forsooth, are the gains of the philosophers. This is their wages."

Pomponazzi's place in the Italian Renaissance, says Owen, "is as an exponent of its profounder and more deeply-seated forces. He represents the craving of the human mind for freedom. This is the phase of the Renaissance which gives it its permanent value, and which constitutes the main ground of its kinship with modern thought. In this respect there is a considerable difference between Petrarch and Pomponazzi. Petrarch may be said to include every phase of the Renaissance, not only

its free tendencies as a new effort of thought, but its highest expression as a yearning after ideal beauty. But we should not refuse to Pomponazzi his due share in the sum total of those forces which make up the composite whole which we call the Renaissance."

While Pomponazzi was peacefully lecturing at Padua, Florence was under the vehement spell of Savonarola. Luther had already commenced his campaign against the papacy. Rumors and portents of imminent convulsions were everywhere prevalent. These nascent forces, destined to change the face of Europe, seemed to pass unheeded by Pomponazzi. "His whole existence," says M. Frank, "was taken up by his books, his teaching, and his studious contemplation, so that one might say of him, as of Spinoza, 'he was less a man than a thought.' He died on the 18th of May, 1525."

Professor Fiorentino draws a noble parallel, and thus describes the last hours of the philosopher: "Socrates, on the approach of death—a martyr for the truth—did not flee from his fate. He did not wish to escape from the prison in which he was confined. Undisturbed, and in all serenity, he fixed his attention on Future Life. A most beautiful woman appeared to him in a dream, and appointed him a place in one of the fortunate islands. 'Three days hence, Socrates,' she said to him, 'you will arrive at fertile Phthia.' Hence Socrates resisted all the entreaties of Krito, and contemplated with firmness the poisonous draught, and even death itself; and he talked with Phædo, with Cebes, and with Simmias, as with men from whom he would be parted only a short time, and with whom there would afterwards be a common meeting in a place more beautiful and serene. The aureole of martyrdom, the anticipation of a blissful futurity, soothed the bitterness of parting, and gave the dying Socrates a foretaste of the felicity which he expected—the reward reserved for his constant virtue.

“Let us now look at another picture. Pomponazzi, worn out by years, harassed by sickness, extended on the bed of pain, without the splendor of martyrdom, fought out the battle with his enemy unseen, tardy, irresistible. Unsustained by the hope of the future, he placed before him only austere virtue, without reward and without hope, as the true and final end of the human race. Out of sympathy with the beliefs of his religion, and with the traditions of so many centuries; mocked by contemporaries and in danger of the stake, he had no future blessedness to which to turn. He was not cheered by the smile of the beautiful woman who invited Socrates to Phthia. He was soothed neither by Homeric fantasies nor by the more spiritual, but not less interested, promises of the Christian Paradise; and notwithstanding all this he was not disturbed by his imminent death. It behooved him, he said, to prefer duty to life. He sacrificed everything, affections, pleasure, knowledge, and the future, to rigid virtue.” Was not this a magnanimous and sublime intellect?

It may be wondered why so bold and radical a thinker escaped the Inquisition. He did so mainly by that intellectual maneuver termed “the double truth,” or “twofold truth.” This, at that time, was, perhaps, the only method of escape for the philosophers who dared to differ from the Christian dogmas. It was quite a popular method with those who wanted to think, and yet keep their heads upon their shoulders, and it is quite popular to-day with those who desire to hold Liberal opinions and, at the same time, enjoy fat salaries in the pulpit. It was a sort of necessary makeshift for Pomponazzi, Bruno, Galileo, and others, but to-day it is simply moral cowardice.

The doctrine of the “twofold truth” is that there are two ways of finding the truth—faith and reason—emotion and intellect—theology and philosophy. These two ways may, at times, clash, they may even be contradictory, but

nevertheless both are true. It is not in the province of the human mind to reconcile them, because of the littleness of human knowledge, but it is assumed that if human knowledge was sufficiently great it could reconcile them however opposite they might seem to be. Under this assumption one, as a theologian, might believe what, as a philosopher, he would be compelled to deny. So Pomponazzi said, "I do not deny immortality as a Christian, I only deny as a philosopher. What I think as a philosopher has nothing to do with my faith as a theologian. Theology and philosophy occupy two different spheres, they are different worlds to the human consciousness. They may agree or disagree. That has nothing to do with the truth or falsity of either. Philosophy is veritable on its own grounds, and so is theology on its grounds, and the conflict between them need not disturb one. There is no necessity for harmony, since truth is so infinite that both may be equally right."

As a Christian Pomponazzi professed to accept the miracles of Jesus, which as a philosopher he was compelled to reject. By this distinction between what one believes as a Christian and knows as a philosopher, many a radical thinker has escaped martyrdom.

Let us not condemn Pomponazzi for intellectual dishonesty, for Galileo, Bruno, and Vanini availed themselves of the same distinction. Kant and Lessing also. John Stuart Mill, even, declared that, in another part of the universe, two and two might not make four, and thus allows the foundation principle of the "twofold truth," namely, that we really don't know anything, and therefore theology may be just as true as philosophy. Mansel, in his Bampton lectures before a modern audience, affirmed that God's morality might be different from men's morality, and so our highest conceptions of virtue might not apply to God at all; and Faraday said, "I do not think it at all necessary to tie the study of the natural

sciences and religion together; and so in my intercourse with my fellow creatures that which is religion, and that which is philosophy, have ever been two distinct things."

Of course, Freethought and science absolutely repudiate "twofold truth." Truth is one, man is one, and there is only one way to find out the truth, only one way to reach knowledge, and that is the scientific way. Faith, emotion, revelation, dogma have never given this world one particle of truth. We may forgive Pomponazzi, Bruno, Galileo, for resorting to this intellectual legerdemain, for they were compelled to by the fierce fanaticism of their time, and even these men, when the real issue came, abandoned the subterfuge, and stood before the world simply as philosophers, and suffered martyrdom. But I can scarcely, in this century, forgive a thinker who resorts to the "twofold truth" to save his salary or his popularity, or for the sake of mental ease. What a shame for Faraday to make such a declaration as he did! It is like the cowardice of a soldier in the front of battle.

TELESIO.

During the life-time of Pomponazzi, Telesio was born (1509), and while we might say the former was the forerunner of Descartes, the latter was the forerunner of Bacon. He was hostile to both Plato and Aristotle, or rather to these as accepted by the schoolmen. He insisted upon nature rather than dialectics, upon observation, experiment, induction.

He said, "The construction of the world, and the magnitude and nature of the bodies in it, is not to be sought after by reasoning as men in former times have done; but to be perceived by sense, and to be ascertained from the things themselves. We use our sense to follow nature, which is ever at harmony with herself, and is ever the same in her operations."

Telesio was mainly a natural philosopher and Free-



thinker. He was opposed to dogmatic authority. He incurred the hatred of the monks and theologians. He died in 1596. His works were placed on the Index Expurgatorius, an honor of which he is well deserving. He gave noble hints of modern science.

CAMPANELLA.

Campanella was born in 1568, at Stilo, in Calabria. In his fifteenth year he entered the order of Dominicans. He soon became desirous, not only of reading Aristotle, but the book of nature. An accident drew his attention to the works of Telesio. He was delighted with its freedom of speech and appeal to reason and experience, rather than authority. His first effort was a defense of Telesio in 1591. The boldness of his attacks brought him into disfavor with the clergy. He left Naples and proceeded to Rome. For seven years he led a wandering life through Padua, Bologna, Venice, and other towns, everywhere attracting attention by the brilliancy of his talents. He returned to his native place in 1598. In the following year he was arrested and committed to prison. He had joined himself to those who desired to free Naples from Spanish tyranny, and had excited them by his fiery eloquence and independence of spirit. The unfortunate philosopher remained in captivity for twenty-seven years. He composed sonnets, and prepared a complete system of philosophy which was published at a later date. In 1626 he was set at liberty. He came to Paris in 1634. He died on May 26, 1639.

The philosophy of Campanella was Cartesian and Baconian. He says, "Our knowledge begins in doubt. We know neither the past nor the future. The first proposition is, that I myself think; the certainty of self-consciousness is the primary truth.

"The sciences are not to be constructed from definitions by deduction, but proceed by induction to definition."

His view of God is somewhat like that of Bruno, Pantheistic. "God," he says, "is the ultimate unit; his three manifestations may be called wisdom, power, and love. All things are of the same nature; otherwise there could be no mutual action. The soul of man is in nature corporeal, but is immortal, being endowed with a striving after happiness never attained in this life.

In politics Campanella was an extreme reformer. In his work, "The City of the Sun," he sketches an ideal state in which the principles of communism are fully carried out.

Campanella was a brave, restless, indomitable, and truth-seeking spirit—a lover of humanity, a defender of liberty, a student of nature, an honest man, a brilliant thinker, and an original philosopher.

VANINI.

Vanini has won imperishable renown by his pathetic martyrdom at thirty-four years of age, and though he does not soar to the loftiest heights of the empyrean with Bruno, he was one of the most fascinating, learned, eloquent, and gifted men of his time, and worthy of all honor for his splendid life and heroic death.

Vanini was born at Taurisano, in the south-east extremity of Italy, in 1585. He early manifested an extraordinary aptitude for study and investigation, which induced his father, on the completion of his elementary education, to send him to Naples to study theology and philosophy. Vanini attributes to the writings of Baconthorp and Pomponazzi a principal share in the formation of his intellectual conclusions. He continued his studies until he graduated as doctor in 1606, when he was only twenty-one years of age. At some time or other he took the vows of a Carmelite friar; and in one place he describes himself as preaching, as well as having taken priestly orders. He went from Naples to Padua. His

passionate ardor for study, he says, rendered the privations of poverty, and even the inclemency of winter, comparatively unfelt. He devoted himself mainly to physical science and philosophy, and regarded the methods and teachings of the schoolmen with supreme contempt. From 1606 to 1615, when he published his first work, we have only incidental and scattered allusions as to the mode in which he passed his time. Conforming, like Bruno, to the custom of errant-scholarship which then prevailed, he wandered from one country to another, taking up his abode, for a longer or shorter period, in most of the capitals and university towns of Europe. He spent two years in England, and suffered imprisonment for the space of nearly two months.

In 1615, at Lyons, he published the *Amphitheater*; in 1616 was issued the *Dialogues*, after which he took his ill-fated journey to Toulouse. These are the only works of his now extant, out of many others. He was a very industrious writer; but his books, most of them, were utterly destroyed by order of the church.

Vanini was not an Atheist, although he was condemned as one. His first work closes with the following ode of praise and aspiration. He addresses the Supreme Being, as Bruno would :

“ Of all existing things Thou art both source and ending ;
Of Thyself art fountain, origin, commencement ;
Of Thyself as well art end and termination ;
Yet equally without both ending and beginning.”

It is by the *Dialogues*, however, that Vanini is judged by posterity, and his real position as a philosopher ascertained, but it is pretty difficult, even in these *Dialogues*, to discover the actual opinions of the philosopher. As a matter of fact the *Dialogues* were not written by Vanini himself, but by his disciples. They are a collection of

discursive conversations embodying the master's opinions on those points of physical knowledge on which his disciples asked for information. They were, probably, written down from memory. Vanini gave his sanction to the transaction, as the authors hoped he would, and thus approved the essential correctness of the record. In this book we have Vanini's most secret thoughts—what he poured forth to a few chosen disciples—but there is no systematic declaration of his philosophy, and only those fully cognizant of his general line of thought could clearly understand his discourse.

While in his first work Vanini is a theologian, in the second and far greater work he is a student of medicine and of natural philosophy. He treats as of secondary importance all those questions which pertain to ecclesiastical dogmas. His aim is to unravel, as far as he can, the secrets of nature. He treats of the firmament and the atmosphere; of water and earth; of the generation of animals; and of the religion of the Gentiles. Vanini's idea seemed to be, as expressed in Bacon's words, "Whatever deserved to exist, deserved to be known," and some parts of his *Dialogues* to-day would be regarded as too obscene for publication; but Vanini, Telesio, and physicists of that age, thought it not only right, but useful, to explore every department of nature. Vanini was one whose eager curiosity and passionate love of liberty made almost every kind of restraint intolerable. God and nature only excepted, he acknowledged himself as subject to no law. As to Christianity, he avoids the issue by avowing what doctrines and opinions he would maintain if he were not a Christian, that is, he resorts to the "twofold truth" of Pomponazzi. Still there was in Vanini an independence of character which made him regardless of popular opinion. The calmness with which he met his fate shows that he was not destitute of the solid qualities of intellectual manhood. He had no scruple in contra-

dicting the authorities of the past, even Aristotle himself, when his dictum appeared opposed to reason and experience.

In Vanini, as in Bruno, there was a genuine love of nature, of natural sights and sounds and scenery. It is a pure, spontaneous enjoyment. There is the freshness of the summer's morning, the music of the birds, the perfume of the roses; the fruit trees in the orchard, where master and pupil walk together, and groves and gardens overlooking the terraced streets of the town; while at the foot of the declivity, and as far beyond as the eye can reach, roll the blue waves of the Mediterranean.

In 1617 Vanini went to Toulouse, where he enjoyed an undisturbed existence for two years. Toward the end of 1618 the storm began to gather about his path, which, in the following year, finally overwhelmed him in its mad fury. He was apprehended on the 2d of August, 1618, and suffered on the 9th of February the following year. The process against him lasted six months. There are no details of the transaction. The chief evidence against him was oral. The *Dialogues* were not put in evidence against him, except that in them he had impiously dared to style nature as the Queen of the Universe.

The historian gives the following picture of his trial:

"The prisoner is brought in manacled and guarded by jailers. Vanini advances slowly to the bar. He is, in all respects, a striking looking man; tall, rather thin, with a student stoop of the shoulders, a face of unusual intelligence, of which the most noticeable features are a long, slightly curved nose, and large, brilliant eyes, which he flashes around him with pretty much the expression of a caged lion. He has auburn hair, and the olive tint of his skin betrays his Spanish ancestry. Altogether a model of restless, vivacious intelligence, as his judges are of dogged, immobile stolidity.

"Vanini is questioned as to his belief in God. In re-

ply he picks up a piece of straw from the ground near him, and exclaims, 'This straw compels me to believe there is a God. Corn cast into the soil seems, at first, to languish and die. Presently, as if from corruption, it begins to whiten, then it becomes green and starts from the ground, it grows visibly, it is nourished with the morning dew, it is strengthened by the rain which it receives, it arms itself with pointed spiculæ to keep away the birds, it grows in the form of a stalk, and puts forth leaves; presently it becomes yellow, droops its head, languishes, and dies. We thresh it, and, the grain being separated from the straw, the former serves for the nourishment of man, the latter for the nourishment of animals created for the use of man.'"

Before these gloomy judges thus spoke a thinker of a new type—the augury of a future whose dawn was just becoming discernible on the horizon—a man who studied nature. Clearly the interval between the judges on the bench, and the prisoner at the bar, though locally measurable by a few yards, was, in point of time, to be meted only by centuries.

Vanini was condemned to die on the 9th of February, 1619, and the sentence was carried into execution the same day. "Nothing," says Cousin, "could save him; neither his youth, nor his learning, nor his eloquence."

This unfortunate martyr to philosophy and Free-thought was drawn on a hurdle through the streets of Toulouse. His behavior, like that of Bruno, was marked by the utmost fortitude. On coming forth from prison he exclaimed, "Let us go joyfully to die as becomes a philosopher." Vanini is bound securely to the stake. The executioner then requests him to put forth his tongue in order that the sentence of its amputation might be carried out. Vanini refuses; not, perhaps, that his human feeling shrank from the torture, though this surely would be only natural, but he would not by any act of his sanc-



tion the iniquitous proceedings of which he was made a victim. Alas! his refusal avails not. His mouth is forcibly wrenched open, the shrinking tongue is seized with iron pincers and drawn so far forward that the executioner's knife can do its work. The stream of blood which followed the brutal operation was accompanied by a loud and violent shriek of pain. After this the poor martyr to Freethought had not long to live. When he was dead by strangling, his body was consumed to ashes by the fire prepared for the purpose at the stake.

"O tyranny, at once both odious and impotent!" cries Cousin. "Do you think that it is with pincers you can tear the human mind from error. And do you not see that the flames which you set blazing by exciting the horror of all generous minds protect and propagate the doctrines you persecute?"

Thus perished Vanini in the prime of youth and manly beauty, under circumstances of treachery and barbarity not easy to be paralleled. His enemies, who scattered his ashes to the wind, did their utmost to exterminate his writings, with such success that his works have now become exceedingly rare.

Says Owen: "The spirit of Freethought of Bruno and Vanini rose like a phoenix from the embers of the murderous stake-fires. Vanini was one of the last instances in modern Europe of a thinker of some note being put to death for free philosophical speculation. The sun of science was already above the horizon. While his disfigured and mangled corpse was being consumed at Toulouse, Bacon, in a freer atmosphere, had completed a new system of philosophy and natural inquiry, much of which coincides in form and substance with Vanini's *Dialogues*. Galileo had set on foot a method of direct observation and experiment still more irreconcilable with the claims of ecclesiasticism, and Descartes was preparing the way for the skeptical philosophy which was destined, with

that of Bacon and others, to revolutionize the thought of Europe. Henceforth mental freedom of every kind began to flourish and increase.

“The memory of Vanini, like that of Bruno, is now being cherished by his countrymen. With the recovery of her long-lost liberty, Italy is turning her maternal regards and affectionate regrets to the memories of those noble sons, pioneers of European Freethought, to whom she gave birth in the fourteenth and two following centuries, but who, as children of a slave-mother, were driven from their homes, and compelled to seek a precarious subsistence, and often to find death, in foreign lands. The attachment of these poor wanderers to their native country was second only to their passion for liberty and truth. Sometimes, as in the case of Bruno, it lured them, like a wrecker’s light, to their destruction. Vanini dwells again and again in his writings on the beloved Taurisano of his birth; he recounts the incidents of his early childhood, the stories told him by his mother; the people, and the events of his youthful and happier life; the woods and valleys of ‘that fairest of all lands,’ ‘that precious stone in the ring of the globe,’ as he enthusiastically calls his native province. And now the country he so fervently loved, after two centuries and a half, has begun to reciprocate that affection. On the 24th of September, 1868, a bust of Vanini was placed in the district hall of Lecce, the chief town of Taurisano. The house in which he first saw the light is still carefully preserved, and now Taurisano has no higher boast, and no more valued historical possession, than that she was the birth-place of Julius Cæsar Vanini.”

Of Bruno, of Vanini, we can say, as Tennyson sings of knowledge itself:

“She sets her forward countenance,
And leaps into the future chance.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CRITICAL PHILOSOPHY—DESCARTES, LOCKE, HUME, KANT, HAMILTON, AND COMTE.

IN the eyes of Bruno and Spinoza the highest aim of Philosophy was to discover unity, the one in all.

Kant gives a different definition to Philosophy, and, I think, a wiser one. The business of Philosophy, says Kant, is to answer three questions: What can I know? What ought I to do? and, For what may I hope?

“But it is pretty plain,” says Huxley, “that these three resolve themselves in the long run into the first. For rational expectation and moral action are alike based upon beliefs; and a belief is void of justification unless its subject-matter lies within the boundaries of possible knowledge, and unless its evidence satisfies the conditions which experience imposes as the guarantee of credibility.”

What can we know? therefore, is the question of all questions which philosophy sets itself to answer and wherein Philosophy is distinguished from Science.

In another place Kant gives utterance to one of the wisest and most pregnant thoughts in regard to the true sphere of Philosophy, and in which he expresses the spirit of Freethought itself:

“The greatest and perhaps the sole use of all philosophy of pure reason is, after all, merely negative, since it serves not as an organon for the enlargement of knowledge, but as a discipline for its delimitation; and instead

of discovering truth *has only the modest merit of preventing error.*"

When Philosophy is thus modest it is of real service, and absolutely necessary to human progress. It is not the province of Philosophy to soar beyond the stars, to discover the secret of all things, to unfold the absolute unity, but to sit in wise humility by the side of vigorous Science and prevent her from falling into error, to define the limits of science so that human energy can be pre-eminently useful. Science attains truth. Philosophy prevents error. I do not know of any better distinction between the two, so far as intellectual progress is concerned.

"They" (the sciences), says Huxley, "furnish us with the results of the mental operations which constitute thinking, while Philosophy, in the stricter sense of the term, inquires into the foundation of the first principles which those operations assume or imply."

Such is the philosophy of Descartes and his successors as contrasted with the philosophy of Bruno and Spinoza. It is the all-triumphant philosophy of to-day, before which even the star of Hegel must pale its ineffectual fire.

DESCARTES.—1596-1650.

The object of Descartes was certainty. How can we be certain? That was the supreme question.

In order to answer this question, in order to arrive at certainty, Descartes was the Arch-Infidel, the arch-doubter of the human race. He doubted until it was no longer possible to doubt. He could not doubt that he doubted. Thence he said, "I think, therefore I am."

Doubt is the path to all knowledge, affirms Descartes. We must doubt in order to be sure of anything, for it is by doubt only that we can examine. We travel through doubt to certainty and there is no other road. We must doubt even the truth in order to know the truth. This prin-

principle of doubt in science is directly opposite to the principle of religion. Religion says, Believe ; do not question, do not deny. To do so is a mortal sin. In announcing his method, therefore, Descartes announced opposition to the creeds of the past. There must be a re-examination, a sifting of all that the world had hitherto believed. In accepting the method of Descartes we do not necessarily accept his results, although he added wonderfully to the treasures of human knowledge ; for doubt is not a temporary expedient. It must be constantly applied. The truth of yesterday must be demonstrated anew to-day. There is no permanent stamp for truth. It must be continually fresh-coined. Truth cannot be crystallized. It must be flowing. Truth is not to be gray-haired ; it is to be ever young. No truth can be so old as to be accepted on faith. It must always give its credentials. It must always be ready for proof. It must eternally confront the interrogation point.

The supreme question of Philosophy, What can we know ? can only be answered in the way that Descartes endeavored to answer it—by doubt. By doubt is not meant universal skepticism like that of Pyrrho, but what Hume terms “mitigated skepticism,” that is, skepticism with a well-defined purpose—skepticism as a means, not as an end. As we sail the pathless ocean in order to reach golden shores, so we enter upon the sea of doubt in order that every continent of truth may be discovered. This is the true Freethought philosophy, and it could not have had a more illustrious advocate than Descartes, nor could anyone give a more brilliant example of its capabilities.

The four following rules of Descartes are well worthy of consideration by every searcher after truth, and admirably state the essential features of his system of philosophy.

“ 1. Never to accept anything as true but what is evidently so ; to admit nothing but what so clearly and dis-

tinctly presents itself as true that there can be no reason to doubt it.

"2. To divide every question into as many separate parts as possible, that, each part being more easily conceived, the whole may be more intelligible.

"3. To conduct the examination with order, beginning by that of objects the most simple, and, therefore, the easiest to be known, and ascending, little by little, up to knowledge the most complex.

"4. To make such exact calculations, and such circum-spections, as to be confident that nothing essential has been omitted."

Buckle says of the merits of Descartes that he "was the first who successfully applied algebra to geometry; that he pointed out the important law of the sines; that in an age in which optical instruments were extremely imperfect, he discovered the changes to which light is subjected in the eye by the crystalline lens; that he directed attention to the consequences resulting from the weight of the atmosphere, and that he detected the causes of the rainbow."

"Descartes," says Saintes, "throwing off the swaddling-clothes of scholasticism, resolved to owe to himself alone the acquisition of the truth which he so earnestly desired to possess. For what else is the methodical doubt which he established as the starting-point of his philosophy, than an energetic protest of the human mind against all external authority?"

Hegel describes Descartes as the founder of modern philosophy, whose influence upon his own age and modern times it is impossible to exaggerate.

Bradlaugh writes of him: "It is certain that Descartes gave a sharp spur to European thought, and mightily hastened the progress of heresy."



THOMAS HOBBS.—1588-1679.

'In the same line with Descartes was Thomas Hobbes, "the subtlest dialectician of his time." He was one of the earliest English advocates of the materialistic limitation of the mind; he denies the possibility of any knowledge other than that resulting from sensation. "Whatever we imagine," he says, "is finite. Therefore there is no idea, no conception, of anything we call infinite."

He professed, however, to admit the authority of the magistrate and the scriptures to override argument. Perhaps that was the reason why he was protected from his clerical antagonists by the favor of Charles II., who had a portrait of the philosopher hung on the walls of his private room at Whitehall. In this connection it is worthy of note that Hobbes was the first to declare the doctrine of "equal rights," which was so pregnantly emphasized in after times by the splendid eloquence of Rousseau. Hobbes was a Freethinker, but he masked his batteries in such a way that the church could not easily attack him. He evidently was not born to be a martyr. He wrote somewhat in cipher; but the church felt and resented the keenness of his logic, and in his apparent submission to the "powers that be," realized the iconoclastic blow of a determined thinker.

LOCKE.—1632-1704.

John Locke, born 1632, carried forward the skeptical philosophy of Descartes. It is an interesting fact that Spinoza was born the same year, almost the opposite of Locke in his philosophical purpose. Spinoza endeavored to transcend the limits of human knowledge; by pure genius to build an intellectual temple far beyond the boundaries of experience—to solve the problem of the universe by a transcendent effort of the will; while the whole purpose of Locke was to emphasize the inability of man to do what Spinoza was gigantically laboring to do.

The critical philosophy of Locke cannot be better stated than in his own words, and wiser words were never written :

“If, by this inquiry into the nature of the understanding, I can discover the powers thereof, how far they reach, to what things they are in any degree proportionate, and where they fail us, I suppose it may be of use to prevail with the busy mind of man to be more cautious in meddling with those things exceeding its comprehension ; to stop when it is at the utmost end of its tether ; and to sit down in quiet ignorance of those things which, upon examination, prove to be beyond the reach of our capacities. We should not then be so forward, out of an affectation of universal knowledge, to raise questions, and perplex ourselves and others with disputes about things to which our understandings are not suited, and of which we cannot frame in our minds any clear and distinct perception, or whereof (as it has, perhaps, too often happened) we have not any notion at all. Men may find matter sufficient to busy their hands with variety, delight, and satisfaction, if they will not boldly quarrel with their own constitution, and throw away the blessings their hands are filled with, because they are not big enough to grasp everything. We shall not have much to complain of the narrowness of our minds, if we will employ them about what may be of use to us ; for of that they are very capable ; and it will be an unpardonable as well as a childish peevishness, if we undervalue the advantages of our knowledge, and neglect to improve it to the ends for which it was given us, because there are some things that are out of the reach of it. It will be no excuse to an idle and untoward servant, who would not attend to his business by candlelight, to plead that he had not broad sunshine. .The candle that is set up in us shines bright enough for all our purposes. Our business here is not to know all things, but those which concern our conduct.”

No wonder that the clergymen were opposed to Locke. In this statement he undermines theology, for if the human mind is thus limited, it cannot affirm anything concerning God. Locke's argument against "innate ideas" is unanswerable, and the chief reliance of faith is overthrown. If the idea of God is not innate, how is it possible to discover him by experience, since experience is always limited? If all ideas originate in sensation and reflection, as Locke says, must not all those ideas be finite? The stream cannot rise higher than its source. Sensation and reflection cannot produce an infinite idea. As well say that the earth could produce a sun, that a part can equal the whole, or that two and two are more than four. Locke did not see and acknowledge the full sweep of his philosophy, but, in conjunction with Descartes, he made way for the keener insight of David Hume.

HUME.—1711—1776.

In Hume we reach one of the loftiest intellectual heights of man, where there are no mists and fogs. Clear sunshine is all over the landscape. It is a pleasure to view human history from such an elevated and noble position. I do not know of anyone who has exercised a greater influence upon philosophy. Modern science is much more indebted to Hume than to Bacon. What we can know was more clearly answered by Hume than by any preceding writer. He studied nature and the human mind at first hand. He was an original investigator, and he was courageous. The only point on which he bowed to popular opinion was in the profession of a vague and faint Deism. While he affirmed the impossibility of proving the existence of substantial mind, he did seem to affirm the validity of the argument from design. But this was simply a ripple. The overwhelming stream of his argument was to pure Atheism, but he never admitted this logical result.

But the value of Hume is not in the personal results of his philosophy, but in its direction. He did not map out the human mind with thorough accuracy, but he showed how it was to be done. He got rid of an immense amount of rubbish. He made a revolutionary statement as to the course of human inquiry. Having stated his principles, he says :

“ When we run over our libraries, persuaded of these principles, what havoc must we make ! If we take in our hand any volume of divinity or school of metaphysics, let us ask this question : Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity and number ? No. Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence ? No. Commit it, then, to the flames, for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion.”

What volumes, according to this, we have the blessed privilege of burning up—volumes of theology, volumes of metaphysics, that do the world no particle of good ! What a clearing away there is to the pathway of human knowledge ! How much time is saved, how much vexation and weariness of spirit !

Hume's argument against miracles has been so thoroughly triumphant that we might say that from his day miracles have been practically abandoned.

The original definition of a miracle is : A violation of the fixed laws of nature in order to prove a divine revelation.

But Hume has demonstrated beyond question that there cannot be a violation of the laws of nature, so far as human experience is concerned, that it is impossible to demonstrate such a violation, for the fixed laws of nature are declared by universal human experience itself. It is impossible for a violation of the law to have such experimental evidence ; and, as we must judge by evidence, we must necessarily reject the miracle, for the weight of evidence is always enormously against it. If, in favor of the

miracle, you have the universal testimony of mankind, then the miracle is no longer a miracle, according to the definition, but a fixed law of nature. The very evidence that might prove the miracle must destroy its miraculous quality. Universality of evidence, which would be necessary to prove the actual occurrence of a "miracle," would at the same time prove that the miracle was a part of the course of nature itself.

Huxley, on this point, says: "The definition of a miracle as a 'violation of the laws of nature,' is in reality an employment of language which on the face of the matter cannot be justified. For 'nature' means neither more nor less than that which is; the sum of the phenomena presented to our experience; the totality of events, past, present, and to come. Every event must be taken as a part of nature until proof to the contrary is supplied. And such proof is from the nature of the case impossible."

The old definition of a miracle, therefore, has been abandoned. No theologian to-day calls a miracle a "violation of the laws of nature." A miracle now-a-days is "an extremely wonderful event."

Extremely wonderful as an event may be, it is still a part of nature and, therefore, cannot demonstrate a "divine revelation." Its validity as proof is gone, for it remains that the "miracle," whatever it is, is the result of previous natural conditions. It might be true, as Huxley says, that five thousand might be fed with five loaves and a few small fishes, and twelve baskets full be left; if we grant that, whatever is distinctly conceivable by the human mind is possible. But what would be the result? It would not prove the divinity of Jesus, that he was a god, or supernatural being. It would only show that he had a peculiar knowledge of the laws of nature. It would prove no more than a sleight-of-hand trick. It might amaze the multitude, but, scientifically, it would only

show that there were more possibilities in nature than our experience has hitherto justified. The performance would not prove the truth of a single saying of Jesus, or justify his claim to the messiahship. It would not prove that Jesus was a wise or learned man on any other point than that particular event. If a scientific man, like Huxley or Tyndall, were present on such an occasion, he would simply "set to work to investigate the conditions under which so highly unexpected an occurrence took place, and thereby enlarge his experience and modify his hitherto unduly narrow conceptions of nature." But he would not think for a moment of ascribing divinity to Jesus any more than to Hermann or Edison.

If the old definition is retained, it is impossible to prove a miracle. If the new definition is admitted, then the "miracle" loses all logical value to the theologian, for it proves nothing on his side of the question.

Every way, therefore, Hume has demolished the argument from miracles; he has conferred an inestimable service upon humanity, and scored a permanent victory for Freethought.

Of course, if a miracle is "an extremely wonderful event," it must have a vast amount of evidence in its support. On this point Hume says:

"There is not to be found in all history any miracle attested by a sufficient number of men of such unquestioned goodness, education, and learning as to secure us against all delusion in themselves; of such undoubted integrity as to place them beyond all suspicion of any design to deceive others; of such credit and reputation in the eyes of mankind as to have a great deal to lose in case of their being detected in any falsehood; and at the same time attesting facts performed in such a public manner, and in so celebrated a part of the world as to render the detection unavoidable. All of which circumstances are requisite to give us a full assurance of the testimony of men."



In his "Natural History of Religion" Hume takes the ground that religion and theology do not originate from man's intellectual nature, but from his "hopes and fears," and, therefore, religion is not universal and necessary, but arises out of the sentimental conditions of humanity. He says:

"The first ideas of religion arose not from a contemplation of the works of nature, but from a concern with regard to the events of life, and from the incessant hopes and fears which actuate the human mind. In order to carry men's attention beyond the present course of things, or lead them into any inference concerning invisible intelligent powers, they must be actuated by some passion which prompts their thought and reflection, some motive which urges their first inquiry. But what passion shall we have recourse to for explaining an effect of such mighty consequence? Not speculative curiosity merely, or the pure love of truth. That motive would be too refined for such gross natures, a subject too large and comprehensive for their narrow capacities. No passions, therefore, can be supposed to work on such barbarians, but the ordinary affections of human life, the anxious concern for happiness, etc. Agitated by hopes and fears of this nature, men scrutinize with a trembling curiosity the course of future causes, and examine the various and contrary events of human life. And in this disordered scene, with eyes still more disordered and astonished, they see the first obscure traces of divinity."

Never was the history of religion so clearly and truthfully stated. It originates with man's hopes and fears, and not from his desire for truth. Man believes in God for the preservation of his happiness, and not from any intellectual demand.

And those who think that high and refined Theism has no such origin, that it has nothing to do with these primitive barbaric feelings, will find that Monotheism, and the

sublimest qualities ascribed to God, are not the result of pure intellectual processes, but really an evolution through the hopes and fears of men from the "first obscure traces of divinity," and Theism, therefore, is tainted with the original disease. In fact, Monotheism, instead of being the result of man's mental advance, is but the logic of his most slavish propensities. The more perfection we ascribe to deity, the more he becomes the expression of intense selfishness. Hume's masterly reasoning must make the Theist squirm. He says:

"It may readily happen in an idolatrous nation that, though men admit the existence of several limited deities, yet there is some one God whom in a particular manner they make the object of their worship and adoration. They may either suppose that, in the distribution of power and territory among the gods, their nation was subjected to the jurisdiction of that particular deity; or, reducing heavenly objects to the model of things below, they may represent one god as the prince or supreme magistrate of the rest, who, though of the same nature, rules them with an authority like that which an earthly sovereign exerts over his subjects and vassals. Whether this God, therefore, be considered as their peculiar patron or as the general sovereign of heaven, his votaries will endeavor by every art to insinuate themselves into his favor; and, supposing him to be pleased like themselves with praise and flattery, there is no eulogy or exaggeration which will be spared in their addresses to him. In proportion as men's fears or distresses become more urgent they still invent new strains of adulation; and even he who outdoes his predecessor in swelling the titles of his divinity is sure to be outdone by his successor in newer and more pompous epithets of praise. Thus they proceed till at last they arrive at infinity itself, beyond which there is no further progress. They are guided to this notion

not by reason, but by the adulation and fears of the most vulgar superstitions."

The highest attributes of deity are the result of base human flattery. The tribal god becomes the universal god, not by the enlightened intellect of his subjects, but by their subserviency. Monotheism is simply the art of the courtier, and not the flower of philosophy. Those who read the history of the Jews in the light of modern scholarship will see an illustration of this, and the Psalms will not be regarded as the expression of mental elevation, but the eloquence of an obsequious royalist.

Hume accepted and rigorously applied the idealism of Berkeley and demonstrated that if we cannot prove the existence of matter, neither can we prove the existence of mind or soul. The reasoning is unanswerable. We only know physical phenomena. We do not know the substratum of the phenomena. No more do we know the substratum of mental phenomena. One good thing Berkeley did under the sharp guidance of Hume—if he knocked out "matter" he also knocked out "soul." Matter may recover from the blow. It has considerable persistence, in spite of metaphysics, but the "soul" is permanently demolished so far as science is concerned. The conclusion of the whole question is that physical phenomena constitute matter and mental phenomena constitute mind. Hume's reasoning was fully adopted by Kant, that "in the case of the soul, as in that of the body, the idea of substance is a mere fiction of the imagination." Says Kant: "Our internal intuition shows no permanent existence, for the ego is only the consciousness of my thinking."

Hume, every way, is one of the most interesting characters in modern times. He is almost an ideal philosopher. "His temper," says Adam Smith, "seemed to be more happily balanced than that, perhaps, of any other man I have ever known. The extreme gentleness of his nature never weakened either the firmness of his mind

or the steadiness of his resolution. Gayety of temper, so agreeable in society, was in him certainly attended with the most severe application, the most extensive learning, the greatest depth of thought, and a capacity in every respect the most comprehensive. Upon the whole, I have always considered him in his life time and since his death as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit."

I cannot help quoting from one of Hume's letters, it gives such a charming and beautiful picture of the home life of the philosopher; so iconoclastic, so terrible, destroying time-honored theories, and yet so delightfully contented:

"I shall exult and triumph to you a little that I have now at last—being turned off forty, to my own honor, to that of learning, and to that of the present age—arrived at the dignity of being a householder.

"About seven months ago I got a house of my own, and completed a regular family, consisting of a head, viz., myself, and two inferior members, a maid and a cat. My sister has since joined me and keeps me company. With frugality, I can reach, I find, cleanliness, warmth, light, plenty, and contentment. What would you have more? Independence? I have it in a supreme degree. Honor? That is not altogether wanting. Grace? That will come in time. A wife? That is none of the indispensable requisites of life. Books? That *is* one of them, and I have more than I can use. In short, I cannot find any pleasure of consequence which I am not possessed of in a greater or less degree; and, without any great effort of philosophy, I may be easy and satisfied."

KANT.—1724—1804.

Kant, the great successor of Hume in the brilliant line of the critical and really constructive philosophy, was

peculiarly devoted to his work. "He lived to a great age," says Madame de Staël, "and never once quitted the snows of murky Königsberg. There he passed a calm and happy existence, meditating, professing, and writing. He had mastered all the sciences. He had studied languages and cultivated literature. He lived and died the type of the German professor; he rose, smoked, drank his coffee, wrote, lectured, took his daily walk, always at precisely the same hour. The cathedral clock, it is said, was not more punctual in its movements than Immanuel Kant. He never, in the course of his long life, traveled above seven miles from his native city."

In his "Critique of Pure Reason," Kant developed, in his own original way, the skeptical philosophy of Descartes, Locke, and Hume. In answering the question: What can we know? he added greatly to the answer given by Hume. In the simple, undecomposable materials of thought Hume included only impressions, and ideas (copies of impressions by memory). Kant adds to these, relations, so that in the original contents of the mind are impressions, ideas, and relations; and thus, as Huxley remarks, Kant has made one of the greatest advances ever effected in philosophy; but the basis of Kant's philosophy is exactly the same as that of Hume. "If the details of Kant's criticism differ from those of Hume, they coincide with them in their main result, which is the limitation of all knowledge of reality to the world of phenomena revealed to us by experience."

The ultimates of human thought are matter, force, and relation. Relation is neither matter nor force, and yet it is as much of a reality as either of these. There is no matter or force without relation. Relation is as fundamental as sensation, not inferred from sensation, but immediately known with sensation.

Kant swept God and Immortality forever from the domain of human knowledge. He says:

“After we have satisfied ourselves of the vanity of all the ambitious attempts of reason to fly beyond the bounds of experience, enough remains of practical value to content us. It is true that no one *knows* that God and a future life exist, for if he possesses such knowledge he is just the man for whom I have long been seeking. All knowledge (touching an object of mere reason) can be communicated, and, therefore, I might hope to see my own knowledge increased to this prodigious extent by his instruction.” Further on, Kant says that philosophy and common sense are one. “I will not here speak of the service which philosophy has rendered to human reason by the laborious efforts of its criticism. But do you ask that the knowledge which interests all men shall transcend the common understanding and be discovered for you only by philosophers? The very thing which you make a reproach is the best confirmation of the justice of previous conclusions, since it shows that which could not at first have been anticipated; namely, that in those matters which concern all men alike nature is not guilty of distributing her gifts with partiality; and that the highest philosophy, in dealing with the most important concerns of humanity, is able to take us no further than the guidance which she affords to the commonest understanding.”

It is a great gain to know that the highest Philosophy, after all, is but systematized common sense.

Of course, Kant is compelled, in order to mollify the orthodox party, to make God and Immortality “moral certainties,” while they are no longer intellectual certainties; not *objective* moral certainties, however, but *subjective* moral certainties, for Kant confesses, naïvely: “I must not even say, *it is* morally certain that there is a God, and so on; but, *I am* morally certain, and so on.”

What Kant means is this: Though you cannot prove the existence of God, or the immortality of the soul, yet, as the belief in these is very useful for moral purposes,



you may assume, that is, for moral purposes you may, nay, should, believe that fiction of the imagination is true. Kant did not show much common sense in this. Certainly, if morality must be founded on an assumption, it must be a very poor thing. If Kant had seen more of the world, if he had traveled more than seven miles from Königsberg, and studied human nature, he would have discovered that man's morality is not founded upon an assumed belief, but upon real knowledge. According to Kant, we must lie in order to be true; we must be hypocrites in order to be just; we must cheat ourselves, in order to be honest with others; we must play fast and loose with reason in order to enforce the moral law upon ourselves. Kant is an intellectual giant, but he shows what a fool the greatest man may be when he undertakes to compromise with orthodoxy.

I think, after all, that Hume's idea of morality is much better than that of Kant. Hume dismisses entirely the belief in God and immortality, and says: "Virtue is an end, and is desirable on its own account without fee or reward;" and then, in one of his most eloquent passages, he declares: "What philosophical truths can be more advantageous to society than these here delivered, which represent virtue in all her genuine and most engaging charms, and make us approach her with ease, familiarity, and affection? The dismal dress falls off, with which many divines and some philosophers have covered her; and nothing appears but gentleness, humanity, beneficence, affability; nay, even at proper intervals, play, frolic, and gaiety. She talks not of useless austerities and rigors, suffering and self-denial. She declares that her sole purpose is to make her votaries, and all mankind during every period of their existence, if possible, cheerful and happy, nor does she ever willingly part with any pleasure but in the hopes of ample compensation in some other period of their lives. The sole trouble she demands is

that of just calculation and a steady preference of the greater happiness. And if any austere pretenders approach her—enemies to joy and pleasure—she either rejects them as hypocrites or deceivers, or, if she admits them to her train, they are ranked, however, among the least favored of her votaries.”

Kant certainly did not improve upon genial David Hume as a moral teacher. Even the Presbyterian Scotch named a street after him, St. David's street, and this is one of the best saints in all the calendar.

HAMILTON.

The clouds were not altogether swept away by Kant's incisive logic, since he allowed the “moral dispositions” to somewhat mar his judgment.

It required the brilliant metaphysics of Hamilton to clear the atmosphere entirely. I do not know anyone who has done a finer service to Freethought than this great writer, although he was an orthodox believer and has been a master influence in modern religious thought. Nothing has so troubled and perplexed the human mind as the words “infinite” and “absolute.” It has been supposed that they contained some meaning, though nobody knew what. Hamilton has demonstrated, beyond question, that they simply mean nothing. They are the negations of thought, that is, no thought. Everything in the sphere of thought must be finite, limited, and conditioned. It is impossible to conceive anything else, or anything beyond. We talk of “infinite space,” and “infinite time,” as if they were real conceptions, but they are not. As before shown, if we conceive, think, imagine, or picture space, it must be finite space; if time, it must be finite time. There is no such thing to the human mind as infinite space or infinite time. Let one try to think these, and he cannot do it. Now, if, according to Descartes, there can be no truth to the human mind except what is distinctly conceivable,

then infinite space and infinite time are not truths, for they are not distinctly conceivable. If all knowledge arises from experience, there can be no possible knowledge of the "infinite," for it cannot be experienced. We cannot experience the infinite in part, for the infinite can not be divided into parts. It is an absolute unity. That which is divisible is finite.

The relativity of knowledge, as affirmed and demonstrated by Hamilton, is one of the most fruitful postulates of modern science. It takes a great fog from the human mind. The whole history of philosophy is a history of the havoc made by these two terms, "infinite" and "absolute." They have ruled with a rod of iron. None dared to deny. It was an enthronement of words without ideas. Descartes, Locke, Hume, and Kant submitted, to a certain extent, to the tyranny of the word "God." They allowed there might be something in it. Indeed, Descartes built up an elaborate argument for the existence of God, on the basis of the idea of infinite perfection, which, he says, is in the mind of man. As infinite perfection can not be infinite perfection without existence, therefore this idea of infinite perfection must represent reality. However, there is no idea of infinite perfection in the mind, and Descartes' argument is worthless. Every philosophy which is based on any affirmation of the actual presence in the human mind of ideas corresponding to the words "infinite" and "absolute" is a false philosophy. All such philosophies have come and gone like mists in the sky. They have expanded until they have covered the whole heavens with glorious colors, but they have faded away. Hegel made the last and most alluring attempt to build these magnificent castles in the air, and for awhile he commanded Europe and exercised a wonderful influence. He has done more than any other to preserve a religion for thinkers. He certainly has constructed a palatial philosophy. It opens into enchanting, luminous,

and far-away perspectives. The mind can wander in it, and find no end to the dazzling sceneries. If it were only built upon fact, what a preëminent structure it would be! How the imagination could revel in it, and winged hope never cease its flight, and the heart be filled with the divine fervor of a Bruno or Spinoza! But the system of Hegel is not built on fact. It does not originate with fact, but with pure thought itself. Thought is the beginning and the end, and the universe is the "ever-becoming" God, of which humanity is the noblest consciousness. The "secret of Hegel" is not worth striving after, for, when discovered, it will not add one iota to human knowledge.

Alexander Smith sings the master strain of Hegelianism, when the poet declares that he will begin his mighty theme

" Far in God,

When all the ages, and all suns and worlds,
And souls of men and angels, lay in Him,
Like unborn forests in an acorn cup ;

With the soliloquy with which God broke
The silence of the dead eternities,
At which most ancient words, O beautiful !
With showery tresses like a child from sleep,
Uprose the splendid mooned, and jeweled night ;"

And close the measureless epic,

" With God and silence,

When this great universe subsides in God,
Even as a moment's foam subsides again
Upon the wave that bears it."

The "Philosophy of the Conditioned" is the true philosophy of modern days. We no longer consider the infinite. We are no longer baffled by mysteries, for we no longer consider mysteries, but facts. Why trouble about

mysteries? Whatever is experienced is not a mystery—it is a fact.

Hamilton, in the following, clearly states the philosophy of the infinite, which he himself so thoroughly repudiated, and which science itself must repudiate, although such glorious names are its sponsors :

“Kant pronounced the philosophy of rationalism (that is, ideal rationalism, exercise of the reason simply, without the union of reason with experience, which latter is scientific rationalism) to be a mere fabric of delusion. He declared that a science of existence was beyond the compass of our faculties ; that pure reason, as purely subjective and conscious of nothing but itself, was, therefore, unable to evince the truth of ought beyond the phenomena of its personal modifications. But scarcely had Kant accomplished the recognition of this important principle, than from the very disciples of his school there arose philosophers who, despising the contracted limits and humble results of observation, reëstablished a bolder and more uncompromising rationalism than any that had ever previously obtained for their country the character of philosophic visionaries—

‘Minds mad with reasoning, and on fancies fed.’

Founded by Fichte, but evolved by Schelling, this doctrine regards experience as unworthy of the name of science ; because, as only of the phenomenal, the transitory, the dependent, it is only that which, having no reality in itself, cannot be established as a valid basis of certainty and knowledge. Philosophy, therefore, must either be abandoned, or we must be able to seize the One, the Absolute, the Unconditioned, immediately and in itself. And this they profess to do by a kind of *intellectual vision*. In this act, reason, soaring not only above the world of sense, but beyond the sphere of personal consciousness, boldly places itself at the very center of absolute being, with

which it claims to be, in fact, identified ; and, thence surveying existence in itself, and in its relations, unveils to us the nature of the deity, and explains, from first to last, the derivation of all created things."

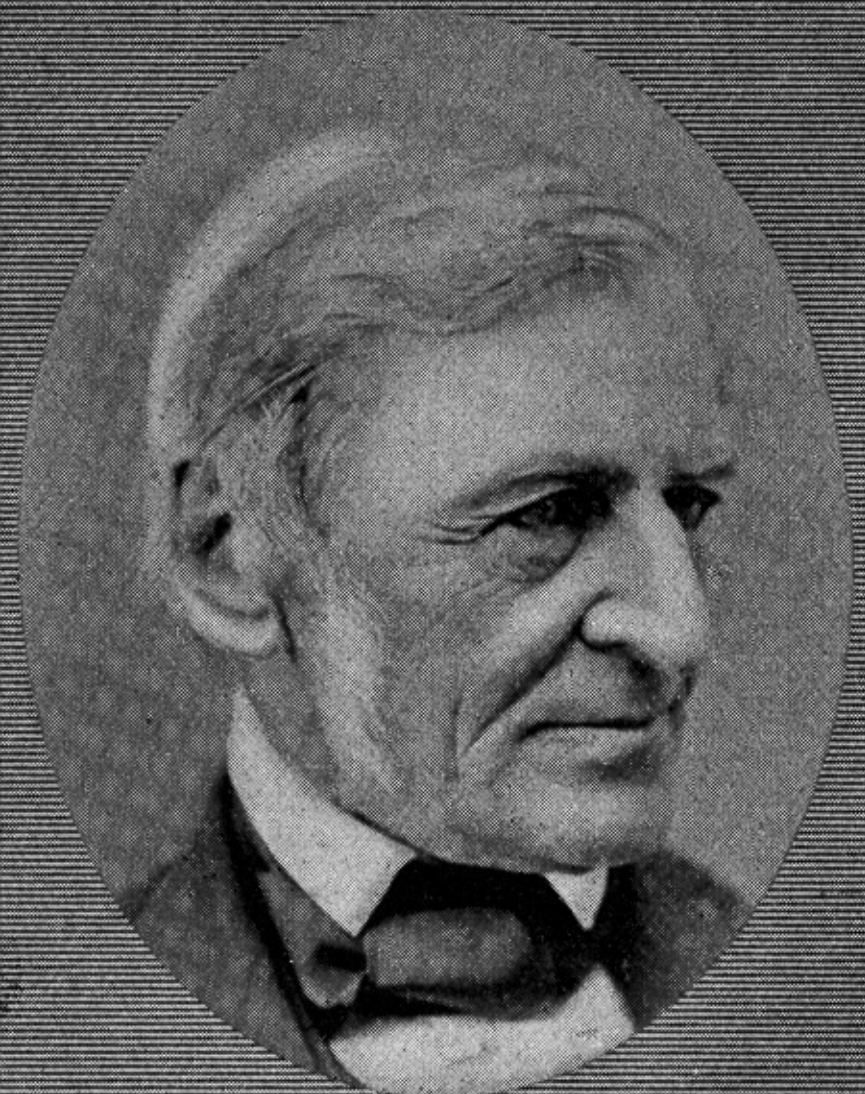
The following is a luminous statement, as far as it is possible to give one, of this transcendental philosophy, which, happily, to-day, is fast disappearing from even the German mind :

"In every act of consciousness we distinguish a self, or *ego*, and something different from self, a *non-ego*, each limited and modified by the other. These, together, constitute the finite element. But, at the same instant, when we are conscious of these existences, plural, relative, and contingent, we are conscious, likewise, of a superior unity in which they are contained and by which they are explained—a unity absolute as they are conditioned, substantive as they are phenomenal, and an infinite cause as they are finite causes. This unity is God. The fact of consciousness is thus a complex phenomenon, comprehending three several terms—first, the idea of the *ego* and *non-ego* as finite ; second, the idea of something else as infinite ; third, the idea of the relation of the finite element to the infinite. These elements are revealed in themselves and in their mutual connection in every act of primitive or spontaneous consciousness."

The essential spirit of intolerance and persecution, which is in every religious philosophy, and which will result in horror and bloodshed, is also stated by Hamilton as existing in this philosophy, thus :

"As, in this spontaneous intuition of reason, there is nothing voluntary, and, therefore, nothing personal ; and as the truths which intelligence here discovers come not from ourselves, *we are entitled, up to a certain point, to impose these truths on others as revelations from on high.*"

It will thus be seen that the sword, the fire and fagot, are in this transcendental philosophy, the ideal rational-



ism, which so disdainfully avoids the ground of common experience and soars to God.

It is a fact that Cousin, the last great representative of this school, formulated into ecclesiasticism, endeavored to justify, partially, the execution of Vanini, on the ground that he was an Atheist and an immoral man. He labored to blacken the reputation of the martyr in order to save the "defenders of God."

Hamilton compactly states the issue :

"Philosophical opinions may be reduced to four : First, the unconditioned is incognizable and inconceivable ; its notion being only negative of the conditioned, which last can only be positively known as conceived. Second, it (the infinite) is not an object of knowledge, but its notion as a regulative (moral) principle of the mind itself is more than a mere negation of the conditioned. Third, it (the infinite) is cognizable, but not conceivable ; it can be known by a sinking back into identity with the infinite-absolute, but it is incomprehensible by consciousness and reflection, which are only of the relative and different. Fourth, it is cognizable and conceivable by consciousness and reflection, which are under relation, difference, and plurality."

"The first of these opinions," says Hamilton, "we regard as true ; the second is held by Kant, the third by Schelling, and the last by Cousin.

"In our opinion," says Hamilton, "the mind can conceive, and consequently can know, only the *limited and the conditionally limited*. The unconditionally unlimited, or the *infinite*, the unconditionally limited, or the absolute, cannot possibly be construed to the mind ; they can be conceived only by a thinking away from, or abstraction of, those very conditions under which thought itself is realized ; consequently, the notion of the unconditioned is only *negative*—negative of the conceivable itself. For example : on the one hand we can positively conceive neither an absolute whole, that is, a whole so great that

we cannot conceive it as a relative part of a still greater whole ; nor an absolute part, that is, a part so small that we cannot also conceive it as a relative whole, divisible into smaller parts. On the other hand, we cannot positively represent, or realize, or construe to the mind, an infinite whole, for this could only be done by the infinite synthesis in thought of finite wholes, which would itself require an infinite time for its accomplishment ; nor, for the same reason, can we follow out in thought an infinite divisibility of parts. The result is the same, whether we apply the process to limitation in space, in time, or in degree. The infinite, the absolute, are thus equally inconceivable to us.

“Thought necessarily supposes condition. *To think is to condition.* For, as the greyhound cannot outstrip its shadow, nor the eagle outsoar the atmosphere in which he floats and by which alone he is supported ; so the mind cannot transcend that sphere of limitation within and through which exclusively the possibility of thought is realized. All that we know is only known as ‘won from the void and formless infinite.’

“Thought cannot transcend consciousness ; consciousness is only possible under the antithesis of a subject and object of thought, known only in correlation, and mutually limiting each other ; while, independently of this, all that we know either of subject or object, either of mind or matter, is only a knowledge in each of the particular or phenomenal. We admit that the consequence of this doctrine is, that philosophy, if viewed as more than a science of the conditioned, is impossible. Departing from the particular, we admit that we can never, in our highest generalizations, rise above the finite.

“Time is only the image, or concept, of a certain correlation of existences—of existence, therefore, as conditioned. *It is thus itself only a form of the conditioned.*

“Is the absolute conceivable in time ? We can easily

represent to ourselves time under any relative limitation of commencement and termination; but we are conscious to ourselves of nothing more clearly than that it would be equally possible to think without thought, as to construe to the mind an absolute commencement, or an absolute termination of time—that is, a beginning and an end beyond which time is conceived as not existent. Goad imagination to the utmost, it still sinks paralyzed within the bounds of time, and time survives as the condition of the thought itself in which we annihilate the universe.

“Is the *infinite* more comprehensible? Can we imagine time as unconditionally unlimited? We cannot conceive the infinite regress of time; for such a notion could only be realized by the infinite addition in thought of finite times, and such an addition would itself require an eternity for its accomplishment. If we dream of affecting this, we only deceive ourselves by substituting the *indefinite* for the infinite, than which no two notions can be more opposed. The negation of the commencement of time involves, likewise, the affirmation that an infinite time has at every moment already run; that is, it implies the contradiction that an infinite has been completed. For the same reason we are unable to conceive an infinite progress of time. While the infinite regress and infinite progress, taken together, involve the triple contradiction of an infinite concluded, of an infinite commencing, and of two infinities not exclusive of each other.

“Space, like time, is only the intuition, or the concept, of a certain correlation of existence, of existence, therefore, *as conditioned*. *It is thus itself only a form of the conditioned*. But apart from this, thought is equally powerless in realizing a notion, either of the *absolute totality*, or of the *infinite immensity* of space. And, while space and time, as wholes, can thus neither be conceived as absolutely limited, nor as infinitely unlimited, so their parts can be represented to the human mind, neither as *absolutely indi-*

visible, nor as *divisible to infinity*. The universe cannot be imagined as a whole which may not also be imagined as a part; nor an atom be imagined as a part which may not also be imagined as a whole.

“The unconditioned, therefore, is not a positive concept, nor has it ever a real or intrinsic unity, for it only combines the absolute and the infinite, in themselves contradictory of each other, into a unity *relative to us*, by the *negative* bond of their inconceivability.”

Stephen Pearl Andrews, one of the keenest metaphysicians of modern times, has made a distinction which is quite helpful, between the absolute infinite and the relative infinite. The relative infinite is a kind of contradiction in terms, yet still it conveys something to the human mind. The absolute infinite is that which is so great that it cannot be made greater. That is the use of the term as applied to God. But the moment we try to think God, we must think of him as less than infinite, for we cannot think of any being so great but that we must still think of a greater. Suppose, for instance, we say that the universe is infinite, that is, that the number of worlds is so great that the number cannot be increased. If you say the number of worlds can be increased, that number must be finite. Grant the number to be absolutely infinite. It must then be admitted that every world is composed of billions of particles, and the number of particles of course must be infinite. We are at once confronted by the absurdity of one infinite number being a billion times greater than another infinite number, and yet by the assumption both numbers are so great that they cannot be increased. We can only escape the absurdity by saying that the number of worlds is relatively infinite, that is, so great that we cannot count them. Time and space are relatively infinite in the sense that we cannot conceive the beginning or the ending of either, but in this case it is not the strength of thought, but its impotence,

that is manifest. It is a confession of inability to think, not an affirmation of positive knowledge.

In this sense the word "infinite" is applied to time, space, and the universe, but it will be easily seen this use of the word expresses the want of a conception, not the presence of it.

"Infinite" and "absolute" in the theological sense are, therefore, entirely without meaning, and must be forever abandoned by science.

Kant threw the words "God" and "immortality" into the limbo of faith, and Hamilton has tumbled the words "infinite" and "absolute" after them, and there they lie in undistinguished confusion. They are not even ghosts or shadows—they are simply nothing.

COMTE.

So the way is made for Positive Philosophy, which is the true and final answer to the question, What can we know? We can know phenomena only, and the correlations of phenomena. The universe is simply the known and the unknown. The unknown is simply unknown. We cannot describe it in any way, and, as Frederic Harrison says, we do not even begin it with a capital. The boundaries of the known continually advance, but the unknown is always the unknown. We cannot name it "God," "immortality," "thing-in-itself," "noumenon," "substratum," "soul," "the infinite," "the absolute," or even "the unknowable." The known is only phenomena, but real phenomena, and the manifestation of the universe as it is.

I accept Positive Philosophy, not as a philosophy founded by Comte, but as the grand result of the labors of Descartes, Locke, Hume, Kant, and Hamilton, in their endeavors to define human knowledge. The words Positive Philosophy express that result better than any others, and

why not accept them, even though we do not accept altogether the conclusions of Comte himself? This philosopher has exerted a profound and mighty influence upon his age. He was a thinker of extraordinary ability and magnificent enthusiasm. Certainly no one has better stated the boundaries of human knowledge. His philosophy will suffer many modifications in the onward march of science, but in that march theology and metaphysics will be forever discarded. Science will deal with what is positive, and not with dreams or fancies, and that is a splendid triumph for Freethought.

Comte's attempt to establish a religion of humanity—a religion minus theology, with the regalia and ceremonies of the papal church—was a colossal blunder. It is a dismal failure. You cannot build religion on reason, common sense, or any intellectual or moral grounds, as Hume has clearly shown.

One of the founders of a new religion, "Theophilanthropy," the religion which Paine professed, complained to Talleyrand that it made but little headway among the people. Talleyrand replied: "It is no easy matter to introduce a new religion. But there is one thing I would advise you to do, and then perhaps you might succeed. Go and be crucified, then be buried, and then rise again on the third day; and then work miracles, raise the dead, heal all manner of disease and cast out devils, and then it is possible you may accomplish your end." This was Talleyrand's shrewd way of saying that religion was a humbug; that it must be founded on a lie.

The conflict between science and religion always has existed and always will exist. Comte should have banished religion equally with theology and metaphysics.

It is folly to talk about worshipping humanity, or anything else. We should not cultivate a feeling of worship. We should not bow or pray. Self-respect forbids this. Recognize everyone as your equal. Honor the truly great,



but don't make them gods, for the best of them are no better than they should be.

Comte's "grand man" is simply a fiction of the imagination. It does not exist. There is some analogy between society and the human body, but that is all. Humanity is not like a vast organism. We are not like cells in a stupendous body. We are individuals, and supreme in our individuality, and as individuals we possess rights. There is no higher existence in quality than individual existence. We are not to be absorbed in a figment called humanity, any more than in a figment called God. All the millions of human beings massed together cannot make an existence superior in kind to individual existence, and it often happens that one man is wiser than all the rest of the world put together. Comte's "grand man" seems a pure metaphysical conception like the "entities" of the schoolmen. Humanity is a combination of individuals, but that combination does not create a "supreme being." Comte's abolition of "rights" and substitution of "duties" as fundamental is not for morality or for liberty. Rights are fundamental, and duties are based upon our rights; and if we have no rights, then we have no duties. The sentiment of self is as original as the sentiment of humanity. We are not to be altogether altruistic. We must be egoistic. Live for others is not the true maxim, but live for all being, yourself included. The sentiment of humanity should not displace the sentiment of self, any more than the sentiment of self should displace the sentiment of humanity.

I have thus noted the mistakes and failures of Comte, which have lessened the value of his work, but what he has done still remains among the greatest achievements of the century. He has been a prodigious power, and the old superstitions have received no deadlier blow than from this brave thinker.

It must be admitted that there is a unity and correlation of the sciences—a true order; and though Comte may not have succeeded in stating the true order, yet his efforts to do so, and his affirmation of the unity, have been of great service.

Mr. Lewes eloquently says: "It constructs a series which makes all the separate sciences organic parts of one science; and it enables the several philosophies to yield a doctrine, which is what no other doctrine has ever been, coextensive with human knowledge and homogeneous throughout its whole extent. This then is the Positive Philosophy; the extension to all investigation of those methods which have been proved successful in the physical sciences. The limitations of human knowledge may be irksome to some impatient spirits; but philosophy pretending to no wider sweep than that of human faculty, and contented with the certainties of experience, declares the search after first and final causes, to be a profitless pursuit."

In directing attention to sociology and to the laws of human progress, in declaring that there are such laws, and that there is a science of society, Comte has pushed forward human investigation in a most noble and beneficial direction.

Comte's "great fundamental law of human intelligence," the law of the three stages, is certainly a very illuminating criticism of human history. It is in the main correct, though by no means applicable to the growth of all the sciences. But mankind in the search after truth has really passed through these three stages, though I do not see that in the nature of things it should always be in this fashion. It has been so as a matter of fact, and Comte's "law" is a statement of history, but not a fundamental law of perpetual operation, like the law of evolution as given by Herbert Spencer.

The law of the three stages is thus stated by Comte:

“Each of our leading conceptions, each branch of our knowledge, passes successively through three different theoretical conditions—the theological or fictitious; the metaphysical or abstract, and the scientific or positive. In the theological, men suppose all phenomena to be produced by the immediate action of supernatural beings, and the perfection of this stage is reached when all these supposed beings are merged into one, that is, Monotheism. In the metaphysical stage the mind substitutes for personal beings, abstract forces, or laws, which are part of the entity or nature of matter, and this stage is matured when mankind have substituted one final entity (nature) for the various minor entities at first supposed.

“In the final, the positive stage, the mind has given over the vain search after absolute notions, the origin and destination of the universe, and the causes of phenomena, and applies itself to the study of their laws, that is, their invariable relations of succession and resemblance. Reasoning and observation, duly combined, are the means of this knowledge. What is now understood when we speak of an explanation of facts, is simply the establishment of a connection between a single phenomenon and some general (unreduced) facts, the number of which continually diminishes with the progress of science. The ultimate perfection of the positive system would be (if such perfection could be hoped for) to represent all phenomena as particular aspects of a single general fact.”

This is a luminous philosophy of history. It is an admirable explanation of the way things have been and of the goal to be reached.

No doubt Comte will be vastly modified by such thinkers as Spencer, Mill, and Huxley. For instance, Comte has overlooked too much the value of psychology, and, as Mill says, it should be classified as an independent abstract science. It appears that Comte, in his opposition to metaphysics, did not sufficiently distinguish between-

true and false metaphysics. If we take the word "metaphysics" in its original sense, then all metaphysics is false; but historically the word has been used in two senses—used in the sense that there can be knowledge without experience, that is, without physical sensation; that we can start from ideas and not from facts; that from notions in the mind we can deduce truth without consultation with the material world about us; that we can neglect phenomena altogether, and study pure being through intuition. Metaphysics in this sense—the metaphysics of the schoolmen—is entirely false and unworthy of the attention of science. The metaphysical stage, equally with the theological age, is unscientific, and "entities" are as much to be abolished as the "gods."

But it must be conceded that there are mental phenomena apart from physical phenomena, and that physical phenomena do not altogether explain mental phenomena. As Huxley states it: "I cannot conceive how the phenomena of consciousness, as such and apart from the physical process by which they are called into existence, are to be brought within the bounds of physical science. Let us suppose the process of physical analysis pushed so far that one could view the last links of the chain of molecules, watch their movements as if they were billiard balls, weigh them, measure them, and know all that is physically knowable about them. Well, even in this case we should be just as far from being able to include the resulting phenomenon of consciousness within the bounds of physical science as we are at present. It would remain as unlike the phenomena we know under the names of matter and motion as it is now."

The correlation of mental phenomena, therefore, could not come under the name "physics." It has come under the name "metaphysics" and is certainly a true science, as much as the correlation of physical phenomena. In this sense, Hume, and Kant, and Hamilton are among the great-

est metaphysicians, and as metaphysicians they have added incalculably to the stores of human knowledge. Comte himself was a metaphysician in this sense, for it must be admitted that his statement of positive philosophy is a mental conclusion and not a physical phenomenon.

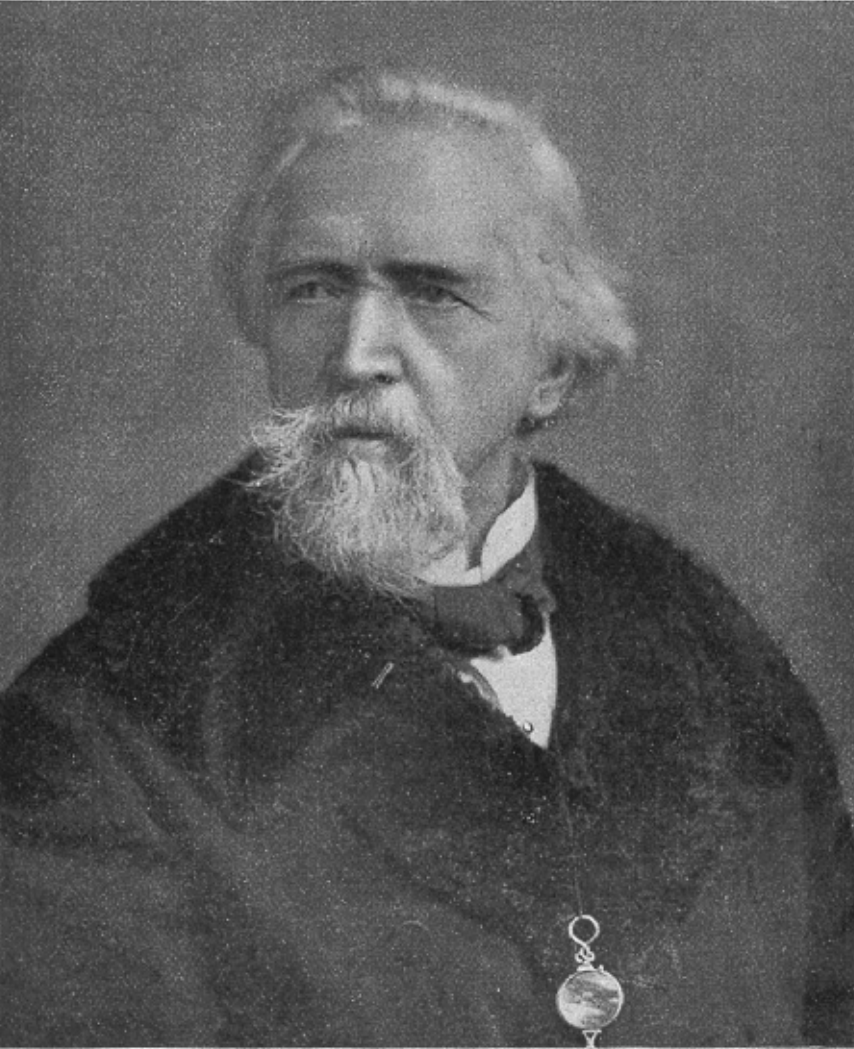
However, mental phenomena must be studied in connection with the physical world. A true psychology must be based upon a true physiology. We cannot understand the action of the mind unless we understand the action of the brain. To study the mind apart from its physical surroundings is again a "false metaphysics." This, no doubt, is what Comte meant, since Lewes declares that the science of psychology is included in biology. In a certain sense it is, and in a certain sense it is not. As Huxley again says, with scientific exactness: "I doubt not our poor, long-armed, and short-legged friend, the ourang, as he sits meditatively munching his durion fruit, has something behind that sad, Socratic face of his which is utterly 'beyond the bounds' of physical science. Physical science may know all about his clutching the fruit and munching it and digesting it and how the physical titillation of his palate is transmitted to some microscopic cells of the gray matter of his brain. But the feelings of sweetness and satisfaction which for a moment hang out their signal lights in his melancholy eyes, are as utterly outside the bounds of physics as is the 'fine frenzy' of a human rhapsodist."

It is evident that Comte would have been more correct in his classification if he had included psychology and logic also in the independent abstract sciences.

While the "grand man" and humanity as an "organism" must be entirely rejected, yet the true value of humanity as a mediator between man, the individual, and nature must not be overlooked; and while in form we deny Comte, in spirit we accept him, as he has been unfolded in a very able manner by T. B. Wakeman, who, I think,

has given a better interpretation to Comte than any other writer. He has certainly stripped Comte's religion of its provincial and imperial elements, and made it, as far as possible, cosmopolitan and democratic. No man, however great his genius, can understand nature by the solitary exercise of his faculties. Co-operation is as necessary in the intellectual world as in the industrial. It is not through man, as a single being, but through humanity, the universal being (not organism), that the greatness of nature is revealed, and that we know and use her power. Generations have toiled for us. The whole human race is constantly endowing us with truth. Millions are helping to build the cosmos in which we dwell. Civilization is the result of immense combinations all over the world. It is not the individual alone, but the individual plus humanity, the one through the many, that gems the earth with harvest fields, chains the lightning, and counts the multitude of stars. In this sense, humanity is an amazing power, and with this interpretation there is something most nobly inspiring in Comte's conception, as described by John Stuart Mill: "Humanity ascends into the unknown recesses of the past, embraces the manifold present, and descends into the indefinite and unforeseeable future, forming a collective existence without assignable beginning or end, appealing to that feeling of the infinite which is deeply rooted in human nature and which seems necessary to the imposingness of all our highest conceptions."

Comte, by his magnificent ideas, has created what has been called the "enthusiasm of humanity," through which human progress is ennobled with music, art, and poetry. Comte endeavored to cultivate majestic and enduring sentiments, along with clear scientific advancement, and in this he has labored in the true direction, although his "religion" and its methods may forever disappear. He has been a great intellectual agitator. As Van Buren



Denslow says: "His work created a consternation akin to the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast, for it said to theologians and metaphysicians alike, '*Mene mene tekel upharsin.*' It said to all priesthoods and spiritual ministers, 'Your occupation was necessary for a time, as was slavery; but the time will come when it will be equally necessary to abolish it.' The clergy were better prepared for argument than for this outlawry. They did not relish being told that to account for things supernaturally was an inseparable attribute of the infantile stage of the human mind, and therein all theologies, like all fetich worships of which they are in fact a part, like all mythologies, like all scandals, and, indeed, like all dogs, must have their day and perish. The clergy had pretty nearly made man a product of theology. They were startled to find theology a parasite creeping precariously upon the outer skull of man. They had placed God in the center of the intellectual system, and bid all souls derive from it their light. Comte asserted that no light emanated from this so-called God, except by reflection from the larger luminary—humanity."

We have thus traced the philosophical progress of man since the days of Columbus. Bruno and Spinoza, in the line of transcendental philosophy, were the advocates of man's freedom and nobility, with a splendor of genius unsurpassed. But the true father of modern philosophy is Descartes, and from him flows the brilliant line of Locke, Hume, Kant, Hamilton, and Comte. What an illustrious pathway this has been! What wealth of thought has been expended in order to answer the simple question, "What can we know?" It took from Descartes (1596) to Comte (1857) to fully and satisfactorily answer that question. It has been answered, and, accepting Positive philosophy, not as what Comte was the first to create, but as the result of the labors of his great predecessors, of which himself is the interpreter and advancer, and

whose statements will still undergo many and important modifications, we can say, with Lewes :

“Mr. Spencer is unequivocally a Positive philosopher, however he may repudiate being considered a disciple of Comte. His object is that of the Positive philosophy—namely, the organization into a harmonious doctrine of all the highest generalities of science, by the application of the positive method, and the complete displacement of theology and metaphysics. The peculiar character he impresses on it by his thorough working out in detail of the law of evolution gives a special value to his system; but the Positive philosophy will absorb all his discoveries, as it will absorb all future discoveries made on its method and in its spirit, rejecting certain *a priori* and teleological tendencies which he sometimes manifests, and disregarding his failures as it disregards the failures of Comte and every other seeker.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE FINAL SCIENTIFIC ANSWER—MONISM.

THE last remaining cloud to be swept from the pathway of modern science is Spencer's doctrine of the unknowable. This doctrine is simply a revival of the old dualistic and theological conception of the universe, and is opposed to the scientific and monistic conception.

If science to-day and philosophy affirm anything, it is the oneness of existence. As Comte says, this is the goal of science, to explain the multitude of facts by one general fact. It is the object of science to correlate all phenomena—to bind them into unity.

If we divide existence into two kinds, one knowable and the other unknowable, this is dualism. It absolutely splits the universe asunder. There is an impassable chasm between existences, and the inevitable result is the old dualism again—reason and revelation, science and faith—science for the knowable and faith for the unknowable. Here is the "twofold truth" of Pomponazzi and the old philosophers in modern thought. No wonder that theologians have welcomed Spencer's doctrine of the unknowable. It saves them. It gives a refuge for all their fallacies, a boundless domain for the exercise of credulity. Since reason cannot penetrate it, inspiration from God must come to man's aid and supplement science.

The monistic philosophy, which is the grand result of the critical and positive philosophy, must repudiate the unknowable. So far as science is concerned, all existence

is identical, and, therefore, all existence is knowable, that is, intelligible. If not, why not? Is there any part of nature unintelligible?

If a part of universal being is unknowable, how does Spencer or anybody else know it?

When we assert that fundamental existence is unknowable, do we not in that very affirmation declare that we do know something about it, that is, we know that it is unknowable—a most tremendous assumption of knowledge.

This doctrine of the unknowable explains nothing, any more than the doctrine of God explains, and, therefore, is unscientific. It only makes a muddle. Spencer frankly says:

“I hold at the outset and continue to hold that the inscrutable existence stands towards our general conceptions of things in substantially the same relation as does the creative power asserted by theology, and when theology has dropped the last of the anthropomorphic traits ascribed, *the foundation beliefs of the two must become identical.*”

Says Frederic Harrison: “To invoke the unknowable is to reopen the whole range of metaphysics; and the entire apparatus of theology will follow through the breach.”

Even the “Christian World” declares that “the words of Spencer might have been used by Butler or Paley, and are *the fitting and natural introduction to inspiration.*”

Spencer affirms that the “unknowable” is the “infinite and eternal energy” from which all things proceed. It is the “ultimate,” the “all-being.”

If it is the unknowable, how does Spencer know that it is “infinite” and “eternal,” or that it is an “energy,” or that anything “proceeds” from it, or that it is “ultimate?” How does he even know that it is a “reality?”

Mr. Wakeman says: “Spencer’s system, by his doctrine of the unknowable, becomes a duality which denies that the *ego* is a correlate of the known and knowable world.

His philosophy, therefore, leaves the backbone of the world of causal sequence broken at the vital point where the objective and the subjective unite in humanity, but not in any unknowable. That is, he assumes that everything is only a symbol of reality; that every phenomenon is related to a *noumenon*, and that the consciousness of man is not a correlate of nerve and world-changes; and so between the world and man lies an unaccountable gulf with an open gateway through which the clerical and spiritual 'mediums' have brought back the whole ghostly tribe of entities and spirits, and gods and devils, to torture and rob the human race again. The trouble is that Mr. Spencer, in assuming an 'infinite and eternal energy' back of 'all things,' an absolutely unknowable, inscrutable, *unhuman noumenon*, has lost his grip on the infinite and eternal causal concatenation of things. He has run science ashore on the old sand- and fogbank of superstition. There is nothing to do but to pull off, and to change our course under the true lights and verifiable methods of the correlation of 'all things.'

The definition given by Spencer to Agnosticism cannot be accepted by science. "The power which the universe manifests to us is utterly inscrutable." Science will not affirm that anything is inscrutable. To do so is suicidal. Science will never give up the eternal struggle to know. To know what—a part of things? No, but all things. That is the goal, and nothing else will satisfy the scientific mind. It is theology that talks of the "inscrutable," but not science. Theology puts up the bars of ignorance, but not a true philosophy. Philosophy nor Freethought ever says: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

Science has conquered a thousand "inscrutables" along the path of progress and it will not be daunted by even the "inscrutable" of Herbert Spencer. The true Agnostic will never be so "gnostic" as to assert that anything in this universe is inscrutable. Huxley gives the right

definition of Agnosticism : "Agnosticism is of the essence of science, whether ancient or modern. *It simply means that a man shall not say he knows or believes that which he has no scientific grounds for professing to know or believe.*"

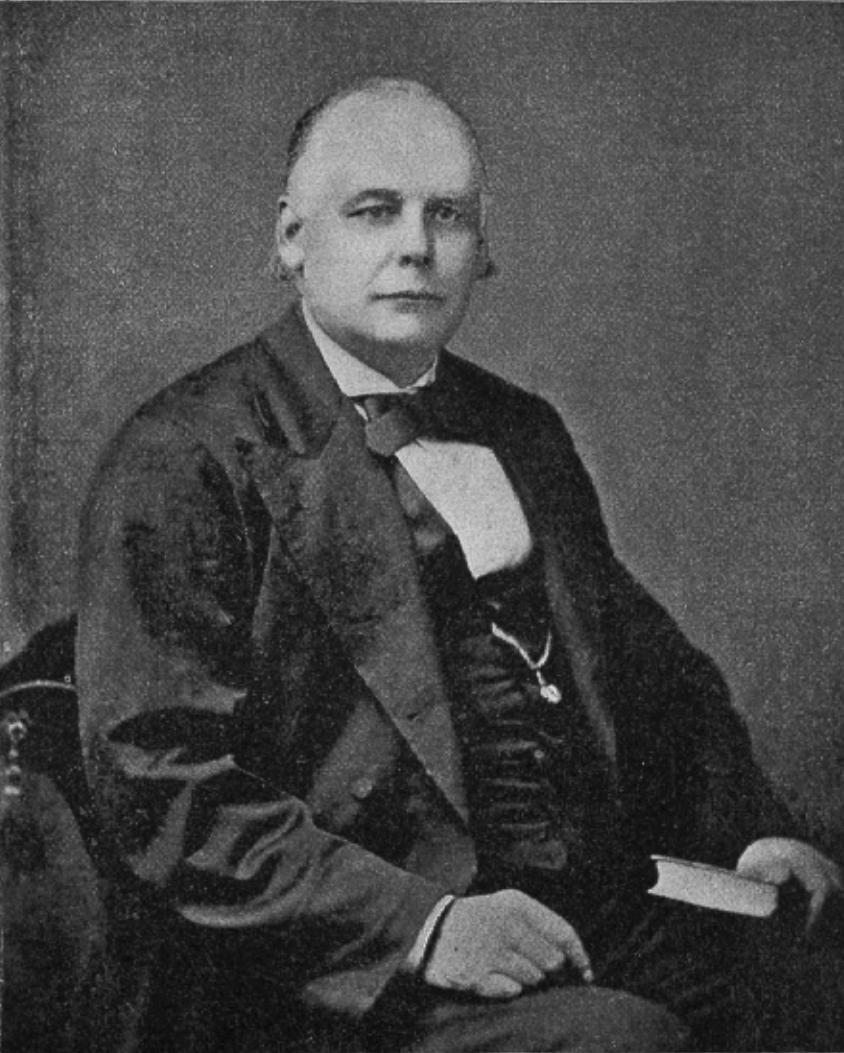
What are the "scientific grounds" for knowing or believing that anything is "inscrutable?"

Nature is not a duality. It is, as Humboldt says, a "living whole," and if intelligible at any point, why not intelligible throughout?

Understand, science does not reject a relative inscrutable. For instance, it may be impossible for human reason and experience ever to decide the question, "Are other worlds inhabited?" This is "unknowable," but not in the Spencerian sense, for it is granted that if human experience could reach these other worlds, then the human reason could decide the question. It is the limitation of experience that makes "unknowableness," not the limitation of reason itself. It is because we have not the facts, and perhaps may never obtain the facts, that makes life on other planets and on the distant stars "inscrutable" to us. It is relatively "inscrutable," not absolutely. And there are thousands of like questions we cannot decide, simply because we cannot get at the facts.

But this is not what Spencer means. He affirms that no amount of fact or intelligence can give any knowledge of the "inscrutable." It is the external reality about us that we cannot discover. We cannot truly know it. We are always wrapped in ignorance. A million facts would not lessen our intellectual darkness. Not one ray of light will ever penetrate our benighted minds. Says one of his disciples :

"Our entire world is the product of two factors, our consciousness, and an objective reality which *in itself is inscrutable*. We may from the connection of sensations and ideas within us *infer* a connection of things outside of us. But we cannot logically infer any *resemblance* between the



internal and external orders. As Spencer says: 'The utmost possibility for us is an interpretation of the process of things as it presents itself to our limited consciousness; *but how this process is related to the actual process, we are unable to conceive, much less to know.*' "

And Dr. Maudsley says:

"After all, the world which we apprehend when we are awake may have as little resemblance or relation to the external world, of which we can have no manner of apprehension through our senses, *as the dream-world has to the world with which our senses make us acquainted; nay, perhaps less, since there is some resemblance in the latter case, and there may be none whatever in the former.* The external world, as it is in itself, may not be in the least what we conceive it through our form of perception and models of thought."

Such, of course, is the logic of the "unknowable." We are such "stuff as dreams are made of."

Is it possible that any such profound and eternal ignorance must be admitted by science? All that we know is phenomena, subjective and objective. This is admitted by all; but to assert, as Kant and Spencer do, that these phenomena are merely the "appearances" of things, "symbols" of the reality, but not the reality itself, is simply to drive one into the limbo of theology. The phenomena we experience are real phenomena; they give us a real knowledge; they are nature itself, not "appearances" of nature that might be true or false, as Berkeley's "idealism" asserts. According to him, we do not know whether we know anything or not. Our knowledge, it is granted, may go but a little way, but so far as it does go it gives us the universe as it is, and not otherwise. The issue is plain—either phenomena give us the universe *as it is*, or they give us the universe *as it is not*. But what an absurdity to say that the phenomena we and the race constantly experience, and which experience we constantly act upon and find our judgment correct in millions of in-

stances, so that we can actually predict and produce phenomena and discover their laws and use them—what an absurdity to say that phenomena give us the universe *as it is not!* We are, therefore, compelled to assert the only other alternative, that phenomena give us the universe *as it is*; and if we were swept out of existence, the universe as we know it would remain with the same qualities, and if any mind came into existence again that mind would see the universe as we see it, and not differently. There would not be another universe with another mind, but the same objective universe as now. Draper says that the criterion of truth is not and cannot be attained by any one man, but by the combined experience of millions of men and many generations. If I were absolutely solitary I admit that I could not prove the objective reality of the universe, or even the existence of myself, and I might then accept the “transcendentalism” of Kant and admit that I was surrounded by “appearances,” but fortunately I can consult the experiences of thousands of other people and the experiences of the race itself, and I can collate and compare these experiences and thus discover beyond question that I am in a real universe, surrounded by real people, and that I do not see things simply as they appear, but as they are. Draper has given a splendid hint as to the pathway of truth, that it is not by individual cogitation simply, but by the combined thinking of many minds, and thus the objective reality of the universe is demonstrated in and through our associations with others. We interpret our minds through the minds of others, and as we must recognize that these minds are objective realities and not modes of our own consciousness, so we must recognize the universe as an objective reality, and the veracity of the phenomena which we perceive.

This is common sense, and the vast problems of existence cannot be solved in any other way. They must be

solved by universal experience, and not by isolated individual experiences only.

What is knowledge? is differently answered by "idealism" and science. According to "idealism," all we know are our thoughts, our modes of consciousness, which are the beginning and the end of the universe to us; therefore to think is to know, and ignorance is simply not thinking. But science, which affirms that we observe not ourselves only, but an external universe, and that in knowing ourselves we know the not-ourselves likewise—science affirms that knowledge is right thinking and ignorance is wrong thinking; and, therefore, our thoughts are valueless unless they discover and arrange real facts; and with self-observation there must be world-observation and the *ego* must be correlated with the outward realities, or else there is not valid attainment.

Science affirms reality, that the phenomena within and without are not "symbols" of some unknown and unknowable existence from which we are forever excluded by an impassable chasm, but phenomena are facts, events, changes, processes, realities, and are veritable revealers of the world in which we live. There is no need of "substratum" to phenomena, or "thing in itself," or "noumenon;" if there is anything in these terms that the human mind can cognize, then they are *in* the phenomena and not outside or beneath them. The whole idealistic philosophy vanishes away like a dream, and we tread the firm ground and are not lost.

Dr. Abbott states the case clearly between "idealism" and science:

"Since no form of philosophy has ever maintained that the individual does not know his own conscious states, it is as clear as day that the only distinctive principle of idealism is a merely negative one, and lies nowhere but in its absolute assertion that *the individual can never know an external world*. Further, since self-consciousness or self-

knowledge is simply self-observation, and since, therefore, *observation alone is knowledge*, as distinguished from inference, assumption, postulation, deduction, or faith, it follows that the whole essence of idealism is summed up in the short but perfectly intelligible statement—*the individual can never observe an external world*. The whole activity of idealism has been an attempt, forever hopeless as it is, to reconcile this statement with universal human knowledge.

“For it is precisely at this point that idealism comes into deadly collision with science and the scientific method. The whole essence of science is summed up in this equally short and intelligible statement—*man, both individual and generic, can and does observe an external world*. Idealism declares that such observation is impossible, and, therefore, cannot be actual. Science declares that such observation is actual, and, therefore, must be possible. Idealism, culminating in the Kantian theory of knowledge, declares that man has no faculty by which he can observe an external world, and, therefore, knows none. Science, culminating in the scientific method, declares that man already knows an external world, and, therefore, must have some faculty by which he can observe it. This is the exact issue between the two, and it turns on the essential nature of knowledge and ignorance. Is knowledge nothing but thought, consciousness, self-observation? Is ignorance nothing but a mere ceasing to think? Or is it ceasing to think according to known facts and laws of a known real universe?”

If phenomena were disconnected, arbitrary, uncorrelated, then it might be affirmed that phenomena are only “appearances” and not realities, and in that case truth would be impossible to the human mind, but the sublime result of modern philosophy and science, in the doctrine of Monism, gives through phenomena a compact body of

knowledge; phenomena are unified; reality is attained, and true knowledge, that is, right thinking, established.

Monism is the necessary outcome of the critical and positive philosophy, and the last answer to "What can we know?" Knowledge, we might say, is impossible without correlation. If I see things, but do not see the relations of things, then I do not see the reality of things.

Bradlaugh says: "Nature is with me the same as universe—the same as existence. I mean by it the totality of all phenomena, and of all that has been, is, or may be necessary for the happening of each and every phenomenon. It is, from the very terms of the definition, self-existent. I cannot think of nature's commencement, discontinuity, or creation. I am unable to think backward to the possibility of existence not having been. I cannot think forward to the possibility of existence ceasing to be. Origin of the universe is, to me, absolutely unthinkable. Sir William Hamilton affirms that when aware of a new appearance we are utterly unable to conceive there has originated any new existence; that we are utterly unable to think that the complement of existence has ever been either increased or diminished; that we can neither conceive nothing becoming something, or something becoming nothing.

"As an Atheist, I affirm one existence, and deny the possibility of more than one existence. This existence I know in its modes, each mode being distinguished in thought by its qualities. By 'mode' I mean each cognized condition, that is, each phenomenon, or aggregation of phenomena. By 'quality' I mean each characteristic by which, in the act of thinking, I distinguish.

"With the 'unknowable' conceded, all scientific teaching would be illusive. Every scientist teaches without reference to the 'unknowable.' 'God' and the 'unknowable' are equally opposed to the affirmations of Atheism.

"To me, any pretense of Theism seems impossible if

Monism be true, for Theism affirms at least two existences, that is, the Theos and that which the Theos has created and rules.

“I rest content, therefore, in affirming one existence. If Monism be true, and Atheism be Monism, then Atheism is necessarily the true theory of the universe. I submit that there cannot be more than one ultimate explanation of the universe. That any tracing back to two or more existences is illogical, and that as it is only by reaching unity that we can have a reasonable conclusion, it is necessary that every form of Dualism should be rejected as a theory of the universe. If every form of Dualism be rejected, Monism—that is, Atheism—alone remains, and is, therefore, the true and only doctrine of the universe.”

Dr. Louis Büchner says :

“I should like best to designate the philosophy of Materialism as Monistic philosophy or philosophy of unity, and the cosmology founded upon it as Monism, in accordance with the suggestion of Professor Haeckel. But I should not like to call our Monistic philosophy a *system*, since this word always suggests the idea of something finished, concluded, permanently established, while the Realistic philosophy can and must change constantly in accordance with the changing progress of science and the better insight into facts. For that reason, I should raise my voice of warning against any attempt to have this new philosophy made a new idol. Only the Monistic principle should be firmly adhered to, while the rest, for the present, should be only provisionally accepted as truth, and to be held as such only as long as progressing science does not teach anything better or different.”

Mr. Wakeman says :

“Let us be thankful, then, that there is one complete evolutionist (Haeckel) who knows that there is a causal sequence of phenomena from the farthest star up to and including the mind of man ; and that phenomena are not



metaphysical 'appearances' or 'symbols,' but facts, events, changes, processes, realities.

"This avowal of the universality of the law of equivalence and correlation in the works of Professor Haeckel renders them epoch-making books in philosophy as well as science. According to that law which has no limit, no exception, *the world is one*. All its changes are held together by this law, from our mind that thinks ever on in boundless space and time."

Says Dr. Abbott:

"The present age has witnessed the establishment of two great principles in scientific investigation—the principle that whenever force disappears in one form its reappearance must be looked for in some other form; and the principle that, no matter what changes, or events, or determinations take place in the universe, their causes must be sought *within* nature, and not *outside* or *above* it.

"The first of these great principles is implied in the great discovery of 'the conservation and correlation of forces.' Through the labors of Rumford, Grove, Joule, Mayer, Helmholtz, Tyndall, Carpenter, and other powerful minds, whose combined genius has brought to light this grandest of all known laws of nature, the great truth long held by philosophy as a speculation has been inductively established by science as a fact. Various as may be its manifestations, there is but one power in nature, incapable of augmentation or diminution, appearing and disappearing and reappearing, the one in the many. The other great principle is implied in the law of evolution. The luminous vindication of the universality of natural law which science owes to the labors of Darwin has been the heaviest blow struck of late years at the effete theologies of the past. Thus the history of the universe becomes a connected whole."

It will thus be seen that Monism is the natural outcome of modern philosophy, whether one is Atheist,

Materialist, Agnostic as Huxley defines the word, or Positivist. It is the result of the critical and skeptical philosophy. It is by doubting that man has reached this sublimity of knowledge. All forms of Theism are dualistic, and, therefore, must be rejected. Pantheism is Monistic, but it asserts infinite attributes to existence, which is contrary to the Agnostic and scientific principles laid down by Huxley. There is not a particle of proof that existence has infinite attributes. As Bradlaugh states it, we only cognize modes of existence, and distinguish these modes by qualities, but modes and qualities must be finite. Therefore, modern scientific Monism differs from that of Bruno and Spinoza in that it is not Pantheistic.

What can we know? The problem has been solved. The career of science hereafter is open and brilliant. The darkness of the past has fled, with the bats and owls that haunted and made it hideous. Superstition has received its death wound. Theology, and the metaphysics of the schools, must vanish. The foundations of the church are destroyed. Faith is overthrown. Facts, and not fictions, will hereafter sway the mind of man.

A noble conclusion to the immense and magnificent labors of human genius! Philosophy, beginning in humble doubt, has achieved a most glorious triumph. Through honest disbelief man has entered upon a shining and progressive way.

What can we know? Only phenomena, and only through reason and experience. All else is nothing. "God," "Immortality," "the Infinite," the "Absolute," the "Unknowable," all these are swept forever from the human mind. Phenomena only can we observe, but phenomena subjective and objective that are real manifestations of a real world, that give the universe *as it is*.

Not disconnected phenomena, but phenomena correlated into a living whole, so that we can understand their

laws and use them for human progress. Thus science builds a cosmos. Every new fact becomes related to known facts and falls into line and aids in the discovery of some other fact. It is not phenomena only, but the unity of phenomena, that becomes a part of human knowledge. Mind and matter are not separated by an impassable chasm, but are correlated in one existence.

Thus by the very limitation affirmed of human knowledge has human knowledge been increased, and power attained, and enthusiasm and hope for the future. By induction, by facts, by verification, by laborious toil, the sublime conclusions of Bruno and Spinoza have been reached, not by a leap of imagination, but by patient observation and experiment; but the universe of science, though one, is by no means the universe of these "God-intoxicated" philosophers, for the gods in every shape have disappeared. There is no particular nor universal God. There is simply life, overflowing life, potent, wonderful, luminous, ever-changing, throbbing in the tiny amœba, and then resplendent in the brain of man—the same life, and not different. How beautiful nature is when we realize our identity with her, and that in sea and sky, forest and mountain, insect and bird, star and flower, vibrates the same universal movement. Go where we will—backward to the immeasurable fire-mist, forward to the constellated glory of the cosmos—upward and onward until we have passed a million flaming orbs, deep down into the central darkness and illuminated chambers—we are not a separate, strange, and unrelated being; we are not outside anywhere—a stranger asking for admittance; we are ever within, ever on the tide—ever in juxtaposition with kindred being, sweeping to the same music of the unbeginning and unending rhythm. A glorious, a marvelous world is thus revealed to us by the stepping-stones of simple facts, and all the flights of imagination, or splendors of poetic intuition, have not equaled this array of

correlated phenomena, with its magnificence of light and color, its grandeurs of form, its exquisite harmonies, its delightful movements, its gigantic forces, its boundless realm of sun and stars. What self-sacrifice there has been, what martyrdom, what surrender of cherished opinions, what toils in darkness and isolation; what anguish of mind as some dear faith has passed forever away that we now might look upon the fair face of nature, and enjoy the opulent fruits of science! It has been a painful journey through the centuries, a journey of blood and torture, through the dungeon, the path of fire, beneath the heel of despot and thunders of the church, but how sweet and noble is the flower of these bitter years; how precious is the knowledge we have attained, and with what unconquerable mind we can enter upon the boundless future.

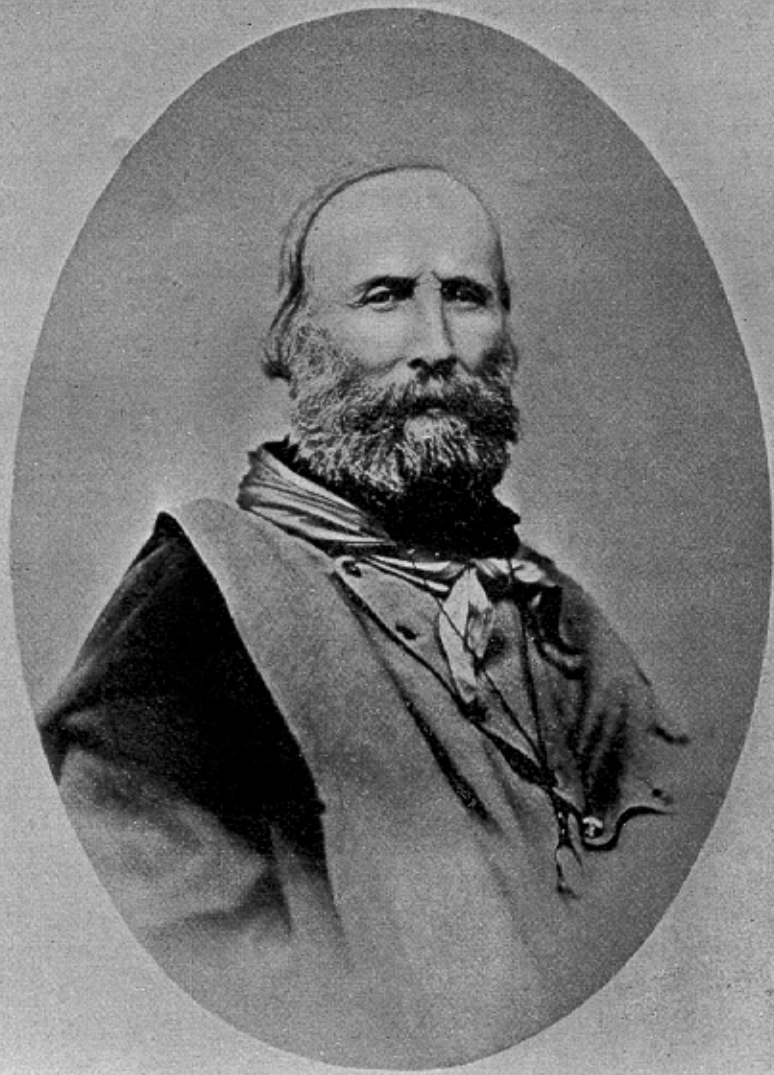
CHAPTER X.

EDUCATION AND ETHICS.—BACON (1561–1626).

THE "Baconian Method" is supposed to be a radically revolutionary method in the attainment of human knowledge, when, as a matter of fact, this method was in existence two thousand years before Bacon was born. In theory it was the method of Aristotle and other Greek philosophers. It was insisted upon by Roger Bacon, Da Vinci, and Telesio, as vigorously as by Francis Bacon himself; in fact, it is the universal method of human reasoning, and has been pursued by every great discoverer. It is the inductive method, that is, reasoning from facts to ideas. It is observation of facts, rigid experiments with facts, and a reaching of conclusion from facts. It is opposed to the theologic, or Platonic, method, which reasons from ideas to facts, which would make facts conform to ideas, and not ideas to facts; which makes an idea, born of the "inner consciousness," the supreme thing, and facts are only corroborative witnesses. Theology, or Platonism, begins with a preconceived notion of just how the universe ought to be, and then the theologian, or philosopher, like a lawyer defending his case, seeks for facts to support his theory, and facts are accepted only as they support the theory. If the facts do not support the theory, so much the worse for the facts. This method, it may be said, results only in barren speculations and dreamland. If the mind of Plato ruled Europe for two thousand years, that period included the "dark ages" when there was

scarcely any discovery, or any invention, and one of the great problems discussed was how many angels might dance on the point of a needle. It was against this that Bacon contended with all the batteries of his wit. He riddled theology with many a sparkling epigram. The scientific method is exactly the opposite of the theologic method: it begins with observation, and not with imagination. The first thing the man of science does is to open his eyes and look around; see all that he possibly can see, gather facts, whether ugly or beautiful, whether agreeable or disagreeable, and then by classification of these facts, by understanding their relations, one with the other, and by theories and hypotheses, he travels to a demonstration, and thus reaches valid ideas and indisputable truth; and this is the only possible way to attain knowledge. The "Platonic method" is absolutely valueless. It gives no gifts, it unfolds only a world of fiction. As against this the "Baconian method" is supreme. It is the only method of attaining knowledge, and the only method of human progress. But why call it the "Baconian method?" It is equally the Aristotelian method. It is the Cartesian method. If we call it the "Baconian," why not go back to Roger Bacon, who illuminated the world in the fourteenth century with rays as great as ever flashed from the brain of Lord Verulam, and who died a martyr to his scientific devotion. The later Bacon was a splendid rhetorician, a man of the world, a brilliant lawyer who knew how to win his case; and having adopted the scientific method he defended it with *eclat*, and made it the popular method as against theology and metaphysics. But to say that he originated this method is a falsification of scientific history. He simply indorsed it, and illustrated its merits with surpassing literary power.

Bacon is not supreme in philosophy like Descartes and Hume. He is not a man of science like Roger Bacon, or Galileo, or Newton, or Darwin. In the application even



of the inductive method he was at fault. With "the audacity of ignorance," and with "superb conceit," as Draper remarks, he thus disparaged the great Copernicus. Bacon says: "In the system of Copernicus there are many, and grave, difficulties; for the threefold motion with which he encumbers the earth is a serious inconvenience, and the separation of the sun from the planets, with which he has so many affections in common, is likewise a harsh step; and the introduction of so many immovable bodies in nature, as when he makes the sun and stars immovable, the bodies which are peculiarly lucid and radiant, and his making the moon adhere to the earth in a sort of epicycle, and some other things which he assumes, are proceedings which mark a man who thinks nothing of introducing fictions of any kind into nature, provided his calculations turn out well."

Bacon also opposed the physiology of Harvey. He was ignorant of mathematics, and presumed that they were useless in science. "Bacon's chief admirers," declares Draper, "have been persons of a literary turn. Bacon never produced any practical result himself; no great physicist has ever made any use of his method. Of all important physical discoveries there is not one which shows that its author made it by the Baconian instrument. Newton never seems to be aware that he was under any obligations to Bacon. Archimedes and the Alexandrians, and the Arabians and Leonardo da Vinci, did very well before he was born; the discovery of America by Columbus, and the circumnavigation of the globe by Magellan, can hardly be attributed to him, and yet they were the result of a truly philosophical reasoning."

Huxley also says: "The attempt of Bacon was just such a magnificent failure as might have been expected from a man of great endowments, who was so singularly devoid of scientific insight that he could not understand

the value of the work already achieved by the true instaurators of physical science. It is not easy to discover satisfactory evidence that the "Novum Organon" had any direct beneficial influence on the advancement of natural knowledge. As a matter of fact Bacon's 'via' has proved to be hopelessly impracticable. That transcendental alchemy—the superinducement of new forms on matter—which Bacon declares to be the supreme aim of science, has been wholly ignored by those who have created the physical knowledge of the present day."

It will thus be seen that Bacon is not the founder of a new philosophy, and we might inquire why he is sometimes called the "father of the new age."

Wendell Phillips says: "The world and affairs have shown me that one-half of history is loose conjecture, and much of the rest is the writer's opinion. We can only hope to discover the great currents and massive forces which have shaped our lives; all else is trying to solve a problem of whose elements we know nothing." This might apply to Bacon's case—to what he is popularly thought to have done, and what he really did.

Bacon was a brilliant genius, and he seems to have suffered the fate of a brilliant genius. There seems to be no clear idea of what he really was, or what he really accomplished.

Not in the domain of science and philosophy shall we find the supreme work of Francis Bacon, but in the domain of education. His true successors are not Hume and Kant and Comte, not Newton and Darwin, but Comenius, Froebel, and Herbert Spencer.

It was not so much the method of the attainment of human knowledge that Bacon expended his genius upon as the *application* of knowledge. He did not answer the first question of philosophy as propounded by Kant: "What can we know?" but the second question: "What ought we to do?" It is in the marriage of thought with

action that Bacon has magnificently benefited the world, and wherein we might say he is at the beginning of a new era.

Mere knowledge is not, after all, the main thing, but life is the main thing, as Emerson says. We must know in order *to do*.

It was not knowledge, simply as knowledge, that Bacon aimed for, but a certain kind of knowledge, that is, fruitful knowledge—knowledge available for human earthly purposes. Immediate, practical benefit, that is what Bacon was aiming for—good to man's estate, the "gathering of fruits." The word "fruit," says Macaulay, is what potently expresses the matter of Bacon's philosophy. It was to train man for action, to equip him for the conquest of nature, so that he might be lord of this world. Bacon did not care for truth in the abstract; he wanted truth productive, by which we could build houses, sow the seed and reap the harvest, and live in comfort. Bacon not only excluded theology and metaphysics, but mathematics and astronomy. He went to extremes, but what he did with such learning and eloquence was of incalculable advantage to modern education. The direction of knowledge, as well as its attainment, is of the first importance.

Macaulay thus describes the ancient philosophy :

"The ancient philosophy disdained to be useful and was content to be stationary. It dealt largely in theories of moral perfection, which were so sublime that they never could be more than theories; in attempts to solve insoluble enigmas; in exhortations to the attainment of unattainable frames of mind. It could not condescend to the humble office of ministering to the comfort of human beings. All the schools condemned that as degrading, some censured it as immoral. Once, indeed, Posidonius, a distinguished writer of the age of Cicero and Cæsar, so far forgot himself as to enumerate among the humbler blessings which mankind owed to philosophy the discovery of the prin-

ciple of the arch, and the introduction of the use of metals. This eulogy was considered as an affront, and was taken up with proper spirit. Seneca vehemently disclaims these insulting compliments. Philosophy, according to him, has nothing to do with teaching men to rear arched roofs over their heads. The true philosopher does not care whether he has an arched roof or any roof. Philosophy has nothing to do with teaching men the use of metals. She teaches us to be independent of all material substances, of all mechanical contrivances. The wise man lives according to nature. Instead of attempting to add to the physical comforts of his species, he regrets that his lot was not cast in that golden age when the human race had no protection against the cold but the skins of wild beasts, no screen from the sun but a cavern. To impute to such a man any share in the invention or improvement of a plow, a ship, or a mill, is an insult. 'In my own time,' says Seneca, 'there have been inventions of this sort, transparent windows, tubes for diffusing warmth equally through all parts of a building, shorthand, which has been carried to such perfection that a writer can keep pace with the most rapid speaker. But the invention of such things is drudgery for the lowest slaves; philosophy lies deeper. It is not her office to teach men how to use their hands. The object of her lessons is to form the soul.'

"'We shall next be told,' Seneca exclaims, 'that the first shoemaker was a philosopher.' For our own part, if we were forced to make our choice between the first shoemaker and the author of the three books on 'Anger,' we pronounce for the shoemaker. It may be worse to be angry than to be wet. But shoes have kept millions from being wet; and we doubt if Seneca ever kept anybody from being angry.

"Assuredly, if the tree planted by Socrates and watered by Plato is to be judged of by its flowers and leaves, it is

the noblest of trees. But if we take the homely test of Bacon, if we judge of a tree by its fruits, our opinion of it may perhaps be less favorable. When we sum up all the useful truths which we owe to that philosophy, to what do they amount? We find, indeed, abundant proofs that some of those who cultivated it were men of the first order of intellect. We find among their writings incomparable specimens both of dialectical and rhetorical art. We have no doubt that the ancient controversies were of use, in so far as they served to exercise the faculties of the disputants; for there is no controversy so idle that it may not be of use in this way. But when we look for something more, for something which adds to the comforts or alleviates the calamities of the human race, we are forced to own ourselves disappointed. We are forced to say, with Bacon, that this celebrated philosophy ended in nothing but disputation; that it was neither a vineyard nor an olive ground, but an intricate wood of briars and thistles from which those who lost themselves in it brought back many scratches and no food.

“To sum up the whole, we should say that the aim of the Platonic philosophy was to exalt man into a god. The aim of the Baconian philosophy was to provide man with what he requires while he continues to be a man. The aim of the Platonic philosophy was to raise us far above vulgar wants. The aim of Baconian philosophy was to supply our vulgar wants. Plato drew a good bow, but he aimed at the stars. His arrow was, indeed, followed by a track of dazzling radiance, but it struck nothing.

“Bacon fixed his eye on a mark which was placed on the earth, and hit it in the white. The philosophy of Plato began in words and ended in words. The philosophy of Bacon began in observation and ended in arts.”

The true education of man is one of the greatest problems of civilization, and to this problem Bacon devoted the energies of his extraordinary genius.

Before the time of Bacon there was not much education. It was mainly instruction, not a development of faculty, but rather a repression. It was a putting on of harness, and not an exercise of native genius. The colleges and universities were training schools for idiots rather than for men.

“What is education?” says Wendell Phillips. “Of course it is not book learning. Book learning does not make five per cent. of the common sense that ‘runs’ the world, transacts its business, secures its progress, trebles its power over nature, works out in the long run a rough average justice, wears away the world’s restraints and lifts off its burdens. The ideal Yankee who has ‘more brains in his hand than others have in their skulls,’ is not a scholar; and two-thirds of the inventions that enable France to double the world’s sunshine and make Old and New England the workshops of the world, did not come from colleges or from minds trained in the schools of science, but struggled up, forcing their way against giant obstacles, from the irrepressible instinct of untrained natural power. Her workshops, and not her colleges, made England for awhile the mistress of the world; and the hardest job her workman had was to make Oxford willing he should work his wonders.”

It was this kind of education that Bacon emphasized—the education that is for human improvement, an education gotten from life, from affairs, from earning one’s bread; from necessity, the mother of invention, and from responsibility, which teaches prudence and a respect for right.

The condition of the scholarly and learned world is pretty well indicated by Jeremy Taylor, who writes:

“I cannot but think as Aristotle did of Thales and Anaxagoras, that they may be learned but not wise, or wise but not prudent, when they are ignorant of such things as are profitable to them. For, suppose they know



the wonders of nature and the subtleties of metaphysics and operations mathematical, yet they cannot be prudent who spend themselves wholly upon unprofitable and ineffective contemplation."

Of course there is another side to the matter, and Bacon was not thoroughly comprehensive. He would exclude Newton's "Principia" and Darwin's "Origin of Species" from his system of education; for what is the use of these? he would say.

Truth must, oftentimes, be pursued for its own sake, and no more. Its benefits are not appreciable. Its glory alone is attractive.

To quote from Huxley:

"The middle of the eighteenth century is illustrated by a host of great names in science—English, French, German, and Italian—especially in the fields of chemistry, geology, and biology; but the deepening and broadening of natural knowledge produced next to no immediate, practical benefits. Even if at this time Francis Bacon could have returned to the scene of his greatness, he must have regarded the philosophic world, which praised and disregarded his precepts, with great disfavor. If ghosts are consistent, he would have said, 'These people are all wasting their time, just as Gilbert and Kepler and Galileo and my worthy physician, Harvey, did in my day. Where are the fruits of the restoration of science which I promised? This accumulation of bare knowledge is all very well, but what good? Not one of these people is doing what I specially told him to do, and seeking that secret of the cause of forms which will enable men to deal at will with nature, and superinduce new natures upon old foundations.'"

And Huxley eloquently continues: "The history of physical science teaches that the practical advantages attainable through its agency never have been, and never will be, sufficiently attractive to men inspired with the in-

born genius of the interpreter of nature to give them courage to undergo the toils and make the sacrifices which that calling requires from its votaries. That which stirs their pulses is the love of knowledge, and the joy of the discovery of the causes of things sung by the old poets—the supreme delight of extending the realm of law and order ever farther toward the unattainable goals of the infinitely great and the infinitely small, between which our little race of life is run. In the course of this work the physical philosopher, sometimes intentionally, much more often unintentionally, lights upon something which proves to be of practical value. Great is the rejoicing of those who are benefited thereby, and for the moment science is the Diana of all the craftsmen. But even while the cries of jubilation resound, and this flotsam and jetsam of the tide of investigation is being turned into the wages of workmen and the wealth of the capitalist, the crest of the wave of scientific investigation is far away on its course over the illimitable ocean of the unknown.”

On the other hand, to note the influence of common life, the life of the unlearned people, the life of action upon the pure, scholarly, and scientific life, read the magnificent words of Wendell Phillips :

“Anacharsis went into the Archon’s court at Athens, heard a case argued by the great men of that city, and saw the vote by five hundred men. Walking in the streets some one asked him, ‘What do you think of Athenian liberty?’ ‘I think,’ said he, ‘wise men argue cases, and fools decide them.’ Just what that timid scholar said two thousand years ago in the streets of Athens, that which calls itself scholarship here to-day, says of popular agitation, that it lets wise men argue questions, and fools decide them. But that same Athens, where fools decided the gravest questions of policy, and of right and wrong, where property you had wearily gathered to-day might be wrung from you by the caprice of the mob to-morrow,

that very Athens probably secured for its era the greatest amount of human happiness and nobleness; invented art, and sounded for us the depths of philosophy. It flashes to-day the torch that gilds yet the mountain-peaks of the Old World; while Egypt, the hunker-conservative of antiquity, where nobody dared differ from the priest, or to be wiser than his grandfather; where men pretended to be alive though swaddled in the grave-clothes of creed and custom, as close as their mummies were in linen—that Egypt is hidden in the tomb it inhabited, and the intellect Athens has trained for us digs to-day those ashes to find out how dead and buried hunkerism lived and acted.”

And Huxley also confesses: “If science has rendered the colossal development of modern industry possible, beyond a doubt industry has done no less for modern science. The demand for technical education is reacting upon science in a manner which will assuredly stimulate its future growth to an incalculable extent. It has become obvious that the interests of science and of industry are identical; that science cannot make a step forward without, sooner or later, opening up new channels for industry; and, on the other hand, that every advance of industry facilitates those experimental investigations upon which the growth of science depends. We may hope that at last the weary misunderstanding between the practical men who profess to despise science, and the high and dry philosophers who professed to despise practical results, is at an end.”

It was the “high and dry philosophers” that Bacon did despise, and it was industry that he was in favor of—practical result, food, shelter, and clothing, dwellings, harvest fields, easy means of conveyance, wealth and comfort, in fact, utilitarianism, and in this he did, indeed, inaugurate a new and splendid era of human improvement. When we rightly understand Bacon he is worthy of all the praise that is showered upon him, but his real point of

departure was not in the acquisition of knowledge, but in the uses of knowledge. The tree of knowledge may be in itself a very good thing, but the *fruits* of the tree of knowledge are much better. Bacon did not plant the tree, but he did tell us how to gather the fruits and to increase the fruits.

Macaulay well illustrates the position of Bacon in history, likening him to the prophet who "from his lonely elevation looks on an infinite expanse; behind him a wilderness of dreary sands and bitter waters in which successive generations have sojourned, always moving, yet never advancing, reaping no harvest and building no abiding city; before him a goodly land, a land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey. While the multitude below see only the flat, sterile desert, in which they had so long wandered, bounded on every side by a near horizon, or diversified only by some deceitful mirage, he was gazing from a far higher stand on a far lovelier country, following with his eye the long course of fertilizing rivers, through ample pastures, and under the bridges of great capitals, measuring the distances and portioning out these wealthy regions for man's benefit."

In the following extract the genius, literary excellence, and philosophic insight of Bacon are exhibited. It shows the man. It is an index of the whole scope of his work:

"Crafty men contemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; that is a wisdom without them and won by observation. Read not to contradict or believe, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and a few to be chewed and digested. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And, therefore, if a man write little he need have a great memory; if he confer little, have a present wit; and if he read little, have much cunning to seem to know what he doth not. Histories make

men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, morals grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend."

It is seldom that so much good sense is crammed into so few sentences, for the guidance of life and the attainment of real happiness.

COMENIUS.—1592—1671.

Comenius seemed to be the first great original mind who caught the real fire of Bacon's genius and flung it over Europe with the intensity of an enthusiast. Comenius desired an entirely new intellectual era. He proposed to revolutionize all knowledge, to make complete wisdom accessible to all. Language was to be an instrument, not an end in itself; and many living languages instead of one dead language of the old school; a knowledge of things instead of words, the free use of our eyes and ears upon the nature that surrounds us; intelligent apprehension instead of loading the memory. All the doctrines now the doctrines of rational reform were first promulgated over Europe by numerous pamphlets, about ninety in all, of this Slavonic reformer, Comenius, of Bohemia. Bohemia might be said, in the time of Comenius, to be the center of literary activity, although Comenius himself was an exile, almost all his life, from that fair land. Certainly in Bohemia first flamed the learning of modern times. A university was established at Prague, the capital of Bohemia, in 1348. From ten to fifteen thousand students attended it from all parts of Europe, including England and France. It was here that Kepler and Tycho Brahe located. The history of Bohemia, in the middle ages, is full of illustrious names and deeds. The period from 1526 to 1620 is regarded as the golden age of its literature.

At that time the Bohemian language and arts reached a high point of cultivation through the discovery of valu-

able remnants of old literature. The history of this beautiful land—where the resources of nature have been made the most of by the skill and industry of the people for centuries—this history has been one of great struggle. Almost every field has been a scene of conflict. For more than ten centuries it has been the battle-ground of the nations of Europe.

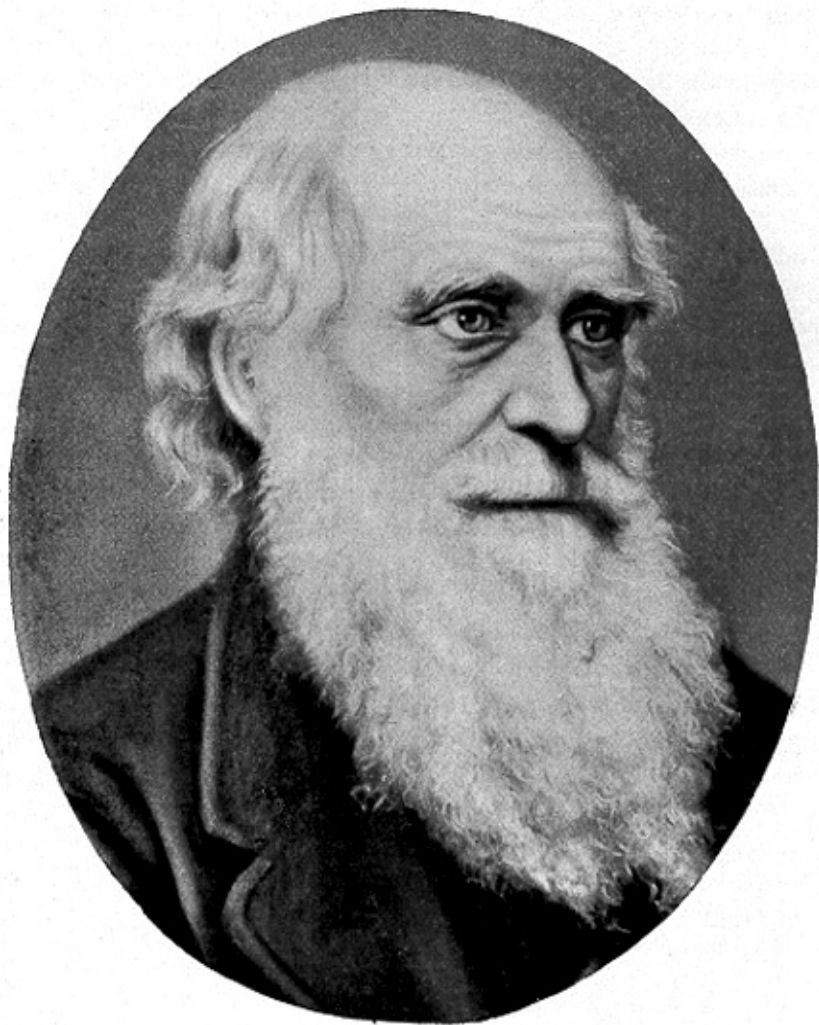
Out of this land came one of the greatest philosophers of the world, a practical philosopher who, three hundred years ago, declared the foundation principles of the education of to-day. For nearly two hundred years his name sank into obscurity, but now his memory is being celebrated on two continents, and his glorious and indomitable genius recognized. If anyone is a benefactor to mankind, it is he who tells us how to rightly train the human faculties, especially in childhood's pregnant hour, in which are enfolded so much of the destinies of the man.

Says Comenius :

“Do we not dwell in the garden of Eden, as well as our predecessors? Should we not use our eyes and ears and noses, as well as they; and why need we other teachers than these in learning to know the works of nature? Why should we not, instead of these dead books, open to the children the living book of nature? Why not open their understanding to the things themselves, so that from them, as from living springs, may streamlets flow?”

“The object of study must be a real, true, useful thing, capable of making an impression upon the senses and the apprehension. This is necessary that it may be brought into communication with the senses; if visible, with the eyes; if audible, with the ears; if odorous, with the nose; if sapid, with the taste; if tangible, with the touch. *The beginning of knowledge must be with the senses.*

“Youth has been occupied for years with prolix and confused grammatical rules; and, at the same time,



crammed with the names of things, without knowing the things themselves.

“The studies of a lifetime must be so ordered that they may form a single whole in which everything has sprung from a single root.”

Comenius, among the very first, and against the theology of the churches, advocated the higher education, as well as elementary training for women.

These are somewhat remarkable words for three hundred years ago :

“Why, indeed, should women be excluded from the study of wisdom, whether in the Latin tongue, or in German translations? For they are equally created in the image of God, equally endowed with an active, recipient spirit, *often, even*, more highly endowed than our own sex. Why, then, should we admit them to the a b c, and afterward refuse them access to books?

“Let no one say how would it be if mechanics, peasants, laboring men, women, and maid servants, were learned and initiated into philosophy. I say that we would all have cause to rejoice at it.”

The old theological dictum declared that woman was a monstrosity, and really had no soul; that she was not capable of education, and must be a household drudge. The imperfection of the fair sex was extended even to nature. Bruno puts the following into the mouth of one of his peripatetic pedants :

“That nature’s imperfect is doubtful to no man.

The reason is clear—she is only a woman.”

Comenius was greatly in advance of his age. He believed in woman’s equality as well as man’s.

Comenius insisted upon a physical education. “A sound mind in a sound body,” was one of his favorite maxims. He advised running, jumping, wrestling, ball, ninepins, long walks, and other amusements.

"During the waking hours," he said, "some portion of the time should be spent in music, plays, humorous conversation, and whatever is easy and agreeable to the mind."

Comenius was a great lover of children, and anticipated Froebel by publishing the first picture-book for children. This famous book—the first effort, in fact, to teach children by means of pictures—is the progenitor of a long line of varied and illustrated text-books in our own day. In a letter to his publisher, Comenius says: "It may be observed that many of our children grow weary of their books, because these are overfilled with things which have to be explained by the help of words; things which the boys have never seen, and of which the teachers know nothing."

The nobility of the motive which actuated Comenius is thus declared in one of his books:

"By the same right that one member of a family comes to another for help, ought we to be helpful to our fellow-men. Socrates died rather than not teach goodness, and Seneca says that, if wisdom were to be given him for himself only, and he not communicate it to others, he would rather not have it."

It is curious to note that the ideas of Comenius found fruitful soil in the youthful mind of Milton, to whom the Bohemian philosopher was made known by Samuel Hartlib, the champion of school reform in England. Milton himself wrote an essay entitled "Of Education," strongly marked with the poet's individuality. He denounces the system of Cambridge and "the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful." "The alumni of the universities," he says, "carry away with them a hatred and contempt of learning, and sink into ignorantly zealous clergymen or mercenary lawyers, while the men of fortune betake themselves to feasts and jollity." This is Milton's definition of education:

“I call a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war.” And again he breaks out: “Though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he had not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman competently wise in his mother dialect only.” Again Milton says: “I will point you out the right path of a noble and virtuous education, laborious indeed at first ascent, but else so smooth and green and full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side that the harp of Orpheus is not more charming.”

There must be out-door training. The poet-philosopher continues:

“In those vernal seasons of the year when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and a sullenness against nature not to go out and see her riches and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth. I should not be a persuader to them of studying much then, after two or three years that they have well laid their grounds, but to ride out in companies to all quarters of the land. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary, but sulks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.”

In 1762 was published the “Emile” of Rousseau, which has had more influence on education than any other book of later times. The burden of Rousseau’s message was nature. He revolted against the false civilization he saw around him, the shams of government and society. He laid great stress on the earliest education. The first year of life is in every respect the most important. The naughtiness of children comes from weakness. Make the child strong and he will be good. Children’s destructive-

ness is a form of activity. Do not insist so much on the duty of obedience as on the necessity of submission to natural laws.

The chief moral principle is *to do no one harm*. One must be taught by the real things of life, by observation and experience. We must first make one a man, and that chiefly by athletic exercise. Educate the child's sight to measure, count, and weigh accurately; teach him to draw; tune his ear to time and harmony; give him simple food, but let him eat as much of it as he desires. Teach some handicraft. Teach history, the machinery of society, the world as it is, and as it might be. Let useless and burdensome knowledge be avoided. Much of the heroism of the French revolution was due to these noble ideals flashed forth by Rousseau.

PESTALOZZI.—1746—1827.

Pestalozzi was born at Zurich in 1746. His earliest years were spent in schemes for improving the condition of the people. Afterwards he left politics and devoted himself entirely to education. His masterpiece is "Leonard and Gertrude," where a whole community is gradually reformed by the efforts of a good and devoted woman. The French invasion of Switzerland in 1798 brought forth his truly heroic character and the splendid principles of his philosophy. A number of children were left on the shores of Lake Lucerne without parents home, food, or shelter. Pestalozzi collected them into a deserted convent, and formed a school. "I was," he says, "from morning till evening almost alone in their midst. Everything which was done for their body or mind proceeded from my hand. My hand lay in their hand, my eye rested on their eye, my tears flowed with theirs, and my laughter accompanied theirs. They were out of the world with me, and I was with them. Their soup was mine; their drink was mine. I had no housekeeper, no

friend, no servants around me ; I had them alone. Were they well I stood in their midst ; were they ill I was at their side. I was the last who went to bed at night, and the first who rose in the morning."

Pestalozzi's method was to begin with observation, to pass from observation to consciousness, from consciousness to speech. Then came measuring, drawing, writing, numbers and so reckoning. Among his pupils was Froebel. He adopted the principles of Comenius and Rousseau. He has exerted a wide influence upon educational methods. Herbert Spencer has amplified and illustrated his philosophy.

FROEBEL.—1782-1852.

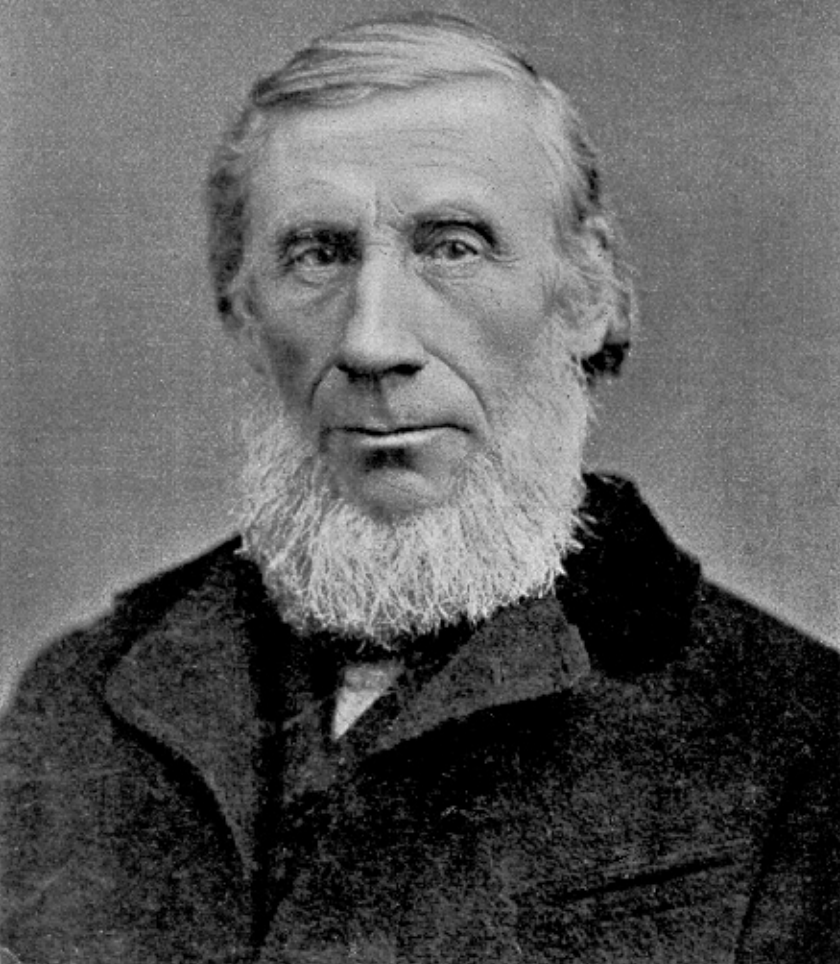
Comenius, as already noted, published the first picture-book for children, and here we have the beginning of the beautiful philosophy of Froebel ; and surely no one has so benefited the human race as this wonderful genius, who, animated by the sublime ideas of Bruno, would express the life of humanity in correspondence with the universal life ; would, by a natural education, unfold the unity of man and of nature. Not only childhood, but manhood and old age, should be a garden to be cultivated, not by external forces, but by that which is within ; for, as Bruno says, "matter, or nature, is not the mere naked, empty capacity, which philosophers have pictured her to be, but the universal mother who brings forth all things as the fruit of her own womb." This was the animating doctrine of Froebel, as he wandered amidst the Thuringian forest, and from stone and leaf, cobweb and insect, sought the secret of man's intellectual development ; for the same radiant law could be everywhere observed.

As Wordsworth says :

"And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime

Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.
Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows, and the woods,
And mountains."

Froebel rounds out, makes deeper and broader the philosophy of Bacon. Without Froebel the philosophy of Bacon would become as dry and cold as the school metaphysics; we should be nothing but Gadgrinds, and beauty would vanish. Bacon said educate in order to do. Froebel said do in order to educate. Bacon said train for action. Froebel said train through action. Bacon said "fruits." Froebel would say, "Fruits and flowers." Bacon was right, but Froebel was more so, as Goethe says of beauty, "It is truth and something more." With Bacon it was simply usefulness. With Froebel it was the joy of usefulness; it was not mere work, but the delight of work. Bacon was a man of the world. Froebel was a mystic, and through the two—with the inexhaustible energy of Comenius—there is given to the world the grandest philosophy of education, without which a permanent civilization is impossible. To develop the man through the child, to recognize the child nature, to behold in the child the man that is to be, and to see in the very sports of childhood the creative faculties of the larger life, which battles and wins, this was indeed a magnificent discovery, surpassing, we might say, the discovery of Columbus, for hitherto, as the new world had been separated from the old world, so childhood was separated from manhood; it was a forgotten and faded thing, but Froebel linked the



glorious poetry of childhood to the stern realities of manhood. Childhood is not to be forgotten, its sports are not to be despised, its hopes and dreams are not useless. We need to preserve childhood as long as we live, to keep glowing its beautiful impulses, to labor even as our children play, and so cease from drudgery and attain the greatest wisdom and power.

The play impulse, says Schiller, is the divinest impulse of humanity. Says Froebel, it is the creative impulse. How different this from the old theologies—the mere manikin religions of the past—in which the child and the woman had no part. How miserable childhood was under the ancient systems, how neglected, how contorted, how repressed! And the child was supposed to be totally depraved, and its natural inclinations therefore must be crushed. There was nothing good in it, and therefore it must not be educated, it must be instructed. It must be put in harness. To unfold the child's nature, to lead forth what was within, to teach it to express itself, to bloom like a flower—why, this was all wrong. The child must be made into a Christian, into a theologian, into a saint, into an angel; it must be made abnormal, unnatural, artificial, but it must not be a child, a playful child, a natural human child. St. Paul said, "I put away childish things." Poor St. Paul! How much he missed of human life! No wonder he has cursed the world with a gloomy theology. The wiser and the gentler Jesus said, according to the record, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." To interpret this by Froebel's philosophy is to say that the highest development of the child's life is necessary to the highest development of the man's life; that the child must be a child, and act the child, before it can act the man, and the child and the man are to be made harmonious; and he who has no sympathy with the child's life, with its toys and joys, and pleasures and plays, is not the fully and splen-

didly developed man. He is only half a man. He who keeps his childhood always with him is the one who grows old gracefully, who retains his faculties, and makes the best of them always. To avoid the imbecilities of "second childhood," let the first childhood be perfectly natural, and a delightful influence and presence throughout mature life. Let the "child-garden" bloom perennially.

Goethe has beautifully pictured the child-growth in the following :

" When eagerly a child looks round,
 In his father's house his shelter is found.
 His ear, beginning to understand,
 Imbibes the speech of his native land.
 Whatever his own experiences are,
 He hears of other things afar.
 Example affects him ; he grows strong and steady,
 Yet finds the world complete and ready.
 This is prized, and that praised with much ado ;
 He wishes to be somebody, too.
 How can he work, and woo, how fight and frown ?
 For everything has been written down ;
 Nay, worse, it has appeared in print.
 The youth is baffled but takes the hint ;
 It dawns on him, now, more and more,
 He is what others have been before."

"The function of education," says Froebel, "is to develop the faculties by arousing *voluntary activity*."

Again he says: "The starting-point of all that appears, of all that exists, and therefore of all intellectual conception, is act, action. From the act, from action, must, therefore, start true, human education, the developing education of the man ; in action, in acting, it must be rooted, and must spring up. Living, acting, conceiving—these must form a triple chord within every child of man,

though the sound now of this string, now of that, may preponderate, and then again of two together."

Froebel affirmed that education should begin with earliest infancy, with birth itself, but, as pointed out by Dr. E. B. Foote and others who have deeply studied into the laws of heredity, it begins even before birth. The child is educated in the mother's womb. Through the mother's eyes and heart, and healthful body, surrounded with beautiful and noble objects, sweet influences can come to the softly-beating life. Victor Hugo wittily says: "If you want to reform a man, you must begin with his grandmother."

Goethe expresses it:

"Stature from father and the mood,
Stern views of life compelling;
From mother I take the joyous heart,
And the love of story-telling.
Grandfather's passion was for the fair;
What if I still reveal it?
Grandmother's, pomp and gold and show,
And in my bones I feel it."

And Whitman says:

"There was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he looked upon, that object he
became;
And that object became part of him for the day or a part
of the day,
Or for many years, or stretching cycles of years,
The early lilacs became part of the child.

The family usages, the language, the furniture, the
yearning and swelling heart,
Affection that will not be gainsayed, the sense of what
is real, the thought that if, after all, it should prove
unreal,

The doubts of day-time, the doubts of night-time, the
curious whether and how,

Whether that which appears so is so, or is it all flashes
and specks?

Men and women crowding fast in the streets—if they are
not flashes and specks, what are they?

The horizon's edge, the flying sea crow, the fragrance of
salt marsh and shore mud,

These became part of that child who went forth every
day and who now goes and will always go forth
every day."

This was the direction of Froebel's work. The unity
of man with nature is also the unity of man with man, past
and present, and so one generation educates that which
comes after it, and this education must become a science.
It must not be haphazard and incidental, left to chance,
but philosophic and continuous, wisely directed, and uni-
versally applied.

Froebel devoted himself to the instruction of mothers,
and certainly there must be education in motherhood.
To give birth to a child is the greatest act of a human
being. Maternity is the crown of humanity. To be a
mother is to be a queen indeed. To ennoble the mother
is to ennoble the child. The birth of every child should
be a royal event, and wise men must bring gifts to the
helpless king of the world's expanding future.

Make the mother's life beautiful and a beautiful child
will be born. And Froebel says:

"If the infant is what he should be as an infant, and
the child as a child, he will be what he should be as a boy
and as a man, just as naturally as new shoots spring from the
healthy plant. Every stage must be cared for and tended
in such a way that it attains its own perfection.

"Give children employment in agreement with their

whole nature, to strengthen their bodies, to exercise their senses, to engage their awakening mind, and through their senses to bring them acquainted with nature and their fellow beings. Especially guide aright the heart and the affections, and lead them to the original ground of all life, to unity with themselves."

COMBE.—1788—1858.

Combe has exerted quite a remarkable influence in educational theories and practice, especially by means of his great work, "The Constitution of Man in Relation to External Objects."

In a fragment of his autobiography, written a short time before his death, he complains of the irksomeness of the Sunday observances and tasks imposed on his father's household. They rendered the church, Sunday, and catechism sources of weariness and terror to him. His mind became largely occupied with the current theological theories, and in time with doubts of their truth. Proceeding to investigate phrenology, after two years of study and investigation he became satisfied that the fundamental principles were true, namely, "that the brain is the organ of the mind; that the brain is an aggregate of several parts, each subserving a distinct mental faculty; and that the size of the cerebral organ is, other things being equal, an index of power or energy of function." His essays gave an extraordinary impulse to the new science.

The principles announced in "The Constitution of Man" were like those of Comenius and Froebel, namely, that all the laws of nature are in harmony with one another, and that man will attain the greatest happiness by discovering and obeying them. He believed that this supplied a philosophical basis to religion. When, however, the book was published (1828) he was charged by the church party with being a Materialist and Atheist. He gave time, labor and money to help educate the people.

He established the first infant school in Edinburgh, and originated a series of evening lectures on chemistry, physiology, history, and moral philosophy, the lectures on the latter subject being given by himself. He studied the criminal classes and the problem how to reform as well as to punish them; and he strove to introduce into lunatic asylums a humane system of treatment.

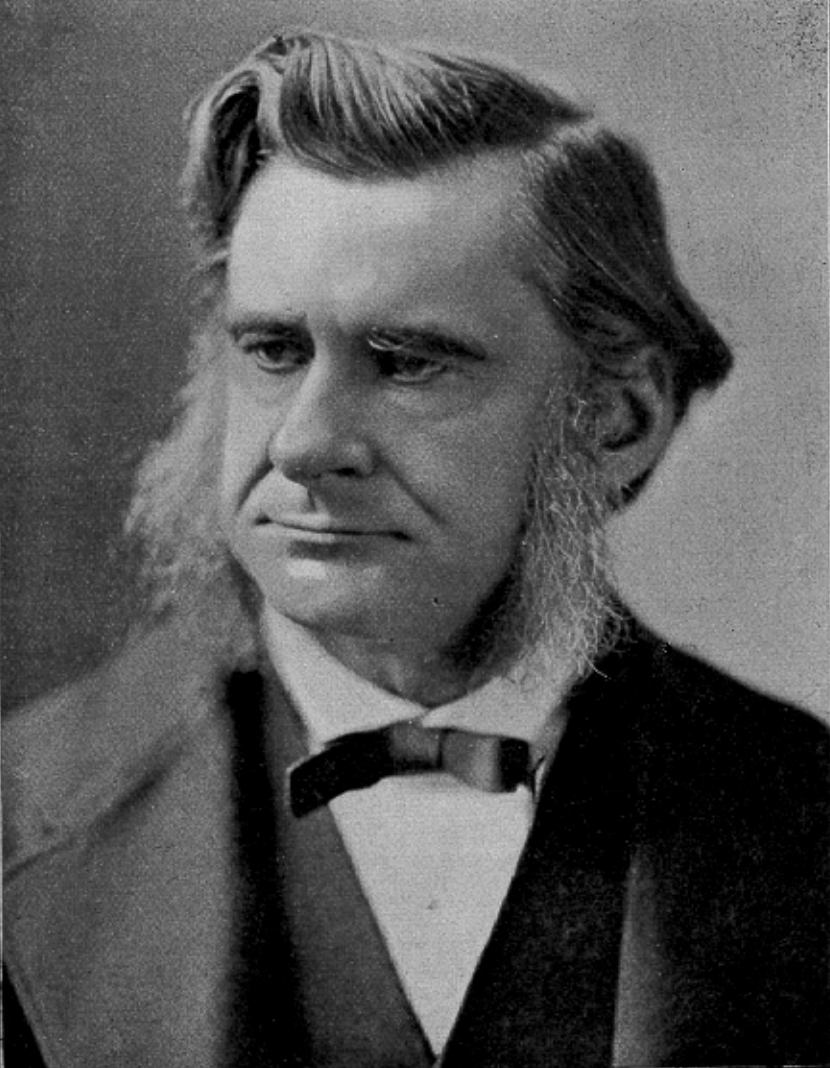
No less than five hundred thousand copies of "The Constitution of Man" have been sold. It has been translated into several languages. As an exponent of the universality of law, and the fallacies of "special providence" and "the efficacy of prayer," it is a most excellent and stimulating book. His ideas of education are thoroughly in harmony with those of Herbert Spencer, with a different method of illustration, and scientific results. The harmony of man with nature, and the art of man through nature, is the meaning of his message, as of all great educators since Bacon. Shakspeare expresses it:

"Nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean; so o'er that art
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes."

HERBERT SPENCER.—1820-1893.

After Froebel no man has exerted a vaster influence in the domain of education than Herbert Spencer. Ranked as the greatest of philosophers, he is certainly one of the noblest teachers of humanity. A braver searcher after truth never lived. A better equipped writer there is not in the English language. As an organizer of human knowledge perhaps there is not his equal. His classification of facts, especially in "Descriptive Sociology," is one of the greatest contributions to human science, and to education.

Sylvan Drey has clearly stated the relation of religion



to morality from the Spencerian point of view. He says : " From Spencer's point of view, it is obvious that religion and morality are quite distinct in their nature and purpose. Religion aims at keeping alive sentiments of awe and reverence for that incomprehensible power which everywhere manifests itself through the working of the universe. Morality, on the other hand, has solely to do with the conduct of men. It has for its object to determine what courses of action are most conducive to personal and social well being. Goodness derives its inestimable value from its intrinsic worth. Not for the purpose of gaining the good will of the unknown cause of things; not for the purpose of being rewarded in a possible life to come, but because the welfare of all is dependent upon the moral behavior of each. We know nothing indicative of any relation between morality and the inscrutable source of things. Whether wickedness can, in any way, affect the higher power, or whether we are punished after death for sins committed in this life, are questions about which we are superlatively ignorant; but we are absolutely sure that wrong doing causes sorrow and pain in this world, and that the wrong-doer himself often suffers untold pangs on account of his transgressions."

Spencer himself says : " I am not concerned to show what effect religious sentiment as hereafter thus modified will have as a moral agent."

Discarding, therefore, the doctrine of the " Unknowable," and the " Ghost of a Religion," for which Mr. Spencer has received so many encomiums from the Christian world—small favors thankfully received—when once the theologians would have burned him, we take up the truly valuable work of this great philosopher, working along the line of Bacon, Comenius, Milton, Pestalozzi, and Froebel. " In this regard two worlds combine to honor the name of Herbert Spencer, because they find in his works a really unequalled grasp in the coördination of ideas, a

positive method which rarely stumbles, a vast fertility of illustration, and a supreme gift for perceiving the harmonies between nature and society. He has given this age a mass of philosophic suggestion," says Frederic Harrison.

In grappling with the great problem of the future education of humanity, Mr. Spencer says :

"How to live? that is the essential question for us. Not how to live in the mere material sense only, but in the widest sense. The general problem which comprehends every special problem is the right ruling of conduct in all directions under all circumstances. In what way to treat the body ; in what way to treat the mind ; in what way to manage our affairs ; in what way to bring up a family ; in what way to behave as a citizen ; in what way to utilize all those sources of happiness which nature supplies—how to use all our faculties to the greatest advantage of ourselves and others—how to live completely? And this being the great, needful thing for us to learn, is, by consequence, the great thing which education has to teach. To prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge ; and the only rational mode to judge of any educational course is to judge in what degree it discharges such function.

"Before there can be a rational curriculum, we must settle which things it most concerns us to know ; or, to use a word of Bacon's, we must determine the relative values of 'knowledges.'

"Had we time to master all subjects, we need not be particular. To quote the old song :

'Could a man be secure
That his days would endure,
As of old, a thousand years,
What things might he know,
What deeds might he do,
And all without hurry or care.'

But we that have but span-long lives, must ever bear in mind our limited time for acquisition."

It is plain to any wise man that, in the selection of knowledge, we must take it in the order of usefulness. We must learn, first, self-preservation; secondly, the means of living; thirdly, the duties of parentage; fourthly, the duties of citizenship, and, lastly, means for the gratification of the tastes and feelings. This is the order which, according to Spencer, should constitute the new education of the race, and fit it for complete life. "Not exhaustive cultivation in any one," says Spencer, "but attention to all, greatest where the value is greatest, less where the value is less, and least where the value is least.

"And here we see distinctly the vice of our educational system. It neglects the plant for the sake of the flower. In anxiety for elegance, it forgets substance. While it gives no knowledge conducive to self-preservation; while of knowledge that facilitates gaining a livelihood, it gives but the rudiments, and leaves the greater part to be picked up any how in after life; while, for the discharge of parental functions, it makes not the slightest provision, and while, for the duties of citizenship, it prepares by imparting a mass of facts, most of which are irrelevant, and the rest without a key; it is diligent in everything that adds to refinement, polish, *eclat*."

What a drudgery the attainment of knowledge was in the old orthodox ways! The child had no choice. It must take what was given it—good, bad, and indifferent—and stumble along the best way he could. There was an iron system to which every one must submit. There was no recognition of the nature of the learner. The more the scholar disliked his task, the better it was supposed to be for him. The pursuit of knowledge was indeed a thorny path.

New and wiser ideas now prevail. "Of all the changes taking place," says Spencer, "the most significant is the

growing desire to make the acquirement of knowledge pleasurable, rather than painful, a desire based on the more or less distinct perception that, at each age, the intellectual action, which a child likes, is a healthful one for it; and conversely. There is a spreading opinion that the rise of an appetite for any kind of knowledge implies that the unfolding mind has become fit to assimilate it, and needs it for the purpose of growth; and that, on the other hand, the disgust felt toward any kind of knowledge is a sign either that it is prematurely presented, or that it is presented in an indigestible form. Hence the efforts to make early education amusing, and all education interesting. Hence the lectures on the value of play. Asceticism is disappearing out of education as out of life; and the usual test of political education, its tendency to promote happiness, is beginning to be, in a great degree, the test of legislation for the school and nursery."

"Self-development should be encouraged to the fullest extent. Children should be led to make their own investigations, and draw their own inferences. They should be *told* as little as possible, and induced to discover as much as possible. Who, indeed, can watch the ceaseless observation, and inquiry, and inference going on in a child's mind, or listen to its acute remarks on matters within the range of its faculties, without perceiving that these powers which it manifests, if brought to bear systematically upon any studies within the same range, would readily master them without help? The need of perpetual telling is the result of our stupidity, not the child's. We drag it away from facts in which it is interested; and we put before it facts far too complex for it to understand. We thrust them into its mind by threats and punishment, cramming it with knowledge and producing a morbid state of its faculties. Whoever sees this will see that we may safely follow the method of nature throughout and make

the mind always self-developing; and that only by doing this can we produce the highest power and activity."

In "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," Walter Besant has pictured the beautiful ideal world which will bloom amidst the fields of labor itself when Froebel and Spencer's noble system of education shall prevail, a system which recognizes the worth of joy as a vast and radiant element of human progress.

Says the novelist-philosopher :

"Life is full, overflowing with all kinds of delights. It is a mistake to suppose only rich people can enjoy these things. They may buy them, but everybody may create them; they cost nothing. You shall learn music, and forthwith all the world shall be transformed for you. You shall learn to paint, to carve, to model, to design, and the day shall be too short to contain the happiness you will get out of it. You shall learn to dance and know the rapture of the waltz. You shall learn the greater art of acting, and give each other the pleasure which rich men buy. You shall even learn the great art of writing, and learn the magic of a charmed phrase. All these things which make the life of rich people happy shall be yours; and they *shall cost you nothing*. What the heart of man can desire shall be yours, *and for nothing*. I will give you a house to shelter you, and rooms in which to play; you have only to find the rest. Enter in, my friends; forget the squalid past; here are great halls and lovely corridors—they are yours. Fill them with sweet echoes of dropping music; let the walls be covered with your works of art; let the girls laugh and the boys be happy within these walls. I give you the shell; fill it with the spirit of content and happiness."

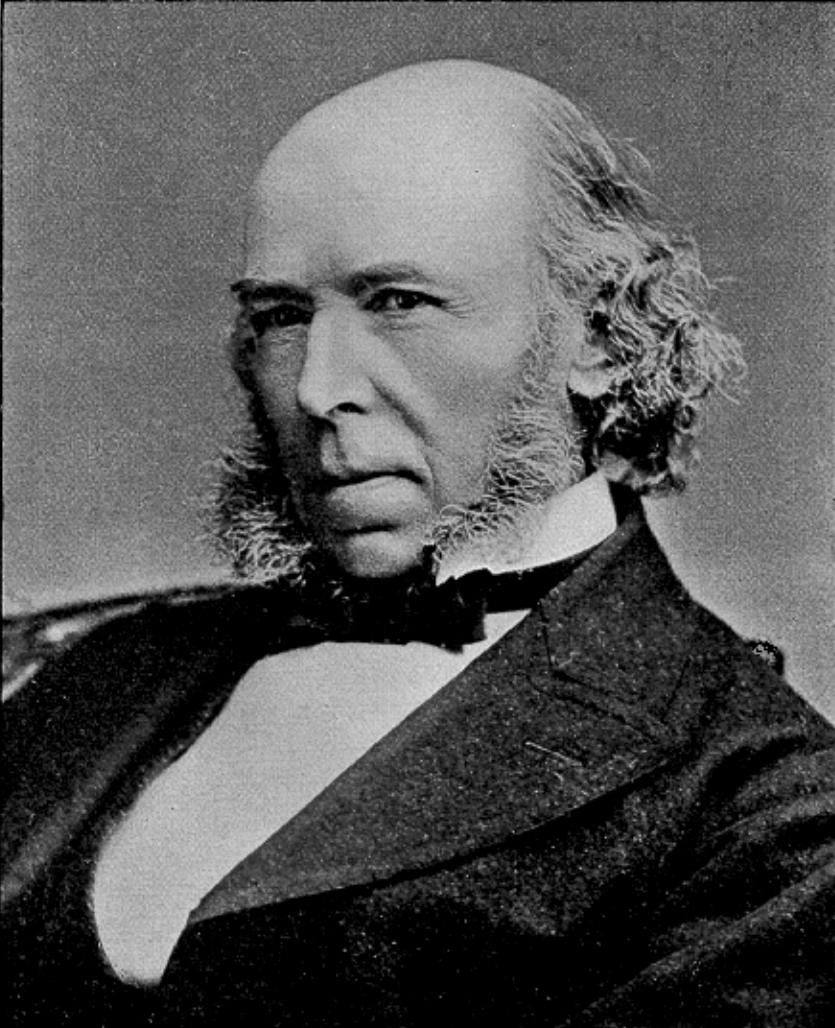
HUXLEY ON EDUCATION.

"Education is the greatest work of all those which lie ready to a man's hand just at present.

“Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of everyone of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game at chess? Do you not think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces—to have a notion of a gambit and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?”

“Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of everyone of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse. My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture, a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life.

“Well, what I mean by education is learning the rules



of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means neither more nor less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority or of numbers upon the other side.

“That man, I think, has had a liberal education, who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.”

“In an ideal university, as I conceive it, a man should be able to obtain instruction in all forms of knowledge, and discipline in the use of all the methods by which knowledge is obtained. In such a university, the force of living example should fire the student with a noble ambition to emulate the learning of learned men, and to follow in the footsteps of the explorers of new fields of knowledge. And the very air he breathes should be charged with that enthusiasm for truth, that fanaticism of veracity, which is a greater possession than much learning;

a nobler gift than the power of increasing knowledge ; by so much greater and nobler than these, as the moral nature of man is greater than the intellectual ; for veracity is the heart of morality.

“But the man who is all morality and intellect, although he may be good and even great, is, after all, only half a man. There is beauty in the moral world and in the intellectual world ; but there is also a beauty which is neither moral or intellectual—the beauty of the world of art. There are men who are devoid of the power of seeing it, as there are men who are born deaf and blind, and the loss of those, as of these, is simply infinite. There are others in whom it is an overpowering passion ; happy men, born with the productive, or at lowest, the appreciative, genius of the artist. But in the mass of mankind, the esthetic faculty, like the reasoning power and the moral sense, needs to be roused, directed, and cultivated ; and I know not why the development of that side of his nature, through which man has access to a perennial spring of ennobling pleasure, should be omitted from any comprehensive scheme of university education.

“I am ashamed to repeat here what I have said elsewhere, in season and out of season, respecting the value of science as knowledge and discipline. But the other day I met with some passages in the address to another Scottish university, of a great thinker, recently lost to us, which express so fully, and yet so tersely, the truth in this matter, that I am fain to quote them :

“To question all things ; never to turn away from any difficulty ; to accept no doctrine either from ourselves or from other people without a rigid scrutiny by negative criticism ; letting no fallacy, or incoherence, or confusion of thought step by unperceived ; above all, to insist upon having the meaning of a word clearly understood before using it, and the meaning of a proposition before assent-

ing to it; these are the lessons we learn from workers in science.

“ ‘With all this vigorous management of the negative element, they inspire no skepticism about the reality of truth or indifference to its pursuit. The noblest enthusiasm, both for the search after truth and for applying it to its highest uses, pervades those writers.

“ ‘In cultivating, therefore, science as an essential ingredient in education, we are all the while laying an admirable foundation for ethical and philosophical culture.’ The passages I have quoted were uttered by John Stuart Mill.”

“ Institutions do not make men, any more than organization makes life; and even the ideal university we have been dreaming about will be but a superior piece of mechanism, unless each student strive after the ideal of the scholar. And that ideal, it seems to me, has never been better embodied than by the great poet, who, though lapped in luxury, the favorite of a court, and the idol of his countrymen, remained through all the length of his honored years a scholar in art, in science, and in life :

“ ‘Would’st shape a noble life? Then cast
 No backward glances toward the past :
 And though somewhat be lost and gone,
 Yet do thou act as one new-born.
 What each day needs, that shalt thou ask ;
 Each day will set its proper task.
 Give others’ work just share of praise ;
 Not of thine own the merits raise.
 Beware no fellow man thou hate :
 And so in God’s hands leave thy fate.’ ”

Goethe’s idea of God was thus expressed in his own words :

“ What were a God, who sat outside to scan,
 The spheres that 'neath his finger circling ran ?
 God dwells in all, and moves the world, and moulds ;
 Himself and nature in one form enfolds.”

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.—1817.

George Jacob Holyoake, more distinctively than any one else, has gathered into Freethought principles the philosophy of modern education announced from Bacon to Spencer, that is, an education for life, for practical purposes, for fruit, for the good of man's estate. Mr. Holyoake has been an able, industrious, and devoted exponent of Secularism. In Secularism is found the educational science of Freethought. Freethought is a method of finding out the truth. Secularism is a method of applying the truth. It is Freethought made purposeful in lines of human action. Secularism abandons theology and everything above and beyond man as sources of moral motives. In man and his surroundings exist these motives. Morality is natural, and not supernatural. It needs no God, no heaven and no hell. It needs no church, no Bible, and no priest. It needs simply that man shall know himself and his environments.

Mr. Holyoake originated the name Secularism, and he thus defines it in his admirable work, “The Trial of Theism :”

“ Secularism is a recognition of causation in nature, in science, in mind, morals, and manners. In electing its own sphere, however, it will combat without contemning others. It may also omit much that it respects, as well as that which it rejects—but to omit is not to ignore. The solution of the problem of union can only be effected by narrowing the ground of profession, and widening that of action—it requires to collect sympathies without dictating modes of manifestation.

“Secularism teaches the good of this life to be a rightful object of primary pursuit, inculcates the practical sufficiency of natural morality apart from Atheism, Theism, or the Bible, and selects as its method of procedure the promotion of human improvement by material means.

“Secularism holds that the Protestant right of private judgment includes the moral innocency of that judgment, whether for or against received opinion; provided it be conscientiously arrived at—that the honest conclusion is without guilt—that, though all sincere opinion is not equally true, nor equally useful, it is yet equally without sin—that it is not sameness of belief but sincerity of belief which justifies conduct, whether regard be had to the esteem of men or the approval of God.

“With respect to the service of humanity, deliverance from sorrow or injustice is before consolation—doing well is doing higher than meaning well—work is worship to those who accept Theism, and duty to those who do not.

“As security that the principles of Nature and the habit of Reason may prevail, Secularism uses itself and maintains for others these rights of reason. The Free Search for Truth, without which it is impossible. The Free Utterance of the result, without which the increase of Truth is limited. The Free Criticism of alleged Truth, without which conscience will be impotent on practice.

“A Secularist sees clearly upon what he relies as a Secularist. To him the teaching of Nature is as clear as the teaching of the Bible, and since, if God exists, Nature is certainly his work, while it is not so clear that the Bible is—the teaching of Nature will be preferred and followed where the teaching of the Bible appears to conflict with it.

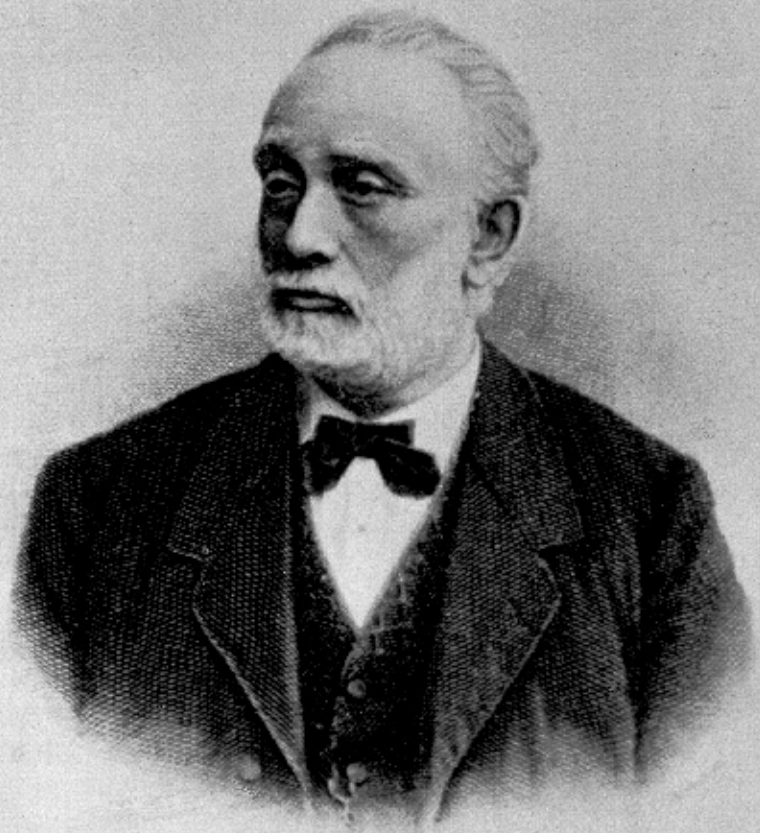
“All pursuit of good objects with pure intent is religiousness in the best sense in which this term appears to be used. The distinctive peculiarity of the Secularist is that he seeks that good which is dictated by Nature, which is attainable by material means, and which is of imme-

diate service to humanity, a religiousness to which the idea of God is not essential, nor the denial of the idea necessary.

“Going to a distant town to mitigate some calamity there will illustrate the principle of action prescribed by Secularism. One man will go on this errand from pure sympathy with the unfortunate; this is goodness. Another goes because his priest bids him; this is obedience. Another goes because the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew tells him that all such persons will pass to the right hand of the Father; this is calculation. Another goes because he believes God commands him; this is piety. Another goes because he perceives that the neglect of suffering will not answer; this is utilitarianism. But another goes on the errand of mercy, because it is an errand of mercy, because it is an immediate service to humanity; and he goes with a view to attempt material amelioration rather than spiritual consolation; this is Secularism, which teaches that goodness is sanctity, that Nature is guidance, that reason is authority, that service is duty, that Materialism is help.

“Speaking mainly on the part of Secularists, it is sufficient to observe—Man does not live by egotisms, hopes, and comforts, but rather by self-renunciation, by service and endurance. It is asked, will Secularism meet all the wants of human nature? To this we reply, every system meets the wants of those who believe it, else it would never exist. We desire to know and not to hope. We have no wants, and wish to have none, which truth will not satisfy. We would realize this life—we would also deserve another—but without the selfishness which craves it—or the presumption which expects it—or the discontent which demands it.”

Mr. Charles Watts, who adopts the principles of Secularism as expounded by Holyoake, thus defines its morality:



“Secular morality is based upon the principle that happiness is the chief end and aim of mankind. And although there are, doubtless, persons who would warmly dispute this fundamental principle, it is very questionable whether their objection is not more verbal than anything else. That all men desire happiness is certain. The doctrine enunciated in the well-known line of Pope is frequently quoted, and generally with approval :

‘O happiness! our being’s end and aim.’

“When we meet with persons who profess to despise this aspiration, it will be generally found that it is only some popular conception of happiness of which they are careless, while they really pursue a happiness of their own, in their own way, with no less ardor than other people. A definition of happiness itself is not easy to give. Each person would, were he asked to define it, in all probability furnish a somewhat different explanation; but the true meaning of all would be very much the same. To refer again to Pope, what truth there is in the following couplet!—

‘Who can define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?’

“With one it is the culture of the intellect; with another, the exercise of the emotions; with a third, the practice of deeds of philanthropy and charity; and with yet another—we regret to say—the gratification of the lower propensities. In each case it is the following of the pursuit which most accords with the disposition of the individual. And wherever this course does not interfere with the happiness of others, and is not more than counterbalanced by any results that may arise from it afterwards, it is not only legitimate, but moral. Broadly, then, Secular efforts for the attainment of happiness may be said to consist in endeavoring to perform those actions

which entail no ill effects upon general society, and leave no injurious effects upon the actors. Such conduct as is here intimated involves the practice of truth, self-discipline, fidelity to conviction, and the avoidance of knowingly acting unjustly to others."

Secularism adopts Utilitarianism as the foundation of morals, and is thus defined by John Stuart Mill: "The creed which accepts as the foundation of morals utility, or the greatest happiness principle, holds that actions are right in proportion as they tend to promote happiness; wrong as they tend to produce the reverse of happiness. By happiness is intended pleasure and the absence of pain; by unhappiness, pain and the privation of pleasure. To give a clear view of the moral standard set up by this theory, much more requires to be said; in particular, what things it includes in the ideas of pain and pleasure; and to what extent this is left an open question. But these supplementary explanations do not affect the theory of life upon which this theory of morality is grounded—namely, that pleasure and freedom from pain are the only things desirable as ends, and that all desirable things (which are as numerous in the Utilitarian as in any other scheme) are desirable either for the pleasure inherent in themselves, or as a means to the promotion of pleasure and the prevention of pain."

Mr. Mill points out—and herein he differs from Bentham—that not only must the quantity of the pleasure of happiness be taken into consideration, but the quality likewise. He remarks: "It would be absurd that while, in estimating all other things, quality is considered as well as quantity, the estimation of pleasure should be disposed to depend on quantity alone."

Ingersoll also thus defines Secularism :

"Secularism has no mysteries, no mummeries, no priests, no ceremonies, no falsehoods, no miracles, and no persecutions.

“It is a protest against theological oppression, against theological tyranny, against being the serf, subject, or slave of any phantom, or the priest of any phantom. It is a protest against wasting this life for the sake of one we know not of. It proposes to let the gods take care of themselves.

“It means the destruction of the business of those who trade in fear. It proposes to give serenity and content to the human soul. It will put out the fires of eternal pain. It is striving to do away with violence and vice, with ignorance, poverty, and disease. It lives for the ever-present TO-DAY and the ever-coming TOMORROW. It does not believe in praying and receiving but in earning and deserving. It regards work as worship, labor as prayer, and wisdom as the savior of mankind.”

It is for this wise, attainable morality—through which only is there any real advancement for man—whether sought consciously or unconsciously—for many of the old-time saints were, at heart, Secularists, in spite of their theology—it is for this that Mr. Holyoake has labored in a busy and widely influential career.

He was born at Birmingham in 1817; he worked for thirteen years in an iron foundry in that town with his father, and the impressions he there received of the petty tyranny of masters, and the apathy and helplessness of workmen, played no small part in shaping his career. On reaching manhood he abandoned the evangelical views, under which he had been brought up, for the theories of Robert Owen, and thereafter devoted himself to Secularism and industrial coöperation. He was imprisoned for six months in Gloucester jail as an “Atheist.” His straightforward conduct on this occasion gave a stimulus to the free expression of honest conviction. After his release he came to London. His publishing office on Fleet street was a meeting-place for advanced thinkers and Liberal politicians. As editor of the *Reasoner* he did much

to promote freedom and open mindedness, and toleration of all opinions. He was a personal friend of Mazzini and Garibaldi. He gave his ardent support to the Italian struggle; he took a warm interest in the exiled Hungarian patriots, and the republicans who were driven from France on the establishment of the Third Empire.

Robert G. Ingersoll has given the following tribute to Holyoake :

“There is not in this world a nobler, braver man. In England he has done as much for the great cause of intellectual liberty as any other man of this generation. He has done as much for the poor, for the children of toil, for the homeless and wretched, as any other living man. He has attacked all abuses, all tyranny, and all forms of hypocrisy. His weapons have been reason, logic, facts, kindness, and, above all, example. He has lived his creed. He has won the admiration and respect of his bitterest antagonists. He has the simplicity of childhood, the enthusiasm of youth, and the wisdom of age. He is not abusive, but he is clear and conclusive. He is intense without violence—firm without anger. He has the strength of perfect kindness. He does not hate—he pities. He does not attack men and women, but dogmas and creeds. And he does not attack them to get the better of people, but to enable people to get the better of them. He gives the light he has. He shares his intellectual wealth with the orthodox poor. He assists without insulting, guides without arrogance, and enlightens without outrage. Besides, he is eminent for the exercise of plain common sense. He knows that there are wrongs besides those born of superstition—that people are not necessarily happy because they have renounced the Thirty-nine Articles—and that the priest is not the only enemy of mankind.

“He has for forty years been preaching and practicing industry, economy, self-reliance, and kindness. He has

done all within his power to give the working man a better home, better food, better wages, and better opportunities for the education of his children. He has demonstrated the success of coöperation—of intelligent combination for the common good. As a rule, his methods have been perfectly legal. In some instances he has knowingly violated the law, and did so with the intention to take the consequences. He would neither ask nor accept a pardon, because to receive a pardon carries with it the implied promise to keep the law, and an admission that you were in the wrong. He would not agree to desist from doing what he believed ought to be done, neither would he stain his past to brighten his future, nor imprison his soul to free his body. He has that happy mingling of gentleness and firmness found only in the highest type of moral heroes. He is an absolutely just man, and will never do an act that he would condemn in another. He admits that the most bigoted churchman has a perfect right to express his opinions not only, but that he must be met with argument couched in kind and candid terms. Mr. Holyoake is not only the enemy of a theological hierarchy, but he is also opposed to mental mobs. He will not use the bludgeon of epithet.

“Whoever is opposed to mental bondage, to the shackles wrought by cruelty and worn by fear, should be the friend of this heroic and unselfish man.”

Industrial emancipation and industrial coöperation are necessary to the complete education of the race; and therefore it was but logical as the advocate of Secularism and Utilitarianism that Mr. Holyoake should devote himself to the welfare of the working people, for in their happiness and improvement lies the true glory of the world's progress.

From Robert Owen, Holyoake learned the doctrine that men are what they are by virtue of their surroundings, and that the improvement of these is the only possible

means of raising the individual. In one important point he differs from his predecessor. Mr. Holyoake is no believer in paternal government. He holds that the true method of bettering the condition of the working man is to put him in the way of helping himself. This idea lies at the root of Mr. Holyoake's scheme of coöperation, in which both production and distribution are carried on in self-supporting, industrial cities, where mutual help and joint responsibility take the place of rivalry and competition.

ROBERT OWEN—1771-1858.

And this brings us to the educational and ethical value of Robert Owen's noteworthy reform, for education, as Comenius pointed out, must not be aristocratic, but democratic, and must not be an education from work, but *in* work. Modern education recognizes the value of work—that the true man or woman is a worker, and must be a worker. The gospel of doing something, so brilliantly proclaimed by Carlyle, is the gospel of education. Work is not a curse, but a means of growth and happiness. Everybody must be a worker in some way, and in work he and she must find the real delight of life—the noblest development—the most splendid faculties. The paradise of the future is not the paradise of priest or king, but the paradise of working people, where labor is not drudgery, but poetry, art, and romance.

This is the golden, beautiful future of humanity, when the harvests shine for everyone, when every fireside shall gleam with loveliness, and on every table shall glow the fruits of toil. In industry itself is to be the sublimest education of the race. Through the hand itself, trained and supple, the brain shall attain its most magnificent ardors. Not the brain alone, as hitherto—the intellect flashing over solitary wastes—but the intellect and the brawny muscle coöperating, blending, giving and taking,



and so building, creating, adorning, removing both palace and hut, and flowering forth a home for all.

Toward this happy consummation, who has labored more splendidly, more generously, than Robert Owen, an extraordinary man, not to be forgotten, for if he failed, he failed like a glorious star that illuminates the night; he failed like a brimming fountain that sinks into the sand, but makes the flowers to grow thereafter, and the fruits to glisten. We will hold this man in memory, for, with a noble recklessness, he labored for others and not himself.

He presided over four thousand operatives in his employ with patriarchal care and benevolence. He built schools and dwellings. His management of the mill and farm, the school and the ball-room of his successive establishments in Scotland, England, and America, display his rare economic and administrative faculties. The Lanark mills were set up in 1784 by Arkwright, when Owen was a boy. Ten years after he became the manager of them, and while all the world was expecting his ruin from new-fangled schemes, he bought out his partner for eighty-four thousand pounds. During the next four years he realized one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. In spite of his notorious Infidelity, statesmen, prelates, and clergymen, Dissenters and bigots, came to inspect his schools. Territories were freely offered him in various parts of the world in which to try his scheme on a large scale. He was brought into terms of intimacy with all the European celebrities of his time.

In 1823 he came to the United States, where he purchased a large tract of land in Indiana on the banks of the Wabash, and founded a community called by him New Harmony, where he carried the coöperative theory into effect.

On the Fourth of July, 1826, he delivered his celebrated *Declaration of Independence*:

“I now declare to you, and to the world, that man, up

to this hour, has been, in all parts of the earth, a slave to a trinity of the most monstrous evils that could be combined to inflict mental and physical evil upon his whole race. I refer to private, or individual, property, absurd and irrational systems of religion, and marriage founded on individual property, combined with some of these irrational systems of religion."

Mr. Holyoake thus pathetically describes his last hours. He wanted to go to his native place; he said: "I will lay my bones whence I derived them.

"When he came to the border-line, which separates England from Wales, he knew it again. It was more than seventy years since he had passed over it. He raised himself up in his carriage and gave a cheer. He was in his own native land once more. It was the last cheer the old man ever gave. With brightened eyes the aged wanderer looked around. The old mountains stood there in their ancient grandeur. The grand old trees, under whose shadow he passed his youth, waved their branches in welcome. What scenes the wanderer had passed through since last he gazed upon them! Manufacturing days, crowning success, philanthropic experiments, continental travel, interviews with kings, Mississippi valleys, Indiana forests, journeys, labors, agitations, honors, calumnies, hope and toil—never resting; what a world, what an age, had intervened since last he passed his native border!

"It was about seven in the morning, as his son held his hand, and a friend stood near him, that he said, 'Relief has come—I am easy and comfortable,' and he passed away. Death, which commonly beautifies the features, reprinted his perennial smile upon his face. His lips appeared as though parting to speak, and he slept the sleep of death like one whose life had been a victory."

HAECKEL.—1834.

The first impression might be that Haeckel should be ranked in the world of science, rather than in that of

education and ethics, but Haeckel is preëminently a teacher of humanity, and his vast scientific equipments and brilliant discoveries only fit him to be a nobler teacher.

Darwin is a purely scientific man. He discovers without any regard to consequences. There is no purpose in his work except simply to reach the truth. Truth—good or bad—that is the supreme spirit of science. And surely there can be nothing greater than this. It is the noblest kind of moral action, although there is no kind of conscious moral purpose in it. To make truth subservient to morality is the most rotten kind of immorality. To refuse to accept any truth, or any evidence of a truth on account of some supposed immoral tendency, is simply treason to the truth, and treason to humanity. Had Darwin looked to moral consequences and been guided by that, he certainly never would have made the magnificent and epoch-creating discoveries that he did. What a shock it was to the moral sensibilities of the civilized man to be told that he descended from an ape! What an awfully degrading and immoral idea! But the only question with Darwin was: Is it true? and he did not try to shirk the ape in favor of morality. He accepted the ape, whatever the consequences.

It needed just such a man as Darwin to make the doctrine of evolution what it is. It needed a man to whom truth was all in all; who allowed no ethical impulse whatsoever to deter or sway him; who did not ask: What good will this do? but, What is the evidence of its reality? Darwin was terribly in earnest. He moved, we might say, with the massive coldness of an iceberg, to his conclusions. Gentle and brave and beautiful in his character, his brain was as stern as a rock, set to the truth and nothing but the truth, even if morality was overthrown. What a martyrdom that was for the truth's sake when the divine and golden dreams of humanity, the

source of poetry and romance, must be swept away forever! Darwin could have been no other than he was, had he not, like nature and Shakspeare, been thoroughly impartial as to morality, simply ignoring morality, for, as the great poet sought only life in every form with no ethical desire, so the naturalist sought only to find the truth, even if that truth destroyed the noblest aspirations of mankind. He who seeks for truth in morality, rather than for morality in truth, is a traitor to science. Morality cannot be greater than the truth. It must be evermore bound by the truth, and have no other basis but the truth.

Darwin, therefore, is deserving of the supremest laurels, in that he sought for the truth with unflinching allegiance.

It is after the truth is actually discovered that the ethical purpose comes in, and in this lies the grandeur of Haeckel's work. Accepting the truth as demonstrated by Darwin and modern science, he stands by it without reserve, and asserts that because it is the truth it is of moral value to mankind. Haeckel would tell the truth and shame the devil of orthodoxy, even if it was clothed in the garb of heaven. That was a noble combat, when Virchow flung down the gauntlet, and would have falsehood taught in our schools rather than science, because the falsehood was popular and supposed to be moral, while science was shaking the foundations of virtue. With what splendid courage Haeckel accepted the issue and said to the cowardly Virchow: Teach the truth, teach science, teach that man did come from the ape, for there is no doubt that he did so originate, as Darwin declares! Haeckel accepts the facts without prevarication, and asserts that facts and not fictions contain the true moral impulse. If we did descend from the ape, that makes us no worse, nor diminishes the value of life, or the splendor of virtue, or the glory of heroism. Haeckel thus brings evolution into the domain of education and ethics, where,

entirely abolishing the old theology and teleology, it will give to man a greater moral power than ever. Haeckel makes it a religion. The word itself may not be acceptable, but all that is meant in that word by Haeckel, and Wakeman, and Carus is acceptable; but the word itself is so saturated with ancient superstitions and falsehoods that it is best to reject it in behalf of morality. All that the word "religion" can mean at the best is morality or right conduct, and why not use the words that to the common mind make no confusion of thought. The religion of humanity, as defined by Harrison, is *simply morality fused with social devotion and enlightened by sound philosophy*. That is right; but why call it religion when this word has been used and is used to-day by millions of the human race to denote something entirely different? What is the need of this word? Matthew Arnold says that morality, touched by emotion, is religion. But why label this religion? Why not use the words "morality touched by emotion," which all can understand, and not befog it with a word as to whose origin and meaning there is no agreement even among philosophers and scholars? To get at the real meaning of Haeckel's religion of Monism, which is indeed a most noble and splendid conception, let us simply look at morality in its threefold motive and expression.

There is, first of all, plain, simple morality, individual morality, which is cool judgment and conduct, followed simply because it is the best, because it is common sense, and makes happiness to ourselves and others. This certainly is the gist of all right conduct, which fundamentally must be a judgment, and not an emotion, a matter of reason, and not a matter of sentiment. A large part of human conduct is of this sort. There is no emotion about it. It is simply reasonable conduct, as a man pays his debts. There is no emotion, no poetry about that; nevertheless, the paying of debts is moral conduct, and that

clear judgment in the "dry light" of reason is what is at the basis of moral conduct.

But, secondly, there is morality touched by emotion, in which love of father and mother, brother and sister, and child and friend, flows with the action, and beautifies but does not change its nature. But the affection extends no farther than to the individual, to the associates of daily life. It is intense, but not broad and high. So, thirdly, there is philosophical morality, that morality which is infused with the sublime and beautiful conceptions that glow in the enlightened mind in consideration of all truth attainable. When one reads the history of man, of the planet; when the treasures of science are revealed in earth and heaven; when the million stars flash upon the view, not separate, but linked with our own burning heart and brain; when the distant ages are connected with our own age; when we see that generations have toiled for us and given their fruit to us; and that we ourselves are not isolated, but are bound with the grandeurs of the human race and partakers of its glory, and can contribute to its advancement in the endless future; that our little stream of life mingles with countless other streams, which do not run to waste and water but the desert, but flow into the magnificence of universal progress—then plain, simple, every-day morality becomes wonderfully illuminated; then it is touched by an emotion which makes duty joy indeed, and the hard paths of labor become radiant with hopes and ineffable dreams; then the horizon broadens, the moment of to-day mingles with the illimitable past and the glorious future; the might and wonder of the universe jewels each fleeting hour, and home itself becomes a shining spot in the infinite palace of nature. This is what Goethe, Haeckel, and others mean by the word "religion." But why not use the word morality with philosophy and science? Then there is no confusion. no "darkness visible;" then we are entirely



separate from the errors of the past, and can walk along the luminous paths of truth, with a lofty and clear vision.

Do we not, however, accept the ideas of Haeckel and the ethical value which he gives to the truths of evolution; and while he stands head and front in the realms of science a great discoverer, is he not also a teacher? Does he not give the literature of inspiration, and not only the literature of knowledge? Does he not add to our motive power, as well as to our understanding? Does he not give a new and radiant impulse to our judgment? Does he not lift life from the level of commonplace, without ignoring a single fact, into the vastness and ravishing beauty of the whole? Truth is great. Truth and beauty are greater still; but truth, beauty, and action are greatest of all. In these unfolds our complete humanity, and for these Haeckel has given the best word of modern science, and the noblest wisdom of philosophy. We walk on solid ground, but the heights are won upon which no theologian or prophet of the past has ever stood. The priest vanishes, but the teacher stands in his place. The school-house obliterates the church. Industry shines where barren learning toiled, and in the place of words, things correlated and serviceable give man a world of beauty and delight, the conquest of nature, the lustre of art, cities and harvest fields, the obedient lightning, the thunder of the locomotive, and the ship majestically plowing a thousand leagues of sea.

And Emerson sings the song, not of God, but of man, in his rhythmical prose:

“The fossil strata show us that nature began with rudimental forms, and rose to the more complex as fast as the earth was fit for their dwelling-place; and that the lower perish as the higher appear. Very few of our race can be said to be finished men. We still carry sticking to us some remains of the preceding inferior quadruped organization. The age of the quadruped is to go out—the

age of the brain and of the heart is to come in. And if one shall read the future of the race hinted in the organic effort of nature to mount and meliorate, and the corresponding impulse to the better in the human being, we shall dare affirm that there is nothing he will not overcome and convert, until at last culture shall absorb the chaos and gehenna. He will convert the furies into muses and the hells into benefit."

And Goethe joins the anthem :

"The future hides in it
 Gladness and sorrow ;
 We press still thorow,
 Nought that abides in it
 Daunting us—onward.

And solemn before us,
 Veiled, the dark portal,
 Goal of all mortal—
 Stars silent rest o'er us,
 Graves under us silent.

But heard are the voices,—
 Heard are the sages,
 The worlds and the ages :
 'Choose well, your choice is
 Brief and yet endless !

Here eyes do regard you,
 In eternity's stillness ;
 Here is all fullness,
 Ye brave, to reward you ;
 Work, and despair not !' "

And where more fittingly, in the interest of Free-thought, can we place the hymn of George Eliot :

O may I join the choir invisible,
 Of those immortal dead who live again
 In minds made better by their presence : live

In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven :

To make undying music in the world,
Breathing a beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child.
Poor anxious penitence is quick dissolved ;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.

This is the life to come

Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls

The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

Is it not wonderful what man has attained through simple devotion to the truth, through the facts of nature itself, that at first seem so meaningless and disconnected! Beginning with humblest observation, seeking the attainable and the useful, studying the rock, the insect, the worm, the dust, linking man with the beasts of the field, and with lowliest life in the depths of the sea, disdaining nothing, combining all—what a marvelous result, and what may we not hope for in the future! There is no backward step. We have begun right and the way is onward.

Thus the labors of Haeckel complete the vast and splendid labors of the world's illustrious educators—Bacon, Comenius, Milton, Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Froebel, Combe, Spencer, Holyoake, Owen, and ten thousand others, noble men and women, schoolmasters of the race, to whom all honor is due. For what is knowledge unless it can be translated into action, unless thought can become a deed? The mind of man, of the child, must be trained in truth, for the truth, and for work and character and the noblest enjoyment.

The two great questions, the fundamental questions of Freethought, of humanity, have thus been answered, and not answered until within the last four centuries, and answered wisely, fearlessly, successfully:

What can we know? What ought we to do?

What a victory has been obtained over ignorance, false science, false philosophy, barbaric theology, a cruel church, and a desperate priesthood!

CHAPTER XI.

LITERATURE.

LITERATURE never is orthodoxy, although it may become orthodoxy ; it is not a fixed dogma, but a flowing stream, otherwise it would not be literature, for literature is the expression of nature itself, and it must be untrammelled, except by the laws of nature itself. Wherever, therefore, there is genuine literature, there is Freethought, no matter what may be the particular form of that literature. At the time it is produced it is not dogma, it is a personality. Afterwards it becomes dogma by the blind worship of adherents.

Says Van Buren Denslow :

“No priest ever wrote a poem, or invented a machine, if we except the Chinese machine for praying, or wrote a history worthy of the name, or made a discovery in chemistry, or found a continent, or shed new light on any problem of science. While thinking cannot be done without a certain amount of leisure, it is still a variety of hard work, and the best of it is done, not by priests, for they are so taken-up with worship that they have no time for work, but by the working classes themselves, whose active and aggressive thinking has compelled the priesthoods to do what little thinking they have done in self-defense. In saying that the least inventive, original, and progressive class of men has always been the priests, we only charge them with fidelity to their calling. They have lived by imposing certain dogmas on the human mind concerning

that of which nobody could, by any possibility, know anything. Every other class of men have lived by handling weapons which could be met by dealing in substances which could be measured, or in facts capable of being verified. The priest has no right to be inventive. He is defending the old, not propounding the new. He cannot be original, when it is not he but the Lord that speaks; nor scientific, when science, sweeping the void with her telescope, clears it of that theological heaven which it is his vocation to promise, leaving only open space and silent stars."

The priest is only a stick—a stone. He is absolutely stationary, or, if he moves, it is because he is driftwood. The tide is beneath him—but not in him. A priest prefers death to a new idea, for death is old and sacred. He can abide that, but he cannot abide a living change. The food of his spirit are the ghosts of a dead past. The priest is not a man. The French proverb hits it keenly which declares, "There are three sexes—men, women, and priests." How is it possible for a priest ever to write poetry, or make the world effulgent with knowledge? Poetry, like science, demands the brave and open soul. It must ever see something new and brilliant in the heavens and earth. Poetry is the creator, and disdains the gods of the past, while he makes the gods of the future.

So in the fountains of literature breathes the eternal music of Freethought. The stream, so glittering and exuberant in its origin, may be frozen into a dogmatic prison-house, but the power that is in it is ever the expression of an undaunted mind. Dante, the most theological of all poets, the most furious and bigoted—a poetic Torquemada, who would burn his enemies in hell—Dante cannot help being opposed to the ruling powers of his own day. He is anti-papal, and takes delight in scorching the hierarchy, and he never could have written his wonderful poem if, in his innermost being, he had not thrown off all authority



except that of his own imperious spirit. Milton is the orthodox poet of to-day, but he was not the orthodox poet of his own time. No servant of the church could have written that glorious epic. Milton was a born rebel, though with an austere and despotic disposition. But certainly there must have been some Freethought in Milton, whose original power made Lucifer a far more resplendent personage than either God or Christ, for if he who fought against heaven's king were eliminated from the poem, it would be impossible to read it. Of all the supreme poets Dante and Milton are the only ones that orthodoxy can really claim, and it can claim them after they are dead, and not while they are living. It can claim their works, but it cannot claim the tremendous power of mind by which they were produced. What pope or priest or church could dictate to these imperial singers?

When we come to Petrarch and Boccaccio, not only the spirit of Freethought but the fair fruitage of Freethought adorns the literature of the world. Nowhere do we find a keener exposure of the clergy, a more merciless attack on their hypocrisy, cowardice, and immorality, than in the pages of Boccaccio. Petrarch was a man of vast learning and resource, and was a greater admirer of Cicero than of St. Paul. To him the classics of Greece taught a better religion than the dark theology of Augustine. Such was the zeal for these ancient masters that, when Leontius, a Greek professor of prodigious learning, was struck dead by lightning in a storm at sea while tied to the mast of a ship, Petrarch, while lamenting his fate, inquires whether "some copy of Euripides or Sophocles might not be recovered from the mariners." Petrarch and Boccaccio were immense renovating influences in the age preceding Columbus.

Shakspeare is so wonderful that, in order to understand his relation to the world's progress, we must trace the

development of his marvelous power. He is the bloom of centuries.

Away back in the eleventh and three following centuries are the Goliards, a set of merry-makers, half-Pagan, half-Christian, vagrant scholars preserving reminiscences of the ancient poetry of Horace, Ovid, and Catullus; rollicking students with no respect for the church, yet not deserving martyrdom, and devoting themselves to satire and song; wandering minstrels interpreting in musical tirades the popular feeling, which was not determined enough as yet to create the Reformation. In these mediæval poets we trace the beginnings of the great secular poetry of modern Europe, the poetry of nature as opposed to the supernatural. They were buffoons and jesters, riotous jugglers, and yet at times there was something terribly earnest in their apparently careless mirth. While the Goliard indulged in burlesques, parodies, and extravaganzas, he also sang with true poetic feeling of nature, human life, and love. He is thoroughly of "this world," and opposes the "other worldliness" of the church. He seems to be completely free from the dominant religionism of the dark ages. He gives delicious pictures of the delights of spring-tide. He recounts the breaking up of the ice by soft breezes, the spreading of new life, the bursting forth of flowers, manifold in color and perfume, the new-born shade of the grove, the murmuring of brooks, the singing of nightingales, the enameling of meadows, the joys of walking amidst summer's beauty, and plucking the rose and lily. He speaks of human love and feasting, of Venus and Bacchus. He reminds one of the exquisite lyrics and sonnets of Shakspeare, so deeply interpenetrated with the love of every natural object.

"The Goliardic poetry," says the historian, "may be called the last surviving child of classical literature, and certainly one source of the Provençal and Chivalesque poetry which succeeded."

“It is worthy of note,” says Professor Bartoli, “to see these obscure poets of the twelfth century raising the cry of revolt against that long-continued tyranny over the human conscience, against the ambition which aspired to universal sovereignty.”

The Goliard at times was not afraid to fling his invectives, without stint, at pope, cardinal, bishop, abbot, and monk. He himself announces a plea for his severity :

“When I see evil men in their riches delighting,
When vice is triumphant and virtue needs righting,
With lust and not love men to marriage inciting,
How can I help a satire inditing?”

It is no wonder that the songs of the Goliards were extremely popular during the Reformation, and while not written from any religious standpoint at all, yet in their way no doubt they contributed much to the overthrow of the organized hypocrisy and ambition of Rome.

It is also remarkable that they took for their themes episodes of the Iliad, the adventures and death of Hector, the fall of Troy, the misfortunes of Dido, the story of Eneas. They saluted their mistresses with the names Niobe, Helen, Venus, etc. “The gods of Olympus,” says the historian, “were often nearer to these wild spirits than the invisible deity of Christianity.”

One of their own poets sang of them ;

“For their god they all take Bacchus,
And for Mark they all read Flaccus ;
In lieu of Paul they Virgil choose,
And for Matthew, Lucan use.”

This is true of the successful modern poet.

These merry minstrels were often anathematized by the Romish hierarchy, but little recking of this they pursued their vocation, “singing of life and love of nature and free-

dom, of joy and feasting, wherever they could find an audience."

The extent of the freedom of the Goliard spirit may be seen in the works of Rutebœuf, of the thirteenth century. This writer attacks, with mingled hardihood and mockery, the beliefs of his time. He depicts the irregular life, the insatiable greed and dishonesty, of the clergy generally; ridicules and burlesques purgatory and prayers for the dead; throws cold water on the Crusades, and exposes the mischiefs, national and social, of these enterprises.

In the fifteenth century the ballads, satires, tales, burlesques, and farces of France, Germany, Italy, and England are all permeated by this same free spirit. "Rabelais," says Owen, "in tone and method may claim to be the last of the Goliards."

PROVENÇAL LITERATURE.

The Goliardic poetry is the off-shoot of colloquial Latinity, and perished with that as a living literature. In the birth of the Romance languages, there is still further development of the "Secularization of Literature." We now come to one of the most beautiful expressions of poetic genius in the history of the world, in which we discover the spontaneity and splendor of Shakspearean poetry itself—the Provençal literature.

Provençal poetry is the poetry of chivalry, the poetry of war and love, and in its very nature is opposed to theology and supernaturalisms.

It is popularly supposed that chivalry is the offshoot of Christianity. This is entirely wrong. Jesus never taught chivalry. He never inculcated the great, strong virtues. He never told men to be brave, to be honorable, to be noble and ideal lovers of woman. He taught meekness and submission, not heroic and splendid qualities. There is nothing in chivalry akin to the teachings of the Christian religion, and as a matter of history chivalry has

an entirely other origin than feudalism and the church of Rome.

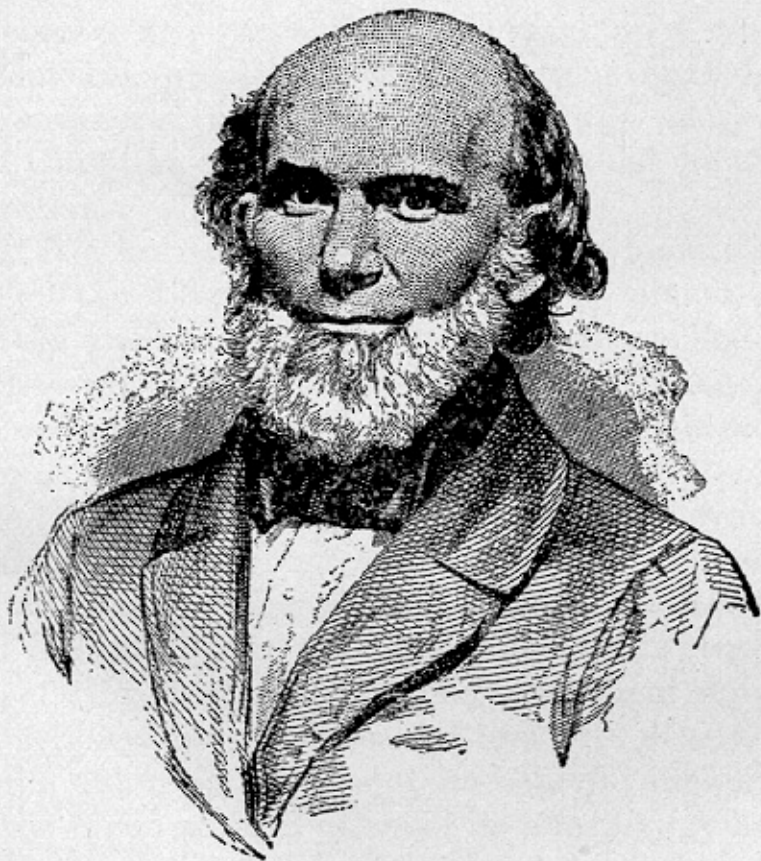
Owen, in his excellent work, "The Skeptics of the Italian Renaissance," says :

"In its origin, and many of its qualities, chivalry may be regarded as an offshoot of Arab culture and literature. In fact, there are two sources, or two ages, of European literature ; the first, before, and independent of, the Crusades, derived from peaceful intercourse with Arabs, settled in Spain and the South of France and Italy, as well as from commercial intercourse with those of the Levant and the north coast of Africa. The second, after the Crusades, bearing the impress of those expeditions, and diffusing the gentleness, magnanimity, and culture derived from association with the soldiers and courtiers of Saladin.

"Nor were the newer refining influences imparted by the now civilized Saracen, whether Eastern or Western, exclusively of a social kind. The poetry and literature of the Arabs found entrance into courts and literary circles in France and Southern Italy, just as their philosophy and medical science obtained a hearing in medieval schools and universities. Of this popular Arabic literature, diffused as all such literature must be before the age of printing by wandering minstrels, the two themes were love and warlike deeds. Just as the Jongleur and Troubadour sang in the baron's hall, or to a street crowd, their romance of love and heroism, so did the errant Saracen singer dilate on the same topics in the tent of the Bedouin sheik, or in the homes of the opulent Moorish merchants. Thus both the taste for chivalrous romance and the customary method of its gratification are legacies derived, in great measure, from Saracen settlers in Europe ; and the poetry of the Troubadours, setting aside certain peculiarities of taste, turns of imagination, which are referable to differences of race, thought, and religion, is really modeled on that of the Arabs. Nor is it only a resemblance of

literary product and its diffusion by the same method of wandering minstrels that here meets us. The style and rhythm of the Troubadour are copies from his Arab teacher, and even the instrument, on which the Jongleur and Troubadour accompanied their songs, was the three-stringed lyre which his Arab brother singer had long employed for the self-same purpose."

"Thus in its very origin the Provençal poetry is pledged to a certain freedom of thought and liberty of utterance. It found its chosen abode among a people whose literary, political, and religious sympathies were averse to the tyranny of Rome. The themes it discussed contravened the traditions of mediæval Christianity. Its gay science was opposed to gloom and asceticism. Its celebration of chivalry was a tacit reproach to the passive virtues of the saints. Its stress upon the concerns of this life conflicted with the simulated otherworldliness of the Papacy. The sense of mental independence and individual assertion, which every free literature naturally generates, was quite antagonistic to the helpless imbecility which the Romish priesthood labored to induce." It was a new life, an unrestrained joyousness, which the Provençal poetry served to diffuse. A few sentences of Raimon Vidal's Treatise on metrical art give a charming picture of the Troubadours: "All Christendom, Jews and Saracens, the emperor, kings, dukes, counts, and viscounts, commanders, vassals, and other knights, citizens, and peasants, tall and little, daily gave their minds to singing and verse making by either singing themselves or listening to others. No place is so deserted, or out of the way, that as long as men inhabit it songs are not sung either by single persons or by many together; even the shepherds in the mountains know of no greater joy than song. All good and evil things were made known by the Troubadours." In fact, the Troubadour was bard, musician, litterateur, chronicler,



newsman, and teacher of the people—Jews, Turks, Infidels, and heretics alike.

The church and clergy became alarmed, and, as a consequence, committed one of the greatest crimes in all human history—a crime against literature, against music, against art, against human joy—a crime that should forever damn it in the eyes of every true poet. How can any poet love the church which has slain so ruthlessly the noblest singers of the race, and for no other reason than that they were singers and poets, and made mankind happy. Pope Innocent III. proclaimed that nefarious crusade against the Provençals, one of the worst of the many outrages which Christianity has perpetrated against humanity and civilization.

“It is a horrible picture of religious fanaticism,” says Owen; “the bloodthirsty barbarity of Simon de Montfort; the ruthless massacre of whole towns and villages; churches whose pavements were covered knee-deep with the blood of the unarmed crowd, most of them women and children; scenes of spoliation and depravity perpetrated by the ‘soldiers of the cross;’ the heartless cynicism and inhumanity with which they avowed their shameless deeds; the pitiful silence, desolation, and misery that followed the footsteps of the papal hell-hounds; the transmutation of a lovely champaign country, redolent of prosperity, quiet felicity, and rural beauty, to a wild desert, befouled with the unburied corpses of its peaceful inhabitants and with the blood-stained ashes of its once happy homes.”

“But,” continues the historian, “this outrage on civilization recoiled on its perpetrators. The Provençal literature, the Freethought literature of that day, was in a great measure extinguished. The language of its war songs and love ditties gradually ceased to exist. The happy home of the Troubadour was demolished. Its laws and customs were completely reversed. Instead of the mild sway of the counts of Toulouse, the Inquisition

erected its detestable tribunal, from henceforth to be distinguished in history as the ferocious persecutor of all heretics. But, on the other hand, the event contributed to disperse the Troubadours and their art throughout Europe. They who escaped the papal butchery added a new theme to their songs of chivalry. They described, in words of glowing indignation, the character of Rome. Here is a specimen :

“‘No wonder, O Rome, that the world is in error, because thou hast imbrued this age in affliction and war and by thee both merit and pity are dead and buried.

“‘Rome, thou deceiver, avarice blinds thee. Thou fleecest thy flock while living. Thou devourest the flesh and bones of thy silly victims and leadest the blind with thyself into the ditch.

“‘The fire of hell awaits thee, O Rome,’ etc.”

The expatriated minstrels kept alive the story of Christian tyranny and barbarism, and aided in the diffusion of freer culture. In the court of that enlightened sovereign, Frederick Barbarossa, the most remarkable example of Freethought in the age preceding the Renaissance, Troubadours and their productions occupied a prominent position.

Without the Goliard and Provençal poetry, we might say that Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio would have been impossible, and also Cervantes, and Rabelais, and Marlowe, and Shakspeare.

Rome was right in her cruel warfare against the Troubadours. If she could have crushed them out, she might have annihilated modern literature and her sway have been unbroken.

RABELAIS.—1495—1553.

Rabelais seems to be made of sterner stuff than Boccaccio or Cervantes, and under certain circumstances would have made a tremendous reformer. There certainly

never was a better bundle of wit and wisdom put together than in Rabelais. That he was a Freethinker none can doubt. What cared he for pope or bishop? He would cover a bull of excommunication with ridicule. Yet, after all, I believe he was a born churchman, like Swift. He believed in the church as an institution, provided it was well managed, that hypocrites were annihilated and honest men guided affairs. Rabelais hated the hypocrite. Hypocrisy was the greatest vice of all, and spiritual pride. Rabelais did not believe in the "holier than thou" sort of people. Rabelais never drew the mantle of self-righteousness about himself. He made no pretensions. He was plain-spoken. He called a spade a spade; and I have no doubt he would have gone to the stake rather than change his method of utterance. In this matter he was thoroughly in earnest. Rabelais was no mere player. His shafts went home every time. With what quips and cranks, however, he did execution! What a world of merriment there is, what huge laughter, what rollicking, roystering revels! If Rabelais was a churchman, he was a jolly churchman. His gown sat easily upon him and his cowl made no wrinkles on his forehead. He was a kind of Friar Tuck. He could drink and joke with anybody. There was no aristocracy about his wit. It was perfectly democratic. A muck-heap or a throne were equal occasions for his flashing humor. He was no respecter of persons—not even of the deity. I think Rabelais was a churchman much after the manner of Comte. He had not any theology to boast of. I surmise he would leave it with the majority to vote God up or down. Rabelais was so preëminently interested in human nature, he saw so much that was foolish and ridiculous and fun-inspiring, that he really did not care much about the existence of deity. If there was one, he would be such a respectable character, and so entirely above joking, that Rabelais would scarcely

deign to notice him. Not being a fit object of mirth; of what use was he?

Rabelais is certainly a great provoker of thought. You cannot read him without being mightily interested in what he is driving at. He is suggestive. He penetrates and stirs and puzzles. He is the boldest of writers. His very recklessness appalls; yet everything is justified by his supreme wisdom, his honesty, sagacity, sincerity, and downright hatred of every kind of sham and humbug. Rabelais is always animated by broad and generous motives. There is nothing mean about him. He is not a misanthrope, or a defamer, or a scandal monger. He is simply a transcendent wit, so witty that at the same time he is wise, humane, and universal.

Says Rabelais:

“The devil was sick, the devil a saint would be;
The devil got well, the devil a saint was he.”

A thousand such luminous shafts did Rabelais fling at the pretense, nonsense and follies of his time.

Coleridge ranks Rabelais with the great creative minds of the world. He says: “Beyond doubt Rabelais was among the deepest, as well as boldest, thinkers of his age. His buffoonery was not merely Brutus’s rough stick which contained a rod of gold; it was necessary as an amulet against the monks and legates. Never was there a more plausible and seldom, I am persuaded, a less appropriate line than the thousand times quoted—

‘Rabelais laughing in his easy chair’

of Mr. Pope. I could write a treatise in praise of the moral elevation of Rabelais’ work, which would make the church stare and the conventicle groan, and yet would be truth and nothing but the truth.”

MONTAIGNE.—1533—1592.

Of a different mould from Rabelais was Montaigne. He went deeper. Rabelais attacked the clergy, but Montaigne attacked the church itself, and the very foundations of its faith. Montaigne had not the humor of Rabelais, but a whole armory of wit and logic. But little is known of him except by his works. He was a skeptic, and pre-eminently a skeptic. He had no constructive philosophy. His main purpose was to get rid of the evil, and that certainly was a great work to do, without reference to what might come after. Montaigne was an iconoclast, somewhat nihilistic, but he struck at the image with a sword rather than hammer. He did not smash things; he penetrated and cut out the heart, the substance, so that the idol fell as with its own weight. Montaigne is supposed to have had no moral purpose. He was cynical, it is said. This is not a true interpretation. In Montaigne there was a sturdy and progressive mind. There was a purpose more far-reaching than is apparent to the careless reader. Montaigne was not merely a man of wit—a jester. He was a philosopher, a deep student, a radical thinker. He comprehended human nature, and aimed, not to play upon its weakness, but to cultivate its powers. His gift, however, was not so much to arouse enthusiasm as to quicken the understanding, and this he did with such illuminating success that, to the present day, he is a living author, and we must read him in order to understand the spirit of his time and its intellectual greatness.

CERVANTES.—1547—1616.

It will be seen that, anterior to Cervantes, there was an immense amount of intellectual, literary, and poetic life. If it was the dawn of the age of reason, it was a most glorious dawn; and the night itself is beautiful with stars. If we call it the "dark ages," it is dark only in the sense

that night is dark. There is no dreary monotony, no deathly sleep. The earth is alive, and the heavens are throbbing. There is a constant struggle. The spirit of liberty burns, imagination is awake, and tyranny can only maintain itself by the oft-drawn bloody sword. And when the dawn did come, flushed with color from far Arabia, with oriental splendors and the magnificence of resurrected Greece, it was indeed a vast and animating spectacle, and it is no wonder that poetry flourished and sang some of its sweetest songs, and pointed to the palatial day to come, and in the very bed of horror placed the roses of promise. It is no wonder that romance was in the very palpitations of the air, and in a million kindling hearts. It is no wonder that chivalry became the ornament of the time, with brave, bright virtues of heroic endeavor. It is no wonder that the church was in a perpetual turmoil, and brought the Inquisition into play to crush the rising spirit of the masses. In the literature and philosophy of that era, we see a vast onward movement. We see the people groping like a blind giant, and shaking crowns and tiaras. It is a dawn, indeed, not over a wide and solitary desert, but over lovely lands, homes adorned with genius. It is not a lurid dawn, but a dawn with soft breezes, cloud-lands of beauty, brilliant prospects, with luminous spaces in the receding darkness itself. No wonder that the genius of Cervantes ripens to such illustrious fruit. No wonder that he dowers the world with such wit and wisdom, eloquence and delight.

It is said that Cervantes is the true child of the Catholic church. Perhaps he was, in a sense, not of the Catholic or papal church as it was then, but as it might have been, or might be in some golden age under a tolerant and beneficent leadership, as it might be conceived by the gentle Erasmus, or large-minded Grotius, a church that really stood for justice, for mercy, for consolation and hope to the human race. Cervantes was not icono-



clastic. There is no storm and battle in him. He has not the spirit of the martyr. He was not born to be a heretic. He was a Conformist by his very nature. I think if he had been a native in a Mohammedan country, he would have made just as good a Mohammedan as he was a good Catholic. There is nothing of the Protestant in him. Pure wit and humor are not revolutionary. They are like the sunshine. They do not tear or rend. They are an effluence—not a hurricane. I do not know of any reformer who ever possessed genuine humor, or wit, in any abounding fashion. To crack a joke requires a good deal of complacency with things as they are.

Cervantes is Freethought only as pure literature is such by its very nature. He who makes the world happy must, for that very reason, be anti-orthodox. He who creates a smile is, to that extent, a heretic. The very moment a man laughs he is on the road to hell, according to the church's creed.

Cervantes has made the world laugh. He has made innumerable people happy. He has mingled smiles with tears. He paints the beautiful with the grotesque. That is the triumph of humor—to show the value of humanity at the very moment that it ridicules. That is the wonderful art of Cervantes. He makes fun of Don Quixote, and yet we love and admire the knight-errant still. He is a man and not a caricature.

Cervantes is a benevolent philosopher. He reminds us of our own Franklin in his worldly wisdom and adaptation to real human life. The wit of Cervantes is the wit of common sense. He takes the world as it is, and makes the best of it. If he accepts the church, it is as an instrument of earthly good, and not of "eternal salvation." The theology of Cervantes is like a bank-note. Having no occasion to cash it, its true value is unknown.

The genius of Cervantes is for the universal human race. It is immortal as the civilization of man. It is a

stream of brightness, an atmosphere of delight, or a calm, beautiful sea reflecting all the radiance of its surroundings, while its gentle waves are forever breaking away the dark-browed cliffs of superstition.

MYSTERIES AND MORALITIES.

To understand Marlowe and Shakspeare one must understand that majestic vehicle, the drama, through which they poured the splendor of their genius.

It is surprising to discover that these dramas, so intense with humanity, originated with the "mysteries" of the church and are an evolution of its ancient miraculous and supernatural shows.

The Christian church was opposed to the Greek and Roman drama, and gradually effected its extinction, but modes of scenic representation sprang up within the church itself. The Mysteries at first were mere paraphrases in dialogue of scriptural narratives or ecclesiastical legends, and were without dramatic action or scenic play. Later on came picturesque representations of the life of Christ. Afterwards legends of pagandom were employed. Allegory became a mode of teaching morality. Virtue, Vice, Indolence, Luxury, were personified. Mingled with the characters of the Bible were Juno, Orpheus, Ganymede, Proserpine, Eurydice, and Deucalion, and even Ovid's *Metamorphoses* were used for Christian edification. In this way were diffused among the people some rudiments of classical literature. The relation of these Mysteries and Moralities to Freethought is thus explained by Owen :

"What is remarkable in these plays and what we have to note for our purpose is their participation in the Freethought which marks other departments of intellectual activity in the eleventh and two following centuries. The secularization of the old religious drama is a process pretty distinctly marked. First we observe interwoven in

the sacred representation a certain admixture of pagan elements, and we find a growing increase of allusions to heathen characters, divinities, and events. In a miracle play of the twelfth century we have songs in celebration of Venus and of Love. Representations of a half-clerical, half-secular character began to be observed in which the burlesque element preponderated to such an extent as almost to render them caricatures of religious ceremonies. Such are the 'Feast of Apes,' 'Feast of Fools,' etc. The dialogue also becomes more elaborate and free, the dramatic action assumes additional complexity. Laymen begin to take part as characters in the sacred dramas, and probably also in their composition. And—a still more significant token of transition—the language of the old mysteries was being changed. As early as the eleventh century we have a mystery in which Latin, Provençal and French are simultaneously used. It is obvious that the theater, like other forms of culture, was now gradually separating itself from the church and was starting on the course of freedom and independence which of right pertains to it. Accordingly we see, as the next step in the transition, mysteries and nominally sacred dramas represented outside the church. The employment of profane languages continued to increase. We need not follow the course of dramatic development any further, inasmuch as in the following centuries we have abundant examples of a purely secular drama. Farces, moralities, and burlesques were both written and acted by laymen. Guilds and companies of players, sometimes clerical and sometimes lay, were now organized. These contributed much to the artistic development of the drama as well as its enfranchisement from ecclesiastical domination. In fact the theater becomes the chief medium for the popular expression of Freethought, and of determined hostility against the Romish church. The ambition and greed of the pope, the immorality of the clergy, were, of course, favorite

objects of stage invective. The speculative doctrines of Christianity were not always spared. The ordinary theory of divine justice, the belief in hell and purgatory, were canvassed with unreserve, and sometimes with bitter scorn and mockery. This is how Judas Iscariot reproaches God in an old Breton mystery :

“ ‘Why has God created me to be damned on his account? It is the law of the world that good and evil must dominate, according to their principle and essence, every created thing. Hence I cannot be permanently righteous in whatever state I am, if I am made of evil matter. God is then unrighteous. To us he is neither impartial nor a true judge. Far from that, he is perfidious and cruel in having made me of a matter destined to cause my fall.’ ”

In an old Cornish miracle play there is a criticism of the doctrine of Atonement :

“ If God above was his father,
He could, through his grace, have saved rich and poor
Without being dead. Of thy assertion, shame is ;
What need was there for God’s son to be slain like a
hart ? ”

We thus see how, after the extinction of Greek and Roman drama, there grew from the very bosom of the church a much varied and powerful dramatic development. The plays of Shakspeare are not a reproduction of ancient, classical forms, like the dramas of Racine and Cornielle. They are an entirely new growth. They originated from the miracle plays of the church itself, and still in Shakspeare do we see remnants of the primitive, supernatural machinery, but secularized. Even the witches of Shakspeare might be said to be “secular” witches. They are entirely subservient to the interests of humanity in this world. There is not a particle of “other worldliness” in Shakspeare’s so-called supernatural characters.

The plays of Shakspeare, like Shakspeare himself, are "the long result of time." We can trace through centuries the selections and adaptations by which, from the religious drama, has been developed this mighty secular literature. It might be said to be the child of the people. This developing theater was, to the people, what the schools and universities were to the scholars, and while the people made it, and changed it, and broadened it, and finally took it outside the church, it, at the same time, was the educator of the people. It gave them Freethought. It took the place of the newspaper of to-day. It gave information. It discussed every question. It criticised even God, and allowed Judas to express his opinion. It burlesqued the church doctrines. It raked the pope and clergy with wit and sarcasm. It was the common school of the masses. These strolling players went everywhere, and, as Hamlet says, were the "abstract and brief chronicles of the time."

Thus from the stupid, almost, and we might say entirely, senseless miracle play, by natural process, has come the vast and magnificent drama of Shakspeare. It is an evolution whose every variation and "survival of the fittest" can be traced, but what a metamorphosis there is! It is the winged beauty from the sluggish worm. It took five centuries to create the dramas of Shakspeare and his contemporaries. "The drama," says Taine, "extended over all the provinces of history, imagination, and fancy, expanded so as to embrace comedy, tragedy, pastoral and fanciful literature, to represent all degrees of human condition, and all caprices of human invention, to express all the perceptible details of actual truth, and all the philosophic grandeur of general reflection; the stage, disencumbered of all precept and freed from all limitation, given up and appropriated in the minutest particulars to the reigning taste and public intelligence; all this was a vast and manifold work capable, by its flexibility, its great-

ness, and its form, of receiving and preserving the exact imprint of the age and the nation."

MARLOWE. — 1564–1593.

The career of Marlowe was like a pathway of brief lightning. He died when he was only thirty years of age. He was the son of a shoemaker, but somehow managed to study at Cambridge. On his return to London he became an actor, but having broken his leg he remained lame and could not appear upon the boards. He openly avowed his Infidelity. He declared that, "if he were to write a new religion, he would undertake both a more excellent and more admirable method." A prosecution was begun against him which would, probably, have brought him to the stake but for his early death. He was a prodigious power in literature, a kind of "elemental god," so thoroughly did he exhibit the great forces of natural genius. He was a wild, rebellious, and magnificent spirit, utterly untrammelled, and swept by the mightiest passions of the human heart. He poured forth poetry as the heavens pour forth a storm, with mingled terror, grandeur, gloom, and exquisite beauty. He was responsive to nature's loftiest, ruggedest, and sweetest aspects. Life, indeed, was a battle to him, and in the end a crushing defeat. He was like a lion at bay in the strength and plenitude of his powers. He was rash, ill-regulated, a fermentation of genius. There was something of "chaos and old darkness" about him, as if he were a Titan flung into civilized life and scorning all its laws. There is a Niagara-like ferocity in his poetry, a whirling, surging, impetuous, indomitable rush, as if by pure energy he would sweep away every barrier, reckless of disaster. When we first read him his pages are like the passage of a furious flood. They are crowded with pictures that seem to clash with one another in manifold confusion, as if the poet wrecked his very brain in the dramatic fervors of his speech, and the exal-



tations and agonies of his characters; and yet, as we brood over these pages, what art, what melody, is revealed; what reaches of thought, what elevation of imagination; what sincerity, what bravery, what gentleness, what deep intuitions of humanity! There never was so tumultuous a poet as Marlowe, one so torn and rended by real passion, to whom every moment was a fiery ordeal, who actually lived, or tried to live, the immensities of thought within him; a very child in the masterful play of his emotional being, and yet he is a creator in literature, an artist, melodious and beautiful. There is method in his madness. His genius obeys a true law of harmony. In his very ravings he sings with ravishing note. His frenzy is a "fine frenzy," and breaks not the poetic rhythm. Of his stormful, thunderous intensity, we can say:

"O night,
And storm, and darkness, thou art wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in thy strength as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman."

Is there not something of the delicious music of Avon's bard in Faust's passionate exclamation to Helen:

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss;
Her lips suck forth my soul—see where it flies;
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again;
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
O thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

Of course, Marlowe was not a scientific Atheist, not a calm, grand philosopher who recognizes the limits of human knowledge and seeks not to transcend them; who makes the best of a universe that is by no means perfect.

Marlowe did not reach the benignant heights of Goethe, nor did he have the poetic faith of Bruno and Shelley, while disdaining God. He was an arch-rebel. He was satisfied with nothing. While he believed in no god, he himself would be a god. He was a Lucifer-spirit. He poured his angry defiance even upon nature herself. But with all his faults and vices he was a great and splendid character. We can but admire him in his superb, athletic and deathly struggle with fate. He perishes, but he perishes like a giant who has struck mighty blows, whose sword was indeed flashing like King Arthur's; and though scarcely more than a boy in his passionate death, he wins imperishable renown in the most brilliant era of the world's history. He is the prelude to Shakspeare. He opens the door for that imperial genius to enter in and reign. With surpassing skill he makes English verse ready for the manifold transformations of that universal bard, who can strike every string of human emotion, who circumnavigates the world of thought.

Shakspeare is the sea. We might say Marlowe is a rushing, roaring cataract. He overleaps the precipice. He plunges into the abyss. Over his course shine the beautiful rainbow arches. Beyond is the illimitable ocean.

SHAKSPEARE.—1564—1616.

Of the age of Shakspeare, Elizabeth Barrett Browning writes: "It was full of poets, as the summer days are of birds. Never since the first nightingale brake voice in Eden arose such a jubilee concert; never before nor since has such a crowd of true poets uttered such true poetic speech in one day. Why, a common man walking the earth in those days became a poet by position."

What were the influences which made this age so beautiful and crowded it with music? It was an age of boundless hope, of eager looking forward. The bark of

Columbus had moored beneath the shadow of Indian groves. Balboa with eagle eyes had

“Stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent upon a peak in Darien.”

Magellan had crept about the huge rotundity. Vast empires were revealing their antique wealth; heroic spirits were everywhere on the alert. The Saxon blood was kindling with the rest; the heart of England throbbed with the swelling excitement; her mariners drank in the farthest breath of the new world; her flag floated over seas that had never been plowed by keel before. Sir Walter Raleigh and his compeers lived a life of romance of which we to-day can scarcely conceive the freshness and delight, for never since the old Greeks sped along the blue *Ægean* did such glittering prospects rise upon the adventurer's path—continents and isles and seas and rivers that seemed endless in their pomp, and giving a fair welcome to the bold invader. The vision of man was broadening. The earth was more excellent than he had ever dreamed it to be, and he felt that a mighty inheritance was indeed his.

He was beginning also to be conscious of his inward powers as well as outward possessions. Bacon was overthrowing the empty formularies of the schools. Da Vinci, gifted as Apollo, while he clothed the dead past with beauty, unlocked the secrets of a mightier future. Copernicus, Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler were explaining the laws and motions of the sun and planets, and catching hints of the interminable glories beyond. The nations, too, were throwing off the chains of superstition. The surge of the Reformation had swept along and freedom was the cry. The printing press was diffusing intelligence. All Europe was in the midst of a far breaking dawn, and the mingling lights of a thousand new prom-

ises stirred humanity to unwonted endeavor. Never before had there been such infinite longings and such splendid activities.

But the old life was not yet gone. Indeed, it was more fresh than ever. Ancient custom and belief had not hastened to their setting. Their primeval beauty was intact; the new rather gave them an added luster; it had not blasted with excess of light. The belated traveler still saw fairies dancing in the greenwood; ghosts haunted the moonlight; witches rode upon the air; the devil made bargains for human souls; the supernatural flung its somber glories into the natural; a golden heaven, a blazing hell, were still vivid in the minds of men, and Palestine, where those "blessed feet" had trod, was lighted with an ineffable halo. The church in some form or other was supreme. Men were adventurous, pushing, going to the far-off Ind in search of gold and empire, but they were not deeply skeptical. The fountain of immortal youth still lured them on. They toiled for the philosopher's stone. They sought to read their destiny in the stars. Wherever the warrior went the priest was by his side to receive his share of the spoils, and by the fluttering tent of the one began the massive cathedral of the other. With all their onward-looking, men still worshiped the past. All were "passionate pilgrims" who expected from their widest wanderings to return to the shrine of their infancy, and pour their dearest treasures beneath its venerable shade.

There was, indeed, a rare combination of the old and the new. It was a choice moment in human history. The world will never look upon its like again. The past and the present met in a focus of splendid poesy, whose unequalled radiance will be witnessed no more. Then, indeed, was there "large discourse." The mind of man "looked before and after." On all sides round were wonders. Men's thoughts leaped from earth to heaven

and heaven to earth. Heaven was a reality whose magnificence filled the empyrean, and earth, even in its rudest aspect, was divinely crowned. There were "tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Then the poets' fine frenzy had room and verge enough, whether it brooded and triumphed in human griefs and joys, or swept beyond the flaming bounds of space and time. There was nothing to chain the flight or dim the vision.

The olden temples were glorious, but they did not subdue. The new lights flashed in gorgeous floods, but did not reveal the weakness of the accepted faith. All things blended in harmony. The true was beautiful and the beautiful was true. Emotion gave the law to thought, and thought, eager and vast as it was, gladly ministered to the heart and made real its wildest aspiration.

And in this age Shakspeare was born. But not in solitary greatness, not

"Like lone Soracte's height,

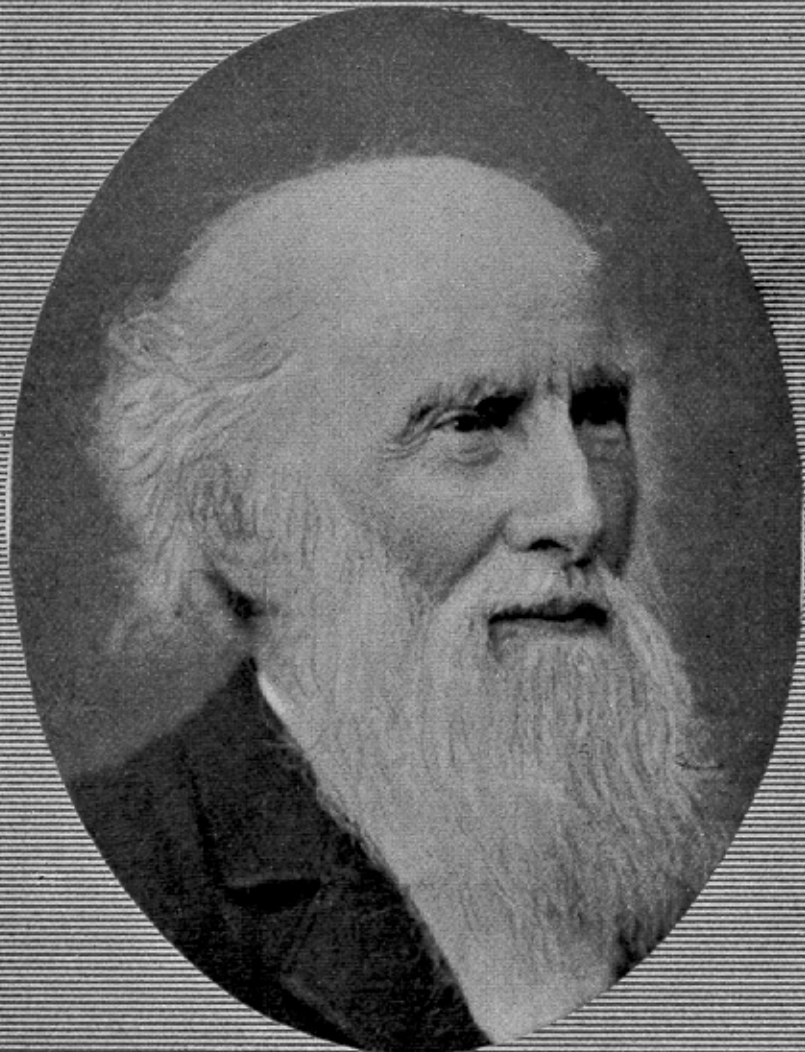
That, like a long-swept wave, heaves from off the plain."

He was the chief of a mighty company, and not without a co-rival does he wear the dignities of that favored hour. There were giants in those days and each brow was aflame with its own ardor. Rare Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Hayward, Ford, Massenger, Decker, Green, Chapman, Webster—these were not pale reflections of Shakspeare. Their own souls touched the heavens and earth, and from the heart of things expressed the regnant fire. They grew with Shakspeare and not out of him, and the music of their thought was at times as grand and sweet as his. It was not Shakspeare, after all, that was supreme, but the Elizabethan era—the English mind, rich with the past and glittering with the future, gathering from one auspicious moment the beauty and the power that will never again come within the grasp of man.

There was not one only, but scores, to pluck the glistening fruit, and the feast of which all ages shall partake is furnished by many a glorious spirit. It is the whole age that dowers; it is a hundred larks that pour their music from the skies. There was something in the bloom of that wondrous day that out-Shakspered Shakspeare; something more marvelous than himself that overflowed his bounds and sparkled in many a line that he never traced.

In all the poets of that period there is something which reminds us of Shakspeare, which the greatest poets of to-day, with all their witchery of words, cannot give; and so these elder bards did not take their glow from Shakspeare, but from that fiery fountain out of which Shakspeare himself burst. They were, not because Shakspeare was, but all were because the mind of man was exultant with a thrill that Time's daintiest touch had liberated from benignant stars. One could not write like Shakspeare to-day even if he were intellectually his superior, for the heavens and earth have changed, and our hearts cannot beat with the joy which was so mighty then and which so flooded the world that the dullest expressed something of its flame and became a poet by position. We can scarcely realize it now, and our noblest bards give no strain of that enchanting melody which even a drunken Caliban could pour forth. Even he could say:

“The isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not;
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices
That if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that when I waked,
I cried to dream again.”



Who but an Elizabethan poet could fling into the very lap of horror this beauteous picture in *Macbeth* :

“ This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutting, frieze, buttress,
No coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendant bed and procreant cradle; where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observed, the air
Is delicate.”

Or this in *Hamlet* :

“ Some say that ever, 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our savior's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long.
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.”

And who but a Shakspearean lover would pour forth his heart like *Romeo* :

“ O speak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white, upturned, wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.”

Shakspeare wrote, not with the mature resolve of a critic, but with the glad impulse of a child, pouring his whole being into his varied creations. They are not mere receptacles of his wit and wisdom—the bare effluence of his pen. They are his own protean self in the tragedies and comedies of life. It is not the master-hand of a mere

artist that we see shaping out curious and sublime figures, but a living spirit flashing in manifold joy and power and beauty, like the ocean, indeed. Everywhere it's the same mighty deep that lowers and shines. Milton is like a star, but Shakspeare is like the sea. Nothing else can so symbolize not only his intellectual being, but the sweep of its activity.

Through what vast action we pass from the beginning to the end of his majestic dramas! There is an ever-progressive motion. When we finish reading Byron or Tennyson, we are just where we were when we began. We have simply been lookers on, gazing at pictures, images, flowing by in ever-changing wonder and delight. But when we finish reading Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear, Romeo, why, by some enchanter's wand, we seem to have lived years. We have not simply listened to a flow of language, as musical, as bright as Apollo's lute strung with his hair; we have seen the human being in infinite movement, and a thousand new visions have dawned upon us, such as no mere words could give, be they ever so witching; though we should not despise words, for they are not mere shallow sounds. Each word has a history. It springs out of the depths of human experience. It is freighted, oftentimes, with the tenderest and grandest accumulations of human progress; and he is indeed a mighty poet who can unlock their wealth, and make the common words we use radiant with some new meaning, resetting them so that a fresh brilliance flashes from their familiar forms. But action is above language, for it creates language, and he who creates some new action, who puts the human being where it never was before, and utters its original thought, is indeed a poet, a maker, a creator. This is the transcendent faculty. There have been thousands of singers, but how few creators; thousands who have poured forth melody and light, making the old things beautiful, but how few who, gifted with song, have yet, by pure thought, added something to

the life of the race, whose poetry, like the steam engine, the telegraph, opens a new era; which does not only make old things new, but actually, out of the hitherto unknown, brings a fresh wonder, "like a new planet swimming on the ken." Such is Shakspeare's poetry. It is a creative energy, and since Shakspeare the world has been richer, not in language only, not in ideas only, but in life. He has moved us on into new realms of being. He has not only broadened our view; he has enhanced our power.

In Shakspeare we see something more than the characters. The poet's soul seems to be breathing all about them, pouring forth a joyous abundance of unlanguageed poetry, which haunts the page with infinite suggestion, and one can dream by the hour over a single line, roaming away into regions far, for the characters and incidents are but the bright and palpable phenomena of a measureless domain, as real as the world about us with its sun and sky and flowers.

It is well thus to realize the supremacy, universality, and unequalled richness of Shakspeare's genius, for it is a fact of immense significance that he was entirely non-Christian. There is not a single cardinal orthodox doctrine emphasized anywhere in his pages, no total depravity, vicarious atonement, not even God and immortality. All these, if mentioned at all, are purely dramatic and incidental; they make no motive; they create no character; they inspire no poetry; they originate no ideas. Taine says that Shakspeare is pagan. He is pagan if by pagan one means that which is non-religious and natural. But Shakspeare is not a pagan in a religious or even literary sense. He is neither Jew nor Gentile. He is neither Christian nor heathen. He is simply a man of all times, and the fact that this man is neither Christian nor religious shows that Christianity and religion itself are not universal elements of human nature, but special elements. Shakspeare is not distinctively a Freethinker; he is not

anti-anything; he does not specialize himself at any point; he is always the comprehensive genius, the myriad-minded and many-sided. But if Christianity is what it claims to be—the supreme meaning of human life—then Shakspeare, by his very universality, should have been the greatest of Christians, and every page should have glowed with Christian teachings. But the very universality of Shakspeare is what makes him non-Christian, and this is an unanswerable argument against the claims of Christianity, and declares it to be merely an incident in history and not a central force. Shakspeare uses it as he would any custom or institution. There is no purpose, no teleology, in Shakspeare, no end outside of his plays. He writes merely to express himself, to express life, as the river flows and the wind sweeps. He has no heroes and no favorites; there is no perfect man in Shakspeare. As Emerson says, Shakspeare is a reporter, and he reports things exactly as they are, and does not change them for any moral purpose whatsoever. The Greek tragedies are different. They are written for a purpose. They elaborate a religious or moral idea. In them the gods are living powers, and man is in relation with them, and his destiny is bound with them, and these sombre dramas are written to express these awful conceptions. God is of no special account with Shakspeare, and he uses the other world merely as an appendix to this.

Shakspeare is a Secular poet through and through. He never preaches, he never poses. He simply tells a story, a story of human life here and now. He does not tell us that the wrong will ever be righted. There is no "divine providence" in his pages. There is no "fall" and no "redemption." Beyond this world no hope, no joy, no restitution. Shakspeare reveals the wonderful riches of the present moment, its pains and passions, hopes and fears, sorrows and joys, its grandeur, its weakness, its romance, its heroism, its tenderness, its love; he

reveals the opulence of this material world, all the flowers that bloom, all the colors that shine, all the sounds that thrill ; and in this vast theater man is the splendid, fitful, crowding personage, while God is only a scene-shifter or supernumerary in the illustrious drama.

It is a remarkable testimony to the little practical value of the Christian religion, that, in its most favored land, the greatest of poets should almost wholly ignore its claims, and that it shows not one particle of influence in the development of his magnificent genius. "He that is not for me is against me" is the dictum of the church, and it is sound logic. According to this, Shakspeare is one of the supreme Freethought forces of the world, as nature itself is Freethought when we really understand its movement.

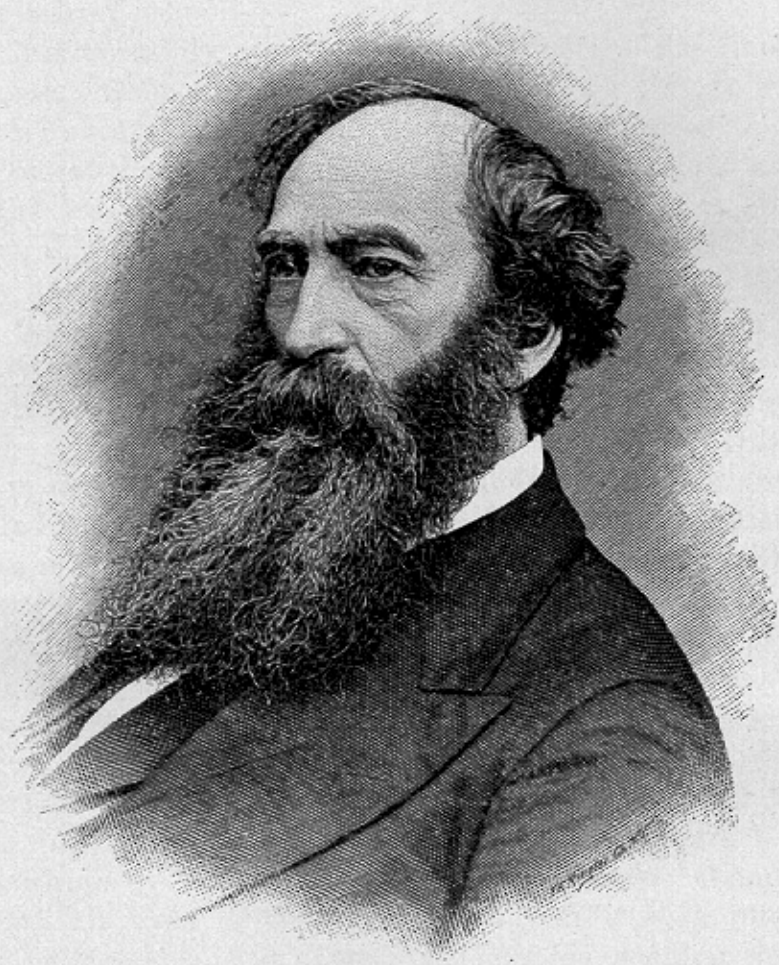
CHAPTER XII.

GIBBON.—1737—1794.

OF Gibbon we might say that he is one who makes history as well as one who writes history, for he gave a new method of history—the evolutionary. At least he was the beginner in this direction. Before his time, history was only a mass of events. There was but little effort to connect these events. There was no study of cause and effect. Things seemed simply to happen, and occurrences and personages of a superior order were supposed to have a supernatural origin. Myth and miracle prevailed. There was no correlation, no sequence and consequence. History was a jumble, more a record of opinions than of facts. It was a kind of phantasmagoria. There was no process, no growth, no law. In fact, there was no science, mainly theology. It was “God in history” and not man in history, and fables abounded. Sheridan’s *bon mot* against his oratorical opponent might be applied to the would-be historian: “He depended upon his imagination for his facts, and upon his memory for his wit.” Of course there were great writers, but history in their hands was a kind of poetry, a drama around some important personality or race, and it was partial and not universal.

Wendell Phillips truthfully says :

“History is, for the most part, an idle amusement, the day-dream of pedants and triflers. The details of events, the actors’ motives, and their relation to each other are buried with them. The world and affairs have shown me



that one-half of history is loose conjecture and much of the rest is the writer's opinion, and most men see facts, not with their eyes, but with their prejudices. We are tempted to see facts as we think they ought to be, or wish they were."

This certainly applies to history before the time of Gibbon. Gibbon made an effort to change this, to make history natural—not to give events only, but causes, to give the life of the people, out of which vast transactions came, as the tree grows, or volcanoes burn. Gibbon is not so admirable in this respect as many of his successors, but they had more ample material and a better science. They had the advantage of coming after him, but to Gibbon certainly must be given the honor of trying to write history according to these principles. He may have made mistakes in the application of his method, as Bacon and Darwin did in the application of their methods, but it must not be denied that Gibbon gave a direction to history which in these modern days has been wonderfully fruitful. Gibbon must ever remain as one of the greatest of historians, not provincial but cosmopolitan, who endeavored to get at the facts of the case, and the reason of the facts. He was not an advocate, but a true recorder of a most important period of the world's history. Says J. C. Morrison :

"Gibbon's private opinions may have been what they were, but he has approved his high title to the character of a historian by keeping them well in abeyance. When he turned his eyes to the past and viewed it with intense gaze he was absorbed in the spectacle, his peculiar prejudices were hushed, he thought only of the object before him and of reproducing it as well as he could. His faithful transcript of the past has come in consequence to be regarded as a common mine of authentic facts."

We can hardly estimate to-day the tremendous task which lay before Gibbon and the masterful genius, as well as prodigious learning, which was required to bring order

out of confusion. There was a vast chasm between the old world of Greece and Rome and the new world of Europe. No one had spanned that chasm. It was unutterable confusion. Milton's description applies to it—a dark

“ Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
And time and place, are lost; where eldest night
And chaos, ancestors of nature, hold
Eternal anarchy amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.”

I believe Gibbon read every Greek and Roman author, no matter how obscure, in order to gather material. He allowed nothing to escape his searching glance. Since Gibbon scarcely any new fact has been discovered. He knew whatever could be known of this vast theme. Every fact was imbedded in a mass of fiction.

This must be cleared away. Then the facts must be coördinated and expressed with dramatic unity and literary power, and this Gibbon has accomplished. His style is admirable, majestic, yet easy flowing like a river. His descriptions are most lively and picturesque. He can report a battle, or theological discussion, with equal accuracy and fervor. It is a wonderful panorama that he unfolds, and there is no part of it but what his comprehensive genius grasps and explains. Milman says:

“ It is in the sublime Gothic architecture of his work, in which the boundless range, the infinite variety, the, at first sight, incongruous gorgeousness of the separate parts, nevertheless, are all subordinate to one main and predominant idea that Gibbon is unrivalled. We cannot but admire the manner in which he masses his material, and arranges his facts in successive groups, not according to chronological order, but to their moral and political connections, the distinctness with which he marks the grad-

ually increasing periods of decay. In Gibbon it is not always easy to bear in mind the exact dates, but the course of events is ever clear; like a skillful general, though his troops advance from the most remote and opposite quarters, they are constantly concentrating themselves on one point, that which is still occupied by the name and by the waning power of Rome.

“But the amplitude, the magnificence, and the harmony of design are, though imposing, yet unworthy claims on our admiration, unless the details are filled up with correctness and accuracy. No writer has been more severely tried on this point than Gibbon. He has undergone the triple scrutiny of theological zeal, quickened by resentment of literary emulation, and of that mean and invidious vanity which delights in detecting errors in writers of established fame.”

Guizot says: “In my first reading and criticism of Gibbon, I was far from doing adequate justice to the immensity of his researches, the variety of his knowledge, and, above all, the truly philosophic discrimination which judges the past as it would the present; and that events took place eighteen centuries ago as they take place in our days.”

Mr. Freeman also says: “That Gibbon should ever be displaced seems impossible. That wonderful man monopolized, so to speak, the historical genius and the historical learning of a whole generation, and left little indeed of either for his contemporaries. He remains the one historian of the eighteenth century whom modern research has neither set aside nor threatened to set aside. We may correct and improve from the stores which have been opened since Gibbon’s time; we may write again large parts of history from other, and often truer and more wholesome, points of view; but the work of Gibbon, as a whole, as the encyclopedic history of 1300 years, as the grandest of historical designs, carried out

alike with wonderful power, and with wonderful accuracy, must ever keep its place. Whatever else is read, Gibbon must be read, too."

Such are the testimonies to the value of Gibbon, perhaps next to Shakspeare the greatest literary power in England. No man has changed our ideas of human history like Gibbon. His influence in this respect is like that of Darwin in science. He stands at the beginning of a new era, whereby the past becomes interpenetrated with the light of the present; where human nature is revealed, and not the holy ghost; where natural causes take the place of miracles; where God becomes an unnecessary factor, and exists by the sufferance of faith, and not the logic of events. As Darwin remands the supernatural from science, so Gibbon remands it from history.

No writer has struck a greater blow at Christianity than Gibbon. He has destroyed its historic basis. It has no longer any record of divinity. It marches in the common course. It is the result of conditions, and not of supernal intervention. It takes its place among all the other religions of the world, and is to be judged by the same standard.

Yet those very writers who praise the impartiality of Gibbon, his vast and accurate knowledge, his philosophical discrimination, his generous justice even to Christian characters—for Dr. Newman admits that "Athanasius stands out more grandly in Gibbon than in the pages of the orthodox ecclesiastical historians"—these same writers accuse Gibbon of prejudice, weakness, and error on this one point, while on all others he is preëminently fair-minded.

Is this an exception to the surpassing merits of Gibbon, or is it really his noblest exhibition of historic genius?

It certainly required courage of a high order to do what Gibbon did. He opposed himself to the whole Christian world. He has brought upon himself a storm

of criticism which no other historian has endured. A vast effort has been made by some of the greatest scholars to impeach his acumen on this point, while affirming it on all others. It has been one of the battle-grounds of Freethought.

I call attention, first of all, to a remarkable statement of Dean Milman :

“No argument for the divine authority of Christianity has been urged with greater force, or traced with higher eloquence, than that deduced from its primary development, explicable on no other hypothesis than a heavenly origin ; and from its rapid extension through a great part of the Roman empire. But this argument, one when confined within reasonable limits of unanswerable force, *becomes more feeble and disputable in proportion as it recedes from the birthplace, as it were, of the religion. The farther Christianity advanced, the more causes purely human were enlisted in its favor ; nor can it be doubted that those developed with such artful exclusiveness by Gibbon did concur most essentially to its establishment.*”

In this statement there are two notable propositions—first, that the only really divine manifestation or proof of Christianity is at its beginning, and that after the first supernatural impulse it advances by human methods ; second, that when we come to these purely human methods Gibbon is right, and this is certainly a giving away of the whole question on the part of theology, and yet in no other way could Dean Milman escape the historic dilemma.

It must be understood that Gibbon does not undertake to discuss the absolute origin of the Christian religion, any more than Darwin discusses the absolute origin of life. Gibbon explains the development of Christianity after its origin, as Darwin explains the development of life after its primitive origin. Gibbon takes Christianity at the time it comes into his historic domain, and shows that it advances from that period to its final

triumph by purely human means ; and this is granted to be correct. In the pages of Gibbon Christianity needs no divinity for its progress ; Milman admits this, and the *hypothesis* of a heavenly origin only holds good at the birth of Christianity.

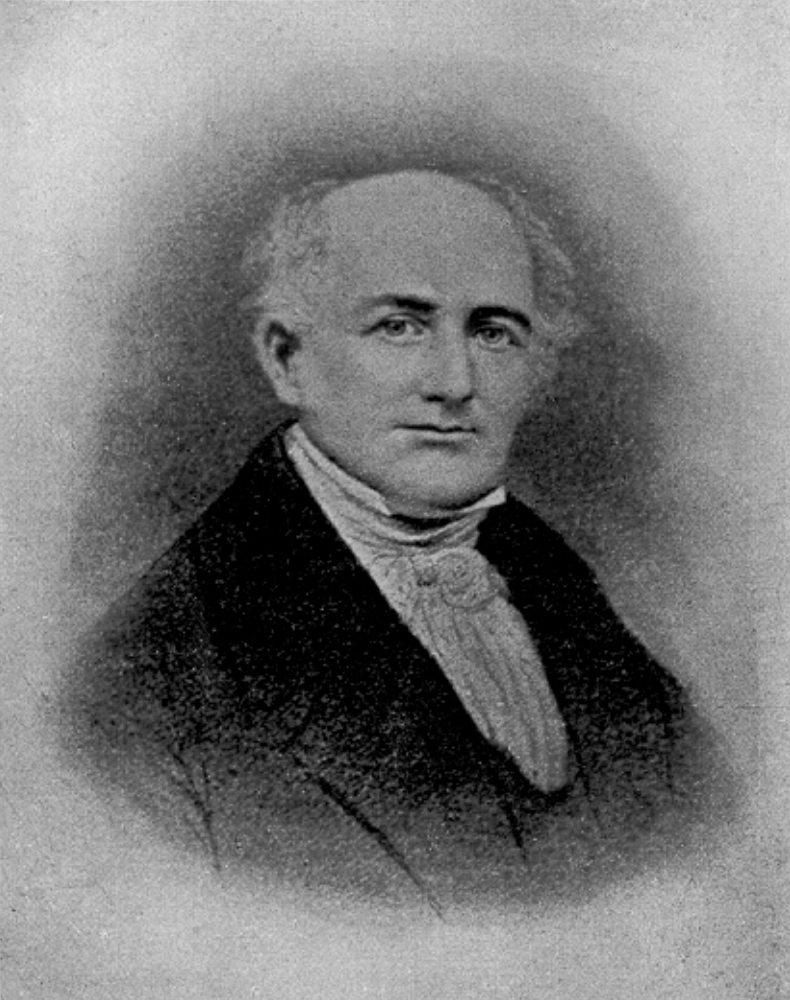
This is certainly narrowing the divine effluence of Christianity to a very small space of human history. It is a strange God that cannot watch over his offspring better than that, and leaves it almost immediately after its advent to the "cold mercies" of this world, and the facile pen of a Gibbon. It is a poor shred of comfort that Milman offers the believer—God at the beginning and Gibbon afterwards.

Gibbon traces five causes as the source of Christian advancement and power.

The first cause is "the inflexible and intolerant seal of the Christians."

Our experience to-day in the American Republic proves the potency of this cause. It has forced Congress to pass an unconstitutional Sabbath law, while the vast majority of the people are constantly violating that law. A zealous minority will, oftentimes, defeat an indifferent majority.

The second cause is "the doctrine of a future life, improved by every additional circumstance which could give weight and efficacy to this important truth." The doctrine of immortality, as held by early Christians, was a bright and beautiful belief, as compared to that of the Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians. It was a bodily immortality, an immortality of human life and affections ; it was an immortality of sunlight and glory, and not the vague, shadowy, indefinite immortality of the elder faiths, which certainly had very little attraction for the common mind. The immortality of the early Christianity was an earthly immortality, an immortality of flesh and blood on the bosom of this green earth. It was an immortality with the gods,



and not in hades. Christ was to come and reign here, and the saints with him. It was something tangible, comprehensible, material. It was a city, a crown, a harp, a throne, a river of water, verdant fields, and golden fruitage. Such a belief must have a powerful effect in that age of tyranny and poverty, before science had given its noble promise, and millions were in despair. Without question, such a belief must have had a tremendous sway in that credulous, unhappy, and transitional age.

The belief in immortality among Christians to-day is much like that of the ancient Greeks and Romans, metaphysical, spiritual, and indefinite. But in the times portrayed by Gibbon, it was a burning faith; it appealed to the senses, not merely to the intellect; it was physical, not metaphysical, it was a resurrection, and not a dim continuance of an intangible ghost, and hence it was vital, and being once accepted, must have advanced with amazing rapidity.

The third cause is the miraculous powers ascribed to the primitive church. For miracles to influence the human race in faith or action, it is only necessary that they should be believed in, not that they should really happen. That there was a widespread belief in miracle is beyond question, and Christianity had the benefit of this belief.

The fourth cause is the virtues of primitive Christians. These virtues were mainly of an ascetic order, and in times of disaster and terror have a somewhat superior influence. This, however, is the weakest of the causes enumerated by Gibbon.

The fifth cause was the union and discipline of the Christian republic. This remarkable organization of the early church, together with the belief in immortality, are really the transcendent causes of the triumph of Christianity. Without these it never could have triumphed, and with these it would have triumphed, without the coöperation of the others. The zeal, the miracles, and

the austerities would have amounted to nothing without that most perfect organization which the world has ever seen, and faith in immortality, not some invisible world, but in this very world itself, with all its material splendors consecrated to the happiness of the saints.

Gibbon, therefore, has given good and sufficient reasons for the natural evolution of Christianity.

But it is said that these causes, ascribed by Gibbon, are also effects. What made these causes, what made the zeal, the belief in immortality and miracles, the virtues and the order and discipline?

The answer of the theologian is that the cause of these effects must be supernatural.

With exquisite irony Gibbon disclaims any intention of answering these questions. He says:

“The theologian may indulge the pleasing task of describing religion, as she descended from heaven, arrayed in her native purity; a more melancholy duty is imposed upon the historian. He must discover the inevitable mixture of error and corruption, which she contracted in a long residence upon earth.”

The task which Gibbon accepted, he certainly performed with masterly ability.

As to the miraculous origin of Christianity, Hume has forever destroyed its claims to that, for in the old sense of the word miracle, that is, a violation of the laws of nature, no miracle is possible. In the new sense of the word, miracle, that is, an extraordinary event, there must be for its proof an extraordinary amount of evidence, but in this case no such evidence exists. Gibbon has ample evidence as to the existence of its causes and their results, but what is the evidence for the “heavenly origin” of Christianity? Milman only calls it an “hypothesis,” and it can only be an hypothesis. There can be no demonstration of the historic basis of Christianity. We do not know what really happened, and hence we can arrive at no cause.

Wendell Phillips says: "How impossible to learn the exact truth of what took place yesterday under your next neighbor's roof. Yet we complacently argue and speculate about matters a thousand miles off, and a thousand years ago, as if we knew them."

Spedding, in his "Life of Bacon," says: "The records of the past are not complete enough to enable the most diligent historian to give a connected narrative in which there shall not be some parts resting on guesses or inferences or unauthenticated rumors. He may guess himself, or he may report other people's guesses, but guesses there must be."

I admit that it is perfectly logical for the Christian critic to ask for the sources of these causes enumerated by Gibbon, since the same critic admits, with Gibbon, the existence of the causes and their predominant influence in the development and exaltation of the Christian religion.

But note this: It is altogether illogical to affirm a supernatural or extraordinary source to these causes, since for the establishment of such a source there must be an equally extraordinary mass of evidence, which evidence is totally lacking. So far as real history is concerned, what have we concerning the origin of Christianity but, as Spedding says, "guesses or inferences or unauthenticated rumors?"

Therefore we are estopped by the very logic of the situation from affirming any "heavenly origin."

We may not have to-day and never have sufficient information to exactly trace the origin of the zeal, the beliefs, the virtues, and the disciplined order of the early Christians; but, whatever that origin, we are compelled by modern philosophy and modern science to ascribe a natural and human origin. The "hypothesis" of a "heavenly origin" is forever untenable, for the mass of testimony necessary to its establishment is forever lacking.

Theology, therefore, has nothing to say. Sociological science only can settle the question, if it is settled.

A modern illustration, however, will throw some light upon the subject. Renan, in his life of St. Paul, states that at the death of this apostle there were only about one thousand Christian believers in the world. This simplifies the problem greatly, for we have not to account for the belief of millions, but only of one thousand, for after the death of St. Paul even theologians grant there were no miracles and that Christianity developed by natural means; and given one thousand firm, uncompromising, passionate believers in Christianity, with our knowledge of human nature, it is easy enough to see how they would multiply and become millions.

So the real question is this: Why, at the end of St. Paul's career, did one thousand people believe in the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus?

Is this such an extraordinary phenomenon? In our own age, amidst the very blaze of civilization, with electric lights turning night into day; with railroads, telegraphs and telephones; time and space annihilated in our means of communication with one another; in this age of surpassing and almost universal knowledge, in the very heart of our land there has sprung up a belief in a "divine revelation," which in the same space of time that Christianity attained only one thousand believers, has attained a hundred thousand believers; and yet what scientific man or Christian theologian will admit that Mormonism has a "heavenly origin," although it presents to the philosopher and historian a far greater puzzle than the primitive belief of the Christians? It is much easier to account for one thousand Christian believers at the death of St. Paul, than for the existence of one hundred thousand Mormon believers at the death of Brigham Young.

Remember that it is not miracles that we are to account for, but a *belief* in miracles. There is not a particle

of historic testimony that the miracles ever occurred. We have only historic testimony as to a belief in them, but it is the height of presumption to affirm that because people believe in a miracle, therefore the miracle occurred. If the Christian asks: Why did one thousand people believe in Jesus in the first century? I ask: Why do two hundred thousand people believe in Joe Smith in the nineteenth century? My question is by far the more difficult to answer, and when my question is answered the Christian's question is also answered. If Mormonism is a natural evolution, then Christianity must be likewise.

The position of Gibbon, therefore, is impregnable. He deals with causes as they are, and his conclusions are undeniable. He has shown Christianity as it really is. Says Milman: "It is idle, it is disingenuous, to deny or dissemble the early deprivations of Christianity." Christianity never had a more candid treatment than from Gibbon. He recognized whatever merits it possessed. As he was perfectly unprejudiced in his treatment of Julian, the non-Christian emperor, detecting his weakness, as well as his greatness, so he was equally unprejudiced in his treatment of Christianity; and he displays the same acumen, the same learning, and the same impartial judgment in these two famous chapters, which have been so ferociously attacked by the church, as in all the other parts of his work. Gibbon has won the day. His method is accepted. The historic weakness of Christianity from his time has been manifest. Its myths and miracles have no longer any recognized position. Gibbon has thus conferred an inestimable benefit upon humanity. To understand history aright is one of the noblest triumphs of human genius.

It is well in this history to give some of the very latest results of historic criticism which have come from the method adopted by Gibbon.

The following has been selected. It is remarkable

both in itself and the occasion of its utterance. Says Holyoake :

“ A more original or succinct account of this event has rarely been given. Its origin is as singular as the account itself. The writer is a doctor of law of great attainments, and holding an official position in a well-known English town, himself a Conservative and a leader of Conservatives, who are mostly as bigoted in piety as in politics. Yet the bold writer casts the following extraordinary statement into the midst of them. It was done in the course of an argument in favor of their political prejudices against Mr. Gladstone's great Home Rule bill. It would seem that there must be greater latitudinarism in the center of political orthodoxy than is commonly supposed. The learned doctor's kinsmen were related to Thomas Paine's great friend, Clio Rickman. This may account for the courage and thoroughness of the opinions which follow, but this does not diminish the strangeness of their expression under the circumstances I have named.

“ The Christian superstition consists of a huge mass of legendary tales incrusting a small nucleus of fact, which, of itself, would have been too insignificant to be termed historical, but which may be conjectured to have been about as follows : The successors of Alexander the Great had long been waging desultory wars against the Semitic Syrian tribes, including the Jews, all refractory to the spread of Greek culture. To this kind of warfare the Romans succeeded, after they had absorbed various dominions carved out of the Macedonians' empire. Judea was vanquished by Pompey and received Roman governors. But a state of disaffection and unrest prolonged itself for long after, much as the same condition has continued in Ireland after its absorption by Great Britain. A young man inspired with these species of disaffection, but in whom mental excitement had passed the bounds of sanity, became possessed of the hallucination that he was des-



tined to overthrow the Roman rule and reëstablish the ancient kingdom of David. He was a home-ruler of his age and nation. His attempt of course failed. He was impaled upon a cross, but whether his wounds were mortal has been doubted, and, for the present purpose, the question is unimportant. What is of importance is that among the excited and credulous populace of the Levant he obtained a following, and this destructive superstition, to borrow the words of the Roman historian, continued to ferment, expanded about the close of the Antonine era into great dimensions, and installed itself as the state religion. But its triumph was bought by the ruin of ancient civilization. The thousand years of its unquestioned supremacy, from Constantine until the invention of printing and the dawn of the Reformation, are known as the Dark Ages. Thought in every form of development was prostrate under the Christian faith. The Protestant Reformation made the first breach in the huge edifice of mediæval superstition. It is not needful to value this event higher than by saying that it made the first great rift in the dark pall of superstition and credulity, and that the rays of nature and reason streamed in upon men through the rents and fissures which the Reformation had made, and have kindled the torch of progress upon various fields of human activity, scientific, political, and economical."

In a more comprehensive manner Mr. T. B. Wakeman has given the origin of Christianity in accordance with the method of Gibbon, but with the advantage of later learning. Christianity is simply a natural evolution.

"Christianity was born from the union of the Messiah idea of the Jews with the '*the Word,*' or, in Greek, the *Logos*, which was the spirit and the God idea of the Neo-Platonists, the Essenes, the Therapeutæ, the Nazaranes and probably other ascetic or eclectic sects of Palestine and Egypt. This union was brought about by the incarna-

tion of both the Messiah and the Logos in a name, JESUS (in Hebrew, Joshua), whom tradition had found or made to be one of the many unfortunate and slain Hebrew rebels against the Roman and priestly power. Gradually it was assumed, and then believed, that this Jesus was the Messiah or anointed one of Hebrew prophecy, and finally at Antioch, some fifty years after his supposed death, his followers were called 'Christians.' It was believed that he would come in the clouds and execute judgment during the lifetime of those then living. This prediction was falsified by the event, then the belief was spiritualized to a judgment at death, or at some future end of the world, when those who believed in 'the Christ' should be saved in heaven with him, while those who did not believe and accept him as sovereign, should have no part in the celestial realm, but be damned as rebels. This scheme and the need of it, evidently applied to the poor and the oppressed of the empire at large, as well as to the Jews and Egyptians, and so it was extended by St. Paul and others, over the East. It raised the wretched in heart and hope, above the fortunate of the world, for it gave them a new integration and an infinite importance compared with any earthly ties of empire or of kindred. The wretched were the majority, and this faith, in three hundred years, controlled the empire, and made Constantine see that he, as emperor, would have no power behind him unless he became the master of the integration of the at first despised Nazarene. Thus the empire fell under the sway of the Christian priests and the chief of these became of course the pope or Pontifex Maximus of the empire itself.

"In this new spiritual scheme the pope became the chief of all of the powers on earth, and the City of God, the Kingdom of Heaven, in time supplanted the empire itself in all except the name. Here we have the materials, the motive, and the very means by which this union of elements worked out this religion of earthly sorrow and

celestial hope, and made it triumphant over the religion of Polytheistic heroism which had been the soul of Rome.

“Do not the facts bear out this view? All the world and especially Judea was weltering under Roman oppression. See in Daniel and the Maccabees, and the mention of Theudas and other unfortunate rebels, how the Jews expected and longed for their new Joshua, *i. e.*, Messiah-Jesus, who should be their deliverer and Emanuel. Josephus tells of one Jesus stoned to death. That others were crucified there is every reason to believe. The Christ forgeries in Josephus are too patent to be referred to here.

“Now look at the other factor in the problem, the *Logos* or ‘the Word,’ which ‘was with God and was God and was made flesh,’ as the Fourth Gospel says. Josephus and Philo and Eusebius tell the whole story of these Essenes and similar sects, whose God idea or *logos*, was plainly thus married to the Messiah Emanuel, the Anointed, the Deliverer, or ‘God with us.’ The incarnation of deities had become familiar to these sects from India and Egypt where such returns and incarnation of gods were matters of course.

“That this traditional Jesus should return to earth and be seen by his followers was not strange at that period of practical spiritualism among peoples inflamed with these beliefs. Spirits and ghosts and devils and gods were commonplace appearances under the old *will*-theory of the world among ignorant and excited people.

“These were the materials, yet they might have been comparatively insignificant, but for the third factor, *viz.*, the visions, dreams, and apparitions of this Christ to Paul, Peter, John, Stephen, and their companions. Such visions combined these Messiah-*logos* materials and incarnated the deliverer King and ‘Word’ into the ascended and spiritual Christ-Jesus, and extended his name from the Jews to the world at large.

“Of these apparitions those to St. Paul on his journey

to Damascus; his being 'caught up to the third heaven;' the great sheet with animals let down from heaven to Peter; the gift of tongues and fire; the Revelation now placed at the end of the New Testament—are typical. They show what was going on at that time in hundreds of heads and hearts. By such means, who could not be converted and overwhelmed with proofs directly from heaven? Cataplexy, as in the case of Mohammed!—who could argue with that? It was easier to take the disease. Such things as historical facts or evidence were scarcely inquired for. St. Paul received all of his proofs and information about 'the Christ-Jesus' directly from 'the Lord in heaven.' He scorned to even ask of men (brethren?) who might have known of this Messiah tradition, what Jesus it was, or what he had done, and yet he became the chief promulgator of and witness to the new faith.

"Those who were slain, like Stephen, were called martyrs, that is, witnesses, not because they had witnessed any historical or actual facts, but because they had witnessed facts in these visions. Those were the proofs!

"Transpose the books of the New Testament to the order in which they were really written and you will have the proofs of all this. First come the Epistles, especially those of Paul, admitted to have been written about A. D. 60, some thirty years after Christ's supposed crucifixion. Then at or about the same time comes the 'Revelation' at the end of the book; and then, some fifty to a hundred years after, the various 'Gospels' and 'the Acts' take form and the four Gospels (or five, including the Acts), now in the New Testament have been preserved as most conducive to the beliefs that the collectors entertained. For that seems to have been the motive of their selection from many other gospels then extant.

"It is evident from these facts and from the miraculous contents of the Gospels and Acts, that they are unreliable historical documents. In them even the original tradition

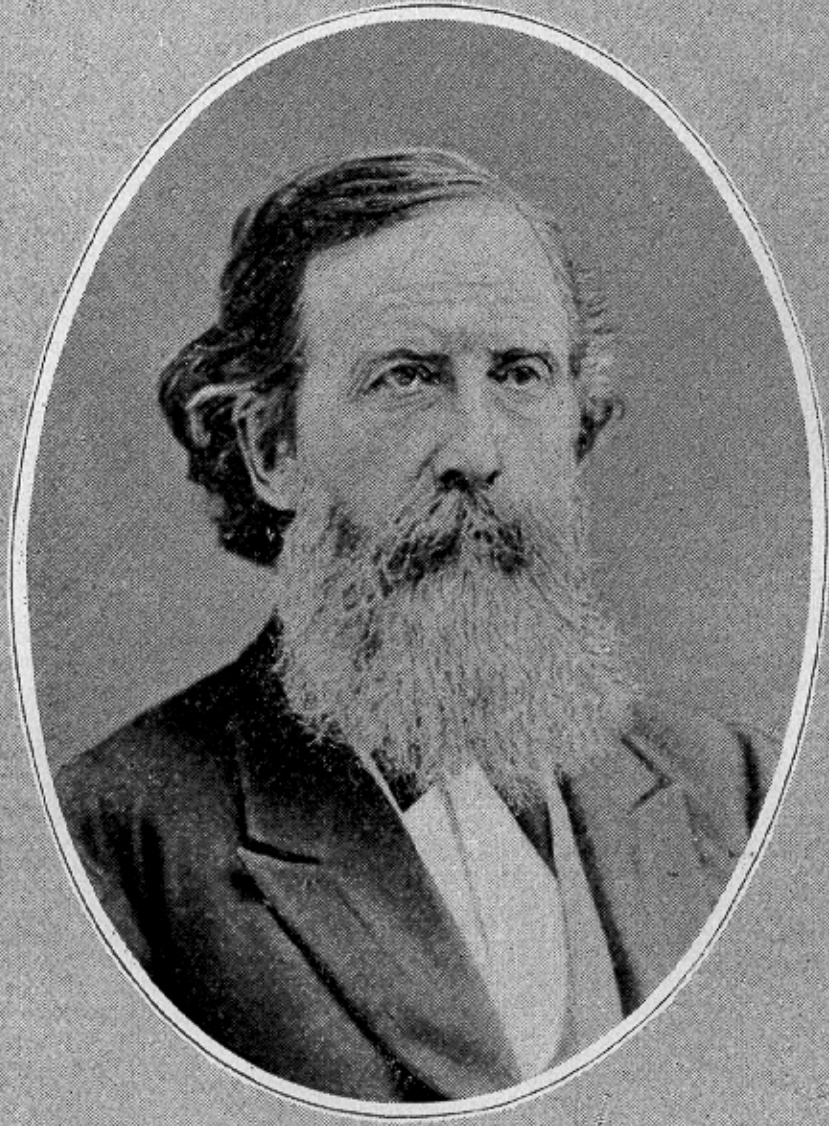
of Jesus, uncertain as it was, has been overwhelmed by the visions, the revelations, the supposed Messiah-prophecies, the *logos*-fancies, and the Essenic prayers, morals, fables, miracles, teachings, and customs which form the greater part of them, and which make them incoherent and inconsistent as they are. Such were the real sources and materials of the gospels, and in this light we know them to be supposed history which was woven and thrown backward some hundred years around the name of Jesus, who never existed as the gospel believers fancied and described, and who never could have even known the purposes, deeds, and words attributed to him. It is evolutionally and historically certain that Jesus, if he ever existed, was perfectly ignorant and innocent, not only of the name Christ, but also of all that has come down to us under the name of Christianity. That the life and literature of the Essenes form the body of the Gospels we know from Eusebius (chap. xvii); that the Messiah conception was inwoven we know from the prophecies and the claim that the anointed king of the Jews had come and been crucified. Dreams and visions and miracles did the rest. The Lord's Supper was a special revelation to St. Paul which he gives as such in his own words, but which words are afterwards inserted in Luke when that gospel came to be compiled (see 1 Cor. xi, 23, 26, and then Luke xxii, 19, 20). So the revelation to St. Paul about the end of the world (1 Thess. iv, 15-18), is the main point of the gospels Matthew, Mark, and Luke (Matt. xxiv, 16, 28, etc. Mark xiii, 30-36, ix, 1; Luke xiii, 30-36).

“But when the Gospel of John was worked out, long after the synoptic gospels, the fact that Jesus had not come in the clouds as foretold was too patent to be faced, and so the fact of the promise to come is evaded and practically denied and the *logos*-idea takes its place and sends the comforter! (John xvi, xvii, xviii, etc.)

“Follow out these hints and the Bible will no longer be a sealed book. But first read the books of the Old and the New Testaments and the Apocryphas, too, in the order in which they were written, and under the light of contemporary ideas, facts, and history, then give evolution a chance, and the truth about the Bible will be your reward—that is, if you consider the game to be worth the candle. Remember that the Bible, as it is now made up and labeled, and sold, as *one* book, is a practical fraud, at which any honest man should blush. It is utterly unintelligible in that order and shape.

“Under the view just stated the gospels were written backward to supply a vacancy from whence history had irrevocably vanished, if it ever existed. Thus is it found to be with every other religion. Thus Niebuhr reads the early stories in Livy of Romulus and Remus. Thus Grote disposes of the early myths of Greece. Thus Kuenen explains the creation myths of Adam and Noah.

“Thus the personal, the Messianic, the mythic, and the logos or Essenic ‘origins of Christianity’ have all something true in them. They all contribute to the true and evolutionary origin of the religion of the King of the Jews, whose death and ascension is believed by millions to have secured them a City of God, a kingdom of heaven, ‘a tabernacle not made with hands,’ whose foundation in ‘the word’ antedated the world itself. It had in its early history many advantages over the Roman empire. It founded a brotherhood of the believers, cemented by a higher power than any earthly sanction. It made them equal before the throne of God. It made human life infinitely sacred. It was in fact a higher integration, a three-story static realm of heaven, earth, and hell, inspiring a higher patriotism than even the mighty city of Rome itself. And because of that, just as in the Arabian Nights, the ship which sailed by the mountain of loadstone had every particle of iron drawn from it, so fell



the empire of the Cæsars when Christianity drew away its patriotism. Gibbon has pictured this 'Decline and Fall' of Rome in a history that has been called the rainbow spanning the dark era of Christian faith, that 'Middle Age,' between the ancient and the modern civilizations of Europe."

CHAPTER XIII.

VOLTAIRE, THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, THOMAS PAINE.

It is strange, and one might say passing strange, that Gibbon, of wide survey, of rare insight, of profound learning, who seemed to know the past like a book, this same man was opposed to the American Revolution—saw no glory in it—no new meaning for humanity. As for the French Revolution, he passes to doubt, disgust, and horror at this “new birth of time.” It was much the same with Hume, the boldest philosopher of his time. It only shows the limitations of the greatest minds, and that genius is rather for special purposes than for universal excellence. Even Shakspeare had no voice for democracy.

And so, after Gibbon, we pass on to the greatest political drama of all human history—to Voltaire, the French Revolution, and Thomas Paine.

VOLTAIRE.

In the world of action we might say that Voltaire is the supreme man of the human race. No man has let loose such far-reaching, potent forces of human development. Voltaire will not rank as the greatest philosopher, or the greatest poet, or the greatest historian, but he will rank as the greatest agitator of all time. No man has so stirred the human mind. No man has been such a revolution in himself. In him were the seeds of the mightiest progress of to-day. He was an electric battery, an illuminating flash. He was wonderfully fortunate. He was no martyr, yet no martyr ever wrought so valiantly as he.

He was richly gifted. His mastery of language was unsurpassed. His words were like diamonds. He poured sunlight upon every topic he touched. His knowledge was universal—of books and of men. He was complete master of himself. His wit is wisdom, a lightning-like process of reasoning. He was no clown, but a teacher of humanity. We can scarcely realize to-day the immensity of the work he accomplished. He was engaged in a terrible combat, yet he seemed to do it in gorgeous holiday attire. He was a shining knight in the lists, and victorious with tremendous odds against him. His opponents never drew blood, nor laid his beaming forehead in the dust. He was in the fashion, and yet he was a pioneer. Kings were among his friends, and yet he was the prelude of democracy. In him was the birth of republics.

The transcendent power of Voltaire was the power of expression. His thought was crystal clear. His intellect was like the bright-blue sky. There were no fogs or mists or clouds. From the ample domain of his piercing vision, he could gather a thousand thoughts without confusion. He could array his intellectual forces with the masterly generalship of a Napoleon. He knew where to strike. His luminous sentences were like arrows, and went home every time.

In the hands of Voltaire language was like the sword of Saladin. It gleamed, glittered, radiated, and cut. It executed so deftly that the victim was unaware of his decapitation.

If there is one word which expresses the all-round ability and purpose of Voltaire, it is not the word philosophy, or the word poetry, or the word politics; it is the word humanity. Voltaire was passionately sympathetic. He hated wrong with every fiber of his being. Nothing would arouse him like a flagrant act of injustice; and the lowliest of human beings were as much in his regard as the loftiest. It was for man as man that he labored.

Read the story of Jean Calas and Chevalier de La Barre. What romances these are of devotion, patience, and success, the most brilliant in human history. Says Victor Hugo :

“Before the revolution, gentlemen, the social structure was this :

“At the base, the people ;

“Above the people, religion represented by the clergy ;

“By the side of religion, justice, represented by the magistracy.

“And, at that period of human society, what was the people? It was ignorance. What was religion? It was intolerance. And what was justice? It was injustice. Am I going too far in my words? Judge.

“I will confine myself to the citation of two facts, but decisive.

“At Toulouse, October 13, 1761, there was found in a lower story of a house, a young man hanged. The crowd gathered, the clergy fulminated, the magistracy investigated. It was a suicide ; they made of it an assassination. In what interest? In the interest of religion. And who was accused? The father. He was a Huguenot, and he wished to hinder his son from becoming a Catholic. There was here a moral monstrosity and a material impossibility ; no matter ! This father had killed his son ; this old man had hanged this young man. Justice travailed, and this was the result. On the month of March, 1762, a man with white hair, Jean Calas, was conducted to a public place, stripped naked, stretched upon a wheel, the members bound upon it, the head hanging. Three men are there upon a scaffold, a magistrate, named David, charged to superintend the punishment, a priest to hold the crucifix, and the executioner with a bar of iron in his hand. The patient, stupefied and terrible, regards not the priest, and looks at the executioner. The executioner lifts the bar of iron, and breaks one of his arms. The victim groans and

swoons. The magistrate comes forward; they make the condemned inhale salts; he returns to life. Then another stroke of the bar; another groan. Calas loses consciousness; they revive him, and the executioner begins again; and, as each limb before being broken in two places receives two blows, that makes eight punishments. After the eighth swooning the priest offers him the crucifix to kiss; Calas turns away his head, and the executioner gives him the *coup de grace*; that is to say, crushes in his chest with the thick end of the bar of iron. So died Jean Calas.

“That lasted two hours. After his death, the evidence of the suicide came to light. But an assassination had been committed. By whom? By the judges.

“Another fact. After the old man, the young man. Three years later, in 1765, at Abbeville, the day after a night of storm and high wind, there was found upon the pavement of a bridge an old crucifix of worm-eaten wood, which for three centuries had been fastened to the parapet. Who had thrown down this crucifix? Who committed this sacrilege? It is not known. Perhaps a passer by. Perhaps the wind. Who is the guilty one? The Bishop of Amiens launches a *monitoire*. Note what a *monitoire* was: it was an order to all the faithful, on pain of hell, to declare what they knew or believed they knew of such or such a fact; a murderous injunction, when addressed by fanaticism to ignorance. The *monitoire* of the Bishop of Amiens does its work; the town gossip assumes the character of the crime charged. Justice discovers, or believes it discovers, that on the night when the crucifix was thrown down, two men, two officers, one named La Barre, the other d’Etallonde, passed over the bridge of Abbeville, that they were drunk, and that they sang a guard-room song. The tribunal was the Seneschalcy of Abbeville. The Seneschalcy of Abbeville was equivalent to the court of the Capitouls of Toulouse. It was not less

just. Two orders for arrest were issued. D'Etallonde escaped, La Barre was taken. Him they delivered to judicial examination. He denied having crossed the bridge; he confessed to having sung the song. The Seneschalcy of Abbeville condemned him; he appealed to the Parliament of Paris. He was conducted to Paris; the sentence was found good and confirmed. He was conducted back to Abbeville in chains. I abridge. The monstrous hour arrives. They begin by subjecting the Chevalier de La Barre to the torture, ordinary and extraordinary, to make him reveal his accomplices. Accomplices in what? In having crossed a bridge and sung a song. During the torture one of his knees was broken; his confessor, on hearing the bones crack, fainted away. The next day, June 5, 1766, La Barre was drawn to the great square of Abbeville, where flamed a penitential fire; the sentence was read to La Barre; then they cut off one of his hands; then they tore out his tongue with iron pincers; then, in mercy, his head was cut off and thrown into the fire. So died the Chevalier de La Barre. He was nineteen years of age.

“Then, O Voltaire! thou didst utter a cry of horror, and it will be thine eternal glory!

“Then didst thou enter upon the appalling trial of the past; thou didst plead, against tyrants and monsters, the cause of the human race, and thou didst gain it. Great man, blessed be thou forever!”

Bruno, we might say, was the first persistently to declare the modern doctrine of human rights. In the old days there were no rights—only might. Rights is a modern conception. Jesus never taught universal human rights, nor any of the philosophers of Greece and Rome. The church certainly never respected human rights, and theology never discovered them. According to the old theology, there can be no rights of man, for God is a tyrant and man is a slave. Man is a totally depraved being, in



himself absolutely worthless; he is born a condemned prisoner; he is under ban. His righteousness is but filthy rags, and, therefore, what can his rights be? Man is but clay in the hands of the potter, and what rights has clay? The old theology was necessarily the annihilation of human liberty and human rights.

But the magnificent Pantheism of Bruno necessarily affirmed human rights, for it affirmed human value and human dignity. According to Bruno, man was identical with God. He was in God and God was in him. There was no essential difference between man and God. The glory of the one was the glory of the other. Bruno's philosophy did not annihilate man in God, but elevated and ennobled man by the universal equality of existence. In every man was the divine spark, the divine exaltation, and, therefore, each in his essential nature must be free and a sovereign individual. Thus, in Bruno, first of all, I think, do we find the germ of the Declaration of Independence: "All men are created equal, and endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Bruno, in his martyrdom and in the splendor of his genius, not only represents the beginning of the era of science, but also of the era of man. He gives us not only the wonderful conception of the infinity of worlds, but also the modern conception of man—man clothed with rights by the very virtue of his existence, each man the equal of every other man because equal with God himself. Natural rights, the dignity of human nature, its freedom, its glory, the foundation principles of triumphant democracy—it was these that Bruno flashed forth upon the world and made immortal with the fires of his glorious death.

More distinctly and predominantly than Bruno, Voltaire affirmed the natural rights of man. The mystical, pantheistic element of Bruno was not in Voltaire. Bruno affirmed human rights on the basis of universal divinity,

Voltaire on the basis of universal humanity. While Voltaire was in form Deistical, he was essentially Atheistical. He was the incarnation of common sense. He reasoned on the basis of this world. Bruno insisted more upon the rights of thought, Voltaire upon the rights of action, and, therefore, it is that Voltaire is preëminently the apostle of political liberty. If we go back into the depths of time we might justly affirm that Bruno and Voltaire are the fathers of the American republic; that in them originates the spirit of modern freedom; that from them originates that mighty stream which is constantly sweeping away thrones and tiaras. Greater, indeed, does Bruno tower in the vistas of the past as the first to declare the rights of man, than as the daring man of science, or the enthusiastic philosopher; for what are all the stars to us, and all the gods, if man is to be a slave, if man has no natural worth, if he is simply the creature of circumstance, if he is born merely by a freak of fortune to wear a crown or wear a chain, and either is right if such is the original condition? Surely the magnificence of modern progress is primarily in the affirmation of human liberty and rights, and other progress is useless and turns to dust and ashes unless it makes man more free, and emphasizes the essential grandeur of each individual human being. Out of the fiery heart of Bruno, and his illuminated brain, exalted not only by the wonder of the stars, but by the greatness and glory of man, flows and sparkles the sublimest hope of the future; and the radiant genius of Voltaire bore onward this undying light, flaming in horror and destruction, but pointing through storm and peril to the noblest and sweetest happiness of which mankind is capable.

Does it not appear that Bruno, as the first to articulate the inalienable rights of each human being, because in the unity of the universe there must be equality for all—does it not appear that he was in the mind of the most glorious poet of modern times, when he sang:

“A farewell look of love he turned,
Half calming me ; then gazed awhile,
As if through that black and massy pile,
And through the crowd around him there,
And through the dense and murky air,
And the thronged streets, he did espy
What poets know and prophesy ;
And said, with voice that made them shiver,
And clung like music to my brain,
And which the mute walls spoke again,
Prolonging it with deepened strain,
‘Fear not the tyrants shall rule forever,
Or the priests of the evil faith ;
They stand on the brink of that mighty river
Whose waves they have tainted with death ;
It is fed from the depths of a thousand dells,
Around them it foams and rages and swells,
And their swords and their sceptres I floating see,
Like wrecks on the surge of eternity.’ ”

There was not in Voltaire's life the tragical element of Bruno's. This was not because Voltaire was any less devoted to humanity, but because of the noble fortune which attended him all his life long, and made his career one of the most extraordinary and shining in human history. So long as he lived the priests cowered before his genius. They could not extinguish its fire. It flamed over Europe.

Only in death did the power of the church proclaim itself. That was a strange sight of his dead body in the midnight darkness to a place of burial. How the “priests of an evil faith” would have gloated over his dust if they could have laid their hands upon it before it reached a consecrated grave. Voltaire cannot be blamed for revolting against this martyrdom after death, when indeed the cruelty of the church is most horrible. The fate of

Adrienne Lecouvreur was before his eyes, a pathetic tragedy which brands the church with eternal disgrace among those who love art and beauty and genius. Living, Voltaire could confront the church with the radiance of his undaunted spirit, but dead he must flee before the terrible wild beast that would tear and rend his inanimate body. No one has painted this strange flight with nobler felicity than our own Ingersoll.

“His death was kept a secret. The Abbé Mignot made arrangements for the burial at Romilli-on-the-Seine, more than one hundred miles from Paris. On Sunday evening, on the last day of May, 1778, the body of Voltaire, clad in a dressing-gown, clothed to resemble an invalid, posed to simulate life, was placed in a carriage; at its side, a servant, whose business it was to keep it in position. To this carriage were attached six horses, so that people might think a great lord was going to his estates. Another carriage followed, in which were a grand nephew and two cousins of Voltaire. All night they traveled, and on the following day arrived at the courtyard of the Abbey. The necessary papers were shown, the mass was performed in the presence of the body, and Voltaire found burial. A few moments afterward, the prior, who ‘for charity had given a little earth,’ received from his bishop a menacing letter forbidding the burial of Voltaire. It was too late.

“Voltaire was dead. The foundations of State and Throne had been sapped. The people were becoming acquainted with the real kings and with the actual priests. Unknown men born in misery and want, men whose fathers and mothers had been pavement for the rich, were rising toward the light, and their shadowy faces were emerging from darkness. Labor and thought became friends.”

And how glorious was the return of this immortal man, regent even in his coffined dust, and swaying millions as if an emperor in royal robes. It is said that a live ass is better than a dead lion, but in this case the dead lion

was more potent than ten thousand living asses in the church. How they trembled before that imperial dust, in lowly corruption, yet lofty as the stars in its resplendent majesty! Says Ingersoll:

“A funeral procession of a hundred miles; every village with its flags and arches in his honor; all the people anxious to honor the philosopher of France—the savior of Calas—the Destroyer of Superstition.

“On reaching Paris the great procession moved along the Rue St. Antoine. Here it paused and for one night upon the ruins of the Bastille rested the body of Voltaire—rested in triumph, in glory—rested on fallen wall and broken arch, on crumbling stone still damp with tears, on rusting chain and bar and useless bolt—above the dungeons dark and deep, where light had faded from the lives of men and hope had died in breaking hearts.

“The conqueror resting upon the conquered. Throned upon the Bastille, the fallen fortress of Night, the body of Voltaire, from whose brain had issued the Dawn.

“For a moment his ashes must have felt the Promethean fire, and the old smile must have illumined once more the face of death.”

To sum up the career of this man, read the burning words of Victor Hugo:

“Voltaire conquered; Voltaire waged the splendid kind of warfare, the war of one alone against all; that is to say, the grand warfare. The war of thought against matter, the war of reason against prejudice, the war of the just against the unjust, the war for the oppressed against the oppressor, the war of goodness, the war of kindness. He had the tenderness of a woman and the wrath of a hero. He was a great mind and an immense heart.

“He conquered the old code and the old dogma. He conquered the feudal lord, the gothic judge, the Roman priest. He raised the populace to the dignity of people. He taught, pacificated, and civilized. He fought for Sir-

ven and Montbailly, as for Calas and La Barre ; he accepted all the menaces, all the outrages, all the persecutions, calumny, and exile. He was indefatigable and immovable. He conquered violence by a smile, despotism by sarcasm, infallibility by irony, obstinacy by perseverance, ignorance by truth."

And Goethe says of his greatness :

"If you wish depth, genius, imagination, taste, reason, sensibility, philosophy, elevation, originality, nature, intellect, fancy, rectitude, facility, flexibility, precision, art, abundance, variety, fertility, warmth, magic, charm, grace, force, an eagle sweep of vision, vast understanding, instruction rich, tone excellent, urbanity, suavity, delicacy, correctness, purity, cleanness, eloquence, harmony, brilliancy, rapidity, gaiety, pathos, sublimity and universality, perfection indeed, behold Voltaire."

HOW VOLTAIRE DIED.

The life of Voltaire is well known. It is blazoned in the path of centuries. None can misunderstand its meaning. His death is somewhat shrouded. The light burns low amidst the clouds of bigotry and the barbarism of the times. The mind is still triumphant. It is the poor body that must be guarded, that it may be peacefully received into its mother earth.

Mr. Eugene M. Macdonald has carefully recorded this closing tragedy of a great life, and it is too important a document to be omitted in this history of Freethought :

Upon this subject so much has been said that is untrue, and so little that is authentic is accessible to the general reader, that the editor of the "Truth Seeker Annual" has thought it advisable to put the principal facts of the case here in a form adapted at once for ready reference and for preservation.

Perhaps the person in the deepest darkness with



regard to what really occurred just previous to the death of the great French heretic is the editor of the "Christian Statesman." In that paper, some time ago, occurred this paragraph:

"VOLTAIRE'S RENUNCIATION OF INFIDELITY.

"Let it be distinctly understood as forever beyond question that Voltaire fully recanted his Infidel principles and professed his belief in the Christian religion. The new Life of Voltaire by James Parton settles this point beyond contradiction. Mr. Parton cannot be suspected of an undue bias for orthodoxy, and it is only after a patient search and candid study of authorities that he gives this confession to the world. Mr. Parton says: 'The profession of faith, written in Voltaire's own hand, was as follows: "I, the undersigned, declare that having been attacked four days ago by a vomiting of blood, at the age of eighty-four years, and being unable to get to church, the curé of Saint-Sulpice being willing to add to his good works that of sending to me the Abbé Gaultier, priest, I have confessed to him, and declare further that if God disposes of me I die in the Catholic religion in which I was born, hoping from the divine mercy that he will deign to pardon all my faults, and that if I have ever scandalized the church I ask pardon of God and of it. Signed, Voltaire, March 2, 1778, in the house of the Marquis de Villett in the presence of the Abbé Mignot, my nephew, and of the Marquis de Villevielle, my friend.'"

Tennyson has said that—

"A lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,

But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."

The "Christian Statesman's" presentation of the case is partly true, but at the same time it is half a lie, and is

meant to deceive. Mr. Parton does not say that Voltaire recanted. Neither does any other honest person who knows the circumstances of his death. It is true that Mr. Parton gives the foregoing "profession of faith," which is undoubtedly genuine. Mr. Parton tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so far as he knows it. He has given us the life of Voltaire just as it was.

It has never been pretended that Voltaire was a saint, but take him all in all, put his work for humanity in one side of the scales and his personal faults in the other, and he must be conceded to be the grandest man of his time. He believed in God, hated superstition, and loved his fellow-man. He did more than anyone else to break the hold the church had upon the people of Europe. He was a man of letters, of science, a lover of art, a patron of the drama. In his personal affairs he was a man of the world, yet a good deal better and more moral than the kings and courtesans—all good Christians—among whom he lived. He braved the anger of the church, when although "living virgins were merchandise which the king himself bought, a light song about the Virgin could bring a man to the fire."

Voltaire's "profession of faith" was written and signed simply that when dead he might not, as he expressed it, be "thrown into the sewer." He knew what could be expected for a heretic. The sight of the burial of poor Adrienne Lecouvreur never left him. The great actress was a warm friend of his, and when she went one night from the scene of her triumphs at the theater "to die after four days of anguish, Voltaire hastened to her bedside, and watched near her during her last struggle for life; and when she was seized with the convulsions that preceded her death he held her in his arms and received her last breath. Being an actress and dying without absolution, she was denied 'Christian burial,' and the gate of every recognized burial place in France was closed against her

wasted body, the poor relic of a gifted and bewitching woman, whom all that was distinguished and splendid in the society of her native land had loved to look upon. At night her body was carried in an old coach (*fiacre*) a little way out of town, just beyond the paved streets, to a spot near the Seine now covered by the house No. 109 Rue de Burgoyne. The *fiacre* was followed by one friend, two street porters, and a squad of the city watch. There her remains were buried, the grave was filled up, and the spot remained uninclosed and unmarked until the city grew over it and concealed it from view.

“The brilliant world of which she had been a part heard of this unseemly burial with such horror, such disgust, such rage, such ‘stupor,’ as we can with difficulty imagine, because all those ties of tenderness and pride that bind families and communities together are more sensitive, if not stronger, in France than with our ruder, robuster race. The idea of not having friendly and decorous burial, of not lying down at last with kindred and fellow-citizens in a place appointed for the dead, of being taken out at night and buried at a corner of a road like a dead cat, was and is utterly desolating to the French people. Voltaire, for example, could never face it; he lived and died dreading it.”

It is no wonder he wished to avoid such a burial as that; most Frenchmen would have done a great deal more than sign such a “profession of faith” to have avoided it. All that the “profession” says at most is that “if God disposes of me, I die in the Catholic religion,” and it is not hard to belong to that institution if one wants to. A very slight ceremony will suffice, and a change of faith is in no wise necessary. The clause that “if I ever scandalized the church, I ask pardon of God and of it,” was added *at the requisition of the priest*, and as Voltaire said, “*to have peace.*” This “profession of faith” is not a “profession” at all. In it Voltaire nowhere retracts what he had all his life been

saying, that the church is a monster sapping the life of nations, and should be crushed. He had his reasons for doing what he did, which cannot be better stated than by quoting Parton.

When he returned to Paris after his long exile he was overwhelmed with work, so much so that "his health visibly declined." "Standing so many hours every day to receive company caused his feet to swell, for he had been accustomed at home to spend most of the working day upon his bed. Other painful and menacing symptoms warned him of the risk he was incurring, and he began to foresee the need of making arrangements in Paris to avoid the indignity of being denied burial. Ferney being five days' laborious journey from Paris, if he were taken sick, he could scarcely hope to be again in a condition to travel so far. He had had visits from several unbeneficed priests, besides the one whose coming he related to Madame du Deffand. One of these Wagnière had had the pleasure of hustling out of the room; but there was another, the Abbé Gaultier, who seemed more tolerable than the rest, and him he had received very politely, as a good-natured simpleton, who would be content with the minimum of concession from a penitent like himself. About February 20, when he had been ten days in Paris, he consulted D'Alembert upon the delicate point in question, and in a letter to the king of Prussia D'Alembert mentioned the advice he gave :

"'He asked me,' wrote D'Alembert, 'in the course of a confidential conversation, how I should advise him to proceed if, during his stay in Paris, he should happen to fall dangerously ill. My reply was such as every prudent (*sage*) man would have made in my place, that he would do well to conduct himself, in that case, like all the philosophers who had preceded him; among others, like Fontenelle and Montesquieu, who had followed the usage, *and received you know what with much reverence.*" He much

approved my reply. "I think the same," said he to me; "for I must not be thrown into the kennel, as I saw poor Lecouvreur." He had, I know not why, much aversion to that manner of being interred. I avoided combating this aversion, desiring that, in case we should lose him, all should pass without trouble and without scandal.'

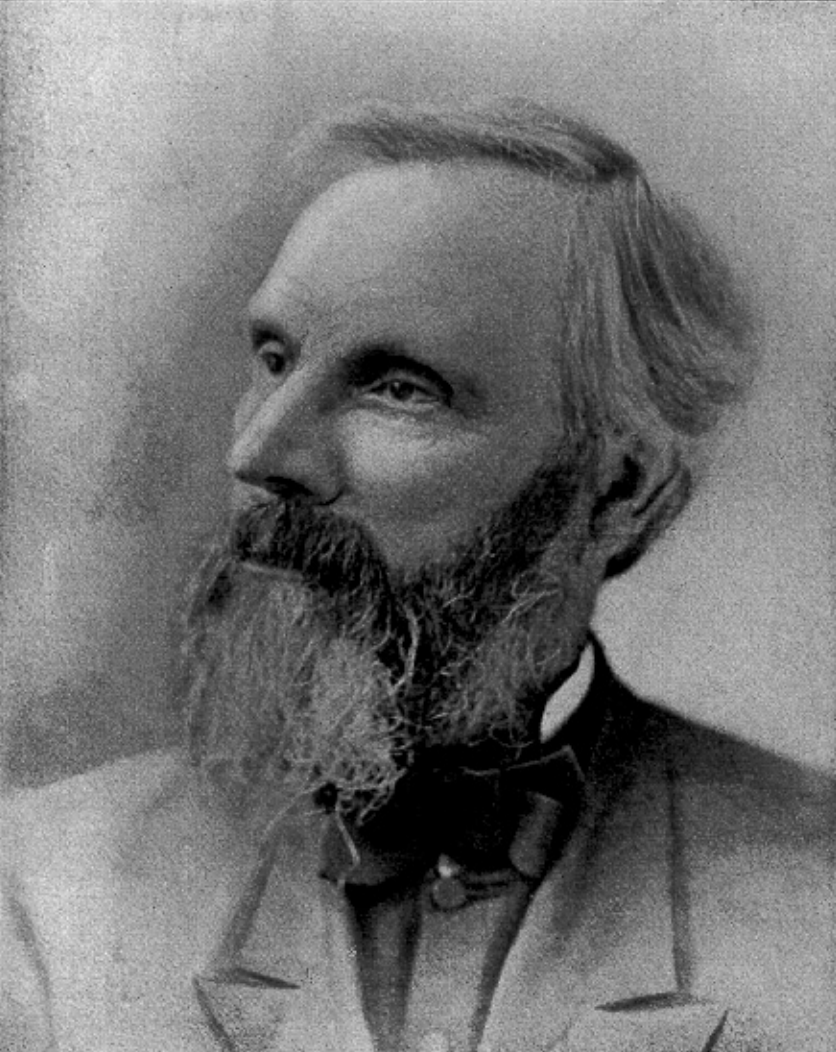
"Fortified thus by the advice of the most eminent of his co-workers, he looked to the Abbé Gaultier, chaplain to the Hospital for the Incurable, as the man upon whom to call in case of need. That unhappy case soon arrived.

"February 25th, his fifteenth day at Paris, about noon, as he was dictating in bed to Wagnière, he coughed violently three times, and a moment after cried out, 'Oh! oh! I am spitting blood.' The secretary turned toward him, and saw blood bursting from his nose and mouth, 'with the same violence,' he says, as when the faucet is turned of a fountain upon which there is pressure.' Wagnière rang, and Madame Denis came. Dr. Tronchin was sent for. All the household came running in, and the room was soon filled with people. 'He ordered me,' says Wagnière, 'to write to the Abbé Gaultier, to ask him to come and speak to him, as he did not wish to be thrown into the sewers. I avoided sending my letter, not wishing to have it said that M. de Voltaire had shown weakness. I assured him that the abbé could not be found. Then he said to the persons in the room, "At least, gentlemen, you will be witness that I have asked to fulfil what are here called our duties" [*devoirs*].'

"For three or four days the patient was extremely weak, and sufficiently obedient to the doctor's orders. Very slowly, and with frequent relapses, he gained a little strength. Several of the notes which he wrote and dictated to Dr. Tronchin during his dubious convalescence have been preserved, all of which contain gleams of his wonted gaiety and complaisance. An ill turn, however, induced him to send again for the Abbé Gaultier. Upon

his arrival the patient said to him: 'Some days ago I invited you to come and see me for you know what. If you please, we will at once transact that little business.' The abbé replied: 'Very willingly,' and requested all present to leave the room. 'The patient wished us to remain,' says Wagnière, 'but the Abbé Gaultier did not.' So they all went out, and left the priest alone with his penitent for an hour.' On that morning D'Alembert visited him, and his narrative, as given in his letter to the king of Prussia, is the last source of our information concerning what followed:

"Finding himself worse than usual on one of the days of his sickness, he bravely took the part of doing what he had agreed upon. During a visit which I paid him in the morning, as he spoke to me with considerable vehemence, and as I begged him to be silent in order not to distress his chest, he said to me laughing, 'Talk I must, whether I wish it or not; don't you remember that I have to confess? The moment has come, as Henry IV. said, to make the perilous leap; so I have sent for the Abbé Gaultier, and I am waiting for him.' This Abbé Gaultier, sire, is a poor devil of a priest, who, of his own motion and from mere good will, introduced himself to M. de Voltaire some days before his sickness, and offered him, in case of need, his ecclesiastical services. M. de Voltaire accepted them, because this man appeared to him more moderate and reasonable than three or four other wretched priests [*capelans*], who, without being sent for, and without any more knowing Voltaire than the Abbé Gaultier, had come to his room to preach to him like fanatics, to announce to him hell and the judgments of God, and whom the old patriarch, from goodness of heart, had not ordered to be thrown out of the window. This Abbé Gaultier arrived, then, was shut up an hour with the sick man, and came out so well satisfied that he wished to go at once to get at the parish church what we call the *bon Dieu*. This the



sick man did not wish, 'for the reason,' said he, 'that I am spitting blood, and I might by ill chance spit out something else.' He gave to this Abbé Gaultier, who asked him for it, a profession of faith, written entirely with his own hand, and by which he declared that he wished to die in the Catholic religion, in which he was born, hoping from the divine mercy that God would deign to pardon all his faults; and added that, if he had ever scandalized the church, he asked pardon from God and from it. He added this last article at the requisition of the priest, 'and,' said he, 'to have peace.' He gave this profession of faith to the Abbé Gaultier in the presence of his family and those of his friends who were in his chamber, two of whom signed as witnesses at the bottom of the profession."

"Wagnière, being a Protestant, and in extreme ill-humor with the persons surrounding his 'dear master,' regarded this transaction with such sorrow and indignation that, when Voltaire asked him what was the matter with him, he could not command his voice to reply. Four days before this ceremonial, at a moment when it appeared certain that the patient could not recover, and he felt sure himself that he was dying, Wagnière begged him to state precisely his 'way of thinking.' He asked for paper and ink; then wrote, signed, and gave to his secretary the following declaration:

"I die, adoring God, loving my friends, not hating my enemies, and detesting superstition. February 28, 1778.

VOLTAIRE.'

"With this paper in his possession, and having Swiss ideas of the sanctity of the seriously spoken word of a dying man, poor Wagnière was aghast at the tone of the company on this occasion. 'When,' he says, 'the Abbé Gaultier invited us to re-enter the room, he said to us, "M. de Voltaire has given me a little declaration, which does not signify much. I beg you will be so good as to sign it also."' The Abbé Mignot and the Marquis de Ville-

vielle signed it without hesitation and without knowing its contents. The abbé then came to me, and asked me to do the same thing. I refused him. He insisted much. M. de Voltaire observed with surprise the vivacity with which I spoke to the Abbé Gaultier. I replied at last, tired of this persecution, that I neither would nor could sign, as I was a Protestant. He then let me alone. He next proposed to the sick man to give him the communion. He replied, "Mr. Abbé, observe that I continually spit blood; I must beware of mingling that of the good God with mine." The confessor did not reply. He was asked to retire, and he went out.' Before leaving he received from his penitent a gift of twenty-five louis for 'the poor of the parish;' which also was according to polite usage.

"He said to the Abbé Duvernet, '*They will not throw me into the kennel, for I have confessed to the Abbé Gaultier.*'"

Voltaire, having thus prepared to die, got strong again and enjoyed many triumphs. Later when he was again upon the sick-bed, and knew he must pass away, he wanted no religious ministrations. He had made his bargain, and more hypocrisy than was necessary to accomplish his ends was distasteful to him. If necessary to get a decent burial he would have kissed the pope's toe, but having fulfilled his share of the contract he wanted to hear no more about it. He knew, and the priest knew, why he did it, and it was no use to make sentiment out of a purely business transaction. He lay dying for several days, getting weaker and weaker, but suffering little pain. "He recognized," says Parton, "some of his old friends when they came near his bedside or spoke to him. 'I visited him when he was in this condition,' says D'Alembert, 'and he always knew me. He even used some expressions of friendship; but, immediately after, would fall again into his stupor, for he was in a continual slumber. He awoke only to complain, and to say that he had come to Paris to die.'

"Two days after the incident of the Count de Lally, the

Abbé Mignot, who was a considerable personage, a member of the Grand Council, as well as the titular and beneficed head of an abbey, called upon the curé of Saint-Sulpice, and explained to him his uncle's condition. With regard to what followed the best authority is the narrative drawn up by D'Alembert for the information of the king of Prussia—a narrative which is confirmed by all the eye-witnesses who placed their observations on record :

“The curé of Saint-Sulpice replied to the Abbé Mignot that, since M. de Voltaire had lost his recollection, it was useless to visit him. The curé declared, however, that if M. de Voltaire did not make a public, solemn, and most circumstantial reparation of the scandal he had caused, he could not in conscience bury him in holy ground. In vain the nephew replied that his uncle, while he still enjoyed the possession of all his faculties, had made a profession of faith, which the curé himself had recognized as authentic; that he had always disavowed the works imputed to him; that he had, nevertheless, carried his docility for the ministers of the church so far as to declare that, if he had caused any scandal, he asked pardon for it. The curé replied that that did not suffice; that M. de Voltaire was notoriously the declared enemy of religion; and that he could not, without compromising himself with the clergy and with the archbishop, accord to him ecclesiastical burial. The Abbé Mignot threatened to apply to the parliament for justice, which he hoped to obtain with the authentic documents he had in his possession. The curé, who felt he was supported by authority, told him that he could do as he pleased.

· · · “On Saturday, May 30th, the day of his death, some hours before that fatal moment, the Abbé Gaultier offered his services, in a letter which he wrote to the Abbé Mignot, who went at once in quest of the Abbé Gaultier and the curé of Saint-Sulpice. The curé approached the sick man, and pronounced in his hearing the words *Jesus*

Christ. At these words M. de Voltaire, who was still in a stupor, opened his eyes, and made a gesture with his hand, as if to send the curé away; and said, 'Let me die in peace.' The curé, more moderate on this occasion and more reasonable than usual with him, turned toward those who were present and said, 'You see plainly, gentlemen, that he has not his head.'

"At this moment, however, he had complete possession of his reason; but the persons present, as you may well believe, sire, took no pains to contradict the curé. That pitiful parson (*capelan*) then retired from the chamber, and in the conversation which he held with the family, he was so maladroit as to betray himself, and to prove clearly that all his conduct was an affair of vanity. He told them that they had done very ill to summon the Abbé Gaultier, who had spoiled everything; that they should have addressed themselves to him alone, the parish priest of the sick man; that he would have seen him in private without witnesses; and that he would have arranged everything."

"The Abbé Gaultier's narrative does not materially differ from that of D'Alembert.

"Belle-et-Bonne, who never left his bedside during these last days, said to Lady Morgan in Paris forty years afterwards, as she did to every one with whom she ever conversed on the subject: 'To his last moment everything he said and did breathed the benevolence and goodness of his character; all announced in him tranquillity, peace, resignation, except a little movement of ill-humor which he showed to the curé of Saint Sulpice, when he begged him to withdraw, and said: "Let me die in peace."'

"He lingered until late in the evening. Ten minutes before he breathed his last, he roused from his slumber, took the hand of his valet, pressed it, and said to him, 'Adieu, my dear Morand; I am dying.' These were his last words. He died peacefully and without pain, at a

quarter past eleven, on Saturday evening, May 30, 1778, aged eighty-three years six months and nine days."

The sentiment entertained by Voltaire for the useless rites he was obliged to submit to is shown in his letter to the king of Prussia, written seven years before his death:

"I do not fear death, which approaches apace; but I have an unconquerable aversion for the manner in which we have to die in our holy, Catholic, apostolic, and Roman religion. It seems to me extremely ridiculous to have myself oiled to depart to the other world as we grease the axles of our wagons before a trip. This stupidity and all that follows is so repugnant to me that I am tempted to have myself carried to Neuchâtel to have the pleasure of dying within your dominions" (Voltaire in Exile, p. 49).

In the year 1777, but a little while before his death, he wrote to the same person: "I have more aversion than ever for extreme unction and those who administer it."

Mr. Parton's work is almost without comment on Voltaire's motives in summoning a priest. All the way through the reader is left to form his own conclusions upon Voltaire. The truth, so far as ascertainable, is stated, and when the authority for anything is doubtful Mr. Parton has no hesitancy in saying so.

One of the best proofs that Voltaire did not recant is that the ecclesiastical authorities who were over the "poor devil of a priest," Gaultier, denied Voltaire sepulture, and, although his bones were laid in the Abbey of Scellières, it was only because they arrived there a little ahead of the prohibition of the Bishop of Troyes. The prior of the abbey was very nearly expelled for permitting Voltaire's body to be received. He was compelled to visit Paris, and it was only after much trouble that he overcame the persecution of his brother church officials.

For thirteen years the body of Voltaire remained in the vault of the village church in Champagne. Then by a grand triumphal procession it was removed to Paris,

where it rested one night and part of the next day upon the ruins of the Bastille on the very spot where, when living, he had been confined. All Paris visited the spot and paid its tribute of love and respect to him. The body was transported in magnificent procession to the Pantheon, where it remained until the return of the Bourbon king to Paris, after the departure of Bonaparte to Elba. In 1814 the royalists represented to the ministry that the presence of Voltaire's remains in the ancient church of Sainte-Geneviève was an outrage not to be borne by the church, and "one night in the month of May, 1814, the bones of Voltaire and of Rousseau were taken out of their coffins of lead, tumbled into a common sack, and placed in a hackney coach stationed in the rear of the church. The carriage moved away slowly, accompanied by five or six persons, and went out of town by unfrequented streets to the barrier De la Gare, opposite Bercy. Near that barrier there was then an extensive piece of waste ground inclosed by a board fence, public property, not yet put to any use whatever. Near the middle of the inclosure a deep hole had been previously dug by persons who were then waiting for the arrival of this strange burial party. The sack of bones was emptied into a pit; a sack of lime was poured upon them. The hole was then filled up with earth, all traces of the meeting were obliterated as far as possible, and the party then separated in silence.

"The secret was well kept. There was occasionally a rumor, difficult to trace, and not generally believed, that the sarcophagus was empty. In 1864, when the family of the Villettes became extinct, the heart of Voltaire (which had been removed from the body when it was embalmed, in 1778, inclosed in a silver vase and given by Madame Denis to the husband of Belle-et-Bonne) became the property of the nation, and it was a question with the usurper what should be done with it. He suggested that it be placed with the other remains of the poet in the church of



Sainte-Geneviève. The Archbishop of Paris, who was probably acquainted with these facts, observed that it might be well to ascertain first whether the ashes of Voltaire were really in the place where they had been deposited. An examination of the sarcophagus was ordered. It was opened, and found to be empty. Thus the fate actually befell the remains which the poet had dreaded from the time when he saw the body of Adrienne Lecouvreur carried out at dead of night, and placed in an unmarked grave in a vacant lot on the outskirts of Paris" (*Parton's Life of Voltaire*).

Thus the church wreaked her cowardly revenge upon the bones of her great enemy. Voltaire dreaded this fate, and to avoid it he made the "profession of faith" which has been quoted. He should have known the church better. He might have known that she has no heart, no conscience, no sense of honor. None knew better than he that her course for centuries had been deceit and treachery. As well might he have suffered himself to be embraced by a serpent. But his life had been a stormy and tempestuous existence. He had been exiled, had been in the Bastille for his heresy. He had seen the body of poor Adrienne Lecouvreur thrown into the ground like a dog because she did not believe in the Christian religion. He had seen the unseemly strife of priests over corpses which had not received the sacrament and could not be buried in consecrated ground. The priests controlled the bodies of the people, living and dead, whoever controlled their souls. Voltaire's whole being revolted at the thought of being treated like a brute. He wanted no wrangle over him when dying, and when dead he wanted decent sepulture. That he could not get outside of the church. All graveyards were consecrated, and the only place a heretic's bones could have was the roadside or a waste field. And so he played the hypocrite, jesting while he did so, and ridiculing the sacrament he was receiving.

Perhaps it would have been better had Voltaire never acted the part he did, but after death, at least, he wanted peace. The horrid burial of the dead actress was ever before him, and he could see the lonely cortege going out to the "corner of a road" in the night to bury her who had died without absolution. He revolted at such an ending; and who can blame him for it? If by the simple writing of a few words he could, as he thought, secure decent burial, and an end to the strife, small blame can attach to one who sought to "crush the monster" all his life. He calmly prepared for death, and in order not to be thrown into the kennel like poor Lecouvreur, he got a "poor devil of a priest, a good-natured simpleton who would be content with the minimum of concession," to perform some rites which would let him into a decent graveyard. He drove a hard bargain with the church, getting what he wanted without giving an equivalent, and it is well he did, for the church repudiated her part of the contract after his death.

This is a true history of the death of Voltaire. Accounts differ in some minor degree, but in essentials are a unit. Voltaire never "recanted," and those who say he did speak without authority, and upon a subject about which they have taken little pains to inform themselves.

With reference to the foregoing article, Mr. Parton, author of the *Life of Voltaire*, has written the following to the editor of the "Truth Seeker:"

Your article upon the alleged recantation of Voltaire covers nearly the whole ground, but not quite. Allow me to go back a little and remind you of events that occurred previous to his last triumphal visit to Paris. You remember that after a contest of forty years with the hierarchy, in which he displayed more wit, more tact, more audacity, more of everything that makes a man victor over disadvantages, than was ever before exhibited by mortal man, he conquered for himself a secure home on the soil of his

native France. This home was Ferney, within a few minutes' ride of three foreign dominions, to which he could escape if notified of danger from Paris. Here, during the remaining twenty years of his life, he assailed the despotic superstition under which the intellectual life of Europe was stifled by every weapon which the literary art has devised; and yet, private man as he was, living in the kingdom of France, he was almost as safe from attack as he could have been in a free country. This security was due to one simple maneuver of his—he kept on his side the individual who had the king's ear last at night, first in the morning, and oftenest the rest of the time.

If you say that this was not a very lofty style of warfare, I answer you: He was a lone man in a wide field, with a whole herd of bulls burning to destroy him. He had to trick and deceive them as best he could. He was fully resolved not to let them get the better of him. He was not disposed to be a martyr and leave them free to rage and destroy.

As long as he was alive he knew that he could baffle them. But all men must die. As soon as he had fully secured his earthly abode he set about preparing a safe resting-place for his bones. He built a tomb in his parish church, he gave a small pension to the pastor of the parish, and he depended on his right as lord of the manor to secure a decent burial in the tomb which he had caused to be constructed. He had not merely a sentimental objection to being buried in the highway or cast into the kennel like a dead dog. His chief motive was to deprive the bishops of the triumph of insulting his remains. As he had defied them in his life, he desired to baffle them after his death. To this end he made arrangements to spend his last hours in one of the cantons of Switzerland, where his secretary hired a house for the purpose; and in case there should be any difficulty about his interment in his tomb, he ordered his secretary to place his remains

in a portion of his bath-house, a building separate from the chateau.

All these arrangements were rendered unavailable through his dying at Paris. Acting upon the advice of his staunchest friend, D'Alembert, he deemed it best to make a confession to the priests, as the least of many evils. He made the usual formal acknowledgment in the expectation of saving his family, his friends, and the French Academy from embarrassment and inconvenience after his death. He was then living in another man's house, in a city which was four days' journey from his own abode.

Nevertheless, I wish that he had made no concession whatever to the church. I wish that he had given himself no concern about his burial, and that when the breath was out of his body the family had thrown upon the government the responsibility of his interment, saying, in decent official form: "The great Voltaire is no more. A parish priest refuses him burial. Dispose of his remains." Such a course would have reduced the government to a dilemma of an embarrassing character, which could scarcely have failed to benefit the cause for which Voltaire lived and died.

It is the easiest thing in the world for us who inherit the results of his labors to sit here in peace and say what ought to have been done in Paris in 1778. He took the course that then seemed best; and the more intimately we know the period and the circumstances the less we shall be surprised at what he did.

Very truly yours, JAMES PARTON.

ROUSSEAU.—1712-1778.

Rousseau, we might say, was a piece of Voltaire, a part of him electrified, and made luminous with such concentrated energy that, at times, he shines with even more intense brilliance than Voltaire himself. He is narrower

than Voltaire. He is simply volcanic, towering and flaming, but he does not include the wide spaces of Voltaire's universal genius. Rousseau and Diderot both are expressions of Voltaire's greater mind, not echoes, but streams of light from this original fountain; forces in themselves, but acquiring momentum and radiance from this superior power. Voltaire was surrounded by great men, but he himself was the stimulating atmosphere; he was the deepest, the highest, the most comprehensive. Like Bruno, he touched every thought of his age, he infused his own spirit into it. He was the thoroughly representative man of that extraordinary era.

As Hugo puts it, Rousseau was the citizen, Voltaire was the man, the universal man, broader than country, than any state. It is as a citizen, mainly, that we must contemplate Rousseau and see the value of his work. It is as a member of the state that he pours his greatest light upon humanity, and marks out the path of progress; not the broadest path, but a path absolutely necessary, even though it passes through the blood and horror of the Revolution.

The doctrine of human rights, although in the seed-thoughts of Bruno and Voltaire a fructifying and growing concept, and also declared by Hobbes, the great English philosopher, with exquisite eloquence, yet engendered in the fiery soul of Rousseau, became, as never before, a flaming influence in the minds of men. It became a tremendous conviction. It surged and rolled like a lava-tide, and its vast and magnificent results, through storm and battle, are not yet witnessed.

Well may Rousseau be called the prelude of the French Revolution. He was born to be a Lucifer. He was, in his very nature, a soul of fire. He was the electric battery which flashed forth the nascent glory of what was in the blind and struggling masses. Somewhere there must be that burning focus, and Rousseau was this focus.

In the deepest sense of the term he was an impassioned instrument of the thoughts and desires of millions of men, and in agony, almost, he poured forth the accumulating intensities of these dumb multitudes. The very imperfections of Rousseau constitute his surpassing excellence. It made him a live man instead of a statue. It made him mobile, swift, impetuous, earnest, reckless, daring, sincere, and deeply in sympathy with the world about him. He dipped his pen in his own heart's blood, we might say; and he wrote with a furious disdain, as if the moment were his last and the truth must be spoken. It needed just such a man as Rousseau to precipitate the elements of that fateful period, so that from the crystallized forces should begin the great drama of modern democracy. He touched the springs and a new future dawned upon humanity.

The doctrine of human right is the only foundation of the state. A state founded on any other basis is an outrage. If there were no state, then there were no need of insisting upon rights. If human society flowed harmoniously along, and all lived their life unopposed and uninvaded, and no police were requisite, then the words "natural rights" or "equal rights" would not be heard of, any more than medicine would be heard of if there were no disease. But since a state is to be formed, a product of the necessities of human society, then there can be no other basis for that state but the freedom and equality of all men. If there are no "rights of man," then certainly there should be no "state;" but if there is to be a "state," then certainly there must be the "rights of man." If rights are abolished, then the state must also be abolished. There can be no possible foundation for a political structure other than universal human rights. If one man is born free, then all men are born free. If one has a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, then all have the same right. It is not a question of capacity, of mental



gifts, of fortunate circumstances ; it is a question of human nature, of what it essentially is, not from a purely scientific view, or metaphysical view, but from a practical political view. In the formation of a state, what are men to be taken for, as slaves or free beings? There is no question in the modern mind about this. The state must be composed of freemen, and not slaves, and its voice must be the voice of justice to all, and not privileges for the few, and the yoke for the many. This was the message of Rousseau, startling, imperious, freighted with thunder and war, but the truest and grandest message ever spoken to human ears, for in it is the glory of civilization and the real majesty of nations.

THE PARIS SALON.

Perhaps the most wonderful thing in this wonderful age was the Paris Salon. Here was a society, a truly anarchistic society, where only beauty and genius reigned, flourishing in the very heart of despotism and doing more than anything else to overthrow all authority. Here was wit and wisdom, philosophy and poetry, all the graces and all the arts ; here was courtesy, fashion, nobility, culture, learning, elegance, and wealth. It was like a fairy world indeed, where life was simply luxury, yet a fairy world of splendor and joy on the very bosom of a volcano ; itself, in fact, creating that volcano, its very atmosphere of delight and refinement being the electric force to make lurid and destructive the after years. Yet they knew it not, careless and unconscious, rich and favored beings ; Free-thinkers, but Freethinkers simply for the intense pleasure of mental liberty, criticising and overthrowing beliefs, doubting, questioning, searching ; laughing philosophers, to whom the gods were only sport and play. Little did the inhabitants of this brilliant world realize what thunderbolts they were forging, that they were setting the world to thinking as never before, that they were destroying

the very foundations of their own social prestige. They imagined, perhaps, it was all among themselves that these thoughts flashed. They did not know that these thoughts went far beyond into a million minds, to flame eventually in lightning splendor. The Paris Salon unconsciously points the index finger to the French Revolution. In it is the making of the French Revolution. We might say that without the salon there would have been no Revolution; at least, the Revolution would not have contained the vast intellectual power that it did. In the Paris Salon were congregated the most famous geniuses in Europe—wits, scholars, poets, artists; politicians like Walpole, philosophers like Hume, writers like Gibbon; the most beautiful women were there, gifted and royal by nature's opulence. There was freedom and equality, the ideal state of Rousseau, for each was welcomed and honored for what he was, and not merely for rank and riches. There was democracy indeed in this radiant and entrancing circle. It was the reign of intellect, the throne of genius, the scepter of wit. There were no artificial distinctions after entrance was gained to this kingless realm, for one's own endowments and acquirements gave the badge of honor. No wonder this became a potent world, no wonder it became a creative power, no wonder it glittered with thoughts which afterwards thundered to the nations the fall of the Bastile.

This world, broad as the universe in its intellectual sweep, was narrow in its social range, and therefore doomed to destruction. It was a limited and not a universal democracy, but for the time in which it flourished it was an immense blessing. It was one of the mightiest Freethought forces in human history. It struck a blow at authority, at the church, at the throne, from which these have never recovered. It was selfish, luxurious, easy-going. It ate, drank, and was merry. It was animated by no sublime purpose. It builded, or rather it destroyed,

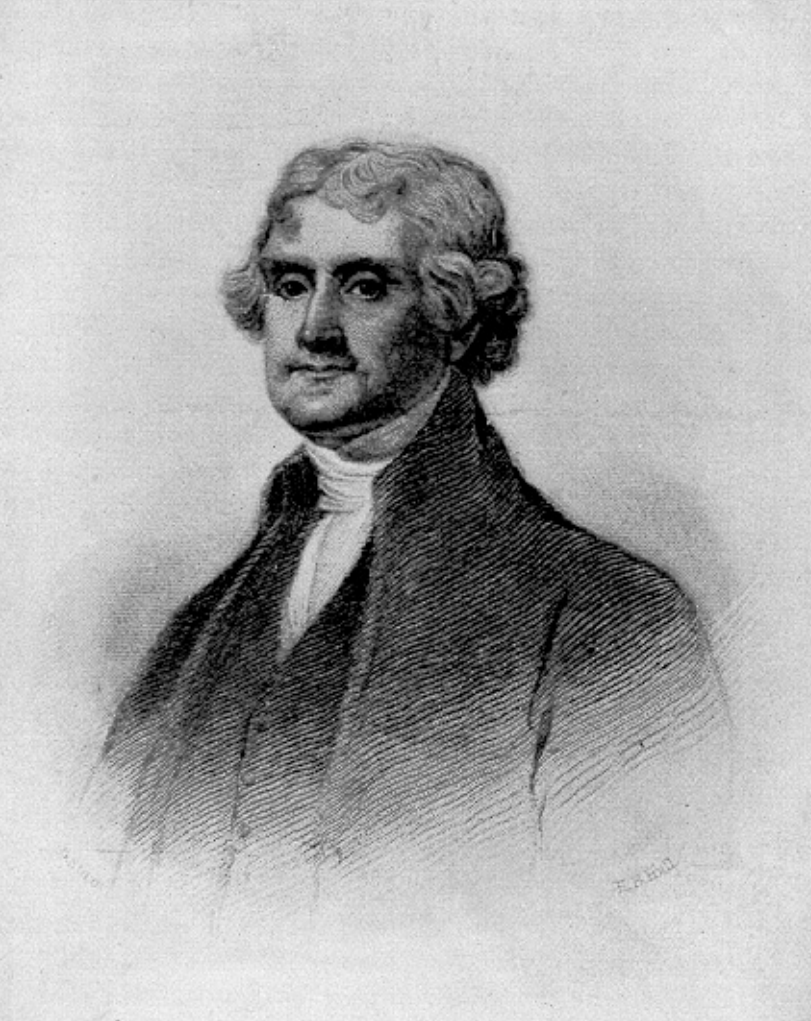
better than it knew. It was a radiant revelry, but it was a world of genius. It was something new, original, and magnificent. In the midst of all its ornamental surroundings was the piercing power of thought, and thus it became a resplendent and powerful instrument of human progress.

Says the historian, writing of Gibbon's visit to Paris :

"Gibbon seems to have been little, if at all, aware of the extraordinary character of the society of which he became a spectator, and, for a time, a member. He does not seem to have been conscious that he was witnessing one of the most singular social phases that has yet been presented in the history of man. And no blame attaches to him for this. No one of his contemporaries saw deeper in this direction than he did. It is a remarkable instance of the way in which the widest and deepest social movements are veiled to the eyes of those who see them, precisely because of their width and depth. Foreigners, especially Englishmen, visited Paris in the latter half of the eighteenth century and reported variously of their experience and impressions. Some, like Hume and Sterne, are delighted; some, like Gibbon, are quietly and thoroughly pleased; some, like Walpole, though he, perhaps, is a class by himself, are half pleased and half disgusted. They all feel that there is something peculiar in what they witness, but never seem to suspect that nothing like it was ever seen before in the world. One is tempted to wish they could have seen with our eyes, or, much more, that we could have had the privilege of enjoying their experience, of spending a few months in that singular epoch when "society," properly so-called, the assembling of men and women in drawing-rooms, for the purpose of conversation, was the most serious as well as the most delightful business of life. Talk and discussion in the senate, the market-place, are cheap; even barbarians are not wholly without them. But their refinement and con-

centration in the *Salon*, of which the president was a woman of tact and culture, this is a phenomenon which never appeared but in Paris in the eighteenth century. And yet scholars, men of the world, men of business, passed through this wonderland with eyes blindfolded. They are free to enter, they go, they come, without a sign that they have realized the marvelous scene that they were permitted to traverse. One does not wonder that they did not perceive that, in those graceful drawing-rooms, filled with stately company of elaborate manner, ideas and sentiments were discussed and evolved which would soon be more explosive than gunpowder. One does not wonder that they did not see ahead of them—men never do. One does rather wonder that they did not see what was before their eyes. But wonder is useless and a mistake. People who have never seen a volcano cannot be expected to fear the burning lava, or even to see that a volcano differs from any other mountain.”

What pictures pass before the mind of that exciting period. The Jesuits were tottering to their fall. Free-thought never had a more wily, persistent, far-reaching, and diabolical foe than the Jesuit. The order was established in 1540. The general of the order was chosen for life, and was to be obeyed as God. The members were vowed to poverty, chastity, obedience. They were to go wherever commanded. They were absolutely subject to the pope, and not to the church. They penetrated into the remotest corners of the earth. They silently engrossed the education of the young. There was no guise under which the Jesuit might not be found—a barefoot beggar, a learned professor, a man of the world. They sat in the cabinets of kings. To the Jesuit all things were proper for the sake of the church. His was the motto: “The end justifies the means.” Murder, falsehood, conspiracy—anything was right if it helped the cause. They were spies upon each other; and under oath to reveal



everything to the superior. They were mixed up with almost every affair; were at the bottom of every intrigue. They made use of commerce, business, love, disappointment, hatred, revenge, every human passion and weakness, for the accomplishment of their purpose.

An intolerable apprehension of their vast and unscrupulous agency made all Europe put them down at last. Men found within the silken glove an iron hand. It was like a prodigious, yet invisible, machine, existing in the very heart of society, while its movements were unknown, except some event flashed to the surface. The organization was known to exist, with enormous wealth, with thousands committed to its mandate without any reserve; a unit in its tremendous potency; and yet where was it? who could reach it? who could contend against it? It was like a shadow, penetrating like a baleful pestilence, of which all kings, statesmen, courtiers, great ladies, and even good Catholics who were not within that secret circle, were in terror, and knew not when they might be smitten by that awful power. They were suppressed by the parliament of Paris in 1762; and by the edict of the king in November, 1764, and were abolished by a papal bull in 1773. They, however, have again been restored; but through the influence of Voltaire and the Encyclopedists the society, at this time, was under the popular ban. Voltaire, in his early life, had experience of the methods and spirit of the order of the Jesuits, and he was their uncompromising and powerful foe.

The *Encyclopedica*, shining over the fall of the Jesuits, was the rising power for freedom and progress.

This was one of the greatest undertakings in literature, a work which excited extraordinary attention, and exercised a marvelous influence on men's opinions and was dreaded by the church, not only for its learning and genius, but for the revolutionary ideas which sparkled upon its freighted pages. The Jesuits persecuted its

authors and sought to destroy it. Fortunately, their power was waning, and the perseverance of Diderot through a thousand difficulties completed this monumental work.

Diderot was born in 1713 and died in 1784. "Diderot," says Victor Hugo, "a vast intelligence, inquisitive, a tender heart, a thirst for justice, wished to give certain notions as the foundation of true ideas, and created the encyclopedia."

A bookseller applied to him with a project for the translation into French of Chambers's Cyclopaedia. He persuaded the bookseller to enter on a new project, to collect under one roof all the active writers, all the new ideas, and the new knowledge that was then in the cultivated world. In 1750 an elaborate prospectus announced the publication, and in 1751 the first volume was given to the press, and not until 1772 was the final volume put forth. There were over four thousand subscribers. The ecclesiastical party detested the *Encyclopedia*, in which they saw, and rightly, a new stronghold for their philosophic enemies. The *Encyclopedia* takes for granted the justice of religious tolerance and speculative freedom. It asserts distinctly the democratic doctrine that it is the common people in a nation whose welfare ought to be the main concern of government. From beginning to end it is one unbroken exaltation of scientific knowledge and peaceful industry.

Among the contributors to the work were Voltaire, Euler, Marmontel, Montesquieu, D'Anville, D'Holbach, and Turgot. Such was the opposition to the work and the indignities heaped upon its authors, and the interference of governmental authorities, that D'Alembert and Turgot withdrew. Diderot completed the work as best he could. For seven years he labored like a slave at the oar. He wrote several hundred articles. He wore out his eyesight in correcting proofs. He was incessantly



harassed by alarms of a descent from the police ; and at the very last moment he suffered the crowning mortification—the bookseller, Lebreten, and his foreman hastily, secretly, and by night, cut out whatever appeared daring or likely to give offense, mutilated most of the best articles and burnt the manuscript as they proceeded. The discovery put Diderot into a state of frenzy and despair from rage and grief. The monument to which he had given twenty long and oppressive years was thus irreparably defaced. The annual salary of Diderot for this work was one hundred and twenty pounds sterling. “And to think,” says Voltaire, “that an army contractor made eight hundred pounds in a day.”

Mutilated as it was, however, the *Encyclopedia* contained new and fruitful ideas for every field of intellectual interest. No encyclopedia has been of such political importance, or occupied such a place in the civil and literary history of its race. It sought not only to give information, but to guide opinion. It was opposed to the clergy, and treated dogma historically. It attacked the despotic government as well as Christianity itself. No work was produced under greater difficulties or exercised more widespread influence.

Diderot's special department was philosophy, arts, and trades. He passed whole days in workshops, and began by examining a machine carefully ; then he had it taken to pieces and put together again ; then he watched it work and finally worked it himself.

He announced the principles of a new drama—the serious, domestic, bourgeois drama of real life—in opposition to the classic French stage. He gave a decisive bias to the genius of Lessing, which has exercised so powerful an influence upon the modern theater.

In pictorial art the criticisms of Diderot are fertile in ideas. His *Essay on Painting* is justly described by Goethe as “a magnificent work, which speaks more helpfully to

the poet than to the painter, though to the painter it is as a blazing torch." "Before Diderot," says Madame Necker, "I had never seen anything in pictures except dull and lifeless colors; it was his imagination that gave them relief and life, and it is almost a new sense for which I am indebted to his genius."

Diderot, above all things, was interested in the life of men, not the abstract life of the race, but the incidents of individual character, the relations of concrete motives, the pathos and problems of common life.

Diderot was an Atheist, and turned for the hope of the race to virtue, to such a regulation of conduct and motive as shall make one tender, pitiful, simple, contented. He hated the political system of France, which made the realization of universal domestic tranquillity so hard, since it was not for the benefit of the common people.

Along with Diderot shine other great figures—Buffon, the founder of naturalism; Montesquieu, who discovered in law the eternal right; Helvetius, whom Voltaire called his "Young Apollo;" Condillac, a luminous and admirable philosopher; D'Alembert, a model of accurate thinking and elegant composition, who did not conceal his manly hostility to the Christian religion. He was a foundling. His foster-mother, who tenderly cared for him for over thirty years, did not much rejoice in his fame. "You will never," she said, "be anything but a philosopher. And what is a philosopher? A 'fool who plagues himself during his life that men may talk of him after his death.'" D'Alembert was a born mathematician. Neither theology, law, nor medicine, which he successively studied, could lure him from his first love. Satisfied with a small income, he did not aspire after opulence or honors. His fame spread rapidly throughout Europe. After the death of Voltaire he was regarded as the leader of the philosophical party in the Academy. The author of "Biographie Universelle" says: "D'Alembert should be ranked

as high as any contemporary geometer, when we consider the difficulties he overcame, the intrinsic value of the methods which he invented, and the ingenuity of his ideas."

Conspicuous in the Salon, around whose table gathered the most distinguished men of the time, is the opulent and elegant D'Holbach. What a world of wit and wisdom would flash upon us if the conversations of his Sunday entertainments could be reported. There was revolution of all sorts—Deism, Patheism, and Atheism. The most daring theories were broached. There was perfect liberty. The genial host, the author of the "System of Nature," one of the clearest and most vigorous books ever written, which shocked even the enlightened skeptics of Paris, was open-minded to every doctrine, however radical or absurd. Diderot, who was much more powerful in talking than writing, was famous for his inspiring declamations. Rousseau was there, Montesquieu, D'Alembert, all contributing to the sparkling thought of the occasion. D'Holbach was a man of the world. His philosophy was that of a man of the world. He regarded religion as men of the world regard it, as a superstition. He had no sentiments or fancies, but plain common sense. He was fond of amusement and social entertainment. He was shrewd enough to avoid the oppression of the powers that be. He published his works anonymously. He lacked the enthusiasm of Rousseau, the vast ability of Diderot, the glittering genius of Voltaire, but he was cultivated, strong, bold, and a consistent thinker; and he was undoubtedly, by means of his wealth, culture, amiability, charming manners, and courageous spirit, one of the great forces of that disintegrating era, a man to be remembered and honored for his service to Freethought. He was really the most advanced intellect of his time. He says: "Man is the work of nature. He exists in nature. He is submitted to her laws. He cannot deliver himself from them.

He cannot step beyond them, even in thought. It is in vain his mind would spring forward beyond the visible world; an imperious necessity ever compels his return; for a being formed by nature, who is circumscribed by her laws, there exists nothing beyond the great whole of which he forms a part."

Woman played an important part in the Paris Salon. Her genius was recognized, applauded, and admired as never before in any society in the world. She was admitted as an equal. She swayed by virtue of her talents. The old theological idea was banished. The soul, the genius, the learning, as well as the grace and the beauty of woman, were acknowledged. Woman was looked upon as an intellectual companion, as capable of giving as well as receiving the treasures of human thought. Her "rights" were never questioned, as they never will be questioned in any ideal society, and the Paris Salon, so far as it went, was a truly free and equal commonwealth. There were no "upper classes," or "lower classes," or "caste," or "sex;" it was a society of congenial minds, where the intellect only was the standard of the man and the woman.

There were the salons of Madam Geoffrin, Madame Helvetius, Madame du Deffand, and the deep-eyed de Lespinasse, around whom hovers the romance of the love and friendship of D'Alembert. What a picture could be given of the world's progress in its deeper, inner currents if we could look upon the extraordinary brilliancy of these gatherings, under the auspices of these beautiful women. What a pathos and sublimity about these luminous halls, when we remember the after results, the ruin and tragedy which followed; a king and queen executed, the streets of Paris drenched in blood, and many a fair and noble head rolling beneath the guillotine; when women, young and old, gray-beards and youth, learned to die with stoic indifference.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The French Revolution burst upon the world, "the greatest, the most unmixed, the most unstained and wholly perfect blessing Europe has had in modern times, unless, perhaps, we except the invention of printing," says Wendell Phillips. Victor Hugo calls it "a blest and superb catastrophe which formed the conclusion of the past and the opening of the future."

Certainly the French Revolution is the greatest event which ever took place in human history. It was not a transitory cataclysm. It was the tremendous result of vast processes before, of thought, of sentiment, of philosophy, art, and literature. It was an incarnation of poetic justice. Sudden in its fury, it was slow in its accumulations of power. It was the flowing together of many streams. It was a display of genius unapproachable in grandeur and magnitude. It was not a revolution, so much as it was an evolution, the profoundest in the sweep of time. It seemed a reversion to original elements, and yet it was a transformation to higher life. It was a tidal wave of progress,

"Now dark, now glittering,
Now lending splendor, now reflecting gloom."

It was a universal movement. Every throne tottered and every slave felt a thrill of hope. Its flame encircled the planet. Its thunders reverberated to distant shores. The American Revolution which preceded it in time was still its result in the domain of ideas, for before its palpable birth it existed in the chambers of immortal genius. It was born a giant, full-grown like Minerva from the brain of Jove. The fall of the Bastille and the Declaration of Independence are contemporary in the world of thought. There was no precedence, no cause and effect, no antecedent and consequent,

but an actualization in each of what had already been bodied forth in the mind of man. The intellectual French Revolution which preceded its physical manifestation was what created the American republic. Blind is he who thinks the French Revolution was simply an ebullition of popular discontent; that it could have been avoided by some trivial compromise. No peace was possible under the circumstances. Nothing could have stayed that onward march, any more than Saturn by strength or strategy could have stayed the triumphant Jove. A new era was coming, and no king or priest or political juggler could alter that imperious destiny. A thousand forces were in play. From martyr fires, and dungeon gloom; from rack and fagot, and blazing home, and bloody field; from cries of agony and tears of despair; from philosopher's closet, the poet's burning heart, and secret cell of science; from Galileo's telescope and Ziska's sword; from the skies of Nolan and Taurisano; from the halls of Ferney; from the workshop and the student's lamp; from the palace even of the king, the hut of the mountaineer and the vine-clad cottage on the plain; from crowded street and forest depth; from ragged multitude and jeweled assembly; from garret and drawing-room; from music low and sweet on lips of love, and martial strain; from book and song and speech, came the creative energies of this surpassing moment. There never was a period dowered with such wealth of meaning; that had back of it such intensities of endeavor; such potencies and glories of life; such centuries of heroism, patience, struggle, sacrifice, victory, pain, horror, despair, hope, defeat, fruition, eloquence, melody, beauty, nobleness, fires of genius, heights of thought, tenderness and magnificence of emotion. In all these things is fountained the French Revolution; and in its plenitude of action, velocity of achievement, immensity of power, and swiftness of destruction is seen not only what millions of people were thinking and doing in that "grand and awful



time," but what millions of people had been thinking and drifting to and sweeping to in the many generations before; and this was not the outbreak of an age only, but the product of a mighty and immeasurable past.

What was the French Revolution? It was the voice of the people. It was the equality of man. It was liberty. It was justice. It was the breaking down of oppression, the overthrow of king and priest, of throne and church. It was the abolition of the dungeon, of the rack, the thumbscrew, and the stake. It was the martyr's crown, and the despot's crack of doom. It was the light of reason—the glory of science. It was humanity.

It pointed to the future. It awoke the nations. It liberated and aroused all faculties. It gave courage, determination, and sublime hope to every man. It was the baptism of civilization which, without this renewal, would have rotted to the core. It was the turning point of human history, a revealing of fresh possibilities, higher powers, and brighter destinies. It was the enfranchisement of the race, the transformation of chains into railroads and electric wires. It was the advance of industry, and the illuminated path of thought.

And yet the old orthodox party, linked with the dead past, croaks of the "horrors" of the French Revolution and "The Reign of Terror." Were there no horrors before in the path of the Christian church? Mark the bloody way of the Crusades, the slaughter of the Waldenses, the drenched soil of Bohemia, the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Were there no horrors when Cromwell took the throne? Was there no "reign of terror" in Boston and Salem when the Puritans were obeying the mandate of the Bible, "Suffer not a witch to live?" The garments of the church are scarlet and sodden with blood, and yet, with hypocritical leer, she points her trembling finger at the horrors of the French Revolution, where

thousands perished indeed; but what were these to the millions that the church has slain?

Yes, it is too true that in the throes of the French Revolution the terrific lessons of orthodoxy were repeated. Orthodoxy had too long taught the art of murder for even the revolutionist to escape the hereditary influence. The old spirit survived amidst the overthrow of institutions, and freedom, so suddenly acquired, did not throw off from men's minds the ancient intolerance. We cannot expect perfection at once. Justice is a growth. It is the choice result of experience. The revolution gave a chance for the learning of justice, but not the perfect knowledge. The horrors of the Revolution were not the result of itself, but of its antecedents. They were the inheritance of the church.

Says Paine: "Why did they practice such horrid barbarities? Because of the centuries of such examples of cruelty by cruel despotisms."

And Carlyle writes: "Fancy, then, some five full-grown millions of such gaunt figures, with haggard faces, in woolen jupes, with copper-studded leather girths and high sabots, starting up to ask their washed, upper classes, after long, unreviewed centuries, virtually this question: How have ye treated us? How have ye taught us, fed us, and led us while we toiled for you? The answer can be read in flames over the nightly sky. *This* is the feeding we have had of you: *Emptiness* of pocket, of stomach, of head, of heart. Behold, there is *nothing in us*; nothing but what nature gives her wild children of the desert—ferocity and appetite; strength grounded on hunger. Did ye mark among your rights of man that man was not to die of starvation while there was bread reaped by him? It is among the mights of man."

It was partly, also, the fruit of a blind and desperate effort at self-defense. It must be remembered that embattled Europe was against France. The despots were

banded together and, like bloodhounds, would dash upon the new-born child of liberty. It was a life and death conflict. Never, indeed, has one nation so gloriously vindicated its sovereignty. Never was such a magnificent spirit of patriotism shown. It was like a volcanic fire in every heart. Never were there more marvelous deeds of courage and endurance. All honor to France for the greatness of her victories in this hour of peril.

But the imminence and vastness of the danger did create something of that dreadful fear which would make one defend himself like a wild animal at bay. It is no wonder that France, in her terror of secret enemies, should be cruel, unjust, and destructive even of her own best citizens. How pathetic it all is, the crimes committed in the name of liberty! How it saddens and almost breaks the heart! But wisdom says that the evils of liberty can only be remedied by liberty itself. The true order of society, which is the child of liberty, will some day appear. Only by the preservation of liberty can we attain the noblest justice.

Let us not justify one crime of the Revolution, but let us place the origin of the crime where it belongs—in the heart of despotism itself.

Let us remember also that it was religion *per se*, not the Christian religion, I admit, but religion outside of all institutions, that was the direct cause of the "Reign of Terror." Robespierre was a religious man, and because he was a religious man he became the tyrant of the hour. Robespierre quoted with approval the saying: "If there were no God it would be necessary to make one." It is easy to see that a man so believing would be a bigot and despot. For "God" is always opposed to liberty. If the French Revolution had been absolutely under the control of Atheists, there would never have been any reign of terror. It is a historic fact that believers in a God were the originators of these terrific crimes. It was Robespierre's senti-

mental belief in the god of nature that made him so cruel and unrelenting. It was this "God" that urged him on like a fury. At the door of religion, therefore, we lay all the outrages of this time. It was the *deification* of reason, and the *deification* of liberty, that made the wrong. The deification of anything is wrong. Reason is not a deity, liberty is not a deity, and it was this very religious and deifying element in the Revolution that made the crime of it and the curse of it. Let us take reason for what it is worth, but not make a god of it. Use liberty, but as means unto an end, not as a deific be-all and end-all, which it is not. Let us have no gods of any kind, not even a goddess of liberty. It is all a sham. All things that we deal with are human, imperfect, relative, and instrumental, and are in no sense to be gods. Do not enthrone reason even; do not bow down to it, or worship it, but simply use it. Do not enthrone liberty, for in that case it becomes static and not dynamic. Liberty is a condition and not a command.

The example of Robespierre shows that the God of Nature is no better than the God of the Bible. The latter is simply a reflex of the former, as Bishop Butler demonstrates. The only logical escape from Butler's analogy is pure Atheism. The God of Nature is a God of cruelty, a God of war, and the influence of a belief in the God of Nature is shown in the action of Robespierre. The freedom of man is not accomplished when the God of the Bible disappears. The God of Nature must vanish, too.

The horrors of the French Revolution were the result of religion, not of reason and liberty and nature, but in the deification and worship of these, together with the inherited tendencies of the Christian religion itself. The religious element of the Revolution was not its predominating or profoundest element. It was the human element—the human powers liberated and expanded—that made the glory of this momentous epoch

But the "horrors" of the French Revolution were not all on one side. Behold what was done by the nobles in their frantic endeavor to destroy the reign of the people.

Van Laun's History says: "But the peasants do not have it all their own way, the nobles make desperate attempts to break down the insurrection. 'M. de Memmay, lord of Quincy, invites the soldiers, workmen, and peasants to a fête at his château, in honor of triumphal liberty. Scarcely has the dancing commenced before the host retires under the pretext of leaving his guests to their undisturbed enjoyment, in reality to set fire to a match communicating with a mine dug underneath the dancers' feet. The place is blown up, the killed and wounded bestrewing the spot.'

"In another parish the lord of the manor confiscates the only existing fountain by having it inclosed within a wall, thus denying even a drop of water to the wretched beings who have not a crust of bread to still their gnawing hunger. Elsewhere thirty peasants are hanged for having taken some withered twigs; at Douai Parliament executes twelve villagers who took part in a revolt against the monopolists; at Mâcon, twenty peasants who were hungry, and refused to pay the tithes, fell under the axe of the feudal executioner; the nobles of Brest want to hand over the town to the English; everywhere, in fact, the nobles conspire against the people."

But, furthermore, let us compare the establishment of the Church of England with that of the French Republic. This church has been called "the beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother," and yet this "beautiful daughter" was placed in power with far greater butcheries than accompanied the French Revolution, and who has ever heard of the "horrors" of the reign of "Good Queen Bess?"

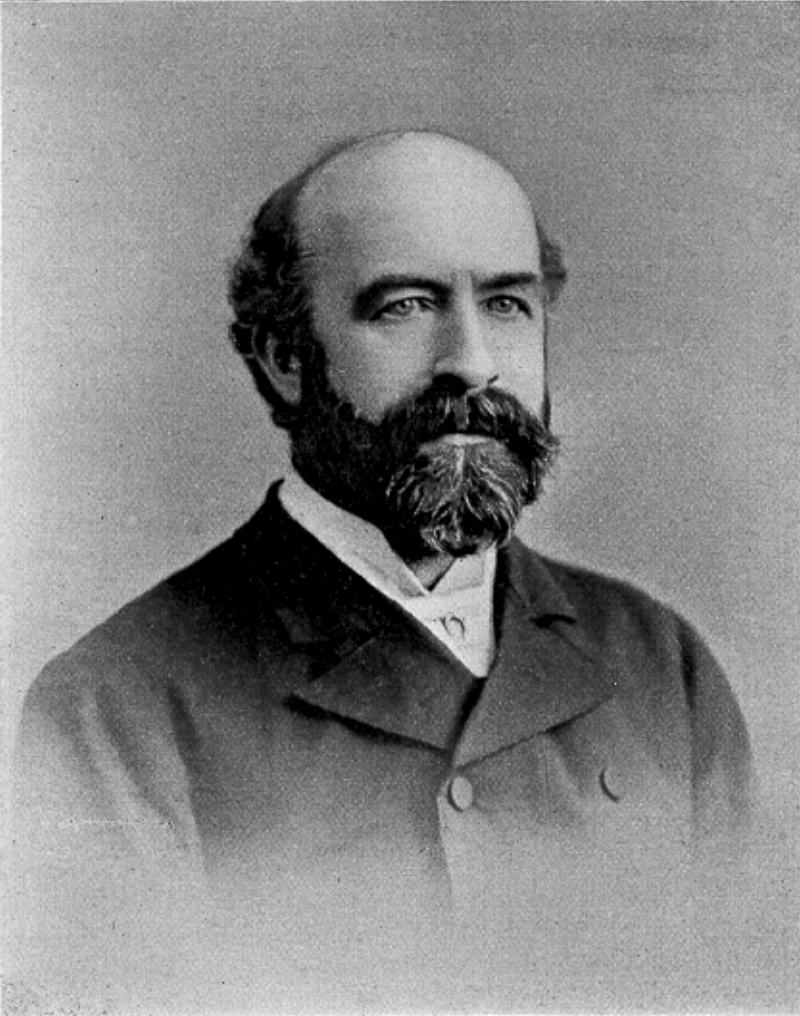
"More Englishmen," says Cobbett, "were slaughtered in one year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for offenses, made such by Act of Parliament, for the sole purpose of

upholding the Church of England, than were put to death for all offenses whatsoever during the whole of the reign of 'Bloody Queen Mary;' more slaughtered in one year for offenses made by Act of Parliament to support this church, than were slaughtered even in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, if we include the deaths in prison and the deaths occasioned by banishment. The historian, Strype, tells us that the queen executed more than five hundred criminals in one year, and was so little satisfied with that number that she threatened to send private persons to see her laws executed.

"The queen reigned for forty-five years, and these forty-five years were spent in such cruelty as the world has never heard of or read of before; and all for the purpose of compelling people to submit to the established church. In these forty-five years there was more cruelty, more bloodshed, more suffering than ever were witnessed in the world, in any other country in a like period of time. There were butcherings, rippings-up, the tearing out the bowels of her subjects, rack and torments of every description."

The following was enacted against the Dissenters: "The offender was to abjure the realm, that is to say, was to banish himself for life; and if he failed to do this; if he did not get out of the kingdom in the course of such time as should be appointed by authority of the queen; or, if he returned into the kingdom without her leave, such a person so offending 'was to be adjudged a felon, and was to suffer without benefit of clergy;' that is to say, suffer the sentence due to arson or murder; to be hanged by the neck till he was dead." Laws equally cruel were passed against the Catholics. Under these laws thousands were imprisoned, tortured, banished, and put to death.

It will be seen that the Church of England, which claims to be the most tolerant church in the world, the



church of culture to-day, adorned with such brilliant names—this church was originally established with more blood and horror, more slaughter and injustice and destruction, than the French Revolution itself. Yet history is silent as to these horrors; they are covered with flowers and forgotten; while the horrors of the French Revolution are perpetually harped upon—horrors created by orthodoxy itself, and whose fountain head was the religion, hypocrisy, superstition, and tyranny of the past. If anything was ever established by crime, by murder, by baseness, by fraud, by a lie, it was the Church of England. It was built upon the tears and despair of millions, Catholic and Dissenter alike.

Again, take Scotland and look at its horrors. Here is one of them, related by Ingersoll:

“About the beginning of the nineteenth century, a boy by the name of Thomas Aikenhead was indicted and tried at Edinburgh for having denied the inspiration of the scriptures, and for having, on several occasions, when cold, wished himself in hell that he might get warm. Notwithstanding the poor boy recanted and begged for mercy, he was found guilty and hanged. His body was thrown into a hole at the foot of the scaffold and covered with stones.”

The following, says Ingersoll, is still in force in the District of Columbia. It has never been repealed:

“If any person, by writing or speaking, blaspheme or curse God, or deny Jesus Christ to be the Son of God, or deny the Holy Trinity, and shall thereof be convicted by verdict, he shall for the first offense be bored through the tongue; and for the second offense be stigmatized by burning on the forehead with the letter B; and for the third offense he shall suffer death without benefit of clergy.”

Was there anything like this in the French Revolution?

The French Revolution has been looked upon even by Liberal writers as altogether destructive; yet it was more

constructive than destructive. Its value as a destroyer is incalculable. Tyranny has never recovered from that prodigious stroke. It never will so long as the present civilization endures. But the philosophy back of the Revolution was preëminently constructive. It was for science as well as political liberty. It was for the improvement and happiness of man on new lines of thought and endeavor. The destruction had to come, but the goal was a nobler society, a grander union of the human race.

Louis de Brouckere writes as follows of this pregnant era :

“The eighteenth century is still imperfectly known and inaccurately appreciated, despite the innumerable works of which it has been the subject. It has had the bad fortune to be attacked at the same time by writers of the conservative school, and by far the greater part of those who clamor for progress. The admirers of the past reproach the last century with the destruction of the traditional organization of society, and do not forgive its bitter criticism of Roman Catholic thought. Those of our contemporaries who have put confidence in the future and who expect from new social forms, now in process of elaboration, the realization of their ideal, too often accuse the century of the Revolution with having done nothing but destroy, without having succeeded in building anything to take the place of what was destroyed.

“According to such writers the construction of a new order of things is the work of our times exclusively, the eighteenth century having no right to claim anything, save that it prepared the way by making a *tabula rasa* of the past. The two parties agree, then, as to the purely negative character of the last century.

“This estimate appears to me inexact and unjust. Certainly, the negative character of the great epoch is that which strikes everyone at first, after a superficial examination. It must necessarily have been so at a time

when all economic, political, intellectual, or moral progress was shackled by a social structure which had grown old, which was in a state of decay and incapable of further evolution.

“Yet did the Revolutionists of that age aim at nothing but annihilation? Did the Revolution construct nothing? Do we not owe to it in the economic world the progress of the principles applicable to organized labor; in the political world the representative system? Do we not find in the works of the learned men, the philosophers, and the publicists of the last century the germ of the theories which have been fully developed in the present century?”

“The thought of our age, so far from being opposed, as has been too often declared, to the thought of the age which preceded ours, is but its normal and regular development, and there is not, perhaps, one important conclusion of our puffed-up time which has not been at least sketched in the works of the Voltaires, the Rousseaus, the Holbachs, the Diderots, or the Condorcets.”

Wendell Phillips relates the following incident:

“When I first entered the Roman states, a custom-house official seized all my French books. In vain I held up to him a treatise by Fenelon, and explained that it was by a Catholic archbishop of Cambrai. Gruffly he answered, ‘It makes no difference; *it is French.*’ As I surrendered the volume to his remorseless grasp, I could not but honor the nation which had made its revolutionary purpose so definite that despotism feared its very language. I only wished that injustice and despotism, everywhere, might one day have as good a cause to hate and fear everything American.”

Thus we behold the far-reaching power of the French Revolution, in the world of thought and the world of action. Its mighty influence has not ceased, will not cease so long as the present civilization stands. There never again will be such gathering together of stupendous forces.

There never again will be such a display of human will and energy. It is a Promethean era, drawing the fire from heaven, and illuminating all the onward march of man, flinging immortal defiance to every form of tyranny and superstition.

THOMAS PAINE.—1734—1809.

But the French Revolution is not understood wholly until we understand Thomas Paine, in whom the soul of Voltaire seemed to find radiant manifestation. What a figure he presents amidst those surging elements, serene and confident as if used to such enormous strife. He never loses his equanimity, although death stares him in the face. He has no particle of fear. He is absolutely self-sacrificing. A plain, simple philosopher, "a stay-maker, unkempt," says Carlyle, and yet, within him, as in the depths of ocean, heaved immeasurable powers. In him was the unconquerable mind. Already had he won fame; already had he created a republic; already his pen had been wielded with the strength of a thunderbolt. He was greeted on French soil with the acclamations of the multitude. He became a member of the Convention—a resident of France. With unalterable devotion he labored for humanity. "Where liberty is *not*, there is my country," he said. In that we find the motive of this sublime spirit. He never sought ease or wealth. He gave his money freely, as he gave his labors. His ambition was simply to do good. The star of liberty shone before him, and he never wavered in its path of light and gloom. Nothing deterred him. He went right on, though the prison and the guillotine were in his path. He trembled before no god, no ghost, no king, no priest, nor the thunders of an angry mob. He was self-centered. He could stand alone, like a mighty rock, with seas and storms breaking upon him. Not Mirabeau, not Danton, shone with a more brilliant genius, nor towered with more rugged strength and

grandeur. Yet he was not imperious. He sought not to command, but to persuade. His weapon was reason and peace, when peace was possible. He delighted not in bloodshed. He rejoiced in art, invention, golden harvest fields, the flowing river bridged with beautiful arches, those things which bind humanity together in a fraternal glory. He was lofty and contemplative, even in danger; yet not at all did he shrink from the ordeal of battle. He is like the picture of the eagle. "Very beautiful," says Richter, "is the eagle when he floats with outstretched wings aloft in the clear blue; but sublime when he plunges down through the tempest to his eyrie on the cliff, where his unfledged young ones dwell and are starving." Paine is like the eagle in the empyrean of thought. He is like the eagle when he meets the surge of tempest in defense of human liberty and justice.

No man was more really in sympathy with the Revolution than Thomas Paine, for no man more thoroughly understood its meaning. He grasped the situation. He comprehended the past, he divined the future. He was both a student and a man of action. He was a part of the intense drama itself. He was not blinded by passion, yet every fibre of his being throbbled with the vast excitement. He was borne onward, yet the clear light ever shone upon his mental vision.

The natural genius of Paine was trained by a wonderful experience. He was a man of the world, and yet no dreamer was ever more unconventional than he. The breath of the new world had inspired and amplified his being. He had mingled with the greatest of men, with full equality, though his origin was humble. It required no effort for him to be on a level with a Franklin, a Washington, a Jefferson. He was born to be great and he achieved greatness. His native talent was extraordinary, and his acquired wisdom was marvelous in its adaptability. Paine was discomposed by no circumstances. He

was not simply equal; he was superior to the occasion, and there was a reserve of power. He always had it in him to do even more than was required. He was never demoralized, never lost his head. Whatever happened, like the typical American, he landed on his feet. He was ready, shrewd, cool, collected, unperturbed, brave, determined, sagacious, keen, with wit, resource, capacity, judgment, farsightedness, patience, politeness, geniality, and enthusiasm. He was an all-round man. He was calm as the front of Jove, like Washington, yet he was eager, spontaneous, poetic, and plunged when the time demanded with superb abandon into the very midst of the bloody arena.

Thomas Paine is one of the greatest characters of history. As in Voltaire was the manifest beginning of the Revolution, in him was its onward power. Across the vast and tumultuous scene these two transcendent men unite, and through them two worlds are linked in harmonious progress. The limpid genius of the one, and the undaunted heroism of the other, conjoin in a bright prophecy of human advancement, and only to-day do we begin to realize the immensity of their achievement, that in them is rooted the flower and grace of man's noblest civilization.

Thomas Paine was born on the 29th of January, 1737, in Thetford, England. His father, Joseph Paine, a stay-maker, was a member of the Society of Quakers. He was taught the usual simple branches of English education, with some lessons also in Latin. He left school at thirteen years of age. He worked for three years in his father's shop. After that he went to London, where he found himself without friends or money. He attached himself for a short season to a privateering vessel. In 1759 he settled at Sandwich and labored at his trade. He married, but his wife died within a year afterwards. Paine then moved to Margate, and thence to London and again



to Thetford. He obtained a position on the Excise and remained a year. He visited London again and became teacher in an academy. He devoted himself to astronomy, natural philosophy, and mathematics. He again returned to the Excise and continued there several years. In 1772 he wrote a brief work, "The Case of the Excise Officer," which attracted considerable attention. An edition of four thousand was printed. His company was sought by men of affluence and brains.

In 1774 he returned to London and became acquainted with Benjamin Franklin. Franklin gave him a letter to a dear friend in America, and in the latter part of 1774 he sailed from England and arrived in America after a voyage of two months.

There were exciting times in the American colonies. The wish for justice from the mother-country was persistent, but the purpose of independence was yet unborn. Paine comprehended the situation and labored at first to bring about a reconciliation. But events convinced him that this course was useless, and in January, 1776, he published "Common Sense." No book has produced directly and immediately such wonderful results as "Common Sense." It was more than a battle. It was more than a million swords or bayonets, or ten thousand cannon. It was more than orations in the senate, or all the pulpits in the land. It went at once to the hearts of the people. It aroused them. It convinced them. It swept them on. It became an irresistible influence, and changed the face of the new world. It unfurled the flag of freedom.

The "Free and Independent States of America." What a magic in those words! What a birth they heralded!

"Far splendoring the sleepy realms of night."

What poetry was in that book—plain, simple, cogent common sense, indeed—but what a revelation to the peo-

ple who had hitherto been groping blindly and unconsciously on! Of this book we may well say:

“Books written when the soul is at spring-tide,
When it is laden like a groaning sky
Before a thunder storm, are power and gladness
And majesty and beauty. They seize the reader
As tempests seize a ship, and bear him on
With a wild joy.”

“Common Sense” was a book like this. The soul of Thomas Paine went forth in that book. Every line of it glittered with the fires of his brain. It was written as a poet writes his song. It was poured forth with a sublime indifference to everything except to the truth of it. There was in it “a spontaneous, original, native force.” It was like the flowing of a fountain, the sweep of a wind, the rush of a comet. Read that book aright and we shall see that in it was the portent of a revolution. Every word was like the modern electric button—unpretentious, but touched by the quivering pen of Paine, it unloosed a mass of light and power. There was no elaborateness of art, no gorgeousness of rhetoric, no sounding eloquence, but straight, invincible speech, sincerity of utterance, honest talk of friend to friend, in an hour of mighty peril, when words become deeds stripped of all ornament and leaping to execution. Thus must we read “Common Sense,” the greatest book ever written in the new world, because in that book the new world received its charter of independence; because in that book for the first time millions saw the wonder that was to be, pierced into the future, and turned their backs forever upon a chained and ignorant past.

As late as November, 1775, the legislature of Pennsylvania elected nine delegates to the continental congress, with the following instructions:

“We direct that you agree upon such measures as

shall afford the best prospect of redressing American grievances and restoring harmony between Great Britain and the colonies, so essential to their welfare and happiness. Though the British parliament and administration have compelled us to resist their violence by force of arms, yet we strictly enjoin that you dissent from and utterly reject any proposition, should such be made, that may cause or lead to a separation from our mother country or a change of the form of this government."

This resolution is an index of the mind of the people, at that time, or rather the apparent mind. There was something else deep in the people, but who dared to unlock it, who dared to give it speech, who dared to set himself alone, almost, even in America, against the vast power of England. It was one thing to ask for redress. It was another to create a revolution. It was one thing to petition, to get on one's knees before the throne, but quite another to defy that throne and fling forth the flag of irreconcilable rebellion. It was the critical moment. It was useless any longer to plead. The tide of public opinion must set one way, or the other. There must be a change, or the conflict would end in submission. Far-seeing Franklin, and others, saw this, but were outwardly indecisive. No puny hand could do this work, no common writer. It must be a master mind whoever did it. It must succeed at once, or disastrously fail. Who was the man of the hour? Who could, with almost one stroke of his pen, turn the people in a radically new direction? Who must exert an influence that had never, in any crisis of history, been exerted by one man before? The American Republic to-day, with its illimitable glory, its forty-four stars blazing on its banner, and belting a continent, can only reply: Thomas Paine!

Edition after edition of this pamphlet were successively printed and distributed all over the land. Scarcely a home was there but what had a copy of "Common

Sense." Congress issued an order that it should be read at the head of the armies. Washington directed the captains in service to read it to their companies. The result was the Declaration of Independence.

What other result could happen after these burning words?

"Every quiet method for peace hath been ineffectual; our prayers have been rejected with disdain; reconciliation is now a fallacious dream. Bring the doctrine of reconciliation to the touchstone of nature; can you hereafter love, honor, and faithfully serve the power that has carried fire and sword into your land? Ye that tell us of harmony, can ye restore to us the time that is past? The blood of the slain, the weeping voice of nature cries, 'tis time to part. The last cord is now broken; the people of England are presenting addresses against us. A government of our own is our natural right. *Ye that love mankind, that dare oppose not only tyranny but the tyrant, stand forth!* Every spot of the old world is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted round the globe. Asia and Africa have long expelled her. Europe regards her like a stranger, and England hath given her warning to depart. *Oh, receive the fugitive, and prepare in time an asylum for mankind.*"

Again, when the dark hours came, he said, with unflinching spirit: "These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier, and the sunshine patriot, will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman."

"*If there must be a war, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace.*"

This was the work which Paine did for America. Landing almost unknown upon its shores, he touched the master-key of its destinies with a greater power than the wisdom of Franklin or the sword of Washington. And

when he left America, what a vision rose before him. The glowing words of Shelley picture that great Republic which he helped to found by his labors and sacrifices, upon whose pathway his genius was as the morning star.

“ There is a people, mighty in its youth,
A land beyond the oceans of the West,
Where, though with rudest rite, Freedom and Truth
Are worshiped ; from a glorious Mother’s breast—
Who, since high Athens fell, among the rest
Sate like a Queen of Nations, but in woe,
By inbred monsters outraged and oppressed,
Turns to her chainless child for succor now—
It draws the milk of Power in Wisdom’s fullest flow.
That land is like an eagle, whose young gaze
Feeds on the noontide beam, whose golden plume
Floats moveless on the storm, and in the blaze
Of sunrise gleams when earth is wrapped in gloom ;
An epitaph of glory for the tomb
Of murdered Europe may thy fame be made.
Great People ; as the sands shalt thou become ;
Thy growth is swift as morn, when night must fade ;
The multitudinous earth shall sleep beneath thy shade.
Yes, in the desert thou hast built a home
For Freedom. Genius is made strong to rear
The monuments of man beneath the dome
Of a new heaven ; myriads assemble there
Whom the proud lords of man, in rage or fear,
Drive from their wasted homes.”

And yet again he must do the same preëminent service. England was oppressed with most unjust laws ; the liberty of speech was denied. The English government, frightened by the overwhelming power of the French Revolution, instead of trusting in liberty, drew the sword of tyranny over its own people. Into these conditions Paine plunged with his usual fearlessness and

vigor, and shot forth that thunderbolt, "The Rights of Man." It was in answer to Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution." That such a man as Burke should write such a book as that in such a time shows the blind and perturbed state of the English people. Burke was one of the greatest writers and orators in the English language. There is scarcely his superior in genius. He has given some of the noblest contributions to the literature of the race. Like Plato, he married philosophy to poetry, and he was almost equal to Plato in the magnificence of his intellectual endowments. There is no doubt he wrote his honest sentiments, and he mainly represented the drift of public opinion in England. No ordinary man could have met a crisis like this. Burke was strong not only in his own eloquence and superior ability, but because there was back of him such a vast support in the nation. Paine was more than fitted for the contest. Equally a master of language with Burke; equally gifted in the power of thought, better informed, there was in this leader of the people a profounder sympathy with man, a nobler confidence in freedom, a finer conception of justice, than in his antagonist, and he won a decisive victory. Hundreds of thousands of copies of the book were sold. The government tried to suppress it. They could not. This book has changed the government of England itself. It has become the living constitution of Great Britain.

Of this book Ingersoll says: "This work should be read by every man and woman. It is concise, accurate, natural, convincing, and unanswerable. It shows great thought; an intimate knowledge of the various forms of government; deep insight into the very springs of human action; and a courage that compels respect and admiration. The most difficult political problems are solved in a few sentences. The venerable arguments in favor of wrong are refuted with a question—answered with a word. For forcible illustration, apt comparison, accuracy and clear-



ness of statement, and absolute thoroughness, it has never been excelled."

Paine had a great work to do in France, to guide the Revolution to the goal of a Republic. He failed for the time being. The Revolution overwhelmed the Republic, and the despotism of a democracy was established, a despotism as cruel as that of an absolute monarchy. Paine labored for constitutional liberty. He opposed, at the peril of his life, the execution of Louis Capet. "Kill the king, but not the man," was his motto. This was not only a generous sentiment, but sound political doctrine. Paine was not a sentimentalist. He was a far-seeing statesman. He dealt with principles and would accept their logic whatever the consequence.

Paine was opposed to despotism of every kind—the despotism of a democracy as well as that of a monarchy; and as a monarchy should be limited by a constitution, so should a democracy.

The object of a constitution is to defend the rights of a minority. A democracy in which the will of the majority is the source of law is as much to be objected to by every freeman as that the will of one man shall be the source of law. Jefferson states that no man surrenders any natural right when he comes in the association of the state. This is the only true doctrine—no surrender of individual rights to any form of government. France, in spite of the warnings of Paine, drifted into party rule and the despotism of the majority; and hence "The Reign of Terror," the imprisonment of Paine himself and his narrow escape from the guillotine. But the principles of Paine are sure to triumph—the principles of constitutional democracy and the rights of man.

Paine thus clearly states his position :

"Had a constitution been established two years ago as ought to have been done, the violences which have since desolated France and injured the character of the Revolu-

tion, would, in my opinion, have been prevented. The nation would have had a bond of union, and every individual would have known the line of conduct he was to follow. But instead of this a revolutionary government, a thing without either principle or authority, was substituted in its place; virtue, or crime, depended upon accident; and that which was patriotism one day became treason the next. All these things have followed the want of a constitution; for it is the nature and intention of a constitution to prevent governing by a party, by establishing a common principle that shall limit and control the power and impulse of party, and that says to all parties, *Thus far shalt thou go and no farther*. But in the absence of a constitution, men look entirely to party; and instead of principle governing party, party governs principle.

“An avidity to punish is always dangerous to liberty. It leads men to stretch, to misinterpret, and to misapply even the best of laws. *He that would make his own liberty secure must guard even his enemy from oppression; for if he violates this duty he establishes a precedent that will reach himself.*”

It will thus be seen how Paine represented the immortal part of the Revolution; that which is destined to survive with civilization itself, and be an incalculable political blessing. In Paine, more than in any other man, more than in Voltaire or Rousseau, do we see the shining principles of that government which is “of the people, by the people, and for the people.” Voltaire emphasized justice. Rousseau emphasized liberty. Paine emphasized both liberty and justice, that liberty for all must be justice for all, and that justice for all finds its surest guarantee in liberty for all. To reconcile liberty and justice, the state with the individual, is the greatest problem of civilization; and Paine anticipated the world by a hundred years in some of his pregnant maxims, while through him

the French Revolution as well as the American Revolution acquired its noblest meaning and unequaled benefit to mankind.

When we contemplate the career of Paine, the song of the poet will inevitably surge within our hearts :

“ We may veil our eyes, but we cannot hide
 The sun’s meridian glow ;
 The heel of a priest may tread us down,
 And a tyrant work us woe ;
 But never a truth has been destroyed ;
 They may curse it and call it crime ;
 Pervert and betray, or slander and slay,
 Its teachers for a time ;
 But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
 As round and round we run ;
 And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
 And justice shall be done.”

CONDORCET.—1743—1794.

A beautiful and heroic figure appears by the side of Thomas Paine in these dark and tumultuous hours—Condorcet. What a pathos, that makes the heart bleed, surrounds his death! A noble spirit, richly endowed, giving all to freedom, occupying a commanding position, filled with hope for humanity, and yet, at last, in a dungeon’s gloom, after untold sufferings, dying in horror and despair. We cannot forget his great name, his splendid services, his vast genius in the roll of Freedom’s martyrs. No man did more with Paine to bring out all that was best and brightest in the French Revolution, and to make it point onward to a happy future. A keen, delicate, wise, logical, imaginative, comprehensive mind he was, illuminated with the treasures of the past, infusing them with new promise, and heralding the perfectibility of man through liberty and reason.

Marquis de Condorcet was born 17th of September, 1743. His first public distinction was gained in mathematics, but, with his many-sided intellect, it was impossible for him to be a specialist. Philosophy and literature attracted him no less than geometry. In 1769 he was received as member of the Academy of Sciences. D'Alembert and Voltaire, for whom he had great affection, and by whom he was highly esteemed, contributed largely to the formation of his opinions. He helped in the preparation of Diderot's *Encyclopedia*.

Condorcet was, of course, hurried along by the conflicts and confusion of the Revolution. He greeted with enthusiasm the advent of democracy and labored to hasten its triumphs. He was chosen by the Parisians to represent them in the legislative assembly. He was chief author of the address to the European powers when they threatened France with war. At the trial of Louis XVI. he voted him guilty of conspiring against liberty, but, with Paine, voted not to put him to death. He took an active part with Paine in framing a constitution. His sympathy with the Girondists led to his accusation and condemnation. Friends sought for him a refuge at the house of a Madame Vernet. Without even knowing his name, this truly heroic woman said: "Let him come, and lose not a moment, for while we talk he may be seized." When he found that his presence exposed his protectress to a terrible danger he resolved to seek a refuge elsewhere. He baffled the vigilance of his generous friend and escaped. He hid for three days and nights in the thickets and stone quarries of Clamart. On the evening of April 7, 1794, he entered a tavern and called for an omelette. "How many eggs in your omelette?" "A dozen." "What is your trade?" "A carpenter." "Carpenters have not hands like these, and do not ask for a dozen eggs in an omelette." His papers were demanded. He had none to show. The villagers seized him, bound him, haled him

forthwith on bleeding feet towards the jail ; he fainted by the way, was set on a horse offered in pity by a passing peasant, and at the journey's end was cast into a cold, damp prison cell. When the jailers looked in on the morning his body lay dead on the floor.

Condorcet's fame rests chiefly on the work he wrote when lying concealed from the emissaries of Robespierre in the house of Madame Vernet, "Historical Sketch of the Progress of Man." It is thoroughly anti-Christian, opposed to priests and rulers. His fundamental idea is human perfectibility manifested in the continuous progress of the past. He represents man as starting from the lowest stage of barbarism, with no superiority over other animals except that of bodily organization. The stages through which man has already passed are regarded as nine in number. In the first epoch men are hunters and fishers. The second epoch is the pastoral state where there is some leisure and the simpler arts. The third is the agricultural, where means of communication are increased and extended. The fourth and fifth epochs correspond with Greece and Rome. The Middle Ages are divided into two epochs—the former of which terminated with the Crusades and the latter with the invention of printing. The eighth epoch extends from the invention of printing to the revolution in the method of inquiry accomplished by Descartes. The ninth epoch begins with that great intellectual movement and closes with the Revolution of 1789, which epoch, says Condorcet, is illustrious with the discovery of the system of the universe by Newton ; of human nature by Locke and Condillac ; and of society by Turgot and Rousseau. There is a tenth epoch, and in this we find the most original part of Condorcet's essay. He argues that there are three tendencies manifested in human history which must make for human progress : First, the destruction of inequality between nations ; second, the destruction of inequality

between classes; third, the improvement of individuals, intellectually, morally, and physically. The equality he argues for is not, of course, absolute equality, but equality in freedom and rights.

This book is full of hope. It inspires. One may not agree with all its details, but its general ideas are lofty and magnificent. This book makes Condorcet a living influence to-day. His tragic death ennobles and immortalizes his glorious dreams. They come from a heart passionately devoted to truth and liberty.

VOLNEY.—1757—1820.

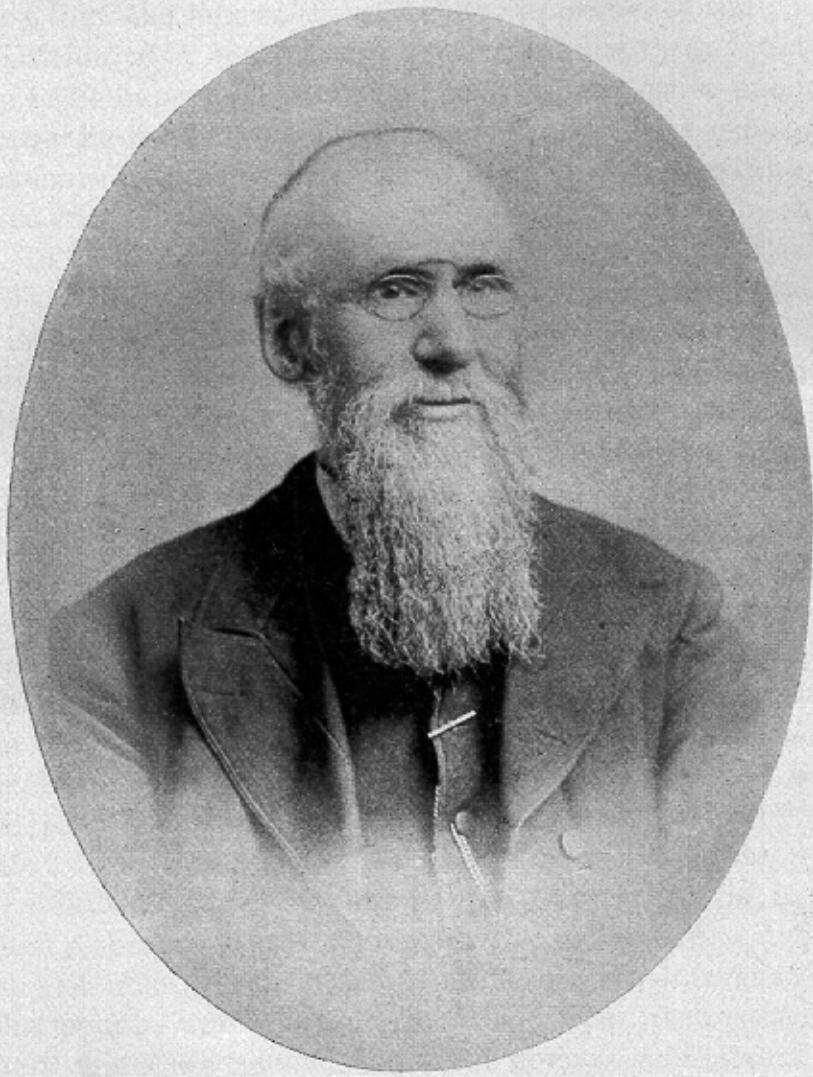
Amidst these disasters and catastrophes shines with milder luster the planet of Volney that by some charming fortune circles placidly through these epoch-making years. He was born February 3, 1757. At the age of seventeen he went to Paris.

In 1783 he started on foot to Egypt and Syria, with a knapsack on his back, a gun on his shoulder, and gold concealed in a belt. He shut himself up for eight months in a Coptic monastery, where he made himself master of Arabic. He traveled four years and then returned to France.

He published in 1787 the best description of Egypt and Syria that had yet appeared. It obtained a rapid and general success. The Empress Catherine sent the author a medal. When, in 1789, the empress declared war against France, Volney returned the gift, saying: "If I obtained it from her esteem, I can only preserve her esteem by returning it."

The Revolution opened to Volney a political career. He was deputy in the States-General. He proposed and carried this resolution: "The French nation renounces from this moment the undertaking of any war tending to increase its territory."

In an essay on the sale of domain lands, he lays down these principles which lie at the heart of present reforms:



“The force of a state is in proportion to its population; population is in proportion to plenty; plenty is in proportion to tillage; and tillage to personal and immediate interest, that is, to the spirit of property. Whence it follows that the nearer the cultivator approaches the passive condition of a mercenary, the less industry and activity are to be expected from him; and, on the other hand, the nearer he is to the condition of a free and entire proprietor, the more extension he gives to his own forces, to the produce of his lands, and to the general prosperity of the state.”

In 1792 he went to Corsica, and returned to Paris in 1793. He was accused of disloyalty to liberty, and imprisoned for ten months. In 1794 he was appointed Professor of History in the Normal School. Immense and applauding audiences attended his lectures.

He visited America in 1795. Washington bestowed upon him marks of honor and friendship. He returned to France 1798. He was offered high official positions, but refused. It has been said of him, “although he refused to work with the ruling powers of that day, he never ceased to work for the people.” His “Ruins” is a book which will immortalize him in the annals of Freethought. He was a learned, brave, independent, and tireless seeker for truth. He traveled the four quarters of the globe. He read the lessons of history amidst the ruins of time. The following shows his progressive and philosophic spirit:

“Nature has established laws. Your part is to obey them; observe reason and profit by experience. It is the folly of man which ruins him, let his wisdom save him. The people are ignorant, let them acquire instruction; their chiefs are wicked, let them correct and amend; for such is nature’s decree. Since the evils of society spring from cupidity and ignorance, men will never cease to be persecuted till they become enlightened and wise; till they practice justice founded on a knowledge of their relations and of the laws of their organization.”

CHAPTER XIV.

SHELLEY.—1792-1822. GOETHE.—1749-1832.

THREE grand poetic eras have adorned and glorified the history of man; eras that are simply wonderful in the depth and splendor of their poetic capacity; where the human mind is the most vigorous, the most elastic, the most mobile, the most penetrating, the most brilliant and overflowing; radiant with imagination; responsive to all the beauty and grandeur of nature; creative and kindling, glancing from earth to heaven, and heaven to earth; illuminating the onward path of man; giving new hopes, new thoughts; flushing the world with a diviner atmosphere, and giving a fresh significance to every object of sense. Only three such eras have ennobled the world's history, making it so beautiful, so entrancing, so consoling, that, no matter what may be the darkness of one's lot, the tragedy of life, these grand ages make one endure the littleness of his own destiny with a triumphant expectation, for what man has done, man may do, and the genius of the past is not impossible to the glowing future.

The age of Homer is the first supreme poetic era. A golden age it seems, as we look back to it from this present time, shining through the long vista of years. What made that age, what were the influences of the centuries before; of far-off Ind; of Egypt; of the vast plains of Asia; of the enchanted shores of Europe; of the magnificent Mediterranean, to make this beauteous flower, in the lovely

land of Greece? How fresh, how strong, how expanding must have been the heart of man when glorious Homer touched his lyre. How many poets must have been in that age, and we know not how many of their songs mingled with Homer's master strain. Even if Homer were blind and a beggar, what an age it surely was to have enabled him to pour forth such music. Poetry like this could not be except as the product of a time when the mind of man was at its best, when it was buoyant with poetic inspirations. Homer could not have sung to unappreciative audiences. He could not have been a solitary genius—

“The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle.”

He must have touched elbows with his fellow-men; he must have mingled with them in every variety of scene; he must have been a genial, responsive man; a story-teller he was, indeed, and a story-teller is always popular, even if he is ragged. He may not have been rewarded with gold, but the plaudits of the multitude were always his. Homer was not the one to eat his heart out in loneliness and despair. He had a heart for any fate. He was with the crowd. That was his nature. He was a thoroughly social being, intensely human. There was nothing morbid about him. He was as healthful as a street Arab, drinking in the deliciousness of life with an exuberant spirit, with tingling blood, a quick brain, a supple body. Homer was not a man of the drawing-room or the closet. He was an out-door man. He liked the winds and seas, the woods and hills. He liked the bright-blue sky, the flowing river. He liked man as he was, and took him as he was. He did not create ideals. His heroes are a dreadfully bad lot. They don't arouse our admiration at all, but they interest us deeply, just as our neighbors interest us in the drama of their lives. Our sympathies are with them, for it is as if we ourselves were in the midst of the mighty

battle ; as if we were driving the chariots, and hurling the spear, or biting the dust. Homer writes what he sees. He is no dreamer. He is an observer—the keen newspaper man of his times, who knows how to use his material to the best effect. He paints from nature, and, for that reason, his pictures are marvelous. Think of Homer, roughened by travel, worldly wise, a sight-seer in many lands ; a student, a hail fellow well met, a wanderer in court and camp ; equal with the king, and jovial with soldier and shepherd ; mingling with the harvest train and following the hunt ; seeing all life, all men, all cities, all places ; taking into his ample brain all the impressions of the most gorgeous clime, and the sweetest sceneries, where the oriental mind first touched the splendor of the West, and, amidst mountains and seas, and rivers and forests, and plains and shores of surpassing beauty, revelled in the expectations of a new outlook, in the enchantment of a wide and unknown future. Right here the great heart of Homer beat, right here his luminous brain caught all the glory of earth and sky, and all the riches of experience in the versatile Greek intellect.

And then there were the gods, the divinities, everywhere. How true it is, what Goethe says, that Polytheism is the belief for art, and not Monotheism. A lonely God is no poetic object, and kindles no poetic enthusiasm. Even Dante had to have his Beatrice, and Milton his Lucifer. Monotheism is a dead failure in art and poetry. If poetry must have the god-element, it must be a multitudinous element. There must be gods and goddesses, naiads and nymphs, fairies and gnomes. There must be a divinity in every grotto, fountain, forest, hill, sea, and chamber of the sky. The sun is Apollo, the moon Diana, the thunder Jove, the sea Poseidon. And these gods must be pre-eminently human as they were in Homer's time, passionate, revengeful, ambitious, loving, and beneficent. The gods in Homer's poetry are not a symphony of the true,

the beautiful, and the good. They are a wild, splendid, dramatic representation of man's manifold being,

“Not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food.”

Think of the exquisite land of Greece suffused with such divinity as this—gods sparkling everywhere, in every lovely and sublime prospect, answering to every emotion of the human heart, radiating in the varied seasons; a god of the seed-time and the harvest, a god for the household, for the fruits one ate, for the waters one drank, for the wine and the flowers, for the vast ocean, the starry sky, and golden sun itself.

Was not this a world for poetry; an exhilarating moment? And so Homer's epic rolled forth:

“Whose melody shall haunt the world for aye,
Charming it onward on its golden way.”

And this wonderful poetry of the Homeric era flowed on into the sublime, dramatic poets of Athens. It was not easily exhausted. It was munificent. It was effluent, in Athens, beautiful Athens charmed city of the world, reveling in the loveliness of sea and earth and sky, with luminous hills about it, resplendent waves ever before it, and soft skies above it! With renewed brilliance the grand poetry of Homer gleamed and surged and thundered in the majestic dramas of Sophocles and Eschylus. These flowed from the same fountain as the epic, but the poesy seemed to suffer a

“sea change
Into something rich and strange,”

for the drama was equally original with the epic. It came, not from study, but from nature's burning heart. These dramas are like marble palaces, simple and sublime, with scarce an ornament; illustrious in their native splendor.

needing no embellishment to add to their original brightness. Immortal are these tragedies, speaking to the human heart forever of the wonder of life, its depths, its heights, its glories, its sorrows, its struggles, its victories. How those great mountain peaks of poetic power shine through the vista of ages. It does seem as if that might be a golden age when such geniuses thronged the world; when such poets and philosophers walked the earth; when such thoughts were in men's minds; when imagination was like the sunrise of a summer's day. Across the darkness and horror of a thousand years, how this world of poetry, born of ten thousand years of anterior hopes and joys; the blossom of man's manifold experiences through immeasurable spaces of time in wide wanderings; how it shines like a blessed beacon-light even for the proud civilization of to-day; and we can acquire wisdom still from these ancient sages, and can partake of these rivers of song and story, whose delight will never vanish, whose music will never cease.

“Thus Greece arose, and to its bards and sages
In dream the golden-pinioned genii came,
Even where they slept amid the night of ages,
Steeping their hearts in the divinest flame,
Which thy breath kindled, Power of holiest name;
And oft in cycles since, when darkness gave
New weapons to thy foe, their sun-like fame,
Upon the combat shone, a light to save,
Like paradise, spread forth beyond the shadowy grave.”

Rome succeeded Greece, but Rome brought no great poet like Homer, like Sophocles, like Eschylus. There were eloquent poets, finished poets, like Virgil and Horace, there were beautiful pastoral poets, who sang sweetly of the green fields and woods; and brilliant dramatic poets, like Terence; and there were mighty men of war, but there was no genius to bring forth from the joyous earth its



marvelous music; no one to give new and mighty thoughts to men. In all the centuries of Rome's existence, in all the length and breadth of its magnificent empire, there was not one creative genius. Its songs were the old songs, its gods the old gods, its philosophy, its literature, the fruit of Greece. Rome was simply a world of action, huge, tumultuous, imperious, thundering; wielding the glittering sword, a destroyer, a builder; but it was not a world of thought. Its burnished eagles caught the fire of the sun, but did not pour forth its music like Apollo. There were warriors and statesmen, heroes and patriots; there were eloquence, superb talent, and splendid achievement; there were art and culture, elegance and refinement, and vast monuments of human power. Rome towered to the skies, but she did not fill the skies with glory as Homer did. Rome conquered the earth, but she did not unlock its fountains of melody. She could build thrones and palaces, but could not add one string to the harp of poesy. In her stupendous and glittering sovereignty, and the melancholy grandeur of her ruins, she might be an object of poetry to others; but in herself there was no profound poetic enthusiasm, no breaking up of the great deeps of man's intellectual being, so that new worlds emerge, new continents and isles and seas in the world's glowing horizon.

Rome was the subject of Virgil's imperial poem, a beautiful poem indeed, a veritable palace of art, exquisitely constructed, nobly adorned, with scarcely a flaw in its marble elegance; a garden of flowers, too, through which one might wander with ceaseless delight; and through it all shines the grandeur of that mighty empire, which did so much to make mankind a unit, to construct the basis of a noble social order, by giving universal law; but it does not detract from the real merits of Virgil to say that he was not a Homer, that he was not a creator in the realm of poetry. It is not given to many to occupy so

transcendent a position, and no one can make it for himself; no one can surpass his conditions. The poet is the child of circumstance as well as the artist. He must have his material in the universe about him. He cannot weave it out of his own consciousness. The fountains must flow, the winds must sweep, the stars must shine, and the day dawn by powers beyond the poet's genius, and the poet's genius must flow with these; and unless in them burns the immortal fire it is not for any brain or heart of man to express the abounding radiance. Rome could not have been greater than it was, nor could Virgil have dowered the world with the wondrous music of the unequalled Greek. The spirit of the times was otherwise. It made the magnificence of a Cæsar, perhaps in action the greatest of the sons of men, an elemental force indeed; in this respect a creative force, like Homer in poetry, since he has changed the politics and civilization of the race as no other man has or ever will.

The genius of Rome was not for poetry, for originality, but for synthesis, for combination of existing forces. She afforded a great arena for what was already attained, that it might become opulent and magnificent with outward advantages.

But whatever Rome might have become with a happier destiny shining over her triumphant eagles, it was all lost in that tremendous and desolating movement, Christianity, which originated in the most destructive pessimism that has ever cursed humanity. It swept away the beautiful deities of the oldentime, God Pan and all. It destroyed romance and poetry, philosophy and science. It abased man and nature. It stripped earth of all its glory, and blackened heaven, in which shone but a dim spot of celestial brightness, and that only for the elect; a jeweled city in the midst of enormous ruins. For a thousand years Christianity choked every avenue of natural inspiration. It made this world a "dim, vast vale of tears;" man a

“pilgrim and a stranger.” For Christianity there were no smiles, no home joys, no “splendor in the grass or glory in the flower;” no haunting divinities in wood or vale or stream. Whatever it might have been from the lips of Jesus, who seemed to have some regard for nature and man, and spoke from a warm but ill-directed imagination and a real sympathy with toil and suffering, and did dream, perhaps, of a rejuvenated world, a paradise beneath the bright-blue dome of his own Palestine, yet how soon this vanished, and the religion which it is said he founded, but which in reality was founded afterwards, became not a life, but a dogma, so cruel, so devastating, that the human mind seemed benumbed with terror, and the old savage darkness came back. There was no poetry in this Christian religion, for there was nothing in it spontaneous. It was an artifice, a scheme, a plan of redemption as utterly devoid of beauty, warmth, tenderness, flowers, as the fig-tree after it was cursed by Jesus. In the place of nature it substituted a superhuman God, who had no heart, no sweet human affection; who was only a vast shadow seated upon an icy throne, cold and white as the frozen glories of the pole. There was a certain grandeur in Christianity; it was a stupendously awful affair; it made one shiver and crouch and tremble; but it did not kindle and arouse. It did not breathe inspiration to the common man. In its triumph it became a tyranny. Universal mental slavery prevailed, or if it did not prevail, then the sword was drawn and the liberal spirit was crushed. It was not education, but persecution, that seated the church upon its terrible throne. It was the dungeon, the rack, and the fire. Where was there any chance for poetry to flourish in the theological domains of Augustine and Calvin? Was there ever a more dreary intellectual field than this?—man totally depraved, haunted by demons, destined to eternal hell, save only a few, and these destined to a heaven so barren of all goodness that

hell itself became attractive in comparison; and this heaven was reached only by an act of infinite injustice that must freeze with hopeless terror the heart of humanity—a gallows erected in the center of the universe as the only guarantee of celestial bliss. No wonder that for a thousand years there was no progress; that the energies of man were wasted; that a pall was over the world; and we can find no better term for the days of Christianity's greatest triumph than "The Dark Ages."

Yet beneath all this tyranny, this intellectual repast of horrors, this superstition, this fear both of the powers of this world and of the world to come, the human heart was living, beating still. The fountains were not altogether dried up. Fortunately for the world, Mohammedanism arose, rivaled the magnificence of the Roman empire, broke the dark spell, gave philosophy and science some chance to win, opened the sources of chivalry and romance, and songs reverberated from the shores of Greece to Spain. It was impossible to kill human love. Something of the old pagan spirit still prevailed. In the services of the church, Christmas was not forgotten, nor Easter day, and the blooming spring-tide still bore promise. So long as the blue air encircled the earth; so long as the waters ran; so long as the mountains lifted their summits in misty glory; so long as the sea rolled its azure splendor, and flowers spoke their glittering language along the pathway of men; so long there must be music in the human heart, and songs from human life; so long will humanity keep up its mighty battle against wrong and oppression; so long will there be hopes and dreams; and there will be martyrs who in their blazing death-march will sound the reveille of a new morning and a new advance.

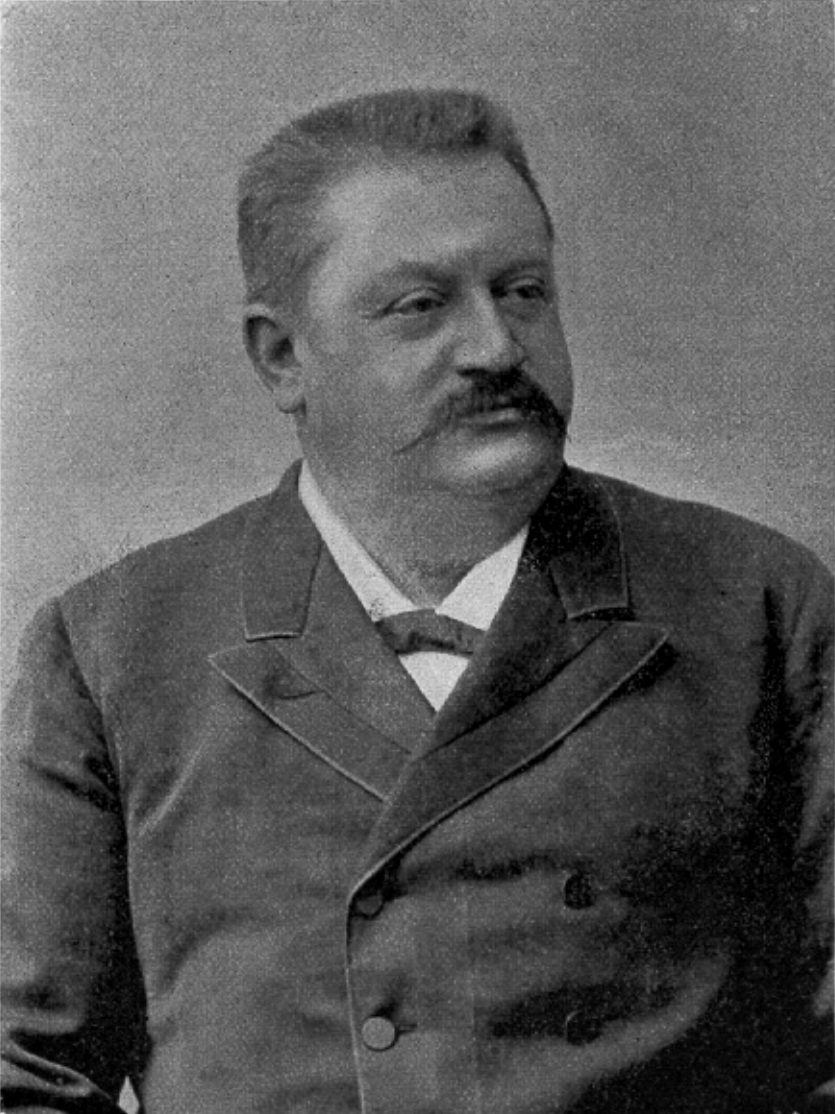
And thus the Renaissance dawned and flashed first in Italy, heralded by the gloomy and powerful Dante, who never would be remembered to-day but for the sweetly

human music of his immortal lines. Dante did not write for the theologian, or the "curled darlings" of fashion and despotism, but for the people; and in the very horrors that he depicts shines forth the surpassing beauty of his own native land; and the music of Arno triumphs over the lurid terrors of his dogmatic pictures. But more than Dante the bold and comprehensive and liberal-minded Petrarch was the representative of the new era. And Boccaccio, too delicate and sensitive to battle with all the superstitions of his time; still his delicate and airy spirit in the flush and prime of life dowered the world with those beautiful fancies, which, like clouds floating in the morn, are laden with the beams of the coming day; and the elegant and witty Pulci, whose melodious arrows struck home to the hypocrisies and mockeries of his age, and revealed the true heroism of humanity; and romantic Ariosto, gifted by all the fairies of happy birth, to tell the noblest tales of chivalry; and the sad, immortal Tasso, scorned by tyrant and church, pale as a ghost, pining and dying in the prison-house, yet to-day shining free and glorious in the heavens of fame; while all over Europe there were minstrels and singers innumerable. And then Rabelais came, rotund as Falstaff, with scarcely more conscience, yet human to the core; the greatest genius since Homer, and Homeric in his glorious outbursts of fire, passion, and wisdom; and Cervantes, poor as a church mouse, always in toil and suffering, a chained Prometheus, yet flinging forth the fire of heaven, making rich the world forever, which no king could do though he possessed the wealth of the Indies. And in England was the merry, wise, delicious, sociable Chaucer, and majestic, golden, shining Spenser. Finally all these wonderful streams of poetry, wit, humor, pathos, song, passion, fancy, imagination, art, invention, wisdom, grandeur and vastness of thought flowed into the supreme and marvelous excellence of Shakspeare, the "long result of time," for Shak-

sphere is the true child of the Italian Renaissance, its chief flower in the civilization of Europe. Shakspeare was not a miracle, for we can trace his gradual production in the preceding centuries, from the shores of Italy to London, the then mighty center of the commerce, literature, and travel of the world; the only place where a Shakspeare could have found fuel for his exuberant faculties.

The Shakspearean era is the second grand poetic period of man's history. How different and yet how like the Homeric period! There is the same out-door life, the same rush and recklessness, the same fervor, the same far-onward look to the new and the unknown, the same recognition of nature as a living, breathing, multitudinous force, the same revealing of man as having in himself the motives of his actions; not played upon simply by outside forces, not clay in the hands of the potter, not a mere machine or slave of fate, but an original potency, an evolving spirit, not totally depraved, nor an angel, but a being of powers and passions, excellences and defects; swayed by circumstance indeed, not merely by outward but by inward circumstance, by the conditions of his own personality, by the ever-flowing fountains of his own will and emotion. Shakspeare and Homer are both poets of evolution in the domain of humanity; that is, each situation is the direct result of what goes before. It is evolved; there is no superhuman, arbitrary interference. God is simply machinery, not *dramatis persona*. He simply fills in, but does not make or create. In Shakspeare and Homer we do not see man as a perfected creation, but man in the making; man growing, evolving, changing, in and through his own activities. He is not moulded, but moulds himself, makes and mars his own destiny.

Yet the man of Shakspeare is not like the man of Homer, and certainly the woman of Shakspeare is infinitely superior to the woman of Homer. How much more manifold is humanity in Shakspeare than in the Greek. How



much more complex, more problematic. How many more varieties of motive come into play. If one could, by any possibility, make a perfect blank of time between Homer and Shakspeare, and then read the former, and then the latter, what a chasm there would be; and only in this way can we realize the vast growth of humanity for these two thousand years. Compare Achilles with Hamlet. Both are true to nature, with common attributes, capable of the same passions; yet Achilles is simple, swayed by a few motives, and these easily understood; while Hamlet is swayed by many motives, interwoven and conflicting with one another, and so various and subtle that, to this day, we cannot understand why he acts as he does, and yet he acts naturally.

Homer could not have conceived of a Hamlet. It was beyond his experience. Intellectually and otherwise the characters of Shakspeare are superior to the characters of Homer, because, in the former, we have the evolutions of two thousand years, out of which the poet drew his abundant material. This exhibits not merely the transcendent genius of Shakspeare, but the vast growth of humanity itself. The characters of Shakspeare were not thought out in the loneliness of closet composition; but were struck off, like vivid sparks, from that great living world in which he mixed, of which he was a part, and out of which he drew the elements of his surpassing power.

I have already depicted the poetic age of Shakspeare, its marvel, its amplitude, its correlation with the past, its own intensity, and its influence on what will be. Beyond all question it is the wonder of human history. We shall never exhaust its wealth.

“Age cannot wither, nor custom stale,
Its infinite variety.”

And it would seem that, after Shakspeare, there could be nothing new, that other poets, however great, would

simply repeat what already was in Greek or English poetry. They might give new forms, but no more new material ; they could not add to the poetic wealth of the world, but simply change it.

But Shakspeare had his limitation. His sea of thought sometimes breaks on narrow boundaries. A recent critic has pretty conclusively shown that he was, at heart, an aristocrat. He did not believe in the people. He must have been far ahead of his times to have done so ; for not then had democracy been heralded by a Franklin, a Washington, a Jefferson, or a Paine, and begun its career of grandeur on a new continent. It needs but slight study of the author of *Coriolanus* to see that he does not voice the infinite hopes of democracy. This last and greatest aspiration of humanity finds no recognition in his glowing pages. He is the singer of a brave and gentle aristocracy, looking with kindly aspect upon all phases of humanity, and flinging over the lowest station the spell of his entrancing light ; but those vast, dumb thoughts that poured out at length in thunder and battle, he did not detect. We could hardly expect it. If he had, he might not have seen so much of the glory of the olden time ; he might not have reveled so grandly in the life of his own day ; his melody might have had a tone of harshness ; his thought might have been fierce and somewhat less varied ; in fact, he might not have been Shakspeare ; and so, for the sake of Shakspeare, we will let democracy, in this case, go by the board. We must take the immortal in his own effulgence. It is well that the glory of the world's finest aristocracy has been expressed in so illustrious a manner. Henceforth we must have a kindly feeling for it. It was not harsh or cruel. It meant not to crush, it tried to make happy. But it profoundly distrusted the masses. They might have some sublime virtues, and be gifted occasionally with wit and wisdom, but they could not rule. This is the impression of Shakspeare's pages. The breath

of a vast free people is not there; only a gallant and splendid aristocracy, who form the chief figures of the imposing drama. The people only help to fill in, to make fools, gravediggers, etc.

Was there a poet of democracy to come? Was there to be a new song, to which the world had not listened before? Was there to be an added glory to Homer and Shakspeare? Was there to be an original genius, another outflow of poetry, another golden sea to sparkle upon humanity, as after the Atlantic the Pacific sparkled upon the eyes of those who "stood upon a peak in Darien?"

There was something in Milton, and yet not the supreme effluence. Milton is like a narrow and lofty mountain, or, as Wordsworth sings, he was a star that dwelt apart. Milton was egoistic. He wrote with a purpose. In thought, he was not one whit beyond the age in which he lived. He was not myriad-minded. He looked at things mainly from one standpoint. He had not the boundless inventive faculty of Shakspeare, nor his wealth of expression. Two-thirds of his great poem, "Paradise Lost," is worthless. It is neither poetry nor common sense, neither rhythm nor reason. It is simply theology. He is only poetical when he quits heaven. Of course there is a majesty and splendor in Milton which is unsurpassed, but it cannot be said that he added anything to the life or thought of man. He wrote a great poem, and other beautiful ones, but there was no new outlook, no discovery, no invention except in the choice of material. Milton posed as a reformer, but it was more a personal affair than devotion to universal principle. He labored and became blind to put one despotism in the place of another. He had no sympathetic imagination. His imagination was orthodox, straight up and down, like a mirror, not flowing like a sea. Milton was a Puritan, brave, honest, true, generous, but one thing he and no Puritan has ever learned to do, and that is, "Put yourself in his place." Milton never did

that. Even his Lucifer was Puritan. His devils were bigoted. They did just what Milton would do in the same circumstance. His Adam and Eve are Puritans, and his "God" is of the same stripe. All are Puritans, and all Miltonic. All are struck in the same mould, all are elaborations. There was no spontaneity in Milton; no vast, unconscious power; no tide of nature swelling with undetermined force. Milton was, indeed, magnificent. He poured forth some of the grandest music. He was clothed indeed in the royal robes of song. He is a majestic and beautiful figure in English literature; but he is of the old, and not of the new. He gathered from the past enormous material and infused the mass with his own glowing spirit, and made it flashing and picturesque; resplendent in color, sublime in form; but there was no actual advance. No new territory was gained. Milton was no more original than Lucretius, the great Latin poet,

"Who flung his plummet down the broad,
Deep universe, and said there is no God."

Lucretius and Milton were of the same mould—intense, bold, lofty, piercing, with an eagle's flight, gazing over vast prospects with vision that could meet the sun in its glory; and yet they never voyaged to an unknown shore; they never drew back the misty veil of undiscovered deeps. They gave an added beauty and grandeur to what *was*, but what *might be* in man's ampler future they did not guess. They built on the past, not into the future as Homer and Shakspeare did, laying anew the foundations of human thought, in the still untraversed sea of time, like bridge-builders making a place for humanity to move on where before it could not.

"Glorious John Dryden" was a poet indeed of admirable quality, who was very near to Milton in the greatness of his genius. If he was not so sublime, and touched not the vast heights, he possessed wit and humor which Milton

did not. He was broader than Milton and more genial, and equally sincere in his religious convictions, being a Catholic; and he was so not merely for the sake of fortune, but from real belief. He was more gentle in the defense of his creed, and was a better reasoner in verse than Milton. There is scarcely any poet who can argue so well in rhyme as Dryden. In his moments of inspiration there is a buoyancy in his lines that is truly refreshing; quite different from the elaborate sentimentalism of much of the poetry of to-day, where melody of words takes the place of variety of ideas. Dryden writes like a strong, earnest, straightforward, whole-souled man, who has something to say and says it in a vigorous and harmonious fashion. Dryden has a permanent fame whatever may be the transitions of poetic taste, for there is an element of humanity in him, a touch of this world, which declares that his poetic fervor was not the result of his theology, but of his native excellence. But he soared not beyond the empyrean of his own day. He touched no new string, he made no new melody. He was thoroughly the child of his time, and in his time poetry was at an ebb. It was not overflowing into new regions.

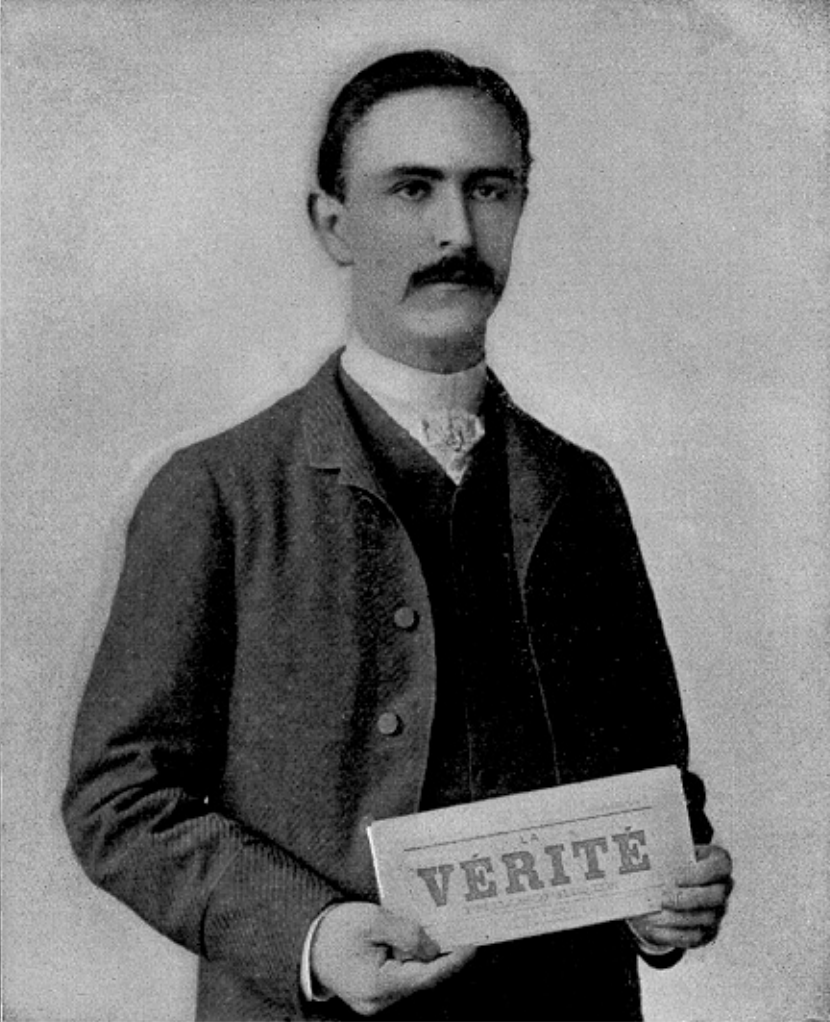
And it reached a lower ebb in Pope, the magnificent poet of common-place; the poet of the drawing-room, of society—a parlor poet, keen, versatile, polished, elegant, thoroughly artistic, but devoid of nature. Pope was a Deist, a Pantheist, a Christian, a heretic—anything, almost, for the sake of a good rhyme or telling point. Pope was all for wit. He is, perhaps, the wittiest poet in the English language, since he had no humor to soften his diamond-like brightness. The poetry of Pope is like a crystallization. There is no rush, no impetuosity, no tides, no dynamics; simply a sparkling effervescence, like champagne in a glass. It is not a river, or a sea of thought, flowing on and on. It is always a pleasure to read Pope. He is stimulating, vivacious, suggestive. He is at heart a Free-

thinker, but his Freethought is subservient to his art. His art comes first. To write a fine poem is the main thing; not necessarily a truthful one. Pope never makes a miss. He has written less bad poetry than any other English bard. Pope knows just what he can do, and does it with exquisite skill. He adopts the golden mean. He does nothing great, and he does nothing ill. He is Baconian in his method, in that he does not seek the unattainable. He is no emulator of Dædalus. He would never aspire to drive the chariot of the sun. He will keep on English soil. Life to him is a pleasant comedy. He sings, "Whatever is, is right," which, of course, is a lie, but a very nice one, and people like it. Pope saw no tragedy, no tears, no agony, no despair, no millions crushed to earth, no martyrs, no murdered innocence, no injustice, no crime seated on a throne, and virtue in a dungeon. Pope was an optimist, suited for his time and ordinary people. He was popular, and always will be popular. He keeps to the middle of the road. He has no eccentricities. He is a true singer—born to be so.

"He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

Pope was not merely a rhymester. He was a poet in his own way—a genuine poet. He was not an imitator. His verse sparkles with thought. He is not monotonous. He has plenty of variety. But he is the representative simply of a society, not of nature, or universal man. But what he does represent, he represents truly and honestly. He is not artificial; he is artistic, more an artist than a poet, but a poet still, and when occasion offers he gives utterance to splendid Freethought sentiments, like the following:

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."



As a matter of fact Pope expresses more distinct Free-thought ideas than any previous English poet. He verges somewhat toward a philosophy of Freethought, although he is not consistent from beginning to end; and has not the advantages of modern science. However, truth was not the supreme purpose with Pope, but art. He was no reformer. He simply wanted to make the best of what was, and put it into smooth and beautiful poetic forms. He desired no change, but simply a selection of the choice material. So far as he went, however, Pope was healthful. He liked this world. His imagination was clear and bright. There were no fogs and phantoms about him. He was thoroughly common sense, level-headed, and, although he did not go very high or very deep, he was quite brilliant in the sphere to which he was adapted, and adorned his age. But while he satisfied, he did not inspire. There was in his elegant verse no promise of a boundless future; no fire to kindle the heart.

But English poetry ebbed still lower in the melancholy Cowper. Pope was healthful; Cowper was diseased. He was half insane with the dreadful religion of Calvin. He had no true conception of life. It was a shadow and a horror, haunted by an infinite ghost. He scarcely dared to smile. He was like a lost soul. Yet he pretty fairly represented the English mind of that time; its conservatism, its weakness, its narrowness, its fear, its mediocrity, its respectability, its squeamishness, its imbecility, its goody-goodyism, its namby-pambyism, its finikiness, its jejuneness, in one word, its piety. Cowper was sincere and wrote some good poetry, and will be remembered by his "John Gilpin," the hugest joke of which that time seemed to be capable. But along with the pious sentimentality of Cowper's time, there was much hypocrisy, formality, ecclesiasticism, and what might be called the "dead rot" of intellectual finality. It was, poetically speaking, one of the most barren periods of literature. It seemed to live

upon the past, with no hope of the future. Cowper's "Task" was about the the best that it could do. "The Sofa," "The Time-piece," "The Garden," appeared the extent of its experience. Contrast this dull, quiescent age with the Vedaś and Homeric epoch, "a world of rich and vigorous life," says Huxley, "full of joyous fighting men

‘That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine,’

and who were ready to brave the very gods themselves when their blood was up. A few centuries," continues Huxley, "pass away, and under the influence of civilization the descendants of these men are 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,' frank pessimists, or, at most, make-believe optimists. The courage of the warlike stock may be as hardly tried as before, perhaps more hardly, but the enemy is self. The hero has become a monk. The man of action is replaced by the quietest, whose highest aspiration is to be the passive instrument of the divine Reason. By the Tiber, as by the Ganges, ethical man admits that the cosmos is too strong for him, and destroying every bond that ties him to it, by ascetic discipline he seeks salvation in absolute renunciation."

The latter statement is essentially a correct description of evangelical England in the time of Cowper. It was really an age of despair, though it professed to have the "divine salvation." It drove Cowper to insanity. Others could escape the same fate only by not so thoroughly believing in Calvin's God. And so it was a time of insincerity, of fashion, and conformity, of outward orthodoxy and inward pessimism, and while they sang the song of redemption, they saw before them the flames of hell.

It could not seem possible even to the most piercing vision that this age was the forerunner of the mightiest poetic era in the world's history after that of Homer and Shakspeare; an era equally original with these, equally

vast and splendid in genius, equally opening into new and shining regions of human progress. The era of Goethe and Shelley is the third grand poetic era of man's life, in some respects the noblest and sublimest of all. As Homer could not have written Shakspeare's drama, neither Homer nor Shakspeare could have written the poetry of Goethe and Shelley. They could not have written "Faust." They could not have written "Prometheus Unbound." It was not a question of genius, but of man's attitude to the universe. This is the grandeur of Goethe and Shelley, that they place man in a new relation with the world. They have moved humanity onward and upward to a new place of action, into sublimer and more far-reaching motives.

What an age this was! What a vast upheaval from the very depths of the human heart! What an amplitude of poetic genius was manifested! What keenness of intellectual power! What range of thought and splendor of imagination! It lacked the free heroic action of Homer. It was not so objective. It was subjective and egoistic. It did not have the abounding wit and humor of Shakspeare, nor his dramatic quality, but never in one age was there such a combination of philosophical insight, with such marvelous rhythmic expression. There is no more music in Homer or Shakspeare than in the great poets of this era, and what a number of great poets there were, and this variety of genius is unparalleled in human history. It is a constellation. We know not who was with Homer, and Shakspeare far surpassed his contemporaries; but in this cluster are several supreme poets, and it is difficult to decide who is the greatest, Burns, Wordsworth, Keats, Byron, Shelley, Schiller, Goethe. They are not alike. They do not imitate one another. They come from nature itself, giants indeed, lofty mountain peaks, so dazzling that one cannot decide at a glance which soars the highest. I call it the era of Goethe and Shelley, because

a careful study reveals these as the transcendent minds of this illustrious epoch. I do not say that they wrote greater poetry as poetry, but their poetry had a greater meaning in it. It was poetry and something else, which something else did not mar their music, but infused it with the glory of man's greatest progress. It was poetry with a purpose. It was poetry, art, invention, philosophy, education, inspiration, wisdom, science, civilization. It was man and nature both. It was universal, yet determined; that is, it was genius devoted to high ends. It was genius suffering limitation for the sake of a noble goal. Homer and Shakspeare had no goal. They simply poured themselves out like rivers running to the sea, or like the ocean breaking on many shores. But in Shelley and Goethe there was something beyond expression, an art above all art, a desire more than poetic desire; there was an intense and radiant ideal above the golden melody; there was

“The light that never was on sea or shore,
The *consecration* and the poet's *dream*.”

It is said that this very absence of purpose in Shakspeare is what makes him so universal and supreme. Undoubtedly this is so, and had Homer or Shakspeare been reformers of the world they could not have endowed it with such wealth of poetry. It is to their advantage, and to ours, that they simply made music without regard to anything beyond its passion and its power. It is a limitation to poetic genius to write with a purpose, and the fact that Shelley and Goethe so limited did produce such supreme poetic results is to their eternal honor, and it declares the vastness of their genius. Take it all in all, who will say which is the greater exhibition of man's universal powers—Shakspeare without a purpose, or Goethe with a purpose? The one is the ocean with no fixed forms or lines in its rushing glory; while the other is a vast chain of

mountains with fixed lines and forms. And yet what changing beauty and grandeur we behold! Let us not decide between the two—the sea or the mountains—or criticise one by the law of the other, but accept both in their own effulgence.

Goethe, fortunate Goethe, he o'erarches this mighty era; he begins it, he ends it, so far as the production of great original poetry is concerned. A shining age has succeeded, but it is a prolongation, not a new creation. To understand this era we must seek to understand all the geniuses who contributed to and expressed its greatness, for we must admit here, as elsewhere, that the age itself was creative; that it helped to make these poets, and in the light of these later days we can see what this age carried, for in it was the French Revolution, the American Republic, and the dawn of modern science; and, therefore, outside of its poetic streams tremendous forces were flowing on. A magnificent age it was, even if these poets had never sung. But with their songs what a glory we inherit!

ROBERT BURNS.—1759—1796.

When it comes to love and sympathy, Robert Burns—Bobbie Burns, let us say—has the most universal acceptance. He certainly has won the affections of the world. He was like a lark singing in the clear, bright sky. He has the freshness of the morning. What a breath and presence of nature is in his poems!

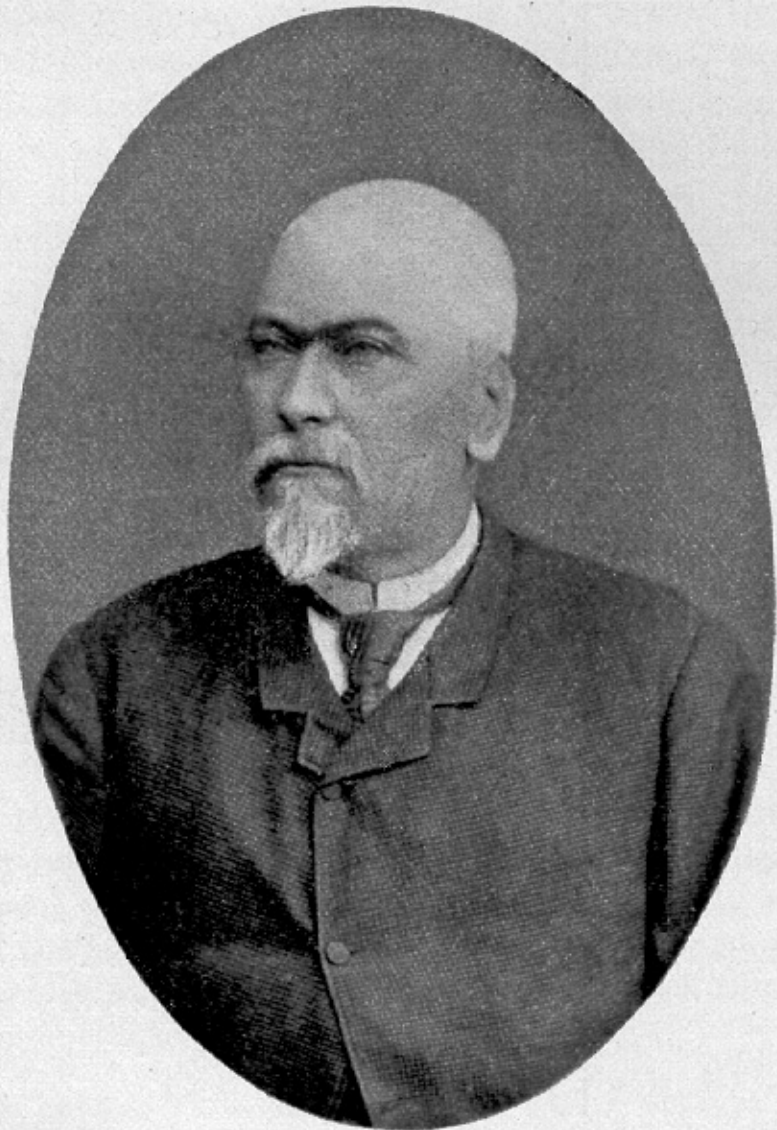
What a beautiful, tender, rollicking world flashes before us as we repeat his words! What music is in them, homely though some of them may be, but their very homeliness is their title to our affections, for Burns knew how to use them to make these sounds express the loveliness, the pathos, the charm, of this world, from which "old Scotia's grandeur springs." Burns was a true son of the soil. He lived his nature openly, honestly. It was impossible for him to be orthodox. He revolted against

the religion of his time. With what scorn and wit and sarcasm he overwhelmed it! He recoiled with horror from the high Calvinistic notion of duty, which inculcated that the greatest sinner was the greatest favorite of heaven; that the lost sheep alone will be saved, and that the ninety and nine out of the hundred will be left in the wilderness to perish without mercy. The anniversary of Burns is now celebrated around the world. All nations of literary enlightenment join in doing him honor, and well worthy is he of the laurel crown, for no one has done more than he to ennoble life, to comfort and console humanity. He is a genius of the highest order, truly creative and truly sympathetic with all sorts and conditions of men, touching nature at every point, and receiving from nature the opulence of her spirit. He has the power of Shakspeare—pathos, wit, humor, and sublimity are mingled with wonderful and rapid transitions. He completely masters the heart. He sings for all ages, for all the world.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—1770—1850.

Wordsworth has probably written more poor stuff than any poet of his capacity, while he has written some of the noblest poetry in the English language, and has been ranked by some writers as second only to Milton and Shakspeare. He cannot be enrolled as a Freethought poet; neither is he orthodox. His finest poetry is imbued with Pantheism, and in this quality he is a great advance on Milton and Cowper. God is to him not a remote deity, or a personality, but an eternal presence in nature, as expressed in the following :

“In all things, in all natures, in the stars
Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
The moving waters and the invisible air.”



WALTER SCOTT.—1771-1832.

It may seem preposterous to place Walter Scott anywhere in a history of Freethought, for there is not a particle of Promethean light in Scott. He is altogether wrapped up in the past, and finds only in that the inspiration of the muse. But he is such a delicious story-teller, the best in literature next to Homer, and he gives such truthful and noble pictures of the life before that we must speak of him as a great liberating influence. It must be remembered that Freethought is not a tearing away from the past, but a selection of the best material of the past. It is a vivid comprehension of the past; seeing it as it really is; understanding its motives, its ideas, its tendencies. Certainly no one has given a more faithful picture of the past than Scott. He has the historic imagination of a Shakspeare himself. He rebuilds the past. He breathes into it life, passion, intellect, motive. It is no longer a dead past, a mass of unrelated facts, but a cosmos again, a living world. Men and women are there; nature is there; the flowers, the streams, the sky, the plain, the wood, the moat, the castle, the knight, the king, the peasant, the clown, are before us; and thus, knowing the past, how much better we can know the future; and Scott, the story-teller, Tory though he be, is one of the noblest influences of Freethought culture, for as Darwin and Lyell read the rocky pages of earth, so he reads for us the living humanity, and from his glowing pen we catch the impulses of immortal hope.

KEATS.—1796-1821.

Keats is supremely original. Not from any preceding poet or literature did he catch the fire from heaven with which he made so beautiful this world. We might almost say that Keats was the most original of the poets of this era. How is it possible that one lowly born, as he was,

should become so great, should have such mastery of language, such loftiness of ideas ; that he should so speak

“ With the large utterance of the early gods ? ”

In pure poetry, in musical expression, in thoughts that flow like liquid gold, in his perfect pictures of nature, Keats is unsurpassed even by Homer or Shakspeare. Of course he has not their epic and dramatic quality, their grandeur of construction, their vast experience. He lacks energy, discipline, matured power, sustained imagination. He is simply a child dying at the age of twenty-four, but what he produced is astonishing. We can scarcely realize that a boy, nurtured in poverty, with a life of struggle, feeble in health, scorned by critics, should write so majestically, so vividly, and be equal to the greatest of bards, that his poetry should mark an epoch in literature, and that he should become a creative influence. He is truly Promethean, for he seems himself to have come in contact with the gods and fetched their brightest flames.

BYRON.—1788—1821.

The popular opinion would, undoubtedly, place Byron at the head of these great poets. He was, indeed, a revolutionary force. In energy he surpasses all his contemporaries. He is like the “ live thunder ” of which he himself sings. His pages, some of them, are like a storm in the mountains,

“ Where Jura answers through her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps that call to her aloud.”

Byron was an iconoclast, a Titan, overthrowing many of the sacred things of the past ; but he was not a systematic Freethinker. He had no deep, pervading philosophy.

Byron was sometimes radical, and sometimes conservative. But he voiced the tumultuous age in which he lived. He was a regenerating force. At times he was reckless,

and then his verses had the brilliancy and potency of nature itself. We see this in *Don Juan*, the greatest, the most varied, the most powerful, and the most melodious and truly poetic of all his productions. It is like the flow of a river, the ripple of a fountain, and vast swell of ocean. It has passion, thought, imagination. Its language is masterful. His words, at times, are like the open sesame of the Arab. They reveal the hidden pomps of earth and sky.

It is needless to repeat the tragedy of Byron's life. It was the course of a comet, strange, bewildering, fascinating, lofty, shining; a great soul tortured with hopes and aspirations unattainable. No man lived a life more full and opulent than Byron, no one a life more sad and pathetic. He enjoyed all that one might enjoy, and suffered all that one might suffer. Strangely alike were Byron and Burns—the one a prince, the other a peasant, but equally royal, equally high, equally glorious in capacity, equally the heirs of pain and glory—burning themselves out while in meridian splendor, and now held forever in the sweetest remembrance of mankind.

SHELLEY.—1792—1822.

I regard Shelley as the greatest poet of this great era of English poetry, because we find in him its fullest meaning, its sublimest significance. Certainly from the Free-thought standpoint he was the greatest genius. He was a declared Atheist, an opponent of all the gods, of faith and custom. He suffered for his opinions; he was a martyr. Born to wealth, he disdained it. He was in thorough sympathy with the French Revolution. He sounded the pæan of Democracy. He believed in the reign of the people. He was a noble and beautiful dreamer. He sang not merely for the joy of singing, but to make the world happier, to give it better hopes, broader thoughts, richer imaginations. In the first flush of youth what glorious

poetry he poured forth, radiant with the fires of liberty! How many a heart has thrilled with his impetuous melody, the first genuine Infidel poetry in all English literature—iconoclastic, daring, radical, volcanic, like a tempest, like the sea, sparkling in its unchained course!

Shelley conquered poetry for Freethought, and through his genius Freethought is now linked with the noblest music and hope of man. But Shelley is more than the greatest poet of Freethought. He is one of the greatest poets of the universal world, one of the original and sublime geniuses of mankind, a new and prodigious force in history, an elemental power. He is at the head of a new epoch; he is a discoverer, an inventor. From him flow new streams of impulse, melody, and power.

There is an indefinable something in the supreme poets, not music or thought or dramatic power, but an atmosphere, original with themselves and which makes a new world as we enter their charmed domains. We do not find this in lesser poets. They simply reflect the world about them, but these greater poets not only reflect but transform. They do more than hold the mirror up to nature. They seem to breathe into it a new spirit, to clothe it with a more luminous atmosphere, so that outlines and forms are changed; the mountains and clouds, and seas and shores have a different tint, and present a new aspect of glory and delight. It is as when we travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. We trace no great differences in hill, or plain, or river, or forest, but we are in a new atmosphere, and the horizon is different, and the sky and the clouds, and the day and night, and the stars and the morning. So when we come into Shelley's poetry there is the same wondrous change. Shelley has given a new atmosphere of poetic splendor to the world, like golden California to the traveler's eyes after he passes the shining mountain's boundary.

The following, written at twenty, shows Shelley's com-

mand of weighty English prose; his philosophical insight at that early age, and the noble principles of liberty by which he was governed. It was to Lord Ellenborough, in behalf of a printer named D. J. Eaton, imprisoned for publishing Paine's "Age of Reason:"

"Moral qualities are such as only a human being can possess. To attribute them to the spirit of the universe, or to suppose that he is capable of altering them, is to degrade God into man, and to annex to this incomprehensible being qualities incompatible with any possible definition of his nature.

"It may be objected, Ought not the creator to possess the perfections of the creature? No. To attribute to God the moral qualities of man, is to suppose him susceptible of passions, which, arising out of corporeal organization, it is plain that a pure spirit cannot possess. But even suppose, with the vulgar, that God is a venerable old man, seated on a throne of clouds, his breast the theater of various passions, analogous to those of humanity, his will changeable and uncertain as that of an earthly king, still goodness and justice are qualities seldom denied him, and it will be admitted that he disapproves of any action incompatible with those qualities. Persecution for opinion is unjust. With what consistency, then, can the worshipers of a Deity, whose benevolence they boast, embitter the existence of their fellow being, because his ideas of that Deity are different from those which they entertain? Alas! there is no consistency in those persecutors who worship a benevolent Deity; those who worship a demon would alone act consonantly to their principles by imprisoning and torturing in his name."

Like all great minds Shelley confronted the tremendous problem of evil. He did not solve it fully, as perhaps it never will be, except by science. Evil exists, and the universe is a tragedy. The question for man is, how to make the best of it? Shelley was not of a light opti-

mistic temper. He recognized the darker aspects of the world. Like Goethe, "he knew and felt that an awful conflict was going on between two mighty powers, the one fair and beneficent, and the other hideous and malign. But he convinced himself, or perhaps it would be better to say, the conviction grew in his mind, that this struggle was not necessarily eternal; that in spirits which, in spite of failure and suffering, have always an inward longing for light and freedom, the good power ultimately triumphs, and crushes evil forever under its feet."

Victor Hugo says that the poetry of the race is for its consolation. Truly that is the divine gift of poesy.

Shelley thus dowers mankind. In the garb of imagination there shines a living truth. We enter dreamland and fairyland, but we find food for this common world of labor and suffering. Is not this true?

"Hark! the rushing snow;
The sun-awakened avalanche; whose mass
Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered there
Flake after flake, *in heaven-defying minds,*
As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
Is loosened, and the nations echo round,
Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains now."

LESSING.—1729-1781.

Contemporary, preceding, and succeeding the mighty outburst of poetry in England, is the wonderful creative era of German literature, and it is amazing to contemplate England and Germany uniting in such an outflow of genius, while in France rolled and thundered the Revolution; so that this is indeed the greatest age of man in the variety, magnificence, awfulness, and terror of the forces brought into play. Never was there such an interaction of thought and deed. Dreams became realities, and realities disappeared like a dream. Thrones vanished, and



thrones were built. Never were such battles fought, and such victories won. Think of a man like Napoleon and a poet like Goethe meeting in the midst of this mighty drama! What a combination! What a correlation of genius! What spaces of human evolution and revolution were represented by these stupendous intellectual potentates! What a meaning they give to Europe and the world!

The modern intellectual vigor of Germany awakens with Lessing, the greatest man in Germany since Luther, and, perhaps, the greatest man that Germany has ever produced, if in man we take not simply genius, but manliness, character, strength, discipline, heroism. I think Lessing was a greater regenerator of Germany than Luther himself, for while Luther regenerated in religion, Lessing regenerated in literature and art. He is at the head of a reformation far more profound and sweeping than that of Luther. Lessing was the greatest critic of modern Europe, perhaps the greatest critic of all time, the greatest in this, that he was absolutely sincere. He made no pretenses. Lowell calls him an intellectual athlete. This describes him. He was superbly healthful. He had no idiosyncrasies. He was an all-around man. His life was a constant struggle, a life of penury and disappointment, of deepest suffering, and yet his grandeur of spirit prevailed. No disease attacked him. Long as he lived he was like a giant oak, and he wrestled with the storm triumphantly. His branches might be torn, but his heart was sound to the core. How he hated humbug, and how he pelted it with his fierce sarcasms! But he was more than a destructive critic. He was a great constructive genius. He knew how to build. He was an artist and a poet. He wrote some of the finest dramas in the German language, superior in construction, if not equal in genius, to those of Schiller and Goethe. His "Nathan the Wise" will long be remembered for its breadth of

thought, genial spirit, nobility of purpose, and devotion to humanity. It is a lesson in toleration and justice.

There is a splendid cheer and inspiration about Lessing's whole character. He is a man for to-day, as well as for the yesterday in which he lived. He is one of the permanent forces of literature. Yet he is more than a force. He was what we might call a whole-souled fellow—brave, magnanimous, generous, sincere, impulsive, exultant, and magnetic. He was not the victim of circumstances. He conquered circumstances. He was never under the weather. He was the same in all sorts of weather, and met the storm and sunshine with equanimity. He cried out, "What care I to live in plenty, *if I only live.*" There spoke a royal spirit. Again he said, "He who is only in good health, and is willing to work, has nothing to fear in this world." He himself lived up to this; and again he said, "If I write at all it is not possible for me to write otherwise than just as I think and feel." And what splendid courage is in this: "Does one write therefore for the sake of being always in the right? I think I have been as serviceable to truth when I miss her, and my failure is the occasion of another's discovery, as if I had discovered her myself." And truly he declares, "I found out that books indeed would make me learned, but never make me a man."

These expressions reveal the giant Lessing, a grand figure, like Herman himself, a warrior ready for combat. He spoke the truth. His intellectual vision was piercing. He recognized no finality. He said: "The perfect truth is not for man, only the search after truth."

SCHILLER.—1759—1805.

Schiller was born after Goethe, but reached his meridian glory and passed away before Goethe had reached the sunset of his ample day. In some respects it seems as if Schiller were greater than Goethe, so lofty and exuberant

are his dramatic and lyrical powers. Schiller is a born singer, and he sings not for a day, but for all time. He is one of the immortals. He and Goethe are like two mountains side by side, and as they lift up their glorious heights it is difficult to decide which surpasses in dazzling altitude. There is a heroic grandeur about Schiller, which, perhaps, Goethe does not possess. Schiller seems to shoot up abruptly from the plain, and his greatness is witnessed at a glance. Goethe is surrounded by vast table lands. Not suddenly does he touch the blue sky, and thus his height is lost in vastness and variety. However, the one cannot obscure the other. Both shine in their own glory.

Schiller was thoroughly representative of the age in which he lived, of the "storm and stress" of that prolific and revolutionary period. His first great production, "The Robbers," has the fire of eternal youth. It is an exhibition of prodigious power. It will never lose its interest to the student of history, for it was born of its times, like a volcanic force. It was the red-hot lava of men's minds, and if we feel not its heat to-day we still behold its swift and luminous course, and read in its now motionless splendors the heart-throbs of that mighty generation. Schiller was entirely in and of humanity. He was not outside of it, a calm spectator, as Goethe might be in some of his moods. He was in the rushing flood, and in his rapid and fervent song resounds and shines the hurrying world itself. But Schiller is not simply lyrical, and expressive of strong and simple emotions; he is wonderfully dramatic. He has a vast and comprehensive insight into human motives and character. Not one personality pervades his dramas as in Byron, who resembles him to a very great extent in the energy and vividness of his genius, but many living characters like those of Shakspeare pass over his majestic stage. He revels in the production of superb and heroic men, like Wallenstein, than

whom in all literature there is not a character more opulent in Lucifer-like virtues and illustrious crimes. How the great hero is pictured in his noble weaknesses and sovereign strength, and not alone does he fill the mighty drama. He is surrounded by characters equally true to nature, lovely, malignant, polite, wise, foolish, brave, and cowardly. It is a great and multifarious scene that we witness, where glory and baseness mingle, where lies flourish and the awful punishment rolls on, where love is imperishable though death shatters the frail form. It is crowded with beautiful descriptions, pathos, philosophy, wisdom and enthusiasm. That Thirty Year's War—what a page in human history! What a story of suffering and heroism!—a drawn battle between Romanism and Protestantism after the most enormous struggles and desolating victories and defeats, while the people were crushed between opposing factions and Liberty was wounded almost to the death.

GOETHE.—1749—1832.

Goethe is unquestionably the greatest poet since Shakspeare, great in original gifts, great in wonderful experience, great in length of days, living his life completely from morn till golden evening; more than all others the poet of the future, more than all others the poet of science and modern thought, originator himself of that thought, and prophet of man's noblest discoveries. Goethe was of the earth, firmly planted in its pregnant soil. His, too, was the "vision and the faculty divine" that penetrates to farthest space and unfolds new realms of truth. No spirit more subtle and delicate than he; no mind more broad and comprehensive. He could sing the sweetest songs; he could grasp the loftiest thought. All passions were his, all wisdom, all imagination. Goethe was a growth, more than any other poet. He gathered in new powers through all his golden days. Shakspeare, Shelley,

Burns, and Schiller had to depend on original gifts, but Goethe had the advantage of constant learning, discipline, and assimilation. He was continuously gathering in from every vantage point, and his old age surpassed the splendor of his youth.

Goethe was self-determined. In him there was art as well as nature, but art which was nature in her **supremest** moments, in her selectest influence. Goethe understood himself. He was clear-sighted both to that which was within and that which was without. He lost none of his spontaneity by his culture. He was not cold or formal or exclusive. He was not rigid and statuesque, but flowing and picturesque. His thought never lost its music.

Goethe was a student, an observer, a man of science. He was a patient inquirer. He was always willing to learn. He equipped himself for business and statesmanship. Yet he never lost the simplicity and true-heartedness of life. He was not crusted over with custom. He was cosmopolitan. He rejoiced in the past as well as in the future. The past to him was still living and glorious. It was not his master, but a most beautiful influence. He visited Rome and reveled in the mighty life of the past which it represented. He disdained nothing, for he saw the relations of everything. To him humanity and nature were a unity. The life of a peasant was as great to him as the life of a king. To him the every-day was poetic, not simply the occasional.

In "Faust" he battles with the problem of life. It might have been better if he had left it unsettled at the end of the first part. The second part has not the freshness and reality of the first part. It is more like a symphony than a drama. It is full of music. But its lines are vague and far away, like the landscape of a vision. It seems as if the shadow or "astral body" were singing to us, not the real man. Goethe has not settled the problem. But how beautifully he has painted life! Its love-

liness, its grandeur, its passion, its terror are open to us. He has given us a supreme drama of man, and of the universe itself. He points onward. He gives hope, through ourselves, through the processes of nature, and not by miracle. He has no faith in the gods, or the supernatural. It is not the glory of God, but the triumph of man, for which he sought. All the interest of his drama is around man, and God is not an entity, but a process in and through man himself. Goethe was a Pantheist, more like Bruno than Spinoza. He believed that the good would sometime triumph; that it was absolute, and not merely finite, as Spinoza declared, but absolute not as a personality, but as a tendency in nature and in man; but a tendency in man that must be victorious through man's own agency, his own will.

Goethe cannot be understood simply through his poetry, like Shakspeare. It makes but little difference whether we understand the life of Shakspeare or not; but the poetry of Goethe is the very fruit and bloom of his personal being. He lives what he writes. We must interpret Goethe by his loves and passions, his impetuous youth, his disciplined manhood. Whatever Goethe was as a man found expression in his books. And we must, more than all, understand the scientific labors and results of Goethe's career. He was preëminently scientific, and the scientific spirit prevails in and moulds his literary activity. Shelley was the poet of Freethought emotion, Goethe of Freethought knowledge. Modern science finds but little voice in Shelley. In Shelley are hopes, aspirations, dreams, the onward, bright feeling of humanity escaping from ancient bondage. But in Goethe we have the mighty modern doctrine of evolution, the conception of the universe as a ceaseless activity; a universe of endless transformations in and of itself without any supernatural impulse. To Goethe the universe was sufficient of itself for all that it produced, be it a flower, or sun, or brain of man.



CHAPTER XV.

GEOLOGY.

ORTHODOXY was worsted on the plains of heaven. The stars fought against it. All space was lighted up with heretical torches. The tangled mazes of the Pleiades bore the banners of Freethought millions of miles from the clutch of the priest. The belt of Orion girded a heresiarch that could not be burned at the stake, and over the ashes of Bruno flamed his deathless brilliance. The Southern Cross was more radiant than the cross of the church. Not a planet or sun, or comet, or constellation, could Rome chain to its car. Orthodoxy submitted to the inevitable, and Freethought pursued its shining way through limitless space.

But the church was still enthroned on earth. If it could retain that it still might bid defiance to the stars. But when the earth seemed to be slipping from its grasp, and the garden of Eden and the flood and Mount Sinai to disappear in the vast sweep of ages, then came a long and bitter contest, and even to-day the battle is not yet ended. It has been a most humiliating defeat so far for the church.

The church scented the danger, and when man began to study the crust of the earth, its rocks, its fossils, there was a universal cry of condemnation from the church. All the theologians took arms, but in this case the Protestant church proved to be more pugnacious than Rome. Rome had learned its lesson in the battle of astronomy. It had

something of the wisdom of experience, and did not care again to endanger its reputation for infallibility. But the Protestant theologian must defend his Bible. The church, according to Rome, being a constant revelation from God, might accommodate itself to human advancement, but the Bible, a fixed thing, a revelation, ended eighteen centuries ago, and of course this could not be renovated. No amount of new knowledge could make it different from what it was. Its reputation for veracity must be maintained. The church was somewhat mobile, and might admit fresh channels of thought; but the Bible was crystallized. It had ceased to flow. It was an infallible book, and the very letter of it must be preserved. If one single mistake were proved against the Bible, the whole foundation of the Protestant church was gone, for it was founded upon the absolute truthfulness of the book.

Rome, therefore, occupied a somewhat neutral position. She left the brunt of the battle to the Protestants, and so conducted herself that the victory of science would not destroy her prestige. Indeed, it was a Catholic of commanding position, Cardinal Wiseman, who was the first of the theologic army to admit that geology might be true, and that the church of God had better make the best of it. It took a long time for the Protestant clergy to acquire equal wisdom.

The battle began in the sixteenth century. Fraacastoro and Palissy broached the true theory. Afterwards De Clave, Bitaud, and De Villon upheld it. The latter were opposed by the theologic faculty of Paris. Their books were burned, and they were banished. In the eighteenth century the learned and brilliant Buffon endeavored to state fundamental geological truths. He was dragged from his high position, and forced ignominiously to print his recantation. Still Scilla, Linnæus, Whitehurst, and Dauberton pushed their researches with incontrovertible

results. But the warfare continued even more furiously. Listen to the wail of the poet Cowper :

“Some drill and bore
The solid earth, and from the strata there
Extract a register by which we learn
That he who made it, and revealed its date
To Moses, was mistaken in its age.”

Poor Cowper ! His “God” was certainly mistaken, and is now a fossil himself, a matter of curiosity, like Cowper’s own poetry.

The civilized world was filled with the roar of the theologian. He declared that geology was “not a subject of lawful inquiry,” it was a “dark art,” “dangerous and disreputable,” “a forbidden province,” “an infernal artillery,” “an awful evasion of the testimony of revelation,” and “Infidelity.”

The fossils were a great trouble to the church champions. They could not get rid of them with all their noise. They were facts, and a fact does sometimes confront a theologian. But they said the fossils were produced by the deluge, although it was already proved that the deluge was not universal. It was declared that the remains of a mammoth were the bones of giants mentioned in scripture ; also that a lizard, discovered in Germany, was the fossil of a man. “It is comical and instructive,” says President White. We laugh to-day at these miserable sophistries. Yet they were upheld by the representatives of the Protestant church. But with the destruction of these sophistries forever vanishes the divine inspiration of the Bible. Geology has marked the word “lie” all over the pages of that book. On three great points the Bible is simply and absolutely false, and there is no doubt about it, and Geology even more than Astronomy has demolished the pretensions of the church. The rocks and fossils have spiked the guns of theology.

The three points on which the Bible in its record is diametrically opposed to science are, the age of man, the age of the earth, and the order of evolution.

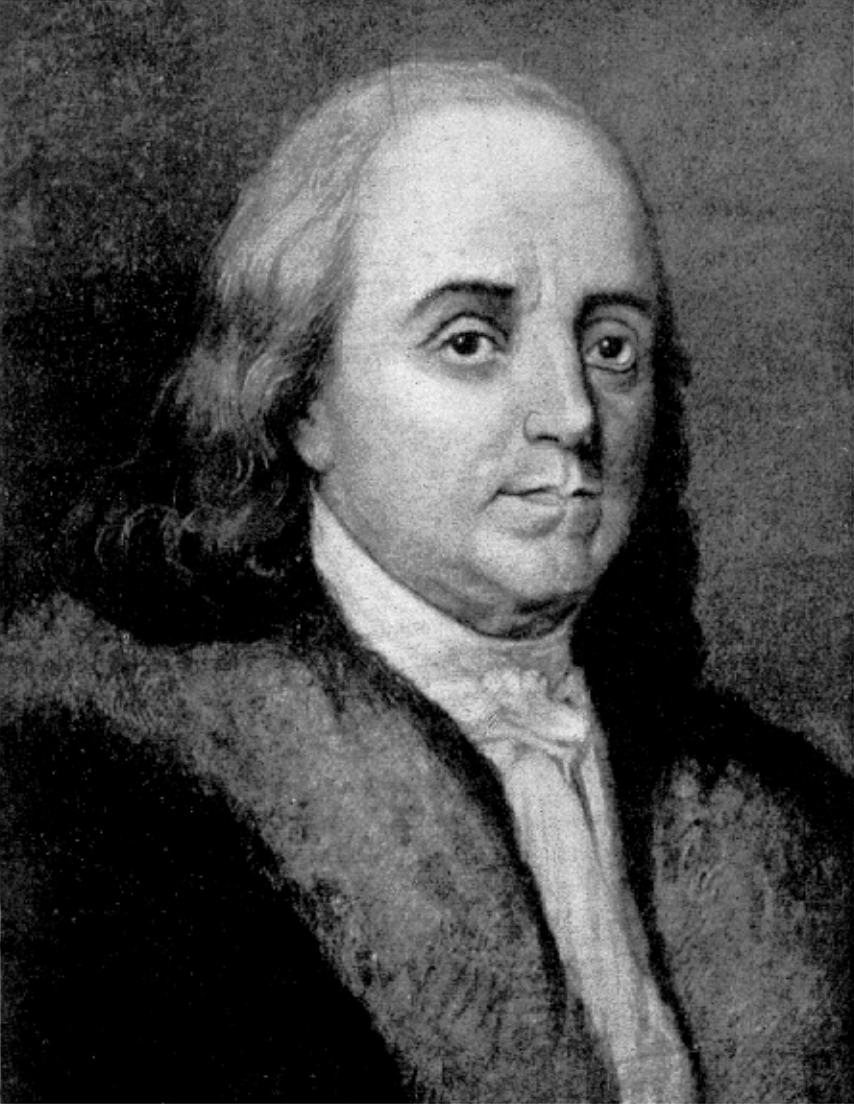
THE AGE OF MAN.

The Bible, beyond question to any fair-minded inquirer, declares that man has existed on this planet less than six thousand years.

Professor William Denton, to whom Freethought is so amply indebted for scientific and historical researches, says :

“ When we have learned that the heaven and earth were made in six days, we have a key to the time of the ‘beginning.’ On the last of these six days, Adam was created ; and in the fifth and sixth chapters of Genesis we can learn how many years it is from the creation of Adam to the deluge. Adam was one hundred and thirty years old when Seth was born ; Seth was one hundred and five when Enos was born ; and thus we are furnished with the date of the birth of eight succeeding individuals to Noah, who was six hundred years old when the deluge came. Thus we have the following total : Adam, 130 ; Seth, 105 ; Enos, 90 ; Cainan, 70 ; Mahalaleel, 65 ; Jared, 162 ; Enoch, 65 ; Methuselah, 187 ; Lamech, 182 ; Noah, 600 ; total, 1,656 years. The time from the creation of Adam to the deluge, then, is one thousand six hundred and fifty-six years ; and from that time the Bible furnishes us with dates, by which we learn that the deluge took place about four thousand two hundred years ago. Then the creation of man took place, according to the Bible statement, less than six thousand years ago.”

It is demonstrated by geology that man has existed on this planet for at least one hundred thousand years. Leaving out of question the age of the earth anterior to Adam, it is conceded that Adam was created on the seventh



day, and so the Bible chronology of Adam, as given by Professor Denton, cannot be disputed.

What is the testimony of history?

Baldwin says: "It is now as certain as anything in ancient history that Egypt existed as a civilized country not less than five thousand years earlier than the birth of Christ." For confirmation of this, one can visit the Art. Museum of New York and study the mummies.

Lenourman in his "Manual of the Ancient History of the East," places the first dynasty of Egyptian kings at 5004 B.C. He is a Christian scholar, but acknowledges that the same system of writing existed then, as was in use thousands of years afterward.

Sir Charles Lyell gives a period of one hundred thousand years from the present, for the time when the primitive men of France lived, whose remains have been found in the valley of the Somme.

Austed in his "Earth's History," says, "It would appear that the lowest human remains must be of a date carrying us back a quarter of a million of years."

Broca says: "Man has left traces of his existence, marks of his industry, and remains of his body in geological strata, the antiquity of which is beyond computation." He adds, "A person may easily convince himself that six thousand years constitute but a short moment in the life of humanity."

Lesley says: "You may, with little trouble, see for yourselves by glancing through the magazines of scientific literature that our race has been upon this earth for hundreds of thousands of years."

Prof. Asa Gray says: "Existing species of plants and animals have been in existence for many thousands of years; and as to their associate man, *all agree that the length of his occupation is not at all measured by the generations of the biblical chronology.*"

There is no question of the immeasurable antiquity of

man. His own history declares it. Geology declares it. The strata of the earth declare it. Monuments and fossils testify to it. The evidence is cumulative and entirely against the Bible story. If man is more than six thousand years old, every cardinal doctrine of Christianity is swept away, the Fall, Total Depravity, the Atonement. If Eden is a myth, then Christianity is founded on a myth. If the old Adam disappears, the new Adam (Christ) must vanish also. No fall, no redemption. That is the logic. The antiquity of man dissolves the whole system of the Christian religion. It is "the baseless fabric of a vision."

So it seems that Cowper's melancholy "God" was mistaken as to the age of man, about two hundred, or five hundred, thousand years, but as a thousand years are as one day to this deity, the difference, perhaps, is not important to the "divine mind."

THE AGE OF THE EARTH.

But how about the age of the earth? According to the Bible it is only six days older than Adam.

The six days of Genesis mean six days of twenty-four hours each, that is, common days. The evidence on this point is conclusive. It speaks of the evening and the morning of the first day, etc. If the day represents creation, then the night must represent non-creation, and if the day is a million years or more, then the night is a million years or more, and for a million years God did nothing. But geology denies the existence of any such blanks.

The twentieth chapter of Exodus is conclusive as to the length of day. The author of the Pentateuch defines his own term, and the definition must be accepted. It is on the supposition that the days of creation were similar to our own that the famous commandment of the Sabbath is based, and this is the motive assigned for it by the Hebrew legislature: "Thou shalt work six days and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the



Lord thy God. Thou shalt do no work on that day. For *in six days* the Lord made the heavens and the earth and the sea and all that is in them, and rested on *the seventh day.*"

Whatever the word "day" means in Genesis it must mean in Exodus. The terms are identical. If you change the meaning in Genesis you must change it in Exodus, and the command would then read: "Thou shalt work six periods of a million years each, but on the seventh period of a million years thou shalt do no work." A pretty long week's work and a pretty long Sabbath day—not even a Puritan could stand that!

Professor Moses Stuart, of Andover Seminary, one of the best Hebrew scholars of America, and who wrote a grammar of that language, settles the question thus:

"The inquiries you make concerning the word *yom* in Gen. i., I will briefly answer. It does not signify an indefinite period of time, but always some definite one, when employed, as it is in Gen. i., in the singular number. It sometimes means a specific day of the week; sometimes *to-day*, that is, this day; sometimes a specific day, or season of calamity, joy, particular duty, action, suffering, etc. It is only the plural, *yamin*, which is employed for time in an indefinite way, as 'in many days to come,' 'days of my life,' etc. But, even here, the plural in most cases is a limited one—limited by some adjective, numeral, etc.; and *yamin* signifies, therefore, a limited portion of time; often it stands for a year. . . . When the sacred writer in Gen. i. says, the *first day*, the *second day*, etc., there can be no possible doubt—none, I mean, for a *philologist*, let a geologist think as he may—that a definite day of the week is meant, which definite day is designated by the numbers *first*, *second*, *third*, etc. What puts this beyond all question in philology is that the writer says specifically, The evening and the morning were the *first day*, the *second day*, etc. Now, is an evening and a morning a

period of some thousands of years? Is it in any sense, when so employed, an indefinite period? The answer is so plain and certain that I need not repeat it. . . . If Moses has given us an erroneous account of the creation, so be it. Let it come out; and let us have the truth. But do not let us turn aside his language to get rid of difficulties that we may have in our speculations."

How old is the earth? Lyell talks of "myriads of ages." Professor Warren Upham says:

"Among all the means afforded by geology for direct estimates of the earth's duration, doubtless the most reliable is through comparing the present measured rate of denudation of continental areas with the aggregate of the greatest determined thickness of the strata referable to the successive time divisions. The factors of this method of estimate, however, are in considerable part uncertain, or dependent on the varying opinions of different geologists. According to Sir Archibald Geikie, in his presidential address a year ago before the British Association, the time thus required for the formation of all the stratified rocks of the earth's crust may range from a minimum of seventy-three million up to a maximum of six hundred and eighty million years. Professor Samuel Haughton obtains in this way, 'for the whole duration of geological time a minimum of two hundred million years.'

"On the other hand, smaller results are reached through the same method by Dana, who conjectures that the earth's age may be about forty-eight million years since the formation of the oldest fossiliferous rocks; and by Alfred Russell Wallace, who concludes that this time has probably been only about twenty-eight million years. With these, rather than with the foregoing, we may also place Mr. T. Mellard Reade's recent estimate of ninety-five million years, similarly derived. Again, Mr. C. D. Walcott, in his vice-presidential address before Section E of the American Association for the Advancement of Science,

in its meeting in August, 1893, gave his opinion, from a study of the sedimentary rocks of the western Cordilleran area of the United States, that the duration of time since the Archæan era has been probably some forty-five million years."

These geological ages, as Kingsley says, are simply "appalling." We cannot conceive of them. They are to us practically an eternity. But these vast unimaginable periods sweep away the Bible creation utterly. How insignificant it seems when we come to the truth itself.

Again must Cowper's God hide his diminished head. He was mistaken this time to the extent of two hundred, or three hundred, millions of years.

THE ORDER OF EVOLUTION.

But another even more tremendous indictment is made by geology against the truthfulness of the Bible, and that is, as to the order of development through all these millions of years. God might be forgetful of time, but he certainly cannot forget the order of his own action.

What is the Bible order?

First read the text. On the fifth day God is represented as saying: "Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creatures that have life, and fowl that may fly in the open firmament of heaven."

On the sixth day God said: "Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth, after his kind." And, apparently toward evening of that day, God said, "Let us make man."

Popularly speaking, without reference to other distinctions, all the animal life of the universe can be divided into three great classes, namely, the water population, the air population, and the land population. The question in geological history arises as to the order of production or development of these great classes. The

Bible order is as follows: First, the water population, "Let the waters," etc.; second, the air population, "Fowl that may fly," etc.; third, the land population, "Cattle, creeping things," etc.

This is the true and only possible interpretation of the Bible. Gladstone himself, the most able defender of the faith to-day, on this very order itself, bases an argument for the divine inspiration of the Bible.

Professor Huxley states, in his answer to Gladstone, that the order is as follows: First, the water population; second, the land population; and third, the air population. There is no question among men of science as to this order; and it is clearly irreconcilable with the order of the Bible.

What an unanswerable indictment geology thus brings against the Bible. As we travel through the rocky and fiery corridors of ancient time, into what a "formless void" sinks the garden of Eden! How stupendous and amazing is the reality! What pictures pass before the glowing mind! What a theater of action expands!

In this workshop, this laboratory of nature, what enormous and subtle forces interact, crushing and mingling, separating and fusing in the uncounted chambers of the past; chambers of ice, deep-sea chambers, forest chambers, and arches, and slow columns of mountains! As we are overwhelmed with the grandeurs of space, with starry pathways in every direction, even so are we overwhelmed with the grandeurs of time.

No Bible and no God can now bar the endless procedure. A little stretch indeed is the recorded history of man, compared with those immensities of years which roll backward with such majestic scenes. What is the revelation of Mount Sinai, with its thunders, compared to the revelations of geology, with its thunder, its fires, its "heavens and earth" uncreated, no "beginning," an everlasting panorama; ever death and ever birth; decay and

bloom, yet nothing lost; not one atom but keeps on its unwearied course. How marvelous are these pages of nature's bible, which can never be impeached. Each picture is traced by nature's own pencil, and flushed with her abundant life and color. For two hundred millions of years the sun poured its beams upon this swirling planet ere it made a place for man; ere it bounded the seas, stretched the plains, arched the sunny skies, bloomed in flowers, and glowed in fruit. And this was five hundred thousand years before man ever dreamed of God and Eden. He had not time to make gods then. It was a struggle for existence. Man must put forth every effort to save himself. If he had wasted as much time in worship as his descendants, our far-off ancestor would certainly have gone to the wall. It is fortunate that he trusted in no divine providence; that he did not get down on his knees to pray. The tiger and the lion would have got the better of him in that position. Man was not, at first, a religious animal. He could not afford to be. It would have cost him his life. He must husband his resources. He must constantly walk upright. He must differentiate his fore-paws from hind-paws; that was his only "plan of salvation." He must cultivate his fingers. If he laid his "deadly doing down," he would certainly be down himself. Man was in the midst of a tremendous battle; and he had to do his best, and could not waste any time in useless religious services.

The man of geology is not at all like the man of the Bible. He was not even male and female to begin with, and woman was first, and not man. What a history it is—the real history of man. Man born with all the other animals, akin with all the other animals, struggling with them, fighting with them, killing them and being killed, but gradually gaining superior strength, wisdom, and skill, building a home, forming centers of life; and out of the very weakness of his infancy attaining a more vigorous

and splendid manhood. That is the man for the poetry and philosophy of to-day; not the shriveled artificiality of theological myth, who followed the lead of woman, and then, like a coward, shirked the responsibility. Geology is revealing the vast anterior life of man, and the immeasurable stream of time, on whose bosom he arose, like the sea-anemone itself, child of his surroundings. Geology has thus added a wondrous meaning and possibility to human existence. Man is on the onward path, with the gained capital of half a million years, the stored-up labor and experience of unimaginable centuries. He is not a poor, fallen child, a depraved being, a mass of corruption, destined to an eternal hell; he is a wise, valiant, disciplined, heroic being, the glory of the universe. He has grown strong in suffering; he has learned by adversity, he has profited by a million mistakes. The roots of his life to-day, which stretch into unsounded depths of time, give him the sustenance and the power by which, as from a noble height, to-day he looks into a future of bright and ceaseless progress.



CHAPTER XVI.

EVOLUTION.

A FAR more dangerous enemy than astronomy or geology was now about to overwhelm the old ideas and traditions, namely, Evolution. Including in itself all that had been won by these, and other sciences, it was still more radical and universal in its onslaught. Astronomy and geology did give some chance for a "God of Design," although somewhat remote in time and place. But in the origin of species there was still remaining a stronghold for the faithful; and it was fondly hoped that between man and the lower animals there was an impassable gulf, and here the deity was a necessary invention. It is astonishing what a change has been made by evolution in this respect. All the old arguments have been swept away, and among them the argument from design, the supreme argument of theology and the only argument which has had any real influence with the human mind. But for the evidences of "design" there would never have been any abiding belief in God. As a practical argument it was exceedingly strong to one who desired to believe. It was not a demonstration, and could be easily answered by logic. But it appealed strongly to the senses, and was valid even with Freethinkers like Voltaire and Paine. Evolution has taken away the foundation of this argument. Evolution accounts for all the design we now behold. There is no need of any God to explain it. Hereafter God

does not appeal to the senses or to thought. He is purely an affair of the imagination, and has become so attenuated and so irresponsible to man's real needs that it is impossible for him to be retained even by a devout mind when evolution has fully accomplished its logical course.

Evolution has changed the front of the universe, as Mr. Savage says. It has changed everything—all our ideas of history, of man's past, his nature, his possibilities, and his future. We are in a different universe from what our fathers were. Never has such a change been made in human thought. Its effect as yet is but scarcely seen. Not a generation has passed since it was accepted as a part of human science; not only as part, but really as the spirit and law of all science hereafter. Every science is now evolutionary science. The unity of sciences is in evolution. Evolution has had to battle against the prejudices of ages, and the faith of ages, and not easily do these yield even to overwhelming proof. Even the theologian to-day is compelled to accept Evolution, but he seeks in all possible ways to bend it to his ancient creed. It is no longer a question with any thinker as to the acceptance of Evolution, but as to how to accept it, and what shall be saved, if anything, from the wrecks of the past. Of course the church will try to save itself, theology will try to save itself, not any longer as against evolution, but by submitting to the inevitable and saving itself, if possible, through the weakness and credulity of mankind which evolution does not destroy, even while it gives greater wisdom and liberty. The battle will probably go on for ages yet; but a great triumph has been achieved, a new outlook has been gained, a tremendous power brought into play. All the sacrifices and martyrdoms and struggles of the past have resulted in the brightest and noblest attainments and prospects of the human race.

Evolution needs a deep and careful study to under-

stand what it is in relation to all the other triumphs hitherto won by science and philosophy.

We need to understand, first, What is Evolution; secondly, The methods of Evolution; thirdly, its proofs, and finally its results, logical and practical. In this way only can we realize this immense triumph of Freethought.

WHAT IS EVOLUTION?

The most general meaning of evolution may be defined as follows from the *Encyclopedia Britannica*:

“Evolution includes all theories respecting the origin and order of the world, which regard the higher or more complex forms of existence, as following and depending on the lower and simpler forms, which represent the course of the world as a gradual transition from the indeterminate to the determinate, from the uniform to the varied, and which assume the cause of this progress to be immanent in the world itself that is thus transformed. All theories of evolution, properly so-called, regard the physical world as a gradual progress from the simple to the complex; look upon the development of organic life as conditioned by that of the inorganic world, and view the course of mental life, both of the individual and the race, as correlated with a material process.”

Professor Le Conte thus defines evolution: “Evolution is continuous, progressive change, according to certain laws, *by means of resident forces.*”

The gist of this definition is in the words italicized.

It must be understood that evolution, in its larger sense, includes dissolution, that is, all changes, whether for life or death; whether for progress, or non-progress. “Many imagine,” says Professor Le Conte, “that progress is the one law of evolution; in fact, that evolution and progress are convertible terms. They imagine that in evolution the movement must be upward and onward in *all* parts; that degeneration (dissolution) is the opposite of evolution. This is far from the truth.”

The words "progress" and "degeneration" are relative words applied to evolution from the human standpoint; but universally speaking there is no "progress" or "degeneration" in evolution. It is simply evolution. There is no purpose in evolution, and dissolution is really evolution, that is, a change evolved by natural or inherent causes, or resident forces.

The egg is the type of evolution, not a definition, but an illustration, the best, perhaps, which any one process in nature can give.

Says Le Conte :

"Every one is familiar with the main facts connected with the development of an egg. We all know that it begins as a microscopic germ-cell, then grows into an egg, then organizes into a chick, and finally grows into a cock; and that the whole process follows some general, well-recognized law. Now this process is evolution. It is more, it is the type of all evolution. It is from that we get our idea of evolution, and without which there would be no such word. Whenever and wherever we find a process of change, more or less resembling this, and following laws similar to those determining the development of an egg, we call it evolution.

"Evolution, as a process, is not confined to one thing, the egg, nor as a doctrine is it confined to one department of science—biology. The process pervades the whole universe, and the doctrine concerns alike every department of science, yea, every department of human thought."

Haeckel's definition is as follows :

"The general doctrine of development, the progenesis theory of evolution, hypothesis (in the widest sense) as a comprehensive, philosophical view of the universe, assumes that a vast, uniform, uninterrupted, and eternal process of development obtains throughout all nature, and that all natural phenomena, without exception, from the motions of the heavenly bodies, and the fall of a rolling

stone, to the growth of plants and the consciousness of men, obey one and the same great law of causation; that all may be ultimately referred to the mechanics of atoms, the mechanical or mechanistic, homogeneous or monistic, view of the universe; in one word, Monism."

Robert C. Adams gives a definition which, expressed without scientific terms, is easily understood:

"Evolution is the theory that all the varied details of the universe are the result of a gradual development from simpler conditions through the working of laws of nature, which now surround us. Worlds, minerals, plants, animals, man, language, morals, laws, literature, arts, and sciences, as they exist to-day, are the outcome of the unceasing succession of cause and effect that have taken place, through the preceding ages, in accordance with natural law."

I have given these various definitions of evolution, in order that one can grasp fully its philosophy, before we come to a consideration of its facts, its methods, to the science of evolution. We cannot understand the methods of evolution until we comprehend its universal meaning.

Evolution, as a philosophy, an idea, is nothing new. It was held by the old Greek and Hindoo philosophers. Anaximander, Heraclitus, Empedocles, Thales, Democritus, Aristotle, and Lucretius taught the unity and evolution of life, as opposed to the dualism of Plato. The early Ionic physicists explained the world "as generated out of a primordial matter which is at the same time the universal support of things. This substance is endowed with a generative or transmutative force, by virtue of which it passes into a succession of forms. They thus resemble modern evolutionists, since they regard the world, with its infinite variety of forms, as issuing from a simple mode of matter."

In the ancient philosophies of India, "Brahma is conceived as the eternal, self-existent being, which on its

material side unfolds itself to the world by gradually condensing itself to the natural objects through the gradations of ether, fire, water, earth, and other elements."

"Strife is father and king of all," is a saying ascribed to Heraclitus. As Huxley suggests, this might make a fitting motto to Darwin's "Origin of Species."

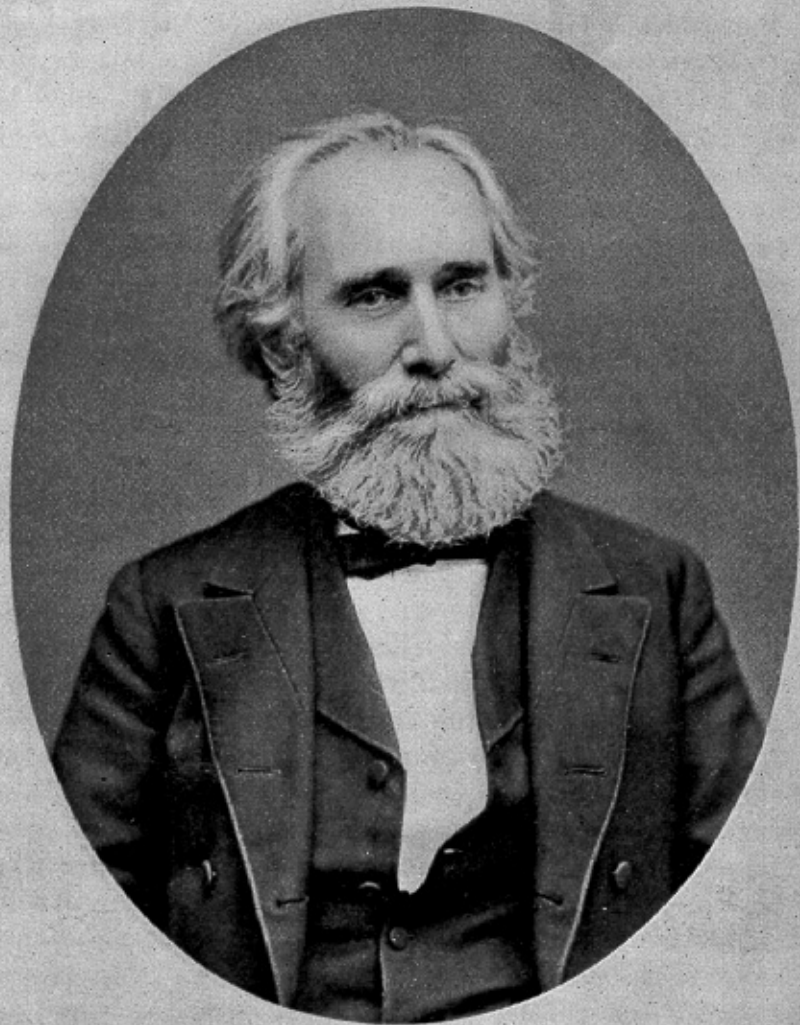
It thus appears that evolution is as old as philosophy. It is a natural explanation to the thinking mind. It is the savage who originates the theological explanation—that a will, an intelligence like himself, is at the source of things. Philosophy naturally takes to evolution, and the greatest minds in all ages have accepted it.

There are only three theories possible to the human mind regarding the history of nature ; first, that the world has always been about as it is to-day ; second, the creation theory ; third, the evolution theory.

It is simply against all evidence to accept the first, although it has been accepted in past times by some philosophers. The theologian rejects it and so does the man of science.

Only two theories are then possible to the human mind—creation and evolution. These theories are directly antagonistic. They are mutually exclusive. Where creation is there cannot be evolution, and where evolution is there cannot be creation. If one reject creation, then he must accept evolution ; and if he reject evolution, then he must accept creation, or simply have no thought at all about the matter.

One can understand evolution better by an endeavor to understand its opposite, the creation theory. The original creation theory is that something originates out of nothing. This is absolutely inconceivable. The words, "something out of nothing," convey no idea to the human mind. Even the theologian is staggered by the unthinkableness of the assertion. The something that exists to-day must certainly have been made of something that existed before,



even if that something was God himself, in which case the universe itself must be eternal in substance with God, and therefore there is no need of creation.

Hence the theory has been modified so as to admit of the everlasting existence of matter, but matter without attributes or qualities. But the existence of matter, without attributes or qualities, is also inconceivable. We can only know matter through its qualities. The Bible, of course, declares that the earth was "formless and void," but one cannot think, picture, or imagine what that means. "A material thing," says Huxley, referring to this passage, "existing in space, must have a superficies, and if it has a superficies it has a form. The wildest streaks of mares-tail clouds in the sky, or the most irregular heavenly nebulae, have surely just as much form as a geometrical tetrahedron; and as for 'void,' how can that be void which is full of matter? As a scientific statement, these words fail to convey any intelligible conception to my mind."

So that theory of creation cannot be held as reasonable.

The modern and only really reasonable theory of creation is this: that nature in itself is an inert mass; of itself it could never move. The creation is, therefore, in the motion which is given to motionless matter, or the life which is given to lifeless matter. Now this "act of creation" is conceivable. You can think of a vast inert mass. You can think of that mass set in motion by some outside power.

It does not follow, however, that because a thing is conceivable, or thinkable, or reasonable, it is therefore true. If we try to find out a truth through a pure act of reason, we commit the old fatal error of Plato and his followers, and there is no end to the creeds which might be fashioned, for then one might believe as "he is a mind to," which, of course, he cannot scientifically. Science says, Believe according to facts.

It is not reason only, but reason and experience, that give us truth, and there is no other way.

This last theory of creation was held by Thomas Paine, and upon the existence of motion he founded his argument for the existence of God. Paine reasoned that matter was motionless, and there must be a deity to make it move.

He had high authority for his assumption that matter is necessarily motionless. Descartes held to the same view, and it was the general philosophic view at that time.

Against this notion of Descartes and Paine, the great Deist, John Toland, strenuously contended, and perhaps to him, whose ashes now lie unmarked in Putney churchyard, must be given the honor of first clearly announcing the modern philosophical doctrine of matter and force, so luminously expressed by Büchner, and which is the foundation of the scientific doctrine of the conservation of force. Says Tyndall: "He (Toland) affirmed motion to be an inherent attribute of matter, that no portion of matter was at rest, and that even the most quiescent solids were animated by a motion of their ultimate particles."

How much deeper was the insight of John Toland into nature than that of Descartes or Paine. Let us give to this sturdy Deist the true merit of his genius, piercing beyond his own generation.

"Definitions," says Holyoake, "grow as the horizon of experience expands. They are not inventions, but descriptions of the state of a question. No man sees all through a discovery at once." "That definitions," says Tyndall, "should change as knowledge advances, is in accordance with sound sense and scientific practice."

Paine did not define matter correctly.

His theological argument collapses the moment we understand the true nature of matter, which is eternally in the process of evolution. Matter is not "dead;" it is not "lifeless;" it is not "motionless." Matter is constantly

alive and moving. Death is merely our name for a change in nature, but there is no cessation of movement. Death is simply a new movement, not inertia. Not a particle of matter is ever absolutely at rest. The curtain is never rung down on nature. Her drama is unceasing, however we may view it. Given matter, there is motion; and given motion, there is matter.

This brings us to the fundamental affirmation of evolution, the eternity of matter and motion, that matter cannot be increased or diminished, and motion cannot be increased or diminished. In nature, both matter and force (motion) are unbeginning and unending. Without this postulate, scientific knowledge is impossible. Grant that matter or motion can be made or destroyed by the least possible amount, and the foundations of certainty are gone. The conservation of forces is the noblest demonstration of modern science and absolutely necessary to its life.

Nothing is made, nothing is lost, anywhere in the universe. There is no need, therefore, of creation, or of God. The only way to save the conception of God hereafter is to identify him with this eternal matter and force, as Goethe has done, and others; but this is a thing of choice and not of logic. Evolution does not need a god. It needs simply eternal matter and motion. In matter, as Tyndall says, "is the promise and potency of all life"—matter in which motion never ceases to be, since it never began to be. Wherever we are in any age, in any cycle, in any eon, in any chamber of illimitable space, the universe is always on the move. Fundamentally, as Goethe says, the universe is action. It is dynamic.

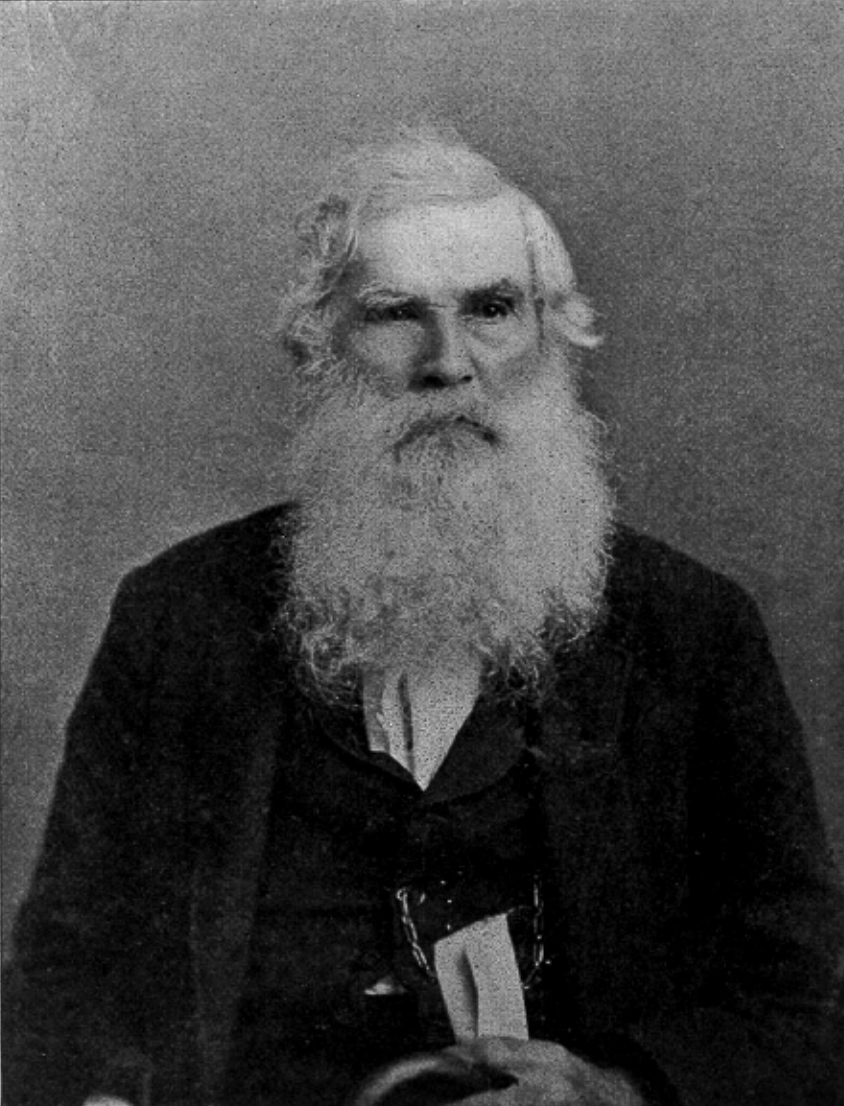
Evolution, therefore, first of all, brings us into the presence of a universe in which no particle of matter is at rest. Its crystals are but mirrors of motion. Its diamonds heave and flash like a sea, if we have senses fine enough to perceive. Its iron, its adamant are streams of

movement. It is eternal action, ever translated into eternal fact.

The universe of to-day, therefore, is the universe of yesterday and of the illimitable past. It is the universe of to-morrow and of the illimitable future. It is ever old, ever new—never the same, yet unchangeable in its substance. There is no addition, no diminution—infinite variety, yet infinite oneness—no break anywhere. All the forms of to-day, however wonderful and brilliant, existed potentially in all the forms of yesterday; and all the million and billion forms of to-morrow, however different, low or high, vast or minute, exist potentially in the forms of to-day. If at one time there was only fire mist, yet in that fire mist was the cosmos of to-day; and if this cosmos ceases, it gives its glory and wealth to that which succeeds. There is no grave for the universe, even as there was no birth. Every tombstone will melt and flow into the eternal activity. There is no epitaph for nature. What she is, she ever was and ever will be. Her chambers of darkness are not prison-houses. In them gathers life, and it surges and rolls on to illuminated fields. Nature carries her supplies with her. Her treasuries are never drained; her lines of communication are never broken. She has no straggling forces. Wherever she marches, her army is compact and beautiful.

Nature is a "living whole," as Humboldt says. Who can measure the grandeur of these words, or unfold their infinite meaning? This conception lies at the foundation of any philosophy of evolution; not simply the oneness of nature, but that oneness alive at every point.

There is nothing back of evolution; there is nothing after evolution. Evolution is all in all. It is nature working with her own capital, depending on her own resources. Nature makes her own investments and takes all the profits. She has no silent partner. She is her own syndicate. She is entirely home rule. There is no foreign



interference. Nature never imports. Her looms weave the productions of her own soil. Nature pays no tariff for anything that is in her wide domains. Nature pays her own way, makes her own living, and is never bankrupt. Her assets are always equal to her liabilities. Her accounts always balance. Her receipts equal her expenditures.

This is what evolution is—not a partial, but a universal explanation of nature. Nature is all in all, eternal matter and eternal force, whose endless transformations are the result of her own inherent activity.

THE METHODS OF EVOLUTION.

After a general and philosophical definition of evolution is the elucidation of the methods of evolution, or the real facts of evolution as a matter of history which can be discovered only by science itself. We might *a priori* affirm evolution as a philosophy of the universe, but we could not declare its process. We can only know how nature works by watching her.

I can only give a bird's-eye view of the process of evolution. It would take volumes to unfold all the details brought to light by modern science. But it is necessary to the history of evolution that we should have a general view of its methods, or laws, or order of facts.

I use the word law as a description of the ways of nature, not as something imposed upon nature. Nature has her methods and these methods I call laws.

In the study of nature and the multiplicity of her forms, the first law which strikes the observer is the law of persistency. All forms of life with which we become acquainted tend to continue to be, to reproduce and perpetuate themselves. All past and present experiences of man demonstrate the existence and universality of this law. Species or forms of life now in existence have been in existence with scarcely any change for many thousands

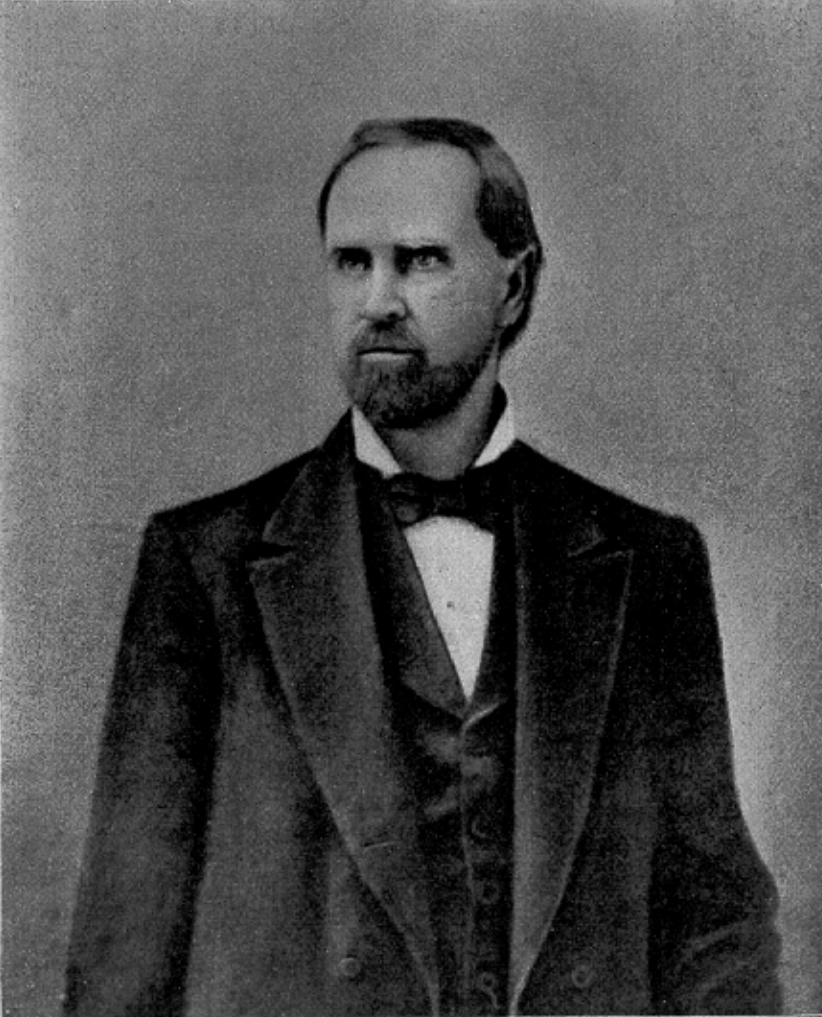
of years. This applies to all animal and plant life. This law of persistency is recognized without question.

Then comes the law of variation, and this seems to be almost as universal as the law of persistency. Forms of life tend to vary, to be different. Every form of life seems to have this tendency, more or less. It is not necessarily inherent, but is probably the result of a change of environment. Both the form of life and its environment must be taken into consideration. It might be inherent in the form to change, or it might be entirely the result of a change in outward conditions. At any rate, the variation occurs and constantly occurs. We see it ourselves every day in the plants and animals by which we are surrounded.

But now, furthermore, it is to be observed as the method of nature that when the variation occurs it also takes the law of persistency equally with the original form. It tends to continue to be, to multiply and also to produce variations, and these also tend to persist.

The law, therefore, of persistency, of variation, and of persistency in the variation is well established by universal experience. It needs no further illustration.

What, then, must be the result? No matter how minute the first appearance of life, it must eventually increase to an enormous extent. There must at length be millions upon millions of forms, and these forms increasing in geometrical ratio. "A cod," says Denton, "will produce at a birth from four to nine millions; a full-grown elm will perfect in a single season a hundred million seeds; a pair of rabbits in a hundred and fifty years, if unrestrained, would stock the entire land surface of the globe." "Three flies," says Huxley, "will destroy a dead horse as quickly as a lion." There are 100,000,000,000,000 flies in the world each day. Darwin reckons that two elephants in seven hundred and fifty years will increase to nineteen millions. Fifty million birds and birds' eggs die every year, and of this destruction no



traces are seen. Five hundred thousand animal species are now known. These facts among many illustrate the inconceivable energy of nature, her opulence of life; she is eternally producing. What must be the result in the long run, begin where we will? It is the struggle for existence. There is not room and there is not sustenance for all. The larger number must perish. Only a minority can remain. The universe becomes a battle-ground. As Ingersoll says, "every drop of water is a field of carnage." Nature is "red in tooth and claw," says the poet; and even Huxley cries, "Thousands of times a minute, were our ears sharp enough, we should hear sighs and groans of pain like those heard by Dante at the gates of hell."

It is useless to hide the facts. We are in a world of enormous misery, where each must struggle for existence, where the chances are a thousand to one against life and happiness for the individual. Millions die and millions are forgotten in a day.

Thus far the process, or method, of evolution cannot be denied; persistency, variation, enormous multiplication of life, the struggle for existence. Whatever may be the source of the original germ in the remote eons, this is the actual result at last; a warfare inconceivable in its extent, fierceness, slaughter, and destruction. By what process, out of this apparently interminable confusion, arises the present cosmos, still laden with pain, and yet beautiful and wonderful in its superb structure?

The answer is natural selection; and yet this answer was not made until a little over thirty years ago. This method of evolution was made known by Darwin, and demonstrated by an array of facts, inductions indisputable. To Darwin belongs the honor of giving to evolution its decisive victory. Not that he originated the idea of evolution, but that he announced its supreme method, and we might say that he is the most original and triumphant

investigator in the whole field of science. Not Aristotle, nor Copernicus, nor Newton, has so revolutionized the thoughts of men; and strange it is that so plain, so simple, so adequate an explanation was not made hundreds of years ago.

However, we must not fail to give credit to those who opened the way. The modern theory of descent was not originated by Darwin, but by Lamarck, and to him belongs the honor. Goethe also anticipated Darwin in this direction, as also Herbert Spencer. What is the theory of descent? It is the affirmation of the unity of organic nature; that all animals now living, and similarly all plants, are connected, forming one great family, and that they are connected naturally with those of all past ages, and derived from them, and from one or a few original germs. This, popularly, is supposed to be the theory which Darwin stated for the first time in his epoch-making book. But the genetic continuity of all life on this planet, both animal and vegetable, had been admirably stated by Spencer seven years before Darwin's book was published; while the general doctrine of evolution had been taught for over two thousand years. It was not the theory of descent which Darwin discovered and announced, but the method by which the descent of all life, from a few original germs, was accomplished; and it was this method which had been overlooked by all investigators before, even by Spencer. This method was stated in the title of his great book, "*The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection.*" We might say that before Darwin evolution was simply a brilliant guess—a philosophy that made luminous human history; but it was not a science. Darwin made it a science, not by stating the *what*, but by showing the *how* of the continuity and relationship of life on this planet "by means of *Natural Selection.*" Natural selection is what has opened more than all else into the wonderful working of nature, and solved what had hitherto

been regarded as insoluble. It was one thing as a philosopher to declare the theory of descent and voluminously illustrate it, and make it appear a reasonable theory, a valid explanation of the universe and the processes of its life. This is what Spencer did. It is another and a greater thing to demonstrate the theory of descent and show how it was done by an induction from facts which cannot be questioned, and this is what Darwin has accomplished. He has made evolution a science. With Spencer it was a philosophy more deductive than inductive. We might say that both Spencer and Darwin were necessary to the grandest development and understanding of the doctrine of evolution. Both have been of incalculable service; only it is well to understand their relation to each other, and to know what each accomplished. Spencer swept the whole universe, and correlated all facts, all history, all life. Darwin took one department, but in that department he accomplished the supremest triumph that is possible to human genius. He demonstrated where Spencer inferred.

There are three great theories of evolution frequently confounded in the popular mind, but which should be kept separate in order to understand modern progress.

First, the general or universal theory, that is, Monism; that which affords a rational interpretation of the whole universe by bringing all phenomena into a uniform process of evolution.

Second, the theory of transmutation or descent, which is an essential and indispensable element in the general evolution theory, and which explains, to a certain extent, the origin of organic species. This is the theory of Lamarck.

It will be noted that these two theories existed before Darwin, and, therefore, it is improper to label either one of them Darwinism, as is frequently done.

The third theory is the theory of selection, mainly natural selection, and this is Darwin's theory.

The theory of natural selection was founded upon the fact of artificial selection. Artificial selection is well known. Man has practiced it for centuries.

Now, what man does consciously, nature does unconsciously, only it will be seen with an immensely greater number of appliances and energy of life, and with immensely greater results. Nature is at work all the time, in every part of the universe, with an infinite array of forces. Nature, as we have seen, is living throughout, is never at rest, and, therefore, the effect of nature's selection must be infinitely varied, vast, and magnificent. It is more potent than any possible miracle of any possible god. God is simply ruled out. There is no need of him.

Darwin, first of all, studied artificial selection, and then he studied nature, as nature had never been studied before, and nature revealed to him her most pregnant secret. In the whole history of the world no one man has contributed so much to human knowledge as Darwin; no one man has so changed the outlook of the human race, so changed its morality, its religion, its hope, its intellectual and practical motive, as Darwin. Like Shakspeare in poetry is Darwin in science. Darwin uses the term "Natural Selection." Spencer uses the term, "Survival of the Fittest." Both terms are liable to misunderstanding. Selection implies intelligence, but Darwin does not affirm any intelligence in the operations of nature. The selection of nature is without will or intelligence. It is *natural* selection and not *artificial* selection.

The word "fittest" implies that what we *think* to be fittest, which is fittest from our moral or intellectual standpoint, survives, which is by no means the case universally. That which we think most unfit survives, simply because it has the best surroundings. In other words, the fittest is simply the strongest, not simply in quality or quantity, but by favorable circumstances. This universe no more exists to satisfy the moral or intellectual ideal of man

than it does to satisfy the moral or intellectual ideal of an ant, a bee, a lion, or a hippopotamus. The glory of man is no more considered in the sweep of universal nature than the glory of the grass or of an ox. Man has simply to look out for himself; he must take his chances and win. Fortunately he has won, but exactly in the same way that others have won. The conditions were favorable, and, therefore, he was "selected;" but having gained a vantage ground, then his will comes into play, and through his will he makes advancement; but that will must not depend on God or nature. It must annihilate God and use nature. Man has the power of reaction. Goethe states it:

"All members develop themselves according to eternal laws,

And the rarest form mysteriously preserves the primitive type.

Form, therefore, determines the animal's way of life,

And in turn the way of life powerfully reacts upon all form.

Thus the orderly growth of form is seen to hold

Whilst yielding to change from eternally acting causes."

Natural selection does not account for the whole process of organic evolution; although it accounts for the largest number of facts, but some facts seem to be outside of it. Darwin says: "I am convinced that natural selection has been the main, but not the exclusive, means of modification." Besides natural selection, Darwin brings forward the theory of sexual selection, which Wallace opposes.

The theory of sexual selection is to account for the *ornamentation* which apparently exists in nature, among the birds especially, and which, of course, cannot be produced by natural selection, for natural selection includes only the useful, not the ornamental. I think Darwin is right, and

that ornamentation, simply as such, does exist in nature, and is the result of sexual selection. Of course, as Wallace argues, beauty and grace might exist as the incident of use; for instance, brilliant colors in certain places conduce to concealment and safety. Therefore, brilliant colors exist. Speed conduces to grace of form, as in the horse. So grace exists. This, no doubt, accounts for much of the beauty and grace which are seen in nature. The extreme beauty of flowers, sea-anemones, corals, and so forth, cannot of course be explained by sexual selection. But there is such a thing as ornamentation in nature, as, for instance, the peacock's tail, and natural selection will not account for it.

We thus discover the method of evolution. It is first of all from the simple to the complex—from the monera to man; and this by the laws of persistence, variation, struggle for existence, natural selection, artificial selection, sexual selection, and the use and disuse of organs. It will be seen, however, that natural selection is the heart of modern evolution, and while natural selection is not coextensive with evolution in its universal philosophic sense, it is the illumination and all-conclusive proof of evolution and its supreme method, although there may be subordinate methods. Natural selection, therefore, is the battle-ground. There are some who call themselves evolutionists, who do not accept natural selection as its cause and main procedure. If one accepts natural selection, in the main, all is accepted; if one rejects natural selection, then he might as well reject evolution altogether. His evolution is simply a mask for the creation theory.

PROOFS OF EVOLUTION.

Having ascertained the method of evolution, the question is now as to the proofs of evolution.

There are, says Huxley, three classes of facts in the universe: those which are neither favorable nor unfavor-



able to the theory of evolution, like the persistency of types of life through many thousands of years; those which are favorable to evolution, like the discovery of birds with teeth, which is evidence of the common origin of birds and reptiles; and those facts which demonstrate evolution, like the history of the horse, etc. These classes exhaust all known facts, and therefore there are no facts against evolution, although all facts do not require evolution; but some facts cannot possibly be explained without evolution, and therefore whatever evidence there is is in favor of evolution.

What is the evidence for creation? Simply none.

Prof. Asa Gray says: "The strength of evolution appears by comparing it with the rival hypothesis of immediate creation, which *neither explains nor pretends to explain anything.*"

Creation explains nothing. Evolution does. In that it has an immense advantage; but furthermore there are facts which demand evolution as an explanation. The proof, therefore, we might say, is mathematically perfect. As Professor Le Conte says: "The evidence for evolution is more certain than the evidence for gravitation."

Since, therefore, we must accept creation or evolution, as there can be no third hypothesis, and as the question must be settled by evidence, and as there is not one fact for creation, and millions of facts for evolution, there can be no question which theory the honest, impartial, enlightened inquirer will choose. One might as well deny that two and two are four, as to deny evolution.

When it comes to natural selection, a method of evolution, the evidence is not so overwhelming and decisive; that is, as to the extent of natural selection, and whether it is to be considered as a *cause* or merely an *occasion* of development. On these questions scientific men can and do differ. Let it be understood, though, that the existence of natural selection as a fact cannot be denied.

Professor Gray says on this point: "Here it may be remarked that natural selection by itself is not a hypothesis, nor even a theory. *It is a truth, a catena of facts and direct inferences from facts.*"

Natural selection, therefore, is an undoubted truth, and it must be a part of general evolution.

Given the struggle for existence, and natural selection must operate. It does not create the variations or the struggle, but it does *shape* the course of the variations and the result of the struggle. It is practically the cause of the organic universe of to-day. It is the one supreme factor, whatever others may exist.

Natural selection, therefore, being an undeniable *truth*, is it not also a *cause*? Natural selection does not account for the introduction of life, but for its diversification into the forms and kinds which we now behold. It is not the cause of the variations originally. Variation would exist without natural selection. Variation is an inexhaustible factor upon which natural selection works as a sculptor might work upon the marble. Of course the sculptor is not the cause of the marble, but is he not the cause, and the efficient and prime cause, of the completed statue?

And so, taking the universe as it is to-day, it can be scientifically affirmed that natural selection is a cause, and by all odds the most potent factor in the history of nature.

It is useless further to multiply proofs. Evolution in general has been mathematically demonstrated. Natural selection is equally demonstrated as the supreme method in the process of evolution. The subordinate factors, namely, the influence of environment, the increased use and disuse of organs, and sexual selection, will be admitted according to evidence.

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

The truth or falsity of spontaneous generation has nothing logically to do with the truth or falsity of natural

selection. Spontaneous generation is the origination of organic life from inorganic life. Natural selection has simply to do with organic life and its processes, and not with the origin of organic life. Undoubtedly, however, the general theory of evolution, or the highest form of evolution, namely, Monism, does demand spontaneous generation, logically, although at present there is no physical evidence to demonstrate it. But evolution affirms unity of existence, and, therefore, all forms of existence are correlated, and, therefore, at some point inorganic life becomes organic, or evolution ceases. There are no chasms in nature, no breaks, no interventions. As Goethe says, with his deep insight :

“ We must, contemplating nature,
Part, or whole, give equal heed to ;
Naught is inward, naught is outward,
For the inner is the outer.
*Nature has neither kernel nor shell,
It is she that is all in all at once.*”

Since we have joined the bird and reptile, and the plant and animal, and know that they all have the same source, we may be able hereafter to do physically what now we must do logically—unite in the same existence the organic and the inorganic. Spontaneous generation conveys the idea to some of life from no life, and so savors of the miraculous. It does not mean that, for if nature is a “ living whole,” as Humboldt says, where are the limits of life ?

Organic and inorganic are definitions of nature from our standpoint. There may be chasms between the definitions, but there cannot be in nature herself.

THE RESULTS OF EVOLUTION.

It now comes briefly to note the vast and manifold results of evolution, which must have been seen by a care-

ful reading of the foregoing exposition of what evolution is, its methods, and its proofs.

In the first place, it will be understood that evolution includes in its sweep the whole intellectual and moral nature of man. There is no exception along the line—nothing supernatural in man's greatest endowments.

Says Darwin: "There is no fundamental difference between man and the higher mammals in their mental faculties."

There is no difference in the act of reasoning in the brain of an ape, a Hottentot, or a Newton. The difference is in degree, not in kind. All science, says Huxley, is common sense. Genius, says Newton, is simply patience. Every one with common endowments can follow all the reasoning of a Newton. No scientific discovery need be accepted on authority. Everyone can find it out for himself, if he will try. As there is no difference between the mental faculties of a savage and a Shakspeare, so there is no difference between the mental faculties of a savage and an ape. This has been sufficiently demonstrated. The difference is not in natural capacity, but in environment and opportunity. The structure of the brain of man is like the structure of the brain of an ape. There has been no addition to the brain of man. It simply deals with a larger number of facts and relations, hence a Newton and Shakspeare.

That animals reason as man reasons is now beyond question.

Instinct is simply, we might say, crystallized reason, transmitted by heredity. It originates, in fact, in reasoning, becomes habitual, and is inherited.

Darwin also maintains that "the first foundation or origin of the moral sense lies in the social instincts, including sympathy; and these instincts, no doubt, were primarily gained, as in the case of the lower instincts, through natural selection."

Conscience is not a "supernatural gift;" it has no "divine origin." History proves this. The conscience of man is continually changing, and is evidently the result of surroundings. As Ingersoll says: "It is a thing of climate." The conscience can be developed by man himself, like his intellectual being. The conscience is not always right. It is sometimes fearfully wrong, and fills the world with bloodshed and horror. It is the conscience that made the Inquisition and the instrument of torture. Conscience has made war, assassinations, and kindled the fires of persecution. Look at the Crusades. What an exhibition of terror, devastation, cruelty, and crime! It is simply absurd to say that man's conscience came from heaven. If so, then heaven is the abode of devils as well as angels.

A good conscience is a matter of reason, of education of growth. It must be evolved, and it must be trained, or it will lead to terrific consequences.

In the highest or lowest developments of humanity, there is no exception. Evolution is universal throughout all the knowledge and experiences of man. Whatever happens is the result of previous natural conditions. It comes from "resident forces." There is no compromise between evolution and creation at any point. The combat is everywhere, and evolution triumphs, be it in the stars, or in the vast, rocky pages of earth, or in plants and animals, or in man and his noblest and most splendid endowments. Let us see the effects of evolution in our new ideas of religion, morality, and social progress.

RELIGION.

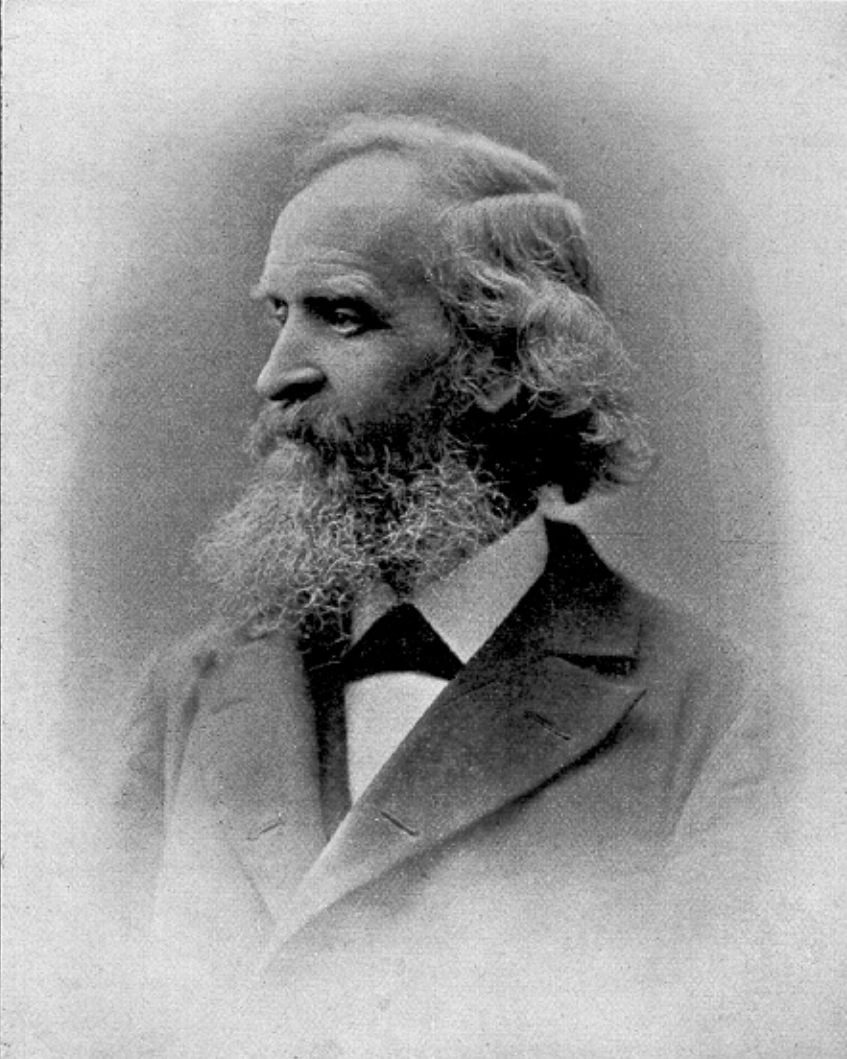
Religion is now entirely natural. Christianity is simply a Topsy—it "grewed." All miracles and myths are swept away. Angels disappear, and devils, too. Christianity came about by due process of evolutionary law, like a rock, a mountain, a cloud, or an earthquake. It is simply the outcome of previous conditions.

I need not enlarge upon the natural evolution of Christianity. This is sufficiently pointed out and demonstrated in the chapter on Gibbon.

The main doctrine of evolution in regard to all religions is what has been called the "sympathy of religions," that is, all religions have the same origin and are essentially alike. There is no special religion, no religion that can claim a different or a better origin than other religions. If they come, as evolution declares, from the same fountain, how can one be superior to any or all others, except in that which accompanies or is incidental to it, but is not the religion itself? If Christianity, in its outward aspect, is better, it is because a better race has taken hold of it and civilized it, but in essence it is still the same, and all other religions are equally valuable, and could produce the same results under the same conditions.

All religions have about the same cosmogony, the same mythology, the same miracles, the same saviors, the same institutions, the same heaven and the same hell. The difference is in the aspect, not in the original idea. Eusebius, the father of church history, affirmed that there was really nothing new in Christianity. It was in anterior paganism. It was simply a new combination. Take, for instance, the cross; that is nothing new. It was a religious symbol long before Jesus was born. So with the rite of baptism, etc. The story of Jesus is like the story of Buddha. The story of Adam and Eve is better told in more ancient mythologies than in that of the Christian religion. There is no need of multiplying instances. The identity of all religions is a demonstration of history.

Whatever religion is—good, bad, or indifferent—it must be admitted that it is a *feeling* and not a thought. If man were a purely intellectual being, he would not be a religious being. He is religious because he is sentimental. I will not argue whether the sentimentality is a disease or not, or beneficial or not; but that it is a sentimentality



cannot be denied. Religion is the child of emotion. Theology is the child of religion and is the intellectual expression of religion, and there is not so much sympathy between the different theologies of the world as between the different religions, for thought tends to differentiation, being in its nature analytic.

The theologies are different explanations for the same feeling. Natural theology might improve with the advance of science; that is, granting there were a creator, science might give more enlightened views of him from time to time; or if God is simply a creation of the fancy, then the progress of man would make a better god, and the flashing epigram of Ingersoll applies, "An honest God is the noblest work of man." A theology of nature might improve, but not a theology of revelation, for the revelation is unchanged. The books are closed, and as the theology is bound up in the books, it must be the same in spite of scientific attainments.

Religion in itself cannot advance—only the outward intellectual expressions of it. Religion has apparently advanced by constantly changing its definitions. There has been a progress, I admit, in the definitions of religion, but no progress in the thing itself; and it never will progress. Religion is in the sweep of evolution, but universal evolution is not always progress. It is also retrogression, reversion, dissolution. It is a change, but not necessarily a change for the better. There is no purpose in evolution. It simply goes on.

It can change the condition of religion, but not its essence, any more than it can change the essence of poetry and art.

The savage contemplates the universe sweeping around him in sun and star, flame and storm, whirlwind and flood, thunder and earthquake, sky and sea, with feelings of awe and wonder and terror, and out of these feelings flows religion. All religions originate with the savage, not

with the philosopher, and it has been well said that "ignorance is the mother of devotion." The most religious nations are the barbaric nations, and where the phenomena of nature are the most stupendous and awful and terrible there is the most religion. Penetrate to the most radical feeling of religion, and we find it is a dependence on and fear of nature. If man had not been afraid of nature he never would have been religious. Simple admiration of nature does not make the soul of religion, but dread of its apparently illimitable and destructive forces. There is no religion without the element of fear, and this element has ever been its main support. Take the element of fear out of any religion, and how long would it remain? The heaven of every religion has simply been an escape from hell, and without hell there is no heaven. Heaven is not a positive joy. It is simply a negative condition. It is being out of hell, and that is all the heaven that the Christian dreams of to-day. He is satisfied if he can get out of that dreadful place of torment. The pleasure of a Christian is simply the pleasure of a man recovering from a disease. It is a reaction from sickness.

All religions are the same, and the religion of a savage is identical with the religion of the most civilized human being, as evolution declares.

MORALITY.

There is progress in morality, for morality is a judgment and not a feeling. Religion is not necessarily sociable, while morality is essentially sociable, for without society there is no such thing as morality. This is the absolute and radical difference between evolution and theology. Theology founds morality upon God's will, and evolution founds morality upon social affections. Religious morality is duty and service to God. Evolutional morality is duty and service to man. It is founded upon human liberty and human equality. Liberty is law and

not license. If I am free, then I must grant that others are free, and, therefore, in the exercise of my freedom I must needs respect others' freedom. In the affirmation of personal liberty I must affirm its limitation, namely, the equal personal liberty of every other individual. The standard of morality is universal happiness, for evolution declares the identity of life. The life of the individual is one with the life of all. Therefore, as one becomes more enlightened his morality becomes more enlightened and far-reaching. His judgments as respects himself and others are wiser. At first morality includes simply the family, or we might say, first of all, the mother and the child. In the beautiful picture of the Madonna, and that is its immortal loveliness, we see the beginning of human morality. There is the origin of all the wonders of co-operative civilization. Morality thus originates with the mother as she looks upon the child, another life than her own and yet the same; and the joy of motherhood becomes duty and service, wherein there is no fear, but duty and delight. Thence the moral judgment comes into play; the intellect, which decides as to how the mother can conduce to the well-being of the child, whose well-being is her own well-being. And thus morality circles out through the whole family, and is established in the relations of man and wife, parent and child, brother and sister. It then broadens out into the community and includes friends and neighbors in the oneness of the home-life. In process of ages it goes beyond the family and near community into the tribe, the nation, the race, the universal world, until it embraces all life, and millions flow into reciprocal relations. It will thus be seen that morality is progressive—progressive in the recognition of the unity of existence, progressive in the use of those means by which universal happiness can be attained, and progressive in the solution of that mighty problem by which the liberty of each can be harmonized with the

liberty of all. The chapter on education and ethics will still further elucidate the morality of evolution and its progress, and there is no need of additional explanations. Evolution is for the highest morality conceivable to the human mind, but not for a fixed morality, but for ever advancing life, more grand and beautiful as man understands better the conditions of his natural existence, and forgets God and remembers humanity.

EVOLUTION AND PROGRESS.

And here comes in the question of the relation of Evolution to human progress. What are its inspirations and hopes to man? Carlyle called evolution a "gospel of dirt." We are derived from the ape, hence there is no hope for man. What a logical conclusion, indeed! Strange that men like Carlyle and Agassiz were so frightened, like little children, at the dreadful shadow of evolution.

Well, let us see the relation of Evolution to human progress, and whether it is so much worse to come from the ape than Adam. I am willing to be descended from Mother Eve. I like her courage. She and the devil did a splendid thing, according to the story. They started the human race on a path of knowledge and glory. I have no respect for the Adam or the God of that story. Adam was a sneak and God a liar. The ape, so far as I can find out, is superior both to Adam and the Bible deity, who commanded the murder of women and children. Apes have never burned and tortured one another for opinion's sake. They have no œcumenical councils, or popes, or preachers. How much better off in this respect they are than man! If it is a choice between Adam and the ape, I freely choose the ape; and I would rather come from the monera, the worm, the fish, the reptile, than from the God of the Bible, the most cruel and cursed being that ever darkened the universe. Evolution has certainly done one good thing—it has annihilated this infernal deity.

But, as Huxley says, it is not a matter of choice. We came from the ape and we cannot help ourselves, and the preachers, all of them, came from the ape. Say what they will, the ape is their ancestor. This is no longer an open question. It is a settled question. There is no doubt about it. The priest may curl the lip of scorn, but nevertheless he cannot get rid of the rudimentary tail. The tail is there, and universal science declares it is there, and the priest must acknowledge it. If he does not acknowledge it I defy him to submit to an examination. His very ears announce his ape-like origin, and certainly there could not be a much bigger argument.

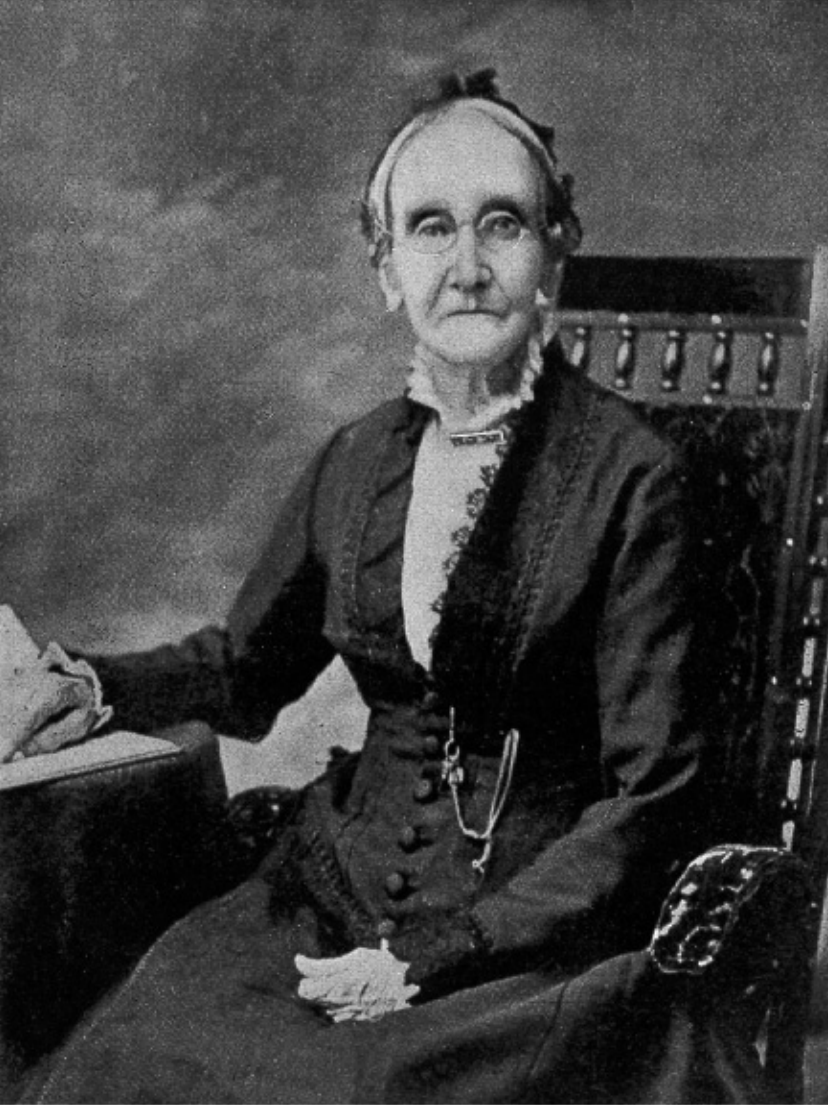
But let us compare the theories of Creation and Evolution, as to the hope they give. Which is the better gospel? Gospel means good news. Which gives to toiling, struggling, earnest, enlightened and victorious man the "best news" for what he can and will be?

The "bloom and blossom" of the theory of creation is in the Presbyterian creed, the creed of the vast majority of the Christian churches of to-day. It is the creed of the Bible, for it is founded upon the Bible. But, furthermore, it must be the creed of every one who believes in a God, that is, if he believes this God has a purpose. If this universe was created by an all-wise omniscient, omnipotent deity, then that deity knew what he was about when he created the universe, and is, therefore, responsible for all that is in the universe; for all that has been, for all that is, and for all that will be; and therefore he is responsible for all the suffering in the universe. He made it. He is the author of it, and toward any such God I have only feelings of the utmost abhorrence. I hate him. I detest him. I scorn him. Any God who makes one particle of suffering is worthy of our condemnation even as a man who willfully makes suffering is worthy of condemnation, for if God makes suffering he *willfully* makes it. God, by the very definition, is not the creature

of circumstance. He is omnipotent. He is not bound by conditions; and therefore when he makes suffering he does that which he was not obliged to do. In the place of that suffering he could have made happiness, and he did not make happiness. Of his will, and without compulsion, he made suffering. What is he, then, but an almighty fiend? His good acts cannot excuse his evil acts, any more than the good acts of a murderer can condone his crime. Previous good conduct will save no confessed criminal from deserved punishment, and God is a confessed criminal, and all the good that he does will not save him from the curses of his bad actions. I don't praise a man for saving my life if he burns my dwelling and murders my loved ones. I will kill him just as quick notwithstanding his so-called "goodness." You can't balance things with God. God must be all good, or else not good at all.

It is not the immensity of suffering that annihilates God, but the fact of any suffering. One single wrong in this universe, even to a worm, unseats God. The suffering of a flea is just as contrary to the goodness of God as the suffering of a man, and the death by violence of a flea just as much disproves the existence of infinite goodness as the death by violence of billions of human beings, or billions of angels, or billions of cherubim and seraphim. It is not a question of quantity, but of *quality*. The least wrong in this universe is incompatible with infinite justice, the least suffering with infinite benevolence.

The theory of creation must result in the Presbyterian creed. This creed simply gives a bare statement of what many would cover up with rhetorical flowers. The logic of the creation theory is absolutely destructive of human will, human freedom, human responsibility. That one can just exactly see what is the logical outcome of the proposition, "There is a God," I quote the following from the Presbyterian creed :



“By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death.

“These angels and men, thus predestinated and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed; *and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished.*

“Those of mankind that are predestinated unto life, God, before the foundation of the world was laid, according to his eternal and immutable purpose, and the secret council and good pleasure of his will, hath chosen in Christ unto everlasting glory *out of his mere free grace and love, without any foresight of faith or good works, or perseverance in either of them, or any other thing in the creature.*

“The rest of mankind God was pleased, for the glory of his sovereign power over his creatures, to pass by and to ordain them to dishonor and wrath for their sin, to the praise of his glorious justice.

“Elect infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved by Christ. Others, not elected, never truly come to Christ, *and therefore cannot be saved.*

“Works done by unregenerate men, although, for the matter of them, they may be things which God commands, and of good use both to themselves and others; yet, because they proceed not from a heart purified by faith, they are, therefore, sinful and cannot please God.

“They who having never heard the gospel, know not Jesus Christ, and believe not in him, *cannot be saved, be they never so diligent to frame their lives according to the light of nature.*”

This creed makes humanity like clay in the hands of the potter. The universe is a prison-house, man a slave, and God a despot.

Let us contrast with this the gospel or “good news” of evolution to the world of to-day.

Evolution affirms law, not a law put *upon* nature, but a law *in* nature working eternally. The law is invariable, majestic, and supreme throughout space and time.

Is man, therefore, a slave to law? Is he a stick or stone? or is he a living force in evolution itself?

What is the general statement of the universal law? It is this, Given the same antecedents, always the same consequence. This is the unalterable method of nature, and on this method all science is based.

But science makes a twofold statement, as follows: the invariability of the law, and the variability of phenomena. The law changes not. Phenomena do change.

Does man, by his will and intelligence, change phenomena? He certainly does, that is, he changes the antecedents, and therefore he changes the consequence. He violates no law, but he uses law. He cannot go against the wind, but he can tack. He cannot change the law of gravitation, but he can make the force of gravitation grind his corn and chop his wood. As Emerson says: "Man can hitch his wagon to a star."

The theory of creation entirely destroys man's freedom and responsibility. Evolution asserts it.

Not, however, does it assert any metaphysical freedom of will. That question is now ruled out of court. It is useless to discuss it. Free will, in that sense, must depart with the "infinite" and "absolute." Such free will is inconceivable, for it would be a will acting without motive. But as evolution rules out this absolute "free will," so it rules out "fate" and "necessity." These terms belong to the theory of creation, to foreordination. If God foreordains, then things must be. But evolution does not say, "must be;" it simply says, "will be." In the place of "necessity" it puts "certainty." Huxley makes the distinction, and so does Jonathan Edwards, than whom there is not a greater metaphysician. A stone is thrown up into the air. We are not authorized by human experience,

says Huxley, to affirm it *must* come down; only to affirm that it *will* come down. Whence this *must*?

It is an idea, not a fact. Science cannot affirm necessity, only certainty. Necessity could only be affirmed by an infinite experience, not by a finite experience. Finite experiences must deal with *certainties*, not with *necessities*. There is no more scientific proof of fate and necessity in the universe than of God. With God fate and necessity depart. Certainty remains, and that is amply sufficient for human progress. It is well to make these distinctions, and get rid of words that really mean nothing.

Throwing aside fate and necessity, what do we, in the evolutionary sense, mean by man's freedom and power. We mean simply this: man can and does change antecedents, and therefore consequences. This is simply a matter of fact. Further than this we cannot go. It is useless to ask the question, Can man choose other than he does? As all questions must be settled by experience, and as man never experiences the "other than he does," that is, the contrary choice, how can we ever know that he could exercise it or could not? It is a waste of time to ask a question of that sort. It is the practical outcome that concerns us. Man chooses. There is no question about that, and in the expression of his choice he changes the face of nature. He makes the wilderness bloom and blossom like the rose. Artificial selection is a prodigious and wonderful evolution of man's choice. It is amazing what man has thus accomplished. He has made the horse of to-day, the dog, the pigeon, the orange, the apple, the peach, etc. All over the world the potent power of man is manifested, his ability to change the course of nature. Is it not evident that if man can make a better horse, a better dog, a better apple, a better orange, as he does, then also he can make a better man, and he does make a better man? Man, therefore, is his own providence. He can build, he can improve. He can take the universe as it

is, and make it more grand and splendid; more adapted to himself; more serviceable; more fruitful. There is no evidence of any of God's achievements, but there are innumerable evidences of man's achievements, of his "creative power," of his "divinity," of his foresight, wisdom, benignity, justice, love, and desire for good. Man, as a part of nature, has filled nature with beauty and grandeur. Out of nature he has crowned nature with wonder and joy. He has made a thousand mistakes, and a thousand failures. Dark and terrible has been his path; enormous his sufferings. Crushed, bleeding, tortured, ignorant, weak, selfish, brutal, yet he has won his way to heights of nobility and virtue, of splendor and delight, and the future is to be shaped by his genius, kindling with the power of nature herself.

This is the gospel of evolution, the "good news" capable of arousing all the faculties of man; for when man does realize that he must depend upon himself, and that nature affords him opportunities, then he will bestir himself.

Nature does not exist for his especial benefit, nor does nature work for him, or against him, with any beneficent or maleficent purpose. Nature is purely non-ethical. In her relations with man, she is neither father nor mother, brother nor sister. Nature is neither just nor wise, nor merciful, nor loving. She is simply matter and force, but matter and force in constant activity, in orderly methods or laws.

Man must wrest from nature what he wants. He must depend neither upon nature nor God, but himself, upon his own "eternal vigilance." Nature buffets and defeats him, and, at last, kills him, but still man subdues nature, and compels her, so long as he does live, to minister to his wants; and out of nature he can build for himself a majestic domain. The supreme lesson of evolution is self-reliance; not optimism, the perfection of the universe; not pessimism, which is despair, but what is termed

meliorism. That is, the universe is not so good but what we can improve it, and not so bad but what we can patiently endure and make some gain. When man studies his own history, and realizes that it is his own will that has given him the vantage point of to-day; certainly this is an impressive motive power

If we say that through the ages "one increasing purpose runs," it is man's purpose altogether, and that is "an increasing purpose," and the study of evolution will conduce to a still greater purpose. Evolution *in* humanity is not a blind force. It is intelligence. It is wisdom and it is love. Can there be any more sublime or cheering teaching than this? Let theology stand aside. The era of God was an era of ignorance, of slavish dependence, of fear and blood. The era of man is an era of knowledge, of power, of effort, of courage. It is an era neither of indolence nor despair, but of manly endeavor.

While man is thus the greatest of sentient beings, he is, nevertheless, not distinct from the universal life. All is one, and man is no separate existence. And there is something wonderfully noble in this monistic conception of evolution. Out of this will flow the art, the poetry, and the romance of the future. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen has expressed the grandeur and delight of this feeling:

"A sacred kinship I would not forego
 Binds me to all that breathes.
 I am the child of earth and air and sea,
 My lullaby by hoarse Silurian storms
 Was chanted. Through endless changing forms
 Of plant and bird and beast unceasingly,
 The toiling ages wrought to fashion me.
 Lo, these large ancestors have left a trace
 Of their strong souls in mine, defying death and time.
 I grow and blossom as the tree,
 And ever feel deep, delving, earthly roots

Building me closer to the common clay;
Yet, with its airy impulse, upward shoots
My soul into the realm of light and day.
And thou, O Sea, stern mother of my soul,
Thy tempests rock in me; thy billows roll."



CHAPTER XVII.

MODERN EUROPE—POLITICS.

EUROPE overflows with life to-day in every direction. There never was such an array of purely physical force, with intellectual and moral powers. Theories are launched forth like volcanoes. The stoutest monarchies tremble. There is an impalpable presence, a "coming terror," which it seems impossible to escape, and the most far-sighted cannot define it. No one feels secure. Armies themselves may melt away like dew. Never before was the pen so mighty, and the sword so brilliant. Gunpowder keeps peace and dynamite thunders. There is an irrepressible conflict. Ancient authorities and ancient institutions are going by the board. But what will take their place? What new and better, or worse, is not within the scope of the keenest vision.

It is no use, however, to despair, and, like the old hermits, flee to the desert. The one supreme comfort is that the world is full of life. It is not a dead world. It is a world of knowledge and power. Europe is not effete. There was never so much blood and brain in it as to-day. Whatever happens will be worth seeing, whether it is ruin or attainment.

The fighting power of Europe is a factor of such ominous importance that it must be noticed. The standing army of Europe is almost inconceivable in its splendor and multitude. Says a writer:

" Marshal the myriads that constitute the living armies

of Europe, what a crowding of warriors there would be upon the immense plain! From every quarter of the continent the shining cohorts would muster. From the pine-clad crags of Dovrefield to the black coast of the Euxine; from the interminable steppes of Muscovy to the laughing plains of Andalusia; from the sober-hued rifleman of Great Britain to the gorgeous capoted Albanian they would throng in thousands, nay, by millions—helmeted, turbaned, skakoed, kepied, hatted and capped—to meet in this grand military camp of the nations, this universal gathering of the clans and races of Europe. We believe ourselves to be at peace; to be reposing under our own vine and fig-tree, with the clouds of war far from their shadow. The sound of drum and fife is rarely heard except on parade. Yet never within the annals of history have the nations maintained such stupendous armies, or mankind witnessed such fearful destruction on the battlefield. Never has the spirit of war been more systematically fostered and a military education among the people encouraged.”

In France one hundred thousand youths are annually torn from their homes, drafted into the army. It has a standing force of four hundred and fifty thousand men, which can be easily increased to seven hundred and fifty thousand.

In Russia the policy of aggression inherited from Peter and Catherine demands an immense army. “The dream of each sovereign as he mounts the throne is how he shall reach the blue waters of the Golden Horn and plant the cross of St. Vladimir on the dome of St. Sophia at Istamboul. In the rocky fastnesses of the Caucasus the bones of numberless Muscovite soldiers bleach on the fierce soil, testifying to the imperial lust for power; whilst in the heart of the empire itself ignorance, poverty, and national demoralization are the results of this vast military system.” The total army of Russia is estimated

at eleven hundred thousand privates, besides thirty-six thousand officers. "This mighty force surges, like the waters of the ocean, against every frontier, and by perpetually lashing it eventually disintegrates and acquires a portion of it."

It is estimated that Austria has an army of half a million, raised by conscription.

Turkey boasts an army of four hundred and fifty thousand.

Italy is still on her guard; is still couchant as a tiger ready to spring on her prey. She has an army for self-defense of three hundred thousand men.

Switzerland has a mobile fighting force of three hundred and forty thousand men. This, however, is not a standing army. It is a sort of patriotic home guard. The Swiss motto is: "Defense and not defiance."

"Constitutionally speaking, England has no permanent army. It exists simply on the permission or sufferance of Parliament. In the good old days when Englishmen fought for freedom they were jealous of the power which a standing military force gave the sovereign-commander; and they guarded themselves and their children against the possible tyranny of such a body of men by every measure they could devise. The Bill of Rights surrendered the British army entirely into the hands of the parliament, and without the vote and sanction of the House of Commons not a single soldier could appear in our streets," says an English writer. The army of Great Britain is about one hundred and fifty thousand. It is a purely voluntary body, raised by enlistment. Besides this is a militia force of one hundred and sixty thousand, and also the citizen troops of about the same number.

The population of Europe at the present time is about three hundred and fifty millions. Out of this is maintained an army of six millions, at a cost of five hundred millions of dollars a year. Are not these appalling facts?

These six millions are the most healthful and strongest of the male population, and instead of being used for the reproduction of the race they are used entirely for its destruction. In time of war what an engine for murder! In time of peace what a vast organization of stagnant energy! It tyrannizes over the liberties of mankind. It eats up the resources of the wealthiest kingdoms. It threatens all with poverty and bankruptcy.

No wonder there is revolt in Europe against this perpetual crime. No wonder the people seethe with indignation. No wonder there is no rest or peace. There never will be until this incubus is removed.

Napoleon said: "In fifty years Europe will be all Cossack or all Republican." It will be a semi-barbarous empire maintained by tremendous armies, or it will be a Republic, or Anarchy, or—what?

There are three vast tendencies in Europe to-day, away from the old monarchical governments—to Republicanism, to Socialism, and to Anarchy.

Mazzini has given in general a correct definition of these three tendencies. Anarchy "declares the seat of sovereignty to be in individual man, in the human ego. It founds its whole organization upon inviolable rights. The general interest, say the disciples of this school, will be a sufficient guide to prevent the innumerable conflicts arising between these small local sovereignties. In politics Anarchy leads to resistance to all governmental dictation. In international matters it leads to non-intervention; in economy, to unlimited competition. It bases its social system upon liberty alone.

"Socialism is in all things the opposite of this. It declares the sovereignty to be in the collective will, in the We. It regards the state as all in all. The instruments of labor, of production, are the property of the state, and the laws of distribution are by the state. As liberty is all

in all to Anarchy, so authority of the collective will is all in all to the Socialist."

In Republicanism there must be a union of liberty and authority. The republican formula is, says Mazzini, "the liberty of all through the association of all."

"Liberty and association, the individual and the nation, the I and the We—all these are inseparable elements of human nature, essential each and all to its organized development."

An enlightened republic is certainly the ideal of human society, where liberty is the largest possible, and where authority is used only for the benefit of the people and is constantly based upon the free consent of all the citizens.

It is impossible to more than suggest the nature of these three tendencies. It might be said that Republicanism is evolutionary, while Socialism and Anarchy are revolutionary, and Socialism and Anarchy sweep in opposite directions, one to authority for the benefit of all, and the other to liberty, whatever the benefit may be.

These tendencies are powerful in themselves; they conflict with one another and with the old order of things. Each is represented by men of burning purpose, who are willing to sacrifice life itself for the sake of their ideals.

Besides the armed monarchies, with their six millions of soldiers, and the vast onward-sweeping forces of Republicanism, Socialism, and Anarchy, is another power unique and extraordinary, willing to use any of these forces for its own aggrandizement, yet ever maintaining its supreme and awful claims, its spiritual power; and this is the Vatican, the heir of the ages, hoary with antiquity, built in the faith of millions, wielding the sword—a lion, a fox, a wolf, a lamb—anything and everything that can entrap, ensnare, cajole, and conquer the human race. It never has, it never will abandon its claims to universal empire. It is the vicegerent of heaven, the representative of God, and

it is insatiable. It hesitates at nothing in the way of crime, if that aids its purpose. It claims every virtue, and draws its income from every vice. The prince and peasant kneel side by side before its throne. The foot of the pope is on both alike. There are no class distinctions with Rome; all are on a level. All are to be equally duped and equally plundered, king and noble, citizen and soldier. There is nothing too high or too low for its rapacity. The widow's mite is as acceptable as the crown or the sovereign. All counts, and swells the coffers, and adds to the dominion of the church.

It is this power—calm, cold, supreme, calculating—that mingles in the drama of modern Europe, and it seems destined to continual life. It is an eternal menace to all science, to all progress. Defeated and driven from the seven-hilled city, it still rears its tiara in other lands.

Along with this vast church power itself, supported by the faith of millions of people, who in blind devotion see nothing in it but the loveliness of heaven, there is the subtle and enormous Jesuitical organization. The Jesuits are the secret enemies of all mankind. They have been driven from nearly every country, and yet they always return. It was the Jesuit that saved the Papacy from Protestantism, and the Jesuit is the educator and controller of the Papacy to-day. It is both a spiritual and political organization. It is a vast detective agency. It is the eye of Rome and its hidden dagger. All not directly interested in Rome fear it and hate it, king and republican alike. It is a grim shadow, with hand of steel and brain of Mephistopheles, which plays its shifting part in the great drama of modern Europe.

With three hundred and fifty millions of people thus divided, in possession of the greatest instruments of destruction, animated by intense hates and loves, poets, dreamers, philosophers, politicians, conspirators, kings, nobles, priests, soldiers, crowding the checkered and



stormy scenes, who can unroll the curtain of to-morrow? It would take volumes to interpret the last half century of Europe. I can only endeavor to throw some light upon this panorama by a consideration of those characters most representative of the elemental forces. I can only give a picture of those who, in some way, against stupendous power, have battled for freedom and progress; who have failed, but who leave inspiration for future efforts; whose failure is a glory to themselves; a failure which does not drape the world in darkness, but gilds it with the luster of splendid deeds.

KOSSUTH.—1806.

Kossuth in poverty is greater than any king in his palace. In him is the unconquerable mind, whatever may be the fortune of war. He gave his country everything. Youth, enthusiasm, hope, talents—all were for heroic service in its behalf. When he could no longer do anything for his country he chose exile. In the prime of life the star of his hope sank. His country's flag was folded and treason was victorious. Hungary vanished from the list of nations. The valor of her sons availed not against consolidated oppression. The tyranny of the Christian cross could be escaped only by taking refuge under the Moslem crescent. It was one of the tragedies of history. God, as usual, was on the side of heaviest battalions.

The young Republic of the West, on whose broad bosom no monarch had ever trod, or any throne or palace been built, gave rejoicing welcome to the statesman, the warrior, the orator, who bore his defeat so grandly. Those who remember the visit of Kossuth to America cannot forget the thrill of his marvelous eloquence. It stirred the pulses of the people like martial music. It was lofty, impassioned, and radiant. The oriental fire of the great race to which he belonged was in it; the race that once owned no master in its irresistible march. It was a significant pict-

ure, the leader of an ancient and famous people, fronting the multitudes of a country not yet a century old, who from his glowing lips learned something still of liberty's eternal struggle.

MAZZINI.—1805—1872.

Mazzini was the untiring preacher of Italian Republican unity. It is necessary to understand the political and religious principles of this devoted reformer; otherwise we cannot interpret the man in his actions and influence.

Mazzini was thoroughly opposed to Socialism and Anarchy. He was a Republican. By Republicanism he meant a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, wherein both authority and liberty were blended. He says: "Authority and liberty, rightfully conceived, are equally sacred, their union is indispensable to the right solution of every social question."

Again, "Republicanism is the negation of every extinct authority based solely on the fact of its existence in the past, or upon privilege (of birth or other), maintained without the free consent of all the citizens, and inaccessible to future progress."

Mazzini was a Theist, and it is well to understand his creed, for, in this case, the creed is the man. It is much like the creed of Thomas Paine, except that Paine regards government as a necessary evil, while Mazzini regards it as a necessary good. It will be seen that Mazzini is anti-orthodox, and opposed to all special and miraculous revelations.

MAZZINI'S CREED.

"I believe in God;

"In a providential law prefixed by him to life;

"A law, not of fall, expiation, and redemption through grace of past or present intermediates between God and

man, but of indefinite progress, founded upon and measured by our own efforts ;

“In the unity of life ; misconceived by the philosophy of the last two centuries ;

“In the unity of the law ; both as regards the collective and individual manifestations of life ;

“In the immortality of the ego ; which is but the application of the law of progress (irrefutably revealed by the combined evidence of historical tradition, the aspirations of the human soul, and the discoveries of science) to the individual manifestation of life ;

“In free will ; without which responsibility, conscience, and the power of deserving progress are impossible ;

“In the association—successive and ever-increasing—of all the human faculties and powers ; as the sole method of progress, at once individual and collective ;

“In the unity of the human race, and moral equality of all the children of God ; without distinction of sex, color, or position, and never to be interrupted save by crime ;

“And therefore,

“In the sacred, inexorable, dominant idea of duty, as the sole rule of life—duty embracing for each, according to his sphere and power, alike the family, the fatherland, and humanity ; the family, altar of the fatherland ; the fatherland, sanctuary of humanity ; humanity, portion of the universe and temple erected to God, who creates it that it may gravitate toward him ; duty, which commands us to promote the progress of others, in order to achieve our own, and our own in order to benefit others ; duty, without which no right can exist, and which creates the one pure, sacred, efficacious virtue, Sacrifice ; the halo that crowns and sanctifies the human soul.”

Mazzini was an immortal dreamer. He was devoted to ideals. He would not compromise. He set his mark high and determined to win it. He was a Republican without

compromise. He would have nothing to do with monarchy in any shape, no matter how beneficial it might appear. He said:

“It is time to renounce a policy of expedients, opportunism, concealment, intrigue, reticence, and parliamentary compromise, characteristic of the languid life of nations in decay, for the simple, virgin, loyal, and logical policy, deduced from a moral law and dominant principle, which has ever inaugurated the young life of nations called to a high destiny.”

Mazzini was not altogether in harmony either with Cavour or Garibaldi. Cavour, the greatest statesman of the Italian monarchy, whose services to political freedom in certain directions were of the first importance, dealt with men, not as a philosopher, but as a statesman. He understood the world of Italy as it was, and made the best of it. His policy was that half a loaf is better than none. He got the half loaf and struck a blow at papal supremacy. “A free church in a free state,” was his motto. To that extent he was a Liberal, and while far behind Mazzini as an ideal reformer, we might say that, in the circumstances in which he was placed, where Mazzini utterly failed, Cavour achieved a fruitful victory. Cavour was not a man of genius, and he succeeded because he was not; being a man of affairs, and of worldly wisdom, and accommodating himself to circumstances, swaying them, if not to the best, at least to the better.

Mazzini failed because he was a man of genius; because he had ideals far beyond the mass of circumstances about him, far beyond what the people could realize; but these are the men who make inspirations for after ages. They become an ever-growing power, and such is Mazzini.

GARIBALDI.—1807—1882.

What a shining figure presents itself when we speak the name, Garibaldi—a figure of romance, of glorious.

action, a hero of song and story! The grand old myths seemed to be realized in Garibaldi, his genius is so simple and childlike, his achievements so vast. He is like the Greek god Hercules, bright, strong, triumphant; and he was like Ulysses in his world-wide wanderings. He lived that glorious motto of Paine, "Where liberty is not, there is my country." He was ready at all times to strike a blow for freedom; ready to live the humblest, rather than to surrender the integrity and independence of his being. He was of the people. He lived with the people. He desired no honor or leadership that would separate him from the people. On both continents, like Paine, he battled for liberty. He was a soldier through and through, but a soldier of humanity. He was no idealist like Mazzini. He had no impracticable dream; nor was he, like Cavour, a shrewd politician, a manipulator of kings and princes. He was a man of action. He was a doer, with big brain and heart. As a warrior he was unsurpassed. No man living could create such splendid enthusiasm. He was like a flame. He kindled men. He was one who made poetry for the masses, who inspired, being an embodiment of that which the people love and admire. He believed in this earth; that this earth could be made beautiful. He did not believe in waiting for a heaven hereafter. He wanted happiness now, real human happiness on the fair bosom of his beloved Italy.

His father wanted him to be a priest. Garibaldi objected. He preferred a sailor's life. He preferred the breezy, stormy ocean to the cloister and the cathedral. Garibaldi rejoiced in winds and skies, in waves and clouds, in nature and man; but he hated the priest. He hated his laziness, his insincerity, his narrowness, his filth, his fat, his shaved head and cowl. How he poured out his scorn upon him. His sword and his pen were equally valiant, and cut to the heart of superstition and tyranny.

Garibaldi is one of the noblest characters in history, a

true representative of modern democracy. He was the incarnation of plain common sense. Mazzini was haunted by a god, and, like all gods, it blinded him to facts; and his faith in God sometimes made him break his head against stubborn realities. Mazzini's God was a beautiful god, but a fiction, nevertheless; and no god has ever yet changed or destroyed a single fact. Garibaldi wrote a letter as follows: "Dear Friend: Man has created God, and not God man. Yours ever, Garibaldi." Garibaldi kept his powder dry, but he didn't trust in God. In the gray dawn of history Garibaldi would have been a god himself. He was just the kind of a man to make a god out of; he had all the elements of a first-class deity—strength, success, brilliancy, romantic adventures, extraordinary valor, commanding station. Of course he wouldn't make a Bible God. He was too good for that. He had too much human sympathy, too much justice; in short, he was too much of a man; but he would make a shining, beautiful Balder if the mists of antiquity were floating about him. But in the sunlight of modern days all gods must disappear, but the fierce glare of matter of fact does not dim the real greatness of Garibaldi. We honor him as a sailor and soldier, a soap and candle maker, a farmer. Whatever he did he did with simplicity, with nobility, with courage, with truth, and with a certain sort of joyous recklessness which makes him delightfully attractive. We like the bluff, honest, jovial, generous, superb man that is in him, and which is never lost in the wild and cruel and magnificent fortunes of his varied career.

Garibaldi did not agree fully with Mazzini nor fully with Cavour. As a product of the people it seems that Garibaldi was the nearest right of all these, and yet all of them were right in their own way—right for themselves, and so greatly helpful to the mighty cause in which they were enlisted. The differences between these three supreme men of modern Italian political progress shows



the manifold nature of man himself, the manifold nature of the circumstances in which he is placed, the manifold nature of reform, and how far and wide and varied is Free-thought in its individual and universal manifestations. It seems the wisest course for each one to be true to himself, join hands where he can, push forward on his chosen line, and not indulge in orthodox anathemas.

While we honor Garibaldi the man, we must honor the woman also, his wife, the brave and beautiful Anita Rivera, who flung her fortune with his in the splendid passion and sacrifice of a woman's heart. The glorious future of the human race is thus prophesied, man and woman blending in heroic endeavor. Garibaldi died in 1882, and directed by will that he should be cremated without any religious ceremony.

A united and regenerated Italy, Rome rescued from papal authority and made the center of Liberal progress, the capital of a vast and splendid republic—what a hope that is, not for Italy only, but for all the world! Who is there that does not love Italy? Who is not enchanted by her sublime and romantic history? Who does not read it with tears of sadness and thrills of exultation? How the centuries shine with her glory! How are they darkened with her tragedies! What poetry and art and music beneath her lovely skies! What horror and desolation along her vineclad hills and melodious groves! What grandeur gathers about the mighty name of Rome! It has wielded the thunders of a material and spiritual despotism. Will not this same Rome, where the monument of Bruno blazes against the Vatican, bear the torch of reason and liberty? The cry of Garibaldi was "Freedom for Rome!" Let the cry ring on. The Eternal City shall yet be for science and humanity.

PROUDHON.—1809–1865.

To understand the drift of revolutionary opinion and action in modern Europe, it is necessary, in contrast with

the Republicanism of Mazzini and Garibaldi, to note the philosophy of Proudhon, one of the greatest political and economical writers of the world, and who represents the most radical movement of the present age. In behalf of human liberty and justice Proudhon would entirely abolish the state, on the ground not only of individual freedom, but also that the true order and well-being of society will be better promoted without the state than with it.

It will be necessary to clearly define the state in order to understand what it is that Proudhon purposes by the abolition of the state.

The state, says George Washington, is not persuasion, but *force*.

This is the fundamental element of the state which Proudhon opposes—the use of force.

The word *anarchy*, in its original and philosophic sense, does not mean the absence of *order*, but the absence of *rule*—that is, of compulsion.

It is the belief of Proudhon that the best order, the best coöperation and association of men, will come about by universal liberty, and not by the employment of any force.

It is on the line of the Jeffersonian democracy, which declares that "that government is best which governs least," and of Thomas Paine, who says that government is a "necessary evil."

Anarchy, therefore, as proposed by Proudhon, means the absence of any political rule or authority. As it opposes the use of force on the part of the state, it also opposes, in the dissemination of its own opinions, or of any opinions, the use of aggressive force. Force should be used only for self-defense.

While in economics there is harmony between Proudhon and Karl Marx, in politics they are radically opposed. In fact, Proudhon would have no politics at all, while Marx would have all politics. The *end* proposed by both

of these great revolutionary reformers is the same—the equality and welfare of all; but Marx would make the state the supreme and universal means, while Proudhon would entirely abolish the state; while between these two, and opposing the old monarchical system, is the Republicanism of Mazzini, Gambetta, and Bradlaugh.

It is impossible to more than state the differences of these vast tendencies of modern thought. It is the eternal contradiction, the “antinomy” of life itself. They are like the opposite poles of an electric pile, and will no doubt always exist. “The problem,” says Proudhon himself, “is to discover, not their fusion, which would be death, but their equilibrium—an equilibrium forever unstable, varying with the development of society.”

Proudhon was born of the peasant people, and it was for the people that he always labored. He lived a life of poverty and toil. His genius was readily recognized, but he was thoroughly sincere, and would not win applause or wealth by any surrender of his convictions. He expressed them openly, however unpopular. Proudhon was born to be an agitator, to strike fire wherever he went. He was an original thinker, a philosopher like Descartes and Hume, giving new light to mankind, although in a different direction.

He uttered that startling sentence: “Property is robbery.” But he said himself: “I am no agent of discord, no firebrand of sedition. I disclose a truth whose development we may try in vain to arrest. I live in a century in which reason submits only to fact and evidence. My name, like yours, is Truthseeker. My mission is written in these words of the law: *speak without hatred and without fear; tell that which thou knowest.* The work of our race is to build the temple of science, and this science includes man and nature. Now truth reveals itself to all—to-day to Newton, to-morrow to the herdsmen in the valley, and the journeymen in the shop. Disregard my title and my

character, and attend only to my arguments. Have the courage to follow me. It is my purpose to warn you and not defy you. You will find here only a series of experiments upon *justice* and *right*. The operations shall be conducted under your very eyes, and you shall weigh the result. I build no system. I ask an end to privilege, the abolition of slavery, equality of rights, and the reign of law. Justice, nothing else—that is the alpha and the omega of my arguments. To others I leave the task of governing the world. We need to live our lives according to the dictates of our reason. It is our right to maintain our freedom. It is our duty to respect that of others.

“Liberty is essentially an organizing force. To insure equality between men and peace among nations agriculture and industry, and the centers of education, business, and storage, must be distributed according to the climate and geographical position of the country, the nature of the products, the character and natural talents of the inhabitants, etc., in proportions so just, so wise, so harmonious, that in no place shall there ever be either an excess or a lack of population, consumption, or products. Then commences the science of public and private right, the true political economy.

“For myself, I have as great a horror of miracles as of authorities, and aim only at logic.

“I do not believe it necessary, in order to reach equality, to turn everything topsy-turvy.

“‘If God did not exist’ (it is Voltaire who says so), ‘it would be necessary to invent him.’ Why? ‘Because,’ adds the same Voltaire, ‘if I were dealing with an Atheist prince whose interest it might be to have me pounded in a mortar, I am very sure I should be pounded.’ Strange aberration of a great mind! And if you were dealing with a pious prince, whose confessor, speaking in the name of God, should command that you be burned alive, would you not be very sure of being burned alive also? Do you for-

get, then, the Inquisition, and the Saint Bartholomew, and the stakes of Vanini and Bruno, and the tortures of Galileo, and the martyrdom of so many Freethinkers?

“And for my part I say : the first duty of man, on becoming intelligent and free, is to continually hunt the idea of God out of his mind and conscience. For God, if he exists, is essentially hostile to our nature, and we do not depend at all upon his authority. We arrive at knowledge in spite of him, at comfort in spite of him, at society in spite of him. Every step we take in advance is a victory in which we crush Divinity.

“Let it no longer be said that the ways of God are impenetrable. We have penetrated these ways, and there we have read in letters of blood the proofs of God’s impotence, if not of his malevolence. My reason, long humiliated, is gradually rising to a level with the infinite ; with time it will discover all that its inexperience hides from it ; with time I shall be less and less a worker of misfortune, and by the light that I shall have acquired, by the perfection of my liberty, I shall purify myself, idealize my being, and become the chief of creation, the equal of God. A single moment of disorder, which the omnipotent might have prevented, and did not prevent, accuses his providence, and shows him lacking in wisdom ; the slightest progress which man, ignorant, abandoned, and betrayed, makes toward good, honors him immeasurably. Imbecile God, your reign is over ; look to the other beasts for other victims. Jupiter or Jehovah, we have learned to know you. You are, you were, you ever will be, the jealous rival of man, the tyrant of Prometheus.

“I deny, therefore, the supremacy of God over humanity. I reject his providential government, the non-existence of which is sufficiently established by the metaphysical and economical hallucinations of humanity—in a word, by the martyrdom of our race. I decline the jurisdiction of the supreme being over man. I take away his

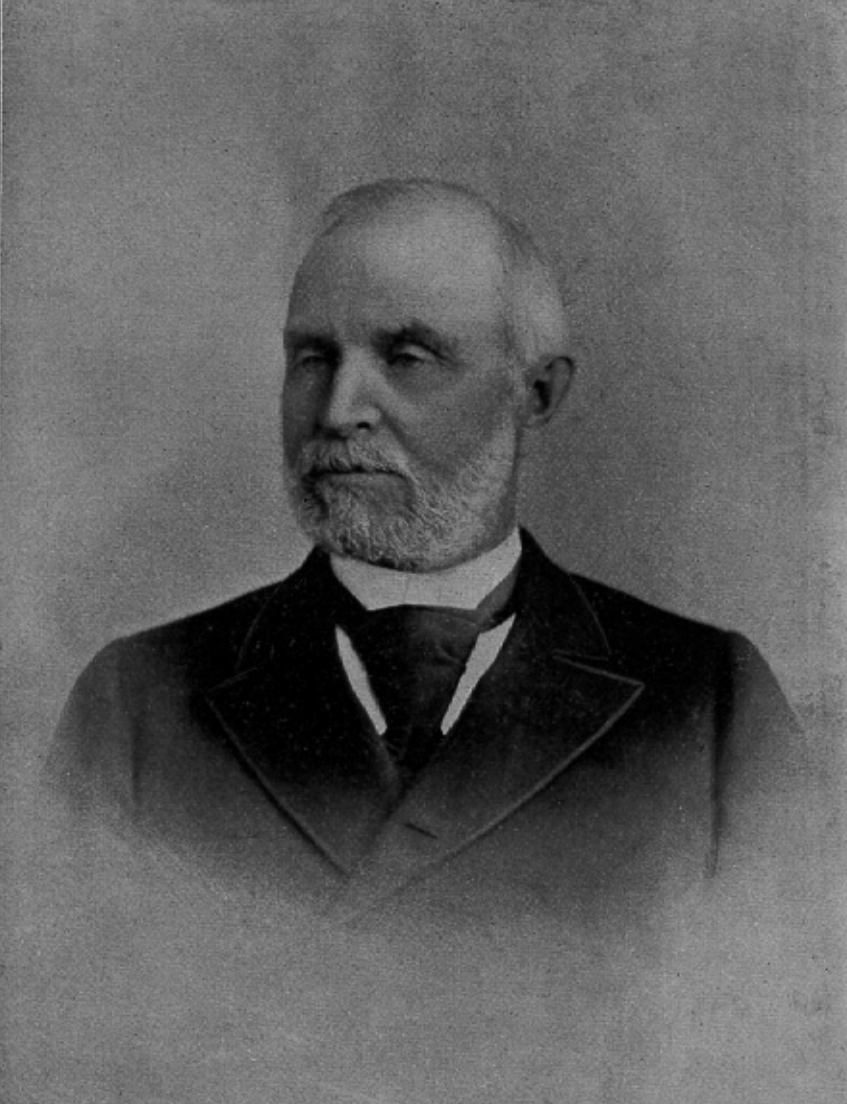
titles of father, king, judge, good, merciful, pitiful, helpful, rewarding, and avenging. All these attributes, of which the idea of Providence is made up, are but a caricature of humanity, irreconcilable with the autonomy of civilization, and contradicted, moreover, by the history of its aberrations and catastrophes.

“Of all facts the most certain, most constant, most indubitable, is certainly that in man knowledge is progressive, methodical, the result of reflection—in short, experimental; so much so that every theory not having the sanction of experience, that is, of constancy and concatenation in its representations, thereby lacks a scientific character. In regard to this, not the slightest doubt can be raised. Mathematics themselves, though called pure, are subject to the *concatenation* of propositions, and hence depend upon experience and acknowledge its law.

“Man’s knowledge, starting with acquired observation, then progresses and advances in an unlimited sphere. The goal which it has in view, the ideal which it tends to realize without ever being able to attain it, placing it, on the contrary, farther and farther ahead of it, is the infinite and absolute.

“If, then, God exists, something of him appears to us in the universe and in ourselves; but this something is in flagrant opposition with our most authentic tendencies, with our most certain destiny; this something is continually being effaced from our souls by education, and to make it disappear is the object of our care. *God and man are two natures which shun each other as soon as they know each other; in the absence of a transformation of one or the other, or both, how could they ever be reconciled?*”

In these extracts we see the bold, original, radical, and profound genius of Proudhon. He places a sublime ideal before the human race. He is constructive as well as destructive. He is not simply a Nihilist, like Bakounine. He is a builder. He penetrates into the depths of time,



far onward into the future, and upon ideal foundations rears a vast and beautiful social edifice transcending present difficulties and attainments. He is an untiring foe of despotism. He stands for liberty, but a liberty which shall be the result of reason, of education, of a fully developed humanity ; a liberty to be attained not by violence, but by evolution. He labored along the lines of Paine and Jefferson for a democratic federal republic founded on the consent of the governed. He was in favor of societies, associations, coöperations, the unity of man, but against all centralized authority, be it in a monarchy or democracy. The political and economical progress of Europe will be illuminated by his daring and stimulating ideas, which must modify to a great extent the vast republican movement of mankind. His philosophy is a part of history more far-reaching than the victories of Napoleon.

BAKOUNINE.—1814—1873.

This name seems to bring us to the verge of a mighty precipice, and we look upon tremendous chasms of revolution, Anarchy, and Nihilism. Bakounine represents a different movement from that of Mazzini and Garibaldi, a movement vast in itself, and which must be understood if we would know modern Europe. Nihilism might not have existed under any other form of government than that of Russia. As that is the most cruel and despotic government which has ever existed, there seems to be no way out of its authority except by the absolute destruction of the present order of society. Says Wendell Phillips :

“Nihilism is the righteous and honorable resistance of a people crushed under an iron rule. Nihilism is evidence of life. When ‘order reigns in Warsaw,’ it is spiritual death. Nihilism is the last weapon of victims choked and manacled beyond all other resistance. It is crushed humanity’s only means of making the oppressor tremble. God means that unjust power shall be insecure ; and every

move of the giant, prostrate in chains, whether it be to lift a single dagger or stir a city's revolt, is a lesson in justice. One might well tremble for the future of the race if such a despotism could exist without provoking the bloodiest resistance. I honor Nihilism, since it redeems human nature from the suspicion of being utterly vile, made up only of heartless oppressors and contented slaves. Every line in our history, every interest of civilization, bids us rejoice when the tyrant grows pale and the slave rebellious. We cannot but pity the suffering of any human being, however richly deserved; but such pity must not confuse our moral sense. Humanity gains. Chatham rejoiced when our fathers rebelled. For every single reason they alleged, Russia counts a hundred, each one ten times bitterer than any Hancock or Adams could give. Sam Johnson's standing toast in Oxford port was, 'Success to the first insurrection of slaves in Jamaica,' a sentiment Southey echoed. 'Eschew cant,' said that old moralist. But of all the cants that are canted in this canting world, though the cant of piety may be the worst, the cant of Americans bewailing Russian Nihilism is the most disgusting.

"I know what reform needs, and all it needs, in a land where discussion is free, the press untrammelled, and where public halls protect debate. There, as Emerson says, 'What the tender and poetic youth dreams to-day, and conjures up with inarticulate speech, is to-morrow the vociferated result of public opinion, and the day after is the charter of nations.' Lieber said in 1870: 'Bismarck proclaims to-day in the Diet the very principles for which we were hunted and exiled fifty years ago.' Submit to risk your daily bread, expect social ostracism, count on a mob now and then, 'be in earnest, don't equivocate, don't excuse, don't retreat a single inch,' and you will finally be heard.

"But such is not Russia. In Russia there is no press,

no debate, no explanation of what government does, no remonstrance allowed, no agitation of public issues. Dead silence, like that which reigns at the summit of Mont Blanc, freezes the whole empire, long ago described as 'a despotism tempered by assassination.' Meanwhile, such despotism has unsettled the brains of the ruling family, as unbridled power doubtless made some of the twelve Cæsars insane; a madman, sporting with the lives and comfort of a hundred million of men. The young girl whispers in her mother's ear, under a ceiled roof, her pity for a brother knouted and dragged half dead into exile for his opinions. The next week she is stripped naked, and flogged to death in the public square. No inquiry, no explanation, no trial, no protest, one dead uniform silence, the law of the tyrant. Where is there ground for any hope of peaceful change? Where the fulcrum upon which you can plant any possible lever?"

When we know what Russia is, it is no wonder that indignation burns in the hearts of millions of its people. It is no wonder that the volcanic flame bursts forth. It is no wonder that dynamite explodes. Human nature, goaded by such infinite torture, can do no otherwise. The government of Russia to-day is simply a colossal crime. Hence Nihilism. It is the child of injustice and wrong.

Nihilism is purely negative. Its watchword is simply universal destruction, *nihil*, nothing. It proposes nothing in the place of the present system. The present system is so radically wrong that the only thing to do is to utterly destroy.

There is a certain religious fanaticism in Nihilism. Its followers are perfectly willing to die. Life is valueless; let it be sacrificed. Nihilism is itself a terrible enthusiasm. There is nothing cold-blooded about it. It is the human heart on fire. Men and women of the noblest, of the most humane sentiments, are enlisted in this cause. Nihilism is a curious phenomenon, and shows what mighty

processes of change are going on in Europe, created by its extraordinary conditions. Nihilism is an expression of fierce, violent life. It is not an accident. It is a natural result. It is a declaration that the people of Europe are not dead but living.

When we look at the fighting power of Europe; civilized states at war, either open or secret, draining their populations, and retaining for military service the flower of the nation's youth; the cultivators of the soil reduced to live on bread and water, potatoes and corn, the upper classes living luxuriously, and enormous debts pressing everywhere, it is no wonder that the cry of destruction goes forth and accumulates from year to year.

Bakounine was born in 1814, of an ancient aristocratic family. He early became imbued with revolutionary ideas. In 1841 he went to Berlin and studied the Hegelian philosophy, and published some essays. In 1843 he visited Paris, and became the disciple of Proudhon. Proudhon says: "No authority; no government. What society needs is Anarchy. The object to be obtained is the abolition of authority; the clearing away of all government organism." Bakounine adopted these principles and devoted to them, as long as he lived, the extraordinary energy and genius which he possessed. He was expelled from France at the demand of Russia, whose government set a price of 10,000 roubles on his head. He was arrested May, 1850, and condemned to death. He escaped to Austria; was again captured, handed over to Russia, and deported to Siberia. In this vast and desolate prison-house it seemed as if there could be no hope for the tortured prisoner. After several years, however, he escaped, traveled over a thousand miles, reached the sea, and sailed to Japan. He came to California, and from there went to New York and London, and continued, with unabated industry, his revolutionary work. He took part in the establishment of the International Society, but as he was opposed to State So-

cialism, he and Karl Marx could not agree, and he withdrew from that body. He died in 1873. He left behind a work entitled, "God and the State," a most vigorous defense of human liberty. It is crowded with thought.

Bakounine was one of the greatest men of the century, and his influence will long be felt. In Germany, in Siberia, in America, in England, in France, in Switzerland, he was a potent personality. He was majestic in appearance, powerful in vitality, vehement in eloquence, rich in ideas, and of untiring zeal. He spent entire nights in preparing long letters to his friends in the revolutionary world. He was constantly endeavoring to strengthen the timid, arouse the sluggish, and outline plans of revolt.

KARL MARX.—1818—1883.

Directly the opposite, politically, of Bakounine, who would abolish all authority, is Karl Marx, who would establish the most universal authority that has ever existed on this planet, an authority for the universal benefit, as opposed to the authority of despotism. Marx is the founder of State Socialism, and State Socialism leads to an entirely different result from Anarchy. With this end in view, the peace and happiness of all mankind, Marx was, no doubt, profoundly sincere in his convictions; and he labored for them with an enthusiasm equal to that of Bakounine. On purely economical questions, the relations of capital and labor, where Marx did his most valuable and renowned work, there is no radical difference between him and Proudhon; but on the question of liberty and authority they were wide asunder as the poles. State Socialism is becoming a vast movement. It seems to many the only way to overthrow the ancient despotism. It must be authority against authority. Socialism has indeed a most fascinating aspect, for while Anarchy does not undertake, theoretically, to answer the question what will be after the destruction of the present order, Socialism does

give a beautiful dream of the future, when the state, made universal as society, shall be in the control of the wisest and the best, when every one shall be well cared for, happy and contented. There shall be work for all, reward for all, homes for all. There shall be no poverty and no suffering. There shall be no struggle for existence. There shall be peace and fraternity. No one shall be neglected or go hungry and naked. Of course such a dream as this is enchanting to the weary millions of Europe. It is a haven of rest. It seems a fair solution of the problems of society, a harmony of labor and capital.

This is what State Socialism promises, and this is the source of its strength.

It is practically making every one a soldier. It is an enlistment for life. The world becomes a military camp, orderly, magnificent; where every duty is assigned, where the drum beats to service, and leisure is prescribed.

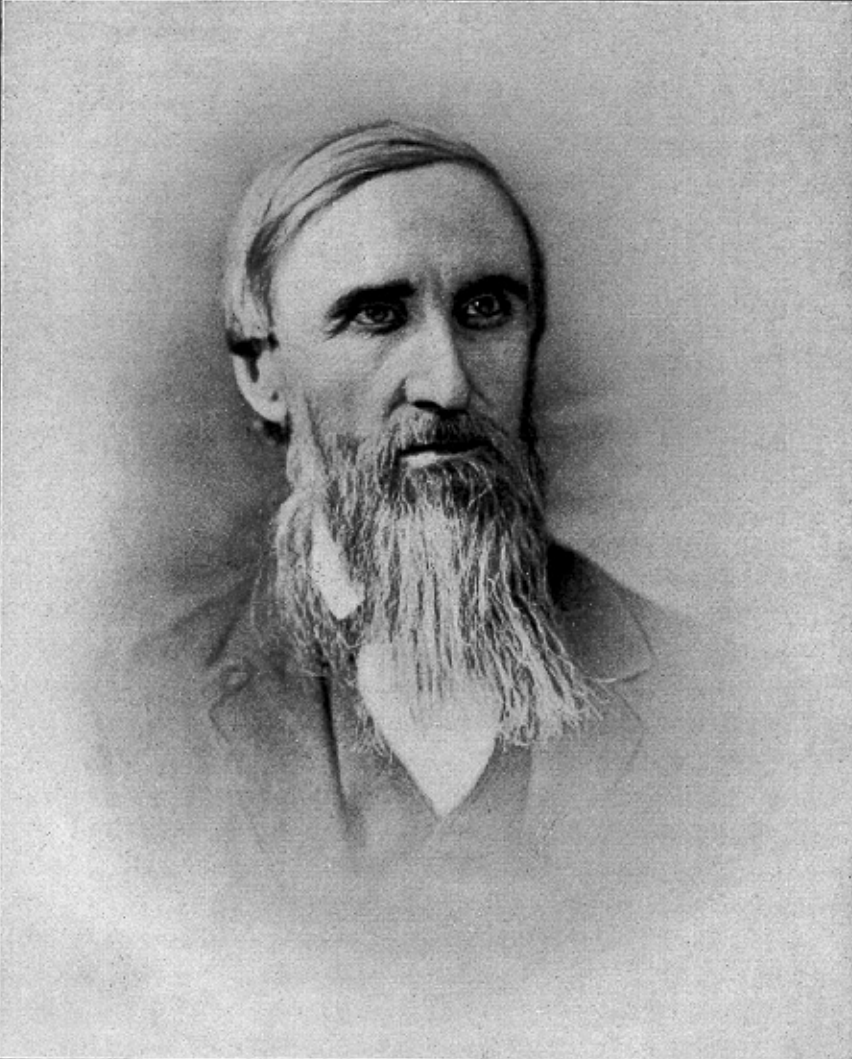
It is a vast, glittering machinery which, by theory, ought to work only for the good of mankind, but which may work far more evil than what now exists.

Instead of decreasing the function of the state, it increases the function of the state until it becomes co-extensive with human activity. Herbert Spencer has defined State Socialism as "The Coming Slavery." Bakounine was opposed to it on grounds of liberty, and Mazzini on grounds of republicanism.

It is a purely political movement. It is neither religious nor anti-religious. It will use the pope's infallibility, or the pope's toe, if it can do so. It will join hands with the Jesuits, not in friendship, but for policy. Its object is the absolute control of the state.

This great movement is growing. It is a factor of immense significance in Europe.

Marx devoted his life to State Socialism. To him it was the gospel of humanity. In it alone he saw the salvation of Europe and the happiness of the people.



Karl Marx's great work is "Capital." It is often called, on the continent, "the Bible of the working people." These recognize in this book the most adequate expression of their conditions and aspirations.

FERDINAND LASSALLE —1825—1864.

Lassalle seems to be one of those extraordinary men who are born for revolution and romance, to be different from other people, to pursue an ideal as the star of their destiny. He could not live without agitation. He was brilliantly gifted, and in any sphere of life would have made a shining mark. He was well equipped, and if not a profound thinker, he could grasp and luminously develop the great thoughts of others. He had no patience with anything orthodox, be it in theology or politics. He wanted a new world; a new world of thought, a new world of action. All the gods of the past must be swept away, and all its kings and potentates. He believed in a beautiful future, when all wrong should be righted; at least, when the earth should yield her plenty to every man; and labor should be organized and victorious in one vast, united society. He adopted the principles of State Socialism, and labored for their triumph with all the energy of his attractive mind; but the very audacity of his nature prevented the full rounding-out of his career.

Lassalle did not have the capacity of looking upon two sides. He saw only one way, and into that he flung himself with irrepressible ardor. His whole life was eager, impetuous, romantic, as if traced by nature's hand for a pathetic and splendid fate. He seemed to have no reserve power. All he was flashed upon the surface. Every faculty was in motion. His chief value was in his power of expression, not in words only, but in magnetic action. He made people think. No matter what men's opinions about Lassalle, they had to have some opinions. If Las-

salle was not born to be a leader of the people, he was at any rate born to compel them to confront new ideas.

GAMBETTA.—1838—1882.

Leon Gambetta is the incarnation of the French Republic. He adopted the aphorism of Comte: "Progress can only arise out of the development of order." Gambetta was a philosopher as well as statesman. He read the meanings of history. He also understood men and he knew what could be done with them, or rather, what they could do for themselves; for he realized that no man, however great he himself might be, could command the forces of the world. He must be in the stream and of the stream, and he could but little change its course. Gambetta was not an idealist like Mazzini, and kept up no hopeless fight with destiny. Gambetta accepted the opportunity of the hour. He did not waste his energy in dreams. He was a politician, perhaps, but he was an honest politician.

He was devoted to France and her glory, and the republic was to him the true order and fountain of national progress. His fibre was entirely popular. He had no faith whatsoever in theology or the church. He wanted no crutches for the people. Gambetta was the true son of Paris. The life, the ambition, the refinement, and also the coarseness of that great city were in him. He was not a model man by any means, and he did not try to be. But he had the genius to lead forty millions of people. He was the creator of the republic; he was the representative of the people. While living he was in the mind of all Europe. When dead there seemed to be a great gap. A supreme force had disappeared. He needed not to hold office to be in the eyes of the people. He was a ruler wherever his station might be. He was the greatest personal power in France since Danton.

In November, 1868, he was a briefless, unknown bar-

rister. In the early spring of 1869 he was the terror of the empire. His famous speech had filled Europe with amazement. Paris was seething with insurrection. The entire working class was in defiance, but there was no one to voice the deepening change until Gambetta spoke.

France, after Sedan, was saved by the energy of Gambetta. He aroused France from her slumber, upheld her banner, and planted in the hearts of the people the image of the republic. His name became a household word. He was known to every living Frenchman—man, woman, or child. He was to all the inspirer of love of country. He gave France back to Europe as one of its great forces.

The establishment of the republic in France through untold difficulties is the most pregnant achievement of the century. It is the beginning of the republic throughout Europe. Feudalism and monarchy must disappear. The republic is the extinction of hereditary claims of every kind, and the admission of capacity and merit to every function of the state. Gambetta solved the problem for France, and through France he has changed the destinies of Europe.

Gambetta was born of the people. He had no aristocratic blood. He lived, died, and was buried as the son of the grocer of Cahors.

Gambetta was both revolutionary and conservative. He relied for the success of the principles of the Revolution on popular conviction. He believed, with Thomas Paine, in constitutional means. He was a progressive Republican. He believed that government by the people through reason was the normal condition of advanced civilization; a government which represents the mass of the people, without privileged families, or governing class, or hereditary office; a government in the name of the people, in the interests of all equally, in sympathy with the people; where, so far as the state is concerned, neither wealth nor class gives any prerogative whatever. It was for this

democratic republic that Gambetta labored and to which he devoted his genius. He encountered much opposition on all sides; for France is teeming with every kind of revolutionary opinion, and he had foes both among the conservatives and radicals. Gambetta set his mind on what was attainable. To him Opportunism was the basis of true statesmanship. He had a clear idea of what could be accomplished, and he let the impossible go. Gambetta was the first great statesman in this century to formally repudiate theology in any shape, and who ruled on purely human sanctions. He was a Freethinker in politics and his Freethought was a power. He was not merely skeptical. He was constructive on the basis of Secularism. He had neither God nor saint, but humanity was to him a living force, and in itself contained the powers of progress, of liberty, and of order.

"It is a thing," says Frederic Harrison, "which the world will remember one day—that vast ceremony in Paris—such a funeral as no emperor ever had; a day that recalled the gathering of the dawn of the Revolution in 1789; and from first to last in that throng where Paris did honor to the son of the dealer of Cahors, no Catholic emblem or priest was seen; not a thought but for the great human loss and human sorrow, not a word but of human and earthly hopes. For the first time in this century Europe looked on and saw one of its foremost men laid in his rest by a nation in grief without priest or church or prayer or hymn."

CASTELAR.—1832.

We might not think it possible that in Spain, a land crushed by the Inquisition, over whose fertile plains the bloody cross has flourished, whose people appear to be steeped in superstition, the genius of liberty could unfurl its banners. Yet, when we study deeply into the history of Spain, we shall find, after all, that there was

much independence among its people; that it was not universally monarchical or papist. There was more or less a protesting spirit, and some constitutional rights and democratic traditions. Castelar says:

“We have not the same republican traditions possessed by Italy and France. Our people, always at war, have always needed a chief, and this chief required not only the sword of the soldier to fight, but the scepter of the monarch to rule. Notwithstanding this ancient monarchical character, there are regions which have been saved from the monarchy, and which have preserved their democracy and their republic. There still exist in the north provinces possessed of an autonomy and an independence which give them points of resemblance to the Swiss cantons. The citizens give neither tribute nor blood to the kings. Their firesides are as sacred from the invasion of authority as those of the English or of the Americans. Every town is a republic, governed by a council elected by the citizens at the summons of the church-bell. When the time fixed by their constitution arrives, the representatives of the towns come together in the shade of the secular trees of liberty, vote taxes, draw up or amend the laws, name new officers and retire the old ones, with the calmness and moderation of a people accustomed to govern themselves in the midst of the agitations of liberty.

“And we not only have these living examples of democracy, but we have also democratic traditions—traditions which we may call republican. Our Cortes of Castile succeeded frequently in expelling the ecclesiastical and aristocratic estates from their sessions. Our Cortes of Aragon attained such power that they named the government of their kings, and obtained fixed days for their sessions. Navarre was a species of republic more or less aristocratic, presided over by a king more or less respected. And the Castilian municipalities were in the Middle Ages true democratic republics. All the citizens came to the council,

they elected the *alcaldes*, and alternated on the jury. They guarded their rights of realty in which the servitude of the tenantry was extinguished. They all bore arms in the militia, all held safely guarded the liberties indispensable to life, and they founded together the brotherhood which defended these against feudalism, and which was a genuine federation of plebeians."

In poetry and art, in romance and literature, Spain has shown a vigorous aptitude, in spite of her religious degradation; and the land of Cervantes and Murillo and Calderon must certainly possess great capacities for future development. In the conditions of soil and climate, Spain cannot be surpassed, and with free institutions how gloriously might not man live in this enchanting world. The ancient magnificence might reappear under happier auspices. Spain is a land for love and song, for ardent imagination, for glowing hopes. Nature pulses with delight, kindles and enraptures the being. Perhaps there is too much splendor of sky, too much softness and music in the air; so that the rugged virtues do not prevail, and the clear mental vision is lacking.

In Castelar himself, the representative of Republican Spain, its noblest orator, its splendid literary exponent, there is something of this picturesque haziness; this overplus of the imaginative faculty which controls reason. Castelar is an idealist, not a level-headed Materialist. He studies history somewhat through the vague and misty luminosity, we might say, of Hegel, which makes history a kind of divine romance.

It is that method of interpretation which tries to find the soul of good in things evil, which is, after all, a philosophy of deceit, for evil is evil, and all the flowers and rhetoric in the world will not make Christianity other than it is—a curse. Castelar has a sort of eclectic religion and philosophy. He is a Theist and non-orthodox Christian, while he recognizes and glorifies the results of



modern science, in evolution, industry, and politics. He is not like Danton or Bradlaugh, but more like Mazzini. His services have been most brilliant. His oratory, in its richness and grace, is something like that of Ingersoll. His literary faculty is of a high order. His philosophical learning is great, and his intellectual sympathies have a wide range. He is both a poet and an orator. He has an exuberant imagination, and a glittering flow of language. He has the warmth and luxuriance of his own Spain.

Castelar favored a federative republic like that of America, not a centralized republic like that of France. In his description of the republican government for which he labored and sacrificed, he outlines the ideal republic of the future, based upon human rights and local self-government. In his speech in the Spanish Cortes, in 1871, he thus speaks of America and declares his hopes for the future:

“America, and especially Saxon America, with its immense virgin territories, with its republic, with its equilibrium between stability and progress, with its harmony between liberty and democracy, is the continent of the future—the immense continent stretched by God between the Atlantic and Pacific, where mankind may plant, essay, and resolve all social problems. Europe has to decide whether she will confound herself with Asia, placing upon her lands old altars, and upon the altars old idols, and upon the idols immovable theocracies, and upon the theocracies despotic empires; or whether she will go by labor, by liberty, and by the republic, to collaborate with America in the grand work of universal civilization.”

BRADLAUGH.—1833—1891.

Charles Bradlaugh is the towering figure of English Freethought in the last half of the nineteenth century. He won his triumphs purely on the line of pronounced

Atheism. He made no compromise. As he began, so he remained until death.

Born in poverty, living a life of struggle, he has won a noble fame.

Nature equipped him for storm and conflict, with a keen, clear brain, and a body superb in strength. Like Lessing, he was an intellectual athlete. His mind was thoroughly disciplined. He was a soldier in every fiber of his being. There was something prophetic in his early enlistment. It was not merely an expediency; it was the door of destiny. He was born to it. He was always, we might say, in the camp. He was always within trumpet call and obeyed the summons. He was the knight of modern progress, and he slept upon his arms. To him there was no peace. If he rested, it was like a sentinel relieved from duty for awhile. He must take his post again. He was daily under marching orders. There was no "mustering out" for him except by death.

Bradlaugh's Freethought was as comprehensive as humanity itself. It had no narrow range. The mental breadth of Bradlaugh was equaled by his universal sympathies. He comes nearer the ideal of a great reformer than any man in modern Europe. There was no sentimentalism about him, no intellectual weakness. He followed no fashion. He bent no knee to God, or caprice, or custom. He concealed nothing. He professed nothing. He was without fear and without reproach. His banner was upon the outward walls. Be it Atheism, be it Malthusianism, he flung his convictions forth with unwavering frankness.

The grand, brave, patient, determined spirit of Bradlaugh is best illustrated by his own words. Nothing else can so reveal the man:

"I am an Infidel, a rough, self-taught Infidel. What honors shall I win if I grow gray in this career? Critics who break a lance against me in my absence will tell you

now that I am from the lower classes, without university education, and that I lack classical lore. Clergymen, who see God's mercy reflected in an eternal hell, will tell you even that I am wanting in a conception of common humanity. Skilled penmen will demonstrate that I have not the merest rudiments of biblical knowledge. I thank these assailants for the past; when they pricked and stung me with their very waspish piety, they did me good service, gave me the clue to my weaknesses, laid bare to me my ignorance, and drove me to acquire knowledge which might otherwise never have been mine. I pray the opposing forces to continue their attacks, that by teaching me my weakness they may make me strong. Some (who have no taste for the excavating, tunneling, and leveling work, but are vain of having shaken hands, or taken wine, with the chairman of a completed line of railway) say: 'Oh! a mere puller-down!' Is this so? I have preached 'equality,' not by aiming to reduce men's intellects to the level of my own, but rather by inciting each of my hearers to develop his mind to the fullest extent, obtaining thus the hope, not of an equality of ignorance, but of a more equal diffusion of knowledge. I have attacked the Bible, but never the letter alone; the church, but never have I confined myself to a mere assault on its practices. I have deemed that I attacked theology best in asserting most of the fullness of humanity. I have regarded iconoclasm as a means, not as an end. The work is weary, but the end is well. The political prisoner in the Austrian dungeon day by day files at the massive chain and sturdy bar. The labor is serious, but the reward is great. Tell him it is poor drudgery work, and he tells you, 'But I toil for freedom!' Watch another captive, how, with an old nail, rusted and rotten, he picks, atom by atom, the mortar from between the stones of his prison wall. Tell him that other men have used more perfect tools; he will answer, 'This old red-rusty nail is to me a bright silver lever, a powerful

instrument, for it is the only tool I have wherewith to toil for liberty.' Tell the backwoodsman who, with ax in hand, hews at the trunks of sturdy trees, that his is destructive work, and he will answer, 'I clear the ground that plow and reaping-hook may be used by and by.' And I answer that in many men—and women too, alas!—thought is prison-bound with massive chains of old-church welding; that human capacity for progress is hindered, grated in by prison-bars, priest-wrought and law-protected; that the good wide field of common humanity is over-crowded with the trunks of vast creed frauds, the outgrowth of ancient mythologies. I affirm that file, old nail, and ax, are useful, and their use honorable, not as an end, but as some means toward the end for which all true men should strive—that is, the enduring happiness of mankind."

Bradlaugh was not of a coarse or brutal nature, or uncultured, whatever his experience was of early adversity. His nature was elevated and heroic; his feelings were refined and noble. He used only those methods forced upon him by the occasion, and by the ignorance and stupidity of his opponents. He relied upon reason whenever possible. He was not a prize-fighter. If a giant in body, he was equally a giant in mind. No man possessed greater intellectual resources, and no man rejoiced more in pure intellectual activity than Bradlaugh. He was a philosopher as well as statesman. Though preëminently a man of action, an organizer, a leader of the people, he was superior in the world of thought, and grasped universal principles. His pen was keen and facile. He wrote upon a vast variety of subjects with clearness and force. His information was extensive. He was not a loose thinker, but a compact and systematic one. He was thoroughly scientific. His legal knowledge was surpassed by none of his contemporaries. As an orator, whether before the people, or judge, or jury, or Parliament, he was unquestionably foremost. He could compel the attention even

of his enemies; and at the last win their respect. He died with victory flaming over his worn-out body. He perished in the prime of life, the martyr of his cause. He sacrificed everything for the sake of liberty; not of his country only, but of the whole world. He was cosmopolitan in his politics.

His name will shine in English history, with its greatest measures of reform and progress. Parliament was to him, not an arena of personal conflict, but of world-wide fame.

In the annals of Freethought he will be cherished with affection and honor, for no man has been more faithful and fearless in its service. His words of fire, his illustrious deeds, are an imperishable inheritance for the toilers of the future.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MODERN EUROPE—LITERATURE.

THE literature of modern Europe is a ferment—an upheaval. It is a storm and conflict, a bewildering world of beauty and terror. It has every variety of thought and passion. It inherits its genius from the past, even from the most savage times; yet there is a new aspect. The old is transformed. The era of originality is past. There are no new “births of time,” but there is not any diminution of force. Modern life is expressive and manifold.

There is everywhere a breaking away from the established standards. Orthodoxy is not regarded, even by the most religious. The real literature of the times is Free-thought. The old faith is gone, the supernatural deity. On every side is struggle, unbelief, pain, and fury. There is no patience of Job in this century. The problem of evil is no longer solved in that ancient way. There is no submission. It is rebellion even in those who professedly worship.

While modern literature seems a chaos in its interminable variety of opinions, the tendencies are mainly in the same direction, and forward. There is a tremendously earnest spirit abroad. There is a purpose in modern literature, a questioning, and a desire beyond all that has existed before. Men themselves enact the dramas which they write. Poetry is philosophy to-day, and philosophy



is life. It is not merely a system, it is the burning heart and brain. It is action.

The meaning of modern literature is conveyed in that one word—Realism. All over Europe this is the tendency, and this is the regenerating power. Realism is nature and truth. It is taking the world as it is; understanding it as it is. It is coming from cloudland, and walking the solid earth. It is matter of fact.

What a world is revealed when man thus studies himself and his surroundings—when gods and angels disappear, and his own humanity is supreme and universal. When literature ceases to be "classical" and "romantic," it becomes a vast liberating energy. There is nothing so healthful as facts. Realism is a sign of progress. It means the destruction of superstition. It is the tearing away the mask from hypocrisy. It is exchanging faith for genuine hope.

Realism is not despair. It is the cure of a disease. It is the surgeon's knife. It is a cold bath. But it cuts out the cancer. It stirs the blood.

The universe is bad; nature is bad. Why not know it? Why not see the evil, dissect it, analyze it, comprehend it, and conquer it?

Realism is art. There never was such exquisite art as is displayed in Zola, Ibsen, and Turgeneff. Literature was never so artistic as to-day. Realism is not a mass of unrelated facts. It is selection—a combination. It is a picture. The material is real, and there is no false coloring; while grace, beauty, and skill are in the delineation. Realism is not a photograph of nature. It is a transcript of nature through genius.

Realism is scientific. It disdains nothing. It demands the truth, whether agreeable or disagreeable. It is not partial. It is not merely a choice of the best. It is the use of all. It is the knowledge both of good and evil. We cannot understand what is most excellent in nature or

in man unless we understand the whole, and the evil in it.

Realism is revolutionary. It accepts nothing because it is old or accredited. It judges an institution by its merits, and not by its fashion. Realism levels both up and down. The peasant is one of its sublime characters. He is of more value than the king, because he represents more. Priests do not like realism. It topples them over. It asks their credentials. It demands a certificate of character. It honors only for "value received." Never were baseness, humbug, deceit, and pretense so thoroughly damned with scorn and contempt. Never has vice been so mercilessly exposed. Never have the foundations of belief been so tested, shaken, and overturned. Realism is not a tame imitation of nature. It is not slavery to nature. It is revolt, defiance, battle. It recognizes the greatness of evil, not with fear but with courage.

Realism is politics. It flashes with the great practical problems of the day—the state, church, industry, marriage—everything that can possibly interest humanity in any direction. The free and careless song of Shakspeare is over. Man wrestles now with nature in dead earnest. He is determined to know the worst; to sound all the depths of passion and suffering; to behold nature in every aspect, grim and terrible as well as beautiful. Nothing is to be taken on trust. There is to be no more make-believe, no more flowers of rhetoric, no more covering up, no more concealment, no more mere dreaming. If there is any good in nature, it must be discovered, not by imagination but by fact. The savage, the child, tries to shirk things, to get rid of things, to make them other than they are, to please the fancy. The civilized man sees the uselessness of this, its fraud and nonsense. He understands that his power, his promise, his happiness, now and hereafter, must come from what is, from the soil and all that is in it, from the earth and its surroundings. Heaven and hell are swept away; but the fields of this world remain—

the sky, the flowers, the rocks, the worm, the beast, the whirlwind, the earthquake, and man battling in the midst of them—no longer an angel or a devil, but a part of the vital air and dust; imperfect, but finding in his very imperfections, weaknesses, sufferings, and agonies the impulse to unlimited progress.

Realism is the child of modern evolution, of that patient observation of nature which devotes a life-time to the study of a beetle's wing, the ocean's film, and even the microbe. Man cannot know himself unless he knows the very slime itself as well as the stars.

All modern literature is not realistic. There are still those who sail along the "shores of old romance," but the trend is more and more to simple truthfulness. The philosophy of Plato is no longer an inspiration, but the science of Darwin. Not that the old literature is worthless. It is a precious inheritance, and for its day was real and serviceable, for it was sincere. But it cannot be repeated. It was of the childhood of the race, and should be held in dear remembrance. The "classical" and the "romantic," as the veritable expressions of an age, are invaluable to progressive man. But we cannot weave these fables any more. We can accept them from the past, but we cannot make them for the present. What was a myth in the past, full of brilliant meaning, would be a barren lie to-day.

The civilized man must be practical, and his poetry must be identical with his new discoveries and inventions. His songs must reverberate with the steam whistle, the hum of factories, the click of the telegraph wire, and the tramp of multitudes along the pavement. The music of the spheres lingers only in the old-time songs. It is no longer in the heavens. The rushing planets do not give it. The music of to-day breathes from the shop, the iron rail, the forge, the furnace, and the steam plow. The mailed knight and fair lady and castle walls are gone. It

is the peasant now, the serf, the working-man and the working-woman that make the intense materials for modern poetry and art.

Realism is the regeneration of humanity. It is the only path for literature, as for science. Its triumph is the triumph of liberty and truth.

We may linger fondly over the dreams of the past, its enchanted lands, its shining palaces, its flowery meadows, its pearly streams, its gorgeous warriors, its illustrious maidens and queens walking on cloth of gold; but we must weave our romance now from the living world about us, from the smoke of toil, the dust of to-day's travel, the rumble and roar of the streets, and the busy fields whose dew is smitten not by the step of love-lorn lass, but the iron wheel of labor.

It is impossible to give more than a glance at the varying literary tendencies of modern Europe. It is a transition age. The old is mingling with the new; and romance and realism are sometimes in deadly feud. Zola is a horror, Ibsen is a terror, and Tolstoi is unendurable still to the cultured mind.

Tennyson perhaps more than any other represents the transitional man of to-day—the man who looks both “before and after” and knows not which to choose, or perhaps chooses both and tries to harmonize.

Tennyson is deeply sympathetic with the past, and presents it in its noblest aspect. He has made it beautiful and majestic. He has not given us the real past, but a past transformed with the spirit of the present. His King Arthur and the knights of the Round Table are the choice spirits of the London of the nineteenth century. They have the philosophy and the culture of the present time; its wit and wisdom, its scholarship; and we might say to some extent its democracy. The real King Arthur was no such man as Tennyson pictures him; nor Guinevere such a woman. Tennyson has flung the present into the past.

Tennyson is deeply sensitive to the scientific progress of to-day. He is unorthodox. The stiff old dogmas have no play in his luminous poetry. But Tennyson does not frankly accept all that science teaches. There is a gentle melancholy throughout his shining domain, as if it were "always afternoon" with the vague and gorgeous dreams of the opium eater. Tennyson clings with a sort of desperation to the old landmarks, although he sees them vanishing away. He has not the stern faith of Milton, or the cheerful belief of Dryden and Pope. He has only a dim kind of a hope like a star in a misty night. He speaks of

"Tears from the depths of some divine despair."

The "divine despair" is what we find all through Tennyson; as if God himself were struggling with fate, and scarcely sure of victory. Again he speaks of the stairs that

"Slope through darkness up to God;"

and of man as

"An infant crying in the night."

It is the cry of weakness. It is the cry of many a tortured heart, that cannot give up altogether the old faith, yet sees how utterly opposed it is to the truth of to-day. Tennyson sees the cruelty of nature; that she destroys and builds up simply to overthrow; and he would fain go beyond nature to some transcendent goodness that some day, and some how, will right it all. Tennyson does not fairly confront and accept the latest results of science. There is no martial music in his strain that leads forward to the future with glad, triumphant courage. Tennyson floats between the old and the new like a sea, the cold, gray sea that breaks on crags, and yet trembles away in the far distance to golden horizons. Tennyson's poetry is like the Northern summer, where the day sinks, not into any night, but, like a jewel, melts into the rising dawn of

another day; and evening and morning are blended in strange, dazzling beauty. So the golden evening of the past in Tennyson fades away with enchanting scenes, while, in the very fading, flushes and burns the splendor of the new time. In this respect Tennyson is the most representative poet of the age, intellectual, sympathetic, and something like an Æolian harp—passive to the winds of heaven, with marvelous music to every breeze, whether it blows from the dim aisles of the old or the freshness of the new. Many cultivated, earnest, poetic minds are now in that uncertain mood. They simply believe out of a deep want, while with clear vision they see its foundations rapidly disappearing. There is intense pathos in this contradiction of head and heart which Tennyson subtly and powerfully expresses.

The fire and music of Swinburne seems to exult over the ruin of the past. This brave and mighty poet sings like Apollo when Hyperion is dispossessed of his radiant kingdom. Swinburne greets the future; he believes in man and not God, and that man will win. He has the melody of Shelley and his aspiring spirit, with a still keener insight into the vistas of democracy, the future of the human race. Kings and priests and lords, and all the old institutions, are condemned by this iconoclastic singer, whose song, notwithstanding its fierce tumult, is the sweetest that has ever charmed the ear of man, and stirs the blood like a bugle sound. Swinburne is a poet all over; he is not a philosopher. He unfolds no grand system of truth like Goethe. He is not so profound as Shelley. He sees the universe from one point, and not from many; but he sees onward. He is intense rather than comprehensive. He pours himself in one stream, but that stream is crystal clear. Every thought born of his brain is rhythmic. Each word seems a note of music. Language was never more magical; so like the liquid voice of a lark; so like the vibrating song of a nightingale



Surely there is no more charming singer or dreamer than William Morris—singer of the past and dreamer of the future—a worker, too, in sympathy with toil, and making for toil a golden heritage. It is somewhat rare that a genius, so touched with the glory of the ancient time, so penetrated with its spirit, so full of its imagery that it lives and sparkles in his verses like a radiant presence, should throw himself with such glorious abandon into the stream of practical reform. Reveling in the choice beauty of the past, an artist in every fiber of his being, he heartily believes in the possibilities of the struggling masses; that they, notwithstanding ignorance and degradation, can and will build a future more splendid than the heroic past. Morris is, indeed, a beautiful inspiration to those who, amidst present wrong, would see the eternal right.

Gerald Massey is the bard of the people—born with the people, suffering with the people, and knowing all the tragedy of poverty. He has voiced the people out of his hard and bitter, yet triumphant life. He sang his way to victory with songs that shall not be forgotten, for they are real songs; the heart-blood is in them, the burning brain. They have the music of reality. They are not “sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought.” They come from the great deep of humanity, from its struggle for existence, from its hope in the midst of despair. They come like flowers from the soil. They represent the warmth and splendor of nature, its blossoms, its sunshine, together with the unconquered spirit of man. They are poems of progress in that they declare the rights of man and the dignity of labor. They are healthful, exhilarating songs. “Onward and sunward” is the bright prophecy of these strains.

The literature of France is even more radically progressive than that of England, for there is a clearness and brilliance in the French mind that is not equaled, perhaps,

in any other nation. French genius has always been more or less a thorn in the side of orthodoxy from the days of Abelard, Montaigne, and Molière. Molière cut so deep into the hypocrisies of the church, and so lashed the priests, that they refused to give him extreme unction and would have buried him like a dog if they could. But, fortunately, Molière had the wit not only to produce the greatest comedies of his age, but to play off the king against the pope, and so win the day, and burial in consecrated ground. The *Tartuffes* could not insult his dead body. The genius of Molière flashed in Voltaire, who had the shrewdness also to circumvent the church, and to use kings as pawns to win in his game for humanity and progress. Since the Revolution, France has gone far beyond the ideas of Molière, Voltaire, and Rousseau, and her literature to-day is the most advanced of any in Europe.

It is possible to note only a few great names who are the most representative of this vast galaxy of genius.

Of the ideal and romantic school, of those who select the best in humanity and clothe it with beautiful colors, who elevate and ennoble man with richest imagination, Victor Hugo is the supreme name; and when we read his freighted books out of a great heart, a great mind; when we listen to his music, his lyrics, melodious as the sweep of the sea, the breath of a summer's day, the murmur of great pine forests, the sounding of a cataract among hills, the song of birds in the bosom of the morning; when we read his great dramas, that in fire and vivacity, in deep interpretations of character, in play of motive, come close to Shakspeare himself; when, greater than all, we see abounding human nature, from child to man, from hut to palace, from peasant to prince, in vast panoramas in his novels, and listen again to his ringing words for justice and liberty, with detestation of all wrong and scorn of superstition in every shape, we feel like calling him the greatest of Frenchmen; and certainly if we were to read but one

man, we might say that in Victor Hugo we find the brightest and the most inspiring expressions of the life of his people. In intellect, in sympathy, in courage, in devotion to principle, in heroic sacrifice, in daring thought, in tenderness, in wonderful description, in dramatic power, in impetuous song, in martial strains of oratory, in citizenship and statesmanship and patriotism, Victor Hugo is a preëminent man. He is not a poet only, but a man indeed, a brave actor on the stage of life.

Renan is certainly one of the noblest names in modern French literature, and a great and noble character. There is an epic grandeur in his life of poverty and toil to a splendid fame. He sacrificed nothing of his manhood to win his high position. It was the meed of his scholarly genius, the reward of integrity, of fearlessness, of thoroughness, and the highest order of literary capacity. Renan was both a poet and a critic. He was not a realist. He did not re-write history in the dry light of fact. He filled it with color. He delighted the eye. He charmed the heart. He made Jesus and Paul somewhat like characters of fiction. He allowed his imagination to play about them. He dealt dramatically rather than historically with the original material. He has done this in a masterly manner. He has given the world a new Jesus, a vast improvement upon the old. In this respect Renan has been a fine disintegrating influence. He has melted away the creeds as the sun melts away the frost. He has changed opinions by the fascination of his style. He has made a romance of the gospels. This is better than to make them dogma. Next to Gibbon no one has done so much to overthrow historic Christianity as Renan. Strauss, of course, has greatly aided in this destructive work. This is simply the beginning of an enormous and far-reaching change. Jesus himself will ultimately disappear from human history. As in the hands of Renan and Strauss he has passed from dogma to romance, he

will inevitably pass from romance to myth, and from myth to fossil. Renan occupies a middle position. He has destroyed the Christ of the church. He has substituted an ideal Christ. The ideal Christ will dissipate the church Christ, and scientific criticism will dissipate the ideal Christ, and the real man will be in the onward march of humanity.

Balzac and Zola are unquestionably the Titanic leaders of modern realism. The revolution which they are accomplishing is akin to that of Darwin and Spencer. It has already been outlined. It is the literature of the future and is the only possible means of further progress. Shakspeare and Shelley have exhausted the literature of the imagination. The literature of reality must succeed—the literature of man as man, without reference to any gods, or fairies, or entities, or cloud-lands, or dream-lands—a literature of life itself, which depends for its greatness and equality with the luxuriance of the past, not upon the exuberance of the poet's imagination, but upon the abounding vitality of nature itself. Balzac and Zola are supreme geniuses, and while they reflect the coarseness of nature, they reflect also its grandeur and beauty. They paint vice; they do not patronize it. They analyze wrong; they do not glorify it. The question is: Shall we have in literature the truth or not? Shall we have honest thought and honest language? No writers are exercising throughout the literary world of to-day such a potent influence as Balzac and Zola.

The great Northland, the land of the midnight sun, the land of the Vikings—what a contribution it gives to the world's literature of progress—a distinctive literature born of its soil, of its icy palaces, of its mountains and seas, of its gorgeous sunsets mingling with gorgeous dawns!

The name and fame of Bjornson and Ibsen have spread farther over the world's surface than that of any of their countrymen. Their works are now eagerly read and ad-

mired in Europe and America. Who has not been refreshed by the simple story of the "Fisher Girl?"

In Bjornson there is the spirit of the old conquerors, and yet it is tender and beautiful as a maiden's. His romances are like breezes blown from the sea. His songs are the loveliest in the language. His exquisite lyrics are filled with vague longings, with sweet yet sad dreams. He plucks his treasures from the rich hoard of antique sagas. The old wild fighting life is there, and the beauty of woman. In his dramas there are Shakspearean scenes. He is democratic and Freethought. He deals with peasant life. He affirms the dignity of man in every station. The king is but an ornament. It is humanity that crowns.

Ibsen is perhaps the most remarkable literary power of the present time. He seems to aim at an entire revolution in literature. He is not simply of Norway, but of the whole world. However, the genius of Norway prevails. Though writing amidst the luxurious scenes of the south, with the blue waves of the Mediterranean about him, yet the rough Norse life, and fjord and fjeld, are in his dramas. Ibsen has a fermenting brain. It is full of revolt. Human life seems to him something like a disease, and with his keen satire he would cut to the heart and kill the patient, if need be. Truth he will have. Though capable of pouring forth the sweetest music, he will not do it, for he will not create an illusion. He will write in prose in order to give reality. He treats the human mind as a surgeon would the body. He analyzes it in every quivering movement. He sees the motive. He declares the law. He is as stern as the old Greek poets, but he has no gods to aid him in the denouement—only nature. He is thoroughly scientific and evolutionary. He is as patient as Darwin. He gives the drama of facts. Ibsen wants the individual to be free and true. That is the only salvation. Not religion, nor mock-morality, nor respectable lies, but absolute sincerity and liberty. He

says: "The state must go! That will be a revolution which will find me on its side. Undermine the idea of the state; set up in its place spontaneous action, and the idea that spiritual relationship is the only thing that makes for unity, and you will start the elements of a liberty which will be something worth possessing." Again he says: "My drama is not, indeed, a tragedy in the old-world signification of the word, but what I have tried to depict in it is human beings, and for that very reason I have not allowed them to talk the language of the gods."

Ibsen is a literary artist and a political moralist, and a social reformer. He has never for a moment resigned the idea of showing the world its weakness, its falseness, its shame, its disease.

He makes woman a real being, and he would make her an independent being. Nora shall no longer be a doll. He teaches that emancipated and gratified individuality leads to health and peace; while, restrained and balked, individuality must lead to tragedy and death.

We must recognize a singular greatness in Ibsen. He makes literature alive. He makes it of the future; he makes it the development of man.

Russia is a wonderful country, wonderful in its people, wonderful in its language, and wonderful in its literature. The vast Slavonic race seems to hold now the promise of to-morrow. Russia is apparently on the threshold of an immense advance. She is coming upon the stage with colossal power and magnificence. She has one hundred and thirty millions of people, and these people are in the throes of a revolution. In the literature of Russia the czar is apparently insignificant compared with the vast masses of people who are moving on to new destinies, and if the czar is in the way he will eventually be crushed. For centuries the Asiatic element has prevailed in Russia. There has been inertia and submission, But the genius



of the West has touched her enormous domains, and the result is simply amazing.

The great literature of Russia began with the present century, with Pushkin, who is something like our own Byron, a poet of surpassing powers, a master of this rich language in which words are full of color, melody as well as ideas.

Both the African and the Slavonic blood was in Pushkin. He was impetuous and fanciful from his youth, a disciple of Voltaire. His mind was crammed with the legends, fables, and popular tales of old Russia. Pushkin was of the romantic school. But he did not, as tyrants would have him, sing of nature, but of man. He did not, says Castelar, "sing of the groves, of larch and fir; the steppes, immense as the sea; the virgin snow, silvered with the rays of the full moon; the waves of the Baltic, heavenly in the long days of summer, and imprisoned in icy fetters in the eternal nights of winter; the polar horizons with their rosy auroras, whose splendors were indefinitely repeated by the crystal deserts and peaks. He did not sing this nature, which continues the same in its movement and brightness, even when it is the witness of crimes, which gathers and drinks with cold indifference the blood of martyrs, and fills with its vivifying air the lungs of tyrants. He sang the spirit with its ideas, with its agitations, the spirit which swells with internal storms, and sallies forth to scale heaven in the path of justice and liberty, and which, when it falls wailing with pain and despair, recognizes not even in God himself authority and power to take away its rights."

It is said that Pushkin was not only exiled but flogged. He suffered unspeakable agonies. He was like Prometheus chained on Caucasus.

But the despot finally conquered. The poet yielded. He lived a life of luxury. His supreme intellectual faculty perished. He was the king's chamberlain. Despotism

converted him into one of its beasts of burden. He was mortally wounded in a duel. He was not even publicly buried. In the dead of an icy night, the emperor gave a grave to the body. Such is the destiny of a great soul born under the domination of absolute power.

The realistic school of Russian literature, nurtured by the vast genius of Balzac, sprung into almost supreme excellence with Gogol, Turgeneff, and Tolstoi. These great writers, politically and otherwise, have exerted a vast influence, and changed the face of Russia to the world. They are not distinctly Freethought. They are literary forces, sources of agitation, of ideas. They have produced, in many respects, the most powerful novels of the age; revelations of life; pictures of the soil, pictures of man as he is, without ornamentation or fanciful colors.

Although these writers are thoroughly humanitarian; though they sympathize profoundly with human suffering and the bitter, narrow lot of millions, and would lift them out if possible, yet the fair light of science is obscured by their mystical religion. They paint human nature with wonderful fidelity; but when it comes to the remedy they are essentially weak. They are not prophets of the future. They are not scientific in the sense that Goethe was. Their value, however, does not lie in the hope they give, for they have no Promethean fire, but in the tremendous reality which they portray; in the life they unfold. There is no falsehood about them; they deal not with the lies of civilization, they do not cover up. They lay bare the bleeding heart, the fermenting brain, the quivering nerve. They show the suffering—the horror—on a canvas vivid as nature itself. It is well to know these realities revealed by a master genius, even if the artist himself utters a cry of despair at his own most faithful portraiture.

The martyr-hero of the modern revolution, however, is Tchernychewsky, a name worthy to be enrolled in the shining annals of those who suffer and die for liberty.

He speaks for woman as well as for man. She is not to be an animal created for man's benefit. She is to be a companion, endowed with genius.

This author gives the gospel of young Russia. He writes for the future. Nihilism is a passion, an enthusiasm. It is absolute sacrifice to an idea. It is a perfect intellectual abandon to any fate, if only something can be done for freedom. It is not a blind faith. There is intelligence in it. It is a brain-force, not a mere feeling.

The reign of Nicholas was an epoch of hard oppression. He did not hesitate to pluck out the brains of Russia to save his throne. He seriously considered the idea of closing his frontiers with a cordon of troops to beat back foreign Liberalism, like the cholera or plague. He was an Iron Czar, always clad in uniform. He was the Quixote of absolutism. The close of his reign saw the dilapidation and the ruin of his country. A chorus of maledictions arose against him. He heard the walls of his tyranny crash around him, though cemented with the blood and tears of two millions of human beings whom he had exiled to Siberia.

Nihilism is the outcome of this fierce despotism. It could be no otherwise. There must be a tremendous reaction. And it was a common cause. A homogeneous spirit prevailed, while subversive and revolutionary beyond anything in the past.

Tchernychevsky was confined for twenty odd years in a Siberian prison. His mind was shattered. The light of genius perished. But tyranny shall yet feel the breath of liberty; and the martyr buried in a dungeon shall illuminate the world; and the imperial criminal shall tremble. The world shall hear the thunders of his execution.

We can only glance at the greatest representative philosophical and scientific writers who have contributed to the literature of modern Europe.

Huxley is not only a scientific investigator of the highest order, but the greatest all-round philosophical critic of this or of any age. If he adds nothing new to philosophy, he certainly keeps it within due bounds. He carries out the Kantian maxim of telling us what we do not know. Indeed, he is so subtle at times that he seems to deny all knowledge; as when he affirms that it is impossible to disprove the idealism of Berkeley. Of course it is impossible to disprove it, since it will grant no fact for a starting-point. If it will grant one fact it is overthrown; but affirming universal ignorance, how can it be disproved? Archimedes said, "Give me where I may stand and I will move the universe." Idealism will not give common sense or science a place to stand and hence it can eternally rejoice in its impregnable position. When one says, "I know nothing," he is beyond logic. Grant one little matter of fact, however, say a broken head against a lamp-post, and idealism vanishes in a shower of stars.

But generally Huxley walks the solid earth, and his pages shine with Freethought gems like the following: "To assert that this is the best possible universe is a libel on possibility."

Tyndall unites real poetry with real science better than any other man of the age. He is like keen sunshine in his analysis of nature. He illuminates it. He can almost see the ultimate ether with his piercing glance. He can measure the dance of atoms. Tyndall is not a closet philosopher. He is a kind of Homeric character. He likes to be outdoors. He rejoices in the mountains, the skies, the winds, the rocks, the flowers along the crags of snow. He mingles with nature like a child, and studies her like a god.

His declaration that "in matter we find the promise and potency of all life" is immortal. This is the glad message of science to all the future of man.

His "prayer test," which was sprung upon the world

simply for the humor of the thing, was a shattering joke against orthodoxy. It upset more than the most ponderous arguments. Since then prayer has been at a discount.

Back of the poetical brightness and literary elegance of Tyndall is a knowledge attained by strenuous effort and the severest induction. Tyndall is not a dreamer. He is a thinker, but he thinks in rhythmic beauty.

The diamond-like intellect of John Stuart Mill is among "the splendors of the firmament of time." He is for liberty and for man. He has written some of the greatest books of the century. He is master of the science of logic and the laws of evidence. He is not much of a fighter, but to his eternal honor he said this in his answer to a declaration of Dean Mansel that it is man's duty to worship "a being whose moral attributes are affirmed to be unknowable by us, and to be, perhaps, extremely different from those which, when we are speaking of our fellow-creatures, we call by the same names." Mill said: "If, instead of the 'glad tidings' that there exists a being in whom all the excellences which the highest human mind can conceive exist in a degree inconceivable to us, I am informed that the world is ruled by a being whose attributes are infinite, but what they are we cannot learn, nor what are the principles of his government, except that 'the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving' does not sanction them; convince me of it and I will bear my fate as I may. But when I am told that I must believe this, and at the same time call this being by the names which express and affirm the highest human morality, I say in plain terms that I will not. Whatever power such a being may have over me, there is one thing which he shall not do—he shall not compel me to worship him. I will call no being good who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go."

Wise Jeremy Bentham, with keen, brilliant intellect and warm heart, who organized common sense into law, into love and justice, the greatest good of the greatest number, he, too, is one of the far-reaching influences of this age.

Humboldt, what a name this is, melodious with the music of the spheres, the eternal order of nature! It is as if we stood upon some mighty mountain top, and the earth was spread before us in loveliness and grandeur, and the vast harmony was revealed of heights and plains, and sweeping rivers, and flower-blooming forests, precipice and vale, a cosmos, breathing in living splendor, with heart of fire and crown of stars. This is the gift of Humboldt.

Heine is both a poet and philosopher, with the grand Teutonic genius and the imagination of the orient. He is like those who sang by the rivers of Babylon. There was torture in his bird-like song. He revolted against God for the agony of life. He wanted no priestly service over his ashes in the longed-for rest. He was, indeed, like an "infant crying in the night," reverberating the "divine despair" of Tennyson. But he would accept no orthodox god. He would accept nothing on blind faith. He would break his heart, but he would not lie. Of him the lines of Shelley are true:

"Some are cradled in poetry by wrong,
And learn, in suffering, what they teach in song."

Heine has filled the world with wit and wisdom and brightness, like a lark singing at heaven's gate. He must break forth in music, and he must make smiles even at death's door. He touches the heights of Goethe and Schiller in the loftiness and glory of his genius. The joy and pathos of Burns, the magic of Shakspeare, are in the quick transitions of his radiant pages.

Buchner like a keen northern blast has swept away the



mists of Hegel, and the German mind is no longer befogged with metaphysics. Buchner has the clearness and brilliance of Hume himself, while to his intellectual insight is added the wealth of modern science. Buchner, perhaps more than any other writer since Comte, has cleared the human mind of every kind of ghost. Buchner gives us the daylight. He has been a tremendous influence throughout Germany and revolutionary Russia. He is unanswerable. He gives the mathematics of Free-thought. Buchner is thoroughly objective. He sees a real world and a real pathway of knowledge and progress. He is not in the mystical darkness. He follows no *ignis-fatuus*; nor is he lost in the heated fancies of his own brain. Kant and Hegel to-day must be read in the light of Buchner; and but little of "naked truth" will be left in Fichte and Schelling when this sturdy iconoclast has swept away the false imageries of metaphysics. Buchner may not be a genius of the highest order; but he has done an incalculable service to Free-thought, for the prerequisite to free thought is clear thought. Buchner's "Matter and Force" is a vigorous, eloquent, and masterly plea for a common-sense view of the universe, and the scientific world must accept his luminous statements.

Feuerbach, we might say, is the prose-poet of Free-thought. He is rich, exuberant, full of fancies and analogies, yet all is subdued to the strictest logic. He is unsurpassed in his reasoning powers. He is Aristotle and Plato in one. He idealizes, but he does not transcend fact. How utterly he abolishes God, and yet with what a manifold beauty he endows nature! How deeply he analyzes every human feeling! How clearly he penetrates to the heart of religion and reveals its identity with human weakness! He says: "I have abandoned theology, not, however, wantonly or recklessly or from dislike, but because it does not satisfy me, because it does not give me what I indispensably need.

I want to press Nature to my heart from whose depths the cowardly theologian shrinks back. I want to embrace man, but man in his entirety." Nature and man are the great themes of Feuerbach, and he has unfolded nature and man in nature with singular felicity. His manner is entirely original. His pages are crowded with shining thoughts. The poetic fire illuminates them. He gives color and magnificence to the universe. Through all her windings and intricacies he follows the clear truth. He is not the slave of nature, neither does he seek to abolish nature in egoistical sentimentality. He recognizes the power of nature and also the power of man. Nature is to him ever a poetical movement, and in the rhythms of nature the song of humanity is to him supreme and beautiful. To him humanity is Apollo making music in a pathway of splendor.

CHAPTER XIX.

AMERICA BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR.

ACCORDING to Bacon, Seneca, in the chorus of his *Medea*, gives "a prophecy of the discovery of America:"

"There shall come a time, in the later ages, when ocean shall relax his chains, and a vast continent appear, and a pilot shall find new worlds, and Thule shall be no more earth's bounds."

Petrarch also sang, his genius piercing behind the veil of Time :

"The daylight hastening with winged steps,
Perchance to gladden the expectant eyes
Of far-off nations in a land remote."

And Pulci, who died five years before Columbus sailed, sends forth this glorious prevision, more glorious than anything in the Bible, and far more gloriously and literally fulfilled :

"His bark,
The daring mariner shall urge far o'er
The Western wave, a smooth and level plain,
Albeit the earth is fashioned like a wheel.
Man was in ancient days of lesser mould,
And Hercules might blush to learn how far
Beyond the limits he had vainly set,
The dullest sea-boat soon shall wing her way.

Men shall descry another hemisphere,
Since to one common center all things tend ;
So earth, by curious mystery divine,
Well balanced, hangs amid the starry spheres ;
At our antipodes are cities, states,
And throngèd empires ne'er divined of yore ;
But see, the sun speeds on his western path,
To glad the nations with expectant light."

The Puritans, who helped so much to shape the destinies of this prophesied America, were a "peculiar people." We must admire them in spite of their cruelty and oppression. They were both rebels and tyrants. They hated the king of England, but they bent in lowly subjection to the king of heaven. But the king of heaven was a Puritan, and hence worthy of homage in their eyes. There was a somber heroism in the Puritans, an "unconquerable will," but they were void of invention, of imagination. They held their narrow opinions with harsh obstinacy.

They battled for their own rights ; but they never thought of the rights of others. They wanted freedom to worship God, but not universal freedom ; and their God was only the rigid image of themselves. Toleration was beyond their scope. Justice was unknown. Never was there a more gloomy or terrible despotism than that of the Puritans, for over two hundred years in Massachusetts. It crushed out thought, hope, and progress. In 1637 went forth the decree for the suppression of heresy. The first synod of Massachusetts churches sat through twenty-four days, until it spread upon its record no less than eighty-two "opinions, some blasphemous, others erroneous, and all unsafe." Having performed this feat, it broke up amid general congratulations. Then took place the trial of Anne Hutchison, and she was condemned to banishment.

Massachusetts then and there renounced all claim or desire to lead the advancing column of religious liberty and progress. The Puritans were no less intolerant than those from whose intolerance they had fled.

In 1649 vanished the last faint glow of that light which had shone strong in Sir Harry Vane and Roger Williams. "A deep night," says Adams, "of conventional old-time theology ensued—a night which the filio-pietistic historians of the present century are wont to dwell upon with self-satisfied complacency, as a period during which peace and quiet reigned in the land. It was, in fact, a century of intellectual torpor—a torpor, the completeness of which can only be appreciated by those who have passed long hours toiling through the sermons, discourses, and theological treatises which bear incontrovertible witness to it."

Dissentients and intruders were expelled from the colony under penalty of death; and this provision, says the historian, "never once failed of its intended effect." The magistrates said to the offenders: "There is no place for you among us."

Without a protest the rulers and divines of Massachusetts were suffered to block every loop-hole through which free speech could make itself heard. The fundamental idea of the settlement was a theocracy—an Israel in the New World, a reproduction of Bible history.

"A theological glacier," says Charles Francis Adams, "then slowly settled down upon Massachusetts—a glacier lasting through a period of nearly one hundred and fifty years, the single redeeming feature in which was that beneath the chilling and killing superincumbent mass of theology, superstition, and intolerance ran the strong, vivifying current of political opposition and life."

"This period produced not a poem, nor an essay, nor a memoir, nor a work of fancy or fiction of which the world cared to take note."

The only literature worthy even of curiosity is Jonathan Edwards's sermon on "Eternity of Hell Torments," which made strong men faint away, so horrible were its descriptions, and Michael Wigglesworth's poem, "The Day of Doom." This latter was the most popular book produced in America before the Revolution. Of it Professor Tyler says: "No narrative of our intellectual history during the colonial days can justly fail to record the enormous influence of this terrible poem during all these times. Not only was it largely circulated in the form of a book, but it was hawked about the country in broadsides as a popular ballad; its pages were assigned in the course to little children, to be learned by heart, along with the catechism; as late as the present century there were in New England many aged persons who were able to repeat the whole poem." And, says Adams: "Men who survived the middle of this century still referred to the excitement and fright with which they read it."

This strange, fantastic, horrible doggerel poem remains in the literature of America like a great boulder from past ages to declare the intellectual and moral condition of those times. Volumes of ordinary history cannot so reveal the life, or rather no-life, of this Puritan period, its literary degradation, savagery, narrowness, absence of genius, of human aspiration, of anything that is really beautiful and inspiring. There is not in history an age so barren, so stupid, so lacking in all qualities of poetry, art, and progress, as this theological age of the Puritans, which repeats all the dread tyrannies of the Inquisition. The poem itself will maintain every one of these assertions, for the poem itself was selected by this age as its best representative. When the author died, Dr. Cotton Mather was selected to preach his funeral sermon, and this leading divine said of this book: "The 'Day of Doom' has been often reprinted in both Englands, and may, perhaps, find our children till the Day itself shall arrive."



The full title of this poem is "The Day of Doom ; or, A Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment." A few specimens of it must be given in order that we may accurately measure the age which produced it.

All are called before the bar of judgment, and assigned to places of weal or woe.

The infants are reserved to the last.

"Then to the bar all they drew near
 Who died in infancy—
 And never had or good or bad
 Effected personally,
 But from the womb unto the tomb,
 Straightway were carrièd,
 Or at the least, ere they transgressed ;
 Who thus began to plead."

The infants made an able defense, according to the poem, and it seems as if any but a Puritan's God would have let them go. All the sin they committed was in what Adam did. Adam himself was saved. Why should not infants be saved, who never by their own will transgressed, and whose cradle indeed was only a coffin ?

But the Puritan God is a first-class lawyer, and, like Belial, can make the worse appear the better reason. This is what he says :

"Then answerèd the Judge most dread
 'God doth such things forbid,
 That men should die eternally
 For what they never did,
 But what you call old Adam's fall
 And only his trespass,
 You call amiss to call it his,
Both his and yours it was.
 You sinners are ; and such a share
 As sinners may expect,

Such you shall have ; *for I do save*
None but mine own elect.
 Yet to compare your sin with theirs
 Who lived a longer time,
 I do confess yours is much less,
 Though every sin's a crime.
 A crime it is, *therefore in bliss*
You cannot hope to dwell ;
But unto you I shall allow
The easiest rooms in hell.' "

O blessed God of the Puritans ! What justice, what mercy, in his breast ! Think of it ! He will allow the poor infants, who went straight from the womb to the tomb, the "easiest rooms in hell," seeing that they were never guilty of any actual transgressions.

One more extract, for this poem is the frank expression of the old Puritan faith ; one of the greatest curses that has ever crushed the heart and hope of man. We may honor the Puritans for some things, but we must ever regard them as victims of a most terrible insanity. This is the doom of the wicked :

" With iron bands, they bind their hands
 And cursed feet together,
 And cast them all, both great and small,
 Into that lake forever,
 Where day and night, without respite,
 They wail and cry and howl,
 For tort'ring pain which they sustain
 In body and in soul.

For day and night, in their despite,
 Their torment's smoke ascendeth,
 Their pain and grief have no relief ;
 Their anguish never endeth.
 There must they lie and never die,

Though dying every day ;
There must they dying ever lie,
And not consume away.

Die fain they would, if die they could,
But death will not be had ;
God's direful wrath, their bodies hath
Forev'r immortal made.
They live to lie in misery,
And bear eternal woe ;
And live they must while God is just,
That he may plague them so."

According to the Puritan's own confession this is the best thing he produced in theology, in philosophy, in poetry. Let it stand as a lasting record of Puritanic faith, and the essence of orthodox Christianity. We need only their own poetry to condemn their religion as the most heart-rending superstition of the ages.

It seems impossible, at the present day, that any human being could assent to such a creed. But Wigglesworth's poem remains to attest it—the "Iliad" and "Paradise Lost," the crown of Puritanic literature. It cannot be buried. Let us know the truth; how ignorant and barbaric the Puritans were.

The redeeming quality of the Puritans was their struggle for equality before the law, for political rights. This was forced upon them by the circumstances in which they were placed, and was primarily simply a struggle for their own rights, but afterwards it became a struggle for the rights of man; but not until Thomas Paine had sent forth his trumpet call. It required the Freethinker to smite down the walls of theological Puritanism, and reveal the true humanity within.

But the Puritan was not in advance of the Cavalier for human freedom. Virginia joined hands with Massachusetts, and Jefferson had a deeper insight into universal

principles than Adams, who was a modified Puritan ; and it was Jefferson who, with the "Common Sense" of Paine, flashed forth the Declaration of Independence, the Free-thought political document hereafter of all mankind. But the provincialism of Massachusetts Puritanism would never have produced it ; nor even the brilliant cavalier spirit of the South. It was the cosmopolitan genius of Paine, the man of two worlds—the inheritor of Bruno and Voltaire—who flung it forth.

The Revolution came and triumphed, and a new flag was unfolded to all the breezes of heaven. It was a glorious flag, whose clustering stars gave hope to struggling nations. I need not repeat the story here. America became the haven of humanity. A mighty and magnificent promise was before the world.

Sir William Jones sang of America :

“ Commerce, with fleets, shall mock the waves,
And arts that flourish not with slaves,
Dancing with every grace and muse,
Shall bid the valleys laugh and heavenly beams diffuse.”

And Burns sang :

“ No Spartan tube, no Attic shell,
No lyre Æolian I awake ;
'Tis Liberty's bold note I swell ;
Thy harp, Columbia, let me take.”

And Sheridan, whose speeches and plays excited equal applause, said, in the House of Commons, 1794 :

“ Oh, turn your eyes to America ; view her situation, her happiness, her content ; observe her trade and her manufactures adding daily to her general credit, to her private enjoyments, and to her public resources ; her name and government rising above the nations of Europe with a simple but commanding dignity that wins at once the respect, the confidence, and the affection of the world.”

And De Tocqueville said :

“The Americans of the United States, whatever they do, will become one of the greatest peoples of the earth ; they will cover with their offshoots almost all North America. The continent which they inhabit is their domain ; it cannot escape them.”

Such was the outlook of America along the political horizon. The far-flashing beams of a great, a wonderful, and a triumphant people illumined the shadows of the past.

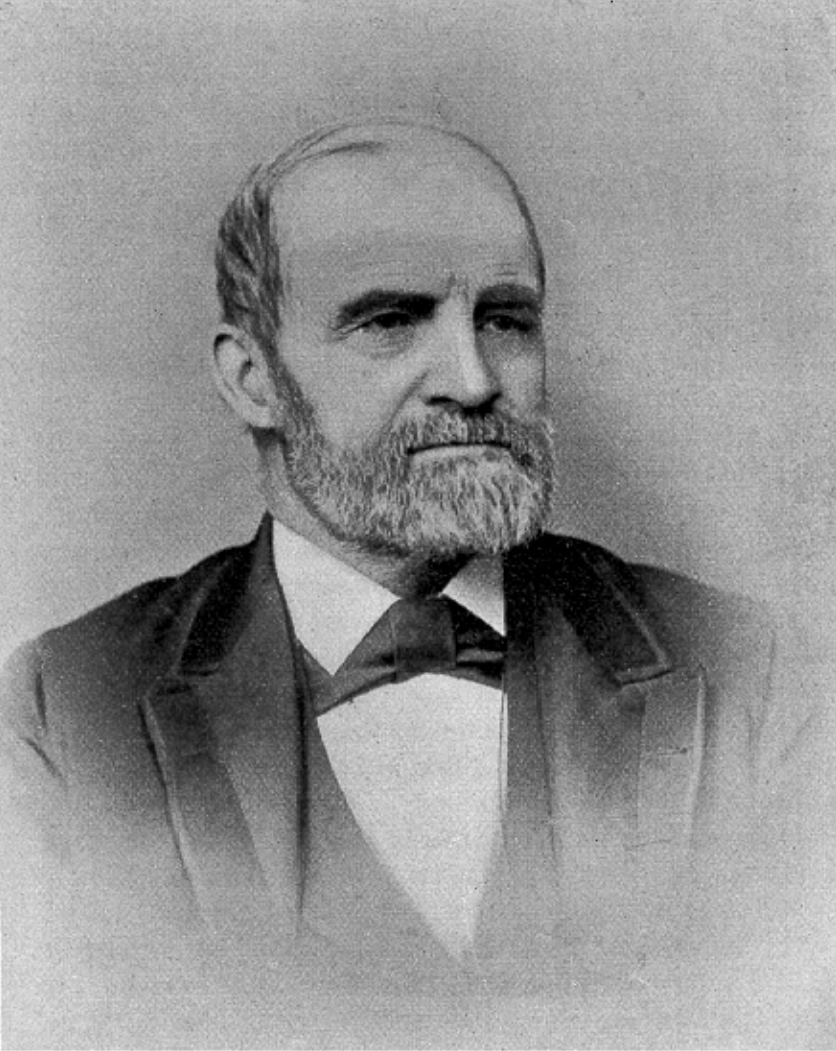
There was not much Freethought literature at first. America was mainly practical and political. She had the wilderness to conquer ; and there was not wealth or leisure to produce great books. The Iliad of America cannot be written for centuries.

Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga, gave forth the “Oracles of Reason.” He was one of the most active of the revolutionary heroes. We all remember his demanding the surrender of the fortress—“In the name of God and the Continental Congress.”

Allen was a believer in God and religion, but he would have a reasonable belief ; a belief founded on nature and man. His book was a great advance on anything hitherto published in New England. It showed the undercurrents that were sweeping on in spite of the popular theology. Fortunately for the present fame of Ethan Allen, his luster as a warrior outshone his excellence as a writer. He has not been covered with calumny like Thomas Paine ; and, for a time, his work was almost suppressed and forgotten.

It is a plain, common-sense book, but it deals with general principles, and does not make the trenchant criticisms upon the Bible which Thomas Paine does. If Thomas Paine had written a Deistical book merely, without making any particular attack upon the Bible, the theologians would have forgiven him a long time ago as they have apparently forgiven Ethan Allen. The great offense

of Thomas Paine was not his Deism, but his Bible criticism. It was his tremendous historical and practical attack upon the Bible as a special, miraculous, and infallible book that consigned him to the hell of the theologians; but this is what constitutes the immense value of his "Age of Reason"—its epoch-making power—that it is a special attack upon the historic veracity of the Bible, rather than a declaration of universal principles. Thomas Paine, with Spinoza, is the originator of "Bible criticism," or the "higher criticism," as it is called. The "Age of Reason" is not a book of philosophy as such, but of *applied* philosophy. The book is constantly illuminated by the light of universal, rational ideas, but the vast power of the book is in its direct critical and overwhelming attack upon the Bible. This was something new, and something far more terrible than any mere declaration of Theistic belief. It is the greatest and most successful attack upon the *authority* of the Bible ever made in human history. It is unanswerable. The Christian church in the progress of scholarship has been obliged in the main to accept the conclusions of Paine. It has been compelled to accept his method in the study of the Bible, and make the best of its logical consequences, as it has been compelled to accept Evolution. It is obvious that the chief support of the priesthood is not a general belief in God or in a divine revelation, but a special belief in a special book, as the only revelation from God, which revelation is in the hands of the priests, to be interpreted, manipulated, and administered by them; and one can conceive the horror of the priest, of the theologian, when he sees this "miraculous" Bible slipping from his grasp. It is worse than losing his god, for practically it is his god. The very heart of orthodoxy to-day is the Bible, not as literature but as dogma. Translate the Bible from dogma to literature and the occupation of the priest is gone. The scholar takes his place. Therefore when you have taken away the



Bible from the priest, that is, the infallible, authoritative Bible, you have practically taken away everything. Leave him "God" and "Revelation," as Paine did, and yet the priest is in limbo. God and Revelation as universals are not to his liking; that which supports the priests is not a universal God or Bible, but a special, particular, miraculous "one only" God and Bible. On that he founds his claims and exercises his tyranny. Paine saw this, that it would not do merely to deal with general principles in his "Age of Reason." That had already been done, and could not be any more effectually done. Paine realized that he must attack the Bible; that he must attack its genuineness, its authenticity, its inspiration, and its infallibility, and this he proceeded to do; and in the loneliness of a dungeon, with scarcely any books to consult, he wrote one of the most truthful, learned, and destructive criticisms of the Bible the world has yet seen—valuable to-day, with all the advance made in biblical scholarship, valuable not simply because it is founded upon eternal principles, but because, with surpassing skill, he concentrated those principles into an aggressive force against the strongest practical position of the enemy, and carried it, and the authority of the Bible is now destroyed; its lack of historic evidence is admitted; its mistakes are acknowledged even in "new versions" of the Bible. It is not as a Deist that Thomas Paine is cursed and maligned and slandered by the priesthood, but as a *biblical critic*, as an honest, painstaking and unanswerable revealer of the Bible as it really is, for in doing this he put the shining point of his pen through the heart of the priesthood, as it went through the heart of the king in his "Common Sense" and "Rights of Man," and it is for this that Freethought must honor Thomas Paine as one of its most daring champions, who, without doubt, has struck the greatest blow of all against an unscrupulous and despotic priesthood.

De Tocqueville, in his glowing prophecies of America,

detected the one dark spot that must eventually break forth in war and thunder, the most destructive and terrible on the planet. He said :

“The most fearful of all the evils which menace the future of the United States springs from the presence of the blacks on their soil. When we seek the cause of present embarrassments and future dangers to the United States, we arrive almost always at this first fact, from whatever point we depart.”

It had to come—the mighty civil war. It is useless to put the blame anywhere, on North or South. This was an evolution of humanity, painful, disastrous, awful, ruinous, but inevitable.

The elements of the great conflict went on deepening and broadening for many a year. The great union grew and prospered, and unfurled its flag over the distant Pacific. But slavery and civilization could not remain side by side. It was an irrepressible conflict. As Lincoln prophetically said : “We must be all slave, or all free.”

What shining figures adorn these tumultuous times. What a vast field unfolds before us. What pathos ; what heroism ; what romance is in it all. A thousand stories throng the mind—of sacrifice, of struggle, of flight and escape ; of midnight darkness ; of the underground railroad ; of the bowie-knife and shot ; of the pursuing hound ; of the broken chain, and floods leaped over ; the light of the North star ; the separation of families, and the auction block ; the rice swamps, and the descending lash ; the mob ; the sacking of printing-offices ; the rope around the neck of the intrepid abolitionist, the chains around the court-house of Boston ; John Brown at Harper’s Ferry, the little negro girl in his arms ; the execution. What a vast and ever-changing panorama sweeps the vision as the great dark spot, in the midst of America’s glowing prosperity, lowers and spreads like a pestilence over the land. The heart of the nation is aroused, and the flag of eman-

icipation is flung forth, and liberty for all mankind is the watchword. These are times that try men's souls. How many are lacking—men of power and genius, leaders in the world of thought, who shrink before the impending crisis and would avert it if possible. What splendid men appear who fail not, though the battle is right upon them? Wendell Phillips, with all the attractions of life before him, with the gift of eloquence to command any station, surrendering everything to the great cause, with voice that never ceased to charm while pouring forth the forces of rebellion; Channing, the dreamer in the pulpit, but the friend of humanity the world over; Parker, glorious heretic, giving to Christianity its noblest radiance, yet transcending all religion in his devotion to truth; Sumner representative of "The True Grandeur of Nations," apostle of peace, of liberty, of education, who never "gave up to party what was meant for mankind;" Gerrit Smith, a brave and handsome knight indeed, and able to strike vigorous blows for his mistress, Freedom; Rogers, mild as the evening star, a delicate and beautiful spirit, yet fearless in the tumultuous crash of the world's mightiest revolution; Parker Pillsbury, in whom the halo of age to-day shines with the glory of that early conflict; Elizur Wright, whose undaunted enthusiasm was ever sunny as youth itself; Frederick Douglas, from whose dusky veins flashed the jewel of sun-like eloquence; Carl Heinzen, who, from the struggles of the old world, kept his manhood, his honesty, his open and brave spirit for the new; Lovejoy, whose death arose effulgent the burning plea for crime's punishment; Wade and Giddings, who never bowed the knee except to justice; Whittier, whose poetic genius gave splendor to the darkening combat; Horace Mann, who toiled for the emancipation, both of mind and body; Greeley, the most nondescript reformer on either side of the Atlantic, but he could pen thunderbolts; Seward, wise as a serpent, smooth as a courtier, elegant as

Saladin, and as skillful for the fray; while sad it is that in this glowing record we cannot include the marvelous fire of a Choate, the majesty of a Webster, and the jeweled learning of an Everett; but the almost universally gifted Beecher stood like a lion, both in America and England, for a regenerated and undivided country; while, concluding the whole, as the smoke of battle rolls off, while the new day flashes, in the pathos and glory of martyrdom, through a mist of tears, in the exultation of victory, we behold the tender-hearted liberator of four millions of human slaves, Abraham Lincoln.

But amidst these vast and changing scenes, the central power of the onward movement, was the unflinching William Lloyd Garrison, who would not be silent, who would be heard, who would make no compromise, who dared death itself for the liberty of all men. Through all those stormful years the voice of the "Liberator" sounded like a peal of martial music. There was no hesitation. There was no fear. Garrison knew what the evil was, and immediate emancipation was his cry. But, more than this, Garrison knew that back of the slave power was the Christian church. It was in alliance with this "sum of all villainies." It supported it, defended it, gave it the sanction of its own Bible, and persecuted and excommunicated those who were in favor of freedom. The attitude of the American church, in regard to slavery, has branded it with eternal shame. If freedom had been left to the tender mercies of the church it would have perished amid the clanking chains of millions. It was the Infidel who kindled the fires of opposition; who stirred the people and made them see the wrong; and it is true, beyond question, that Infidelity has been the salvation of American liberty. William Lloyd Garrison himself demonstrates this. At the Hartford Bible Convention in 1854, he introduced the following resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That the doctrines of the American church

and priesthood that the Bible is the word of God; that whatever it contains was given by divine inspiration; and that it is the only rule of faith and practice, *is evidently absurd, exceedingly injurious, both to the intellect and soul, highly pernicious in its application, and a stumbling block in the way of human redemption.*

2. *Resolved*, That this doctrine has too long been held as a potent weapon in the hands of time-serving commentators and designing priests, to beat down the rising spirit of religious liberty, and to discourage scientific development, to subserve the interests of blind guides and teachers, and to fill all Christendom with contention and strife; *and, therefore, the time has come to declare its untruthfulness, and to unmask those who are guilty of this imposture.*

3. *Resolved*, That the "Word of God" is not bound within the lids of any book, or by any ecclesiastical edict; but, like its Divine Author, was before all books and is everywhere present, and from everlasting to everlasting, ever enunciating the same law, and requiring the same obedience, "being quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword," the Bible itself being witness.

4. *Resolved*, That it is a secondary question as to when, where, or by whom the books of the Old and New Testaments were written, but the primary and all-important question is, What do they teach and command? *And in order to understand this they are to be as freely examined and as readily accepted or rejected as any other books accordingly as they are found worthless or valuable.*

5. *Resolved*, That it is the climax of audacity and impiety for this nation to pretend to receive the Bible as the inspired word of God, and then make it a penal offense to give it to any of the millions who are held as chattel slaves on its soil, thus conspiring to make them miserable here and hereafter.

6. *Resolved*, That judging them by their course of action towards all the reforms of the age, and their position in society,

the clergy of this country as a body WOULD AS READILY BURN THE BIBLE TO-MORROW, if public sentiment overwhelmingly demanded it, and persecution and loss of character should be the result of disobedience, as to-day they are found earnest in their endorsement of the plenary inspiration of the Bible in accordance with public sentiment.

In a speech in support of these resolutions Mr. Garrison made the following statements :

“God forbid that I should be ascertaining for myself where the popular side is to be found. A popular truth does not need my aid. A hunted, proscribed, outlawed truth commends itself to my warmest support, and both by choice and destiny I feel that I am allied with it now and forever.

“Already I hear the outcry of ‘Infidel! *Infidel!* INFIDEL!’ on the part of those occupants of the pulpit who, while they are strong in their ‘coward’s castle,’ never dare to make their appearance on a free platform before the public.

“Now, the assertion that everything in the Bible is inspired is the height of absurdity. To say, for example, that it required a revelation from heaven to record the fact that Samson went to sleep with his head on the lap of Delilah, or that he caught three hundred foxes and tied their tails together, and put a firebrand between them, is folly. And so of other incidents recorded in the Bible. What a man can see with his own eyes, it needs no supernatural aid to record. Hence, if only a part of the Bible is inspired, it is not wholly inspired ; and, therefore, what is generally claimed for it is false, and whatever is false is injurious to the world.

“All Christendom professes to receive the Bible as the word of God, and what does it avail? What does all Christendom say as to the teachings of this book? Out of this ‘inspired’ volume comes Romanism, for Rome believes in the Bible. Out of it comes Mormonism, for



the Mormons believe in the Bible. Out of it comes Episcopalianism, Swedenborgianism, Presbyterianism, Methodism, and all other sects, whose name is legion. All these claim a divine sanction from the Bible, and yet they are strongly arrayed against one another, rejecting each other's interpretation of the book, and each aiming to exterminate all the rest.

"*Who* is it, I ask, that believes in the Bible? *What* is it to believe in the Bible? A man tells me he receives all as the inspired word of God. What does that prove? Nothing. It gives me no knowledge of his mind or heart. He might just as well have remained dumb. I therefore proceed to ask him, What does this inspired word teach and require? He begins to tell me; and I find he is either a Papist, a Mormon, a Presbyterian, etc. What, then, have I ascertained? What divine inspiration is? What the Bible actually enjoins? No, but simply what *he thinks* is inspired, and what *he interprets* the Bible to mean. Now, what he believes on this subject is one thing; what the exact truth is, is quite another.

"The most conflicting answers are made by those who profess the greatest veneration for the book. It is plastic as clay in the hands of the potter, and molded into any conceivable shape.

"I believe that the writers of the Old Testament, whoever they were, believed what they put down when they wrote, 'And the Lord said unto Moses,' etc. But this proves nothing, excepting that those writers, though honest, were woefully mistaken as to the mind of God, as many have been since.

"One of these resolutions affirms, unequivocally, that if public sentiment should demand of the American clergy that they cast the Bible into the flames, they would as readily do it to-morrow, as to-day they are loud and voluble in their indorsement of it, in accordance with public sentiment. Is this an unjust charge? Do not the facts.

of the case warrant it? Where, as a body, do they stand? Are they not always on the popular side—always going with the multitude, even if it be to do evil? When, or where, in any instance have they dared to grapple with a corrupt public sentiment, and to run the risk of losing their salary and position in society? *I tell you the man who can see the image of God desecrated, and three millions of their own countrymen trampled into the dust, and turned into goods and chattels, and sanction the awful deed, because public sentiment demands it at their hands, are the men who would, just as readily, throw the Bible—all the books in the universe—into the flames, if the same pressure were brought to bear upon them.*"

What a terrific indictment this great reformer brings against the American churches and the American clergy.

The proof is plain. The main leaders of the Anti-Slavery movement, with Garrison, were Freethinkers and Infidels, and they were the brave men and women who educated the Northern mind; who prepared it for the enormous conflict. As in the first Revolution, Thomas Paine, the Freethinker, was the master influence; so in the second great Revolution, Garrison, occupying exactly the same platform as Thomas Paine, having the same ideas concerning the inspiration of the Bible and its authority; Garrison and Freethought were the master influences. It is true, also, that when every Christian pulpit in Boston was closed against Garrison, Abner Kneeland, founder of the Boston "Investigator," was the only one to give a welcome and free speech in his hall to the intrepid reformer. Without the antislavery movement the North would never have won in the great struggle, for it was that movement which, throughout the world, enlisted every lover of liberty on the side of the North, and that sympathy, in the end, became an irresistible power for the Union, more than all the battalions that marched beneath our flag. It has been shown, beyond doubt, that Abraham Lincoln was not

a Christian, and he who wrote the Emancipation Proclamation received no impulse to that great act from the Christian religion or the Christian churches.

If we take into consideration the literature of this formative period of the new Republic, we shall find that, so far as it was native and original, it was Freethought. The four greatest names, and the most representative names, are Bryant, Poe, Thoreau, and Emerson; and certainly orthodox Christianity cannot claim any of these gifted minds.

Bryant's "Thanatopsis" is a purely pagan poem. There is no "Christian hope" in it from beginning to end. There is not a glimmer of the "scheme of redemption." It might have been written by some old Greek. It is natural and human.

Bryant looked upon and expressed the vast physical aspects of the new world. He has caught and poured forth the mighty music of our forests and hills. "Thanatopsis," though not new in thought, could not have been thus languaged anywhere but upon our soil, for it seems in its melody to have the vastness and grandeur of our land. The mountains and the prairies and the great oceans on either side contribute to its music. But while Bryant is full of the spirit of our physical surroundings, he is not intense with the spirit of humanity. He has expressed but little of our passionate being. Human joy and grief have found a meager utterance amidst his majestic pictures. He is contemplative, but not active. He broods in the forest. He does not hunt and fish, and he does not fall in love. He knows not human weakness, and so he knows not the greatest of humanity.

Poe is indeed original. He is the most skillful artist in words that America has yet produced. He is an inventor. He makes something new. Yet what a fantastic novelty it all is! His marvelous creations seem floating on the bosom of hell. His wondrous music becomes at

times almost like the shriek of a madman. There is little of our common humanity in his brilliant pages. But, with the exception of Emerson, he has been more potent than any other American writer in the world's universal and permanent literature.

I do not say that Longfellow and other American poets, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, are not original because their strains are more like the strains of the old-world life. Longfellow is original in that he wrote out of his own heart, out of what he himself saw, in nature as well as in books, but he reiterates mainly, in melodious verse, what has been in the mighty experiences of the past. Yet it has been truly said that Longfellow exhibits a noble American trait in that he is so cosmopolitan; in that he has made new again, in his silvery verse, the choicest music of all ages and climes. In this respect Longfellow is no tame imitator. He swept on the wing of genius from one realm of poesy to another, and, like the bee, the honey of his song came from his own exuberant vitality; and the future genius of America must do this; reveling in the freshness of a new world, it still must be keenly cognizant of the old, and blend the riches of the two; for Europe is not dead. Its genius is mighty and brilliant; it has a beating heart of its own as tensely strung as ours, and the blood that leaps through its veins is as red and swift. And the past, too, is alive, more alive than ever before when touched by the magic wand of science, and we see that what is dear to us was glowing in all its toil, and vibrated in all its song. Therefore, like Longfellow, we will walk amidst all the beauties and wonders that have haunted and made lustrous the pathway of man in other places and times; while still we will remember that with new conditions and ampler outlook and a freer course, with more noble and productive environments, we are to make a new career, and thrill the world with music which has never yet dropped from the o'erhanging firmament.

Towards this new career points the truly original genius of Thoreau, though on somewhat narrow lines.

Thoreau believes in nature with the enthusiasm of Rousseau himself, but he is not a Rousseau. He looks at nature differently. There is something artificial in Rousseau's "nature." He looks at it through the spectacles of his fancy, and from afar off, and in his case we might say :

“ 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.”

Rousseau's return to nature was a retrogression, not an advance. As Voltaire wittily remarked, it was going back to the forests and walking on all-fours again. Rousseau's nature was simply that of a savage, poetically transformed. Thoreau's nature is real nature, looked at, studied, and assimilated by a civilized man. In this respect Thoreau is a unique literary power. He gives us nature exactly as it is. He goes to nature ; he dwells with nature ; he paints nature, not from his library windows, but on stream and in forest, and without a particle of superstition. He is not haunted by any ghosts. He has no religion of nature, like a savage, but simply observation, science, and at the same time the art and capaciousness of a civilized being.

In Emerson we have the literary declaration of independence of America, as in Paine we have the political. Before Emerson our literature was modeled almost altogether after England. In Emerson the new world shows its native and opulent life. Emerson rises into the supreme realm of a Plato, a Bruno, a Goethe. He rears aloft majestically from the soil, like the White Hills, or Mount Shasta ; or he pours himself like Niagara, or gleams away like the prairies. Emerson is American, a genuine Yankee, yet sympathetic with every particle of life that ever flashed upon this planet. There is no provincialism about Emerson. His independence does not

mean narrowness but amplitude. He represents America, but not with egotistic manners. Like Paine, he is a citizen of the world.

He is not essentially transcendental, but essentially common sense and scientific. The real transcendentalist was Alcott, who lived in a happy dream all his life-time; but Emerson was no mere dreamer. No tiller of the soil hugged facts closer than Emerson did; no farmer was more matter-of-fact; no mechanic more intimate with real forces. He brought a wonderful light and color to facts. He saw relations, perhaps, that were purely subjective, but he never abandoned facts, or committed himself solely to imagination. If the outward flame of his genius swept into transcendental regions, and shone with Platonical and mystical splendor, the heart of his genius was in the earth and of the earth, and he was truly Aristotelian in his fundamental thought. What a spacious man he was; how inclusive; gentle as a woman; a warrior if need be; a reformer the most fearless; a poet; a grand citizen; a builder into the deeps of time; an iconoclast, wielding the hammer of Thor against hoary superstition; yet delighting in the sweet fancies of ancient faith, the greatest man of America, while the new Republic was being formed amidst the most vast and tumultuous elements.

The new Republic, the American nation after the civil war, has not been better pictured in its various and unique qualities and possibilities than by one of the most brilliant of the Freethought writers in America, L. K. Washburn:

“Our modern civilization is far from political or moral perfection, but the ‘Yankee notion’ is the best notion that ever got into man’s head. A Yankee is the world’s greatest machine. In every department of knowledge his is the first face we meet. The Yankee runs where the Englishman walks and the German stumbles. The German is



a denial; the Englishman a doubt; but the Yankee, 'I'll try him.'

"He is the climax of all that is human. In a word, he is the last and best thing borne by the ages. The genius of America is the Moses to lead the world into the land of political promise. America is the nest of the eagle and the roost of the nightingale. She is a solvent where every people lose their nationality in a common humanity. The giant freedom which sprung from her new soil was armed by the ages. The mighty Declaration of Independence that burst from her heart was the contribution of all time. The world for centuries had been storing its virtue in the future, and America is the child of every nation's prayer. Every martyr to liberty and truth hastened the hour of her birth. Every blow struck at freedom's form quickened her life-blood and hurried on the hour of victory. America is the best triumph of the soul, and a prophecy for all coming time. A great trust has descended to this generation. We are in danger of forgetting the duty it imposes upon us. Let us correct our faults, bury our follies, and keep bright the heritage we have received."

CHAPTER XX.

WOMAN'S EMANCIPATION.

I TAKE the following from Gladstone as the starting-point of this chapter. It was given in a brief address at the Burlington School for Girls, England. When Mr. Gladstone distributed the prizes he said :

“Well, ladies, you who belong to the favored half of the human race, enormous changes have taken place in your position, not only in your actual, but also in your prospective, positions as members of society. It is almost terrible to look back upon the state of women sixty years ago, upon the manner in which they were viewed by the law, and the scanty provision made for their welfare, and the gross injustice, the flagrant injustice, the shameful injustice to which, in certain particulars, they were subjected. Great changes have taken place, and still greater, I will not say, are impending, but are much discussed.”

What an indictment against Christian England by the greatest living defender of the Christian church. Only sixty years ago gross, flagrant, shameful injustice, under the law, against all the women of England. Think of it! What a confession! and how true! Yet, for centuries, England had been under the influence of the Bible, the pulpit, the priest, and yet sixty years ago woman was, practically, a slave in that great Christian land. Certainly the claim that Christianity has elevated woman is preposterous. This one statement by Gladstone is sufficient

refutation. It shows the absolute imbecility of the Christian religion to lift woman from her bondage.

But the question is not simply as to the imbecility of the Christian religion, but as to its actual guilt in the matter. Who held these chains on woman; who put her under the ban of law; who stripped her of personality; who made her a thing, the subject of man?

The answer must be the Bible and the church—Christianity, the curse of man; and a hundredfold more the curse of woman. I will consider woman and the Bible; woman and the church; woman and the state; and woman before Christianity, and, happy transition, woman herself. I am aided greatly in these matters by the brilliant pages of Matilda Joselyn Gage and Helen H. Gardener, who sufficiently prove that woman is intellectually equal to man. Ages of oppression have not quenched her genius.

WOMAN AND THE BIBLE.

The Bible opens with the degradation of woman. She was made out of Adam's rib. What a cursed rib that was, the instrument of perpetual tyranny. It's a pity that Adam wasn't killed in the operation.

Woman also was the original sinner. She and the devil entered into partnership and Adam was the victim.

She was condemned to pains and torments in childbirth, and her "desire shall be unto the man." Woman sought for knowledge, and bitterly has she paid the penalty.

As Susan B. Anthony says, the Bible is a "He-book" from beginning to end. It has a He-God, a He-Christ, He-angels. Woman has no glory anywhere in the pages of the Bible. Jesus said to his own mother: "*Woman, what have I to do with thee?*"

Helen H. Gardener says:

"The Bible teaches that a father may sell his daughter for a slave (Ex. xxi, 7), that he may sacrifice her purity to

a mob (Gen. xix, 8), and that he may murder her, and still be a good father and a holy man (Judges xix, 24). It teaches that man may have any number of wives; that he may sell them, give them away, or change them around, and still be a righteous man. It teaches almost every infamy under the heavens for woman, and it does not recognize her as a self-directing free being. It classes her as property, just as it does a sheep; and it forbids her to think, talk, act, or exist except under conditions and limits defined by some priest."

The following is sufficient to prove all this, and more:

"Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands as unto the Lord.

"For the husband is head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church.

"Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection.

"But I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ, and the head of the woman is man.

"Neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman for the man."

It is useless to multiply texts. The Bible all through affirms the subjection of woman—commands it, enforces it. A more cruel and absolute slavery was never instituted.

THE CHURCH AND WOMAN.

The church, founded upon the Bible, has obeyed its precepts to the letter. It has ground woman, in all ages, beneath its heel. She has been made the instrument of the most brutal passions.

The church has held that woman was not a person at all. It has deprived her of the right of security, the right of liberty, and the right of property.

If a woman was assaulted or beaten, or suffered the greatest indignity it is possible to inflict upon her, she had no redress. The church law gave her no protection.

The church denied education to woman, and made marriage dishonorable.

Lecky says: "Fierce invectives against the sex form a conspicuous and grotesque portion of the writings of the fathers. Woman was represented as the door of hell. Women were forbidden, on account of their impurity, to receive the Eucharist in their naked hands."

Says Buckle: "When sulphuric ether was first used to lessen the pains of child-birth, it was objected to as 'a profane attempt to abrogate the primeval curse pronounced against woman.'"

The church taught that woman was under an especial curse, and man a divinely appointed agent for the enforcement of that curse.

Woman was forbidden to sing in church. Eunuchs were provided in order to supply cathedral choirs with soprano tones.

It was forbidden woman to enter monasteries; and sometimes even churches.

Her children were not her own, but those of a master, for whose interest or pleasure she had given them birth.

The common law maintained that the confession of a guilty woman could not be received as evidence against her accomplice, although it held good against herself, and the punishment due to both was made to fall on the woman alone.

Charles VI. forbade that the testimony of women should be received in his courts.

The duty of woman to obey, not alone her male relatives, but all men, by virtue of their sex, was sedulously inculcated.

The confessional was a source of great corruption both to priest and woman. It was held that the loss of chastity in woman was a light sin in comparison to the degradation that marriage would bring to a priest.

That Jesus did not enter the world through the mar-

riage relation stamped with Christian honor a system of concubinage in the church, for whose warrant women were pointed to the Virgin Mary.

The canon law decreed, "No woman shall approach the altar." "A woman may not baptize without extreme necessity." Women were forbidden to write in their own name, or to receive letters of friendship from any one addressed only to themselves. Sisters were not allowed to inherit with brothers. In entering marriage the wife was compelled to surrender her name, her property, and the control of her person. Conviction of the husband of a capital crime gave the wife no release from the marriage bond; yet, in the case of the husband's treason, his innocent wife and children were robbed of all share in the estate, and reduced to beggary. Woman was burnt alive for a crime whose only punishment for man was a few months' imprisonment. A woman could not attest a will. It required the oath of seven women to nullify that of one layman.

Canon law gave the husband the power of compelling his wife's return if, for any cause, she left him. She was then in the position of an outlaw, branded as a runaway. It was a crime for anyone to aid her. Less than fifty years ago in New York a husband recovered \$10,000 damages against parties who gave shelter to his wife after she left him. It was in the husband's power, in every part of Christian Europe and America, to repudiate any bargain, sale, or gift, made by the wife, as of no binding legal force, and this, even though she had brought the entire property into the marital firm.

Luther's ninety theses contained no assertion of the natural or religious equality of woman with man. It was his maxim that "no gown or garment worse becomes a woman than that she will be wise."

The Puritans brought no amelioration to woman. There were still warnings against her extreme sinfulness.



Learning and accomplishments for women were under reprobation. It was said, "She that knoweth how to compound a pudding is more desirable than she who skillfully compoundeth a poem." Woman was made for the pleasure of gluttons. She made her first entrance into literature through a cook-book.

It is needless to record further the disgraces heaped upon woman by the church.

WOMAN AND THE STATE.

The state, for the advantage of despotism, and influenced by the church, has degraded woman through the Christian centuries.

Helen H. Gardener says :

"It is a significant fact that, of all the Christian countries, in those where the church stands highest, and has most power, women rank lowest, and have fewest rights accorded them, whether of personal liberty or proprietary interest."

It was not until the tenth century in England that a daughter had a right to reject a husband selected for her by her father.

It was not until the same century that a wife acquired the right of eating at the same table with her husband.

For many hundred years the law bound out to servile labor all unmarried women between the ages of eleven and forty. Wives in England were bought during these centuries.

As late as the seventeenth century husbands beat their wives. It was not until 1817 that the public whipping of women was abolished in England.

Blackstone says : "By marriage the husband and wife are one person in law, that is, the very being or legal existence of the woman is suspended during the marriage."

The law known as *marquette* compelled newly married women to a most dishonorable servitude. They were re-

garded as the rightful prey of the feudal lord from one to three days after their marriage. France, Germany, Prussia, England, Scotland, and all Christian countries, where feudalism existed, held to the enforcement of marquette.

“In England, wives are still occasionally led to the market by a halter around the neck,” said Buckle.

During the reign of the present sovereign, a young girl was ordered by the Petty Sessions Bench back to the service of a landlord, from whom she had run away, because such service meant the sacrifice of her honor. She refused to go and was put in jail.

In Indiana, in 1879, it was decided by the court—

First: That the husband had a property interest in his wife, which the wife does not possess in the husband.

Second: That the law protects him in his right of property in her.

Third: Upon the ground that he holds her, and dares the world to meddle with him in the holding.

Fourth: On the contrary, the wife looks alone to the husband, the law compelling her to do so.

In 1890 the press of New York city reported the case of a woman who was summoned to appear before the Surrogate Court for a funeral debt. Being in confinement, she was unable to appear. Thereupon an order for her arrest for contempt of court was issued, and while unrecovered from her illness she was arrested and incarcerated in Ludlow street jail. Her newly-born babe, deprived of its mother's care, sickened and died.

A few years since, in Massachusetts, an action for cruelty on the part of a husband came before a court, the charge being that he came home one night in February, when the thermometer was ten degrees below zero, and turned his wife and little child, with his wife's mother of eighty, out of the house. While the wife was giving testimony, the judge interrupted, saying:

“The husband had a right to do so. There was a

quarrel between the husband and wife, and he had a legal right to turn her out and take possession of the house, and that was not cruelty."

The following notice appeared in a Kansas paper in 1866:

"A FIFTY-DOLLAR CAPTURE.—A woman who ran away from her husband at Lawrence some time ago, was found at Fort Leavenworth yesterday by a Lawrence detective and taken back to her home. The officer received a reward of fifty dollars for her capture."

During the famous Beecher trial William M. Evarts defined woman's legal position as one of subordination to man, declaring "that, notwithstanding changing customs and the amenities of modern life, women were not free, but were held in the hollow of man's hand, to be crushed at his will."

Such is the servile condition of woman in a Christian country, under the influence of Christian teachings, the church and the Bible.

WOMAN BEFORE CHRISTIANITY.

The ancient Hindoo books say :

"He who despises a woman despises his mother.

"Evil to him who laughs at a woman's sufferings.

"There is no crime more odious than to persecute a woman.

"When women are honored the divinities are content.

"All the wisdom of the Vedas and all that has been written in books is to be found concealed in the heart of a woman."

Says Maine : "The ancient Hindoo law secured to married women an even greater degree of proprietary independence than that given to them by modern English law."

All orders of priesthood were open to women in Egypt.

Sacred colleges existed for them, and they performed the most holy offices of religion.

Upon the monuments of Egypt queens alone are found wearing the triple crown, significant of ecclesiastical, judicial, and civil power.

Of woman's position under Roman law, Maine says:

“The juriconsults had evidently at this time assumed the equality of the sexes as a principle of the law of equity. The situation of the Roman woman, whether married or single, became one of great personal and proprietary independence; but Christianity tended from the commencement to narrow this remarkable liberty. No society which preserves any tincture of Christian institutions is likely to restore to married women the personal liberty conferred on them by middle Roman law. Canon law has deeply injured civilization.”

Chinese women can read and write, and when a husband wishes to do anything, he consults his wife, and when the son comes home, although he may be prime minister, he shows his respect to his mother by bending the knee. Woman is endowed with the same political powers as man.

Among the Finns, before their conversion to Christianity, the mother of a family took precedence of the father in the rites of domestic worship.

In ancient Germany and Scandinavia women were treated with infinite respect. Gods and goddesses sat together without distinction of sex.

Christianity has thus been a double curse to woman, depriving her of rights and liberties already possessed, while perpetuating her degradation and servitude, and giving new reasons why she should be looked upon and treated with contempt. Christianity has not only been a tyrant to woman, but has corrupted and debased her nature itself. Christianity has not only made woman a slave, but has branded her very sex with infamy.

WOMAN HERSELF.

But notwithstanding all that woman has endured she has given the world an illustrious record. In every domain of human activity she has shown herself fully equal to man; and there will be no true civilization until this equality is thoroughly recognized in law, custom, business, and morals. Woman is not in any sense inferior to man. She is in all respects a human being. The rights of man are her rights. Man is not superior in anything, not even in physical strength, if we use physical strength in its most comprehensive signification, as including health and endurance, and capacity to resist disease and suffering. There is not a single thing that man has done but what woman has done, in spite of her crushing environments. In poetry, art, government, war, discovery, invention, industry, woman has shown exactly the same capacity as man.

Woman and man are essentially one being. They have the same origin, the same qualities. In mental and universal life there is no distinction of sex. The liberty of man should be the liberty of woman. Woman should be and do whatever she wishes to be and do, with no other limitation than the same equal rights of all others. Woman hereafter will not be treated as a woman simply, but as a human being, with the capacities, rights, privileges, honors, opportunities, and respect due to every other human being.

However, it is only necessary to show what woman has actually done to demonstrate that in her is the full stature of humanity; that she is not lacking in any talent or genius. Woman has wonderfully contributed to the history of Freethought.

Amidst the tumults of the French Revolution, equal to the most courageous, the most eloquent, the most statesmanlike, the most far-seeing, shines the pure and

lofty genius of Madame Roland. She is one of the greatest names in the history of that glorious and terrible period. She was a martyr to that liberty she loved so well and which was the illumination of her brief, pathetic life. She is now an inspiration to all ages, with her

“That taught the Sabine how to rule, and she
The foundress of the Babylonian wall,
The Carian Artemesia, strong in war,
The Rhodope that built the pyramid,
Clelia, Cornelia ; and with the Palmyrene
That fought Aurelian.”

Mary Wollstonecraft ! What a name that is to conjure with, if one wishes to behold the brightest and noblest pages of human history ; a name immortal with the “Vindication of the Rights of Woman.” She stands like a radiant prophetess at the opening of woman’s new career. The darkness of the past falls upon her, its oppression and sorrow, but in her beautiful face shines the dawning of that day which, both for man and woman, shall be the most splendid of all the ages.

Madame de Staël shook the throne of Napoleon. The tyrant feared her more than a thousand cannon, and he had reason to, for she had more brains than this imperial humbug. She was the “better man” of the two. She had a deeper insight into universal humanity, into truth, into science, and into progress. She understood Napoleon. She penetrated through his mask of glittering and martial mendacity. She knew him to be a braggart, and that he dazzled France with fictitious virtues and victories. He was a colossal liar. His war bulletins are grotesque to-day with their declamatory fictions. He might deceive men, but this woman was too wise and great for him. He feared her tongue, her pen, her unsurpassed intellectual keenness and vivacity.

Mary Somerville, who read the stars, who measured

the universe, adorns with grace and splendor the pathway of human knowledge. She wanted no priest to guide her into the truth.

Frances Wright, one of the world's great teachers and reformers, was one of the most accomplished Freethinkers of her day. She was gracious and attractive in mind and person. Checked, on one occasion, in her eager inquiries, she answered, "Can truth be dangerous?" And man replied, "It is thought so." She found that men were afraid of the truth; but she was not. At the age of nineteen she wrote her first work, "A Few Days in Athens," a noble and spirited contribution to Freethought literature, one of the wisest and best books ever written, sparkling with genius and learning.

America was the cherished country of her enthusiasm, and she adopted it as her own. She was a devoted adherent of the antislavery cause, and met the attacks of the church with extraordinary courage. Like Thomas Paine, in both worlds she was the apostle of Freedom, and she rivals his illustrious fame.

Harriet Martineau, who was thorough-going Atheist, who was not afraid to say so; and who declared that every conception of God was degrading and offensive to her mind; and whose delight, as she herself expressed it, was to roam over "the unfenced universe;" this woman was one of the most prolific writers of the century. Her works are manifold, and touch upon almost every question of human interest. No one has exerted a more extensive influence. Her literary style is charming, painting nature in vivid and faithful colors, with the vision of a poet and the mind of a philosopher. She was the equal of any man of her time in variety of accomplishments, vast learning, felicity of expression, and range of thought. She could write leading editorials with the vigor of a Greeley and the elegance of a Raymond; brilliant novels, political essays, and philosophical disquisitions. She was a noble

defender of our Union in the great civil war. She kept the heart of England warm for liberty and justice. She was the friend of the down-trodden, and she dared to express the most unpopular convictions. She was always at the front in reform, and in age and sickness there was no diminution of her splendid powers.

When we come into the presence of George Sand, the glory of a great woman is apparent, the splendor of a universal genius. Simply as genius, we might say with truth that George Sand is the greatest of her sex. What exquisite sympathy with life pervades her pages! What transcripts of nature are there, fresh as morning's dew! What a gift of story-telling, like that of Homer himself! What subtle delineations of character, as if she wrote with the living pen of Shakspeare! Man and woman, too, are real and true in her vivid pictures. Strength, passion, melody, action, contemplation, lights, depths, wide surveys, gloom, magnificence, tenderness, learning, wisdom, and nobility are in the fruitage of her extraordinary mind. She need not say: "I am a woman," to win admiration and applause. She need simply say: "I am a human being," and on her shines the crown to which the greatest might still aspire, be it man or woman. Genius has no sex, and in George Sand shines this supremacy of intellectual power.

If with lesser hight, George Eliot shines in the empyrean of pure genius, she seems to have a broader basis of intellectual attainment. She seems the most learned woman of her times; and her vast learning sometimes overweighs her genius, as in the case of Milton, and she is stiff and pedantic occasionally. There is a "carpentry of words," and not spontaneous flow. And she lacks throughout her writings the perfect rhythmic quality of the highest poetry; but this scarcely detracts from the prodigality of her shining pages, in which every word is a

pure diamond, flashing thought. Surely no one has more subtly analyzed the breast of man, its moving passions, its secret ambitions, its unsuspected motives, its sly desires, almost eluding the light of consciousness; its pious depravity and secular nobleness. Her great characters are of this world. The gods and angels play no part. There is no fairy land, no heaven or hell, but varied and abounding humanity, and the real aspects of this earth. George Eliot has the "folk-lore" in her stories. She draws her material from the very home-life of man. She sees the grandeur and the pathos of the common lot. She makes majestic the sorrows of the weak, crushed by fate. Like Shakspeare, she is not partial. She judges not. She simply reports the case exactly as it happened according to Nature's forces. She unrolls the inevitable drama. No prose writer in the English language surpasses George Eliot in breadth of vision, in that wit which is reasoning indeed; in humor that is like the fireside glow; in fidelity to every-day fact; in portrayal of humanity, fixed and swerved, tossed and chained, dissipated and ennobled by those facts; in unfolding nature's sublime and awful retribution; in tracing the history of character, its tragedy, its victory; in following the march of destiny evolved from human action; and in the warp and woof of man's eternal struggle, weaving the colors and glories that make hope for the boundless future. Woman needs no other representative than George Eliot to attest her ample equality with the most sovereign powers of man.

The name of Elizabeth Barrett Browning brings to our mind a throng of gifted poets; and she the greatest of them all, the peer of Milton himself, and towering even to the dazzling heights of Shakspeare and Goethe. Johanna Baillie, one of the most vigorous of dramatic poets, begins the splendid dawn of woman's genius in England, with Mrs. Hemans, whose songs of pure emotion are among the sweetest in the language; Miss Landon, who passed

away like a meteor; Frances Brown, who poured forth melody from her blinded world; Mrs. Howett, Mrs. Norton, Eliza Cook, sparkle with brightness and delicacy, although we behold not the vastness and grandeur of man's highest genius.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, however, is a genius of the highest order, like Sappho, like Hypatia, in whom burns the spirit of poesy until it seems as if the frail form could scarce endure the radiance; until love came, and poetry and life were one. And who has sung so sweetly of love as this impassioned being whose sonnets are, like Shakspeare's own, natural blossoms of the heart? And who is more deeply sympathetic with liberty, and who has sung grander strains for a free Italy? In her translation of "Prometheus," she caught the very spirit of Greek poetry like Shelley himself. In the "Drama of Exile" she rivaled Milton and Byron in splendor of language and loftiness of thought, while the deep heart of woman finds richer play. In "Aurora Leigh" she displays an originality of ideas, a knowledge of the world, brilliancy of learning, and descriptive and dramatic energy, which attest the manifoldness of her intellectual nature. Mrs. Browning is a philosopher, a critic, a thinker, as well as a singer. She gathers together an immense amount of material, and shapes and vivifies it with the creative ardor of her imagination, and simply as a poet she ranks as the greatest of women.

In the world of action and reform Annie Besant appears pre-eminent, as Mrs. Browning in the world of poetry, and George Sand and George Eliot in the world of romance. Whatever one may think of her philosophical opinions, it can detract nothing from that which she actually does, for the glory of Annie Besant is not in what she believes, but in what she achieves. Philosophically, she seems to be the child of emotion, and floats away into the realms of transcendental faith; but some of

the greatest men have done this, and it does not seem to be a strictly woman's characteristic. It seems that man is as much the victim of a passional aberration as woman, and man, for thousands of years, has busied himself with building up intellectual edifices on nothing at all. Woman does not show any more weakness in this direction than the stronger sex.

Annie Besant is not to be judged simply by what she thinks, but by what she is, by her character and her accomplishments, and viewed in this way, both for her own sex and for man, she has achieved brilliant results. She is a woman of great mental capacity, of untiring perseverance, of magnificent courage. She is, in her way, like Bradlaugh, an intellectual athlete. No woman has attained more shining stores of knowledge, or used them more for the benefit of humanity. She is a worker, even if she is a dreamer. She wrestles with the gigantic problems of toil and suffering. She would ameliorate the conditions of struggling humanity—here and now. She is utterly opposed to the heaven of orthodoxy, its golden crown, and golden harp. She plunges into the battle of human life—a soldier true and brave. Quick, keen, sympathetic, heroic, gifted with eloquence, a radiant personality, a leader more than any queen clothed in purple, she certainly is to be honored and admired for her indomitable spirit and devotion to practical liberty and justice. Let her enjoy her dreamland, so long as she presses forward with the pioneers of human progress, and does her duty like a man. She has the equipment and daring of the best knights of them all.

And we must not omit in our annals that gentle reformer, Emma Martin, in whom on English soil we almost beheld again the beautiful genius of Madame Roland, a strong, brave woman, of remarkable gifts, of noble eloquence, who from the darkness of the old theology, having found the difficult way, would give to others the benefit of

her earnest endeavor, willing to sacrifice all, if truth and freedom might prevail. With scarcely any outward advantages, her life a struggle, she won by simple sincerity, quiet courage, and illustrious character, a fame which, if not the greatest, is a mild and beaming influence that the world will "not willingly let die." And of how many women the same record can be made!

What a brilliant figure, what a great heart, and brain, what a tremendous force, like lightning in a dew-drop, appears in the tragic glory of Sophia Petrofsky! Here is one born to command. No frame of iron ever held such a will. No warrior ever led an army with more skill, more energy, more personal eclat than she swayed her revolutionary bands. What a blow she struck for freedom, whose terrific notes will never cease until oppression is overthrown! She matched herself with a czar, and the czar fell. She triumphs, and stars death with her immortal beauty. She was not a creature of impulse, but calm as Jove himself. With imperial intellect she changed the destinies of a mighty nation. She let loose the thunders of justice on the colossal criminal of the age. She was the executioner, stainless as truth itself. Amid the world's resplendent martyrs none will make history more sweet and inspiring. To the world's future she has bequeathed a wealth of hope and dauntless resolution.

"Her spirit walks abroad

And doth augment those deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others and conduct
The world at last to freedom."

The roll of European women is not complete without the Brontë sisters, whose genius is one of the marvels of modern times, for out of that desolate country in which they lived how could such luxuriant foliage bloom; how could such golden streams be poured forth? In woman, as in man, is that unexplained faculty of transcending cir-



cumstance which is one of the prodigies of literary life, as in the case of Chatterton, Keats, Burns, and these wonderful sisters who have so enriched the world.

And shining with almost a century's brightness, and dying like a swan in song, is Caroline Herschel, who could discover comets as easily as most men can discover their superiority to the weaker sex, only the comets were real, while the "superiority" is a vanishing point.

Certainly America has contributed her share to the glory of woman's emancipation. She may well be proud of Margaret Fuller, whose luster is not diminished even amidst the constellations of New England's literary heaven. She shines by no reflected light. She was not a "frail vine" clinging to some manly "oak." She was an independent woman. She needed not to learn wisdom at home. She learned it from the whole universe; and she could have wrestled with St. Paul on theological questions, and won the laurels on many points. Like Madame de Staël, she could talk; and I wish some of the old theologians could have had the benefit of her flow of speech, radiant with ideas, which would have converted some of them even more suddenly than St. Paul was converted by a burst of sunshine on his journey. Margaret Fuller is something of an elemental force. She shoots up from New England soil like a precipice, with gloom and beauty both. She astonishes with her strength and loftiness. And when the dark hour came, and the hungry waves sought her fair head, with what beautiful heroism the dread and mighty doom was confronted; with a tenderness and sublimity born of genius and love.

Lucretia Mott blooms like a lily with its "heart of fire." What a force was concentrated in that gentle womanhood! Man might think he could crush that frail body, but it was stronger than his cannon. Simple, plain, unobtrusive, soft-voiced, from her silvery speech what lightnings flamed against the old obstructions!

Lydia Maria Child does not take an inferior place beside the great historians. In her "Progress of Religious Ideas," she displays a candor, a research, a courage, a literary capacity, which ranks her with the best authors. She occupied a foremost position in the antislavery struggle, and though a favorite of the wealth and culture of New England, she dared to peril her popularity in a plea for the millions in chains, whose oppression was sanctioned by fashion, church, the political powers, and the so-called cultivated literature of the day. She was willing to bear the brunt of the battle with the ostracized minority.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony shine like two twin stars in the galaxy of progress. Through what varied fortunes they have passed, with equanimity and success. They have both shown the great qualities of leadership. They sought not the sanction of the church. They dared to combat its hoary authorities. They have performed an incalculable service both to man and woman. They have labored for universal liberty. Their victory against the greatest obstacles is one of the noblest records of the time. Their wanderings have been as wide as those of Ulysses, and the old Greek did not attain to greater wisdom or deserve a greater renown than these indefatigable pioneers. They compel the admiration even of their opponents.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, in addition to her wonderful literary capacity which places her in the front rank of the world's novelists, has shown a remarkable breadth of judgment. It is said that woman cannot look upon both sides of a question. But Mrs. Stowe has shown the falsity of this assumption. No one has given the South a fairer treatment than this earnest and delightful writer, whose humor is equal to her sense of justice. She recognized that both North and South were blended in this great crime, and the guilt was national. Massachusetts sold

white children into slavery. I do not remember that any southern state ever did anything of this sort. Mrs. Stowe, like her brother, the eccentric Henry, has given the Puritans some pretty hard hits; and been ready to acknowledge the virtues of the cavalier.

Those who have listened to Ernestine L. Rose remember the vivacity and power of her imaginative eloquence. She reminds one of Shakspeare's Rosalind in the charming sallies of her wit. Certainly no orthodox man could meet her successfully in the arena of debate. One must be well equipped, and have his quarrel just, to win against so brilliant an antagonist. Her eventful life closed in the radiance of a golden evening which will broaden on the skies of fame to a lasting glow.

And let us not forget in the New World roll of honor Sally Bush, the good step-mother of Abraham Lincoln, the first inspiration in his toilsome and lonely youth. Who can tell the influence of this brave and cultivated woman on the awkward lad who, in her example, first saw the real worth of life, and the graces of that civilization far beyond his humble home in the wilderness?

Abby Kelley, with impassioned, war-like spirit, though of Quaker blood; Amy Post, a limpid stream onflowing, "unresting, unhasting;" Lucy N. Colman, in whom the ardor of youth finds no ashes in snowy age, and the silver morn is radiant ever; the Grimke sisters, like the north star, glittering on the dusky pathway of freedom; Matilda Joslyn Gage, who flings the gauntlet down to church and state, and rings the clarion note for justice; and Helen H. Gardener, diamond-like in intellectual grace, who seems to carry Aladdin's lamp and flashes into hidden corners the stream of knowledge, and darkness discloses its secret of wealth or curses; these shining names declare not simply the greatness of woman's heart, her enthusiasm, her devotion, her courage, but also the amplitude of her

intellect, the abundance of her thought, the variety of her faculties, and the loftiness of her achievements.

Susan H. Wixon, who both in education and literature has nobly advanced Freethought, thus speaks for her advancing sex :

“ In the beginning of the century there were but seven occupations open to women. Now there are nearly four hundred, in any one of which she can earn a living.

“ Woman is practicing law in sixteen states and three territories in this union. Nearly two hundred pulpits are occupied by women. There are six medical colleges exclusively for women, and thirty-six in which they share instruction with her brothers. This has placed three thousand women in active medical practice. Two hundred and four educational institutions out of three hundred and forty-five are co-educational, and ninety-six per cent. of our teachers are women. There are women bankers, brokers, dentists, directors of corporations, heads of business establishments, artists, authors, writers, printers ; and no large newspaper office is complete without one or more women on its editorial staff.

“ She votes on school matters in twenty-five states, holds the office of school committee, school superintendent, trustee of universities, dean of colleges, and many other offices.

“ Eighty thousand women are earning wages in New York city outside of domestic service. Six thousand women are acting as post-mistresses. Fourteen hundred are in various government departments. Three million throughout the United States earn independent wages.”

Woman has won her emancipation, and, as the poet sings, “ This old world is growing brighter.” Woman will not be less womanly, nor man less manly in this new era,

“ Full summed in all their powers,
Distinct in individualities,
Then comes the statelier Eden.”

CHAPTER XXI.

AMERICA TO-DAY.

THE triumph of the armies of the Union was the victory of two great and commanding ideas in modern political life—individual liberty for all, and a federative republic. It was the combination of these two which constituted the mighty strength of the North. It might not have been victorious simply through the antislavery sentiment, or simply through the Union sentiment, but the consolidation of these in one sweeping power made its battalions irresistible. Garrison was the leader of the antislavery movement, and Lincoln represented the determination to maintain the Union at all hazards, whether with or without slavery. The Union was the supreme thing with Lincoln. He was not antislavery in the sense that Garrison was. In Lincoln's negotiations with the peace commissioners of the South, he simply wrote the word "Union," and would let the South make its own terms otherwise. The South rejected the offer. Lincoln, of course, was convinced in his own mind that the preservation of the Union meant, eventually, the death of slavery; but he felt that the continuance of slavery was not so great a curse as the disintegration of the Union. Whatever may be our convictions about slavery, it must be acknowledged that the dissolution of the Union would have been an immense injury to the social progress of mankind, for the union of the United States meant, eventually, the union of the whole world; and if the Union in

America was destroyed, where were the hopes of the fulfillment of the glorious prophecy of the poet:

“The parliament of man, the federation of the world?”

Fortunately individual liberty, and the social and progressive unity of the race, demanded the same policy, and the Emancipation Proclamation was written. Slavery was destroyed and the Union preserved.

The problem of human progress is the harmony of individual liberty with united action.

Individual liberty must be the condition of growth; but what is the individual without the coöperation of the race?

In the American Republic the problem is not yet solved, and the tendencies, at present, are to consolidated power and the annihilation of personal freedom.

On the side of personal liberty no one has contributed more to the enlightenment of the world than Josiah Warren, who has pointed out the path of “True Civilization,” namely, free personal action and the cost-principle. Man can act as he wishes, provided he pays the natural cost of his action, and does not invade the equal rights of others. Liberty, according to Warren, is not license; it is responsibility, it is law. One of the greatest books of the day, in the line of Warren’s political philosophy, is “The Science of Society,” in which the great question of the harmony of personal liberty with universal coöperation, is elucidated in a masterly manner, and by a luminous intellect. Warren represents individual liberty with the cost-principle; and Stephen Pearl Andrews represents the same, together with the “federation of the world.”

The “federation of the world,” if a despotism, would be an infinite curse. Better freedom in the forest. But neither one nor the other is the goal of humanity, but freedom for all, and the combination of all for the greatest benefit of all.



In united action, however, especially through the state, it will be found that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Ours is a federative republic, and not a centralized republic like that of France; and this centralization of power is what constitutes the weakness of the latter government, and its eventual safety is the adoption of the American principle; but in America we are drifting to the centralization of France. There are dangers ahead which only a few seem to comprehend.

Our Republic is a growth—an evolution from all the past—and it is the most complex government in the world, and unless this complexity, this manifoldness, is maintained, our liberties are destroyed. The government should be kept as closely to the people as possible, and hence the necessity of several forms of government, each, to a certain extent, independent and sovereign in its domain. There is the town government for town purposes; the county government for county purposes; the state government for state purposes; and the national government for national purposes; and to merge one of these governments into the domain of the other, is to endanger liberty. A simple supreme government would certainly be despotic. Our Republic, thus organized in town, county, state, and national governments, is the best result, so far, of human wisdom and experience. The drift is to consolidation, and hence tyranny, as will be seen in the history of Free-thought organization, where it opposes the national government usurping the functions of the state governments.

Local self-government must be preserved in this Union; and, fundamentally, this is the political work of Free-thought in America. This is the root idea of Jeffersonian democracy; as little compulsory government as possible, and keep that government closely in the hands of the people. Distribute its powers, not concentrate them.

Individualism and Socialism are the two grand ideas

of human progress. Apparently in conflict at times, they must be united. Individualism must not be isolation. Socialism must not be a tyranny, but the free coöperation of the human race, whereby the happiness of each is supremely advanced by the welfare of all.

America fronts the future, and must endeavor to settle these great political and industrial problems.

I can only give a bird's-eye view of the Freethought tendencies in America to-day in the church and outside of it.

Within the church itself great Freethought tendencies have been manifest during the last century. Christianity has greatly changed for the better. Jonathan Edwards would not recognize it to-day; and Calvin is at a discount.

The Universalist movement was the result of a revolt against the awful dogma of an eternal hell-fire, and it has exercised beyond its organization a mighty influence in all the churches. It was originally quite orthodox on every point except hell-fire. It affirmed the infallibility of the Bible, the miraculous origin of the Christian religion, the doctrines of the trinity, the atonement, and total depravity. However, to-day it practically rejects all these doctrines; affirms that religion is natural in all its expressions; that God is immanent and inspires the sacred books of every nation; that Jesus is not a deity but a man and saves simply by his example. In fact, Universalism to-day occupies about the position of Thomas Paine.

Old-fashioned Unitarianism was not very anti-orthodox. It originated, first of all, as Arminianism; that is, in a modified rejection of the doctrine of total depravity. Man did possess a natural ability. He might not do right, but he had the power so to do. Arminianism logically results in Unitarianism; that is, in a rejection of the trinity; for if man has a natural ability to do right, he needs no substitute; that is, he needs no Savior to do

right for him. If he can in his own nature do right, then he does not need *atonement* but *influence*; that is, he needs an example to induce him to do right, and so Jesus becomes a *moral power*, and not a *sacrifice*, and hence disappears his godhead, and his humanity is the supreme quality. Thus ensues the doctrine of the unity of God, the distinguishing doctrine of Unitarianism. Unitarianism drifted through Channing, who was in many of his opinions orthodox, into the broad Unitarianism of Theodore Parker, which rejected all miracle and was practically pure Theism. This was abhorrent to Channing and his followers. They clung with passionate tenacity to the miraculous origin of Christianity. "If there are no miracles there is no Christ," said Channing. Channing was too sweet-tempered to persecute the Parkerites, but his followers did it, and refused fellowship to Parker. Dr. Lothrop, a leading Unitarian divine of Boston, justified the imprisonment of Abner Kneeland for expressing irreligious opinions. However, Parkerism prevailed and is to-day the gospel of Unitarianism. His main doctrine was the *immanence* of God; that is, God is *in* the universe, and not outside of it. This doctrine verges to Pantheism, though it is not exactly that, but in the main Theodore Parker proclaims the philosophy of Bruno and Goethe. Unitarianism to-day rejects everything that is supernatural. It almost identifies religion with morality. It is as broad as Theism can possibly be. The motto of the Western Unitarian Conference is: "Freedom, Fellowship, and Character," and the whole Unitarian denomination is coming to this platform. It sinks Christianity into a universal religion and makes *this* religion fundamentally moral and rational. Unitarianism represents what Matthew Arnold calls "sweetness and light," and it is a very beautiful affair, and if it were true I would certainly be a Unitarian. It is no wonder that under its banners are so many noble men and women, who are certainly

filling the world with "sweetness and light," and who are really abolishing Christianity in the interest of humanity.

The new orthodoxy claims our attention, which is a vast improvement upon the old orthodoxy in two directions—future probation, and the interpretation of the Bible.

The future probation, especially of the heathen, has been a bone of contention in the orthodox churches; and it has been practically decided that ministers, professors, and missionaries can hold that doctrine and not be excommunicated. This certainly is a softening of the ancient harsh dogma.

In regard to the interpretation of the Bible, great changes have taken place.

The old doctrine was that, so far as the Bible was concerned, the human reason must be absolutely surrendered. No matter what the book declared, it must be believed.

The new orthodoxy affirmed, first, that we must use our reason freely to discover that the Bible is a divine revelation; secondly, having by reason decided that the Bible is a divine revelation, we must still when we read the Bible constantly exercise our reason in judging of its contents. This was a great advance. But a still further advance has been made.

It was at first affirmed even by the new orthodoxy that the real meaning of the Bible was infallibly true. It allowed for errors of copying, etc., but not that the original writer of any part of the Bible was mistaken. But it is now conceded that even the original writers were mistaken in history, science, etc. It is even admitted that Jesus was ignorant of the authorship of the Old Testament. The Bible, therefore is no longer infallible; and a statement is not necessarily true because it is in the Bible. Not only the Bible as a book must be judged by rational standards, but even the original writers and Jesus himself must be so judged.

This is a far-reaching change in the interpretation of the Bible, and is certainly the death of the old dogma.

The World's Parliament of Religions has been a terrible blow to orthodox Christianity. Christianity has surrendered its special claims. It stands by its own act upon a footing with all other religions; and in its conflict with other religions it must appeal to reason and not to faith. The Parliament of Religions has also resulted in the establishment of a broad church in America which will include all varieties of religion, and even no-religion, in its liberal fold.

These are indications of amazing progress within the church and Christianity itself.

Outside of Christianity the tide sweeps on, more or less broad.

The Free Religious Association confines itself to the word religion without any creedal definition. It admits anyone who believes that religion is a natural and universal element of human nature, and therefore should be cultivated.

The Ethical movement is broader, since it does not cling to the word religion, but to the word ethics, but it affirms, as I understand it, that "ethics" is not simply in man, but in nature also; that there is a power "outside of us which makes for righteousness;" that nature is essentially moral; that the universe is really at heart our friend, and we can trust it, and should trust it. The ethical movement eliminates every idea of God from the universe, except the idea of a moral order.

Spiritualism has been a vast and wonderful movement, and it is impossible to follow it in all its innumerable currents. If we look upon it simply as a mass of phenomena, it has no meaning for human progress. It is simply a puzzle; and if the solution is simply a belief in immortality, what gain is made, since that belief has existed for ages? Modern Spiritualism must be something more than

phenomena, or a belief in immortality, to be in the line of Freethought. Unless Spiritualism has a philosophy of life, it is only a marvel. It is not an onward power.

If, however, we study Modern Spiritualism scientifically, we shall find that, at the heart of it, are three grand truths; and it has vastly aided in the expression and power of these truths; and these truths are Freethought truths.

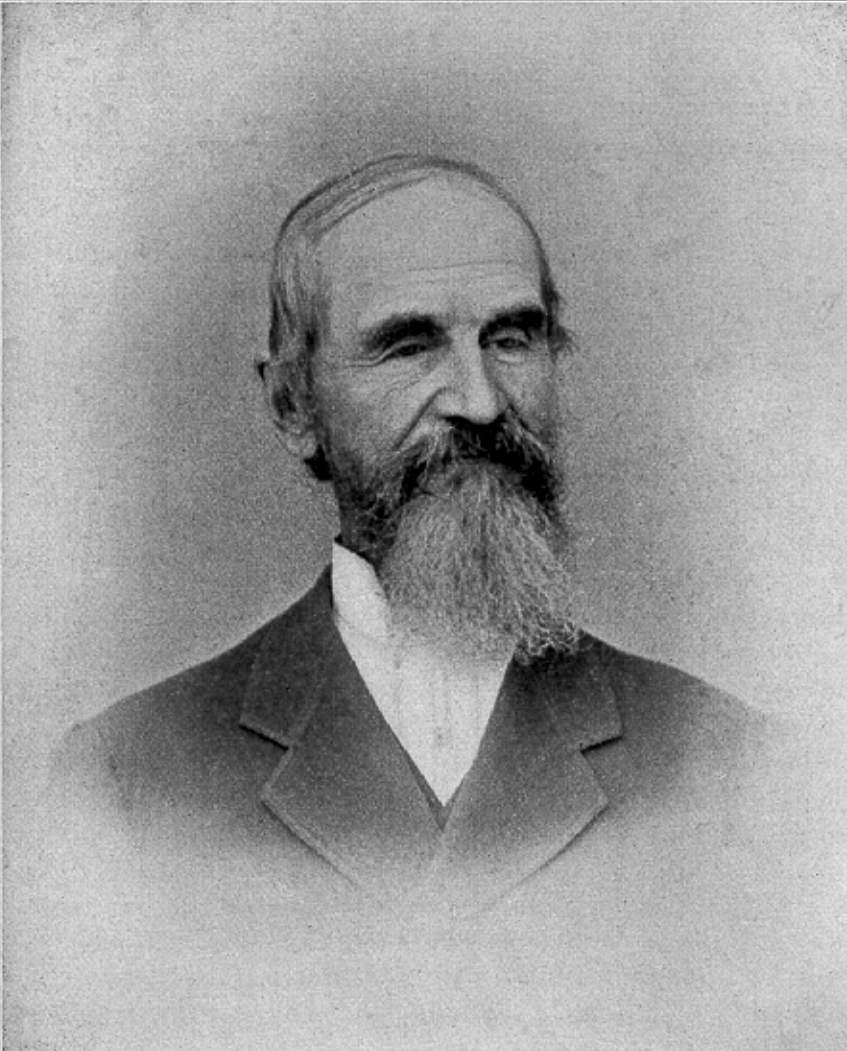
First, the unity of life, especially the unity of this life with the life to come; so that the hereafter, whatever it is, is rooted in this life of to-day, and is the bloom and blossom of it.

Secondly, personal responsibility. It is character and not faith that saves through all the endless ages. Spiritualism is radically opposed to the orthodox doctrine of vicarious atonement.

Thirdly, eternal hope and progress. If we do live beyond the grave, it is a life of hope and progress, and not despair. It is not lurid with the fires of an unending hell. Spiritualism has done a mighty work in thus stripping death of its terror, and the priesthood of its power. The fear of death has been the instrument of oppression in every land and age. The belief in immortality has been made a curse. The church held the keys of heaven, and unless one submitted to the church he would be damned forever; the golden gates would be barred eternally. Spiritualism flings wide open these gates, and says to every mortal being: Do your level best and enter in. In your hands, in your heart and brain, lies your eternal destiny.

This, in brief, is the outline of the Spiritualist philosophy, which philosophy is scientific and Freethought, and anti-orthodox.

Theosophy is a movement outside the churches, which is essentially anti-orthodox. Throwing aside its transcendental assumptions, we shall discover in Theosophy the emphasis of three important truths.



First, Evolution. Orthodoxy is founded upon the creation theory. Evolution destroys the creation theory. Theosophy affirms that evolution is the constant process of this universe. If there is a God, he is an evolving one, and not a creating one. He is the universe itself, ever changing. Evolution sweeps away every cardinal doctrine of the Christian religion, total depravity, vicarious atonement, eternal hell.

Again, Theosophy declares the supremacy of reason in the search for truth. It has no authoritative books or authoritative priests. It affirms the *influence* of great teachers, but not their *authority*. The reason in every individual being must be the supreme tribunal for that being. This is certainly Freethought.

Again, thirdly, Theosophy affirms human brotherhood as a fact of nature, and not merely a sentiment of faith. Science affirms this. Evolution teaches co-operation—all for each, each for all—as the best way to survive amidst the tremendous cosmic forces. All these tendencies, inside and outside the church, are to radical Freethought.

Radical Freethought, from the standpoint of this book, is as follows :

First. That there is but one method of discovering truth, namely the scientific method, which is the observation of facts, correlation of facts, and hypotheses, theories, and demonstrations from facts. Freethought is Agnostic in that it will accept nothing beyond facts; but it is not Agnostic in the affirmation of an "unknowable." It affirms the intelligibility of the universe; that given the experience the universe can be known throughout. Freethought affirms the reality of human knowledge; that we know things as they are, and not as they are not; that all knowledge comes through sense-experience.

Secondly. Radical Freethought affirms that this universe is not moral, either as a person, a nature, a principle, or a force. It is simply unmoral. It does not teach love,

or justice, or mercy. It is, fundamentally, matter, force, and relation without a particle of moral meaning. Ethics originate with man, and end with man. There are no ethics of evolution; only the evolution of ethics as man comes upon the stage of action. Nature does not care for man. She swerves not a hair's breadth from her course to save millions of the human race. She tortures and kills man without pity. Man, therefore, must rely upon himself. He must combat nature, and not trust her. Ethics are entirely relative; they are of man, by man, for man. They are the enlightened method of self-preservation. Man must work and win through his fellowman. Therefore, if man improves, it must be by his own will, his own wisdom, his own energy. Evolution in itself, as a process of nature, does not make for righteousness or civilization. It is man himself.

And therefore, thirdly, Radical Freethought is Secularism. As Mr. Washburn happily terms it, Secularism is *applied* Freethought. It is Freethought translated into moral action, into social energy and progress, into the ethics of human happiness.

Secularism separates into two grand divisions—Secular politics, and Secular philosophy.

Secular politics declares a total separation of church and state. It means a Secular government without God or Bible or Christ or religion in it. It means that government is for the affairs of this world and not for any other; and that the state is established solely for the defense of human rights.

Secular philosophy means that all motives to moral action should arise from this life, which we know, and not from some future life of which we know nothing. It maintains that not the *quantity*, but the *quality*, of life is the main thing; that we should do the right for the right's sake; that to be happy here and now and to make others happy here and now is the noblest aim of human

existence. All the tendencies noted within the church and without the church tend to Secularism, to radical and constructive Freethought.

A glance at the literary life of America will close this survey of four hundred years of Freethought. The literature of America is becoming more manifold and independent, more native and original in hundreds of writers in every department of human thought; but especially in poetry, in which we find the real expression and history of a people.

Poetry is life. Life in itself is rhythmical. It beats and throbs with music in crystal and in star. The law of life is harmony. The flow of the river, the sweep of the branch, the flight of the feather in the air, as well as the eternal motion of the sun and planets, are as measured and musical as the daintiest line of the poet.

In humanity itself, as the highest nature of nature, do we find the grandest poetry, because therein is the grandest and most varied life. The little child, in the hope and passion that beats within its breast, is more poetic than the most majestic constellation. All the grandeur of physical nature is unequal to the grandeur of man. We call the mountain our brother, and in that do we express its sublimest import. All outward forms receive their transcendent luster from the spirit within; and the forest and the sea, and the wide winds of heaven, reverberate with noblest music when touched by the o'ermastering mind of man.

Man is the supreme being, and the gods that flash within his brain, clothed with such potency and glorious attributes, are but the transformed excellences of himself. Man has been the focus, and through him the universe has taken on its most superb and magnificent forms.

The poet of America and of the future must realize the majesty of man in himself; that what he thinks and feels and does in any circumstances is of more import than

what any other conceivable being can think or feel or do in any circumstances however august.

Whatever concerns man, whatever is useful to him, is to be considered worthy. All the accompaniments of his civilization, however rude exteriorly, are to be rendered in the light of poetic service. The ship, the steamboat, the railroad, the pick, the axe, the plow, all sorts of work, however lowly, mining, farming, loading and unloading vessels, digging the ditch, laying the pipe, building the house, smiting the stone, driving the iron horse, or four-in-hand over the Sierras, all these varied instruments and occupations are in themselves noble, because blended with the progress of the race.

The poet of America must be the poet of Science. Science must be his potent guide, not to make poetry, but to furnish its most brilliant forms. What a field is now open for the play of the imagination! Nothing that poetry has hitherto imagined can equal the truth now found. The infinite constellations have become our laurel, and the flowers at our feet are more glorious when we trace their living beauty with the multiplied eyes of science. Not, however, from the intellect, but from the heart, the myriad passions of man, proceed the greatest splendors of art and poetry, and these splendors can find in the vast results of science their most ravishing and benignant forms. Science can furnish a thousand cups of wondrous fashion into which the sweeping fountains of man's life can run, and catch and reflect and fling forth with blending and contrasting colors the radiance of this visible world, and of the mind itself.

The poet of America must be the poet of Labor; for labor in the hereafter will become musical, and the poet must voice its music. He must deeply see that labor is the true creative force of this planet, and he must sing of it with more eloquence than Homer sang of the gods upon Olympus. I believe that labor hereafter will go to its

tasks under the divine impulse of song. I look forward to the consummation of the glorious dream of Fourier. Labor shall have its armies as glittering, as beautiful, as gay as the old-time chivalric hosts. The trumpet has called men to battle, to dreadful slaughter. The air has been full of melody when battalions have dashed against battalions in dire attack. Why should not labor have the same accompaniment? Why should not love, service, the bringing forth of the endless riches of earth, the building of splendid cities, and the regeneration of the world in fruit and flower, be made as rhythmical as hate and the roar of war? Why should work be a drudgery? Why should it not become a sublime joy, wherein every faculty is alive as in the heat of some great battle? Should not the seed-time and the harvest come and go with banners in the air, and troops of happy men march forth to win from nature's field her brightest spoil?

The genius of the future of America will be the interpretation and the unfolding of that which is common to us all. The poet does not put something into us; he is not a miracle worker; he draws us forth; he educes, that is, he sublimely educates. We furnish the raw material for all his bright creations. The poet is bathed in humanity; and from humanity he derives his greatest luster, as the wave that uplifts itself from the sea flames forth the hidden light of its bosom. The greatest poet is he who can understand, not the soul of an archangel, but the thoughts of him who digs and delves in the street. The greatest imagination is not that which soars from star to star, but reveals the riches of the path we daily tread. It is the highest gift of the highest to see the glory of the lowest. The greatest painter is he who paints us as we are. The noblest bard is he who, with deft fingers, touches the strings of our homeliest joys; awakens the music of the humblest tasks of life; who roams not amidst palaces to gather the jewels of his deathless crown; but

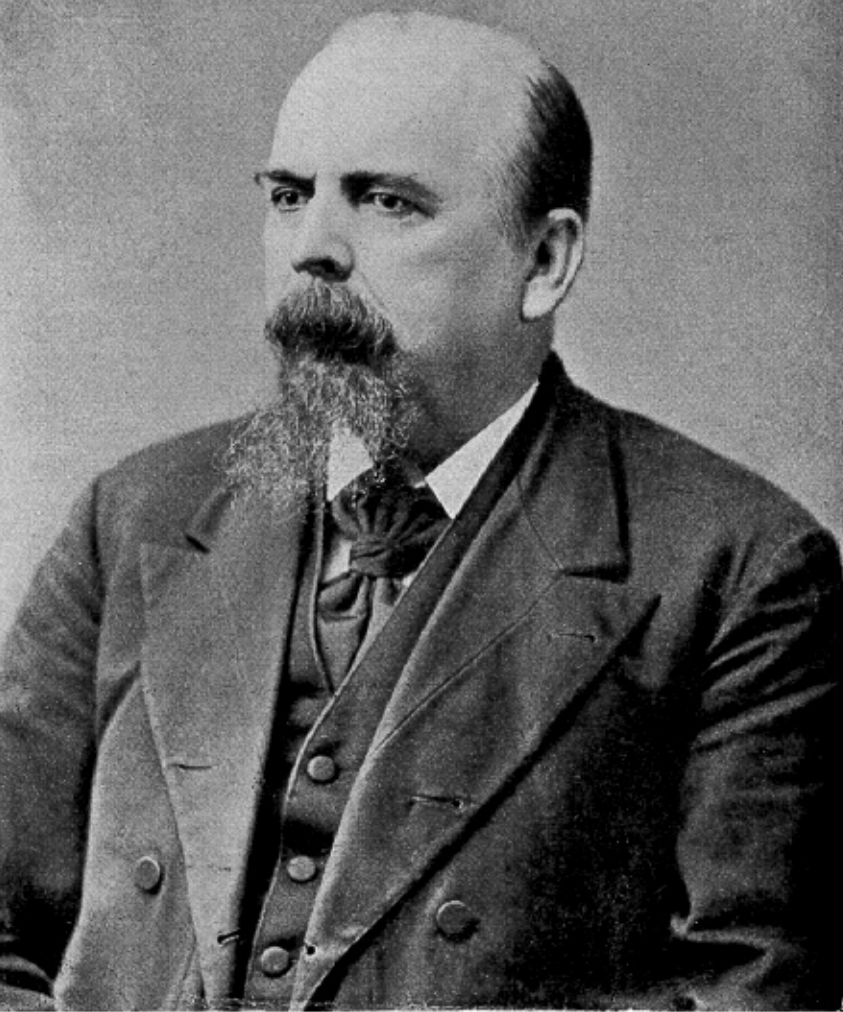
among the cottages, the dews and the primroses, and the sweet fields where grow and glisten the harvests of our common work.

Of the many gifted representatives of America's advancing and Freethought literature as thus described, we can only select for consideration the two greatest, Walt Whitman and Ingersoll.

Walt Whitman is altogether of this new world. He is original, both in matter and form. He not only sees more and deeper, but his vision becomes expressed in utterly novel measures. He is rooted and planted in the virility of our soil. He sees the majesty of man even in his rough-hewn lineaments. Every aspect of life is, to him, vivid with poetic dignity. He sees the jewel in the dust, and sees, furthermore, what few do see, that the jewel is akin with the dust and flashes forth the heart of it.

Whitman has much indeed of the music of the future. He is a master-poet in that he makes a new instrument, and our ears are smitten with unacustomed melody; and reading his genuine verses we can say that there is something new under the sun. Yet I cannot regard him as a supreme artist. I cannot consent to his form, however rich his matter. His method is not the highest method. The old forms of poetic expression cannot be replaced. Capable of infinite transformations, they must ever remain the same. The Greek models cannot be superseded. In them are the undying forms in which a myriad new thoughts might flash like wine in a beauteous cup, but the essential shape cannot vanish in any multitudinous novelty of design. We cannot change the human form. We can only clothe it with numberless fresh graces. So with the eternal form of poetry. It allows no substitution, and the Greeks are our teachers so long as art exists.

But Whitman, by his staunch fidelity, has compelled us to respect our native land, to recognize that here, in these streets, there is something as grand as Athens, as beautiful



as Olympus. As Bryant looked directly at the physical aspects of our land and reported them faithfully clothed with unborrowed splendor, so Whitman has looked directly at our humanity in market-place and on wharf; working at the plow or with the spade; driving the oxen over the prairies, or speeding with the horse along the plains, making the whip to sing; and every manifold aspect of our raw, fresh life he has reported like a very son of the soil, who speaks out of his own passionate love, and believes that what he sees here and now is the grandest to be seen.

Like the Mississippi river, broad and deep, the current of Whitman's poetry comes from the fastnesses of America, and as it rolls on and spans a myriad leagues it still bears upon its bosom the riches itself has made, and the life that sings along its shores is the vigor of its native element.

INGERSOLL.

Ingersoll is so manifold a nature; he is so ready for every occasion of life, and is so successful in many directions—a lawyer, a politician, a reformer, an orator, a debater, a story-teller, a critic, a philosopher—that it might seem difficult at first to place him in his true position, whether with Voltaire and Paine, or Comte and Kant, or Bacon and Spencer; but Ingersoll, to be really understood, must be ranked with Shakspeare, Goethe, and Shelley. He is essentially literature, and not politics, or philosophy, or education; although, if he had not been so essentially poetic, he might have surpassed in any of these domains if to either he had given his choicest efforts. But Ingersoll himself says we do as we must, and he could be no other than he now is, the greatest living literary power in America, a master of language, with spirit touched and charmed by all the beauties of the living world about him; melodious without effort, like a stream

or bird-song; with wit, humor, imagination, and sympathy with universal nature and man, which is the highest quality of genius.

It is seldom that one who is so wonderfully gifted as an orator, who can sway audiences as if with some magic wand, can contribute so much to the world's permanent literature. The very splendor of the orator's power seems to destroy his literary faculty. How very few speeches are read as literature. They are generally cherished as cold relics of a by-gone, glowing hour. The light is faded out of them. Cicero and Burke, and Lincoln in one or two speeches, are almost the only orators who have given anything to the living literature of all ages. Like these, Ingersoll is an exception. He will be read long after his lips have ceased to speak. He wins the applause of to-day, and over his glowing pages will be the smiles and tears of generations to come.

Ingersoll is thoroughly American. The life of this continent is in every fiber of his being. He has witnessed almost every aspect of American scenery, and come in contact with almost every phase of the American people. He knows many things by reading, but much more by action. Probably no living man knows so many people personally as Ingersoll; and no one is so well known to millions of people as Ingersoll. He has become a household word. Almost everyone feels acquainted with him if they read the papers. This is not notoriety, but good fellowship, the natural result of a genius in constant contact with the world and always saying something to the point. Ingersoll is like a surcharged battery. If anybody touches him the sparks fly. Some geniuses are dull with the dull. It takes genius to arouse them, but Ingersoll responds even to the dull, and exchanges his gold for their dross. His intellectual treasures are always at hand, and as he spends a dollar like a prince, so he likewise gives his thoughts. He does not save his "bright ideas"

for the platform. They are ever flowing, just as abounding in a hotel or car, or on the street, or at lunch, as before a crowded assembly. Ingersoll is what we might call an extemporaneous man, like Shakspeare. He does not have to think twice. There is nothing elaborate about him. He has the careless vitality of nature herself. He dwells in the atmosphere of democracy. He is at home with all. There are no hedges about him, nor artificial restraints. He is no pope, as some would call him. He claims nothing and imposes nothing. It is reason first, last, and all the time.

The chief characteristics of Ingersoll are sincerity and courage. He might have held any political office had he been willing to pay the price—reticence. But Ingersoll would not do this; in fact, he could not do this. He was not built to be a drawing-room Freethinker, to exploit his delightful skepticisms to a choice circle, while the world knew him not, and the church might bow at his feet. It is not parlor-Infidelity that the church dreads and persecutes, for even the church itself likes that sort of spice to its gloomy theology; but open and avowed Infidelity, honest Infidelity that shakes the world, and inspires the multitude to new paths of thought. Infidelity is a fine thing for the pulpit, but it won't do for the pews. Let professors discuss the mistakes of the Bible before a class of theological students, but don't let the world into the secret. Preach the same old doctrines to the masses.

Ingersoll was too sincere for the esoteric Infidelity of the churches. His thoughts were too burning to be used as pretty fire-works in the wake of the church. They must become the stars of humanity and shine upon all its onward progress. Freethought is of the very essence of Ingersoll's being; and it comes from him as music and light must come from the sea. The sea cannot be motionless. No more can Ingersoll keep in luxurious privacy his flame of intellectual conviction. It is for all the world.

Ingersoll has the courage constantly to speak out on any question of any human interest whatsoever. We know exactly where he stands, exactly what he means. There is no shuffling, no mere rhetoric, but honest thoughts and honest words.

Ingersoll believes in individuality, in seeing for yourself, judging for yourself, and speaking for yourself. Ingersoll does not believe in vicarious thought, any more than in vicarious action. As another cannot act for you, so another cannot think for you. Think for yourself. Think wrongly if you will, or must; but *think*. Don't be a coward about it. Know thyself and be thyself, is the gospel of all progress. The world does not need new truth to-day so much as it needs courage and sincerity to make the most openly and squarely of the truth it already possesses. There is too much subterfuge, too much cowardice, too much intellectual double dealing and mental reservation, which is simply lying. It is not that people believe the false, but that they believe the true and conform to the false. Ingersoll has torn the mask from hypocrisy. He has flung broadcast the truth which enlightened theologians even already accept. He has trusted in human nature. He has believed in the good sense and virtue of the masses. He realizes that truth, like human love itself, should be universal; that it is not a luxury but a grand and beautiful gospel for every human being in every station of life, in every field of toil.

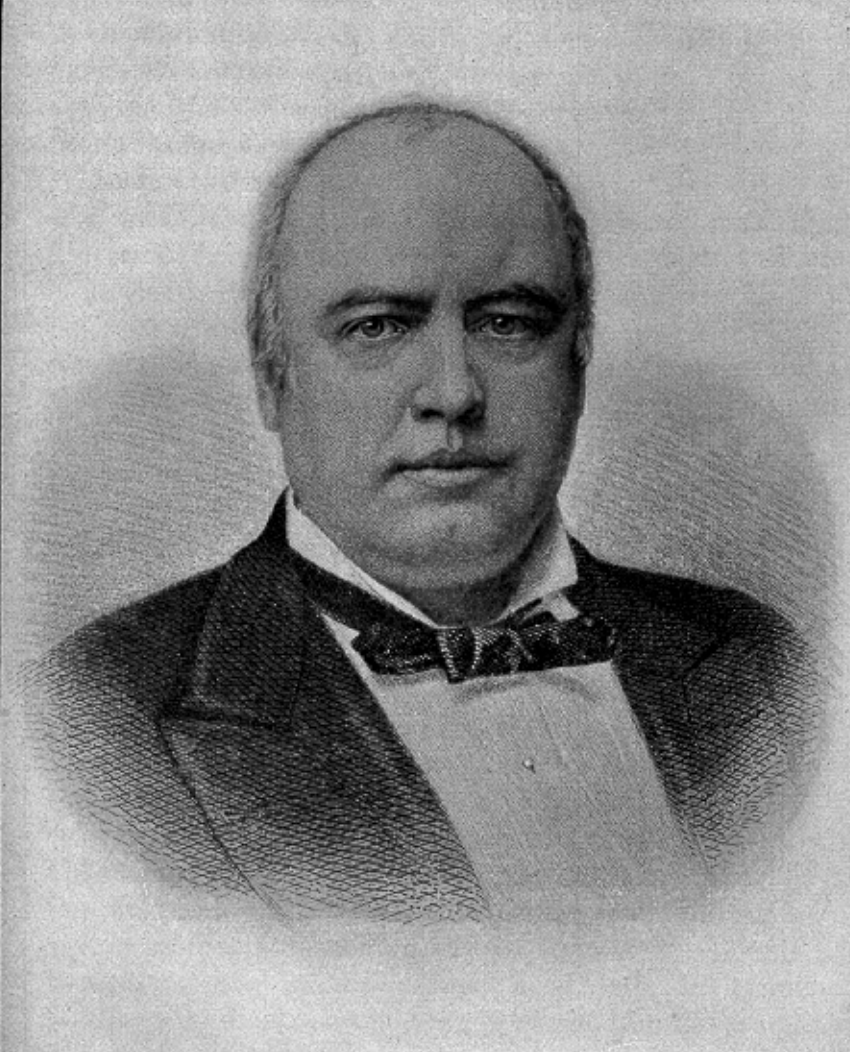
The theologians who are afraid of any change, any progress whatsoever, delight to call Ingersoll Atheist, Agnostic, Infidel, Iconoclast; and these are noble names, but not fully do they express the mighty work of Ingersoll and Freethought. Ingersoll stands for liberty, the sweetest word that human voice can speak; and what is life without liberty? Ingersoll stands for science, and all that it can unfold in heaven and earth of magnificence and

delight, making reality surpass the brightest dreams. But the one word that expresses Ingersoll's greatness, and his true relation to Freethought and the world's broadening progress, is *humanity*. That is the positive side of all Ingersoll's manifold nature—humanity. His answer to every question at the last is—humanity; be it music, art, oratory, poetry, politics, education, liberty, science, industry; it is all these for humanity's sake. He pleads for humanity; he ennobles humanity; he inspires humanity; and if he has any gods they must serve humanity. He opposes orthodoxy because orthodoxy destroys humanity. He opposes creeds, churches, bibles, priests, because they do not help, but retard humanity. But wherever humanity is found, Ingersoll speaks for it the eloquent word. Be it in the old Vedas, or from the lips of Buddha, or if it gleams in tender and pathetic light from the cross of Jesus, he accepts it, he glorifies it. In all the ages, in every human struggle, wherever there has been any human virtue, human love, justice, mercy, heroism, sacrifice, be it beneath cathedral, or mosque, or temple, or beneath the bright-blue sky itself, in forest gloom or open field, the generous mind of Ingersoll greets and graces it for the hope and toil of to-day. If Jesus takes little children in his arms, if he says: "Blessed be the merciful;" "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," Ingersoll accepts these acts, these words in their fullest and grandest signification. They are just as noble, beautiful, and inspiring to him as to the most believing Christian. It is only where humanity ends, and ignorance begins with theology, superstition, cruelty, and barbarism, that he strikes his luminous blows that, even as they destroy, fill the world with light and beauty.

Humanity, be it in rags, and suffering in poverty and want, in miserable tenement houses, in forlorn shops; be it in woman stitching for a bare pittance, the little girl whose young life is crushed with toil, the half-clad news-

boy shivering on the streets, the bootblack who earns a crust by making the feet of so many men brighter than their brains; be it in the great fields of labor, where men sweat, and golden harvests await the busy hand; be it amidst vast machineries, the fires of huge forges, or on the burnished locomotive, flinging its black flag of peace and splendor over a continent; be it in the vineclad cottage, with the children about the door, the wife at work, the husband battling with the forest; be it on ship as it sweeps a thousand leagues of sea, or touches a hundred shores in sunshine and in storm; be it in the dark shadow of the mine; be it on the battle-field, where the star-spangled banner streams amidst smoke and thunder; be it in the hospital, where man's heroism and woman's tenderness make the shining pathway of martyrdom; be it in laughing child or babe upon its mother's breast; be it in the greatest or the least; in the head of the marching column, or the dusty foot-soldier in the rear; in great ideas, in great pictures, in great symphonies, in sweet melodies that charm the people; in smiles and tears, in hopes and joys, in sorrow and in pain; in sympathy and love; in all that concerns humanity, whatever it is, wherever it is, whoever it is, in whatsoever condition the world over; the genius of Ingersoll appreciates it, honors it, uplifts it, helps it, reveals its glory, and encourages to greater and better days to come.

Bruno and Ingersoll! What a wide sweep of human thought has been passed over. What a panorama unrolls as we speak these magic names. What a history this has been—greater than that of any armies, of any thrones. We have seen the greatest advances of the human mind; its greatest victories. We have seen gain after gain in the cause of truth and freedom. There have been sufferings immeasurable; horrors beyond words to express. Tyranny and falsehood have used their bitterest and bloodiest weapons. Darkness, without one ray of hope, has closed



upon the eyes of many a martyr. It has been, indeed, through all the past, "The Martyrdom of Man," as one of our noblest and most brilliant writers expresses it. Man has shed his blood, been tortured, burnt, crucified, torn to pieces, his ashes scattered to the winds, that we might have the light, the beauty, the knowledge, the excellence, the highs and glories of to-day.

Bruno shines and perishes in flame at the beginning of a new era. That new era spans the world with many illustrious names. The torch of reason has passed on until it shines with wonderful power and effulgence. Not one, but many now send its sparkling rays onward into the future. Ingersoll is not alone. Fortune and genius are his, but to a thousand toilers belongs the praise of making his work so fruitful and so glorious.

Bruno died in darkness. Ingersoll is the most beloved and honored name in the American republic, and is so beloved and honored because the spirit of the dauntless Bruno, of Voltaire and Paine, shines in his glittering eloquence; and because he himself loves and honors man for his essential worth. He represents a great people; the greatest and best government in the world to-day; and a flag whose stars beam with hope to every race. With Ingersoll we see a great army of men and women in every field of human effort, gifted with genius; scholars, orators, poets, editors, workers; with warm hearts, with unshackled brains, with bright enthusiasm, laboring for the triumph of Freethought. The vast and splendid record of four hundred years will not cease in defeat and barbarism, but in civilization, in liberty, in victorious science; in the dream and hope of the unnumbered martyrs of an unconquerable race!



PART II.

CHAPTER XXII.

FREETHOUGHT ORGANIZATION IN AMERICA.

FREETHOUGHT organization is difficult. The very nature of Freethought is to be free, to be absolutely untrammelled in any direction whatsoever. It is the nature of religion to organize; and herein lies its tremendous practical power and tyranny; and it thus forces Freethought to organization as a matter of self-defense. But Freethought organization cannot represent the vast universal sweep of Freethought, any more than the waves which break upon the shore can represent the measureless sea.

But as the waves do give the splendor and the music of the sea, so Freethought organizations fling forth the forward radiance of its immense movement. There must be these pioneer corps for the advance of the great army of progress.

In America, especially, organization is difficult on account of the vastness of its territory. Local organizations flourish in some favorable places; but national organization is the result of many years' struggle. Only the far-seeing, the determined, and the courageous are willing to join in these radical enterprises. Whatever their fortune, however, even in failure, they exercise an incalculable influence.

THE HARTFORD BIBLE CONVENTION.

The Hartford Bible Convention in 1854 was, in many respects, an extraordinary Freethought demonstration. It created a great sensation throughout orthodox New England.

The call was as follows :

“To the Friends of Free Discussion:

“The undersigned, solicitous for the advancement of the cause of Truth and Humanity, hereby invite all who are friendly to free discussion to attend a convention to be held at Hartford, Conn., on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th of June next, for the purpose of freely and fully canvassing the origin, authority, and influence of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures.

“This invitation is not given to any particular class of Philosophers, Theologians, or Thinkers, but is in good faith extended to all who feel an interest in the examination of the questions above stated. There are many who believe that a supernatural Revelation has been given to man; many others who deny this, and a large number who are afflicted with perplexing doubts, trembling beneath the silent skepticism of their reason, and the fear of absolute denial. In issuing a call for a Convention, we have in view the correction of error, by which party soever entertained, and the relief of those who stand between doubt and fear, from their embarrassing position.

“Some may have no doubt that the Jewish and Christian Scriptures have subserved an important end, and yet believe that their mission is nearly completed, and must be superseded by a new dispensation; some may believe that their influence has been prejudicial in every respect, and that they have been a curse rather than a blessing to mankind; others may believe them a perfect record of the Divine will to man—good in the past and for all time to come; and others still may deny the plenary inspiration

of the Bible, discarding most of the Old Testament, and receiving most or all of the New. Still, such diversity of opinion, instead of prejudicing the interest and good results which ought to attend such a convention will rather tend to increase its interest and enhance its value in the cause of truth.

“Doubtless a free interchange of thought is the best mode of exciting inquiry, and of arriving at the truth.

“ He who has a truth and keeps it,
Keeps what not to him belongs,
But performs a selfish action,
And his fellow mortal wrongs.’

“We invite, therefore, all who feel an interest in this question, without distinction of sex, color, sect, or party, to come together that we may sit down, like brethren, in a communion before the altar of intellectual and spiritual freedom.”

This call was signed by Andrew Jackson Davis, William Lloyd Garrison, Joseph Barker, Henry C. Wright, S. B. Brittain, Stephen S. Foster, Abby Kelly Foster, Joseph S. Longshore, Amy Post, N. H. Dillingham, and one hundred and seventy-six others.

The Convention was called to order by Andrew Jackson Davis. William Green, of Hartford, was appointed president pro tem.

The following were elected permanent officers: President, Joseph Barker; vice-president, J. K. Ingalls; secretary, A. O. Moore. Andrew Jackson Davis made the opening address to the following resolutions:

“*Resolved*, That each mind, by virtue of its endowments, rights, and liberties, should ‘prove all things and hold fast to that which is good.’”

• He said:

“The course of nature is marked by vast and mighty changes. In the lower departments of the physical world

one set of circumstances continue till their mission is completed, when they gradually expire, and from their ashes a *new order* of things is born into existence. Every great general *improvement* in the physical aspect of the globe, every magnificent alteration in the relation of things, is preceded, accompanied, and succeeded by some grand announcement and startling demonstration. The formation of mountains—those glorious symbols of everlasting truth—was accomplished by the most terrible convulsions. From center to circumference the terrestrial ball is shaken, portions fall while others rise, the earth trembles and quakes, and so are made the lofty mound, the beautiful valley, the undulating landscape, and the ocean's bed. But, observe, terrible changes are *never terrible* in fact. Every alteration in nature's domain is invariably succeeded by *better* circumstances."

Henry C. Wright followed in his vigorous and fearless manner. He said :

"My tongue shall utter my thoughts, or nothing. I am not here to represent any human being but myself, and I shall speak my own thoughts in my own way. I hope every other human being will do the same ; and I *do* hope that we shall not only learn freedom of speech and thought, but freedom to *hear*."

He offered the following resolution :

"*Resolved*, That the Bible in some parts of the Old and New Testaments sanctions injustice, polygamy, concubinage, prostitution, oppression, war, wholesale plunder, and murder ; and, therefore, the doctrine that the Bible as a whole emanated from a God of love and justice is false and injurious to the social and spiritual growth of man."

Joseph Barker spoke to this resolution and poured forth some magnificent arguments, deep and scholarly, which neither he in after days, nor all the pulpits in Christendom, have ever answered. He said :

“I defy any clergyman acquainted with this matter to stand up here and *say*—we will make no mention of *proof*—I say I *defy* any clergyman to say that any particular translation, or version, or text, or manuscript is any other than the work of fallible men. This then of itself settles the question as to the authority of the book. It is not a book of divine authority.”

Parker Pillsbury was present with his incisive speech, and he offered the following resolution :

“*Resolved*, That if men are to prove all things and only hold fast to that which is good, then any Bible or religion, church or ministry, that defends or apologizes for slavery, war, oppressive government, or any form of despotism or tyranny, secular or spiritual, governmental or individual, is to be specially examined and discussed, and approved or condemned according as those sins or systems which they defend shall be found at variance with the nature of man and destructive of the happiness of the universe.”

Mr. Pillsbury, in his fervid and splendid arguments describing his orthodox training, and the horrors of eternal hell-fire, amidst immense sensation gave those extracts from Wigglesworth’s poem, “The Day of Doom,” already quoted in these pages.

Garrison’s tremendous resolutions have already been given, and no word, I think, could describe his terrible denunciations of the church and clergy of America.

Prof. S. B. Brittain delivered an impressive discourse, in which he declared that, because he could not sign a declaration to the effect that he believed the Bible to contain “a sufficient” and indeed “the only rule of faith and action” for all men in all ages of the world, he was excluded from a professedly liberal Christian denomination, namely, the Universalists. It seems that in 1854 the Universalists had not yet advanced out of the shadow of orthodoxy.

The following bit of history was given by Henry C.

Wright: "Garrison advertised in a Boston paper for a house in which he might plead the cause of millions of our down-trodden countrymen. No Christian house in the city could be opened for him. He had nothing to pay for it, and he said, 'I will not pay for it, for I am bleeding for humanity. If I do not have the offer of a house in which to plead their cause, I will plead it on the common;' *but the Atheist's hall was offered him gratis. He had to go to Atheists to get a place to plead the cause of humanity.*"

The following delicious exhibition of orthodox donkeyism is also put on record by Wright:

"When I was in Edinburgh there was offered at a convention of ministers by one of their number a resolution to this effect: '*Resolved, That a committee be appointed to inquire into the tendency of total abstinence societies to Infidelity.*'"

"The reverend donkeys! I thought I could see their ears elongating. It was solemnly argued for a long time, until a friend offered an amendment to this effect: '*Resolved, That the committee be instructed to inquire into the tendency of drunkenness to Christianity.*'"

Here is another of Joseph Barker's thundering indictments against Christianity:

"I am prepared to prove that the history of the church is a history of fraud from the earliest ages to the present hour [including Barker's recantation?]. That the priests of every nation on earth have been liars, *wholesale, unconscionable, eternal liars, makers of lies.* The world is full of proofs. No confidence can be put in the testimony of any priest."

Ernestine L. Rose, amidst hissing and stamping of feet and whistling in the gallery and cries of "Go on, go on," undismayed, gave one of her radical lectures. During its delivery the lights were put out, accompanied with renewed hissing and stamping and whistling and drumming with canes. In the utter confusion hardly any voice could

be heard, but the plucky little woman finished her address notwithstanding the opposition and tumult. In closing amidst deafening applause, she said :

“ My sisters, the Bible has enslaved you ; the churches have been built on your subjugated necks. Do you wish to be free ? Then you must trample the Bible, the church, and the priests under your feet.”

While the audience was dispersing the disturbers took their places in the gallery and groaned out music that would have disgraced Bedlam. And these disturbances were made by theological students, youths training for the Christian ministry. Shame upon them forever !

The following was put on record, quoted from Dr. Orestes A. Brownson, the celebrated champion of the Romish church :

“ Our enemies rely upon Godless schools, state education, as a means of checking the progress of Catholicity. We must admit they have laid their plans with *infernal* skill. The result will not meet their anticipations, however. The attention of the Catholic world has been directed to this subject by those whom God has sent to rule over us, and a *struggle which will end in victory for the church has begun between Catholicity and the State, to see who shall have the child.*”

I can give only glimpses of this extraordinary convention, which certainly was one of the greatest awakeners that New England conservatism has ever known.

THE FREE INQUIRER'S ASSOCIATION.

Peter Eckler, of New York, who has grown gray in the cause of Freethought, and who has done inestimable service, can remember back to the old times with delightful reminiscences of those struggles whose fruit we enjoy to-day.

It is a record of intolerance and persecution, but how

brave and true were the choice spirits that endured it! Jefferson wrote in 1822:

“The atmosphere of our country is unquestionably charged with a threatening cloud of fanaticism, lighter in some parts, denser in others, but too heavy in all.”

In 1845 the Liberals of New York met in the rooms of the Free Inquirer's Association, Military Hall, in the Bowery. Mr. Thompson was president; Oliver White, secretary. Among the prominent members were Messrs. Webb, Vail, Hull, Rose, Offen, Morrison, and Ditchett.

Before this time Frances Wright and Robert Dale Owen were publishing the “Free Inquirer.” Frances Wright was delivering eloquent orations in the “Hall of Science,” Broome street. These labors were suspended amid much discouragement, but bore great fruit in after years.

Mr. Ransom Cook was one of a company who accompanied Miss Wright from the rostrum to her residence; and this guard, in addition to the regular police, was necessary in order to protect this noble woman from the violence of misguided religious enthusiasts.

The birthday of Thomas Paine was annually celebrated with great *clat*. The “Paine Ball” was very popular, and large crowds attended it. After the dancing a bountiful repast was provided, at which toasts were proposed, songs were sung, and addresses delivered.

Gilbert Vale, author of the “Life of Paine,” published a monthly paper called the “Beacon,” at No. 3 Franklin Square. Mr. Vale was a teacher of navigation, “and I remember him,” says Eckler, “distinctly as he appeared, seated at a table, which was covered with books, globes, nautical instruments, etc., and surrounded with maps and masters of vessels. Mr. Vale, quick and impatient in manner, and perhaps a trifle irritable, was teaching these placid and honest mariners, and seemed nervously intent on making them comprehend the mysteries of their profession.”

HOSPITALLER HALL.

Hospitaller Hall, Boston, is one of the landmarks of free discussion. I guess every reformer knows something about it from Seaver's youth to the present time. Every subject in the universe has been debated here, and every radical thought been uttered. If its walls could speak, what volumes might be written—a history, curious and entertaining, of a thousand minds.

PAINE MEMORIAL.

Paine Memorial shines along the difficult path of Free-thought, a monument to Paine, Lick, and Mendum, and a promise for the future. It is a large brick building, with stone trimmings, five stories high, and contains three large, convenient, and well-lighted halls—Investigator hall, Paine hall, and Kneeland hall, with waiting and retiring rooms, and large pleasant parlors. On the lower ground floor are two stores, one of which is occupied as the Liberal book store, connected with the Boston "Investigator." The editorial and composing rooms occupy a part of the upper story of the edifice, from the top of which the visitor may have a fine view of the city of Boston and its suburbs.

The land on which the Memorial stands was purchased in the spring of 1874, and on the 4th of July following the corner-stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies. The work was pushed forward from that time with rapidity, and on the 29th of January, 1875, it was dedicated with interesting exercises adapted to the occasion, a large congregation of Liberals being present.

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

In 1870 Francis Ellingwood Abbot began to agitate for organization through his paper, then published at Toledo, Ohio. The "Nine Demands of Liberalism" appeared in "The Index," April 6, 1872.

The appeals of Mr. Abbot resulted in the preliminary organization of a few local Liberal societies. October 17, 1875, a few delegates from these societies met in convention in Philadelphia. Mr. Abbot was chosen president. The result of their deliberation is summed up in the following resolutions :

“That great and growing evils render it a paramount patriotic duty on the part of American citizens, who comprehend the priceless value of pure Secular government, to take active measures for the immediate and absolute secularization of the state, and we earnestly urge them to organize without delay for this purpose.

“That we hereby issue a call for a General Congress of all those who sympathize with this object, to be convened at Philadelphia on, or before, the 4th of July, 1876, for the purpose of organizing a National League, and of promoting the organization of local auxiliary Liberal Leagues throughout the country.”

On July 1, 1876, at Philadelphia, the Centennial city, in the Centennial year, the great Liberal Congress assembled. Mr. Abbot was chosen chairman. One hundred and seventy were reported present. Forty Liberal associations were on the roll. Eighteen of these received charters from the national organization during the following year.

The first annual congress was held at Rochester, N. Y., in October, 1877.

The second annual congress was held at Syracuse in October, 1878. This was an eventful year in Liberal circles. The congress at Rochester had scarcely adjourned when D. M. Bennett was arrested by Anthony Comstock. This created great commotion throughout the United States. The Liberals of New York started a petition for a repeal of the “Comstock law” and the “Truth Seeker” urged Liberals throughout the country to sign. Mr. Abbot and his paper took the opposite course. The



subject was warmly debated, and on the assembling of the second annual congress at Syracuse the controversy inevitably came up there.

The issue was whether the Comstock law should be amended, or whether it should be wholly repealed. The majority demanded that a law so dangerous to liberty should be wholly repealed. On this platform Elizur Wright was elected president. Mr. Abbot withdrew, with eight auxiliaries. There were sixty-two auxiliaries now on the roll.

In consequence of this controversy during the following year there was unexampled activity in the organization of Leagues. The repeated arrests of Mr. Bennett, first by Comstock; then his release; then his arrest at Watkins; then his arrest again by Comstock; the circulation of the petition for the repeal of the obnoxious laws, resulting in seventy thousand Liberal signatures presented to the congress at Washington—these events caused the League to grow with astonishing rapidity.

The third annual congress assembled at Cincinnati in September, 1879. The auxiliaries by this time had increased to one hundred and sixty-two. Some of the most notable Liberals of the country were present. Parker Pillsbury, Thomas Curtis, H. L. Green, T. B. Wakeman, J. H. Burnham, and Robert G. Ingersoll were there. The convention was presided over by Elizur Wright. The session was animated, interesting, and harmonious. At this congress a project for the formation of a Liberal political party was proposed, and a committee was chosen to formulate and carry out the design. This was afterwards put in execution by the Freethought Federation of America. Mr. Bennett in the meantime had been sent to prison. A resolution of sympathy, proposed by Col. Ingersoll, was passed as follows:

Resolved, That we express the deepest sympathy with D. M. Bennett and his family, for the reason that he has

been convicted by religious bigotry and ignorant zeal, and has been imprisoned and is now languishing in the cell of a felon, when in truth and fact he committed no offense whatever against any law of the land."

This resolution was adopted unanimously.

The following resolutions, submitted by the committee, through Colonel Ingersoll, its chairman, were adopted at this congress :

"Resolved, That we are in favor of such postal laws as will allow the free transportation through the mails of the United States of all books, pamphlets, and papers, irrespective of the religious, irreligious, political, and scientific views they may contain, so that the literature of science may be placed upon an equality with that of superstition.

"Resolved, That we are utterly opposed to the dissemination, through the mails or by any other means, of obscene literature, whether 'inspired' or uninspired, and hold in measureless contempt its authors and disseminators.

"Resolved, That we call upon the Christian world to expunge from the so-called 'sacred' Bible every passage that cannot be read without covering the cheek of modesty with the blush of shame; and until such passages are expunged, we demand that the laws against the dissemination of obscene literature be impartially enforced."

"Second, As to the propriety of taking political action, your committee further report that we deem it expedient for the Liberals of this country to act as a political organization for the accomplishment of the following objects :

"1. Total separation of church and state, to be secured under present laws and proper legislation, and finally to be guaranteed by amendment of the United States Constitution, including the equitable taxation of church property, secularization of the public schools, abrogation of Sabbatarian laws, abolition of chaplaincies, prohibition of

public appropriations for religious purposes, and all other measures necessary to the same general end.

"2. National protection for national citizens, in their equal civil and religious rights, irrespective of race or sex, to be secured under present laws and proper legislation, and finally to be guaranteed by amendment to the United States Constitution, and afforded through the United States courts.

"3. Universal education the basis of universal suffrage in this secular republic, to be secured under present laws and proper legislation, and finally to be guaranteed by amendment of the United States Constitution, requiring every state to maintain a thoroughly secularized public school system, and to permit no child within its limits to grow up without a good elementary education.

"And that the following resolutions be adopted by the League :

"*Resolved*, That we mutually pledge each other that we will, in our several localities, use our influence and cast our votes for such candidates for office as publicly declare their belief in the absolute secularization of the government; and we recommend that the state and auxiliary Leagues in their respective localities act together upon all political questions.

"*Resolved*, That we claim it the duty of every true Liberal to extend to all others every right that he claims for himself; that he cannot politically discriminate against any person on account of religious belief, provided only that such person is in favor of perfect civil and intellectual liberty."

The impulse given to the League and the Liberal movement by this Congress, by the imprisonment of Mr. Bennett, by the great demonstration at his reception in Chickering Hall when he was liberated, by the circulation of the petition for his pardon, kept growing and swelling during 1880. At the assembling of the Fourth Annual

Congress at Chicago, 1880, there were two hundred and twelve auxiliaries. At this Congress Hon. Elizur Wright was re-elected president; T. C. Leland, secretary, and T. B. Wakeman, treasurer.

The Fifth Annual Congress met again at Chicago, 1881. Mr. Elizur Wright declined re-election on account of increasing age and infirmities. Mr. T. B. Wakeman was elected to the presidency. Mr. Leland was re-elected secretary, and Courtland Palmer, of New York, was elected treasurer. The auxiliary Liberal leagues had increased to two hundred and twenty-five.

The Sixth Annual Congress at St. Louis, October, 1882. The old officers were re-elected, with the exception that E. A. Stevens was elected Chairman of the Executive Committee. The new calendar was adopted in the following resolutions:

“WHEREAS, The uncertain and mythical origin of the Christian calendar now in general use commits those who use it, to some extent at least, to the Christian theology; and,

“WHEREAS, It would be a relief to many and a great convenience to have a more certain, modern, and purely secular date for recording time,

“Resolved, That we earnestly recommend all those who do not wish to express their adherence to the Christian theology to unite in all parts of the world upon a common, secular, universal date as the year *one* of a modern era, and,

“WHEREAS, Three great events common to the whole human race, and which gave mankind a new heaven and new earth, point to the year known as ‘A.D. 1600,’ making our present year 282, as the proper beginning of the new era, we call special attention to these facts, viz.:

“1. The general publication and acceptance of the new or Copernican system of astronomy.

“2. The discovery of the unity of the human race (*i. e.*,

humanity in its solidarity and continuity) by the extension of commerce and European civilization to Asia, Africa, and Australia, and the recognition and progress in the succession of the ages and generations of the human race.

“3. The foundation of International Law by Hugo Grotius (begun in 1600 and published in 1625); and,

“WHEREAS, These events, which changed the face of the world, are fitly consecrated by the martyrdom of the great Liberal of his age, Giordano Bruno, who was burnt to death by the Christian church at Rome, on the 10th day of February, 1600, for proclaiming the new astronomy, the true solar system, the infinity of the heavens and of worlds; and,

“WHEREAS, This modern date may be most conveniently used to succeed the old era, having its two figures the same, and being capable of a familiar contraction to '82 for 282, just as the old date 1882 is contracted to '82; therefore,

“Resolved, That the National Liberal League adopt this date, and earnestly recommend its general use.”

The Seventh Annual Congress was held at Milwaukee, September, 1883. This Congress broadened out the platform, so as to include many other questions than those of the “Nine Demands of Liberalism.” The old officers were re-elected in a body.

The Eighth Annual Congress of the League was held at Cassadaga, New York. In compliance with suggestions made by President Wakeman and Secretary Leland, and by agitation throughout the country, it was deemed best to make a “new departure;” to avoid all entangling alliances; to come back to the original platform of the “Nine Demands of Liberalism;” to change the name of the organization to “American Secular Union;” and thus present a united front to the encroachments of the church, which were becoming so dangerous throughout the country.

This new departure was accomplished with perfect

harmony. The Liberals supported it with scarcely an exception. Robert G. Ingersoll was elected president; Charles Watts, first vice-president; Samuel P. Putnam, secretary; Courtland Palmer, treasurer, and C. B. Reynolds, chairman of executive committee. A vigorous campaign was inaugurated, and Watts, Putnam, and Reynolds delivered hundreds of lectures from Massachusetts to Kansas, and a new interest was excited in the Liberal cause, and additions made to its working forces. It was an effort much needed, for it created a fellowship among the Liberal people which had not existed before.

The Ninth Annual Congress was held at Cleveland, 1885, amidst much enthusiasm. Ingersoll was present and gave the closing address to an immense audience. The old officers were re-elected.

The Tenth Annual Congress was held in New York, 1886. Colonel Ingersoll declined re-election. Courtland Palmer was elected president; Samuel P. Putnam, secretary; Charles Eckhart, treasurer, and E. A. Stevens, chairman of executive committee. During this year the secretary lectured throughout the Pacific and Western States and organized many new societies to co-operate with the National association.

The Eleventh Annual Congress was held at Chicago in 1887. Samuel P. Putnam was elected president, and E. A. Stevens secretary. During that year Secretary Stevens pushed the work forward with great vigor in courts and legislatures, and the ecclesiastical party was successfully met in many of its audacious moves.

The Twelfth Annual Congress was held at Pittsburgh in 1888. Dr. R. B. Westbrook was chosen president and E. A. Stevens secretary. The secretary's active measures were not supported heartily by the president, who devoted himself mainly to the preparation of a manual of morality for the public schools.

The Thirteenth Annual Congress was held at Phila-



delphia in 1889. Mr. Westbrook was elected president, and Miss Ida Craddock secretary. No new measures were inaugurated.

The Fourteenth Annual Congress was held at Portsmouth, O., in 1890. Vast crowds were present, and there was a big time, and the old officers were re-elected.

The Fifteenth Annual Congress was held at Philadelphia in 1891. A new board of officers were chosen—Judge C. B. Waite, president; Mrs. M. A. Freeman, secretary. Under the administration of these officers the Union returned to its radical and aggressive policy, and much good work has been done, especially in regard to Sabbath laws and the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday.

The Sixteenth Annual Congress was held at Chicago in 1892; the Seventeenth being held in connection with the great International Congress of Freethinkers, 1893.

And so through many fortunes and varied efforts, successes and defeats, the American Secular Union has finally come upon good ground, with good officers and a good constituency. Judge Waite, the president, is a staunch and radical Liberal, well informed in the principles of Freethought and devoted to their triumph. Mrs. M. A. Freeman, secretary, is known as one of our most earnest and talented speakers and writers, and who always bravely stands by the flag of reform. Otto Wettstein, treasurer, is one of the most brilliant contributors to our literature, opposing both delusion and tyranny. Juliet H. Severance never fails to speak for freedom. Dr. G. A. F. de Lespinasse is known throughout our ranks for his liberality and courage. Dr. Jos. H. Greer, victorious over Mormon fanaticism, does not propose to quit the battle when more ancient and popular foes attack; and T. B. Wakeman, in all circumstances, brings the wealth of his learning and the vigor of his speech to the service of Freethought. With these capable leaders, the Union is assured of progress.

THE NATIONAL DEFENSE ASSOCIATION.

From the first enactment of the Comstock postal law, in 1873, watchful, patriotic Americans foresaw that the ulterior purpose was to create a censorship of mails and press in this country, and sounded a cry of warning.

This law was unnecessary as well as unconstitutional. It was vague and confused, combining a great number of various offenses, some serious, some frivolous, and fixing one punishment for all indiscriminately. Its effect was to enable an irresponsible sectarian society to seize upon governmental powers and to use the machinery of justice for its own ends. No law ever enacted has contributed more to bring the whole body of the law into disrepute. This law was smuggled through in the confusion and uproar of the closing hours of Congress. It was passed without debate, after the hour fixed for adjournment, between one and two o'clock on the morning of Sunday, March 2, 1873, and signed by the president on Monday night with a vast number of bills of all sorts.

Principally instrumental in pushing this law through this congress were Anthony Comstock and his associates, who enforce this law to silence arguments which they cannot otherwise answer, to pry into the confidences of the mails, and to limit liberty.

In the summer of 1877 Comstock, in his capacity of spy, visited the publishing office of D. M. Bennett, intent upon finding some grounds upon which to found a prosecution whereby Mr. Bennett's business of publishing scientific and Freethought literature might be broken up. He selected "An Open Letter to Jesus Christ," a theological treatise by D. M. Bennett, and "How Do Marsupials Propagate?" a scientific work by A. B. Bradford. In order to bring his charge before a facile judge he must needs induce Mr. Bennett to mail these pamphlets. Accordingly he wrote a decoy letter from Squan Village, N. J.,

signing the fictitious name of S. Bender, ordering these and other publications and inclosing their price. The books were mailed as ordered. On November 12 Mr. Bennett was arrested on the false charge of "mailing *obscene* matter," and held to bail by United States Commissioner Shields in fifteen hundred dollars. Col. Robert G. Ingersoll at once brought these inculpatated pamphlets to the attention of the postmaster-general, the attorney-general, and other officials at Washington, and squarely put to them the question whether it was the intention of the government to prosecute the publishers and mailers of scientific literature? It clearly appearing that the charge was groundless, and originating in the malice of a sectarian society, orders were sent from Washington that the case against Mr. Bennett be dismissed.

About the same time, November 2, 1877, Mr. Ezra H. Heywood was arrested, by a similar trick, on a charge of mailing a book which he had published nearly two years previously. This book was the celebrated "Cupid's Yokes," of which two hundred thousand copies were sold. A farcical trial was had before Judge Clifford, and Mr. Heywood was convicted, and on June 25, 1878, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

But before Mr. Heywood's imprisonment the infamous purposes of the Vice Society, which had been inferable only from their outrageous conduct, were avowedly confessed at a public meeting held January 28, 1878, when a report was presented containing this threat: "Another class of publications issued by Freelothers and Freethinkers is in a fair way of being stamped out. The public generally can scarcely be aware of the extent that blasphemy and filth commingled have found vent through these varied channels. Under a plausible pretense, men who raise a howl about 'free press,' 'free speech,' etc., ruthlessly trample under feet the most sacred things, breaking down the altars of religion, bursting asunder

the ties of home, and seeking to overthrow every social restraint."

In view of the menace to liberty of thought, speech, press, and mails thus boldly offered, a number of gentlemen met at Science Hall, No. 141 Eighth street, New York, June 12, 1878, and organized the National Defense Association, electing the following officers: Albert L. Rawson, president; John P. Jewett, vice-president; G. L. Henderson, treasurer; E. B. Foote, Jr., M. D., secretary; Hugh Byron Brown, Wilson McDonald, Charles Winterburn, M. D., Charles Codman, Theron C. Leland, executive committee. Each person present contributed ten dollars towards preliminary expenses. The association adopted, September 12, 1878, a constitution, wherein its objects are set forth as follows:

"Art. II. The objects of this association are to investigate all questionable cases of prosecution under what are known as the Comstock laws, state and national, and to extend sympathy, moral support, and material aid to those who may be unjustly assailed by the enemies of free speech and free press. To rescue those who may be convicted and imprisoned for no other crime than exercising the natural right of an American citizen to think his thought and express it orally or in print. To defend honest investigators in all departments of science and to uphold the right of the people to acquire a thorough knowledge of human physiology. Finally to employ all peaceful and honorable means to roll back the wave of intolerance, bigotry, and ignorance which threatens to submerge our cherished liberties."

The new association started with a large membership, and with ample work on its hands. It procured a petition for the repeal of the law, with seventy thousand signatures, to be presented to Congress by General Butler. It circulated and presented a petition for the release of Mr. Heywood. It held a large indignation meeting in Faneuil

Hall, Boston, Aug. 1, 1878, to protest against the Heywood outrage. It discovered and published an account of the memorable "Greene Street Case." It discovered and traced to its source, the famous advertisement in the "Waverly Magazine," of an article, "Rich, Rare, and Racy," and it also discovered that one of those who had been prominently instrumental in procuring the passage of this law was himself guilty of violating it.

In addition to all this it carried on a campaign for the defense of Mr. Bennett, who, in pursuance of the announced threat, was arrested in August, 1878, under the state law, at Watkins Glen, for selling a copy of "Cupid's Yokes." Indignant at this attack, Mr. Bennett announced in his paper, "The Truth Seeker," that he would maintain his right to sell the book. Here was Comstock's opportunity. Resorting to his usual system of falsehood, he wrote, in a fictitious name, professing great friendship and ordering books, among which was "Cupid's Yokes." This order was duly filled by mail, whereupon Mr. Bennett was indicted. A mock trial was had in March, 1879, before Judge Benedict. This trial was an example of injustice not surpassed. Charles Bradlaugh said of it: "I trust that Mr. Bennett's imprisonment may be the last of its kind in America." Mr. T. B. Wakeman said of it: "I believe that it was a predetermined fact that conviction had to be had, and that everything was conducted to that end with such unsparing disregard of the ordinary rules of justice, law, and fair dealing, that no other result than that arrived at could have been expected." The Defense Association made a proper statement of the real merits of this case, and procured two hundred thousand signatures to a petition for Mr. Bennett's release. This petition was refused by President Hayes, although, in December, 1878, by the efforts of Mrs. Laura Kendrick, sent to Washington by the Defense Association, Mr. Heywood had been released after serving six months of his imprisonment.

On the completion of Mr. Bennett's term of imprisonment, the Defense Association arranged a grand and enthusiastic reception for him at Chickering Hall, New York. This large hall was crowded to overflowing, and hundreds went away unable to gain admittance. As a great moral victory, this meeting was of more value to the cause of liberty than the success of the efforts for Mr. Bennett's pardon would have been.

Under the spur of these outrages, the work of the Defense Association was vigorous and efficacious. Thousands of pamphlets and circulars were issued exposing the true inwardness of the Vice Society and its agent. Whenever this incorporated bigotry was announced to hold a meeting at any point, there simultaneously began a free and liberal distribution of counteracting documents. So diligently was this work carried on that, for a long time, the wily agent secretly advertised his meetings by circulars entrusted only to those of whose sympathy he was assured. Many a worthy man, whom this society has set out to victimize, has owed his freedom to the influence of the Defense Association.

In August, 1881, Mr. Bennett made an interesting tour around the world. This was undertaken at the suggestion of Mr. William Emmette Coleman, a stanch defender, who, on Mr. Bennett's arrival on the Pacific Coast, was foremost to welcome him. The members of the Defense Association, in all the large cities on his way across the continent, turned out to extend him cordial greeting. In many places large, enthusiastic receptions were tendered him. In one Western city he was royally entertained by one of Comstock's early victims, a young man who had been nearly ruined by the Vice Society, but who, at the time of Mr. Bennett's arrival, was enjoying, not only the confidence of his fellow-townsmen, but the income from a large and responsible law practice. On reaching home he was entertained at a fine banquet, at which two hundred



defenders sat at table. No martyr was ever so beloved or honored as D. M. Bennett. In the full tide of his usefulness he was removed by death, December 6, 1882. The Defense Association joined with "The Truth Seeker" subscribers and personal friends in the erection of a massive monument to his memory. This monument is one of the attractions of Greenwood Cemetery.

In August, 1882, an attack was made upon Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." This attack was so unreasonable that it furnished a fine opportunity to the Defense Association. No better work was ever done by the Association than its determined vindication of the integrity of the "good gray poet" and his noble production.

About the time of Mr. Bennett's death, the Defense Association was once more called upon to put forth its exertions in behalf of Mr. Heywood, who was again arrested on the same charge as was made against him previously, but having the good fortune to come before an impartial judge he was acquitted April 12, 1883. Mr. Heywood's experience emphasizes the fact that, in this class of cases, it is always the judge who is on trial rather than the accused.

Shortly after this triumph Mr. Heywood was again arrested, but after a year of legal combat, during which the Defense Association aided him, he was discharged, the indictment against him being quashed by Judge Pitman.

In January, 1885, an entirely groundless attack was made upon Charles Conroy. Conroy was a cripple who, years before, in resisting an assault, branded Comstock with the brand of Cain. Comstock, in an effort to revenge himself upon his old enemy, had him arrested on a false charge of selling an indecent picture. The picture was a photograph of Annie Sutherland, an actress, in stage costume, being similar in many respects to the pictures of actresses with which the daily press has since familiarized the public. The Defense Association set up a vigorous

defense in this case and made a complete showing of Comstock's malignity, and although the defendant was held by an ignorant police justice to await the action of the grand jury, the Defense Association found means to prevent an indictment and Mr. Conroy was discharged. Once afterwards Mr. Conroy was subjected to annoyance, but prompt action prevented any serious consequences.

The cases of Conroy, Marechal, Simpson, and Dr. Powers are among the Defense Association's triumphs in the spring of 1885.

In June, 1885, Theron C. Leland, whose bright and facile pen was always at the service of the Defense Association, ceased from his labors and was at rest. His soul goes marching on in the many witty and cogent arguments he formulated against the inquisitorial censorship. To the end of time these will be valuable to the lovers of liberty.

On September 11, 1885, Mr. Seward Mitchell, while in attendance on the New York Freethinkers' Convention at Albany, was arrested by local agents of the Young Men's Christian Association under pretense that he was circulating "obscene" literature. In support of this pretense a poem, not destitute of literary merit, was pointed out in Mr. Mitchell's reform newspaper for which he was canvassing. Representatives of the Defense Association being present secured Mr. Mitchell's release. The poem was published several years afterwards by Moses Harman in "Lucifer," but no prosecution was undertaken thereon.

At the close of this year, 1885, Hon. Elizur Wright was elected president, and Hon. M. M. Pomeroy vice-president of the association. Mr. Wright died shortly after accepting this office and the association continued his name as president by the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in the death of Hon. Elizur Wright, the president of our association, the cause of liberty has suffered an irreparable loss, being thereby deprived of the

service of one of the stanchest advocates of freedom, who for more than half a century had devoted himself with unflinching courage to the cause of the oppressed and to the vindication of personal rights.

“Resolved, That the name of Elizur Wright be still retained as president of the National Defense Association, for the virtue of his life cannot perish. He is still a living presence in the unconquerable spirit of his work. By honoring his name we give strength to our cause, whose watchword is LIBERTY.”

In the spring of 1886 the vigilance of the Defense Association defeated one of the most dangerous attempts of the Vice Society to obtain special legislation for its own purposes by fraud and trickery. A bill of the most drastic character had been stealthily introduced in the New York legislature and had actually passed both houses when the Defense Association explained the true purposes to the governor and procured his veto.

On May 21 death put an end to the active and energetic coöperation of Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews, who from the outset was one of the most vigorous members of the association.

In the spring of 1887 a renewed attempt to secure unjust legislation in New York was partially successful. Drs. Foote and Mr. T. B. Wakeman, appearing before the legislature, procured the striking out of the most objectionable parts of the proposed law. At this time also occurred the remarkable Parisen case, the details of which may furnish a good deal of ammunition in the future for the Defense Association.

The arrest of Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker took place also at this time. No more flagrant atrocity could be imagined or devised than the persecution of this noble woman who had for many years pursued an investigation into sexual facts, philosophy, and morals, with an earnest view to the betterment of her race. Her private correspondence was

publicly exposed in violation of her sacred rights as a citizen and made the basis of a baseless charge on the part of officials whose solemn duty it was to maintain the freedom of private correspondence and the inviolability of the mails.

In this emergency Aunt Elmina proved the truth of the proverb that "a good name is better than riches." A circular which the Defense Association promptly sent out brought her between the time of her arrest and her trial over two thousand sympathetic letters from Liberals, Scientists, and Freethinkers in all parts of the world and over one thousand dollars for her defense. The defense was ably conducted by Mr. E. W. Chamberlain, who succeeded in securing the release of his client notwithstanding her conviction. The publicity given to this case excited a widespread indignation against the methods of Comstock, and inspired great interest in the special line of investigation to which Mrs. Slenker was devoted.

In February, 1887, Moses Harman, E. C. Walker, and George Harman, editors and publishers of "Lucifer," were arrested under pretense that the Markland letter published in their paper the preceding June was obscene. These indomitable men at once commenced a campaign of active resistance. Voluminous indictments of two hundred and seventy counts were quashed because they conveyed no information of what defendants were charged with. New indictments followed, and much legal skirmishing ensued. Moses Harman, assuming entire control of the paper, republished the matter which it was pretended were offensive, together with much other matter of like nature, for the purpose of stating his case and maintaining his rights. The controversy is, at the time of this writing, 1894, not yet legally terminated, but Mr. Harman has so admirably succeeded in holding up his mischievous persecutors to the judgment of mankind that a great moral victory is assuredly his. Throughout this

whole fight Mr. Harman has enjoyed the constant coöperation of the Defense Association. In 1888 the Defense Association procured the defeat of two bills in Congress which, had they become law, would have greatly increased the mischievous powers of the censorship. Another effort to procure the repeal of the law was made at this time, and, on May 18th, an exciting argument was had before the House Post-office Committee, but no practical result followed.

The year 1889 marked an abortive attack upon Sadie Bailey Fowler's book, "Irene." The appearance of the Defense Association upon the scene warded off the persecution. The Association was also called upon to aid in the defense of W. R. Reid, whose offense was Spiritualism.

In May, 1890, Mr. Heywood was again arrested. Charges were preferred against him in both the state and federal courts, and were pushed with vindictiveness. Very short time was allowed him for preparation; he was forced to trial in June. Mr. Chamberlain volunteered to defend him. The trial was a mockery of justice before the judge, whom history will remember only for his scurrilous abuse of General Butler. This judge bent every effort to the conviction of Mr. Heywood, and, to the disgrace of American jurisprudence, succeeded only too well. As a matter of fact, Mr. Heywood never did the act which was charged against him, but this made no difference. The Defense Association set forth the facts and procured a number of influential signers to a petition for Mr. Heywood's release, which was presented by Dr. A. E. Gilbert, of Boston, but President Harrison evaded the real point in the case and denied the application.

About the time of the Heywood case, Mr. J. B. Caldwell, editor of "The Christian Life" in Chicago, was arrested in retaliation for certain expressions of sympathy with Mr. Harman which appeared in his paper. He was tried and acquitted.

In May, 1891, some one connected with the post-office department made the amazing discovery that Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata" was an obscene book, and undertook to prevent its transmission through the mails. Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker, one of the valiant defenders of Walt Whitman, again came to the front and, defying the postal censors, maintained the right of free press and free mails,

October 17, 1891, James Parton, an ardent defender, died.

The most far-reaching and effective work of the Defense Association was its rebuke of the efforts of the Harrison administration to constitute the postmaster-general a censor of the press, and to sanction by statutory enactment a course of usurpation which had taken on a most oppressive character. In the summer of 1892 the following protest was issued :

" *A Protest.*—We append our names to this paper for the purpose of protesting—

"Against any and all laws violating and invading the constitutional pledges which guarantee to American citizens the rights of Free Speech and Free Press.

"Against the enforcement of laws by the instrumentality of private amateur detective associations.

"Against the establishment of a censorship of the press and of the mails, as is now attempted in the Post-office Department.

"And having seen that such laws, and prevailing methods of enforcing them, open great opportunities for fraudulent practices, for the accomplishment of private revenges, and for the suppression of unpopular sentiments by fanatical persecutions, we hereby pledge ourselves to do all that good citizens may properly do to overcome these mischiefs and to reverse the current of this class of legislative and official aggression."

This was signed by hosts of well-known writers and publicists, and by hundreds of editors. It found its way



into every printing-office in the country where a newspaper was printed, and miles of editorial matter was written in opposition to the censorship. The effect was magical. It not only defeated Mr. Wanamaker's measures in Congress, but perhaps it defeated Mr. Harrison's presidential aspirations by producing a spontaneous outburst of indignation at the overwhelming greed of power which sought to extend its dominion into the realm of men's minds and consciences, and which, by a gradual growth, culminated in the establishment in our post-office of a lawless censorship as oppressive as that of the fourteenth century Inquisition.

Thus the work of the Association has gone on quietly, but forcefully; steadily, but with very little expenditure, holding meetings, watching the operations of the enemy, and, in all cases of injustice and oppression, giving valuable assistance and advice. Its documents have been lavishly distributed, and many of the vindictive outrages upon Freethinkers have been exhibited in their true light. These documents have become historical.

NEW YORK STATE FREETHINKERS' ASSOCIATION.

This Association was organized in the town of Huron, near the village of Wolcott, on the 18th of August, 1877. Mr. J. Madison Cosad, of Huron, an active, earnest, and intelligent Freethinker, decided to have a Freethought grove meeting near his residence. He invited H. L. Green, of Salamanca, now of Chicago, N. Y., editor of the "Freethinkers' Magazine," to superintend the meeting. It was held as announced. It was a very large gathering. Mr. Cosad, at his own expense, procured the large tent belonging to the County Fair Association, and put it up in his beautiful grove near his house for the accommodation of the Convention. The tent would accommodate two thousand people, and on Sunday it was more than

full, notwithstanding the orthodox people got up a temperance grove meeting near by with noted speakers.

On Friday morning the meeting was called to order, and Giles B. Stebbins, of Detroit, was appointed temporary chairman, and E. M. Sellon, of Buffalo, temporary secretary. C. de B. Mills, of Syracuse, was afterwards elected permanent chairman of the Convention. The meeting was an enthusiastic one. Speeches were made by Horace Seaver, Dr. M. Woolley, Dr. T. L. Brown, D. M. Bennett, Amy Post, Mrs. Scott-Briggs, J. P. Mendum, and others.

The Freethinkers' Association was organized, with Dr. T. L. Brown as president; E. M. Sellon, recording secretary; Amy Post, treasurer, and H. L. Green, corresponding secretary.

The "creed" of the Association is "Universal Mental Liberty," and its platform the Nine Demands of Liberalism. It has a membership of over twenty-six hundred. Persons from any state in the Union can join. There are also members from Canada. Its annual conventions have been held at the following places: Watkins, Chautauqua Lake, Hornellsville, Rochester, Cassadaga, and Albany.

The first Watkins Convention was distinguished as being the place where D. M. Bennett was arrested for selling a copy of "Cupid's Yokes;" and the second Watkins Convention for giving a grand reception and dinner to Mr. Bennett, after his trip around the world.

Most of the Freethought speakers of the United States, and some from other countries, have addressed these conventions, among whom are the names of Robert G. Ingersoll, Horace Seaver, D. M. Bennett, Hon. Geo. W. Julian, Thaddeus B. Wakeman, Judge E. B. Hurlbut, George Jacob Holyoake, Charles Bright, of Australia; Charles Watts, of London; Courtlandt Palmer, J. H. Burnham, Judge Krekel, of Missouri; George Chainey, W. S. Bell, Samuel P. Putnam, Mrs. Mattie Krekel, Hon. Elizur

Wright, Amelia H. Colby, George G. Meikel, of Canada; Juliet H. Severance, Susan H. Wixon, C. Fannie Allyn, Dr. T. L. Brown, Jay Chaapel, Charles B. Reynolds, C. de B. Mills, John E. Remsburg, Giles B. Stebbins, Dr. M. Woolley, J. H. Harter, Amy Post, Lucy N. Colman, Mrs. H. S. Lake, Mrs. R. W. Scott-Briggs, Mrs. Cornelia Gardner, Mrs. P. R. Lawrence, Elder F. W. Evans, Elder G. A. Lomis, Rev. Thomas Mitchell, Mrs. Laura Kendrick, Rev. J. L. Alcott, John W. Truesdell, Rev. W. E. Copeland, Judge R. S. McCormick, G. L. Henderson, Prof. J. H. W. Toohey, Mrs. Matilda Joslyn Gage, Hon. A. B. Bradford, Geo. C. Miln, Dr. J. M. Peebles, T. C. Leland, Mrs. Clara Neyman, Prof. A. L. Rawson, Mrs. Mary E. Tillotson, Dr. T. P. Taylor, Mrs. Ella E. Gibson, Mrs. A. C. Bristol, J. E. Verity, Rev. E. W. Abbey, John Stolz, M.D., and L. K. Washburn.

The convention of this association, held at Rochester, was without doubt one of the largest and most important Liberal conventions ever held in this country. The most noticeable occurrence of this convention was the public discussion between Hon. Thaddeus B. Wakeman and the Rev. Thomas Mitchell.

The conventions have come to be national institutions, attracting the attention of the press and the public everywhere.

The peculiarity of this association is that it includes, under the name "Freethinker," all the various branches of the Liberal party—Materialists, Spiritualists, Free Religionists, and all others who indorse the Nine Demands of Liberalism. Its catholic liberality is the secret of its success.

At the great convention at Albany, Robert G. Ingersoll gave the closing lecture to a packed house, and donated all the proceeds, nearly one thousand dollars, for the benefit of the association and the Freethought work.

This association has made many a bright page in Free-

thought history. It has been a source of wide influence and companionship throughout the Liberal ranks. It has been, on more than one occasion, a notable turning-point in the advance of liberty. T. B. Wakeman is now president. It is hoped that its old-time glories well not be lost in the work that is now before us.

KANSAS.

Much aggressive Liberal work has been done in this state. Between thirty and forty local Leagues were organized before 1883. In September of that year a mass convention and camp meeting was held at Valley Falls. Among the speakers were Ex-Governor Charles Robinson, Hon. Alfred Taylor, Mrs. H. S. Lake, W. F. Peck, and J. M. Hagaman. A state League was formed and officers elected as follows: President, J. M. Hagaman; vice-presidents, Hon. Alfred Taylor, Maj. J. L. Ferguson, and Mrs. C. R. Doster; secretary and chairman executive committee, E. C. Walker; treasurer, Dr. R. C. Raymond. This League was represented in the Milwaukee congress of the National League in 1883.

IOWA.

The first local Liberal League was organized at Florence (now Norway) on Jan. 19, 1878. The officers were: President, Byron McQuin; secretary, E. C. Walker; assistant secretary, Albert N. Rogers; treasurer, Mrs. R. Irena Wagner. This was Auxiliary No. 25 of the National Liberal League. Subsequently quite a number of auxiliaries were organized in the state, of which the Liberal League of Northern Iowa, with headquarters at Waverly and Matthew Farrington as president, had several hundred members in Bremer, Black Hawk, Chickasaw, and other counties. Iowa had eighteen delegates in the annual Congress of the National League, held in Chicago in 1880, and the vote of the delegation was

solidly for the resolution demanding the repeal of the Comstock postal statutes.

In the winter of 1878 a call was issued for a mass convention of Iowa Liberals at Des Moines, March 7. This call was signed by the state committee of the National Liberal League: J. C. Michener, J. H. Strong, C. De Roberts, E. C. Walker, E. H. Gibbs. The chief speakers at the convention were B. F. Underwood and Mattie Hulett Parry. A State League was organized, with these officers: President, J. C. Michener; vice-president, J. H. Strong; secretary, Rev. Hiram A. Reid; corresponding secretary, E. C. Walker; treasurer, Joel P. Davis; executive committee, the above and G. G. Carstens and Ella J. Skinner.

A mass convention was held at Marshalltown August 27-29, 1880. Addresses by T. C. Leland, W. F. Jamieson, Mrs. H. S. Lake, Mattie Hulett Parry, O. A. Phelps, and W. F. Peck. Iowa Liberal League was reorganized with these officers: President, M. Farrington; vice-presidents, Dr. Shorland Harris, M. E. Billings, Abram Clegg, Mrs. C. P. Robinson; secretary and chairman executive committee, E. C. Walker; treasurer, Cornelia Boecklin; executive committee, president, secretary, and treasurer, with Leroy Dutton and C. W. Dibble.

The first annual convention of the reorganized League was held at Cedar Rapids, September 24-26, 1881. Old board of officers re-elected. Resolutions of respect for Charles Bradlaugh were adopted. Governor Roberts, of Texas, was congratulated for his refusal to issue a Thanksgiving proclamation.

The second annual convention was held at Tama City, September 7-10, 1882. The speakers were Mrs. H. S. Lake, Dr. Juliet H. Severance, M. Farrington, Prof. W. S. Peck, Nettie Pease Fox, E. C. Walker, S. D. Moore, M. E. Billings, D. M. Fox. Old officers re-elected, with the exception of Executive Committeeman C. W. Dibble, whose place was taken by Abner Kimball.

The third annual convention was held at Tama City in September, 1883. C. W. Dibble, the new secretary, who had taken the place of E. C. Walker, the latter having removed to Kansas, had charge of the arrangements.

ILLINOIS.

The Illinois State League, F. F. Follett, secretary, did some good work. Mr. Follett, as secretary of the State League and Illinois member of the executive committee of the National League, traveled extensively over the state, lecturing, organizing, and distributing Liberal literature. Most of the work accomplished by organizations in Illinois has been done by the Chicago Secular Union.

THE TEXAS LIBERAL ASSOCIATION.

The first meeting to organize was called by Mr. Shaw to meet in Waco in July, 1890. The following was adopted as the platform, or constitution, of the association :

“Resolved, 1. That we, Liberals of Texas, in convention assembled, do hereby organize ourselves into a society to be known as the Liberal Association of Texas.

“Resolved, 2. That the objects of this association shall be as follows :

“1. To encourage the study of man in all his relations.

“2. To seek to realize the truth in life.

“3. To aid in those movements that tend most to the improvement of the individual and of society, and to the unity and freedom of mankind.

“4. To facilitate the association of those who have at heart and hold dear that absolute freedom of thought and expression which is the natural right of every rational being.

“5. To inaugurate a system of positive, tolerant thought, ethical culture, and practical benevolence in which all liberal-minded people can unite and work in harmony for the moral elevation, intellectual improve-



Lilian Leland

ment, social well-being, and consequent happiness of the human race.

Resolved, 3. That we welcome into this association all persons who indorse these objects, regardless of their speculative opinions on religion, philosophy, or politics.

Resolved, 4. That the officers of this association shall be a president, a secretary, and a treasurer; and these officers shall constitute an executive committee with full power to formulate methods to carry out the purposes for which we are organized.

Resolved, 5. That the officers of this association shall hold their offices until their successors are chosen, which shall be at the regular annual meetings.

Resolved, 6. That an annual fund, to defray the expenses of this organization, shall be raised by voluntary contributions, and that said fund shall be known as the extension fund, and shall be expended by the executive committee in such manner as they may deem proper."

This constitution was subsequently amended by adding the "Nine Demands of Liberalism." The officer selected were: James D. Shaw, president; J. L. Jackson, secretary; T. V. Munson, treasurer.

The meetings lasted through three days, the evenings being devoted to lectures and addresses.

The number of members enrolled at this, the first meeting, was seventy-three, and the funds subscribed, three hundred dollars.

The second meeting was held in San Antonio on April 10, 11, 12, 1891. The report of the secretary showed an increase of membership to five hundred and twenty. The officers elected were: J. P. Richardson, president; A. L. Teagarden, secretary; T. V. Munson, treasurer.

The third meeting was in Waco, April 8, 9, 10, 1892. The secretary reported an addition of sixty-seven members, making in all five hundred and seventy-three.

Officers elected : J. P. Richardson, president ; J. D. Shaw, secretary ; R. W. Park, treasurer.

The fourth meeting was held in Austin, May 1, 2, 3, 1893. The same board of officers was elected.

Texas is one of most promising states in the Union for Freethought. The work done by J. D. Shaw, Judge J. P. Richardson, T. V. Munson, A. L. Teagarden, and others has brought many noble Liberal people to the front. The vast extent of Texas, over five hundred thousand square miles, renders organization exceedingly difficult. But, though comparatively few names are on the roll, they are names which represent a great deal of influence in the community, and will do much, no doubt, to shape the destinies of this vast and splendid state towards the principles of republican liberty.

THE CALIFORNIA STATE LIBERAL UNION.

This Union was organized in May, 1888, at San Francisco. Over one thousand names were affixed to the call. It has now a membership of over three thousand. Its annual conventions have been numerous attended. The chief fight in California has been in regard to Sunday laws. There are no Sunday laws in California. In 1889 and 1890, the Women's Christian Temperance Union of California made a tremendous attempt to pass Sunday laws. The ecclesiastical forces were organized all over the state. Circulars were distributed, and conventions held. Bills were introduced into both branches of the legislature, and there was a large lobby attendance of ministers and members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. A great discussion was held in the Senate Chamber, which was crowded. The Christians flocked to their standard, and the Freethinkers were on hand. Samuel P. Putnam and Addie L. Ballou represented the Liberal Union. The Seventh Day Adventists joined forces. The debate lasted until midnight, and there was

a battle royal. The most lively interest was manifested. The Christians expected to carry the day. They did not anticipate so determined an opposition. They were defeated. As the result of the debate, the legislative committee unanimously resolved to table the Sunday bill.

The California State Liberal Union, by thus organizing its forces, was enabled to defeat the powerful attempts of the church party. There are no Sunday laws in California, and church property is taxed.

The present officers of the Union are Samuel P. Putnam, president; Emil Lemme, secretary; and W. H. Eastman, treasurer. Among its vice-presidents and supporters throughout the state are Addie L. Ballou, Dr. W. Botsford, C. F. Burgman, Leonard Parker, S. Littlefield, John Beaumont, Will Alfred Pingree, Lyman Smith, Chas. D. Lane, Sarah L. Thurston, J. H. Ostello, I. G. Gardner, John H. Leining, R. F. Grigsby, John Dumbacher, R. H. Bliss, R. Blackburn, A. H. Smith, W. A. Fisher, Joseph Lee, Henry Houston, Frank Bucholtz, Robert Laramore, Fred McMillan, J. H. Lindsay, Mrs. Pauline Van Hoeter, H. C. Tandy, R. W. Barcroft, H. F. Ebers, Geo. W. Gill, P. W. Forbes, John E. Jones, A. Schell, Abram M. Hiltz, Herrick R. Schell, N. B. Parnell, Frank B. Fox, Mrs. Sarah Fox, Peter Ting, M. S. Palmer, Geo. Hogan, John Riggin, J. E. Clark, C. Severance, O. H. Purdy, Mrs. E. M. Hanson, T. L. Grigsby, A. K. Coward, John Robinett, Herman O. Fry, Dr. R. H. Endicott, John Hubbel, Marshall Pierce, C. H. Furgason, H. L. Haelke, Andy Derming, Dr. Frank Kuckein, A. H. Schow, Mary A. Handy, W. H. Pepper, Philip Cowen, R. C. Reed, L. D. Reynolds, T. H. Cheney, John Mewhinney, R. A. Maddox, D. Buckingham, D. W. Perkins, Mrs. Mary A. White, Ranford Worthing, James Bidwell, Mrs. S. M. Brady, Mrs. W. A. Dorris, P. A. Clark, Martha Deming, John Vernon, J. Vostrovsky, R. H. Schwartz, L. Magenheimer, L. R. Titus, S. A. Bishop, B. B. Rockwood, Mrs. Emma Reguin, N. D. Goodell, R. But-

terfield, O. T. Davies, Ed. Wegner, W. F. Freeman, Chas. Hass, J. C. Gage, T. J. Pope, Victor Heck, J. R. Horsley, W. H. Baker, W. A. Chess, Peter H. Kroncke, A. R. Woodhams, J. H. Dibble, B. G. Parker, Thomas McCowan, John McGlashan, L. Schlegel, Joel B. Parker, Col. D. M. Baker, and many others. California has a large Liberal element. It is, perhaps, in many respects, the most Liberal and advanced state in the Union. It is a state of wonderful resources, and has a varied and ever-changing population. The pioneers of '49, as a rule, are radicals. Making their own fortunes, they do their own thinking. The later immigrations to California, the result of its vast fruit industries, tend to strengthen the churches, yet the churches themselves are of a very Liberal order. The rigid old dogmas seem to melt everywhere in the golden sunshine of California. Freethought organization is difficult on account of this very liberality that pervades the people. They do not realize the dangers that still exist; that the battle is not yet won for liberty. Freethought, however, has a cheering outlook upon the Pacific. The list here given represents a stalwart company of thousands. It is necessarily imperfect from lack of space. There are many more, good and true, worthy of this record.

THE OREGON STATE SECULAR UNION.

The Oregon State Secular Union was organized at Silverton in 1889. C. Beal was chosen president, one of the old-time Liberals of the coast, broad, generous, genial, and radical. He took hold of the work of organization with great courage. A large mass meeting was called at Portland the following October. This was a pronounced success. The hall was crowded and delegates were present from all parts of the state, and a large sum of money was raised for campaign purposes. On this occasion a beautifully wrought banner was presented to the convention by

Miss Mattie Blaisdell, of Portland, one of the most earnest and devoted Liberals in our ranks.

The chief point of attack in Oregon has been the taxation of church property, and this has been vigorously agitated in several sessions of the legislature. Some measure of success has been achieved, but the battle is a long one. The members of the legislature, while admitting the justice of impartial taxation, are afraid to push the matter for fear of the votes of the church. J. Henry Schroeder, one of the foremost leaders of Liberalism in Coos county, succeeded Mr. Beal after the latter had once for all declined a re-election on account of pressing business, although it was unanimously and earnestly tendered him. President Schroeder pushed the work effectively. Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel was elected secretary and she made an extensive tour of the state, traveling by rail, coach, buckboard, and sometimes on foot to meet her appointments. Pioneer work in Oregon is no easy task. After J. Henry Schroeder, W. W. Jesse was elected president. He is well known for his stanch and persistent labors for Freethought. Katie Kehm Smith was elected secretary, and she certainly, in connection with the Union and the Portland Secular Church, which she started, has done a splendid service to the cause. Mr. D. W. Smith, vice-president, both in Washington and Oregon has not only been a prominent citizen, holding offices of trust, and honored by all parties, but has been an unflinching supporter of Freethought. The Oregon State Secular Union is a live organization, and its officers at present are laboring with unbounded energy.

Among the vice-presidents and supporters of the Union are John Diamond, after whom Diamond's Peak is named. He is one of the earliest pioneers of the state; Senator E. P. Coleman, J. D. Garfield, member of the House; O. Jeldness, Mrs. M. Pefferle, Keneth Campbell, A. J. Schrum, B. F. Hyland, H. H. Nichols, H. A. Lee, Wm. Barlow, L.

P. Howard, Jas. Laird, H. McElsander, Mrs. Carrie E. Haight, David Wittenberg, S. H. Hazard, Henry Buxton, D. C. Stewart, S. B. Huston, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Todd, J. M. Settle, Wm. Sims, Alex. Hardy, J. D. Fountain, W. G. Webster, Mrs. F. M. Bates, F. Marks, A. J. M. Campbell, Mrs. E. A. Hilborn, A. B. Klise, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Olds, W. T. Booth, Reuben Wright, Jack Plummer, F. Hauswirth, R. R. Laughlin, B. F. Linn, Geo. Johnson, C. W. Saunders, Ed. Alisky, M. Howell, Jas. Barbeau, H. Arnold, W. W. West, Geo. H. Dawes, J. W. Norval, Henry Allen, Wright Forshay, E. Wolfard, A. Wolf, R. D. Allen, M. Fitzgerell, H. D. Mount, Jas. Down, Dr. J. W. McClure, F. S. Matteson, W. G. Dean, D. L. Trullinger, T. Cameron, Geo. A. Thompson, E. C. Brainard, W. M. Kline, Maxwell Ramsby, O. R. Wagner, C. G. Caspary, and many others. It is impossible to mention the two thousand and more names on the roll of the Union.

Oregon has a great future before it. Although it cannot equal the golden sunshine of California, it surpasses it in the possession of two requisite elements—wood and water. Its forests are simply magnificent, and occasionally it rains forty days and nights. Its fruits are the finest in the world, and as an agricultural country it has no superior. It is a good place for the growth of Liberalism, which in Oregon has a sturdy and persistent element, because whatever one wins in Oregon he must win by hard work. He must battle with the elements. Free-thought in Oregon, as will be seen by the record, has come to stay, and through all sorts of weather the flag of Freedom will be unfurled.

THE WASHINGTON SECULAR UNION.

May 1, 1889, C. B. Reynolds arrived at Walla Walla, Washington, under engagement as regular lecturer of the Walla Walla Liberal Club.

Public lectures were delivered every Sunday evening



at Small's Opera House, and the regular club meetings were held Sunday mornings at the G. A. R. Hall.

The Walla Walla Liberal Club, becoming convinced of the absolute necessity of practical, efficient organization, in December, 1889, at their own cost, sent out letters to the Liberals throughout the State, asking co-operation. Finding a very general desire for organization, the Walla Walla Liberal Club sent their then president, C. B. Reynolds, to the city of Seattle to organize a committee of leading Liberals to call and arrange for holding a convention. Robert J. Wilson, George M. Boman, C. Forbach, P. B. Morton, Richard Winsor, P. Wickstrom, and C. B. Reynolds comprised the committee.

On January 28, 1890, a delegation of Liberals from all parts of the state of Washington assembled at Fried's Hall, Ninth street, in the city of Seattle, and effected a temporary organization by election of Richard Winsor chairman, and R. Rawson, of Olympia, secretary. The following committees were appointed:

On credentials.—J. B. Holwarth, of Waterford; R. H. Straub, of Coupeville; Peter Wickstrom, of Seattle; S. D. Dammon, of Ellensburgh, and Dr. A. W. Calder, of Walla Walla.

On organization.—C. B. Reynolds, of Seattle; C. H. Packard, of Snohomish; Geo. M. Boman, of Seattle; J. F. LeClerc, of Ellensburgh, and W. S. Gilliam, of Walla Walla.

On January 29, 1890, the convention proceeded to election of permanent officers, without making any nominations. Vote was by secret written ballot. Richard Winsor was elected president; C. B. Reynolds, secretary; Geo. M. Boman, treasurer; Albert Rosenow, of Walla Walla, director at large for east of the mountains; R. J. Wilson, of Seattle, director at large for west of the mountains.

The president, secretary, treasurer, and directors at large constitute the executive committee.

On January 30, 1890, the convention unanimously passed constitution and by-laws, and W. S. Bush, Dr. A. W. Calder, and R. H. Straub were appointed a committee to engross and prepare copy of constitution and by-laws for printer. Three thousand copies were printed.

During the year 1890 the Union defeated the Sunday-law fanatics in a number of cases. The secretary wrote personal letters to every judge in the state, calling attention to the rights of every citizen to affirm, and that no judge or officer of any court of law could question any juryman, witness, etc., as to his belief or disbelief in any religious dogma.

The reading of the Bible and religious services in public schools was general. The unwearying persistence of the secretary in appealing to school teachers, directors, county school superintendents, etc., almost entirely excluded religious teaching and prayers in the public schools and finally secured a favorable decision from State Attorney-General Jones.

The efforts of the Union succeeded in abolishing paid chaplains in the Senate and House at Olympia. After the abolishment of pay for prayers, ministers ceased to volunteer and refused to pray at opening of sessions, etc.

On February 22, 1891, the annual convention of the Washington Secular Union was held at G. A. R. Hall, Second street, Seattle.

At the afternoon session, election of officers for the ensuing year was held. In accordance with their constitution no nominations were allowed. Each delegate wrote on a ballot the name of the person desired to fill the office. Each officer was balloted for separately. Every officer was elected on the first ballot. No better evidence could be afforded of the harmony of the convention, no more gratifying assurance to the persons elected that they were the unanimous choice of the society. The following officers were elected: President, Robert J. Wilson, of

Seattle; secretary, C. B. Reynolds; treasurer, Mrs. M. E. Boman; directors at large, Albert Rosenow, of Walla Walla, and P. B. Morton, of Seattle.

It was ordered that the secretary write and have printed five thousand pamphlets, giving concisely as possible the facts, biblical, historical, and legal, in regard to Sunday observance and Sunday laws.

Religious exercises in public schools.—The board of directors were instructed to seek to make a test case in regard to religious exercises in public schools, and to carry such case to the supreme court for decision. Mrs. F. C. Reynolds was appointed field secretary.

The five thousand pamphlets on Sabbath and Sunday were printed and distributed at a cost of fifty-seven dollars and fifty cents. The directors decided not to call the next convention until the first week in June, 1892. The convention was held in the opera house at Fremont. The following officers were elected: President, Dr. D. M. Angus, of Tacoma; secretary, C. B. Reynolds, of Fremont; treasurer, Mrs. F. C. Reynolds, of Fremont; directors at large, Albert Rosenow, of Walla Walla, and Dr. Otto Wilde, of Tacoma.

In May, 1892, under the energetic efforts of President Dr. Angus, a Secular Union was formed in the city of Tacoma, and the services of Mr. C. B. Reynolds secured as lecturer, and lectures have been held at Germania Hall, the largest hall in the city, every Sunday evening since. The regular Union meets on Tuesday nights of every week. Amid difficulties, perplexities, and fierce opposition of church folks and Ministerial Alliance, the Tacoma Secular Union has held its own and done great and good work for Liberalism. In May, 1892, the city of Tacoma was declared by the Ministerial Alliance and Evangelist Mills to be the most pious city on the sound. Mills had a tabernacle built to seat three thousand, and claimed to have made in a few weeks two thousand converts. To-day the

evangelists and Ministerial Alliance declare Tacoma the "hot-bed of Infidelity."

On August 6th was inaugurated the Tacoma Secular Union Sunday-school, at Germania Hall, which had a large attendance of children and adults.

The hard times materially affected receipts, and for the past eighteen months the secretary has carried on the work of the Washington Secular Union under many disadvantages. But the power and influence of the organization is felt and admitted by the opponents of religious liberty. The present officers are: Dr. D. M. Angus, of Prosser, Yakima county, president; C. B. Reynolds, of Tacoma, secretary; Mrs. F. C. Reynolds, of Tacoma, treasurer; Albert Rosenow, of Walla Walla, and Dr. Otto Wilde, of Tacoma, directors at large.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S FREETHOUGHT TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

This society was brought into existence through the efforts of Mr. H. L. Green, editor of the "Freethinkers' Magazine," and Mr. Augustus W. Dellquest, who was at that time a student of a Meadville theological school. It was first organized in May, (E. M.) 291, under the name, Young Men's Freethought Temperance Society. At first it limited its members to young men, but it soon became open to both sexes. The young men, before becoming members, pledged themselves to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage, tobacco in any form, and profane language, for ten years. The young ladies promised to study, so far as they should find opportunity, all questions having a bearing upon the welfare of humanity. Nearly three hundred young people, representing Canada and nearly every state in the Union, have joined this society. The membership list of the Young People's Freethought Temperance Society is made up largely of teachers, students, and young professional men.

THE CANADIAN SECULAR UNION

Was originally organized in 1877 under the leadership of Mr. Ick Evans, and was reorganized in 1885 under William Algie, who retained the presidency until 1889, when he was succeeded by the present president, Capt. Robert C. Adams, of Montreal. The headquarters of the Union are at Toronto, the officials being: President, Capt. Robert C. Adams, of Montreal; secretary, J. Spencer Ellis, Toronto; treasurer, A. Earsman, Toronto; executive committee, Messrs. George Martin, Montreal; W. Macdonald, Lindsay; J. Lockie, Waterloo; A. Roe, Wingham; E. Duval, Hamilton; and J. Taylor, J. A. Risser, Frank Armstrong, and E. J. Kendall, Toronto.

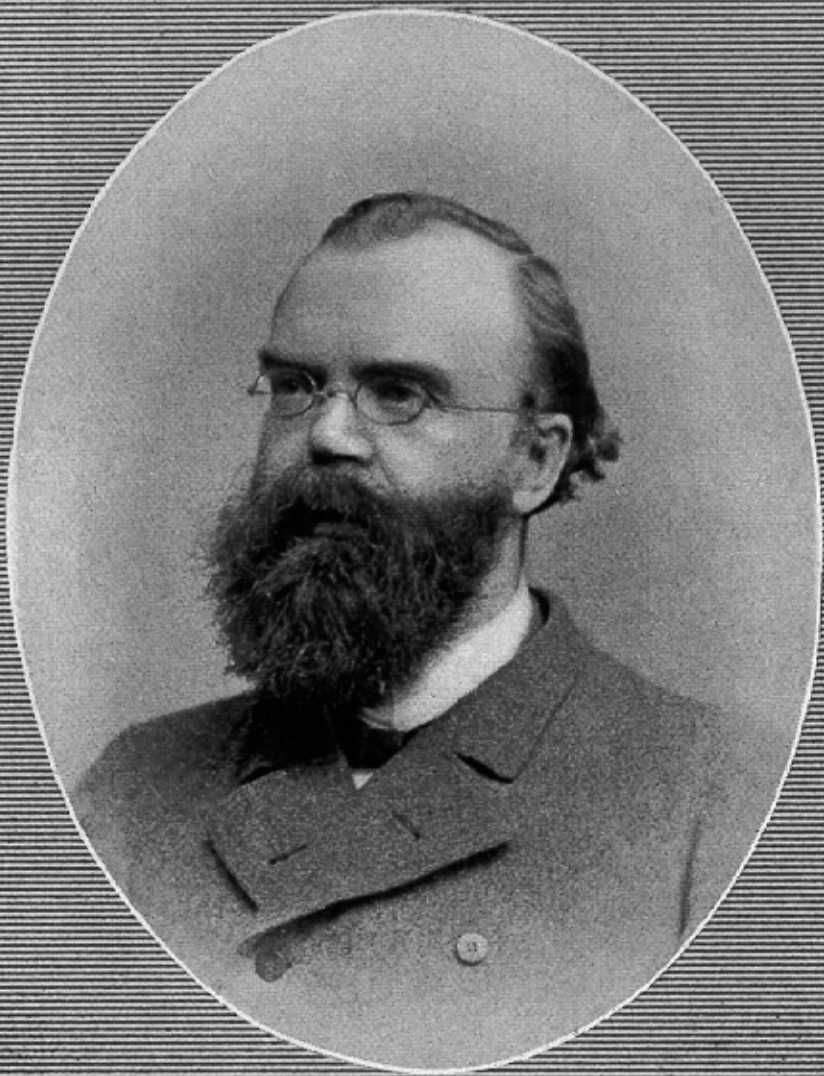
Under the presidency of Mr. Algie the Union accomplished a considerable amount of propagandist work. Lecturers were invited from the States, and visited most of the cities and towns in Ontario. Among the principal features was a debate between Mr. B. F. Underwood and the Rev. Mr. Marples, which was reported and afterwards printed. This debate caused a considerable amount of discussion all over the dominion, and the orthodox party, expressing annoyance that a clergyman should have descended to debate with an Infidel, ostracized the reverend gentleman, who, though an intelligent and cultivated man, was no match for his opponent. The effect on Mr. Marples was such that he sometime afterwards committed suicide; and, with true orthodox venom and bigotry, his fellow-preachers left him to be buried by the Freethinkers, who undertook the task.

Another feature of note was the Napanee incident. Here the town-hall was engaged and paid for, but, influence having been brought to bear upon the officials, on the night appointed for the lecture, by order of the council, the hall was closed against the Secularists and the money returned to them. After considerable trouble another

hall was engaged and the lecture was delivered. An action was at once brought against the council for damages, and, being carried on appeal to the highest court, was eventually decided in favor of the town council, on the ground that the country was a Christian country, and the council were justified in refusing to allow its hall to be used against the Christian religion. The most active agent in this affair was Mr. Allen Pringle, whose name is known, not only in Canada, but in the States, as a keen and logical writer. He incurred liabilities of nearly a thousand dollars, which sum was raised by subscription among the Canadian Freethinkers.

Under Captain Adams's presidency, two very important points have been gained. Up till very recently "immoral" literature of all sorts has been at the mercy of the customs authorities, who have seized and confiscated Free-thought works, while allowing the most obscene periodicals to pass. In 1890, however, the Canadian Secular Union determined to test this power, and notified the customs authorities that they were about to import a consignment of Paine's "Age of Reason," which work had previously been repeatedly seized as "immoral" literature. At the same time they advised the officials that they were determined to test the question in the law courts if the books were seized, and were prepared to carry it to the highest court, and they demanded to know what course the officials intended to pursue in regard to the "Age of Reason." The Toronto customs collector was somewhat nonplused, and referred the matter to headquarters at Ottawa. In the end, a non-committal reply was received at Toronto, but the books were passed through the customs without more ado, and since then there has been little trouble with any Freethought books.

Last year (1893) the efforts which had been made to obtain the repeal of the obnoxious system of oath-taking, culminated in the insertion of clauses which make the



Dominion Oaths act the most Liberal at present known. Not only has a witness the right to "affirm," instead of being obliged to take the oath on the Bible, but the judge has no right to ask any questions in regard to the witness's religious belief or non-belief. A "conscientious scruple against taking an oath" is all that is required. The change in the law has been brought about almost entirely through the energy and perseverance of President R. C. Adams.

At the beginning of 1884 the leaders of the Union, under the guidance of Mr. Charles Watts, commenced the publication of "Secular Thought," and, despite the ultra-orthodoxy of Canada, this journal was carried on under great difficulties, though with indomitable pluck and some measure of success by Mr. Charles Watts, until his return to England in 1892, when the work fell upon the shoulders of his assistant, Mr. James Spencer Ellis, the present editor. Although heavily handicapped, under his editorship the journal has maintained its position and literary character, and were it adequately supported by the wealthier Canadian Freethinkers, it would, no doubt, become a powerful factor in progressive propagandism.

Captain Adams, the present president, is not only a clear and concise writer, but he is an attractive and forcible lecturer, and has carried the Freethought banner into all parts of Canada, as well as into many of the Northern states. Originally brought up in one of the strictest Presbyterian families of Boston, and taking an active share in church work for many years, he ultimately brought his keen intellect to bear upon the knotty points of the old faith, and found they would not stand the test. To the regret of a large circle he abandoned the orthodox faith, and has since worked as vigorously in favor of his new faith as he had done for the old one. His mental struggles are depicted in one of his well-known works, "Travels in Faith."

LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

The history of local organization in America is one of many and changing fortunes, but on the whole there has been a great gain. Only a glance can be given at the various points of growth as we sweep around the circuit.

The farthest eastern organization is at Fort Fairfield, Aroostook county, Maine. The campaign was inaugurated by a debate between Samuel P. Putnam and Rev. Mr. Wheeler. The debate lasted nearly a week. Large crowds attended, and the Freethought movement rapidly developed. The Fort Fairfield Liberal League was organized January, 1893, with fifty members. It has now one hundred and twenty-seven volumes in its library. Its present officers are: R. L. Baker, president; G. W. Eastman, vice-president; O. A. Johnston, secretary, and Franklin Grant, treasurer. President Baker gives for the use of the League Liberty Hall, and in it rings Liberty bell. The League at present is in good working order, and it is hoped that the flag at this far-away point will always greet the rising sun.

We must travel all along the gleaming coast of New England until we come to Boston before we greet another Freethought organization, but this is worthy of glorious Boston—the Ingersoll Secular Society. The following is the history of this noble enterprise:

The Ingersoll Secular Society, of Boston, Mass., was organized in October, 1884, and is the child of and successor to the old Investigator Freethought Society, so long presided over by those sturdy veterans of Liberalism, Josiah P. Mendum and Horace Seaver.

The name of Ingersoll in its title was adopted at the suggestion of that earnest young Liberal, now deceased, Willard M. Chandler, and the new association chose for its first board of officers the following list: President, George N. Hill; vice-president, W. M. Chandler; secre-

tary, Sylvester G. Swett; treasurer, Ernest Mendum. Its principles as set forth in its constitution as these, viz.:

“We do affirm it to be both the duty and the pride of Freethinkers, to advocate the use of reason as the supreme guide and standard for mankind in all things, to inculcate the doing of right for the right’s sake alone, and to labor actively in teaching people to so appreciate truth and virtue that they will search out and follow them because of their worth and beauty, and not because of rewards or punishments either in this world or any other; in brief, we declare for earnest work in the ennoblement of humanity, by means of instruction in Liberalism and the various sciences.”

The late Mr. James Parton, eminent historian and biographer of Voltaire, gave the original opening lecture for the society on Sunday afternoon, November 23, 1884, to a large and appreciative audience.

The meetings have consisted of lectures, debates, entertainments, etc., and have been free to all and the public cordially invited.

Time alone can tell what measure of success has attended its efforts, but the endeavor has always been exceedingly earnest to advance the Freethought cause, or, in other words, the cause of humanity.

The membership roll of the society has been honored by the names of many of the staunchest Liberals in America, including such veterans of the past as Elizur Wright, John S. Verity, James Harris, Amasa Woods, Photius Fisk, Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, Horace Seaver, J. P. Mendum, Mrs. S. B. Jacobs, Capt. Gorham Crowell, James Dady, William Kendall, W. D. Burrell, and others.

Lectures, addresses, etc., have been given at its meetings by nearly all the renowned public advocates of universal mental liberty, including the world-famous Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

The association is flourishing and its board of officers

for 1893 was as follows: President, Wm. D. Rockwood; vice-president, Mrs. Annie S. Harris; secretary, John F. Foster; treasurer, J. H. Harrison, and the same president and treasurer were recently elected for the season of 1894 also, with Reuben Rush as vice-president and T. Geoffrey Keating as secretary for this term.

The membership fee is only one dollar per year, and Liberals all over the world are invited to join.

If we take a look at Cape Cod, of delightful memory, we shall find a staunch organization at East Dennis, Joshua Crowell, president. It meets in Worden Hall. This was named, I believe, after Peter Worden, who lived on the Cape in 1637, and, according to the records, was "excepted" by the church. I suppose this means that he was an Infidel, and perhaps the first open and avowed Infidel in America. The East Dennis Society for many years has been doing an effective work.

At Cotuit and Osterville an organization has been started, and Capt. J. H. Handy and Daniel Crosby, with others, have built a pretty good craft to sail over the seas of time.

N. F. Griswold, at Meriden, and C. F. Michaels, at Bristol, Conn., have aided the Freethought movement in these places; and W. B. Clark, at Worcester, has organized quite successful meetings in this orthodox town. The writer of this was a resident of Worcester when it was scarcely more than a village, over forty years ago; and he remembers the solemn shadows of Puritanism that rested over it. Mr. Clark's labors have developed quite an amount of Liberalism in this great manufacturing city, which now has a population of nearly one hundred thousand.

New York next draws our attention, and, of course, the first thing that blazes along our path is the Manhattan Liberal Club, one of the most famous organizations in this great metropolis, the center of an immense amount

of intellectual activity on the most radical lines. There is room for every crank and every creed; but reason is the sole arbiter. The following is the history of this unique club:

“The organization of the Liberal Club of the City of New York resulted from the action of Mr. D. T. Gardiner and other active Liberals, and the publication of a circular dated Sept. 14, 1869, proposing an ‘organization where men of liberal ideas can meet and exchange their thoughts in an unbiased manner upon these important topics’—literature, positive science, and social economy—‘one in which the welfare of humanity will be the controlling influence, and in which the intellectual will be the only standard.’ Mr. Horace Greeley was for several years its president, and Mr. Gardiner its energetic promoter and secretary. In later years it elected for president Mr. J. Wilson McDonald, Mr. James Parton, and Mr. Simon Sterne. Its meetings were held every Friday evening at Plimpton Hall, 30 Stuyvesant Place, until May, 1876, when it moved to Science Hall, 141 Eighth street, generally with one of its vice-presidents in the chair, Mr. S. S. Nash, Mr. W. L. Ormsby, Jr., Dr. P. H. Vander Weyde, or Mr. C. D. Bragdon. The Club increased in numbers, interest, and influence until toward the time for election of officers in April, 1877, when its elements took on unusual activity. Differentiations ensued, fission or spontaneous division naturally eventuated; with the result that the New York Liberal Club took a hall up town, where it died of inanition in February, 1878; while the Manhattan Liberal Club continued at its old Hall with the following members as officials: James Parton, W. L. Ormsby, Jr., A. L. Rawson, P. H. Vander Weyde, D. T. Gardiner, Porter C. Bliss, Hugh Byron Brown, David S. Plumb, Henry Evans, Courtlandt Palmer, T. B. Wakeman, and John H. Staats. Since 1882 the Manhattan Liberal Club has held its meetings in the pleasant and commodious German

Masonic Hall, 220 East 15th street. Mr. Wakeman presided until 1887. Prof. Van Buren Denslow was elected president, April, 1887, and Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., April, 1888.

“The club’s membership averages about forty persons, both sexes well represented, and its audience is almost always equal to the capacity of its hall—seating about two hundred and fifty persons. The Liberal pilgrim who discovers these meetings soon finds himself at home in them, and feels less like a stranger in a strange land. The cosmopolitan spirit, and ‘wide-open’ platform, render the club a welcome haven for the true Liberal of democratic instincts, and the free lance that enjoys a lively tilt in debate. From that date till now there has been no change in the policy of the club, and but little change in its methods or officials. Dr. Foote, Jr., has been continued as president, but, at his own request, and mainly to afford him the privilege of the platform in debate, three vice-presidents are annually elected, and each takes his turn in presiding during one month, so that the president is on duty only one month in four.

“The proceedings of the club generally consist of a lecture of an hour’s duration, or less, by some member of the club or invited guest, followed by a debate by members in speeches of ten minutes or less, until 10:15; when the speaker of the evening again takes the platform and is allotted fifteen minutes to reply to critics. The club adjourns at 10:30 P.M. The club continues to be made up mainly of radical, progressive people interested in reformatory movements, with perhaps more marked differences than similarity of views, but as a club it is not devoted to any set of opinions, to any ‘ology’ or ‘ism,’ excepting Liberalism, in so far as that means not only a toleration of but a cordial welcome of any new, original, or well-presented thought on subjects appropriate for discussion before a mixed audience. Its audiences are appreciative



of profound dissertations on philosophical subjects, but perhaps prefer 'popular lectures' on timely topics, and especially delight in lively debates. Its membership fees are small, just enough to cover current expenses, and new members in accord with its objects are desired. There are many silent members who never appear upon the platform in debate, and some who are seen but rarely at its meetings; but all kinds are equally desired, and can by moral and financial support help to sustain and improve the oldest free platform in the city of New York; and an educational institution which has, and asks for, no other endowment than the voluntary support of Liberal, intellectual people, having the welfare of humanity at heart. If all such in this city would aid in some manner, the Manhattan Liberal Club would become known far and wide, and its utility be greatly increased."

Going across the river to New Jersey, where orthodoxy has ruled in some of its darkest phases, we find a bright light burning at Newark—the Newark Liberal League, which, through many troublous times, has always sent its rays into the darkness. President Bird is now at the head of the organization, and it was never more prosperous.

If we cross the big bridge, the wonder of modern engineering, and take the cable cars for Williamsburg, the Brooklyn Philosophical Association will be found. It was in 1878, I believe, that the writer of this book was invited to attend the first meeting of this association. Since that time it has kept upon a successful course, and become a fixed and flourishing institution. Under the administration of President Warwick it prospered, and now, with President Rowley, it has a splendid outlook.

The Liberals of Northport, L. I., have also engaged in successful work for the past year, and stirred up the orthodox to an unwonted extent, so that the newspapers of Brooklyn have taken up the discussion and the interest has extended. Two courses of lectures have been given

here. Dexter K. Cole and Capt. John Scott, N. L. Pidgeon, with others, are originators of this movement.

If we go southward, the point of intellectual illumination, whose beams are not confined to its own locality, is the Friendship Liberal League. No organization has been more favorably known for its services to Freethought. Freethought has ebbed and flowed under various names for the last fifty years in Philadelphia. Before the present League the title of the association was "The Assembly for Free Discussions on Religious Subjects." September, 1883, the present name was adopted, and the society became auxiliary to the National Liberal League. T. C. Leland was present on this occasion. The names of the officers elected were: President, Francis Fish; vice-president, Wm. F. Porter; treasurer, John Simmons; secretary, George Longford. Mr. George Longford, who has ever since been the efficient secretary of the organization, writes as follows of some of its veteran officers and the affairs of the League:

"You see I am the only officer that is on the list to-day, for our old veteran treasurer, John Simmons, has had to resign his post reluctantly by loss of memory through old age, as he is now in his eighty-fifth year, yet he is still among us and takes an active part in what he can do as though he were a young man. He helped me to decorate our hall for this last Paine anniversary. I am pleased to state that this last anniversary of ours was the most successful, both in point of audiences and talent and finances, that we ever experienced. Our hall was not near large enough to accommodate the people, notwithstanding the Spiritualists had two large gatherings on the same day, which is something unusual for this city. I was induced to take the secretaryship through the death of the former secretary, Robert Wallen, who died at an advanced age. He was an Englishman, and, as I understand, came to this country as a missionary to spread Freethought.

When I took hold of the office fifteen years ago, there were very few of us. And we were in debt. Now we have an account of nearly \$500 to our credit, and a Liberal Hall Association, chartered by the state, with \$1,200 in stock toward building a Freethought hall in this city. So you see we are making a creditable showing. Our average audiences are about five hundred every Sunday during the lecture season. We hold meetings every Sunday all the year round; the only Sundays that I have missed in fifteen years were four when I was laid up with the typhoid fever, and one Sunday through death in the family. If faithful attention to duty assures success, then surely we ought to be favored."

The Pittsburgh Union has been a shining landmark. Every lecturer who goes there is delighted with its large audiences, its splendid receptions, and its Paine celebrations of magnificent proportions. Roman Staley and his associates have done well at this famous post.

Linesville, Pennsylvania, has been one of our celebrated localities. In years past it has borne the torch of reason with splendid enthusiasm.

Salem, Ohio, was the camping-ground of the antislavery reformers. Among the leaders of its movement, and prominent in Freethought, is S. Sharp, one of the foremost manufacturers of the place.

Alliance, Ohio, always gives a welcome to the lecturer both upon the platform and in the social circle. Many of its pioneers are gone, but the Elizur Wright Secular Union and "Independent Church" are still there.

Massillon has had many changing fortunes, but we can not forget in this roll S. Hunt and his generous support.

And now we come to Cincinnati, whence Thomas Winter, the Materialist, sent forth his undaunted voice. Freethought has surged in Cincinnati for many a year, and flashed in brilliant array. At last its forces have been consolidated into the Ohio Liberal Society, and the ad-

vance light now burns steadily. This society was organized in October, 1891, by a few Freethinkers of Cincinnati. It has had a steady and healthy growth and includes amongst its members school-teachers, doctors, lawyers, college professors, business men, and a good many thinkers in the ranks of the artisans and laborers. There are many lady members. This society is independent of any of the national Freethought societies, and is doing much to educate the people of Cincinnati in historical, current, and comparative religious ideas, evolution in all its phases, economic, political, social, ethical, and educational questions. The society welcomes those of any race, color, or sex in its membership who indorse the "Nine Demands of Liberalism." All lectures are followed by free criticism and discussion by the audience, after which the lecturer replies. Since the society organized it has been self-supporting, has had the best lecturing talent from home and abroad and every year has had to lease a larger hall. The present place of meeting is College Hall on Walnut street, which is a large, well-heated, ventilated, and lighted auditorium. The society looks after the interests of its members, visits the sick, aids those in distress and buries its members. Three members of the society have gone to their final rest: Thomas Winter, aged ninety-five; Ralph Taylor, aged seventy-four; Joseph Taylor, aged fifty-one years. The two former were cremated, the latter being buried at Spring Grove cemetery. The society had charge of these funerals, furnished pall-bearers, music, and friends of the deceased in the society to give the funeral orations. The society stands well in the community, has the good will of the press and has always been conducted on business principles. The officers of the society are: George E. Light, president; J. W. Patrick, first vice-president; W. H. Battenberg, second vice-president; Andrew Hogg, general secretary; James R. Allen, financial secretary; J. C. Wilms, treasurer.

Kent, Ohio, must not be omitted in this roll, where Marius Hèighton and a host of other Liberals have advanced our cause.

Delphos, Ohio, has also a young and bright organization, which is pushing forward. B. A. Roloson is one of its staunch supporters. Its present officers are: Louis Eysenbach, president; Mrs. H. H. Brundage, vice-president; James Roth, treasurer.

Louisville, Ky., has done some good work, and Dr. W. F. Carter and other Liberals have been ready to help.

Lexington has had some rousing meetings through the influence of Dr. Hallowell and friends.

S. F. Smurr, of Brookhaven, has inaugurated the campaign in Mississippi.

The South is not eventful with Freethought, but the elements of change are sweeping over it. At Jacksonville, Fla., a society has been organized under the influence of Helen H. Gardener's visit. In the Indian river country Capt. R. A. Hardee has pushed forward the Liberal movement. Savannah, Ga., has made some music in humanity's marching columns.

When we come to Texas a wide and splendid domain opens before us. Waco was a lively center until its beautiful hall was burned down, but its future is not dark. Denison, with such prominent supporters as B. C. Murray, of the "Gazetteer;" T. V. Munson and others; Flatonia, with Dr. Bristow and J. H. Sloma; Forney, with Geo. T. Bondies; Reagan, Capt. W. G. Johnson; Gainesville, Dr. N. T. Bonar; Burnet, J. T. Woodard; Goldthwaite, A. Lewis; Sunset, J. P. Herod; Alvarado, M. Sansome; Fort Worth, J. M. Brown; Stephenville, E. J. Hewitt; Norse, T. Colwick and others; Calvert, W. H. Wallace, and others; Corsicana, Walnut Springs, San Antonio, El Paso, Austin, Houston, Nelsonville—in all these places are Liberals too numerous to mention. Organizations have been established, lectures have been

given, and an advance made which has not been surpassed in any other part of the country.

If we travel on to Arizona, Tucson has a host of Free-thinkers; Tempe, with Chas. T. Hayden; Phoenix, with J. H. W. Jensen; Prescott, with J. Rosenburgh, have flung the banner to the tropical sunshine.

When we come to California, with its shining valleys and resplendent mountains, new courage fills the heart. There is a breadth and glory here which is simply exhilarating. Whatever the difficulties, the skies are so bright and beautiful that it is impossible to lose hope. San Jacinto, Perris, Elsinore, Escondido, San Pasqual, San Diego, with the great and glorious sea fronting it, with its magnificent harbor waiting for the thousand ships that will one day gleam over its surface; Santa Ana, Orange, Anaheim, Norwalk; Los Angeles, where the Queen of the Angels is disappearing in modern splendor; Tulare, Hanford, Lemoore, Oakdale, Knight's Ferry, Livermore, Angel's Camp, Grass Valley, Auburn, Colusa, Merced, Modesto, San Jose, Santa Clara, Boulder Creek, Napa, Carlistoga, Petaluma, Ukiah, Fort Bragg—these names are like a radiant scroll. What pictures they bring to the mind, magnificence of scenery, and hundreds of Liberal friends! The Stockton Liberal League was one of the first organized in the country. It has done a very notable work both in Stockton and throughout the state. It presented over five hundred volumes of scientific books to the public library. W. F. Freeman, its president, has scattered thousands of pamphlets, and circulated Ingersoll's lectures by the hundreds. Chas. Haas, J. C. Gage, Victor Heck, James Condy, Charles Wagner, Jacob Simon, Frank McClure, F. A. Ruhl, are among the ardent supporters of this League. Stockton is one of the points on the Pacific coast. Sacramento, under the shadow of the church and capitol and cathedral, has had pretty hard

work to maintain organized Liberalism, but it seldom fails to keep in line.

The San Francisco Liberal League, with H. W. Walker, H. W. Faust, Wm. Emmette Coleman, Byron Adonis, and others, was for many years a flourishing organization. It arranged a grand reception for D. M. Bennett when he landed upon the Pacific shore, on his trip around the world. New elements, new combinations, and new organizations have developed since then, and Liberalism is a very extensive influence in San Francisco. Large conventions have been held there. At the last election Judge Maguire was elected to congress, notwithstanding the tremendous opposition of the Romish church, against which in his book, "Ireland and the Pope," he had hurled an effective weapon.

As we travel northward, up the vast Sacramento valley, by the great Mount Shasta, which is a perpetual inspiration to the traveler in its majestic and dazzling altitude, and over the Siskiyou, the beautiful Rogue river valley is the first point we strike in Oregon where there is Free-thought organization. Ashland, Talent, Jacksonville, have been good points of work. Northward, still, from Roseburg, where the Liberal lights occasionally burn, a stage ride, and sometimes horseback ride, when the roads are bad, of a hundred miles, brings us into Coos county, and this has been a great place for Freethought work. The majority of the population are Freethinkers, and when the churches have undertaken to oppose anyone for public office on the ground of his Infidelity, they have invariably been defeated. From Coos county we strike the Willamette valley, one of the loveliest and most fertile valleys in the world. The pioneers of Oregon first settled here, and they were generally of a Liberal character. Silverton has been one of the banner towns of Oregon. The Silverton Secular Union was organized in 1887, with a membership of over one hundred. It has built a hall

of its own. - The Ames Brothers, M. Fitzgerald, R. D. Allen, Dr. McClure, are on the roll here as officers. We must not forget Mrs. Carrie Fitzgerald, who was one of the most earnest Liberal women on the coast, and, while living, was a great inspiration to the cause. Salem, the capital of the state, is solidly conservative, but once in a while Liberalism will flame up, but there is no permanent organization. Portland, the chief city of the state, with a population of nearly one hundred thousand, has always been a fine Liberal rallying-place. The conventions held there have always been a success. The Portland Secular Church has now been organized, and under the management and with the eloquence of Katie Kehm Smith, is one of the bright spots of Freethought labor. North Yamhill, Forest Grove, Hillsboro, McMinnville, Corvallis, etc., are places of Liberal interest and action. If we go down the Columbia, one of the noblest rivers on the continent, with five glittering mountains to be seen from its majestic breast, Stella, Cathlamet, Astoria, Crooked Creek, Gray's River, with F. Schornhorst, Wm. Chance, the Lawsons, the Nelsons, the Andersons, the Olsens as supporters, the fields of Liberal work open with delightful prospects.

Northward from Portland, Scappoose makes a stand for Liberalism with W. W. West. Tacoma, Wash., has become a living point with C. B. Reynolds and a goodly company. Seattle has had many varying fortunes, but it has a large Liberal population. It has sustained more successful courses of lectures than any other city of its size. Its Liberals have been foremost in the fight against ecclesiastical encroachments. Olympia, the capital, like all capitals, has the politician to contend with as well as the priest; and Freethought organization is slow and wavering, but much has been done at this place. Port Townsend, of which our stanch Liberal comrade, D. W. Smith, was mayor, has made a favorable showing. Port

Angeles, the extreme western point, has always had a progressive Liberal element. It has been the seat of one of the great industrial experiments of the age, which, if not entirely successful, will certainly teach lessons for future advantage. Its Liberal organization, with Frank Morse secretary, has done effective work. Over across the waters, twelve miles distant, is Victoria, B. C., and here the Liberal people, with Wm. Jensen and many others, have maintained a victorious front. When Ingersoll lectured here several years since, the hall doors were locked against him, but the unconquerable Liberals battered down the doors with an ax, and the lecture was given amidst immense plaudits. A great debate was also held here between Samuel P. Putnam and Rev. I. D. Driver. Charles Watts also debated with Rev. Mr. Driver, at Chicago. This clergyman is regarded as the most valiant, learned, and eloquent defender of the Christian faith, highly recommended by Mr. Moody and others of that ilk.

Snohomish, Sultan City, Roeder, Gilman, North Bend, Fairhaven, Whatcom, Blaine—these far western points have kindled the fires of Freethought.

As we come Eastward from Tacoma, we find Buckley and vicinity breaking down the mighty forest growth for the sunlight of freedom. Then, far onward, we reach the Palouse country, one of the most magnificent wheat sections of the West, and in harvest time a bountiful prospect greets the eye. Palouse City, Pullman, Oakesdale, Rosalia, Waverly, have planted the seeds of reason, whose fruit shall mingle with its material wealth. Davenport, with its stanch Liberal band, has kept at the plow, and the furrows bloom. The brilliant city of Spokane, and northward the Colville country, have witnessed Freethought advance. Walla Walla, with A. Rosenow, has been a splendid working point. Pendleton, Summerville, Union, Baker City, Prairie City, Fox valley, Hamilton Monument, Wagner, Fossil, Lone Rock, Lost Valley, Prine-

ville, Heppner, Arlington, the Cascades, all these have blazed with Liberal agitation. Emmettsville, Idaho, has been a noble out-post, and on the roll of honor none are more worthy than James Wardwell, who has been one of our chief captains on this frontier. The Wood River country has had some vigorous campaigns. Dillon, Butte City, Helena, Missoula, Granite, Boseman, in the shining state of Montana, have contributed to the grand army. In Utah some of the best material is found for Freethought effort. Salt Lake City has always been a favorable point. Large audiences attend Liberal lectures. The Mormons are not a bad people. They are growing in intelligence; and when they leave Mormonism they adopt Liberalism. Mormonism is the last superstition of Christianity. Among the Liberals of Utah are Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Mason, Alexander Rogers, Andrew Cahoon, Chas. de La Baume, Wm. J. Jones, John Jost, Wm. Reynolds, E. F. Munn, Hector W. Haight, L. P. Edholm, D. Williams, James Lindsay, H. S. Brooks, M. P. Braffut, with many others. Utah is destined to be one of the greatest states in the Union, and with its peculiar history, and remarkable development, will no doubt be one of the most Liberal.

Colorado, the silver state, wheels into line, and Denver, the Queen City of the mountains, has a host of Liberals. Tabor Opera House, one of the finest and largest in the West, has been packed to its utmost capacity to listen to the lectures of S. P. Putnam. Boulder City, Georgetown, Blackhawk, Longmont, Greeley, Leadville, Canon City are important points, and have pushed Freethought organization and work. Seward, Omaha, Lincoln, West Point, and other places in Nebraska, have dotted this great state with centers of reform.

Ottumwa, Burlington, West Union, Leon, Cromwell, Shenandoah, Hamburg, Waverly, Des Moines, Correctionville, Fort Madison, are the chief localities in Iowa. Wichita, Fort Dodge, Salina, Seneca, Topeka, Emporia,

Atchinson, Valley Falls, in Kansas, have contributed more or less to the advance of the cause. St. Paul, Minneapolis, Albert Lea, Waterville, Mapleton, Crookston, in Minnesota; Jamestown, North Dakota; Eau Claire and Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Grand Rapids and Adrian, Michigan; Waterloo and Indianapolis, Indiana; Springfield and Centralia, Illinois; Golden Pond, Kentucky, are places where the most successful meetings have been held.

In the vast circuit of the United States it is impossible to note every point of interest and progress. But we have endeavored to give some view of what is going on among sixty millions of people. Beyond what facts we can give is the unwritten history of Freethought, the silent, unseen forces which occasionally flash forth with unexpected power. Freethought organizations cannot always be permanent. Several hundred organizations have been started since the National Liberal League was established. They have not survived. But they did some good work while they did live, and perhaps prepared the way for better and stronger organizations. Freethought labor must oftentimes be temporary, but it is nevertheless valuable; and even amidst a thousand failures the pioneer should press on. Every year is a record of attainment; more life and more organization.

CHICAGO SECULAR UNION.

The Chicago Secular Union was organized in 1880. It is one of the most important Freethought societies in the country, being the only organization in Chicago that stands squarely on the platform of the Demands of Liberalism. It has given a long series of lectures each year since its organization, continuing during the winter and summer. The most prominent men and women of the city have occupied its platform—doctors, judges, lawyers, ministers, workingmen. Nearly all the Freethought lecturers have spoken before it. It was a great power during the brill-

iant and energetic administration of E. A. Stevens, who was for many years its president. Mrs. M. A. Freeman has been one of its leading members. Her addresses have attracted large audiences, and maintained the enthusiasm of its supporters. Dr. J. H. Greer is now president; Mrs. Sarah E. Ames, vice-president; C. C. Chapman, secretary; and A. M. Freeman, treasurer. Among its prominent members during many years of labor are Gen. M. M. Trumbull, Mr. and Mrs. George Schelling, James K. Magee, Samuel Fielding, Charles Frankel, Charles Hunt, Mrs. Carrie Piper, H. H. Harris, George H. Robertson, Wm. Thompson, Seymour Stedman, Albert Schaffer, James Abbott, Lizzie Holmes, E. P. Peacock, E. N. Dahl, A. C. Berg, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Graber, Horace C. Bennett, and Stuart Beattie; the two latter have also been presidents.

THE TORONTO SECULAR SOCIETY

Has also been a power for Freethought. This society was organized in 1873, under the name of the Toronto Freethought Association, and was incorporated under the Ontario statutes in 1885, under the name it at present bears. Among its presidents appear the names of Messrs. Phillips Thompson, Ick Evans, Alfred Jury, Alfred Piddington, R. B. Butland, Charles Watts, and W. C. Price, now president.

For many years the society carried on an active work, maintaining Sunday evening lectures at Albert Hall, as well as a large amount of open air propagandism in the Queen's park, until all such work was stopped by the civic authorities, owing to the unruly conduct of some of the "religious" cranks.

In 1882 Mr. Watts paid a visit to Canada; lectured before the society at Albert Hall, and was at once invited to take up his residence at Toronto. Subscriptions were raised sufficient to justify this step; and Mr. Watts returned to England to make the necessary arrangements for bringing over his family. The following year saw this



accomplished; and from this time Mr. Watts led the movement in Canada with marked ability and energy, lecturing not only in Toronto, but in all the principal towns and cities of Canada and the states.

The establishment of "Secular Thought," as well as Mr. Watts's cultured and logical advocacy, have not been without great effect upon the general public of Toronto; and to-day, though it is one of the most church-controlled cities in the civilized world, Freethought opinions are discussed without that personal rancor which was noticeable a few years ago.

The discussions on the Sunday street-car question during the last two years have brought out very clearly the fact that Freethought has, to a considerable extent, permeated the churches, although they remain in the hands of men who are pledged to support the old faith. The fact that, at the recent election in Toronto, a vote of over ten thousand was given in favor of a free Sunday, proves that the day is not far distant when religious questions will be discussed in Toronto on a plane with all other questions affecting the popular weal.

The Toronto Secular Society has been carried on under somewhat unfavorable circumstances since the departure of Mr. Chas. Watts, but vigorous efforts are now being made by the younger members to organize it upon a permanent and self-supporting basis. The society possesses a fairly good library, and among the agencies employed at present are a Debating Club, which meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, carrying out a programme of (1) reading an original essay by some member; (2) a debate on some subject arranged for two weeks in advance, so as to give time for fair preparation by the speakers; and (3) a declamation, being a recitation or reading from some good author. The work of this club has produced a marked improvement in the powers of those who have taken part in the debates. On Monday evenings a class

for the study of political economy is carried on under the leadership of Mr. Hepburn; on Tuesday evening a singing class is held, the members generally indulging in a little dancing after the music, and spending a pleasant evening. Sociables are held on alternate Fridays. Other means of useful coöperation have been contemplated, but lack of adequate financial support has hitherto prevented. In this, as in some other directions, the example of the wealthy men in the church might reasonably be followed by those in our own ranks, who see in the spread of Liberal opinions, and the dethronement of superstition, the only hope for the rapid improvement of the human race. The editor of "Secular Thought" should be adequately supported in his efforts for the pillar organization of the cause in Canada.

MONTREAL PIONEER FREETHOUGHT CLUB

Has a record of great interest. On the 24th day of July, 1880, a meeting, called by circular, for the purpose of forming a Freethought association, was held at the residence of Mr. Feodor Boas in Montreal. As a result the Montreal Pioneer Freethought Club was organized with the following members: Messrs. George Martin, Feodor Boas, Frank P. Currie, H. G. Levetus, George S. Wilson, Aloys Hulek, James A. Wright, Casey A. Wood, M. D., Geo. Brown, M. Eichhorn, Moritz Boas, Z. Turgeon, Julius Kruse, Jas. Longlands, M. Michaels, W. S. Walker, and Mrs. Marie Louise Hulek. The first president was George Martin, who, upon his retirement from office, was elected honorary president for life. Succeeding presidents have been Feodor Boas, George S. Wilson, Roswell C. Fisher, Robert C. Adams, and Charles Stevens. The meetings of the club were at first private and attended only by members or by those invited upon special occasions, but in 1883, upon removal to a larger hall, the meetings were thrown open to the public.

Capt. Robert C. Adams, who was president of the club for eight years, sustained a lecture course on Sundays during the winter seasons, aided occasionally by other members and visitors. These lectures were often reported in the daily papers and the influence of the club has been widely felt both in Montreal and throughout Canada. The club has agitated for many reforms and by legal suit against the collector of customs so impressed the authorities that Paine's "Age of Reason," Voltaire's works and other Liberal publications have since been allowed to be imported. Continued effort was made for many years to secure the right of affirmation. Captain Adams made this matter a personal charge and by persistent labor secured the introduction of a measure into the dominion parliament, which became law July 1, 1893, giving the right of affirmation to all who have conscientious scruples against taking the oath.

The club has an extensive library, started by a legacy of five hundred dollars from Mr. Baker, of Bedford, Que., and enlarged by donations from influential citizens of Montreal. The club has had the unusual good fortune to receive the sympathy and support of some of the wealthiest and most honored citizens, and George Jacob Holyoake was so impressed by a visit that upon his return to England he published the statement that, for social influence and high standing, the Montreal Pioneer Freethought Club was the most important Freethought society extant. A large amount of money has been subscribed by members and friends of the club for the purposes of supporting the propagandism of Liberal ideas through the press and upon the lecture platform, and for ten years it had its large sign with the name "Freethought Club" displayed at one of the most prominent corners in the city. Donations of over a million dollars have been made to McGill College by supporters of the club, and some of its members occupy the highest places in commercial and civic

life. These things have done much to lessen the antipathy felt to the name of Freethought and have secured an unwilling recognition of the merits and usefulness of Free-thinkers. The present officers of the club are : President, Charles Stevens ; vice-presidents, John H. R. Molson, Feodor Boas, Roswell C. Fisher ; treasurer, M. Michaels ; secretary, T. J. Griffiths, 167 Colborne street ; directors, James Shearer, Peter Lyall, A. Granville, A. Chisholm, B. Marcuse, W. W. McClellan, M. J. Macdonald.

MORALISTS.

The Brotherhood of Moralists, established on the basis of pure morality without any reference to religion of any kind, has quite a membership throughout the country. Its chief object is the cultivation of science and humanity.

NEWARK LIBERAL LEAGUE

Was organized in 1878, with F. J. Kieb as its first president and T. B. Parse as its first secretary. Dr. Douai must not be forgotten as one of its most active members and lecturers during its early history, and among subsequent presidents may be mentioned the names of Messrs. Genung, Marshall, Mayo, Hunter, Schmitt, Blythe, Coole. Geo. Gillen is its present recording secretary. Its present officers are : Henry Bird, president ; Geo. Gillen, secretary ; Henry Allsop, treasurer ; who also act collectively as an executive committee. Mr. Bird is serving his third year as president. Among active members, past and present, may be mentioned the names of Messrs. Frankel, Avery, Gorum, Pionnie, Holmes, Walker, Schnabel, Bamberg, Brill, Watters, Werner, and others, and among ladies the names of Mrs. Le Fort and daughters, Mrs. Gillen, Cordien, Smith, Bird, and others.

FREETHOUGHT IN ENGLAND.

We now come to a section of our work that will perhaps be of more than ordinary interest to many of our

readers. The grand achievements in the cause of mental freedom by our Freethought brothers and sisters in England form some of the brightest and most encouraging incidents in the glorious history of human progress.

The advent of Freethought in any country is of transcendent importance, because it is the herald of intellectual liberty, the precursor of the diffusion of knowledge and the forerunner of free inquiry. We hope to show that this was particularly the case in reference to the introduction of Freethought in England. Although isolated instances of this noble principle had been known for many centuries among our English friends, it was only about three hundred years ago that Freethought assumed a definite and an organized form. In his "History of Freethought," Mr. Charles Watts observes: "Prior to the sixteenth century Freethought was principally confined to the few, while the many were content to accept with implicit belief what was provided for them by those who had so long held the human mind as with a magic charm." Freethought found England wrapt in mental darkness, but its brilliant influence soon caused a light to shine that illuminated the church, the parliament, and the universities. The scholar at his desk, the philosopher in his study, and the scientist in his laboratory, all became speedily affected by this harbinger of mental freedom. So rapidly did Freethought affect defenders of the Christian faith, that in the seventeenth century Boyle wrote that any person going to London who wanted a religion might have his choice of many; and he who possessed one before he arrived there would bid fair to lose it. Previous to the sixteenth century the seeds sown by thinkers in England had fallen on stony ground; they failed to take root in the public mind in consequence, doubtless, of the hardening nature of the theology which then prevailed. Such a state of things can be readily understood when it is remembered that at the time referred to there was among

the masses a general absence of education. Schools were rare and few only of the population could read and write. England then had no national system of Secular education, and the few improved schools, libraries, and other educational institutions, which were started before the year 1870 (the date when the public school system was introduced), were largely the result of the work of the Deists, whose services are so justly recognized by Buckle in his great work on "Civilization." Until the Deistical advent Freethought does not appear to have had any historical status worth mentioning in England. The Deists found the people credulous, superstitious, and absolutely subservient to the priest, at whose right hand were the king and the rulers who demanded unconditional obedience. In an illiterate community people generally place implicit belief in the "powers that be," but where Free-thought obtains knowledge and intellectual independence are active factors in regulating personal conduct. The lesson of experience is that ignorance and progress are always far apart. The agitation of thought is the beginning of the acquirement of wisdom, and the originator of the art of thinking is the skeptical spirit, denominated Freethought.

For the first time in England an Association for the Study of Natural Knowledge was inaugurated in the skeptical age of Charles II. by the establishment of the famous Royal Society, which was, for a long time, condemned by orthodox professors, and by whom its labors were discouraged and misrepresented. The Royal Society was an important advancement in the direction of free investigation. It was born of a spirit of inquiry similar to that which gave birth to the Reformation that broke the scepter of the supremacy of the Roman Catholic church. With all its defects, the Reformation of the sixteenth century was a progressive movement. True, its usefulness was greatly impaired by the narrow-mindedness of its



theological supporters, who, having secured freedom for themselves, denied that right to others. Still, the protest at Wittemberg set the Freethought ball rolling, and, notwithstanding desperate efforts to stop its progress, it has gone on, with additional force, until to-day the principle propounded by Luther prevails with a far more consistent application.

Mr. Watts, in his work referred to, gives a graphic account of the early struggles of Freethought in England. He commences with the labors of Lord Herbert and Charles Blount, who introduced to English readers the views entertained by French and Italian Freethinkers. These, with Toland, Bolingbroke, Lord Shaftesbury, Anthony Collins, Wollston, Chubb, Hume, and others, form a grand group of Liberal minds in the Pantheon of Freethought. Locke and Newton may also be mentioned as being among those who discarded the orthodoxy of their time. At this period the new Deistical method was adopted in defense of the church and its doctrines by men who still occupied prominent positions therein. That great changes had taken place is evident from the fact that the king and his friends associated with Thomas Hobbes. Hobbes died at the age of ninety, in the year 1679. His best known work, the "Leviathan," was published in 1651, and in 1628 Hobbes had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the astronomical hero of the age—the illustrious Florentine, Galileo Galilei. Twelve years after the death of Hobbes, David Hume was born. These were the men who hastened the dawn of English Freethought, and who, by their efforts, gave to the world the results of true private judgment. The Dissenters had attacked only the ceremonies of the church and its method of government, but these philosophers struck a blow at the very foundations upon which all the churches were built. All honor to the pioneers of that English Freethought whose glorious history and development we now enter upon.

In the muster-roll of the world's redeemers, Voltaire and Thomas Paine occupy, as already shown, a prominent position. The great services of these eminent Free-thinkers connect the history of Freethought in England with its subsequent growth. They made a combined attack on both the church and the Bible, denouncing the tyranny of the one, and exposing the errors of the other.

The Freethought seed sown by Voltaire and Paine took root in the soil of France and England, and grew into a tree with widely-spread branches, which to-day shelter many of the human race from the withering effects of a malignant superstition. Happily, the good these men did was not "interred with their bones." The fame of their work spread so rapidly that men of all nations claimed them as brothers; and to-day children are named after them as a token of respect for their memories, and in recognition of the services they rendered to humanity. Who were these men who have been the victims of vituperative slander? One was a brilliant Frenchman, the leading thinker and writer of his day, a bold defender of justice, liberty, and humanity. The other was an Englishman, born of Quaker parents, full of enthusiasm for mankind, and ever desirous of doing his best to remove the wrongs inflicted upon society by kingcraft and priestcraft. He was a believer in true democracy, and he proclaimed the brotherhood of nations, and the right of fearless criticism, in his "Rights of Man," and in his "Age of Reason." As he expressed it in one of his imperishable utterances: "The world is my country, mankind are my brethren, and to do good is my religion."

The present century has been marked by an active and a determined propaganda in England on behalf of Freethought. A stanch rebellion against the encroachments of orthodoxy, and the unjust interference of "the powers that be," has been heroically maintained. Some of the greatest minds and bravest hearts have adorned the Free-

thought history since the advent of the year 1800. English Freethinkers of the present generation may be justly proud of such noble intellects as Bentham, Grote, Mill, Carlile, Lyell, Buckle, Darwin, Clifford, Tyndall, Huxley, Laing, and Leslie Stephen. These eminent men, although not directly associated with Secularism, threw a halo of mental glory and moral dignity around the records of Freethought in England. Freethought has now become, not only scholarly, scientific, and ethical, but also democratic and social. It has reached all sections of society, influencing journalists, poets, philosophers, politicians, men of science, clergy, and, above all, the humbler classes of the people. The lament that is constantly heard from the various pulpits, and read in the religious literature in England to-day, is that Freethought principles are spreading to an alarming extent. This progress has been the more striking within the last forty years. Referring to the increase of heretical opinion in the English Universities, the "Westminster Review," for October, 1860, observed: "Indeed, no one who knows the religious state of the Universities could doubt how far the decay of belief extends beneath those walls. . . . 'Smouldering skepticism,' indeed! When they are honeycombed with disbelief, running through every phase, from mystical interpretation to utter Atheism. Professors, tutors, fellows, and pupils are conscious of this widespread doubt." "It must be a profound evil," continues the writer, "that all thinking men should reject the National religion." . . . "The newspaper, the review, the tale by every fireside, is written almost exclusively by men who have long ceased to believe. So also the school-book, the text-book, the manuals for study of youth and manhood, the whole mental food of the day; science, history, morals, and politics, poetry, fiction, and essay; the very lesson of the school, the very sermon from the pulpit." In February, 1864, "Fraser's Magazine," noticing that Freethought

principles were extending, remarked that it is "true that for the last one hundred and fifty years at least, such opinions have been steadily increasing, not only in popularity, but in what may be called respectability. They were once confined to a small number of persons. . . . They are now spreading widely and quietly through all classes of the community, and derive great weight from the demonstration supplied by history, science, and criticism of the fact, that whatever else we may or may not possess, there is in the world no such thing as an infallible church or an infallible book." In 1865, the Rev. D. Moore, M.A., published a book entitled, "The Age and the Gospel," in which he says: "The tendencies to skepticism in the present day show themselves more or less in every direction. Much especially have we to apprehend from the prevalence of these tendencies among our poorer classes. No doubt, among the eight-and-twenty millions of Infidel and vicious tracts computed to be annually circulated among our English poor, many are but reproductions of the accusations of Richard Carlile, and Taylor, and Paine. But, mixed up with them, are attacks upon our Christianity of a more dangerous kind—made up from the Infidel philosophy of America, or the admissions of the writers in the 'Essays and Reviews,' or, in some instances, of translated extracts from the subtle skepticism of the continent—so that in the case of large bodies of persons working together, as in shops or factories, men who never heard the names of Hegel, or Schelling, or Strauss, can retail, with flippant tongue, their mischievous theories of unbelief. But not by the agency of tracts only do the promoters of popular Infidelity carry on their work. They have their Sunday meetings for holding discussional or Deistical services. Weekly or monthly periodicals are open to receive and deal out the freshest contributions of Infidel thought. Associations are formed, ostensibly with a scientific purpose, but really to place the conclusions of

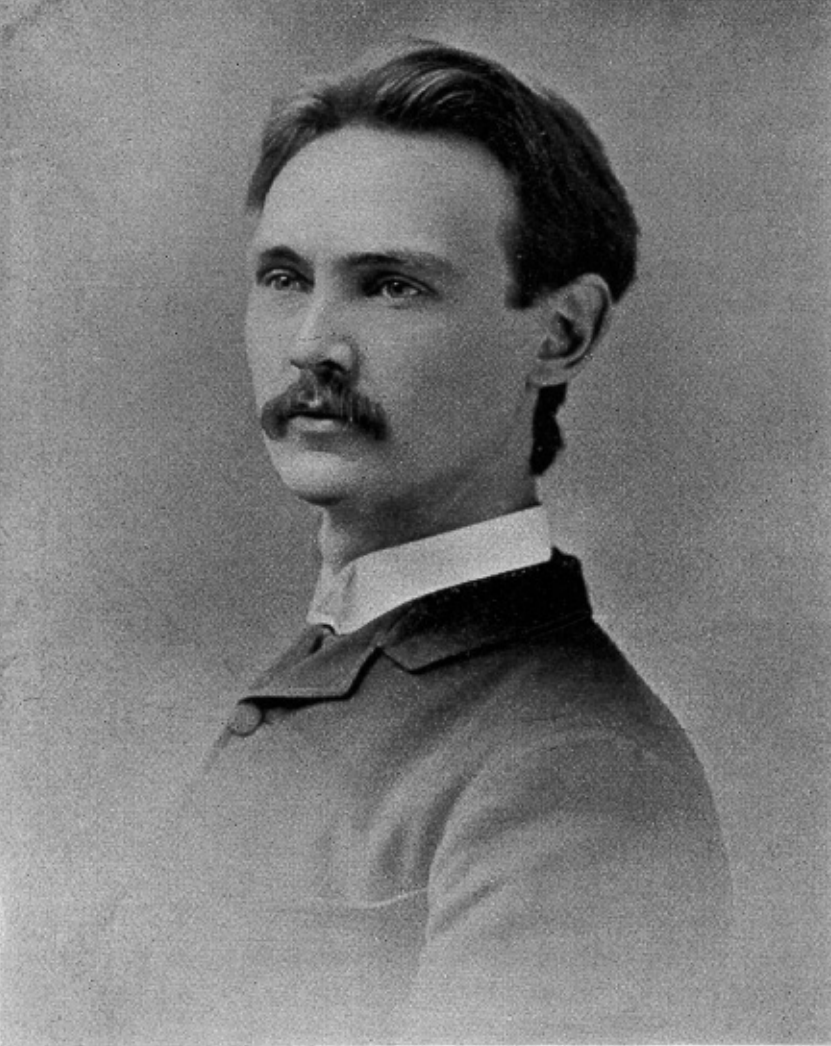
science and the statements of Revelation in array against each other; all being so many painful proofs how much the recent advances of the national mind have been unaccompanied with a healthy religious influence, and showing what a tendency there is in all unsanctified knowledge to foster an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God." On page 29 of the same work, the reverend gentleman further remarks: "Never has the Infidelity of the lower orders presented itself in such systematized and scientific forms as it exhibits now. It is a negation no longer—an obliteration of old faiths no longer. In outward form and pretension, at least, it is a science, a philosophy, an articulate creed." Dr. Herbert Vaughan in his pamphlet on "Popular Education in England," written in March, 1868, says: "The most thorough, the most logical, and the most distinct school opposed to us is that of the Secularists. It would be vain to close our eyes to the fact that their numbers are large and rapidly increasing." Alluding to the circulation of Freethought works, the doctor further observes: "Our alarm and our sorrow have a deeper reference, and can only be appreciated after an examination of the rationalistic and Infidel literature which is circulated among the masses, and which shapes their plans and politics. Without speaking of larger and more expensive works of Infidelity and rationalism, of which Messrs. Longman could furnish an ample list, we have actually before us a quantity of smaller publications and tracts, which are sold, and sometimes distributed gratis among the artisan and lower classes." This valuable testimony, coming as it does from Christian authorities, cannot be over-estimated.

Let us now see who were the actors in the great Freethought drama that has played and is still playing such an important part amongst the English people. One of the early reformers of the century was the genial and self-denying philanthropist, Robert Owen. Not only did

he introduce the system of infant schools, but he sought to reconstruct society—to put it upon the basis that man is what he is, as a social being, through the organization he inherits, and the circumstances by which he is surrounded. He gave an impetus to sanitation and to the general improvements of dwellings, improvements which since his time have occupied the attention of all social reformers. The great offense which, in the opinion of Christians and of members of fashionable society, Robert Owen committed, was his solemn declaration that all the religions of the world were founded on error. Although in our opinion he was quite right in this declaration, the world was not prepared to hear such a truth. The result was the aristocracy and the high church dignitaries “all forsook him and fled.” The subsequent governments in England, however, and a large section of the English people accepted many of his ideas and acted upon them. Perhaps the most important system that exists to-day which he really inaugurated is that of coöperation, which has proved of immense value to the working classes. We may also mention that the national system of education now in operation in England is largely due to his efforts. He insisted that every child should be sent to school at a proper age; this, he urged, was essential to the formation and maintenance of well-constituted society. It is in connection with his movement that we first meet with the name of George Jacob Holyoake, who is regarded as the “Father of Secularism.”

MR. HOLYOAKE.

Early in life he became a social missionary, devoting his great abilities to the exposition of the principal views expounded by Robert Owen. From 1846 to 1861 Mr. Holyoake edited “The Reasoner,” which at that time was the only important publication in England devoted to the judicious discussion of the various theological questions,



including those which refer to the existence of God and to the alleged truths of the Bible. For the first time, Theism and biblical criticism were made familiar topics of debate through the medium of literature that circulated among English working people and at a price within their reach and in their own vernacular. It was in the pages of "The Reasoner" that the word Secularism was first suggested as a name representing principles adopted by those to whom Christianity was no longer acceptable. Mr. Holyoake subsequently drew up certain positive propositions which he published under the title of "Secularism the Philosophy of the People," from which we quote the following :

"Secularism builds on the foundation of four rights :

"1. The right to think for one's self, which most Christians now admit, at least in theory.

"2. The right to differ, without which the right to think is nothing worth.

"3. The right to assert difference of opinion, without which the right to differ is of no practical use.

"4. The right to debate all vital opinion, without which there is no intellectual equality—no defense against the errors of the state or the pulpit.

"Looking over human society, numerous persons may be discerned standing outside Christianity, who, for conscientious reasons, reject one or other of its fundamental principles. At this point of sight, a serious question arises—Are good citizenship, personal virtue, a calm conscience, and fair desert in death, possible to such persons? Secularism undertakes to solve that problem, and answers—Yes.

"Its moral basis is, that justification by sincerity is a higher and more reliable truth than 'justification by faith.'

"Its province of study is the order, rather than the origin, of nature, the study of the laws or operations of nature being the most fruitful for human guidance.

“Its practical result is the discovery that science is the providence of man, and the development of this truth as a protection against false dependencies.

“Its theory of morals is that there exist guarantees of pure morality in human nature, in utility and intelligence; and that conduct is the true source of acceptability before man and God—that human service is the truest prayer, and work the highest worship.

“Its standard of appeal is that Secularism accepts no authority but that of nature, adopts no methods but those of science and philosophy, and respects in practice no rule but that of the conscience, illustrated by the common sense of mankind. It values the lessons of the past, and looks to tradition as presenting a storehouse of raw materials to thought, and in many cases results of high wisdom for our reverence; but it utterly disowns tradition as a ground of belief, whether miracles and supernaturalism be claimed or not claimed on its side. No sacred scripture nor ancient church can be made a basis of belief, for the obvious reason that their claims always need to be proved, and cannot without absurdity be assumed.”

In reference to the relation of Secularism to the unknown, Mr. Holyoake observes:

“It is said that Secularism seeks to destroy the ‘religious element’ in man. We answer, it rather seeks to give the sentiment bearing that erroneous name a definite and rational direction. We ask what is meant by the ‘religious element?’ It is answered, ‘The worship of God.’ We reply, the worship of a supreme being implies the recognition of such independent being. But to those from whom such recognition is hidden, the aforesaid ‘religious element’ is not attainable. *They* cannot be said to ‘destroy’ it—they do not discover it. To be intelligible, the ‘religious element’ must point to some object. We demand to have it clearly stated what that object is. The object of the appetite is a meal. The object of the

religious sentiment should be deity. But till deity is discovered, the object is wanting, and the sentiment is blind. The chief general intellectual sentiment the race of man appears to possess is the desire to penetrate the unknown, by which our life is hemmed in. But the unknown is not God, but the vestibule through which, *perhaps*, we pass to his presence. We cannot, without the violation of philosophy, assume the unknown, as such, to be deity. The god of the intelligent worshiper is the known. He who worships the unknown is an Atheist in everything but the name."

In reference to destructive work, Mr. Holyoake writes :

"Our negative work has been to combat priests and the laws, whenever priests or the laws interfered with Freethought—that is, our mission has been to act as a John in the wilderness, to make way for science."

We have quoted at some length from the "Father of Secularism," because we are desirous that our readers on this continent shall have a clear conception of what English Secularism really is, according to the declarations of its founder. In the course of our indications of its developments, it will be seen that slight differences of opinion existed among some of Mr. Holyoake's principal followers, but these differences in no way affected the system as a philosophy ; they pertained only to matters of detail.

The skeptical movement in England then assumed a new form. It was no longer mere unorganized Freethought, but it contained positive principles capable of properly regulating human conduct apart from all phases of theology. Before, however, this change was possible, Freethinkers had to endure untold sufferings inflicted through orthodox bigotry. They were persecuted and prosecuted, hunted from place to place, fined and imprisoned. These were indeed the times to "try men's souls." Here are the names of a few of the brave Freethinkers who endured the severest penalties, and who had

to bear the grossest forms of injustice, simply because they sought to emancipate themselves, and others, from the shackles of religious and social restrictions. In 1797 Williams suffered twelve months' imprisonment for publishing "The Age of Reason." Between the years 1792 and 1814, Eaton was prosecuted several times, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, and to the pillory for the same "offense." Houston had two years in prison and was fined two hundred pounds for translating D'Holbach's "Ecce Homo." Richard Carlile served several terms of imprisonment, varying from one to three years, and had to pay fines amounting to many thousand pounds, for publishing the works of D'Holbach, Volney, Hone, Palmer, and Paine. Carlile's wife, his sister, and many of his assistants were convicted and suffered, together with many small booksellers, for selling Freethought works. We have also a long list of other martyrs who fought the battle against the "taxes on knowledge" by publishing, unstamped, the "Poor Man's Guardian." Among these were Henry Hetherington, Abel Heywood, and James Watson. Later on we find that Charles Southwell and Robert Taylor were both imprisoned and cruelly treated for daring to impeach the theology of their time. George Jacob Holyoake did not escape. In 1842 he suffered six months' imprisonment for alleged blasphemy. The story of his arrest and confinement he tells in "The Last Trial by Jury for Atheism." Briefly, the facts were these: Lecturing at Cheltenham (England) on the betterment of the condition of the working classes, he answered an irrelevant question. The terms he used in his reply were, that he would do with God as was done to certain officers of the army—put him on half pay. This was the head and front of Mr. Holyoake's offense, for which he was found guilty and sent to the house for the correction of criminals. Such was the treatment of Freethinkers at the hands of those who preached a "religion of love." It

is to such dauntless sufferers as these in the cause of Freethought to whom the English people are indebted for their present freedom from the influence of a pernicious creed.

We find that, associated with the "Father of Secularism," in conducting "The Reasoner," were Professor Francis W. Newman, W. J. Birch, M.A., F. B. Benton, B. A., William Maccall, Robert Cooper, Austin Holyoake, and John Watts. Mr. A. Holyoake was a hard but silent worker, and the Secular cause in England is much indebted to his devoted and unrecorded services quietly and unselfishly rendered. He died at the age of forty-two, on April 10, 1874. John Watts (brother to Charles Watts) not only assisted Mr. G. J. Holyoake with "The Reasoner," but subsequently he was, for a time, the editor and proprietor of "The National Reformer." He died at the age of thirty-two in 1866. Robert Cooper wrote a book on "The Immortality of the Soul," and another on "The Bible and its Evidences." He was editor of "The London Investigator," in which journal the first essay from the pen of Mr. Charles Bradlaugh appeared.

Beyond all question Mr. Bradlaugh was the greatest Freethinker England ever had. He was born in London in 1833, and began his public life as a Sunday-school teacher, and a defender of the Christian faith. He very soon, however, discovered reasons for giving up his belief in Christianity, and at an early age he joined the Freethought movement. With remarkable skill he attacked the teachings of the Bible and the evidences offered in its defense. His knowledge of the Bible was extensive, and his criticism of its contents was most searching and trenchant. His work on Genesis is a monument of diligent inquiry and of deep research. It is the opinion of Charles Watts, who was, for many years, Mr. Bradlaugh's colleague and confidential friend, that as a debater on God and the Bible he (Mr. Bradlaugh) had no equal. As a

lecturer his eloquence was unique, his power over an audience being marvelous. He was an active politician; in principles, a radical of the broadest type. His long struggle at Northampton, and at the bar of the House of Commons, made him one of the best known men in the English nation. At last, through his indomitable courage, he succeeded in gaining a seat in Parliament, and also in converting his bitterest opponents into his most attentive listeners. As he prophesied that he would do, he accomplished the task of planting the flag of Freethought on the floor of St. Stephens. During his far too brief services in Parliament, which were cut short by his death, he secured the passing of the Affirmation bill—a measure that enabled a person to give evidence on all occasions without calling for the help of any God. “Swear not at all” is an injunction now in harmony with English law, and, to the honor of Freethought be it said, it was Mr. Bradlaugh who made this possible.

After many severe battles on behalf of Freethought, and after numerous public discussions, both with laymen and clergymen, Mr. Bradlaugh became the leader of the Secular party in England. He established the National Secular Society of which he was president until a short time prior to his death in 1891. His view of Secularism differed somewhat from that held by Mr. G. J. Holyoake. Mr. Bradlaugh considered that Secularism really meant Atheism, and he thought that the principal duty of a Secularist was to seek to destroy the orthodox faith, and to promote social and political reforms. He was a bold and an uncompromising Atheist, and he found his Atheism strictly compatible with the highest practice of morality, and in strict accordance with human reason. The belief in this philosophy enabled him to live a noble and useful life, and to die a calm and peaceful death. For thirty years the “National Reformer” was devoted to the exposition of Mr. Bradlaugh’s views, and to the recording



of his public services. It was familiarly spoken of as "Bradlaugh's paper," and its recent demise sufficiently attests the accuracy of this description. Thousands read the paper in consequence of the interest they took in the career of its then editor, which interest, of course, ceased when he passed away. The death of a man who had in the public mind united Bradlaugh with Freethought, as previously Holyoake had been associated with Secularism, must indeed have been a blow to our English friends. Fortunately, others have been found to continue the work that for years was so efficiently done by the late great English leader. And we shall see presently that his successors have not labored in vain.

Mr. Charles C. Cattell was once a prominent worker in the ranks of English Freethought. In his youth he belonged to the Church of England, but he left the Christian fold, and studied science and logic at the leading institution in Birmingham. He has published many books on Freethought subjects, and for forty years he was a contributor to all the English Secular journals. He is a master of the philosophy of Secularism, which he regards as Atheistic but not Atheism. He has always been a great admirer both of Mr. Holyoake and of Mr. Bradlaugh, whose friendship he highly valued. Friends on this side of the Atlantic will remember Mr. Cattell better as "Christopher Charles," under which *nom de plume* he wrote for many years. For some time he has been afflicted with almost complete deafness, but we see that he still occasionally writes for the "Freethinker" and other English papers.

The Secularist of longest standing, both as a lecturer and as a writer, in England at the present time, is our friend Charles Watts, who is well known on this continent. For many years he worked with us, but on the death of Mr. Bradlaugh he was induced to return to his native country and to join Mr. G. W. Foote in conducting the

movement there. Mr. Watts is regarded by his associates as one of the ablest debaters now in the field. Certainly while he was in America and Canada he won the reputation of being our foremost controversialist. Perhaps no man could receive higher praise than the following from Robert G. Ingersoll who, in "The Truth Seeker" of Sept. 5, 1885, said :

"Mr. Watts is an extremely logical man, with a direct and straightforward manner and mind. He has paid great attention to what is called 'Secularism.' He thoroughly understands organization, and he is undoubtedly one of the strongest debaters in the field. He has had great experience. He has demolished more divines than any man of my acquaintance. I have read several of his debates. In discussion he is quiet, pertinent, logical, and, above all, good-natured. There is not in all he says a touch of malice. Last winter, wherever I went, I heard the most favorable accounts of Mr. Watts. All who heard him were delighted." Mr. Watts describes himself as a disciple of G. J. Holyoake, although it is evident that he was much impressed with Mr. Bradlaugh's mode of advocacy. He is a clear and logical expounder of Secularism, which he regards as the "one thing needful," either for this or for any other life. In speaking of him, Mr. Holyoake says :

"Mr. Watts, whom I have known for many years, is a most able and judicious lecturer and debater. His statement of Secular principles and policy is the best I have ever seen."

He was for years assistant editor of Mr. Bradlaugh's "National Reformer," and secretary and special lecturer of the National Secular Society. He wrote the official reply to the "Christian Evidence Society," which was indorsed by Mr. Bradlaugh, who said of the work: "In these essays, Mr. Charles Watts, as the official representative of the National Secular Society, performs with his

pen the same service that he has with his speech rendered so ably in many parts of England, Scotland, and Wales. The subjects are dealt with by Mr. Watts in a spirit which we believe will command the respect even of his Christian adversaries."

He was also proprietor and editor of "The Secular Review" in England, and subsequently he owned and edited "Secular Thought" in Canada. At present he is a regular contributor to Mr. Foote's paper, the "Free-thinker," and also to "The Truth Seeker." In politics Mr. Watts is a thorough-going Radical and a persistent advocate of the rights and equality of woman. He has a large heart, a genial disposition, and always takes great interest in whatever he thinks is calculated to benefit the human race.

Shortly after Mr. Bradlaugh ceased to be president of the National Secular Society, it became less Atheistical and less political, and now the society is conducted on purely Secularistic principles, and each member is allowed to form his or her own opinion upon all outside questions. Still, we are informed by one who is in a position to know, that for the most part the members of the society are by conviction both Atheists and Radicals, although a few are of a more conservative turn of mind, and prefer the term Agnostic. This, however, does not affect the existence of a general agreement upon the principles and objects of the association, which are as follows: "Secularism teaches that conduct should be based on reason and knowledge. It knows nothing of divine guidance or interference; it excludes supernatural hopes and fears; it regards happiness as man's proper aim, and utility as his moral guide.

"Secularism affirms that progress is only possible through Liberty, which is at once a right and a duty; and therefore seeks to remove every barrier to the fullest equal freedom of thought, action, and speech.

“Secularism declares that theology is condemned by reason as superstitious and by experience as mischievous, and assails it as the historic enemy of progress.

“Secularism accordingly seeks to dispel superstition; to spread education; to disestablish religion; to rationalize morality; to promote peace; to dignify labor; to extend material well-being; and to realize the self-government of the people.”

The practical objects of the society as recently drawn up by its executive, are as follows: “The legitimation of bequests to Secular or other Freethought Societies, for the maintenance and propagation of heterodox opinions on matters of religion, on the same conditions as apply to Christian or Theistic churches and organizations.

“The abolition of the Blasphemy laws, in order that religion may be canvassed as freely as other subjects, without fear of fine or imprisonment.

“The disestablishment and disendowment of the state churches in England, Scotland, and Wales.

“The abolition of all religious tests and disabilities in schools, colleges, municipalities, parliament, the executive, and the judicature.

“The abolition of all religious teaching and Bible reading in schools, or other educational establishments, supported by the state.

“The opening of all endowed educational institutions to the children and youth of all classes alike.

“The abrogation of all laws interfering with the free use of Sunday for purposes of culture and recreation; and the Sunday opening of state and municipal Museums, Libraries, and Art Galleries.

“A reform of the marriage laws, especially to secure equal justice for husband and wife, and a reasonable liberty and facility of divorce.

“The equalization of the legal status of men and

women, so that all rights may be independent of sexual distinctions.

“The protection of children from all forms of violence, and from the greed of those who would make a profit out of their premature labor.

“The abolition of all hereditary distinctions and privileges, as fostering a spirit antagonistic to justice and human brotherhood.

“The improvement by all just and wise means of the conditions of daily life for the masses of the people, especially in towns and cities, where insanitary and in-commodious dwellings, and the want of open spaces, cause physical weakness and disease, and the deterioration of family life.

“The promotion of the right and duty of labor to organize itself for its moral and economical advancement, and of its claim to legal protection in such combinations.

“The substitution of the idea of reform for that of punishment in the treatment of criminals, so that jails may no longer be places of brutalization, or even of mere detention, but places of physical, intellectual, and moral elevation for those who are afflicted with anti-social tendencies.

“The promotion of peace between nations, and the substitution of arbitration for war in the settlement of international disputes.”

It be will here seen that, while politics is avoided, the consideration of social questions that affect the Secular welfare of the community is deemed a duty to be performed by members of the organization.

The president of the society is Mr. George William Foote, who was appointed to the position by Mr. Bradlaugh, when that gentlemen found its necessary to give up some of his public duties. That the selection of Mr. Foote was acceptable to the Freethinkers of England is evident from the fact that he has been elected at every

annual Secular conference which has since been held. Judging from the writings and from the opinion Mr. Watts has publicly expressed of Mr. Foote, we regard him as being "the right man in the right place," as president of the National Secular Society, for he is undoubtedly one of the best equipped men in the Freethought ranks. As a writer, a lecturer, and a debater, he has but few equals. Being a young man, having seen only forty-three years, and possessing a strong constitution, he is able to perform the work that in his office as president devolves upon him. The progress of the English Secular Society appears to be satisfactory. Its membership has largely increased within the last few years, and it has branches in all the principal towns in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. It has also its special lecturers; among them we see the name of Arthur B. Moss, who writes occasionally for "The Truth Seeker." Mr. Foote is editor of the "Free-thinker," the most successful Freethought paper ever published in England, and he has for sub-editor the able and well-read author of the "Biographical Dictionary of Freethinkers," Mr. J. M. Wheeler. Mr. Foote joined the Freethought movement in 1868, and was for years a contributor to the "Secular Chronicle" and the "National Reformer." He also wrote the "Heroes and Martyrs of Freethought" in conjunction with Mr. Watts, and with Mr. Holyoake he started a journal called the "Secularist." Subsequently Mr. Foote edited a magazine entitled "Progress." In 1882 the public prosecutor commenced legal proceedings against him for blasphemy, and thus he became enrolled in the noble army of martyrs. Although Mr. Foote defended himself with marked ability, he was found guilty and sentenced by a Roman Catholic judge to one year's imprisonment. On leaving the dock Mr. Foote said: "Thank you, my lord; your sentence is worthy of your creed." All this occurred in a country that boasts of its freedom. Let us hope that this last prosecution for



“blasphemy” will conclude in England the long list of struggles against legal orthodox persecution. We shall be much mistaken if in the near future Mr. Foote does not make for himself a name deserving to be placed second only to that of his predecessor, Mr. Bradlaugh.

Among the names of the most vigorous Freethought writers in England stands that of William Stewart Ross, better known, perhaps, by his pen name of “Saladin.” He is the editor of “The Agnostic Journal,” which is ably conducted and in which appear excellent articles on a variety of subjects. Mr. Ross is also a brilliant poet and a prolific writer upon the philosophical questions of the day. According to his own avowal he is not a Secularist, and he objects to be termed an Atheist. Probably the name Agnostic will somewhat express his views, although he holds some opinions as to Agnosticism that are not very clear to us. He is not identified with the organized Freethinkers of England, as he prefers the rôle of a “free lance.” He is not a public speaker, but he amply makes up for his absence from the platform by the use of his pen. Orthodox Christianity and priestcraft, in all their forms, have a no more determined opponent than Mr. Ross. He was born in Scotland in 1844. We may, therefore, hope that he still has many years before him in which to continue his splendid aid in the struggle for mental freedom.

We are pleased to see that some valuable work in the Freethought movement in England is being done by the eldest son of Charles Watts. Mr. Charles Albert Watts is associated principally with the Agnostic wing of the Freethought army, and he carries on a printing and publishing business devoted to the Agnostic cause. He is editor of “Watts’s Literary Guide” and also of the “Agnostic Annual,” which is contributed to by such eminent writers as Huxley, Laing, Leslie Stephen, Gerald Massey, Dr. Bithell, and Mrs. Lynn Linton.

Next to Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall, two of the ablest scientists who have aided English Freethought during the present century, were W. K. Clifford, and R. A. Proctor. Professor Clifford distinguished himself as a profound student at King's College, London, and at Cambridge University before he reached the age of twenty. He was a professor of mathematics at the London University at twenty-six, and at the age of twenty-nine he was made an F. R. S. He died in his thirty-fourth year. From his published "Essays" and "Lectures" we learn that he regarded Christianity as the enemy of civilization. He was a pronounced Atheist and Materialist, although he held the highest position among the scientists of the nineteenth century.

R. A. Proctor was another scientist who rendered valuable service to the cause of Freethought. He was born in London in 1837, and died in his fiftieth year while on a visit to New York. His works on astronomy are marvels of accuracy and of profound research. His capacity and industry may be estimated by the fact that he published a number of works, the great object of which was to popularize science. Although once a Roman Catholic, he gave up all belief in that faith, because he could not reconcile it with the facts of science. In his magazine, called "Knowledge," he published several articles connecting Christianity with solar myths, and he fairly disposed of the alleged Star of Bethlehem. He entirely rejected the miraculous elements found in the gospels, and his very last contribution to literature, just before his death, was a defense of Colonel Ingersoll in reply to Mr. Gladstone. Freethought in England can certainly claim on its side some of the greatest intellects of the age. There is indeed some hope for the triumph of a cause in a nation whose master minds render it active support.

No sketch of Freethought in England would be complete that did not record the important part that women

have played in advancing its principles during the present century. All successful movements have been largely indebted to the service of woman. She creates an interest and imparts a vitality to any cause to which she devotes her energies. This has been the case with the Free-thought movement in England. Harriet Martineau, who died in 1876 in her seventy-third year, and who was a great writer on political economy, started life as a Unitarian, and in 1851 she wrote her celebrated letter on "Man's Nature and Development," addressed to Mr. H. G. Atkinson, who was a profound thinker and a ready writer. He was an avowed Atheist, and when people talked about not knowing the reality behind phenomena he put this question to them: "What is there to know?" Harriet Martineau now avowed sentiments far in advance of Unitarianism, and became a Freethinker.

Emma Martin was another Freethought heroine. In the morning of her life she wrote in defense of Christianity, but the prosecution of Charles Southwell in her native city, Bristol, induced her to examine her faith more closely, with the result that she left the Baptist church and became an eloquent and popular lecturer on the side of Freethought. Her knowledge of physiological subjects was extensive, and she was a diligent student of medicine. She was born in 1812, and died in 1851 at the early age of thirty-nine. Mr. G. J. Holyoake delivered an address over her grave.

One of the greatest writers among the Freethought women of the past generation was Mary Ann Evans, known by the name of George Eliot. She was born in 1819 in Warwickshire and belonged to a pious family of dissenters. But the study of the scientific method of Charles Lyell in geology led her to renounce Christianity, and she became one of the most brilliant Freethought writers of modern times. She was evidently a great reader, for a minister of the gospel said that she had

read every book which he had recommended her in support of the Christian faith, and he thought that "the devil must have been at her elbow suggesting doubts." She wrote for the "Westminster Review," and while residing in the family of its editor, Dr. Chapman, Herbert Spencer introduced her to G. H. Lewes, the eminent Freethinker and author of "The History of Philosophy," "Problems of Life and Mind," and of other great works which have added a luster to English literature.

Until within the last few years Mrs. Harriet Law was a prominent Freethought advocate in England. She claimed no scholarship, but she was intellectually a "rough diamond." Her lectures were fine specimens of sound reasoning, and she was mistress of the art of debate, as many of her opponents knew to their cost. Her memory was marvelous, and her power of repartee immense. For some time she edited the "Secular Chronicle," but circumstances of a domestic nature caused her to retire some years ago altogether from public life. At the time of writing we are glad to hear that she is still living. She resides in London, and doubtless enjoys the recollection of the useful life she spent in the movement that she still loves.

In 1874 Mrs. Annie Besant entered the Freethought movement as a co-worker with Mr. Bradlaugh. She is a lady of bright genius, is well educated, graceful in her manner, and eloquent in her speech. In her early Freethought days she was a vehement advocate of Atheism and Materialism, but she is now deeply engaged in the attempt to reverse the current of that opinion. While we regret that Mrs. Besant has returned to the mystic path of faith, we admire and appreciate her noble work for Freethought. These are some of the stars that have shone brightly in the Freethought hemisphere of England. But they do not comprise the entire cluster of womanly brilliancy that has illuminated the English movement.

It will thus be seen from our brief sketch of the Free-thought movement in England that Secular progress there is an established fact. There, as here, however, wealth and fashion are still on the conservative side. Much more Liberal work will have to be done in England ere the labors of the dauntless Freethought pioneers are crowned with that complete success which their merits deserve. The laws under which the Freethinkers of the past were imprisoned are still on the statute book of England, and it is still illegal to bequeath property for purely Secular purposes. Therefore, important work remains to be done by English Freethinkers, and we are pleased to note that they are active in endeavoring to remove impediments that yet remain to that individual freedom which is the birthright of all. A bill is now before the House of Commons for the purpose of securing liberty of bequest to Freethought associations. When this bill becomes law, which we have every reason to believe it will, Freethinkers will not be robbed, as they have been, of money left them for Secular purposes. Efforts are also being made to obtain a repeal of the Blasphemy Laws, which are a disgrace to civilization. The leaders of the movement in England are, we think, alive to the magnitude and significance of the work in which they are engaged. Its object is nothing less than the emancipation of the human race from the shackles of theology and the elevation of the thoughts and hopes of mankind.

With our fraternity in England we, on this side of the Atlantic, shake hands across the sea; and to them we say, with heartiest good feeling, All Hail!

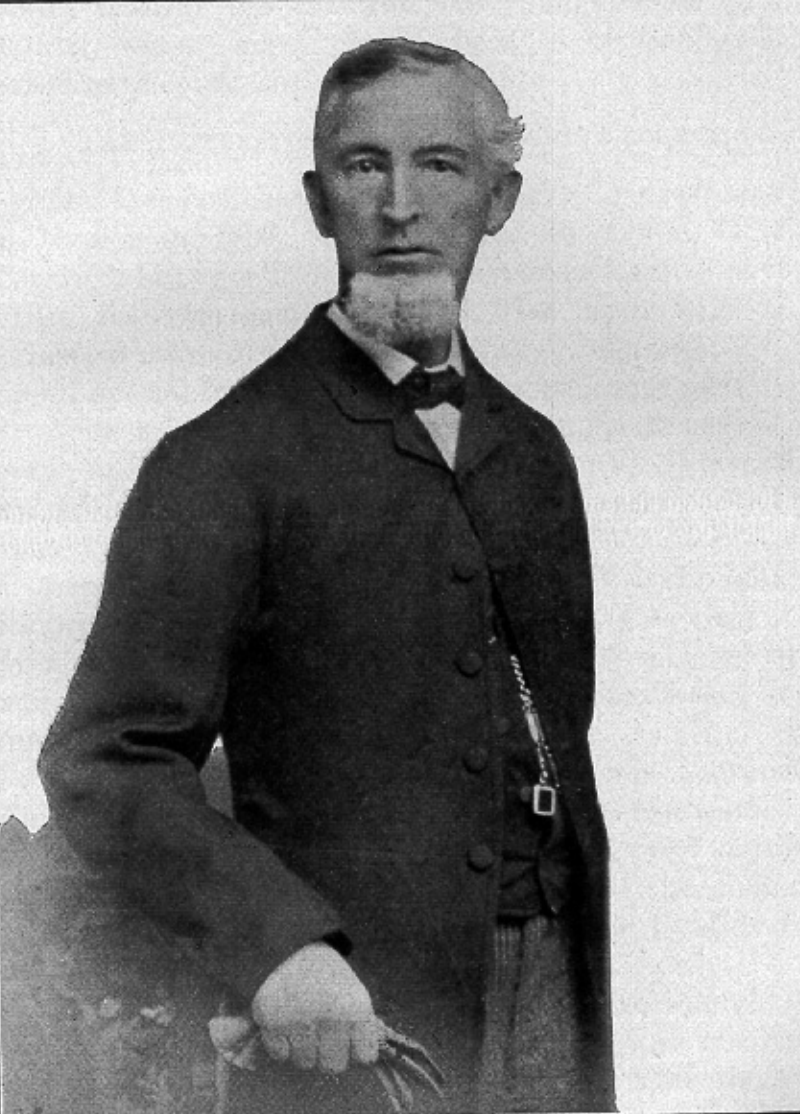
FREETHOUGHT IN CONTINENTAL EUROPE.

The work of Freethought in Europe, England excepted, is different from that in the United States. While here, among the English-speaking Freethinkers, the propagation of Freethought is the sole issue, and social and eco-

conomic questions, woman's suffrage excepted, are not discussed by our lecturers on the platform, and in the various Freethought publications occupy but a secondary position, in Europe Freethought is one of the several issues which claim the attention of the greater body of Freethinkers. There is reason for this; the Freethinker in the United States enjoys considerable political liberty. Political liberty, as enjoyed here, is, to our European brother, those in France and Switzerland excepted, but a dream of the future. Furthermore, to gain mental liberty, it is necessary for the European to gain political emancipation, that is, to abolish the monarchial institution, to establish a republican government, to destroy union of church and state, and make all religious beliefs and unbeliefs equal before the law.

In Europe the terms Socialist, Republican, and Freethinker are, by the government papers and orators, employed to denote any person who expresses radical political and religious views, and hence it has come to pass that the public at large cannot conceive of a Republican or Socialist who is not at the same time a Freethinker, and vice versa. And this popular belief has, in its turn, compelled Socialists and Republicans to assume an anti-Christian attitude toward the church, to proclaim themselves Freethinkers and work as such.

While the Freemasons of the United States, Great Britain, and Teutonic Europe, by virtue of their "holy" ceremonies, laws, and by-laws, are allies of the church, the Freemasons as such in Latin Europe, Central and South America, are Freethinkers, belonging to the universal French-Freemasonry, the most important and central body of which is Le Grand Orient of France. A noteworthy point in the conduct of Freethinkers on the European continent is their cultivation of the social spirit. Festivals, excursions, and celebrations are continually held with as much publicity as possible, thus impressing upon



the Christian the fact that the Freethinkers are active and hopeful. This sociability has another peculiarity. It serves to draw the children and young people from the church, which many attend because of Sunday-school concerts, picnics, Christmas trees, etc.

THE INTERNATIONAL FREETHOUGHT FEDERATION.

The first International Freethought Congress was held at Naples in 1860. It was called by Count Guiseppe Ricciardi in opposition to the Ecumenical Council at Rome. Since then various congresses have been held in the principal cities of western and southern Europe.

Of special interest are the following congresses :

August 20, 1880, the congress met at Brussels, Belgium, and it was here resolved to form an International Freethought Federation, which at least every second year should call a congress.

September 10, 1887, the congress met at London, and its proceedings are noteworthy from the fact that it was here resolved, after a heated debate, by a considerable majority, that Freethought cannot be indifferent to the question of social amelioration.

September 15, 1889, the congress was convened at Paris. A public reception was given to the members of this congress in Hotel de Ville by the Paris municipal council, and it was at this congress that the committee on moral laws was officially recognized by the International Freethought Federation.

October 12, 1893, the International Freethought Congress was opened at Madrid, Spain. It was resolved to continue sessions until October 19, but the meetings were broken up by order of the governor of Madrid on October 14. This proceeding is to be deplored, for the congress promised to surpass those held in Brussels, London, Paris, Anvers, and Amsterdam.

The International Freethought Federation is gov-

erned by a general council, at the head of which stands a directory committee. Members of these bodies are at present Napoleon Navez, engineer, secretary, correspondent for Italy, 323 Rue de la Province Nord, Anvers; Emile Gorissen, architect, secretary, correspondent for Portugal, 323 Rue de Progrès, Brussels; Leon Furnemont, lawyer, treasurer, correspondent for Spain, 61 Rue de la Putterie, Brussels. These three constitute the directory committee. The other members of the general council are: Adolphe Deluc, professor of sciences, correspondent for France, 78 Rue de la Croix, Ixelles; Jean Baptiste Boichot, professor of law, ex-representative for the people, correspondent for France, 38 Rue Souveraine, Ixelles; Jules Des Essarts, editor of "Journal de Charleroi," correspondent for Belgium, Charleroi; Jean Dons, correspondent for Belgium, 42 Rue du Fort St. Gilles; G. W. Foote, president National Secular Society, correspondent for Great Britain; Gustave Nelson, M. D., correspondent for United States and Canada, Minden City, Michigan; Hector Denis, professor and dean, University of Brussels, correspondent for Germany and Austria, 42 Rue de la Croix, Ixelles; Alexis Sluys, principal normal school of Brussels, correspondent for Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, 98 Boulevard du Hainaut, Brussels; Louis Lambarelle, man of letters, correspondent for Switzerland, 15 Rue du Conseil, Uccle; Joseph Nynslagye, professor, correspondent for Greece, 58 Rue du Vautour, Brussels.

It is the duty of each society belonging to the International Freethought Federation to forward once a year a detailed report of its strength, its doings, and a copy of each of its publications. To defray the administrative expenses of the Federation each society is requested to pay the sum of ten centimes a year for each member. The possible surplus of funds is used to propagate the cause, and render assistance to such members as are victims of

persecution. The failure of a society to comply with the above law prevents it from taking part in the proceedings of the Federation. Each national Federation or affiliated society has sole jurisdiction over matters pertaining to its policy and government. Each society numbering over one hundred members elects a correspondent who once a year reports the status of the society to the general council. All members of the Federation are bound morally to aid and protect each other.

The International Freethought Federation consists at present of the Freethought Federations of the United States, France, Belgium, Spain, Holland, Sweden, National Secular Society of England, of the French Masonic order *Le Grand Orient of France*, four hundred lodges; Spain, one hundred and fifty lodges; Portugal, one hundred and twenty lodges; Mexico, fifty lodges; Venezuela, forty lodges; and ten lodges or less of same order in following countries: Uruguay, Peru, Italy, Guadeloupe, St. Domingo, Colombia, Argentine, *La Grande Diète symbolique écassaise*, a l'or. of Mexico; of individual Freethought societies of the United States, Argentine republic, republic of Colombia, republic of St. Domingo, France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Portugal, Roumania, San Salvador, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

Its individual adherents comprise the most eminent scientists, philosophers, and writers of all European and American countries, Russia, Greece, and Turkey excepted. Its members are divided into two classes—active and honorary. The names of the active members will be found in the history of Freethought in each country. Among the honorary members the following have acquired international reputation as specialists in their respective avocations and champions of Freethought and progress.

England is represented by Dr. Henry Maudsley, physiologist and scientific writer, born in 1835; Prof. Thomas Huxley, naturalist, born 1825; Herbert Spencer, phi-

philosopher, born 1820; France: Prof. Theodule Ribot, philosopher, born 1839; Switzerland, Prof. Karl Vogt, naturalist, physiologist, born 1817; Italy, Professor Sombroso, physiologist, and Giosue Carducci, Italian poet, born 1836; Germany, Prof. Ernst Haeckel, naturalist, born 1834; Denmark, Dr. George Brandes, literary critic, born 1842; United States, Col. R. G. Ingersoll, born 1833. The ranks of honorary members have been decreased during the last few years partly by deaths of such men as Professor Tyndall, Mr. Bradlaugh, Professor Moleshott, Prof. Ernest Renan; partly by the fact that several honorary members have joined the Federation and thus become active members.

THE COMMITTEE ON MORAL LAWS.

(Le Comite d'Etudes Morales.)

The committee on moral laws was formed at Paris during the year 1890, as a result of the wishes expressed by the International Freethought Congress of 1889. The committee is international, it has correspondents in all civilized countries, it extends a welcome to all men of progress, and to such mothers as desire for their children a rational and scientific education. The committee has, by unanimous vote, been accepted as an integral part of both the French and Belgian Freethought Federations. Its work has received the approval of the International Freethought Congresses at Paris, 1890, and Madrid, 1892, and only the unavoidable absence of Dr. Gustave Nelson prevented its being represented and its works and aims explained at the Chicago Congress. The committee has published several works and pamphlets, the contents of which are the result of the co-laborers of the most prominent Freethinkers, scientists, and philosophers of the past and the present, readjusted, condensed, and popularized by a specially appointed committee. Among the works published are "Principles of Secular Morals and

Education." It is a work which, if presented in English dress, would undoubtedly have a great sale among Free-thinkers. The committee has at present under consideration a work entitled, "The Astronomic Origin of the World." The president of the committee is Mr. Jean Paul Cée, its vice-presidents, Messrs. Georges Martin and Emile Pasquier. Among the active and corresponding members are several members of the anthropologic society of Paris; university professors from universities in France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Spain, Portugal, and Italy; prominent jurists, literary men, and artists, besides a good sprinkling of ladies. The United States are represented by Mr. Salter, president of Society for Ethical Culture in Chicago; Paul Carus, Ph.D., editor of the "Open Court;" Mr. George Wilson, bank president, Lexington, Mo.; and Gustave Nelson, M.D., Minden City, Mich.

Mr. Jean Paul-Cée, the founder and president of Comité d'Etudes Morales (Committee on Moral Laws), was born Aug. 27, 1839. For a period of twenty-seven years, from his eighteenth to his forty-fifth year, he followed the vocation of officer in the French navy, where he obtained a high rank. He has traveled over the greater part of the world, mingled with society of all classes, comparing manners, institutions, but particularly the religion of all. He has been in Rome during the pontificate of Pius IX., and observed the splendor of Roman Catholic rites, while in Dahomey he witnessed the human sacrifices. He has navigated the Mediterranean sea, the Atlantic ocean, the waters of India and China; everywhere, when on shore, investigating the religious customs, exercises, vices, and virtues, if any; taking notes and making comparisons between the different faiths, between the present and the past.

Having established himself in Paris, he entered into relations with the Freethinkers of that city, joining as active member the group of Fourth Arrondissement (ward).

He presented his views and objects for the first time in a definite form at the Universal Freethought Congress at Paris, 1889, by whom it was recommended. The result of this action of the congress appeared in two brochures: "Appel aux Libres Penseurs pour la foundation d'un Comité d'Etudes Morales" (Appeal to Freethinkers for the founding of a Committee on Moral Laws), and "Avant-Projet d'un Code des Lais Morales fondé sur les principes Democratiques et Socialistes" (Advance Project of a Code of Moral Laws founded upon Democratic and Socialistic principles). (The term Socialistic conforms nearer to our word "nationalistic," since the French Socialism, as held by Mr. J. Paul Cée, is nearer Nationalism than the Socialism as taught by Marx, Liebknecht, and Bebel.) The "Committee on Moral Laws" has now become a settled fact, and its success having become a certainty, the writer of this short biography feels himself at liberty to publish it in substance as it was given to him in a private letter of August, 1890.

SWEDEN.

The history of Freethought in Sweden is an eventful one. Leaving out entirely the prosecutions by the state church (the Lutheran) against other Christian sects, we find that the reward Sweden gives to those who dare to think for themselves and give expression to their honest opinions is worthy of the Middle Ages.

In 1820 Gejer, of Upsala, was prosecuted for blasphemy. In 1830 Palmer, of Linkoping, was prosecuted for same crime. In 1841 the publisher of Strauss's "Life of Jesus" was sentenced to heavy fines. In 1850 Braun, of Stockholm, was prosecuted for a poem on Rebecca. In 1887 Lennstrand was prohibited from lecturing in Upsala. In 1888 Hjalmar Branting was fined three hundred crowns for permitting a greeting to Sweden's Freethinkers to be published in his paper—"Socialdemocraten." In



1888 Axel Danielsen was sentenced to a fine of five hundred crowns for same offense, to four months' imprisonment for blasphemy, and shortly after to an additional three months' imprisonment for an article on the "Originator of the World." H. Branting was sentenced to three and a half months' imprisonment for republishing this article; C. A. Rydgreen to four months' imprisonment for same offense. April 1, 1888, the Utilistiska Samfund was organized in Stockholm with a membership of one hundred and eight individuals. In November, 1888, Viktor E. Lennstrand was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for denial of the "holy evangelic faith." October, 1889, he was sentenced to three months for blasphemy, and in December, 1889, to six months for blasphemy. In 1890 Henry V. Berghell to three months' imprisonment, and subsequent enforced exile, for blasphemy.

In spite of all Freethought has made great progress. When times was darkest for Freethought in Sweden, men like Mr. Rudolf Wall (born Jan. 18, 1826, died Aug. 20, 1893), who was editor of "Dagens Nyketer," assisted the movement, not alone through the medium of his paper, but likewise with money. A Swedish lady, whose pen name, "Marie," is well known to all readers of "Fritänkaren," a journalist and authoress by profession, is another whose name ought to be preserved in the annals of Freethought. Still, even with the assistance of persons like the above, it is a question whether Freethought would not have been merely a meteor in the dark sky of orthodoxy had not Mr. J. M. Wheeler, of the London "Freethinker," called attention to the struggle of our brethren. "The Truth Seeker," and later the Boston "Investigator," began to agitate the matter in the United States, and, as a result of this agitation, money and subscriptions for "Fritänkaren" poured in.

The Swedish Freethought Federation (Utilistiska Samfundet), the president of which is Viktor E. Lennstrand,

agitates through public demonstration, church attendance, with subsequent criticisms of the preacher's sermon (he always being specially invited), by lectures and debates, by the publication of a semi-monthly journal, "Fritänkaren;" by pamphlets, fly-leaves, and by holding regular festivals and excursions. The Stockholm branch has a Sunday-school, where history of religions, civilization, science, ethics, art, with song and declamation, are taught. The school, which has existed for eighteen terms, is under the superintendence of A. J. Andrén, and is at present attended by fifty-seven children. The history of Freethought in Sweden is so closely interwoven with that of Viktor E. Lennstrand and Captain Otto Thomson that we refer the reader to the biographies of these men. Prominent in the Swedish Freethought movement, besides those already mentioned, are Dr. Knut Wicksell, Anna B. Wicksell, A. Hellman, A. Janzon, A. Bergman, Tilda Widlund, Ernst Hellborg, F. Rahm, A. Hentzner, A. W. Mentzer, A. V. Lindenau, C. A. Magnussen. The Swedish Freethought Federation consists of fifteen branch societies, with an aggregate membership of about three thousand. (The Freethought branch at Eskilstuna has established a workingmen's free reading-room, where, besides the leading daily papers, can be found trade journals, scientific works, and books on general literature.) It joined the International Freethought Federation on occasion of the Congress held at Paris, Sept., 1890.

Viktor E. Lennstrand was born at Gefle, Jan. 30, 1861. Both his parents were extremely religious. His mother, by a formally drawn "bill of sale," sold him to Jesus, calling in as witnesses the two other members of the heavenly firm, heaven's joyous inhabitants, and hell's unfortunate spirits. Lennstrand's childhood was happy until religion began to affect him, and it was only after some years of mental anguish that he gained "peace in God," which showed itself in his boyish resolution to go as mis-

sionary to Africa, although he was but fourteen years old. He was not permitted to go, and turned his attention to home missions, organized a Young Men's Christian Association, and became teacher in several Sunday-schools. Lennstrand was a devout Christian until the year 1881, when he entered the university at Upsala as a student of theology. Then he began to doubt. His reason called for proofs. He became acquainted with the writings of Darwin, Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Feuerbach, Haeckel, and others, the consequence of which, after several years of mental struggle, was that in 1886 he became an Atheist.

The 25th of September is a memorable day in the history of Freethought in Sweden. On that day Lennstrand delivered, in the great hall of Upsala University, his first public lecture, "Is Christianity a Religion for our Time?" The police authorities prohibited a continuation of the lecture, and Lennstrand, by handing in his resignation, escaped a public dismissal from the university. He went to Stockholm, where, during the fall of 1887 and the spring of 1888, he delivered weekly lectures in which he attacked Christianity and the church. Easter Sunday, April 1, 1888, the "Utilistiska Samfund" was organized with a membership of over one hundred individuals. He continued lecturing, and was in November, 1888, sentenced to three months' imprisonment. During the summer of 1889 he founded the "Fritänkaren." In October of the same year he received another sentence of three months for blasphemy; in December, a sentence of six months for the same crime, and a prospect of an additional year or two for more blasphemy. In the prison Lennstrand was very badly treated, and as a result became dangerously ill, and it was only upon remonstrance of the public, and fear he would die in prison, that the bigoted King Oscar II. liberated him. The inhuman treatment he was subjected to has made him an invalid, so that as late as last fall he has been under the doctor's

care in the hospital. Upon leaving the prison on May 2d, being pardoned by the king, Lennstrand, after gaining some strength, took up his work anew, and the result of his six-years' battle against orthodoxy is shown best in the great Freethought demonstration at Lill-Jans, Sept. 3, 1889, where over five thousand Freethinkers gathered to protest against the tyranny of the Christian church, and likewise against the church celebration at Upsala, which, notwithstanding proven thefts by the Christians of signed lists, was indorsed by the signatures of over eight thousand men and women. The best known of Lennstrand's lectures are, "Why I am Opposed to Christianity;" "What have the Authorities Gained by Persecuting?" "God;" but above all we place his "Is There Another Life?" which, for logic, eloquence, and depth of feeling cannot be surpassed.

In 1893 Viktor Lennstrand was elected, by a popular vote of over thirteen thousand, to the People's Congress.

Captain Otto Thomson was born in Stockholm, Jan. 3, 1833. His parents were poor, and times were hard, hence, at the age of sixteen years, he entered upon the vocation of a sailor, and started upon a seventeen months' voyage, at the close of which he, in May, 1851, passed the steersman's examination with first credit at Stockholm's navigation school. Again he took to the waves, and sailed as steersman until the spring of 1857, when he passed his captain's examination with honors. He sailed again until June, 1859, when his father's death left him to provide for a heartbroken mother and four children. In 1860 he became foreman in Eskilstuna's gas works, a place which he kept for fourteen years, until the works passed into other hands. During this period the captain married, and for a few years his family life was singularly happy.

When a mere youth the captain had become somewhat skeptical, a feeling which abated not when he, a few years later, read Büchner's excellent work, "Force and Matter."

But force of circumstances, and the conviction that to carry on a successful war against superstition there was wanted a man who had made the subject of Christianity a special study, prevented him from taking a pronounced position.

The appearance of Viktor Lennstrand, his lectures in Eskilstuna during the fall of 1888, stirred the mind of Captain Thomson to its very depths; then, as he himself says, "I felt I had again something to live and work for, and with the force and fire of youth I identified and connected myself with him and his cause."

When "Fritänkaren" was founded he became its associate editor and business manager, a position for which his knowledge of men and events, his practical eye for business, made him especially well fitted. He filled this position during the stormiest days of Freethought in Sweden with honor to himself and benefit to the cause. The captain wanted to fight out the battle on the lines of Freethought only; he had nothing in common with and could not appreciate the great social movement of economic and political reform. Younger minds prevailed, and in October, 1892, Captain Thomson retired from the management of the paper. During the imprisonment of Viktor Lennstrand, Captain Thomson directed the warfare against the church and the bigoted government, and it was chiefly through his strenuous exertions that he was able to act as spokesman for a committee in presenting to the king two protests against the inhuman treatment of Viktor Lennstrand containing nearly ten thousand signatures, and to him it is likewise due that the king personally was informed of Lennstrand's dangerous illness. The captain never was rich, but he gave what he had to the cause he loved, and to-day the god-father of Freethought in Sweden is an inmate of a poor-house at Stockholm; his children have deserted him on account of his religious views; the Christians hate him, and his former associates

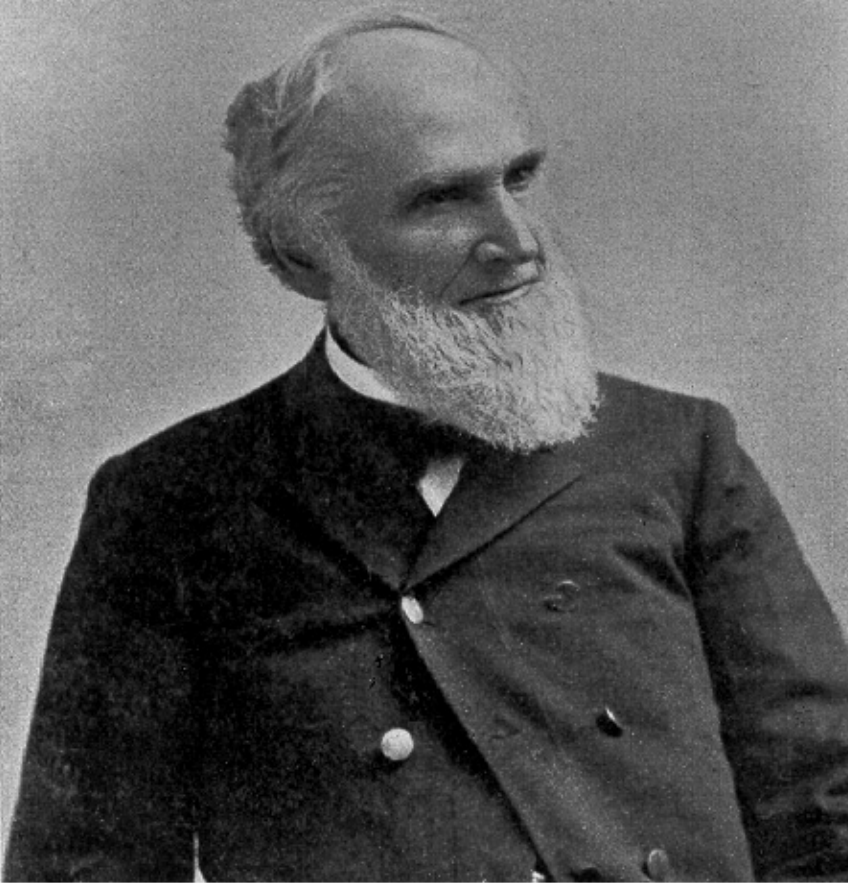
in Sweden have repudiated him on account of his opposition to their social fancies. Captain Thomson is truly a martyr of Freethought.

NORWAY.

There is no organized Freethought movement in Norway, nor is the number of outspoken Freethinkers very large. Still it may be said that Freethought is in the air. It meets you everywhere more or less disguised, or not at all disguised, in general literature, in the drama, in the press, and in the halls of the University of Christiana. What is needed is a man like Viktor E. Lennstrand, passionate, an eloquent agitator, with logic and Norwegian hard common sense. Yet even as it is, Norway has reason to be proud. Two of her sons have not only sowed the seeds of progress in their fatherland, but their names are household words in the whole civilized world, and wherever their writings have been spread religious doubts have arisen in the mind of every thoughtful Christian reader. We refer to the two great writers, Björnsterne Björnson, and Henrik Ibsen.

BELGIUM.

Freethought in Belgium is in an excellent condition. There exists a thorough organization, which, with unity in thought as well as action, prophesies a bright future for Freethought. Organized Freethought is well established in Belgium. The society, *L'Affranchisement de Bruxelles*, was founded in 1854, and there are other societies which are nearly, if not quite, as old—*Société des Libres Penseurs de Liège*, *La Fraternité a Warre*, *Les Solidaires de Bruxelles*, and others. In 1885 a national organization was effected, and from that time dates the real progress of Freethought in Belgium. The principal reason for the appearance of the national organization (*Fédération Nationale des Sociétés de Libres Penseurs*) is to be found in the aggressive policy of the clerical party, the char-



acter of which can be gleaned from the fact that since Sept. 20, 1884, when clerical school-laws were enacted, the wages of thousands of teachers have been reduced, and hundreds of teachers have been informed that their services were not needed. Over nine hundred primary schools, more than one thousand higher schools, and about two hundred and fifty kindergarten schools have been closed, whereby nearly fifty thousand children and adults have been deprived of a chance to be educated. At the close of 1884 there were but ten primary (public) schools. Secular teachers often receive no regular remuneration for their services. In 1866 the number of cloisters and inmates of same were respectively 1,191 and 3,400; in 1886 the cloisters numbered 1,673 and the inmates 21,596. Owing mainly to the agitation of Freethinkers, a Liberal policy has now been inaugurated, and in the budget of 1894 the sum allotted for education is as follows: Superior education, 1,923,260 francs; middle-class schools, 4,150,726 francs; primary education, 11,560,315 francs. The number of public schools has increased to 9,314, with enrollment of about 1,000,000 pupils. Besides these there are many private and, of course, parochial schools. In 1886 organized Freethought consisted of thirty-four societies, with an aggregate membership of 4,300 individuals; in 1892 the societies numbered 123, and the members 11,800; in May, 1893, there were 134 societies, with 17,000 members; in October, 1893, 148 societies with 17,636 members.

The organization of Freethought in Belgium is somewhat similar to that of the United States. There is a central (national) Federation, which consists of several provincial federations, which again are subdivided into local societies. The most important of these provincial federations is *La Fédération Rationaliste de Charleroi*, the history of which will be found in the biography of its

founder, Mr. Jules Des Essarts, one of the most prominent Belgian Freethinkers.

The Belgian Freethought Federation is not only one of the strongest and best organized, but is likewise the most aggressive. It brings itself constantly before the public. Lectures, celebrations, congresses, local and national, are continually taking place. A healthy enthusiasm, a will to work for the cause, are visible all over Belgium. Secular marriage, baptism, and funerals are considered the moral duty of each Belgian Freethinker. Contributions which before found a resting-place in the coffers of the church, are now deposited to promote Freethought agitation, to endow the Temple of Science in Charleroi, and no meeting is ever held but several francs are dropped in that little box for orphans of Freethinking parents.

The National Federation has a central organ, "La Raison," edited by Mr. Leon Furnemont; but besides this there are several Freethought papers, foremost of which stands "Le Journal de Charleroi," and "L'Aurore," both of which are dailies. The seven demands of the Freethought Federation of Belgium, adopted at the national congress in 1885, are: (1) universal suffrage; (2) obligatory, free, and integral education; (3) total separation of church and state; (4) income tax; (5) arbitration instead of war, to settle international disputes; (6) labor reform; (7) republican form of government. To these demands the congress in May, 1885, at Herstal, added two demands, viz.: (8) the equality of the sexes; (9) cremation. The Federation indorses the Committee on Moral Laws, and forms an important part of the International Freethought Federation. Several deceased prominent Belgian Freethinkers have had monuments erected to their memory, the payment for each being secured by subscription, and the unveiling of the monuments have been invariably the occasion of a great cele-

bration with music, flowers, and speeches. Notable among the various yearly celebrations is the children's festival, which takes the place of the communion celebration of the church. One of these festivals held by Le Circle des Soireés Populaires Rationalistes, at Brussels, May 28, 1893, was participated in by forty-two children and witnessed by over two hundred grown people. Likewise once a year each society holds memorial services in honor of the dead.

Prominent among the Belgian Freethinkers are Napoleon Navez, Leon Furnemont, Adolphe Deluc, Emile Gorissen, Jean B. Boichot, Jules des Essarts, Jean Dons, Hector Denis, Alexis Sluys, Louis Lamborelle, Jos. Nyns-Lagye, Oscar Beck, Joseph Thirion Rossignon, Van Petteghem, Rens, and others. Among prominent Freethinkers who have died during the last five years we must mention the philanthropist, Charles Dugardin, in honor of whom a monument was unveiled on Nov. 15, 1891, at Schaerbeck; Paul de Jaer, mayor of St. Gilles; Dr. César de Paepe, and Désiré Brismée, Freethought lecturer. The latter two have been honored with a monument, which was unveiled Dec. 25, 1892; Désiré Lesaffer, a monument for whom was unveiled at Oudenburg, Dec. 14, 1891; Abel Wart, monument unveiled May 29, 1892, at Fayt.

FRANCE.

The first French Revolution dethroned the Catholic church, but it did not destroy her. She is to-day, as before, a theocratic institution, a fact *sui generis*. The power has left the throne and is lodged in the majority. The church observing this has thrown herself into the electoral battle, only to find that to gain the votes it is necessary to convince the voters by educating them. The arch enemy of education becomes herself a teacher, and endeavors to enter the public schools as such. Finding this impossible, she avails herself of the principle of lib-

erty to set up schools in opposition to those of the state. The great statesman, Gambetta, designated the church, or rather clericalism, as "the enemy," and as such she is regarded by the genuine French republican, and this, with perfect truth, for the very essence of Catholicism, which is but theocracy under another name, is diametrically opposed to republican institutions, is incompatible with education, and blights the welfare and morality of society.

In the above few lines we have endeavored to present the attitude, past and present, since the great French Revolution, of the church toward the republic and Free-thought. It will thus be understood that the French republic contains a state church, or rather, what seems the acme of absurdity, three state churches; for the French government salaries three religions, which reciprocally damn each other—the Catholic, the Protestant, and the Jewish. It is a fact that cannot be disputed that the greater part, or at least the most influential part, of the population of France has broken with all forms of religion. This is especially the case in the cities, while the rural population, even if the head of the family never goes to church, is by the force of associations of the past chained, if not spiritually, at least socially to the priest. The priest has become a disagreeable and necessary evil, which cannot be disposed of at a moment's warning, but which requires generations of an educated population to render unnecessary.

To educate the people, and in this way cause the disappearance of the priest, must be the only aim of Free-thought in France. Fortunately for Free-thought our French brethren are capable of pursuing a forward movement on different lines of reform at the same time. Social reform and intellectual liberation go hand-in-hand. Free-thought in France has, by its alliance to social reform, become a political power. The resignation of Marshal MacMahon as president, and the ascendancy of the Re-

publican party to power, ushered in a new era in the history of mankind—the liberty of Freethought. Since then, although the battle is far from ended, we have in France a “golden era” of Freethought. With the exception of Spain and Belgium, there is not a country in which, as in France, the Freethinker understands so fully the truth of the old adage: “Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.” Our French brethren do not sleep. Convention follows convention; congresses, national and local, take place every year, and such events as baptisms, marriages, and funerals are made the occasion of public demonstrations. And not satisfied with this, special festivals to take the place of church celebrations are held every once in a while. Evening schools, Sunday-schools, day schools, run on Freethought principles and disseminating Freethought views, are held in every city. The orphans are not forgotten, nor are the old and feeble; a school for the former, and an asylum for the latter, testify to the fact that Freethinkers, too, are charitable. Fly-leaves, journals, and pamphlets are distributed broadcast over the country. Lectures are given, speeches made, and when election draws near only such candidates as are known to be friends of liberty can command a Freethinker’s vote; and behold the result: in 1881 the Freethinkers of France were represented by 135 members in the House of Deputies; in 1885 the number had increased to 150; while in the last House there were 180 Freethinkers, and in the present 238. The priest has been made to leave the public schools, which are examples of what such schools should be, for within their walls are heard no prayers, hymns, nor Bible reading. Morality is taught as a regular branch from text-books, of which different ones are in use in the various departments. The law bringing about this desirable state of affairs was passed March 28, 1882. We will here confine ourselves to mention of the two text-books which have the widest circulation; they are Jost’s and Bráunig’s

"Lectures Pratiques," which is used in eighty departments, and "Le Tour de la France par deux enfants," by Bruno, used in seventy-three departments, the latter of which has reached the two hundred and nineteenth edition. The nearest Bruno comes to teaching supernaturalism is the statement that we should show reverence to "la cause premiere." The Freethinkers, however, are not satisfied with this, and to produce a series of text-books on ethics for the different schools, which will do away with the above mentioned and various minor faults of text-books in use at the present time, is the aim to which the labors of Le Comité d'Etudes Morales is pledged.

To insure the spreading of Freethought principles, a special fund, the Penny Fund, has been established, and the money collected is used to furnish societies and individual Freethinkers with campaign literature. Secular marriages, baptisms, and funerals, are considered moral obligations for Freethinkers, and although the law permitting secular funerals is not very old, yet within six years after its realization, out of 56,773 funerals in Paris, 10,580 were secular, while in the arrondissement of Charonne, 38 of every 100 were secular; in Poppincourt and Beres, 25 of every 800; in Opera and Passy, 8 and 9 of every 800.

The platform of the French Freethinkers, as defined by their last national congress, held Oct. 29, 1892, at Salle de l'Harmonie, rue d'Angoulême, Paris, embodies the restriction and final annihilation of the priest in society, the equality of the sexes before the law, a pure scientific and philosophic education in all schools. On questions of metaphysical doctrines, the existence of a soul, and others which were brought forward, so as to favor a coalition with the Spiritualists, the congress, with but one dissenting vote, pronounced in favor of Atheism and the scientific doctrines of Materialism.

To trace back, by means of statistics, the growth of



organized Freethought in France, the scope of this work will not permit; suffice it to state that April 19, 1891, the Federation consisted of 145 auxiliary societies, and 130 individual members; April 17, 1892, it consisted of 196 auxiliary societies, and 237 individual members; in October, 1892, the societies numbered 300; while in April, 1893, it had increased to 320 societies, besides 310 individual members. The Federation, however, does not comprise the organized Freethought of entire France, for we have the Grand Orient (Masonic) with 400 lodges; the lodge La Fidélité, at Lill; the Ligue du Bien Public, Paris, and the Ligue de la Protection des Femmes. The above-named societies all belong to the International Freethought Federation, as do the following journals besides the regular Freethought journals: "La Revue Socialiste," "La Lanterne," "La Question Sociale," "La Rappel," and "La Bulletin Maconnique."

SPAIN.

With the exception of Russia, we do not know of any European country in which Freethought has to fight against such heavy odds as is the case in Spain. It is no longer obligatory upon all to be baptized, confirmed, married, and buried with clerical assistance, and we are glad to say the Spanish Freethinkers fully avail themselves of the new liberty. Yet the church, although officially subservient to the state, does still, as a matter of fact, govern the Spanish people with a rod of iron. The present unsettled political condition of Spain, the numerous workingmen's riots, the Anarchistic outrages and plots, are used by the church to cast discredit upon Freethought, and, at the same time, by the state's assistance, suppress it when possible. This latter is done by making the terms Freethinker, Socialist, Anarchist, and Republican synonymous. And this is done so much easier as the plurality of the above-mentioned

parties are Freethinkers, and therefore at the same time the enemies of both church and state. A strict censorship of the press is established, and any utterance which can in any possible way be twisted into a criminal statement is severely punished. Imprisonments, fines, and exile are the rewards given to the friends and champions of liberty. This is so much more feasible as the ignorance of the populace is surprising; only a small percentage of the population can read and write, while the number of those who have reached an intellectual elevation above the prayer-book and their own name, is insignificant compared with that of those who can neither read nor write. Although compulsory education is demanded by law of July 17, 1857, yet, in 1877, the percentage of those who could read and write was but 24.48. Again, education being in the hands of the clergy, one may feel assured that no dangerous knowledge is ever imparted to the children. The census of 1887 estimates the entire population to be 16,634,345, and of these 16,603,959 are professed Catholics, while 6,654 are marked as Protestants, and 4,645 as Freethinkers. Official statistics, when dealing with religion, are, however, not to be relied upon, and it remains a fact that indifferentism to religion is very prevalent, especially among the male population of the maritime provinces, while the females of all classes and provinces are hopelessly pious. Judging from the adhesions sent to the International Freethought Congress held in Madrid, 1892, we believe that an estimate of at least fifty thousand professed Freethinkers in Spain is not any too high. As we have intimated above, Freethought in Spain is, to a large degree, mixed up with social science and politics; Freethought papers, pure and simple, and lecturers that confine themselves to Freethought subjects mainly, are unknown as yet, and will not appear until liberty in Spain has become a fact.

When Freethought first became organized in Spain we

do not know, but as early as 1886, there existed a National Federation—Union Espanola, de Librepensadores de la Liga, Universal Anti-Clérical, which consisted of 100 groups in Spain, and 33 groups in Cuba and Gautemala, and the spiritual welfare of these 133 groups was attended to by 12 Freethought papers. In 1892 Spanish Freethought was represented at the International Freethought Congress by 50 Freethought journals, 250 Freethought societies and republican groups, 150 Masonic lodges, and over 1,000 individuals who did not belong to any of the above organizations. It is worth remembering that the International Freethought Congress, which began under so promising auspices, was prohibited by the police on Oct. 15, 1892. Freethought in Spain numbers among its adherents the cream of Spanish intelligence—ex-ministers of state, deputies, lawyers, men of science and letters, university professors, editors, etc.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

The Freethought movement in Austria-Hungary, like that in Germany, is divided between Free Religious societies and Freethinkers' societies. The Free Religious society movement was started and is directed by Mr. Edward Schwella. The biography of him is virtually a history of the Free Religionists. The Free Religious society of Vienna, six thousand members strong, meets at the Albrecht Durer Hall every Sunday. It is well-off financially, and pursues an incessant but not aggressive warfare against the church through lectures, distribution of pamphlets, celebrations, and by the publication of "Der Lichtfreund," which has appeared since 1886. Not satisfied with compelling Mr. Schwella to confine himself to popular scientific lectures, the government imposes upon the society a tax of about fifty cents for each lecture delivered. For quoting the Bible in an unorthodox fashion, Eva Lichtblau, member of the Free Religious

Society in Silesia, and one member of the Vienna society, Franz Passdorfer, have been sentenced to fourteen days and three months' imprisonment, while Mr. Schwella himself has been in court time and again on account of his lack of "reverence" for orthodoxy. The number of Free Religionists in Austria-Hungary is, according to the last census, 18,000, of whom about 8,000 are in Vienna and its suburbs.

The Freethought Society of Vienna, president of which is Mr. Wutschel, constitutes a branch of the German Freethought Federation. The society has been in existence but little over a year and numbers about four hundred members, chiefly drawn from the working classes. When the society was formed it was compelled to state in its constitution that it would not in its lectures and debates touch the subjects of religion and politics. Now, however, it has received permission to lecture on religion, but "carefully." The society is in a flourishing condition, and its membership is continually increasing. There is another Freethought society in Vienna. It is very exclusive, consisting of ten or twelve socially well-to-do members, who shun both the other Freethought society and the Free Religious society.

The agitation by Liberals in Austria-Hungary is beginning to bear good fruits. Recently the emperor signed a bill making civil marriage compulsory, and also in other directions there is evidence that light is beginning to penetrate the house of Hapsburg.

MODERN BOHEMIA.

For nearly two hundred years after the disastrous Thirty Years' War, Bohemia lay crushed and prostrated. It seemed as if the unhappy nation had been doomed to complete extinction, but the Germanizing measures of Joseph II. (1780-1790) had an unexpected effect; they kindled aflame the dormant patriotism of a host of Bo-

hemian scholars who, seeking neither glory nor gain, went to the people's homes, arousing them from their death-like sleep. The French Revolution, boldly asserting the rights of man, broke out and its echo was heard in Bohemia. Towards the end of the eighteenth century it became evident that the Bohemian nation was still alive and could not be stamped out of existence at the mere whim of a monarch. The ideas of the French philosophers found ready adherents in the country. Josef Jungman (1773-1847), the Nestor of the modern Bohemian literature, was a Deist, and a liberal tone prevails in the writings of contemporary authors, most of whom were patriotic priests with whom Bohemia was first, religion second. Indeed, the three greatest preachers of Free-thought in modern Bohemia—Bolzano, Klacel, and Smetana—were all priests who were courageous enough to tell the truth.

Bernard Bolzano (1787-1848), an influential teacher, was a realist, a philosopher, who rejected the supernatural garb of Christianity and kept only the kernel of its ethics. His motto: "To be happy and to make others happy is the duty of man," is Freethought in a nutshell.

Francis Matthew Klacel (1808-1882) was the first outright Atheist among Bohemian authors, and his "Ethics" (1847), in which he entirely disregards positive religion, may be considered the first Freethought work in modern Bohemia. Persecution drove him to America, where he became the apostle of Freethought among his countrymen in the United States.

Augustin S. Smetana (1814-1851), an idealist of the Hegelian type, taught philosophy at the University of Prague, but was deposed on account of his liberal views, whereupon he publicly severed his connection with the Catholic church (1850), a step of far-reaching consequences.

The general revival of democracy in Europe which culminated in the revolutions of 1848, was not less intensely felt in Bohemia than in other countries. It brought forth great orators and statesmen, and it brought forth the greatest of Bohemian Freethinkers, Karel Havlicek.

Karel Havlicek (1821-1855), also known by his literary name as Havel Borovsky, is one of the noblest characters that Bohemia has ever produced. His life was short, for he was hunted to death by the enemies of light and liberty, and his career as a journalist lasted only six years, but in those six years he accomplished more than most men dare to hope for in sixty. It is to him that the Bohemian people of the sixties owed their political education. In his "National News" and the "Slovan" he waged a bitter war upon despotism and hierarchy, and his words had more weight with the people than the Bible itself. Famous are his "Epistles," in which he pillories the enemies of democracy and Freethought with an unusual keenness of satire. Twice was he tried for alleged high treason; twice was he acquitted. To disarm the stanch Freethinker the government resorted to a means as base as it was desperate. On a cold winter night Havlicek was kidnaped by the police, dragged away from his family, and imprisoned at Brixen, Tyrol, and not released until shortly before his death. While in prison he wrote a satire in verse, entitled "The Baptism of St. Vladimir," in which he ridicules the belief in a personal god, efficacy of prayer, and the rights of despots. The Russian czar, Vladimir, is represented as having had a quarrel with the old Slavonic heathen god, Perun, whom he orders to be drowned, whereupon the peasants, seeing there is no god, refuse obedience and will not support the clergy, who then urge Vladimir to get for them a new god at any cost, else they will starve. The czar then advertises: "Wanted—a god; an obedient god," and various



religious sects apply, each berating the others and extolling its own god or gods. This great satire, repeatedly published, and his witty epigrams have made many a Bohemian a Freethinker.

No man like Havlicek appeared in the sixties, but the next decade saw another active and aggressive champion of Freethought. It was Alfons Stastny, then a student of philosophy. His chief work is, "Jesus and His Relation to Christianity." He shows Jesus to have been a man, and an orthodox Jew, not a willing founder of a new sect. Mr. Stastny is still living, and is an active preacher of Freethought, especially among the farmers.

In the seventies the Bohemian Freethinkers were unusually active. Several Freethought papers were established ("Sotek," "Hus," "Svoboda," etc.) and many Liberal books published. The most important of the Freethought publications of that time have been the "Epistles of Freedom," established in 1876 as a monthly. They championed Freethought both in religion and politics.

In contemporaneous Bohemian literature Jakub Arbes, the foremost novelist, and Jaroslav Urechlicky, the greatest of Bohemian poets, are preaching Freethought in prose and verse. The learned classes are Freethinkers. The bulk of the nation is divided into devout Catholics, indifferent Catholics, Protestants, and Freethinkers. The Young Chekhs, who have swept the country at the last election, are Liberals and anti-clericalists. At present they are fighting for the political and spiritual freedom of Bohemia—aye, of all Austrian people. May they be successful in their noble struggle!

ROUMANIA.

There is no Freethought organization in Roumania. Skepticism, however, prevails not alone among educated people but to a large degree also among the working classes in the cities. It must not be supposed, however,

that the voice of Freethought has never sounded in the Roumanian desert. Natural sciences, with the modern interpretations of same, are taught in the University of Bucharest, and scientific Agnosticism and Materialism are made public through essays in several Liberal journals. The Socialistic party, which is very strong in the cities, is practically a Freethought party, and its official organ, "Munca" ("Work"), belongs to the International Freethought Federation.

Among prominent Freethinkers we must mention Constantin Mille, Dr. Russell, and Mr. Jean Nadejde. The history of Freethought in Roumania is closely connected with that of these men, especially Mr. Constantin Mille.

GERMANY.

The sources of Freethought in Germany are various. Great credit is due to the two great naturalists, Carl Vogt and Jacob Moleshott, both ex-professors at the university at Göttingen, who, by their popular books, have opened the paths of Freethought. In 1840 David Friedrich Strauss (Tübingen) published his "Life of Jesus," in which he proved the non-authenticity of the gospels, and the myth-nature of Jesus. The influence of this work was marvelous. Protestant parsons, like Uhlich, Baltzer, the three brothers Wislicenus, Dr. Rupp, etc., denied the trinity and were deposed. They left the church with their communities, or with their intelligent members, and founded "free religious communities." In 1840 the Roman Catholics of Germany had a great excitement. Bishop Arnoldi, of Trier, discovered "the holy coat of Jesus," and invited the faithful Catholics to come and adore the holy rags. Millions came, but thousands of intelligent and enlightened Catholics opposed the imposture. The priest, Johannes Ronge, wrote a public letter to the bishop charging him with hypocrisy, and thousands of

Catholics left the "mother church" and founded new communities under the name of "German Catholic" or free religious communities. In 1850 these communities believed in a kind of Deism, while those descending from the Protestant church had developed an advanced kind of Unitarianism. In 1859 the Catholic and Protestant free religious societies united, and are now Agnostic, if not Atheistic, in their views. There are about one hundred and fifteen societies, with an aggregate of fifty-five thousand members. Some are small and poor; others opulent, like those of Frankfurt, Offenbach, Mainz, and Berlin, possessing houses and halls, and employing a stated lecturer.

The German Freethought Federation was founded April 10, 1881, by Prof. Dr. Büchner and Dr. Specht in Frankfort-on-the-Main. Owing to the hostile attitude of the German government, the Federation has experienced great difficulties. Each year a congress is held, which is devoted to business of the Federation, to lectures and speeches. The Federation consists at present of three hundred and fifty members (each branch society counting for one member), and publishes a monthly journal, "Freidenker" (formerly "Menschenthum"), which at present is edited by Dr. Bruno Wille. Among the prominent Free-thinkers are Prof. Dr. Ludwig Büchner, author of "Force and Matter," who is president of the federation; Dr. Specht, "the most hated man," editor of "Freie Glocke," Dr. Bruno Wille, Dr. Titus Voelkel.

The federation, which has a branch society, in Vienna, Austria, reaches the public through lectures, pamphlets, fly-leaves, and its journals. It has a "Press fund" of over eleven hundred marks. The federation belongs to the International Freethought Federation, so long as the objects of the latter are not in opposition to the laws of Germany. There is every indication that the German Freethought Federation and the Free Religious societies

will combine their forces to resist the repeated encroachments of the church.

The Free Religious Society of Berlin, which belongs to the German Federation, has a "Sunday-school" which has existed for three years. During the last year the number of children attending has increased from three hundred to five hundred. In this school six hours of instruction is given every week, and the books used, which are written by Dr. Wille, are furnished free of cost to children of parents belonging to the society, while outsiders can procure them at a low cost. The attitude of the German Freethought Federation to organized Socialism is that the Federation keep apart from it, as nothing but injury is done to the cause of Freethought by the Socialists, whose Freethought consists, for all practical purposes, in simply declaring religion a "private" business of each individual.

PORTUGAL.

While Portugal can boast of having among her sons some of the most illustrious Freethinkers of Latin Europe, besides numerous others belonging to the rank and file of Freethought, yet she has not within her borders a single distinct Freethought society, nor a journal devoted exclusively to Freethought. The majority of the Freethinkers of Portugal belong to the Portuguese division of Grand Orient (French-Freemasonry order), which at the International Freethought Congress in Madrid, 1892, joined the International Federation to the number of one hundred and twenty lodges, with an aggregate membership of more than ten thousand. They were represented at the congress by Messrs. E. de Abreu and Mogelhaés Lima. The first Freethought journal in Portugal was "Revista de Estudo Livres," Lisbon, edited by Carricho Vidiera; it was succeeded by "A Semana de Loyola," the most radical Freethought journal ever published in

Portugal. Besides the eminent Freethinkers named above we must record D. Teixeira, municipal councillor of Lisbon; D. José Jacintho Nunez, member of Cortes; D. M. Veixeira Bastos, writer; and, D. Theosophilo Braga, professor at the University of Lisbon, all of whom in their writings and teachings proclaim absolute liberty of conscience.

The population of Lisbon is, for the greater part, indifferent to any religious question, while in the north and in the provinces religious fanaticism is flourishing. There the priests govern the masses. The people follow the aristocracy, which donates money freely to churches, schools, asylums, hospitals, and leaves the supervision of all these establishments to the clergy and the Sisters of Charity.

Foremost among the Portuguese Freethinkers stands S. de Mogelhaés Lima, who was born at Rio de Janeiro, May 30, 1850. Perceiving that the great obstacle to human emancipation is religion, he proclaims the necessity of Freethought, and in his works, "O Papa Peranti o Seculo" (The Pope Before the Century), and "Padres e Reis" (Priests and Kings), he throws the gauntlet to the church. In 1890 he represented Portugal at the International Freethought Congress at Paris.

DENMARK.

Freethought in Denmark is as yet of small import. Although there are numerous Freethinkers, and skepticism is the rule rather than the exception, yet owing to the social conditions organized Freethought is still in its infancy, there being only one Freethought society—Fritanker Associationen, in Copenhagen. On Sundays this society gives lectures which are very well attended by the laboring classes. The government exercises a strong censorship over the press, and the appearance of anti-orthodox periodicals and articles in newspapers and mag-

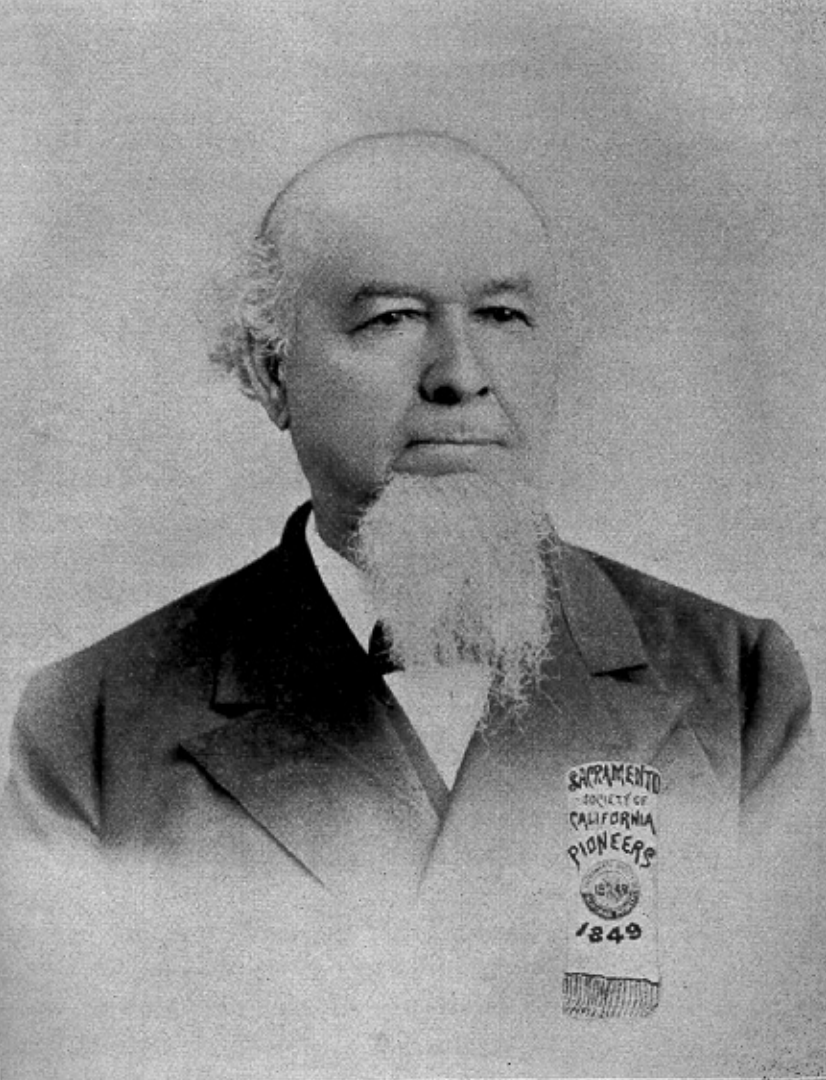
azines is severely punished. In 1890 the then existing Freethought journal, "Tank Selv," was suppressed and the editor sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor. Prominent among Danish Freethinkers are Dr. George Brandes, LL.D., and his brother Edward Brandes, M.D., ex-member of Rigsdogen and editor of "Dogens Nykede," both of whom are representatives of the radical Freethinkers; while E. L. Larsen, B.Th., librarian at the Great Royal Library, represents that class which does not wish religion abolished, but wishes it subjected to a revision, which would create a philosophy that allows ample space for religious feeling. This class, however, is not near as numerous as the radical, to which most of the scientific and educated belong.

SWITZERLAND.

There exist several Freethought societies in Switzerland, but as they are not in communication with Freethinkers of other countries and have effected no national union, little is known about them. There are but two societies which belong to the International Freethought Federation: *Libres Penseurs Polonais*, Geneva; *Société de Libres Penseurs*, Geneva; Ch. Fulpius, president.

ITALY.

There is no national Freethought Federation in Italy, but in all the principal cities we find one or more local Freethought societies. The Italian League of Freethinkers is no more, and judging from the reports given, Freethought in Italy is like Methodism—it exists by virtue of frequent revivals. Societies are born, only to decay in the course of a few years. The reason for this is to be found partly in the national character, which tramples in the dust to-day its god of yesterday; partly in the fact that Freethought is unknown outside the cities; partly, and not least, in the extreme illiteracy of the popu-



lation, which, it must be admitted, is gradually disappearing, owing to the fact that the government has taken upon itself the supervision of public instruction. Still the influence of the clergy, especially in rural communities, is very strong yet, and seriously interferes with the work of reform.

Although prosecutions of Freethinkers by the law are very rare, yet owing to the non-organization of the Italian Freethinkers, several Freethought journals have been forced to cease publication, and their editors indicted for blasphemy, but never sentenced to imprisonment. Among journals which have suffered this fate we will mention "Libere Pensatore," published at Rome by Signor Luigi Stefnoni, and the magazine "Prometheus," while Signor Novelli, of the Florence "Vero Monello" (True Rogue), was cheered when acquitted on the charges of irreverence and blasphemy.

Several Freethought societies belong to the International Freethought Federation, but their numerical strength is not known outside Italy.

MEXICO.

There is no national Freethought organization in the republic of Mexico. This, however, is not due to the lack of Freethinkers, but rather to the unsettled condition of affairs in that country. Only since the present president, General Parfirio Diaz, became the head of the states has the republic of Mexico enjoyed any kind of peace. Of Freethought societies in Mexico four only have come to our notice. The strength of these societies is given from twenty-five to sixty members each. Besides these exclusively Freethought societies there is the Grand Diète Symbolique Ecassaise, comprising one hundred lodges, and fifty Freemason lodges, belonging to the Grand Orient of France, all of which joined the International Freethought Federation on occasion of the Madrid Con-

gress in 1892, as was the case with fifty different journals and periodicals. Hence it may be seen that Freethought is well represented in Mexico, and it will be perfectly safe to estimate the number of organized, outspoken Free-thinkers at ten thousand. The most important journals are "El Liberal," "Zacaticas," "El Universal," "El Monitor Republicano," "El Partido Liberal," and "El Nacional," the latter four being published in the City of Mexico.

Prominent among Mexican Freethinkers are General Porfirio Diaz, president of Mexico; General Riva Palacio, ambassador of Mexico at Madrid; Ignacio Manuel Altamiro, consul-general of Mexico to Paris; D. Manuel Payno, consul-general of Mexico to Spain; Rafael Spindola, editor of "El Universal;" Senator Apolinar Castillo, editor of "El Partido Liberal;" Don Joaquin Baranda, minister of justice and education.

If Louis XIV. of France could state: "Je suis l'état," then with much more truth can President Diaz say: "I am the republic of Mexico." President Diaz was born in 1830. He received a military education, and as a true friend of liberty and progress he joined his fate to that of the eminent patriot, Benito Juarez. His military glory was crowned when he on May 5, 1862, repulsed the French invaders at Puebla. His countrymen remembered this, and in 1876, when Mexico was yet in the throes of revolution, General Porfirio Diaz was elected president. Since then he has filled the presidential chair thrice for four years, and on Dec. 1, 1892, he was by an overwhelming majority elected to his fourth term. In spite of the strenuous opposition of his enemies and the church, he has carried out all the great measures of reform which he deemed necessary to insure the progress of Mexico. To mention all, or even most of his reforms, is out of the question here. Suffice it to say that he has effected a complete separation of church and state. He has deprived

the clergy of the control of all educational institutions, and to him it is likewise due that school attendance is made compulsory, and a great number of new schools have been established. Mexico, which before his time had but one thousand public schools, can now boast of over six thousand. In his endeavor to enlighten the people he is ably assisted by that stanch Freethinker, and present minister of education and justice, Don Joaquin Baranda, ex-governor of Campeche. President Diaz is very democratic in daily life. He walks the streets unattended, and patronizes the horse-car, when his own plain carriage is not at hand. Even his enemies admit that he is a statesman of the first class, endowed with both force of character and integrity. He joined the International Freethought Federation at the congress held at Madrid in 1892. He is a great worker, an honest, sincere patriot, and Mexico is to be congratulated upon its choosing as president the Freethinker General Porfirio Diaz.

THE REPUBLICS OF CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.

Freethought in these countries is but in its infancy. Not that the numbers of Freethinkers is so insignificant, or that they cannot boast of Freethought societies and journals, or point with a pride mingled with sorrow to several martyrs to the cause of intellectual liberty, but in none of these republics do we find a national Freethought organization. Hence the influence of Freethought upon their development is indirect. Imprisonment, fines, suppression and clerical boycotting of Freethought papers, prosecution of individuals, are the rule and not the exception. The cause for this state of affairs is to be found partly in the unsettled political condition of these countries, but still more, we think, in the lack of primary education. The greater part of the population cannot read, hence cannot be reached by those omnipotent

educators—the secular papers. Freethought lecturers like those in the United States would either starve to death, or, what is more likely, be assassinated by some religious fanatic. Only in the large cities do we find Freethought societies and Liberal papers, and to the cities are also confined the Masonic lodges, which, so far as they belong to the Grand Orient, are composed of Freethinkers only. Most of the Freethought societies are established by and composed of foreigners.

Following is the strength in the various republics as reported at the International Freethought Congress at Madrid, in October, 1892.

Central America and West Indies.—Guadeloupe has but one society: The Lodge Antarcha. St. Domingo: The Lodge Libertad, Escuela Normal, Asociacion de Profesores y Artistas. The organ for these Freethought bodies is "El Boletin de Comercio."

Cuba.—But one society is known to exist on that island: Victor Hugo, founded in 1893; but there are numerous individual Freethinkers, owing especially to the large influx of foreigners. The local Freethought paper is "El Esjieretu del Siglo," which is published in Santiago.

Trinidad.—On this island the National Secular Society of England has a branch. The president of the society is Mr. Edgar Maresse-Smith, while the secretary's office is filled by Mr. Emanuel dos Santos, who is likewise the editor and publisher of "Progress," the local Freethought journal.

San Salvador.—Freethought opinions are spread in this republic by the journal, "America Central," published at Santa Anna.

Guatemala.—No organized Freethought is known to exist here, but there are hopes of better times, as the journals, "La Noticias," and "El Quetzal," which belong to the International Freethought Federation, are waging a steady warfare for liberty of conscience.

Colombia Republic.—In this republic Freethought has fastened its roots in three cities: Santa Marta, Popayan, and Cali.

The Republic of Venezuela.—Freethought in Venezuela is represented by the Grand Orient National, comprising forty lodges with a membership of over a thousand.

Uruguay.—Freethought in Uruguay is represented by the Lodge Giordano Bruno, Montevideo; El Club Liberal, Montevideo, and by the journals "La Capital," "El Estudio," and "El Paysandu," all published in Montevideo."

Peru.—Of Freethought societies we have: The Lodge Cosmopolita, Trujillo, and three journals at Lima.

Argentine Republic.—Among the different states of South America, Argentine stands decidedly at the head. Not only are Freethinkers numerous, but they have organized themselves in all the large cities. Yet owing to the diversity of nationalities represented, no national organization has been effected. Among societies we must mention the Great Provincial Lodge Bonaerense, at Buenos Ayres, consisting of several minor lodges with an aggregate membership of about one thousand.

THE LIBERAL PRESS.

The press has been one of the greatest of Freethought powers. In its very nature it is for agitation and progress. The church never welcomed the press. It has had to fight its way. The church wanted the pulpit, and only the pulpit, for communication with the masses. The pulpit could be kept under control, and be made to express only those ideas which were safe to the ruling powers. But the press was too vast and manifold. The priest could not altogether manipulate it to his advantage. It must break forth into many truths dangerous to the church.

The newspaper, in its very nature, is secular. It treats

religion from the standpoint of a good item. It publishes sermons just as it publishes the report of a murder trial, to please its readers' curiosity. If religious matter is stale and old-fashioned, it has no chance in the columns of a daily journal. It must be fresh and spicy and newsy, or it goes into the waste basket. The newspaper is for to-day, and golden harps are nothing compared to a street fight. The New Jerusalem would be interesting only as a railroad terminus; and the courts of heaven would be passed by for a divorce court.

All literature to-day is permeated by the Freethought spirit. This is especially to be noted in the popular novels. Dickens and Thackeray have little regard for orthodoxy. The clergy very seldom appear with any credit to their cloth in the pages of these genial satirists. The most widely read books are heterodox. No novel has produced a greater sensation than "Robert Elsmere," and there never was a more skillful impeachment of orthodox doctrine. The "Story of an African Farm," which came unheralded, the production of a young girl—a solitary student of nature—has found its thousands of readers. The newspaper poets are most read when they hit some orthodox humbug. The latest results of Bible criticism are scattered broadcast. The leading articles are frequently bombs in the orthodox camp.

The Sunday newspaper is a great agency for Freethought. It makes Sunday a secular day—a day for this world—and what is going on in it. It flashes a thousand beams upon the "dim religious light" which vanishes away. Having no telegraphic communication with heaven, the Sunday newspaper has very little to say of its affairs. The transactions of the broad, bright earth itself fill its columns. Science, literature, history, fashion, and gossip are there, but theology takes a back seat. There is no meat on its "dry bones," and they are left to the pulpit, the only place where they can have any show of success.



The Sunday newspaper reaches millions of readers, and takes the place of the once popular religious service. The newspaper occupies the morning hours; and the afternoon and evening are generally devoted to amusements.

Indeed, so widespread is the secular spirit in the newspapers, that many Liberals imagine that there is no need of any distinctive Freethought journals, which is a very great mistake, and shows a sad ignorance of the true conditions of the world, for without distinctive and determined Freethought in the advance that which has already been gained would be lost. The newspapers need to be toned up, for they have no ideal purpose; they seek only to please the multitude. They do not lead. They are not devoted to principle. They are simply mirrors of the age. They are simply for to-day—not for yesterday; nor for tomorrow. While they neglect the priest, they also neglect the prophet. The editor must not pierce into the future; he must interpret the present according to popular fancy.

There must be pioneers, those who plunge into the wilderness and blaze the path of progress. There must be leaders of thought who see far off the dawning which has not reached the multitude.

There must be the press committed simply and solely to Freethought, to its high ideals, its new truths, its still unrecognized principles, which must hereafter be the regeneration of humanity.

It is a pleasure to record in brief the history of these noble journals which, amidst sacrifice and martyrdom, have kept the world upon its onward way.

The Boston "Investigator" is the oldest Freethought journal in the world, and for over sixty years has waged a persistent fight against tyranny and superstition. It was founded by Abner Kneeland in 1831. It afterward passed into the hands of Seaver and Mendum, whose names have been made illustrious in connection with this great journal.

For over fifty years they strenuously battled for Free-thought. There was no uncertain sound with the "Investigator." It proclaimed Atheism, science, and humanity. It was radical and uncompromising. It is now under the charge of Ernest Mendum, who abates nothing of the perseverance and energy of his father. L. K. Washburn, the editor, is a noble successor to Seaver. He is amply furnished for leadership in the editorial field, and the power of the "Investigator" is undiminished. It is now published in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street, Boston, Mass., and through the battles and fortunes of the eventful past, from a position of deserved eminence it hails the future with stanch and shining columns.

In the summer of 1873 D. M. Bennett, of Paris, Ill., got into a discussion on prayer with two clergymen, which discussion was carried on through the local papers. The editor of one of these was unfair toward Bennett, publishing his antagonists' articles and not Bennett's. This decided Bennett to start a paper of his own, in which he could say what he pleased. This was the origin of "The Truth Seeker." September 1, 1873, was the date of the first paper. Twelve thousand copies were issued and sent broadcast over the land. Four numbers were published at Paris, Ill. After that the paper was published in New York. It is now the largest Freethought paper in the world. The persecutions endured by Bennett rallied the Liberals of the country to its support. Bennett was the most industrious of writers, and labored from morning to night for the success of his paper. He was absolutely fearless in the expression of his convictions, and this was the secret of his triumph over so many difficulties. At his death the paper was in the front rank of Freethought journals. It has exercised a vast influence in the progress of radical Liberalism. Since the death of Bennett in 1882, it has been under the editorial charge of E. M. Macdonald, who was with Bennett and his stanch supporter

through all "The Truth Seeker's" early struggles. He has proved himself the "right man in the right place." "The Truth Seeker" has steadily advanced. It has a corps of able contributors. It contains correspondence from all parts of the Freethought field. The cartoons of Heston have given it a great attraction. In connection with the paper a large amount of the best Freethought literature has been published. "The Truth Seeker" has won a solid basis and, with the progress of Freethought, has before it a career of splendid usefulness.

H. L. Green is known as one of the most untiring workers in the Liberal ranks. He is devoted to the cause. The "Freethinkers' Magazine," a monthly periodical, of which he is editor and publisher, is conducted in a spirit of the broadest intellectual charity. All good thoughts on any subject are welcome to its pages. Mr. Green himself is a radical Freethinker, but he tends more to the constructive than to the destructive work of Freethought. He aims to bring all Liberal minds, of whatever creed, into sympathy. His magazine has a wide circulation, and the articles contributed have a high order of merit. It is a fine auxiliary to the weekly press.

And so also is the "Independent Pulpit," published and edited by J. D. Shaw at Waco, Texas. This is an excellent journal, and has been a beacon of progress in the southwest. Liberalism owes much to the patient and persistent efforts of Mr. Shaw. He has gathered in his "Pulpit" a choice company of Freethinkers—scholarly, eloquent, and unawed by the powers that be. Scientific and literary articles of great value have adorned the pages of his journal. His earnest and thoughtful mind, trained by many experiences, is richly equipped for a field which in years to come must be a fruitful one for Freethought.

Mr. Watts's recognized ability and energy guaranteed that "Secular Thought," published under his management at Toronto, Canada, would be a valuable exponent

of Freethought principles. It has indeed been an ardent and able contender against the rigid orthodoxy which prevails in Canada. "Secular Thought" has also endeavored to make Freethought a practical movement, and its constructive principles have been admirably stated in this journal. Mr. J. Spencer Ellis, who has succeeded Mr. Watts in the editorship, has pluckily maintained his post, and this brave paper still does effective work.

The "Ironclad Age," formerly the Seymour "Times," through the unique genius of Dr. J. R. Monroe, has been one of the brightest and most stirring supporters of Freethought. Dr. Monroe had no patience with superstition, and he attacked it with keen argument and irony and showed no mercy. He was iconoclastic. He was a fighter and he did splendid work, and the "Ironclad Age" will be remembered for its rattling batteries of invective and sarcasm.

"Freethought" was started at San Francisco in 1888, and was generously supported by the Liberals of the Pacific coast. A great work was accomplished by this paper. Such an enterprise was needed. Samuel P. Putnam and George E. Macdonald did their level best to make it succeed. But the financial problem cannot always be triumphantly solved. The population of the Coast is not so compact as that of the East, and being changeable and scattered through wide areas, it was impossible to organize a sufficient number to support the paper adequately, and "Freethought" was eventually consolidated with "The Truth Seeker." The friends of the paper can be proud of its record, for while it did send forth its message it was a living one, and its influence is not yet lost.

"Man," under the editorship of T. C. Leland, was every inch a man and dared to say and do whatever became a man; but, as Mr. Leland said, "he was a 'Man' of sorrows and acquainted with grief." While it lasted it was in the

battle's van, and spent its last dollar like a prince. It was consolidated with "The Truth Seeker."

The "Radical Review," edited by George Schumm, is worthy of remembrance, like "Freethought," for it maintained a noble struggle, but was obliged to succumb to the powers of an empty treasury.

Chainey's "Infidel Pulpit" and "This World" for the time being was glittering with promise, but the editor lost his grip on the material world, and the end came.

The "Chicago Liberal," edited by Mrs. M. A. Freeman, was a brave little sheet, but the bank account was not sufficient.

"Lucifer," and "Fair Play," edited by Moses Harman, and E. C. Walker, while engaged more in social reform than strictly Freethought work, have been thoroughly anti-orthodox, and have contributed some interesting pages to the annals of Freethought martyrdom. "Lucifer" still flames on, but "Fair Play" is so seldom found in this world that it went the way of the impecunious.

While the "Open Court" cannot be listed as a radical Freethought journal, still, under the editorship of Dr. Carus, it is so candid and scientific, and its pages are so illuminated with learning, that it must certainly be ranked as one of the progressive forces of the Liberal press.

The "Index," while under the editorship of Francis Ellingwood Abbot, did some valuable work in the elucidation of the scientific method. In this direction Mr. Abbot did much to throw the sunlight of science upon the fogs of philosophy.

"Liberty," edited by Benjamin R. Tucker, is to be noted as the representative of philosophical Anarchy. While Anarchy is necessarily Freethought, it does not follow that Freethought is necessarily Anarchy. Generally speaking, Freethought in politics is Jeffersonian democracy, which is also the democracy of Thomas Paine, namely, that the state is a necessity, but it must simply

exist as a police power, founded upon human rights and for the defense of human right. Freethought, of course, is entirely opposed to that "anarchy" which resorts to force and violence. "Liberty" is a stimulating journal and represents that which should be thoroughly understood by every political student.

The "Twentieth Century" had a brilliant existence while Pentecost was in the flower of his Freethought exuberance; but it has since devoted itself to economical questions which have been treated with marked ability. It is no longer distinctively Freethought.

The "Arena" has uttered many a clarion note for freedom. Its success is an indication of the times; of the manifold tendencies there are toward Freethought; of the unrest that is in the people, and the desire for something new, especially in literature.

In England there was Bradlaugh's great paper, "The National Reformer," vigorous and defiant, speaking with trumpet tones, and so animated with the spirit of the great chief that it could not survive his death.

The "Freethinker," published by G. W. Foote, strikes the popular vein. It is edited with exceeding aptness. Brief and terse are its sentences, and going straight to the mark, the gleam of wit plays about its solid material.

The "Agnostic Journal," Saladin editor, can boast of the splendors of philosophy and poetry. Its philosophy is based upon poetry, and its poetry is radiant with nature's life.

The "Literary Guide," C. A. Watts editor, is certainly a valuable addition to Liberal journals. It keeps one in communication with the best books of the day, and the world's progress.

The "Liberator," Australia, and "Progress," Trinidad, West Indies, are distinctive Freethought journals, worthy of mention.

As already noted, the Liberal journals of Europe are



more devoted to political and social reform than to pure Freethought. The editors are Freethinkers, and Freethought articles are published; but Freethought as such is not the supreme object as with the English and American papers.

Many Freethought journals have existed but for a time; but they have not existed in vain. They have left a light behind them; and made way for more permanent efforts; and the great Freethought journals of to-day are the result of these failures.

The following are some of the journals, in addition to those already named, which have briefly flourished, and whose memory remains:

"Prospect, or, View of the Moral World," for 1804, Elihu Palmer, N. Y., 1804; the "Comet," S. J. W. Taber, N. Y.; the "Correspondent," Geo. Houston & Co., N. Y.; the "Free Enquirer," Robt. Dale Owen and Fanny Wright, N. Y.; the "Beacon," G. Vale, N. Y.; the "Age of Reason," Peter Eckler, N. Y.; the "Theophilanthropist," N. Y.; the "Liberal," Jas. Walker, Chicago; the "Regenerator," O. S. Murray, Ohio; the "Toledo Sun," Toledo, O., J. A. Lant; "Train Ligne," Everywhere, G. F. Train; the "Freethinker," Dr. F. Lees, N. Y.; the "Iconoclast," Washington, D. C.; the "Iconoclast," Indianapolis, Ind.; "Evolution," "Man," the "Scientific Man," A. K. Butts, N. Y.; the "Magnet," the "Harbinger," LaRoy Sunderland (Spiritualist), Boston; "Herald of Freedom," A. J. Davis, N. Y.; the "Rostrum," Chicago, Hull & Jamieson; the "Present Age," D. M. Fox, Lyons, Mich.; the "Welcome Guest," J. L. Hackstaff, Coldwater, Mich.; the "Reasoner," G. J. Holyoake; the "Investigator," R. Cooper; the "Republican," "Atheist and Republican," "Christian Warrior," "Gauntlet," R. Carlile; "Isis," edited by the Lady of the Rotunda; "Cooper's Journal; or, Unfettered Thinker;" "Oracles of Reason;" the "Black Dwarf," by T. J. Wooler; the "Poor Man's Guardian," H.

Hetherington; the "Freethinker," by a Society of Gentlemen; the "Secular Chronicle," G. H. Reddalls; the "Secular Life," "Secular Review," G. J. Holyoake, London, England.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF FREETHINKERS.

The White City, the most beautiful and wonderful architectural display in the world; the vast lake, measureless to the eye as the ocean itself; the huge metropolis, with its gigantic buildings and enormous factories and resplendent parks and avenues, covering a space of one hundred and seventy square miles; amidst these accumulated glories of the "Western Empire," a favored spot, with auspicious promise, gathered the World's International Congress of Freethinkers, for the first time on the American Continent. Surely there could not have been more delightful and animating surroundings for this great pioneer assembly, since Freethought itself is universal, sympathetic with all that Art or Poetry can give, and breathing inspiration from every beauty and grandeur of man's advancement.

And this was a notable Congress in itself, and even without such magnificent surroundings would have been of pre-eminent interest. The Old World could not send many of its representatives, for the reason that most of them are in the heat of the conflict where they are, and could only forward the messages of comradeship; and the immense distances and cost of travel would not allow those who have sacrificed almost everything for freedom to leave their arduous path. The veteran of Freethought is generally on the picket-line, or in the wilderness blazing the path of human progress for a thousand generations to come, and hence he cannot join, from his far-away scene of toil, those more fortunate comrades who, for a few days beneath sunny skies, can enjoy the jubilee of a common brotherhood. It must come occasionally—this thrill of

comradeship—this fraternal and splendid association which gives new courage to the heart, and new illuminations to the mind.

This was, without question, the most representative Freethought Congress ever held in America. More varieties of Liberal people were present—from a wider territory than ever before. All parts of the United States were represented, and Canada, England, and Australia. In *spirit* it was an International Congress, although hundreds of friends were absent whom we would gladly have welcomed from other shores. Those who were present, however, by their earnestness, ability, harmony, and decisiveness of action, made this Congress a fitting accompaniment of the great Columbian celebration.

Only by a few rapid strokes can one give a pen-picture of this animated scene. The hall was beautifully decorated. The flags of every nation waved. The portraits of Paine and Ingersoll adorned the platform. The banner of the Freethought Federation, all the way from the Rocky Mountains, blazed in the center. In the alcoves were the tables of the New York "Truth Seeker," the Boston "Investigator," and "American Sentinel," laden with manifold intellectual dynamite, and their own illustrated and handsomely-printed journals.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning. At an early hour friends gathered, and many were the greetings before the gavel of the president fell and the crowded assemblage was called to order.

John J. I. Remsburg gave a piano selection. John is the son of the other John—John E. Remsburg—and nobly and skillfully in music does he render the ringing Freethought utterances of his famous ancestry. Judge Waite—of the American Secular Union—presided and like a faithful sentinel at the front, he pointed out the dangers and urged the attack.

Seated on the platform were T. B. Wakeman, Dr. Foote,

Jr., Captain Adams, Charles Watts, John R. Charlesworth, Franklin Steiner, S. P. Putnam, Susan H. Wixon and Mrs. M. A. Freeman. A letter was read from Colonel Ingersoll, regretting that business engagements prevented him from attending the congress. Of course the name of Ingersoll was welcomed with applause, for wherever his genius flames it is for freedom and humanity; and wherever he speaks, he speaks to all the world.

S. P. Putnam, of the Freethought Federation then said: "Freethought must meet the combat—the combat for freedom, fought through all the ages, and not ended yet. But Freethought, in its nature, is not destructive. It means the highest and grandest progress of man. It is liberty; it is human brotherhood. With man we must work. With man, each for all and all for each, we win the victory, and a paradise for man on the bosom of this green earth itself."

Captan Adams followed with ringing words, which show that this child of orthodoxy has reached all the breezy heights of Freethought. He is as broad as the universe. He did not want flags in the sense that there should be any limitations to human brotherhood. He wanted union all around—unity of the race, Canada with the United States, and America with all the world. He visited E. H. Heywood while in the dungeon, and also when liberated. What a lesson is here! Liberty and justice are not yet established. We must work—tear down and build up.

Charles Watts then stood before the audience as the representative of seven thousand Freethinkers in England, members of the British Secular Union. Watts has a warm place in the hearts of our countrymen, and he received a fitting welcome as the representative of Old World Liberalism.

The name of George Jacob Holyoake is always a beloved name to every Liberal, for he stands for Free-

thought in the realm of ~~st~~toil, as well as in the world of thought, for man as a worker, in whose interest every god and every priest must disappear. His letter to the congress was characteristic. His genial wit and wisdom was thoroughly appreciated.

Hermann Boppe made a short and eloquent address in German.

In the afternoon the Edelweiss Zither Club entertained the audience with beautiful music.

Mr. Boppe, of the Milwaukee "Freidenker," gave an elaborate paper on "The Morals of a Republican Conception of the World." It was a series of arguments for a determined and enthusiastic campaign against every sort of superstition. Mr. Boppe is a vigorous speaker, and though all did not understand the language in which he spoke, the eloquence of his thought was expressed in the grace and earnestness of his delivery.

Mr. T. B. Wakeman was at his best, and thundered forth plenty of sound logic, philosophy, hopes, and radical thoughts, which must transform the world. The new trinity—Liberty, Science, and Humanity—will furnish the condition, the means, and the motives of the higher progress and civilization. Christianity is a fossil. Study it, but not use it. As a fossil, it is valuable; as an institution, it is in the way. To prepare for and aid the incoming of the new era, is the fundamental purpose of Free-thought, of Secularism, and of every interest and sentiment which has brought this congress together.

Mr. Remsburg opened the evening with a telling lecture on "Jesus Christ," showing that we did not know anything about the founder of the Christian religion. In fact, he was a myth. Mr. Remsburg's dissection of the gospels was as complete as critical acumen could go.

If we were to say that any one gave us the gem of the congress, we should say that Washburn did so, with his delightful sentences touched with wit and fire, his charm-

ing delivery, and clear, expressive voice. It was oratory that enchanted the audience like a strain of music.

Then Watts comes, strong as a Titan. He brings with him the vernal airs of England, the hum of its vast industries, and the beat and throb of its mighty metropolis. While representing Old England, the expansion and glory of the New World kindle his eloquence. Watts is cosmopolitan by nature, and is at home on every soil. He handles his subject with his usual felicity, brilliant logic, and intellectual breadth.

John R. Charlesworth has already won his spurs, and at that late hour the audience were willing to listen to his attractive speech—a plea for universal liberty and justice.

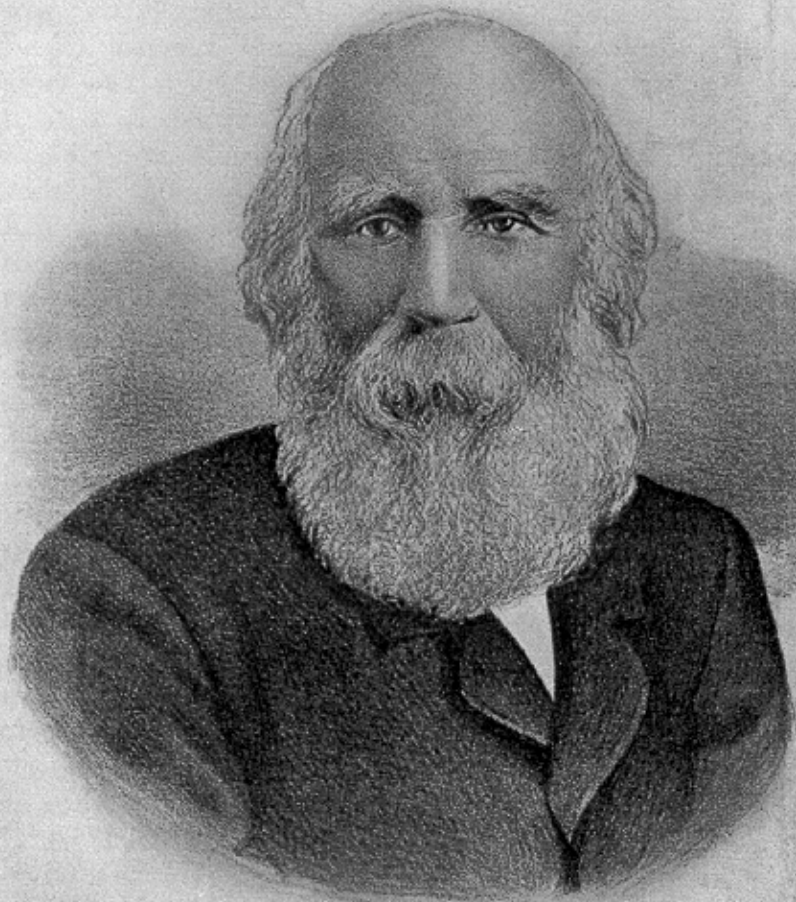
Monday morning opened with a membership of one hundred and fifty for the congress—a larger membership than any congress ever before held. The credentials of the foreign delegates were read, and a letter from Jeremiah Hacker, urging the nomination of Ingersoll for the presidency—Jeremiah Hacker, who, for over fifty years, has waved our colors to the breeze.

C. B. Reynolds, now laboring on the distant Pacific Coast with unflinching courage, sent his fraternal greetings, "Ever for reason, right, and truth." Communications were also received from J. Spencer Ellis, Louis Levine, and S. F. Benson. After these, Mrs. Kinsella sang, and with her sweet voice added to the delight of the occasion.

Dr. J. L. York then entertained the audience with picturesque Western oratory.

Saladin's humorous and sparkling message from across the waters, "The Two Petticoats—Kate's and Ann's," was read. The sarcasm of this unique writer is always mingled with fact, and the sword of the oriental conqueror could not flash with greater precision or splendor.

In the afternoon the stirring words from G. W. Foote, president of the National Secular Society, England, re-



ceived a hearty welcome. There was universal regret that this fearless and knightly champion was not with us, who in dungeon darkness has flamed the light of liberty.

J. H. Burnham could not be with us, but his speech was read, and a good speech it was, as all his speeches are.

Mr. Herman Wettstein, who dives down to the ultimate atom and reads its secret, gave the best metaphysical treatise of the Congress.

David S. Cincose, the "Colored Bob Ingersoll," next adorned the occasion. As Scipio carried the war into Africa, so Africa now carries the war into the church, and that is a good sign. Our friend was once a Baptist preacher, but his baptism did not go deep enough, and he has come out a Freethinker.

Tuesday morning the Freethought Federation opened session with flags and banners. Secretary Charlesworth read his report, which was unanimously accepted. The banner presented by the Liberals of Boulder, Colorado, through Dr. L. Z. Coman, excited much admiration. It depicted, in gold and blue and red colors, the trials, progress, and ultimate victory of Freethought. The letters U. M. L. flashed the motto, "Universal Mental Liberty," and with it was emblazoned the Era of Man, which era is now adopted by the Federation. The old officers were re-elected.

In the afternoon Franklin Steiner spoke his piece, and spoke it well.

A. T. Jones, of the "American Sentinel," followed with one of his keen discourses, which, with the logic of facts, shows the enormous dangers by which we are confronted.

T. B. Wakeman, Captain Adams, and quite a number of others spoke upon the methods of Freethought with some difference of opinion, but the good nature of the Congress was not disturbed.

Tuesday evening was Bohemian evening, and it went off magnificently. The Bohemians have fought through

bloody centuries with dazzling heroism, and they have not given up the battle yet, as was witnessed by the eloquent discourse of Frank Zdrubek, and the history of Freethought in that land of song and romance, given by J. J. Kral. As for music, there was plenty of it this evening, and it made the heart beat high. The Edelweiss Zither Club poured forth its delicate strains with exquisite movement, like a limpid river flowing on and on; while the Bohemian Orchestra, like the sweeping of the sea, with grand and beautiful melodies made the animated scene rich with inspirations. S. P. Putnam spoke on the "Rights of Man."

Woman's Day was such a glorious success that it can be reported only by the sparkling pen of woman, and we select the following from the report of Miss Wixon :

"The idea of a Woman's Day was suggested, in the first place, if I am correctly informed, by L. K. Washburn, editor of the Boston 'Investigator,' a true friend of woman, and promoter of her interests.

"Woman's Day dawned bright and glorious. It opened like a flower in the morning light. The flush of the dawn and the warmth of the sun lay upon it like a benediction.

"The 'Day' was sandwiched in about midway of the congress, and, like a good sandwich, was meaty and spicy. It was attractive and might be well called a drawing card. The crowds came in the forenoon, many women and more men, increasing in numbers at every session. They who were present will always remember the occasion as a bright, refreshing oasis along the way of life, while those who, from unavoidable circumstances, were compelled to be absent, will not cease to regret the fact as long as they live. People came hundreds of miles to be present on just that one day, since they could not remain through the entire congress.

"The women had the rostrum all to themselves, and more besides; for the gentlemen who kindly gave up

the platform for the day, also relinquished many fragments of paper, various tooth-picks, cuspидors, some dust and disorder, etc., the accumulations during previous days of eloquence and enthusiasm. I hasten to say, lest it be thought that the gentlemen of the International Congress had cause to use the cuspидors on the platform, that the articles in question were simply the accessories of the hall, *i. e.*, they belonged there. The women merely looked at the disordered appearances about them, exchanged a glance or two, and smiled. 'Men, you know, are not accustomed to picking up things,' said one, with ready willingness, as usual, to spare the feelings, and excuse any shortcomings of a brother. And then it was owing to the negligence of the janitor. Of course it was.

"Among those seated on the platform, and the oldest of the ladies, and yet one of the youngest, for her eighty years sat as lightly upon her intellectual brow as a wreath of red roses, was Mrs. P. Van Hoeter, of Grass Valley, Cal. This lovely lady is well known among the valiant and tireless workers for the dissemination of Liberal ideas. She came all the way from the Golden Gate to attend this congress, to meet those whose names were familiar through her reading, and to be present on Woman's Day, especially. The youngest little lady present was Miss Marie Lumley, perhaps eleven or twelve years of age. She was from Bath-on-the-Hudson, a protegée of Robert Wade, of Troy, N. Y., and is remarkable for her Freethought principles, as well as fine elocutionary powers.

"The presiding officer on Woman's Day was Dr. Juliet Severance, and she was one of the best officers presiding in the whole convention. This was the general opinion. She insisted upon good order, and she had it. Her opening address was logical, dignified, and convincing to all hearers that woman had something to say, and should have the privilege of saying her say.

“Lillie D. White, a bright and charming woman, of Kansas, gave a brilliant address on ‘The Coming Woman,’ which was full of good sense and telling hits. Mrs. Ames filled a good half hour with many strong facts and suggestive thoughts.

“In the afternoon of Woman’s Day, Dr. Severance had a paper on reform and reformatory movements, entitled, ‘Woman’s Relation to Advanced Thought.’

“In the evening, Voltairine De Cleyre gave a glowing tribute to Mary Wollstonecraft, ‘The Apostle of Woman’s Freedom.’ Choice language and well-turned sentences reflected the speaker’s admiration of a heroic woman, who was much misunderstood and underrated in her time.

“Mrs. M. A. Freeman treated ‘Woman’s Day,’ and right royally did she explain and embellish the subject. With many irrefragable facts were mingled wit and satire, very pleasing to her hearers.

“The editor of the ‘Children’s Corner,’ in her address, showed that the ‘Progress of Woman in Four Centuries’ had not been marked until Freethought began to break down the prison walls of superstition that held woman a captive for so many long years.

“Mrs. Webb, a fair-haired daughter of the late Dr. J. R. Monroe, in modest, gentle tones, read an excellent paper, which, combined with her lovely face and pleasing manners, won the hearts of all who heard her. Several papers were read at various times during the three sessions, from those who found it impossible to be present; notably, one from Addie L. Ballou, of California, who sent, also, a poem; Mattie P. Krekel, who discussed in her paper ‘Individuality as a Factor of Human Progress,’ and Katie Kehm Smith, of Oregon, who gave keen and decisive reasons why Liberals should be aggressive but not intolerant.

“Music was interspersed freely during the day by the Edelweiss Zither Club, and Mrs. Kinsella, the charming:

singer, who responded to calls during the entire congress, and certainly sang her sweetest notes on Woman's Day.

"The audiences were large, several times crowding the hall and galleries, and occupying the space available for standing. Applause was generous and frequent. Whatever doubts as to the ability of woman may have been in the minds of some beforehand, they were all dissipated long before the close of Woman's Day, and the feeling was general that the rightful place of woman is not beneath the feet of man, nor above his head, but by his side, hand in hand with him in every great cause, in every high endeavor, equal sharer of life's gifts and glories."

On Thursday morning the American Secular Union met. The report of Secretary Mrs. M. A. Freeman showed progress in the past, hope for the future. The old officers were unanimously re-elected, and the Union marches forward.

Otto Wettstein then read one of his bristling addresses—bristling with points of logic like so many bayonets.

Thursday afternoon the ringing resolutions, presented by Captain Adams, were unanimously adopted. C. V. Goff, of Nebraska, called attention to the Freethought University, which he hoped might bloom upon the Western prairies.

Thursday evening J. D. Shaw, of the "Independent Pulpit," gave a lecture, in which he picturesquely described his own evolution of thought, from the pulpit to the Freethought platform and press. It was a story well told, entertaining, instructive, broad, and wise, and genial in its criticisms of the past, and hopes for the future.

Isaac H. Hourwich followed, with an address throwing vivid light upon the dark scenes of Russia, where such a battle is being fought with noblest heroism and terrific suffering.

Friday the delegates visited the World's Fair, gathered about the picture of Thomas Paine, listened to a short

address by John E. Remsburg, and in spite of the rainy day, we felt that "this old world was growing brighter."

Saturday evening was the banquet, and there was a jolly gathering. Freethinkers could not revel in much style or gorgeous display of gold and silver; but all the same they could gather around the campfire and be merry, and even if the feast was an economical one, the surroundings could be made bright and beautiful with an intellectual repast and the "hopes of divine liberty."

The largest audiences gathered together on the closing day, Sunday, October 8th.

Moses Harman, the sturdy martyr of "Lucifer," began the speeches. Harman is a rugged, honest, independent being, just the man to do and dare for his convictions, and he was a welcome addition to the International Congress.

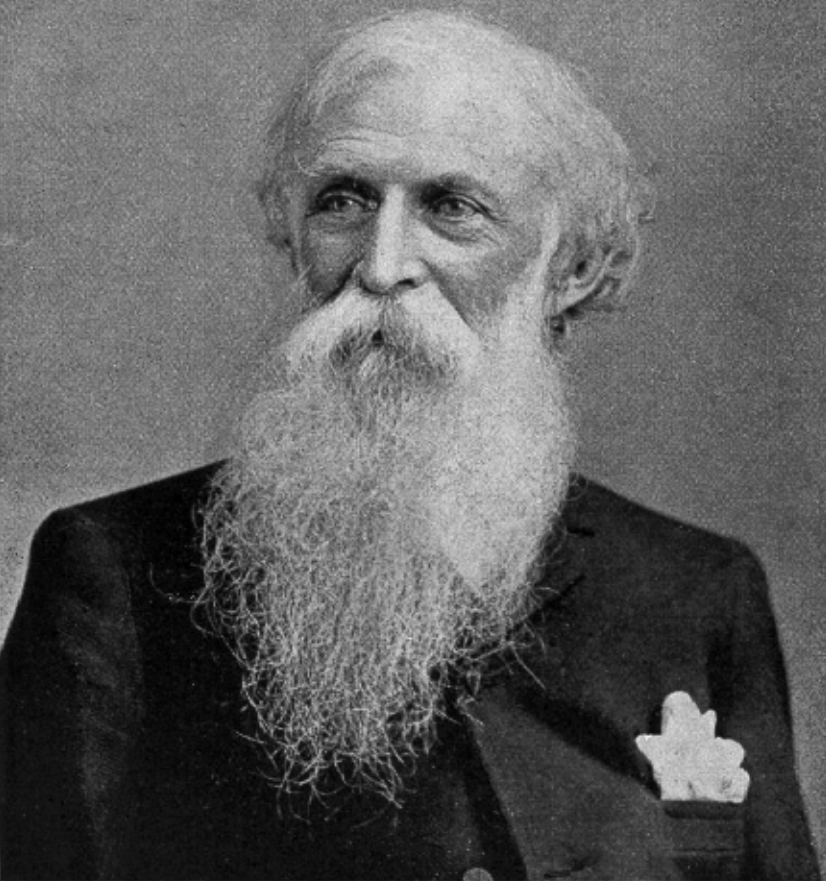
Remsburg followed, with a most telling address on "The Church and Slavery." The truths he uttered should be sounded all over the land, until the church shall hang its head in shame of its base and cowardly record.

Mrs. Freeman, with her characteristic gentleness, keenness, earnestness, and boldness of thought, won deserved applause.

Reuben Rush, from Boston, created a whirl of enthusiasm.

Prof. J. H. Cook, the oldest Freethought lecturer present, over half a century in the work, made a speech which all were delighted to hear; for now the veteran is feeble—though it seemed for the time being as if all the fire of youth were in his veins. The whole audience joined in singing "Old John Brown," to Freethought rhymes, and after that nearly fifty dollars were thrown upon the platform for the benefit of this war-worn soldier.

John H. Copeland, of Texas, gave a fervid speech, and fired the Northern heart with Southern eloquence, beneath the glorious stars and stripes. Then Dr. Foote was called upon. His persevering and heroic work is known to all.



The afternoon session opened with music by the Misses Johnstone, of Hoopeston, Ill., which charmed us all. Resolutions by Mr. Betts were presented, also a communication from San Antonio, Texas, followed by a few words from Professor Crowe. Miss Wixon then made one of her fine addresses. We are proud of Miss Wixon, the friend of the children, she is so thoughtful, so sympathetic, so clear in vision, so graceful in expression, so courageous, and yet so mild and persuasive. No wonder that the children love her, and we all honor her. Steiner and Washburn came after. The afternoon was filled with gems.

Sunday evening was opened with a letter from W. H. Lamaster, and then Captain Adams gave a lecture on "Church Bells; What are they Saying?" Captain Adams, from his wide experience on land and sea, with all sorts and conditions of men, a man of the world, a citizen of the universe, has a taking way of speaking, a breezy, sailor-like manner of putting things, so entirely human and common-sense, that he makes a most attractive orator.

S. P. Putnam made the closing addresses. He said: "From this magnificent, this animating Congress, we go forth upon the fields of time with brilliant hopes; with nobler fellowship, with grander impulses, we can continue the mighty conflict, handed down to us from the immemorial past, dark and terrific at times, but now opening to sunny heights and splendid victories, so that afar we see the day of triumph, the flag above the cross, truth above superstition, reason above faith, character above belief, manhood above priesthood, science above the church, civilization above barbarism; and above God, Humanity,

"Good and great and joyous, and beautiful and free."

Of course among these pen-pictures one cannot omit the editorial fraternity, for where would these "pictures" be, without "the thoughts that breathe and words that burn" of the Liberal press? Macdonald is present, and

you wouldn't think by his youthful appearance that he had been for two score years in the Liberal work, battling with Bennett from the very beginning of "The Truth Seeker;" Ernest Mendum, also, who carries forward the banners of the "Investigator" with a zeal worthy of its illustrious founders, aided by the genius of a Washburn; Watts, who represents the press of the Old World and the New; J. D. Shaw, who, with wonderful tenacity has made Texas and the South an illuminated field of progress; Harman, beneath whose calm exterior burns the fire of "Lucifer;" Saladin and Foote are missed, but their words and the blaze of their dauntless spirit are with us; plucky Ellis, too, can only send his greeting; H. L. Green sent his message.

The Congress closed with hope and felicity, and the broad paths of human progress, more beautiful and golden-hued and sunny-skied than ever, open upon the view, and the magnificent panorama of the future stretches away and onward from these "pen-pictures" of the International Congress of Freethinkers.

The following resolutions, introduced by Capt. R. C. Adams, chairman of the committee, were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That as in 1776 the patriots of America declared their independence of the king, we, the Freethinkers of the world assembled in convention in Chicago in the year 1893, do hereby declare our independence of the church.

"We denounce the church for securing unjust and injurious laws and customs, among which are the following:

"Exemption to itself from the payment of taxes.

"The use of public money for its ministers and sectarian institutions.

"The use of the Bible and religious instruction in the public schools.

“The appointment by government of religious festivals and fasts.

“The observance of the Christian Sabbath.

“The control of birth registration, marriage ceremonies, and burial rites.

“The enforcement of edicts of Christian morality that are opposed to natural morality.

“The oppression of those who do not accept its dogmas.

“We therefore reaffirm the Nine Demands of Liberalism as expressed in the constitution adopted by the National Liberal League at Philadelphia, July 4, 1876, and we pledge ourselves to make every possible effort for the emancipation of this continent and of the world from the political, religious, and social tyranny of the Christian church.

“*Resolved*, That this congress recognizes and affirms the supreme value of a right education; and that for the complete establishment and triumph of Freethought principles reliance should not be placed solely upon present semi-Christian instrumentalities, however well furnished and in accordance with advanced methods, but that Freethinkers hereafter should endeavor to establish and maintain schools upon a purely secular and Freethought basis.

“Therefore, with ample means and endowments, which it is hoped will sometime be at the service of Freethought, it should be one of the ultimate objects of Freethinkers to establish a Freethought university, and for this purpose the subject should be thoroughly discussed, and the interest and generosity of Liberals aroused; also, as preliminary to such great educational institutions, science Sunday-schools should be established wherever possible, together with Freethought reading-rooms, libraries, lecture courses, social and literary clubs. The time has come for Freethought to depend on its own independent agencies for the future education of the race.

“WHEREAS, It has been the blessing of the civilized

world that the press has almost wholly taken the place of the pulpit as the means of general communication among people, and has become a factor of enormous power in modern life ; therefore be it

“Resolved, That, as a matter of vital necessity, those journals devoted to the spread of Freethought should be thoroughly supported, for without such journals it is impossible to carry on the work in any direction ; it is impossible to agitate or educate, to keep open the lecture fields, or hold successful congresses. The influence of such journals in its very nature is far-reaching, radical, and constructive, since it constantly presents Freethought from all over the world in its most varied, interesting, and advancing aspects. It is urged upon every true friend of Freethought to support these journals—both by subscribing himself and obtaining by personal effort the subscriptions of others in his vicinity—and it is earnestly desired that during the coming year a vast combined movement should be made by the thousands now subscribing for ‘The Truth Seeker,’ the ‘Investigator,’ the ‘Ironclad Age,’ ‘Secular Thought,’ the ‘Freethinkers’ Magazine,’ and ‘Independent Pulpit,’ to double the subscription lists of these papers. In this way will be made one of the greatest advances for Freethought, one which will be permanent and extensive, co-operating with and making vastly more powerful all the other means of intellectual, moral, social, and political progress which is the supreme purpose and spirit of Freethought.

“Resolved, That we renew the demands of former conventions of Liberal people in the United States for a strictly secular, impartial enforcement of all laws by the people through officers paid by and strictly responsible to the people and to one else. That we, therefore, condemn all lynchings, mob laws, Pinkerton, white caps, Comstock, Parkhurst, Gerry, and all similar irresponsible amateur or sectarian societies and agencies, as utterly

false in principle and opposed to orderly government by the people. That the very existence of such methods is a precedent fraught with danger, a constant menace to our government—state and federal—an inevitable cause of distrust and demoralization to all lawful administration of the laws, and a natural source of blackmailing and corruption. That the temporary good which is to be accomplished by these irresponsible substitutes for the law, whether instigated by mobs or snobs, or bigots or monopolists, is sure, in the long run, to be exceeded by the evils resulting from them.

Resolved, That we not only express our sympathies with the working and producing people of our country, but that we will aid them in every way in our power. That in so doing we call their attention to the fact that in this country and all over the world the churches are supported and run by the oppressors and monopolists, who use them as their allies and assistants. That any real economic or industrial emancipation of the people is practically impossible without their intellectual and religious emancipation. That the medicine-man and the chief, the king and the bishop, the emperor and the pope, the monopolist and the priest, the plutocrat and his church, are everywhere but twin systems of authority—the two halves of one whole of temporal and spiritual oppression—by which the masses of the people are repressed, robbed, stupefied, and degraded.

Resolved, That we look with anxiety and alarm at the new departure which has been taken by the various departments of the government of the United States, inaugurating a state religious movement, and especially at the action of congress, commencing a system of religious legislation.

“Objectionable as were the state Sunday laws, a United States Sunday law is a hundredfold more objectionable, since it transfers the responsibility from a particular

community or aggregation of communities to the whole people of the United States.

“Resolved, That we stand committed to the most unrelenting opposition to all such laws, and to every law looking however remotely toward a union of church and state.

“Resolved, That the action of the highest executive of this nation in proclaiming as law the decree formulated in secret session by the United States Senate, whereby political refugees will be delivered to the tender mercies of Russian jurisdiction on accusation of Russian police courts, was an act derogatory to manhood and contrary to all American precedents and concepts of liberty and justice and deserves the condemnation of all fair-minded men and women.”

THE FREETHOUGHT FEDERATION OF AMERICA.

In no way can our present history of Freethought organization be brought to a close more fittingly than with a sketch of the Freethought Federation of America.

The great question of the opening of the World's Fair of 1893 on Sunday created an immense agitation throughout the country. It betokened both an advance and a retrogression. At the time of the Centennial Exposition, 1876, the gates were closed with scarcely a protest. It was regarded as a matter of course. But such was the advance in public sentiment by 1892 that the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday was regarded as almost a matter of certainty, and the ecclesiastical forces felt they must put forth their most strenuous efforts in order to prevent this sacrilege, as they termed it. Hence ensued the agitation. Had not the church made a most bitter fight, the gates would have been open on Sunday. The fact of the agitation shows the progress of Freethought. The success of the church party in its political methods shows the subserviency of the politician to the priest. If the church party had not bulldozed, blackmailed, and



Yours Truly,
William Emmette Coleman

threatened with ballot-box damnation the representatives of the people, it would not have won even the partial victory that it did. It is evident that the church party is organizing for political action; that it is determined to rule or ruin—to unite church and state, with the latter in entire subordination to the former. This policy of the ecclesiastical party was made manifest in the passage of the rider to the appropriation bill for the benefit of the World's Fair, in which the gates were forbidden to be open on Sundays, otherwise the appropriation was invalid. It is well known that those who voted for this condition to the appropriation did so, not because they believed in that kind of legislation, which was clearly unconstitutional, but because they feared political annihilation at the hands of the church. The church plainly declared to the representatives of the people, "Unless you vote for the closing of the gates of the World's Fair on Sunday, the church, as a church, will use its utmost endeavors to defeat you at the polls." The following resolution, passed by the Presbyterian church of Brighton, N. Y., and by churches in other places, indicates this determination:

Resolved, That we do hereby pledge ourselves and each other that we will, from this time henceforth, refuse to vote for, or support, for any office or position of trust, any member of Congress, either senator or representative, who shall vote for any further aid of any kind for the World's Fair except on conditions named in these resolutions."

The conditions thus named were the closing of the gates on Sunday.

It is thus seen that the church is laying its plans for the attainment of an ecclesiastical political power in this republic; in fact, to change the very nature of our government, and make it a theological government, thus abolishing the Declaration of Independence.

Other evidences of the existence of a religious con-

spiracy to overthrow our republican liberty are the following :

The pope's Encyclical thus advises: "All Catholics must make themselves felt as active elements in daily political life in the countries where they live. *They must penetrate wherever possible in the administration of political affairs.*"

The National Reform Association is pushing the following amendment to the preamble of the Constitution :

"We, the people of the United States, devoutly acknowledging the supreme authority and just government of almighty God in all the affairs of men and nations, grateful to him for our civil and religious liberty; and encouraged by the assurances of his word to invoke his guidance, as a Christian nation, according to his appointed way, through Jesus Christ, in order to form a more perfect union," etc.

In reference to this amendment the "Christian Statesman" says: "*To be perfectly plain, the existence of a Christian government would disfranchise every logically consistent Infidel.*"

The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union also declared :

"*Resolved, That Christ and his gospel, as universal king and code, should be sovereign in our government and political affairs.*"

The Rev. Sam Small, one of the leaders of the ecclesiastical party, says :

"*I want to see the day come when the church shall be the arbiter of all legislation—state, national, and municipal; when the great churches of the country can come together harmoniously and issue their edict, and the legislative powers shall respect it and enact it into laws.*"

These declarations, and the extraordinary political power of the church, manifested in unconstitutional legislation, to force the closing of the gates of the World's

Fair on Sunday, and the further proposal to enact a National Sunday Law, compelled the Liberals of this country, as a matter of self-defense, to organize a political force in accordance with the Ingersoll Cincinnati resolutions. The issue had to be met, and could be met only in this way. While action in courts and legislature is of first importance, there must, in addition to this, be a direct appeal to the ballot box. The peril was too great for Liberals any longer to remain inactive. They must vote their principles.

With this object in view the Freethought Federation of America, on Sept. 4, E.M. 292, sprang into being, for the special purpose of organizing a Freethought political party, which must eventually triumph if the American republic is to be preserved on its original foundation.

The following are the principles, constitution, and by-laws of the Federation :

“Keep church and state forever separate.”—*Grant*.

“The divorce between church and state ought to be absolute.”—*Garfield*.

“In no sense whatsoever is this government founded upon the Christian religion.”—*Washington*.

“It is wicked and tyrannical to compel any man to support a religion in which he does not believe.”—*Jefferson*.

“A religion which depends upon the state for its support is for that reason a bad religion.”—*Franklin*.

“There is not a shadow of right in the general government to intermeddle with religion. Its least interference would be a most flagrant usurpation.”—*Madison*.

“Religion can be directed only by reason and conviction, not by force or violence.”—*Virginia Declaration of Rights*.

“Our government is a civil, not a religious institution.”—*Report of the United States Senate, 1829*.

“The Constitution gives no more authority to adopt a

measure affecting the conscience of a single individual than of a whole community.”—*Report of House of Representatives, 1830.*

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

PREAMBLE.—Realizing that the safety of republican institutions is imperiled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the state in matters religious, as instanced by the recent act of Congress in closing the World’s Fair on Sunday, we hereby organize the Freethought Federation of America to help secure throughout the United States a practical compliance with the principles involved in the Demands of Liberalism.

CONSTITUTION.—*Article I.*—This organization shall be known as the Freethought Federation of America.

Article II.—(A) The general object shall be to effect a total separation of church and state.

(B) As specific objects, in order to accomplish the general object, we indorse the Demands of Liberalism, as follows :

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

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

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

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

5. We demand that the appointment, by the president

of the United States or by the governors of the various states, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.

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

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

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

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

Article III.—Mode of Work.—The means to be employed in order to secure compliance with the foregoing demands shall be, lectures, conventions, and agitation through the rostrum and press.

Article IV.—Candidates may be nominated, if thought advisable, at any time upon the platform of the Federation. If no candidates are nominated, the candidates of all other parties are to be questioned and their position ascertained, and if in opposition to the demands of our movement, the political power of this Federation shall be used against them wherever available.

Article V.—This Federation will not necessarily be opposed to present political parties. Members of all parties can become members of this Federation, provided they

endeavor to make the Demands of Liberalism a part of the platform of the party to which they belong and refuse to vote for candidates who are opposed to these demands.

Article VI.—All persons indorsing the Demands of Liberalism and desirous of propagating the principles involved therein may become members of this Federation by signing the constitution, or sending their names to the secretary for that purpose.

Article VII.—All members shall be allowed to vote by mail or otherwise upon all questions affecting the work of this Federation, the same to be submitted to them by the secretary immediately after the board of directors have taken action thereon.

Article VIII.—*Officers.*—The officers of this Federation shall consist of a president, two or more vice-presidents, a secretary, and treasurer. The president, two first vice-presidents, the secretary, and treasurer shall constitute a board of directors, who shall be intrusted with the general management and control of the Federation.

Article IX.—*Election of Officers.*—The officers shall be elected annually, and shall hold office until their successors are elected. All elections shall be by ballot.

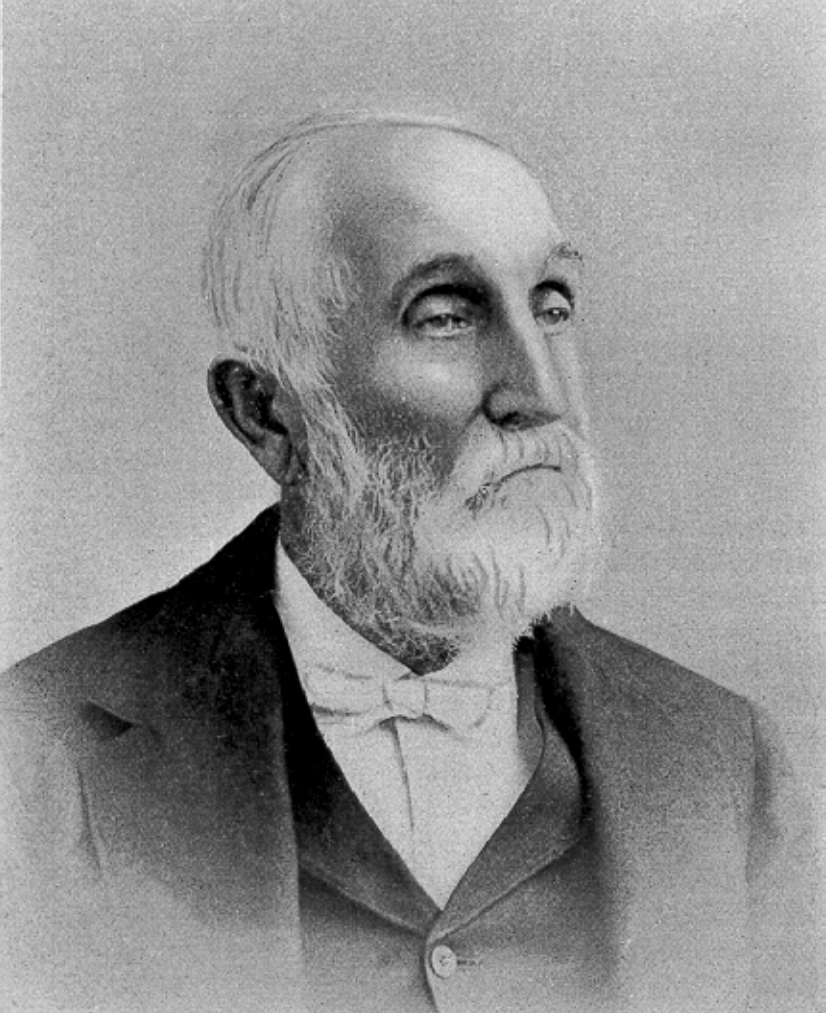
Article X.—The duties of officers shall be those generally pertaining to those of president, secretary, treasurer, and board of directors.

Article XI.—All moneys contributed to the funds of the Federation shall be used for practical campaign purposes and for the distribution of Freethought political literature.

Article XII.—No change shall be made in this constitution except by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any regular meeting called by the board of directors, notice of such change to be given three months previously.

Samuel P. Putnam, elected president of the Federation, thus outlined its practical aims :

“The Freethought Federation is not to take the place



of useful organizations already established, but to advance upon a new line made absolutely necessary by the recent action of congress. Hitherto there has been no effort to make Liberalism a voting power. It has not been thought necessary. It has been hoped that by education, by agitation, by petitions, by appeals to courts, our rights might be maintained. We have trusted that politicians had honor and courage. We have been disappointed. We have found the majority of them to be fools, hypocrites, and cowards. We must change these politicians. We must put true men in their place. We can do this only by the ballot.

“The Christian churches have forced this issue. We must take our position and fling our banner upon the political field, and we must some day succeed, or it is as certain as that the sun shines in the heavens that this republic will be destroyed.

“Understand, we do not vote against a man on account of his religious opinions. We do not vote against a man because he is a Christian; that is not the point at all. It is not a religious war upon which we are entering. It is altogether another matter. I do not vote against any man on account of his religion. I vote against him purely and solely on account of his political acts. I vote against him because he votes to take away my liberty. I vote against him because he uses his official power to abolish the Declaration of Independence, and to make null and void the constitution. We ask no candidate about his belief. That is not our concern. We want his political record. That is our concern, and by his political record we approve or condemn. We are organizing to defend human rights, not to attack or maintain any creed whatsoever. I want no political support for my creed. I simply want liberty, and I want every man and woman, too, to have the same liberty.”

The following were elected officers of the Federation,

Sept. 4, 1892: S. P. Putnam, president; H. Coons, N. F. Griswold, Samuel Silverman, vice-presidents; Geo. L. Robertson, treasurer.

The roll of membership now includes over thirty-five hundred names in thirty states of the union. This was the result of one year's work. Over fifteen hundred dollars were contributed to the treasury. President Putnam spent three months at Washington in an endeavor to change the legislation closing the World's Fair on Sunday. The city of Chicago, through its mayor and aldermen and representative citizens, both men and women; the labor organizations, and the Seventh Day Advent churches, and the Liberal Christian churches, and the Chicago press cooperated for the same purpose. Again the potent power of the orthodox ecclesiastical party was manifested. The constitutionality of the law was not allowed to be discussed before the committee. The Rev. A. T. Jones was called to order because he introduced a constitutional argument. The constitution was simply laid aside. The only question apparently before the committee was, Which side has the more votes? This gave the orthodox party a vast advantage. They were already entrenched in established legislation, and as the Constitution could not be appealed to, there was little hope of a successful plea for justice. The gates of the World's Fair were opened on Sunday by order of the courts, closed afterwards by order of the directory, and then again opened by order of the courts. It was a partial victory for both sides. The question was not fairly decided on principle at any point.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

It has not been the object of this book to give a complete list of all those who have rendered services to Free-thought. It is impossible to do this except in a volume specially devoted to Freethought biographies, like that excellent work by J. M. Wheeler, "A Biographical Dictionary of Freethinkers of All Ages and Nations." I cannot even mention every Freethinker of the last four hundred years. The limits of my book forbid. It would extend to many volumes if I did this. I have been compelled to reject much valuable material even in the direct line of this work, which is the history of Freethought as a movement. It would take thousands of pages to give in detail the movement itself through these centuries, in all the spheres of human activity. I have been constrained by my space to select what seemed to me the best material with which to give a comprehensive view of Freethought in its greatest triumphs. It is to be remembered that this is a history of Freethought and not of Freethinkers. The history of Freethinkers has been given before better than I can do. My purpose has been to define and describe the movement, mentioning only those who have been in some manner related to this, not intending to give their full biographies, which can be found in encyclopedias, but to show how they have contributed to the grand result, and are what we call the representative men of the movement. The value of my work must be judged

by the limits of its space, and if the question is asked, Why I have omitted this or that name, the answer is that I could not do otherwise. I had to condense into one volume. I believe that what I have given in the first part is necessary to a full understanding of the progress of Freethought, but at the same time I could have given twice the material I have if I had the place to put it, and for the same reason I have been compelled to pass by many phases of Freethought, those of a social and industrial character particularly. If all the material I have furnished is pertinent to Freethought and helps to an understanding of its progress, then the plan of the book is fully carried out, and the omission of what to many might seem equally important matter is not the fault of the author, but the compulsion of nature itself, for he could not put two thousand pages into one thousand pages. What I think is this—that as much history and explanation and development of Freethought has been given in these pages as can be given in the same space. If more is to be given, then there must be more volumes, and certainly I could have easily written several volumes with the vast and splendid materials before me.

As I could not in the very nature of things give a complete history of universal Freethought, neither for the same reason can I give a complete history of organized Freethought, but I have crowded as many facts as I possibly could into the space allowed, and I believe that I have given a presentation of Freethought forces throughout the world which is both useful and encouraging. I have endeavored to be accurate, and to combine as far as possible into one vivid picture the active agencies of practical Freethought. And more than this I could not do in one volume.

My biographies for this reason are different from those to be found in any other book. They do not take the place of any other biographies. Those who read my

book must consult other books, encyclopedias, and histories of Freethought and Freethinkers for fuller information. This book is not a compilation. It is not made up from other books, and cannot take the place of other books. This book is an *interpretation of history*, which has not been given before, at least in the same line of thought, that is, of Freethought; and, as I have already said, it is to be judged as an interpretation and not as a record of facts and persons. This book will have achieved one of its great purposes if it excites such an interest in the mind of the reader that he will read other books which in other ways have recorded the progress of civilization. The very object of this book is to give suggestions and ideas by which other books can be studied with clearer light, and the lives of all Freethinkers be better understood.

These biographies or sketches of some of the Freethinkers of the world are for the purpose of giving an illustration of Freethought *as a life among the people*. In this respect the plan is unique. I give what cannot be found elsewhere, and much of which is the result of personal acquaintance. It is commonly thought that the biographies of celebrated persons only should be given, those who have won reputation in the press or on the platform. These are of course brilliant and noble illustrations of Freethought, but why confine ourselves to these? Freethinkers are in every sphere of human effort, and as such have succeeded in life; have impressed the community; have influenced the world by deed.

It is this that we want to know about as well as Freethought literature and oratory, for literature and oratory spring from the life of the masses. History to-day has ceased to be a history of kings and princes and so-called great men, and has become a history of the people, and the history of Freethought should also be a history of Freethought people. We need to get acquainted with

the rank and file, those soldiers who for many a year have carried the colors of Freethought without any official badge. It seems to me that we want to know something about these men and women, whose lives never will be known unless they are known in the pages of this book, and where better can we record them? That is my idea of Freethought; that it is not something famous simply in literature and oratory, but it is a mighty life among the people also, and is everywhere prevalent and manifest in the paths of human toil, and it is this side of Freethought that I want to bring forth, for it is interesting and inspiring. It shows that Freethought is rooted in the soil and grows with the growth of humanity; that it is a part of universal human nature, and is not merely an intellectual exhilaration which only the select few can enjoy. So while I give the biographies of editors and orators, those whose names shine in Freethought journals, I likewise also desire to give the biographies of those who *do* something without the special gift of language or of art, whose lives to a certain extent are silent and yet profoundly influential in the community, and who are known to be Freethinkers. I wish to include in my list lawyers, doctors, merchants, manufacturers, farmers, men of business, captains of industry, workers, inventors, who especially in America have been pioneer forces; who from Maine to California in all the varied life of this vast new world have pushed to the front, have won success, have led in their communities, and whose whole life has been a steady, uncompromising, and fearless exhibition of Freethought principles. Of course I cannot give all—only a score or so of the hundreds all over the land, but I would like to illuminate a few points in our great continent with the lives of these practically successful Freethinkers. I am sure that this will give an insight into the real human excellence of Freethought which we cannot otherwise



obtain, and will make more valuable and instructive our Freethought literature and oratory. I have endeavored to combine the highest results of Freethought, its philosophy and science, with the every-day living of this world, and to show that he can work best who thinks best; that Freethought is not a glittering abstraction, but is of the fiber of humanity, of its blood and brain. It is for the home, for labor, for society, for every practical relation of human life, and the facts of these biographies will show that it is such—biographies of representative men in every domain of man's activity. I could give hundreds of such biographies, for I know these men. I have met them, and it has been one of the sources of my unswerving confidence in radical Freethought, that right among the people it has been such a constant working force; that it has made men heroic, honorable, industrious, and successful in every position of human life. Freethought does not only meet the highest capacities of the mind of man, but it ennobles also every varied path of toil. It kindles invention. It illuminates industry. It makes man a better worker. It invigorates his practical life. I should not write these biographies except to thus illustrate the universality of Freethought, for biographies, merely as such, especially of renowned Freethinkers, have been written by those more capable than myself. Again let it be understood as the canon of criticism that I intend to give not a *record* but an *interpretation* of Freethought, both in world history and facts of personal life.

ROBERT C. ADAMS.

We cannot start our list with a better name than that of Capt. Robert C. Adams—a name honored in the annals of Freethought. No one has had a more significant experience. It is a lesson in evolution. Captain Adams was born in the very heart of orthodoxy. It was imposed upon him in every possible way. Through the teachings

of beloved parents it seems as if every fiber of his being was committed to the Puritan faith. He followed it with a passionate sense of duty, and there appeared to be no escape from its deep and subtle influences. So far as environments were concerned he was evidently destined to be a Calvinistic clergyman.

He was the son of Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D.D., of Boston, Mass., and was born in that city in 1839. His father was an eminent expounder of the old faith, eloquent, learned, refined, and, we might say, absolutely consecrated to his religious dogmas. He had no doubt. His faith was perfect. It was also a household of faith. There was no glimmer of skepticism in that orthodox fold.

Ill health forbade the boy to follow his scholarly tastes and religious training, and adopt the profession of his father. By the advice of the family physician he entered a ship's fore-castle at the age of fifteen, and worked his way up from before the mast to the command of some of the finest ships in the American merchant service. His last voyage was in the ship *Golden Fleece*, when his father and two sisters accompanied him on a voyage around the world. Captain Adams became noted for his humane treatment of sailors. His book, "*On Board the Rocket*," gives realistic pictures of sea-life, and his efforts for the elevation of seamen.

On his voyages he was first startled by a discovery of the virtues of the heathen and the injustice of their damnation; and then he was perplexed by the differences among Christians in their interpretations of what was claimed to be a divine revelation, which, therefore, ought to be intelligible to all. This led him, without reading a skeptical book, to see the truth of the natural origin of religion. The force of early training, however, influenced him for some years to stifle his doubts, and he plunged deeply into religious work. He became a Sunday-school

superintendent and lay preacher, and was an active supporter of a sailor's institute.

At last the evolution philosophy gained his attention and confirmed his doubts; and the force of his convictions compelled him to withdraw from the church. He startled the good people of Boston by the publication of "A Radical Avowal" in 1881. Since then Captain Adams has been one of the foremost Freethought speakers and writers in America.

His "Travels in Faith," published about twelve years ago by the Putnams of New York, is a vivid account of his religious experiences. James Parton says of this book: "It is what millions of the English-speaking races need." It is certainly a story of mental evolution which is characteristic of the age. There never was a more conscientious mind than that of Captain Adams; and, at the same time, a more healthful mind. Every step was carefully taken. The logic of it is clearly seen. He felt he must take it. At the same time no one was ever more reverent toward the teachings of his youth. His progress therefore was slow but sure. It is a progress which every honest mind must make if born into the old faith and born also to think.

There was a rare combination, however, in the case of Captain Adams, which makes his experience especially valuable. He was a tender, delicate, scholarly, sensitive child, susceptible to the soft and sweet influences of home life, and also to inherited tendencies. It was not easy for him to break away. He had but little of the real iconoclastic spirit. He was a home boy, loveable, kind, and gentle. I almost doubt, had he received a college education, if he had ever left the ancestral faith, for he might have eased his conscience with subtle dialectics, as many scholars do. Fortunately he did not become a scholar, but a sailor. This frail, emotional, religious child left home and battled with the storms of life. He came in

contact with nature, with human nature and physical nature. He had a natural desire to be best in whatever he undertook, and hence he determined to be a first-class sailor. The inherited Puritan determination took this way, and he excelled in his chosen work. He thus acquired an experience of the world which could not have come by any other process. His university was the broad ocean itself. His teachers were the winds and tides. He saw man exactly as he is. He saw the heathen, the missionary, the merchant, the sailor. He knew them. He was not misled by books. He circumnavigated the globe, and that is a bad thing for theologies. He became a citizen of the world. He sounded the very depths of religion, as he sounded the depths of the sea, and he found nothing upon which to rely. That very determination which made him a good sailor made him at last a Free-thinker, and gave him energy to overcome the almost irresistible influences of childhood. Captain Adams was not a born Infidel. He was made an Infidel by the power of thought and the force of human experience. For this reason he represents the great trend of modern practical life, the out-door and working life of humanity. His skepticism is that skepticism which must come to every man who frankly considers life, and yet in the end it must be a constructive skepticism, since it is not at heart intellectual, but practical; that is, a skepticism which is the result of strenuous combat with life; a healthful, sturdy, cheerful skepticism which takes things as they are, but believes in the power of man to make them better. The writings of Captain Adams are a good tonic. They brace a man up. They are breezy, lightsome, vigorous and radiant with humanity.

After fifteen years of sea-life, Captain Adams was married to an English lady in Liverpool, and after that engaged in the shipping and commission business in Montreal. This he conducted successfully until 1882,

when he relinquished the business to partners whom he had introduced to it, and has since devoted himself to phosphate and other mining enterprises, in which he is largely interested. All the time, however, he has been identified by voice and pen with Freethought. Mrs. Adams has been fully as radical as her husband, and accompanied him in his intellectual advancements with a logic as unflinching as his own, and has herself contributed to Freethought literature and work. His son, Walter Adams, born into this atmosphere of inquiry and progress, a student at McGill University, accepts without reserve the results of modern science.

C. FANNIE ALLYN.

C. Fannie Allyn is representative of the rational Spiritualistic movement of to-day. She is a Freethinker and Secularist. She believes in the freedom and advancement of humanity in this world. She really believes in the motto, "One world at a time," although, like Thomas Paine, she "hopes for happiness beyond this life."

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

Stephen Pearl Andrews, the discoverer of the unity of law in the universe, or Universology, was born at Templeton, Mass., March 22, 1812, and died in New York city, May 21, 1886, at the age of seventy-four years. While he was yet an infant his father, Rev. Elisha Andrews, a Baptist clergyman, removed to Hinsdale, New Hampshire, where Mr. Andrews's boyhood was passed. He was educated at Amherst, and at nineteen years of age emigrated (as was then said) to Louisiana, where he studied law with an elder brother who had preceded him there. While preparing for admission to the bar he supported himself by teaching Greek and Latin. He married Mary Ann Gordon, a native of Norwich, Conn., who was an inmate of the young ladies' seminary where he taught. In 1839 Mr. Andrews removed to Houston, Texas, where he entered

upon the practice of law. His purpose in going to Texas was to agitate in favor of making it a free state. His impetuous and logical eloquence gained for him a wide repute and the credit of standing at the head of the bar, but his seemingly reckless and fanatical opposition to slavery aroused a feeling so intense that it came very near costing him his life. His career in Texas furnishes the only instance during those ominous anti-abolition times when an avowed and active Abolitionist of northern birth maintained his footing in the midst of a southern population. In 1843, however, he was mobbed and finally driven from his home in the middle of the night on the alternative of being hanged if he was found in the city within an hour. This experience did not deter him from his purpose. He went to England, in the hope that with the aid of the British Antislavery Society he might raise sufficient money there to pay for the slaves and make Texas a free state. His scheme was taken up and favorably considered by the British government, but after months of consultation the project was abandoned through fear that it would lead to war with the United States. On returning to America Mr. Andrews went to Boston and became a leader in the antislavery movement there. While in England he learned of phonography, and was the founder of the present system of phonographic reporting. He removed to New York in 1847, and published a series of phonographic instruction books in co-operation with Augustus F. Boyle, and edited two journals in the interest of phonography and spelling reform. Mr. Andrews was a man of vast learning as well as a remarkable speaker, having an almost unequalled command of language and facility of expression. He had an intimate knowledge of thirty-two languages, several of which he spoke fluently. He was a master of Greek and Latin, a thorough Sanskrit and Hebrew scholar, and was credited with being the best Chinese scholar in this country when, in 1854, he



published a work entitled "Discoveries in Chinese." He was the author of a system of teaching languages, and published, in collaboration with George Batchelor, a French Instructor which has been widely used. As a young man in Louisiana, he believed that he had hit upon the germ of a great discovery—that of the unity of all science and philosophy; the discovery, in a word, of the unity of law in the universe. He planned also at that day the reform of English orthography, and other minor enterprises, which he afterward endeavored to realize. He came later to the study of the great thinkers of all schools, and he proposed no less than to found the ultimate reconciliation of them all, not by a superficial eclecticism, but by a radical adjustment of all the possible forms of thought, belief, and idea. The same principles to which he looked for this immense result furnish also, he informed us, the basis and guidance for the construction of the scientific universal language—the one language which he believed is to replace the two or three thousand languages which now cover and cumber the earth. This universal science he denominated Universology, the elements of which are contained in a large work called "The Basic Outline of Universology." The new language he called Alwato (Ahl-wah-to), and his philosophy at large, as a doctrine of many-sidedness and reconciliation, is known as Integralism. The practical institution of life, which he advocated and labored to inaugurate, neither mere Individualism nor mere Communism, he called the Pantarchy. His contributions to periodicals are numerous. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the American Ethnological society. His works include "Comparison of the Common Law with the Roman, French, or Spanish Civil Law on Entails and Other Limited Property in Real Estate" (New Orleans, 1839); "Cost the Limit of Price" (New York, 1851); "The Constitution of Government in the Sovereignty of the

Individual" (1851); "Love, Marriage, and Divorce" (1853); "Discoveries in Chinese; or, The Symbolism of the Primitive Characters of the Chinese System of Writing as a Contribution to Philology and Ethnology and a Practical Aid in the Acquisition of the Chinese Language" (1854); "Constitution or Organic Basis of the New Catholic Church" (1860); "The Great American Crisis," a series of papers published in the "Continental Monthly" (1863-64); "A Universal Language" ("Continental Monthly," 1864); "The Primary Synopsis of Universology and Alwato" (1871); "Basic Outlines of Universology" (1872); "Primary Grammar of Alwato" (Boston, 1877); "The Labor Dollar" (1881); "Elements of Universology" (New York, 1881); "Ideological Etymology" (1881); "Transactions of the Colloquium, with Documents and Exhibits" (vols. I. and II., New York, 1882-83); "The Church and Religion of the Future," a series of tracts (1886). His unpublished works will fill several volumes. His manuscripts have been collected and arranged, and it is intended that they shall be published. Mr. Andrews was many years before his death a widower. He had four sons, two of whom survive him.

R. L. BAKER.

Richard L. Baker was born in New Brunswick, Nov. 3, 1827. His parents were of English stock and among the early settlers of this part of the Dominion of Canada. When he was about five years old his parents removed to the United States, to the town of Houlton, Maine, which was, at that time, a newly settled place. His opportunities for acquiring even a common school education were very limited. The struggle for existence at that time in the forests of Northern Maine was paramount to every other consideration. His mother was left with five small children to support; and he being the eldest was compelled, at an early age, to earn his own bread. At the age

of eight years he left the parental roof. He labored at anything he could until sixteen years of age, when he learned the cabinet-maker's trade. After two years' apprenticeship he went into business on his own account, and continued until 1868. In 1870 he removed to Fort Fairfield, Maine, where he has since resided. In 1877 he was elected selectman, and held the office until 1884. He was elected sheriff of Aroostook county in 1879. In 1885 he was appointed deputy collector of customs. In March, 1888, was again elected selectman.

His early religious education was in the Calvinistic Baptist church. At the age of twenty-four, after a careful reading of the Bible, and studying its moral and social effects, he came to the conclusion that religion was the foe of mental liberty, and the church the invention of priests; and these convictions he openly declared and maintained for half a century. He has been generous in his devotion to the cause of Freethought. He organized the Fort Fairfield Liberal League, of which he is now president. He built Liberty Hall, and gives its use freely to the League, and has made Liberalism a power in this most eastern portion of the American republic; and, at the same time, he has been a leading man in the business and politics of the community.

GEO. E. BAXTER.

George E. Baxter, of Perth Amboy, New Brunswick, should be enrolled among our working Freethinkers. He has stood at the front with the Liberals of this section of the country both as a speaker and a writer. He has delivered several lectures before the Fort Fairfield Liberal League, and has joined heartily in the work on this side of the line, for, as he himself says, "there are no national lines in Freethought." He has contributed to the columns of "The Truth Seeker," "Secular Thought," and other Liberal journals.

W. S. BELL.

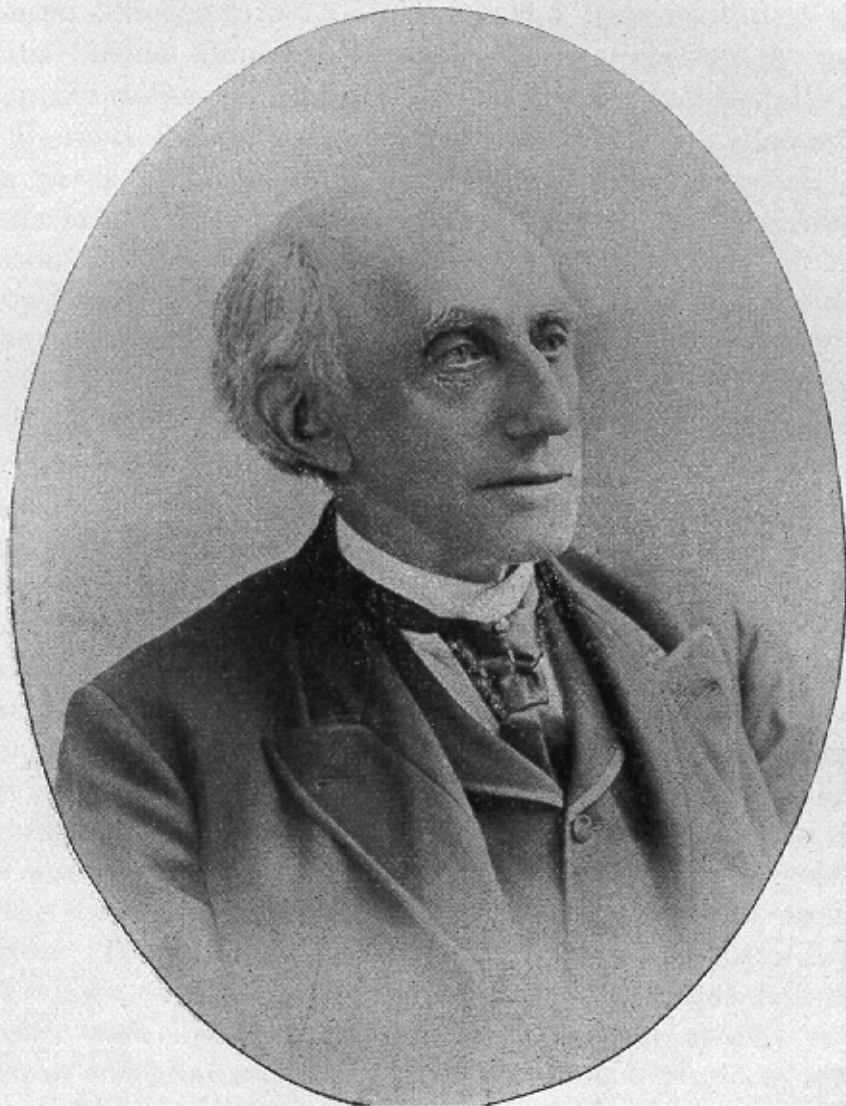
William S. Bell was born in Allegheny City, Pa., February 16, 1832. In early manhood he united with the Methodist church and began to preach. In 1858 he graduated from Adrian College, Michigan, and became a preacher in Brooklyn, N. Y. Having outgrown orthodoxy after several years, he applied himself to the study of medicine. In 1872 he went to Harvard Divinity School to prepare for the Liberal ministry. In 1873 he was engaged by the Universalists of New Bedford to supply their pulpit. His sermons, however, were not of "the good old-fashioned Universalist style." On the last Sunday, December, 1874, he publicly renounced the Christian church. Since then he has been engaged in lecturing before Liberal societies. He has published several books—"The Resurrection of Jesus;" "Anti-Prohibition;" "An Outline of the French Revolution of 1789," and "The Hand-Book of Free-thought."

D. M. BENNETT.

During the period between 1873 and 1882, D. M. Bennett exerted a greater influence in popularizing Free-thought than any other man has done. Men of greater personality have enjoyed a wider circle of admirers; their writings have had a larger sale, and they have been better known to the world; but none ever accomplished so much in so short a time. He was born on a farm in the township of Springfield, Otsego county, New York, December 23, 1818. In one of his autobiographies he remarks, with a touch of humor, that his term in this troublous world began two months sooner than it should, owing to his mother's indiscretion in lifting a Dutch oven. At the age of twelve years he weighed but fifty pounds, and his frame was never powerful. He had four years of schooling in Cooperstown, N. Y.; he worked in a printing-office

and in a wool-carding establishment. His ambition was to be a doctor, but his immaturity was against him. At the age of fifteen he joined the Shaker community at New Lebanon. Here he rose to the head of the medical department, and in 1845 was physician to the society. On October 19, 1846, he married the demure little Shakeress, Mary Wicks, having a few weeks previously quitted the celibate community. Mrs. Bennett survives her husband and is still living with relatives in the state of New Jersey. He got employment in a drugstore in St. Louis; afterward he embarked in the drug business for himself and made money. In 1855-7 we find him in the nursery line at Rochester; later, a traveling salesman and collector for a seed firm. In 1859 he began the manufacture of proprietary medicines at Cincinnati, and in a few years became wealthy. Selling out his establishment, he invested the proceeds in various ventures, but not successfully. In 1865 and '66 he lost \$30,000. Another drug store which he established at Kansas City, Mo., in 1868 was abandoned on account of dull trade. He became a brick manufacturer on Long Island; dropped that to go on the road again as a commercial traveler; landed finally at Paris, Ill., as a druggist, and thence emerged as partner in a seed firm. Having amid his varied experiences found time to devote to reading, he had become a Freethinker, and a discussion with clerical opponents through the local papers published at Paris, when he was not accorded fair play by one of the editors, determined him to "start a paper of his own in which he could say anything he pleased." Hence "The Truth Seeker," the history of which is elsewhere told. As an editor Bennett proved a success. He lacked a journalistic education, and he was not a word-carpenter, but he had a good command of language and was perfectly sincere in all he wrote. His writings did not cover the widest field of discussion, but by persistency and by iteration and reiteration he produced a

greater impression than he could ever have done by scattering his blows or attempting to expound the universe. None of his readers ever failed to understand what he meant. If he employed an unusual word he at once proceeded to explain its significance. He was too much in earnest to attempt writing in the lighter vein, and he was unconscious of the humor that some of his writings contain. His style was a trifle quaint, but it was effective. Bennett did not belong to the school of "higher critics." The plain facts were quite satisfactory to him, and he preferred them stated in English. He was much like Paine in this respect, and if charged with harshness he might have replied with Paine that complaisance toward error is an insult to truth. As a writer he was not only able but prolific. Somebody once advised him to read more and write less, but he answered that when the truths he was expounding had become generally accepted it would be time to look up some new ones. A glance at his published books shows that his industry was remarkable. His literary and journalistic career covered only the period between 1873 and 1882. One year of this time he spent in confinement; one year on a voyage around the world, and one season in Europe. Nevertheless he found time to write "The World's Sages, Thinkers, and Reformers," a volume of 1100 pages. "The Champions of the Church," a still larger work; "The Gods and Religions of Ancient and Modern Times," two volumes of a thousand pages each; "An Infidel Abroad," eight hundred pages; "A Truth Seeker Around the World," four volumes of about 750 pages each; the Humphrey-Bennett Discussion; the Bennett-Teed Discussion; the Bennett-Mair Discussion, besides other discussions and unnumbered columns of editorial matter and articles for "The Truth Seeker." Adding to this labor he attended to the management of his paper and business, which he did so well that although he began without capital, the settlement of his estate left



his widow in more than comfortable circumstances. The books he wrote and published cover almost the whole range of Freethought literature. The tree which he planted has not failed to increase and bear fruit, and the Truth Seeker Company's catalogue of Freethought and scientific works includes a thousand titles. Incidentally D. M. Bennett fought and won the fight for free mails and a free press, albeit through martyrdom. The story of his battle is told in the history of the National Defense Association in this volume. He died near the close of his sixty-fourth year, Dec. 6, 1882, and the good that he did lives after him.

HENRY BIRD.

Henry Bird was born in 1839, at Barston, county of Warwickshire, England. His early life was spent on a farm. At the age of fifteen he entered the field of horticulture, and later, the department of floriculture. He came to America in 1860, and located at Newark, New Jersey, where he has carried on business since that time. His parents were Episcopalians. He was brought up in that faith, but could not accept the dogmas of the church. He became a Congregationalist, and attended the Belleville Avenue Congregational church, and was president of the board of trustees for two years, at the time when Hugh O. Pentecost was called as its pastor. Trouble soon arose through Mr. Pentecost's Liberal views. As a result he resigned. Mr. Bird left the church with him, and was one of his most ardent supporters and admirers during his career as a platform lecturer. After years of thought and study, taking up the science of evolution, both as a student and lecturer, Mr. Bird became an Atheist. He has been president of the Newark Liberal League the last three years, and is heartily in accord with Liberalism and with scientific investigation, where "the other side" can be heard, and rea-

son is not subordinated to a blind dogmatic faith. He says :

“ 'Tis your prerogative and mine to doubt ;
How do you know ? is truth's own scout ;
Facts fear no foes, the truth will out,
Though crushed will rise, and error rout.”

Mr. Bird has been a most thorough student of the evolution of flowers, and his lectures on this subject before the Newark high schools, and Liberal and scientific societies, are most interesting and valuable. It is a pleasure to visit his delightful home, and roam amidst the beauties of nature by which he is surrounded. The petal and perfume of every flower is for Freethought. Mr. Bird is radical to the backbone, but he believes in constructive and social Liberalism, and the Newark Liberal League under his administration is highly successful. Mr. Bird is ably supported by Mr. George Gillen, the present secretary, formerly president, whose wife is a member of the Booth family, known for their devotion to Freethought.

DELOS A. BLODGETT.

Delos Abiel Blodgett, son of Abiel D. and Susan (Richmond) Blodgett, was born in Otsego county, New York, March 3, 1825. He is of New England parentage and ancestry. When he was four years old the family removed from Otsego county to Erie county in the same state, where they settled on a farm. From then until he was twenty years of age, a period not marked by any special event, he resided with his parents, assisted in the farm work, and attended the district and select schools, so-called. This comprised his opportunity for education.

At the age of twenty Mr. Blodgett left home, and seeking employment as a raftsmen and boatman worked his way down the Allegheny, Ohio, and Missississippi rivers,

and finally landed in New Orleans. Here his health failed him, and he decided to return north, going to Mc-Henry county, Illinois, to which point his parents had removed.

In the fall of 1848, having in the meantime regained his health, he started for western Michigan, then just coming into notice as an important lumbering state. He landed in Muskegon, and immediately got employment in the lumber woods in that vicinity. Two years later he entered into the logging and lumber business on his own account, and from that time his career has formed a large part of the history of the development of western Michigan. He has been continually and extensively engaged in lumbering, as well as farming, banking, and real estate. He still has large holdings of timber lands in Michigan, Washington, Oregon, and most of the Gulf states, and is largely interested in real estate in Grand Rapids and Chicago. Mr. Blodgett has never been a candidate for public office, nor a member of any secret society. Politically he affiliated with the Whigs till the formation of the Republican party, of which he has since been an active working member. In religion he has always been an Agnostic. On Sept. 9, 1859, Mr. Blodgett was united in marriage to Miss Jennie S. Wood, of Woodstock, Ill., who, after over thirty years of happy wedded life, passed away in October, 1890, leaving a son, John W. Blodgett, and daughter, Mrs. Edward Lowe, both of Grand Rapids. On June 3, 1893, Mr. Blodgett was again married, this time to Miss Daisy A. Peck, daughter of the late Prof. William Henry Peck, the author, of Atlanta, Ga.

One who has long known him says: "Mr. Blodgett is a man about five feet eight and one-half inches tall, spare but well-developed frame, a blonde, with bright, merry blue eyes, the natural accompaniments of a nervous, sanguine temperament and a friendly, kindly nature. Though far from robust in physique or health, he has

been an indefatigable worker all his life, a man of abounding activity and surprising energy in whatever his hands, his head, or his heart have found to do. To his marvelous industry, as well as to his business sagacity and superb courage, is his marked business success due, a success that has left no rancor in the minds of his employés or competitors; a success that has never been at the expense of anyone else, and that has never changed his manners or his kindness toward others. Mr. Blodgett is an Agnostic in matters of religious opinion, a stalwart Republican in political faith, and a capitalist with very many interests to consider and to maintain, but these interests have never closed his ears or his hands to the needs of his fellow man as individuals or in communities. He has made his great wealth the means of conferring inestimable benefits and happiness on others, no matter what their religious or political creeds might be, and a worthy cause, no matter in what department of charitable, religious, social, educational, or political work, is sure of his prompt and generous assistance. He is a close observer, a student, a man who appreciates the scientific and other progress of humanity in an unusual degree, especially when it is remembered that he had no opportunity for a higher education, and has always been so actively and extensively engaged in business. His library is a favorite resort with him. He is a rare friend, firm, reliable, faithful, a man who gives his friend his confidence, and who wins implicit confidence in return. Such a man, with an overflowing share of the milk of human kindness, is of necessity a thoughtful, generous, loving husband and father, for with him family is first; friends, his community, his country, the world, next."

DR. WILLIAM BOTSFORD.

Dr. William Botsford stands high in the medical fraternity of San Francisco as a physician of unusual ability.

He is the direct descendant of an old English family, who stood very high and took an active part in the affairs of the English government all through the eighteenth century and for the first half of the nineteenth century.

Dr. Botsford was born in Sackville, New Brunswick, in 1843, and spent the first seventeen years of his life at home. He graduated from the Sackville Academy and then entered the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, from which he was graduated in March, 1867. After receiving his diploma he was appointed resident physician in the Philadelphia hospital, which responsible position he filled acceptably for a year and a half. He then removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., and built up a considerable practice. For many years he was visiting physician of the Children's Hospital in that city. He went to San Francisco in 1876, and has been practicing there ever since. The reward of skill and devotion to his profession has been a truly enviable position in the medical world.

Dr. Botsford has for many years been a pronounced Freethinker, and has never been afraid to express his opinions. He is vice-president of the California Liberal Union, and generously aided "Freethought" in its struggles on the coast, by personal effort and contributions of money. His success in his profession does not seem to have been injured by his open advocacy of advanced principles. The majority of the medical profession accept the same conclusions, but are not always so ready to declare them, or to support them, as Dr. Botsford.

A. J. BOYER.

Andrew Jackson Boyer was born near the village of Roxbury, Franklin county, Pennsylvania, on the 5th of August, 1839. He was a Christian in early life, but he soon began thinking for himself, and during the years of his mental evolution passed through all the grades of unfoldment, abandoning first the orthodox hell, then the

authenticity of the Bible and the divinity of the mythical Christ, halting for a time upon the fascinating threshold of the Spiritualistic philosophy, reading and thinking, and thinking and reading, until finally all the clouds of superstition were banished from his mental vision.

Mr. Boyer became a printer and a journalist, and soon found himself engaged in the publication of Freethought and reform papers. During the exciting years of the agitation of the subject of Woman Suffrage, from 1868 to 1871, he published the "Woman's Advocate" in Dayton, Ohio, which he devoted to social and political equality of the sexes.

After this he widened his sphere of action and began the publication of the "Nineteenth Century" in Chicago, a radical reform journal, which was discontinued after the great fire. For two days after the fire he was in possession of the only type in the city of Chicago, and during these two days issued the only daily or other newspaper in that city, copies of the unique little papers being exhibited as curiosities at the World's Fair of 1893.

He then removed to Denver, Colorado, and there founded what is now known as the "Daily Times," one of the leading and best daily journals in that city. He began this journal in the interest of Horace Greeley for president. He pushed on later to the Pacific coast, where he, in company with a Mr. Dewes, founded the present great daily newspaper in Oakland—the "Tribune." In all of these enterprises he never lost an opportunity to wield his trenchant pen in behalf of Freethought, and in 1875 he began the publication of the "Pacific Liberal," which he devoted to "Freethought, radical reform, and the secularization of the state," and by means of which he vigorously spread the principles of Secularism throughout the coast states and territories. During his residence in California he published also the "Daily Statesman," in Sacramento, the "Daily Gazette," in the same city, and in



San Francisco, the "Commercial Advocate," the "Mission Mirror," and the "American Patriot." During the past decade he has lived in Washington, D. C., where he is in government employ, but he still devotes himself to Free-thought work.

DR. T. L. BROWN.

Dr. Titus L. Brown was born Oct. 16, 1823, at Hillsdale, N. Y. He studied at the Medical College of New York, and graduated at the Homeopathic College, Philadelphia. He settled at Binghamton, N. Y., where he had a large practice. In 1877 he was elected president of the Freethinkers' Association of New York state. He died August 17, 1887. He was a pronounced Materialist, but was always Liberal and progressive in his opinions. He was a welcome attendant at Freethought meetings, into which he infused the ardor of his genial personality and radical thoughts.

DR. G. W. BROWN.

Dr. George William Brown was born in Essex county, N. Y., October, 1820. At seventeen years of age he was expelled from church for repudiating the dogma of an endless hell. He edited the "Herald of Freedom," Kansas. In 1856 his office was destroyed by a pro-slavery mob, his type thrown into the river, and himself and others arrested, but were released without trial. He is at present living at Rockford, Ill.

J. H. BURNHAM.

J. H. Burnham must be ranked among the ablest lecturers and writers in the Freethought field. He formerly occupied a prominent position in the Methodist church, and was one of its most popular exponents. He surrendered his pulpit in obedience to his intellectual convictions, and has since devoted himself to the pioneer work

of Liberalism. He is at present residing at Saginaw, Mich.

W. H. BURR.

William Henry Burr was born April 15, 1819, on the verge of the Adirondack wilderness, New York, at a place called Stump City. It is now named Gloversville. In 1838 Mr. Burr graduated at Union College. In 1845 he began the study of phonography, which he successfully pursued. He was, from 1865 to 1869, one of the official corps of House reporters, Washington, D. C. In 1869 he voluntarily resigned and devoted himself to literary pursuits. He champions the claim that Thomas Paine wrote the Letters of Junius and the Declaration of Independence; and that Francis Bacon was the author of Shakspeare's plays and poems. He has contributed many articles to Freethought journals, and, while a Spiritualist, is a thorough radical on religious questions

R. BUTTERFIELD.

Rufus Butterfield, of Sacramento, California, one of the pioneers of that great state, was born in Jefferson county, N. Y., Nov. 13, 1817. He was left an orphan at an early age. He was brought up in the Methodist persuasion. When he began to think for himself he discarded the whole orthodox creed. In 1849 he went to California, and by his business enterprise has aided in the development of the resources of the country. He has been an outspoken Freethinker, and has supported the cause with voice and pen and money. He is one of the vice-presidents of the California Liberal Union, and was an ardent ally of Putnam and Macdonald in the publication of "Freethought." He is a pioneer in every sense of the word—for liberty and justice, as well as in the marvelous material advancement of the Golden state.

O. CHILD.

Orlando Child was born at Pomfret, Vt., Jan. 2, 1812. After receiving a common school education in his native town he attended the academy at Fredonia, N. Y. At the age of twenty he started west and found employment as a clerk in a mercantile house in Pittsburg, and later on, in Burlington, Ohio. Then he taught school two years at Hanging Rock, Ohio. From here he traveled on horseback up what is known as the Kanawa Ridge to the celebrated salt works. He spent some time in Chillicothe and in Monticello, Va., the home of Thomas Jefferson and site of the university founded by this immortal Freethinking statesman—thence “on to Richmond.” From Richmond he went to New York city, and after the great fire in 1835, he took a trip south in the employ of Horace Greeley, intending to reach the west by the way of New Orleans, but was stopped at Savannah, Ga., on account of the hostility of the Indians in Florida.

In 1836 he located in Putnam county, Ill., at the newly platted town of Granville, where an academy was in progress of building, and taught its first school. Here he made the acquaintance of the lady whom he married in 1837. He made his experimental double rotary saw mill which was patented in 1852.

In 1855 he came to Moline and engaged in the manufacture of his newly patented saw mills, and built a steam saw mill which burnt down in 1856, and then went into general mercantile business. Mr. Child invested in real estate in Moline, which proved very profitable. He has resided there ever since going into business. The rotary saw mill which he patented in 1852 is now in use all over the world, and has rewarded the inventor with a competency. He has since patented an improvement in mechanical movement, the importance of which, like many other great inventions, will not be appreciated

until after his death, as he is now past eighty years of age.

Mr. Child was brought up to regard Christianity as a sacred truth. He stuck to it honestly until he reached the position of Sunday-school superintendent. Realizing the responsibility of his position he began to think the matter over conscientiously. He investigated and became a confirmed Freethinker. He has had six children, of whom only one remains. The loss of his children convinced him that there could not be a loving God; and he ceased to worship. He devotes himself to humanity.

CONVERSE CLOSE.

Converse Close, of Grattan, Mich., who has recently died, has for nearly half a century been upon the roll of Freethinkers. He had for many years been an invalid, but never failed to encourage the work of Freethought. He contributed many articles to "The Truth Seeker" and other Liberal journals. In a somewhat orthodox community he won respect by his unflinching devotion to radical principles. He believed in the future of Freethought; that it was a power in man's heart and brain to eventually make the real paradise of this world.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

William Emmette Coleman was born June 19, 1843, at Shadwell, Albemarle county, Virginia. In 1854, when eleven years old, he left school to assume the duties of assistant librarian in the Richmond public library.

In 1859, at sixteen, came the turning point of his life—his contact with, and acceptance of, the philosophy of Modern Spiritualism. He renounced forever the erroneous principles till then cherished by him, and became a radical non-Christian Spiritualist, which he is at this day.

Reared in the midst of African slavery he saw the enormity of the institution, and was in full sympathy with

Wm. Lloyd Garrison and other reformers. At the same time he became an advocate of universal suffrage, prison reform, peace and temperance reforms, total separation of church and state, etc.

Since ten years of age he had an abiding interest in the drama. In 1862 he secured a position in the Richmond theater. In 1865 and 1866 he was regular weekly correspondent of the New York "Clipper" and New York "Mercury." He dramatized several novels for the stage; notably, in 1864, "East Lynne," which, being produced in 1867 in New York city, was declared by the press a good adaptation of that famous novel.

In 1867 Mr. Coleman was appointed by Gen. J. M. Scofield, first as registration officer-at-large for Scott county, Va.; and then as president of the board of registration for Bland county. In 1869 General Canby appointed him assistant chief clerk. In 1883 he was made chief clerk in the office of the quartermaster at the Presidio of San Francisco, Cal., which position he now holds. In 1871 he was married to Wilmot Bouton, of New York, a lady of education and refinement, beloved by all who knew her, an earnest Spiritualist and reformer. She died in 1882.

Sunday, Sept. 5, 1875, at Jayne Hall, Philadelphia, Mr. Coleman listened to a debate on the question, "Does Nature Disprove the Bible God?" Up to this time Mr. Coleman had never taken part in a public debate. Being dissatisfied with the manner in which the affirmative of the question was upheld, the thought occurred to him that, on the succeeding Sunday, he might offer more weighty and effective facts and arguments on that side of the question, which he did; and the subject matter was afterward published in "Truth Seeker Tract," number 55. From that date his general literary career may be said to have commenced.

A short time after this he left Philadelphia for Lea-

venworth, Kansas, and published a tract upon "The Relationship of Jesus, Jehovah, and the Virgin Mary," number 79 of "Truth Seeker Tracts;" also "Who Was Jesus Christ?" number 129 of same series. He subsequently prepared "One Hundred and One Reasons why I am not a Christian Spiritualist," an elaborate examination of the two systems of thought—Christianity as viewed by Christian Spiritualists, and rational Spiritualism.

He was the Kansas representative in the Centennial Congress of Liberals at Philadelphia, July, 1876, thus being a charter member of the National Liberal League. In 1879 he was elected president of the Leavenworth League.

Mr. Coleman is a believer in organic evolution, as entirely harmonious with rational Spiritualism. He has given attention to various branches of science. In 1879 he gave three lectures on Darwinism and the Evolution of Man, before the Leavenworth Academy of Science; also two lectures on Spectrum Analysis; and again the Parallelism between Biologic and Philologic Evolution.

During the last few years Mr. Coleman has been specially interested in Orientalism, including the languages, literature, religions, and antiquities of India, China, Persia, Assyria, Babylonia, Egypt, Arabia, Judea, etc. He has also been a student of comparative philology, comparative mythology, and comparative theology, the result of his researches appearing in his essays.

From its first inception in America Mr. Coleman has opposed the teachings of Theosophy as expounded by Madam Blavatsky and others. He has, on all occasions, asserted that the so-called feats of magic claimed to be performed by Madam Blavatsky and the Indian adepts were sleight-of-hand tricks—mere jugglery.

Mr. Coleman is quick to detect the weak points in an argument, and his writings and debates are a criticism of what he regards as sophistries and fallacies. The frauds in materialization, and other phases of so-called Spiritual-



ism, he mercilessly excoriates. Although bold and vigorous as a writer, personally he is mild and retiring. "No compromise with error, the truth must prevail," seems to be the motto of his endeavor.

LUCY N. COLMAN.

Lucy N. Colman was born July 26, 1817. At eighteen she was married to John M. Davis, of Dighton, Mass. At twenty-four she was a widow, and married again when twenty-six years of age, and became a mother at twenty-eight. She says: "I always like to write the word 'Mother' with a capital M. To me it is the most wonderful word in all the language; it means joy that can never be equaled. I can never forget the ecstasy that came over me when I first looked in the face of my child, and knew that it was mine, but with the joy came the remembrance of the slave mother's agony as she looked upon her child and knew its fate."

This is the key-note to Mrs. Colman's life. She was thoroughly devoted to the antislavery reform. She was with Garrison, Phillips, Frederick Douglass, and others, and earned the reputation of an earnest Abolitionist.

After several years of married life her husband, Mr. Colman, was killed on the New York Central railroad. He was buried from Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., Andrew Jackson Davis officiating at the funeral. Mrs. Colman was at that time a Spiritualist. She had given up the church because of its complicity with slavery. She renounced even the Unitarian and Universalist creeds. Mrs. Colman was for some years a school-teacher and labored earnestly for reform, especially for the abolition of corporal punishment, and to some extent succeeded. But she began to think that she must speak for the slave. She consulted with Amy Post, who declared herself ready to plan a campaign. The first meeting was held in a Presbyterian church. It was a success, and from that

time on Mrs. Colman continued in the work. She labored for awhile in Michigan and found a good home with Samuel D. Moore and his wife. Mr. Moore is well known in the Liberal ranks to-day, and has been a persistent worker for Freethought.

Mrs. Colman found in her labors everywhere that the church was the "bulwark of slavery." If attacked by mobs she generally found that ministers of the gospel were the ringleaders. Her life was an adventurous one, and her "Reminiscences" are exceedingly interesting, showing how great was the conflict for liberty in those days. Mrs. Colman is radical in every direction. She is opposed to *white* slavery as well as to *black* slavery, and has devoted herself to woman's rights as well as to the rights of man. She is a radical Freethinker, having outgrown superstitions of every kind. She has not lost her interest in any living question. She has had a busy and eventful career; has mingled with the world, among its great characters and great movements, and has done her share to bring about the great gains of the present time. She has shown what a woman can do who has self-reliance, energy, and devotion to truth and right. Her name shines in the annals of progress.

J. A. CONANT.

Joseph A. Conant is a descendant of Roger Conant, the first governor of Massachusetts. He was born in Waldo county, state of Maine, June 5, 1830. His mother died when he was eight years of age. His father removed to Aroostook county, Maine, in 1843, and Joseph, in 1845, when fifteen years of age, followed, taking stage from Bangor to Houlton, and then, with his luggage on his back, made his way on foot forty-two miles through the almost pathless wilderness to Presque Isle, and thence eight miles further on to what is now the town of Fort Fairfield, where his father had made the new home. His

school privileges after this were very limited. His father was a Universalist, and for many years the son adopted that faith until he read Ingersoll's lectures, which showed something better than even Liberal Christianity. Mr. Conant became especially disinclined to any religion when he found his own Universalist paper, "The Gospel Banner," publishing as original Ingersoll's lecture on "Liberty for Man, Woman, and Child." He came to the conclusion that out-and-out Liberalism was the most honest affair.

Mr. Conant married, when nineteen years of age, Julia Ann Johnston, and has had nine sons and two daughters. Mr. Conant built a log hut, cleared away the native forest, and is now the owner of hundreds of acres of finely cultivated land. In those old days, and not so very old, after all, they used to thresh out the grain by hand, and haul it through the woods with horse and sled and then take a boat nine miles to the mill where it was ground. All these early hardships were endured, but Fort Fairfield and its vicinity is now one of the loveliest portions of the eastern country. Mr. Conant and all his family are stanch Freethinkers. They are members of Fort Fairfield Liberal League, and in themselves constitute quite an array for Freethought. There are children and grandchildren now settled about the old homestead.

J. H. COOK.

Prof. J. H. Cook, now of Kansas, has had a long, hard, and eventful life. He was born in 1819, in Connecticut, amidst blue laws and Methodist revivals. He was endowed with an active brain and an insatiable love for knowledge. "Could I have heard the truth," he says, "when a boy, instead of inhuman falsehoods, I should not have been cheated out of life as I was for twenty years." The first ten years of his life he suffered great hardships—no shoes to his feet, and often but a roasted potato and

salt to eat. At ten he went to the poor-house, where he was abused and nearly starved by a pious tyrant. He was then "bound out," he says, "to an aristocrat who treated me like a slave. I took to my heels for liberty, and traveled one hundred and fifty miles, barefooted. I began to go to school at thirteen, three months in the winter, and my great memory and love of knowledge astonished all. After that I was a driver on the canal, like Garfield. I was an Abolitionist in 1830, almost as early as Garrison. I was a land reformer and Fourierite in 1840, a woman suffragist and dress reformer in 1848, and after that I was in the whole round of reform. When, in 1835, I discovered that the 'brain is the organ of the mind,' theology, priestcraft, and all their fearful concomitants fled from me, and ever since I have been an Atheistic humanitarian, at great cost, however, with personal insult and often peril. Forty years ago my doors and windows were twice smashed in at midnight, and I had to flee for my life. I have been a writer, a teacher, and a lecturer for more than forty years. I was a Spiritualist for over forty years, but science now compels me to be a Monist and a Secularist."

Mr. Cook, it will be seen, has had a varied experience, and suffered much for Freethought. He is now in old age and poverty. A clear conscience has been his only reward for a long life of toil.

N. C. CREEDE.

N. C. Creede, now of California, was born fifty-one years ago in Indiana, and while yet a child emigrated to Iowa. He crossed the Missouri river for the first time in 1860, and has been west of that river ever since. He served as a United States scout on the plains of Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado and Dakota for about seven years, and was in a number of battles with the Sioux and other hostile tribes. While so engaged he held the position

of first lieutenant. He was in the Black Hills long before the gold excitement. Since 1870 he has lived most of the time in Colorado, following the life of a prospector and miner. He has found four good mining camps, the last one of these being Creede, which is well known. He has been a famous hunter, and killed all kinds of game, such as bear, elk, moose, antelope, deer, mountain lion, as well as a few Indians. Like the typical westerner, he is fond of hunting, fishing, prospecting, and traveling. Out of his many mining deals he has saved in hard cash half a million or more, and among his comrades and associates, where they judge a man by what he is, he has the name of being honest, trustworthy, truthful, and charitable.

He has been a Freethinker and Liberal ever since he was old enough to read and reason. He has no patience to listen to anything that is superstitious or orthodox. He does not believe in life after death, nor in any supernatural providence. Death ends this conscious state, and there is no God to worship and no devil to fear. Mr. Creede has been a generous supporter of the Freethought movement. He has not failed to give aid when aid is needed. He uses his good fortune for the advancement of humanity. He is representative of western genius and pluck, which believes in this world, and in happiness here and now, and which has gemmed the mountains and valleys of the Great West with the signals of progress, and which conquers nature for man in the spirit of liberty and fraternity.

THOMAS CURTIS.

Thomas Curtis, now of San Francisco, formerly of Philadelphia, we must enroll among our best speakers and brightest poets. He is materialistic and scientific, but he sees the real beauty of life, and that it needs neither "God" nor "immortality" to make it any more glorious than it actually is. He has given up all the angels and

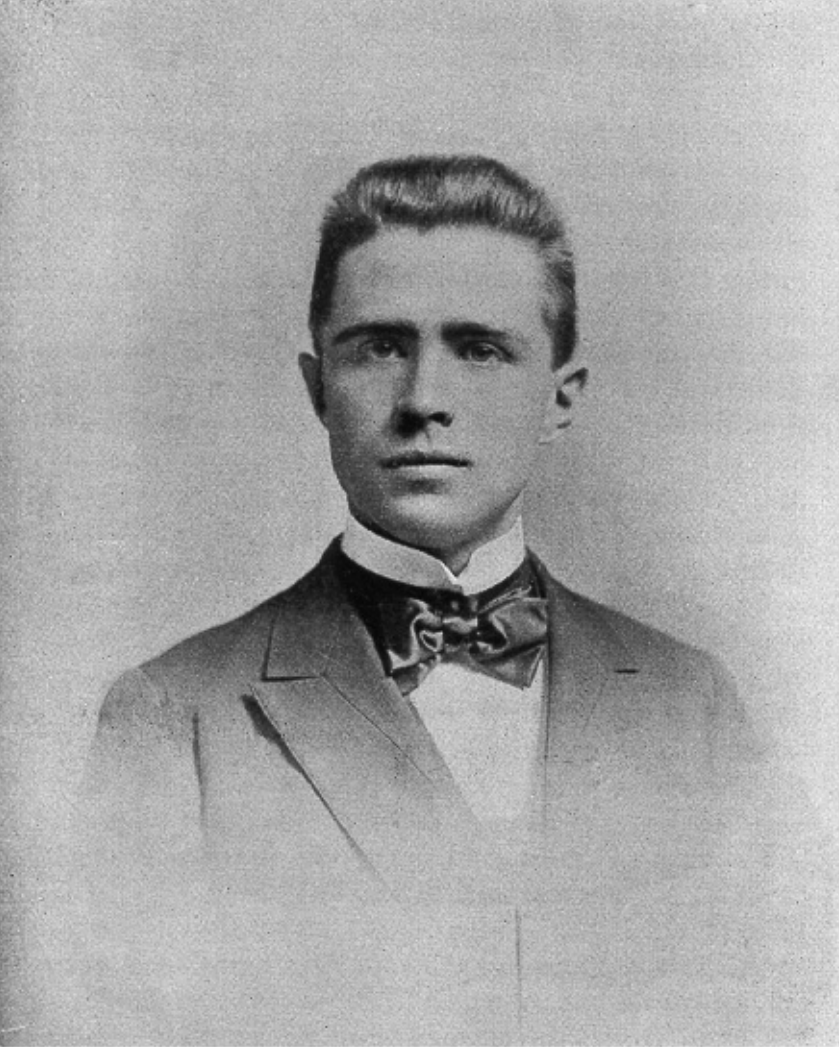
finds in man himself the greatest good. For about fifty years on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, with sturdy independence and brilliant thought, he has been in the front rank of the reformers.

O. T. DAVIES.

Owen Thomas Davies was born in South Wales, Great Britian, Feb. 7, 1820. He left Liverpool Oct. 17, 1850, for America. He landed at New Orleans November 23d of the same year. He went to St. Louis and engaged in coal mining, and afterward to Caseville, Ill., where he pursued the same business. His invention, which lessens the dangers of mining, is used to this day at the latter place. He left Caseville in April, 1854, and went to Salt Lake City, but he remained but a little while in this place, or in the Mormon faith. From this time on he was a Freethinker. He went to California July 4, 1856, and settled at Brighton, Sacramento county, where he resided until his death, adding both by his labors and inventions to the prosperity of the country, Mr. Davies possessed a fine mechanical genius. He was a typical pioneer, and carved out his own fortune by his energy and ability. He died November 22, 1893.

WM. DENTON.

William Denton was born in Darlington, Durham county, England, January 8, 1823. When three years of age he was sent to a small school, where he was taught to read. At four he could read the Bible, and was then transferred to the British Penny school, Darlington. His parents were Methodists, and he soon found his way into the Library of the Methodist church, making himself familiar with its doctrines and discipline at a very early age. In 1833 he joined the Temperance Society in Darlington, and was soon recognized as an earnest worker among his associates in favor of total ab-



stinence, a work in which he continued through life. Though not yet twelve years old he took an active interest in the issues which led to the great secession from the Methodist church in 1834, vigorously maintaining the rights of the laymen as opposed to the usurpations of ecclesiastical authority.

At fourteen years of age, apprenticed to learn the trade of machinist, working ten hours a day in the shop, young Denton's time for study was very limited. But he joined the Shildon Mechanic's Institute, attended its scientific lectures, and with the works of Lyell and others in one hand, and the rocks and fossils that he gathered from the Shildon railway tunnel in the other, he laid the foundation for the geological knowledge of his later life. In 1839 he joined the Methodist Association church, and at once began to speak from its platforms. Leaving the shop before the expiration of his apprenticeship in 1842, he entered the Normal school, Baro road, London, as a student, and a few months later was appointed teacher of a school in Newport, Monmouthshire. Having been dismissed from this school for the heresy of believing there exists a basis of facts for the claims of Mesmerism, he was invited to act as assistant teacher in one of the schools of Camberwell, London. He accepted the invitation and received the appointment; but the principal of that school was a Calvinist; their theories clashed at once, and Denton was not permitted to remain. He then obtained a situation as clerk in the New Cross office London, of the Southeastern railway company, and some months later was transferred with the New Cross offices to Ashford in Kent. Here, as in London, Newport, and elsewhere, he was seldom without an appointment to lecture on week-day evenings, or to preach on Sundays. But the fashion of his religion was becoming considerably modified, and orthodoxy began to growl its disapproval of some of his sentiments. At length he announced an open-air lecture

on "The Hireling Ministry," and Christian forbearance could endure no more. The ministers threatened to demand his dismissal from the railway service should he persist in the attempt to speak as announced. He replied, "They can do as they like." Special constables were sworn in to prevent the lecture. Crowds had gathered to listen. The lecture commenced. Dragging him from the chair on which he stood, the constables attempted to take him off, he continuing his lecture as they shoved him along. "Come up to my room, Denton, and speak from the window!" said a friendly voice at his side. The crowd caught the word and in a moment lifted his light form from the hands of the constables, carried him on their shoulders to the house and to an upper window, where, for an hour and a half, he continued his lecture to the crowd below. But the ministers kept their word. They demanded his dismissal from the railway service "solely on the ground of his having promulgated erroneous religious doctrines in the neighborhood," wrote the railway superintendent. In time their demand was complied with, and he at once prepared to come to America.

He landed at Philadelphia on the last of September, 1848, obtained a school in the neighborhood, and in the following spring sent for his parents, his two sisters, and Miss Caroline Gilbert, the young lady who had promised to become his wife. In a few weeks after their arrival, he and Miss Gilbert were married. As had been his practice in England, so it was here. The time at his disposal he devoted to writing, lecturing, debating, and study.

One year after his marriage the sudden and unlooked-for death of his wife wrecked his hopes and prostrated his energies. It was impossible for him to forget; but the necessity for exertion compelled him to hide his sorrow in his own heart. He could not, however, remain where all that he saw reminded him of his great loss. He went to Western Virginia, entered a school near Guyandotte,

and soon sent for his now enfeebled parents and younger sister, Lizzie (his older sister, Anne, preferring to remain for a time in Philadelphia). They were hardly settled in their new abode when, his antislavery sentiments becoming known, he was threatened with mob violence if he did not keep silent on the subject. This he could not do and remain face to face with the monstrous iniquity. He went to Ohio, obtained a school near Dayton, and again sent for his family. In August, 1851, his father passed to the "unseen shore," and in the following February he, with the remaining members of his family, commenced experimental investigations in Spiritualism. With his sister Anne (afterward Mrs. Anne Denton Cridge), who was now with them, as medium, his departed father, wife, and other loved ones, gave, it was believed, unmistakable evidence of their continued life, their abiding affection, and their occasional presence in the home circle.

Almost simultaneously with these investigations, his sister Anne being the sensitive, Mr. Denton commenced experiments in psychometry with results that greatly surprised him.

Having written "Common Sense Thoughts on the Bible," his first pamphlet, he went to Cincinnati, was engaged as teacher in one of the city schools, put his manuscript into the hands of a printer, and continued his investigations. A few weeks later the death of his mother, whom he tenderly loved, would again have shrouded his life in gloom had not spirit existence and spirit-return now become, to his understanding, at least, indisputable, living verities.

In August, 1854, Mr. Denton was married to Miss Elizabeth M. Foote, at that time an employé on "The Type of the Times," a phonetic journal edited, printed, and published by the Longley brothers at their office in Cincinnati. In the following spring, being very feeble from years of confinement in school, and over-work out of

school, he went on a tour to Texas. Before leaving he was unable to walk even a few blocks in town without becoming greatly exhausted. On his return at the end of three months he had walked over thirteen hundred miles, studying the geology of the state, and had thereby thoroughly recovered his health. Finding, on his return, that his school in Cincinnati had been given to another in his absence, he engaged a school in Covington, Kentucky, but had hardly commenced teaching there when he was dismissed on a charge of Infidelity. He now abandoned school-teaching and, from this time on, studied, investigated, wrote, explored, and lectured almost without ceasing. Believing natural science to be the only sure and steadfast foundation on which to erect the temple of Free-thought, Mr. Denton's lectures embraced a wide range of subjects, involving scientific inquiries relating to human progress.

In 1856 he was associated with John Patterson in editing "The Social Revolutionist," a radical journal, as its name indicated. In the following year he joined with his brother-in-law, Alfred Cridge, and his sister, now Mrs. Anne Denton Cridge, in editing and publishing a small eight-page paper called "The Vanguard."

The summer of 1858 Mr. Denton spent in Kansas; and in December of that year, at Chagrin Falls, Ohio, was held his much misrepresented discussion with Prof. (afterward United States president) James A. Garfield, on the subject of man's origin. In some respects this was the most notable of his discussions, particularly so from the fact that a few months later Charles Darwin gave to the world his great work on the "Origin of Species," corroborating, by its wealth of carefully recorded observations, the evidence presented by Mr. Denton in that debate in support of the affirmative of the following proposition: "Man, animals, and vegetables are the product of spontaneous generation and progressive development; and

there is no evidence that there was any direct creative act on this planet." Professor Garfield had the negative.

The two succeeding years he spent principally in lecturing. He also, during this time, carefully studied the oil districts of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and experimented much in psychometry. Then came the war, with its frightful horrors, and even the most thoughtful grew deaf to all announcements of any other topic for their consideration. The first year of this time he spent mostly in studying the lead region of northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin, giving, comparatively, few lectures. Going through Canada in the following autumn and winter, he lectured in the principal cities and towns of the Dominion, and came to Boston in the spring of 1863. In all these journeyings his wife, with the two children they then had, was with him, and with her help he was collecting material for the "Soul of Things," the first volume of which he published in June following his arrival in Boston. During the summer months of several succeeding years he was more or less occupied with the mining interests of different companies requiring his services in exploring, examining, and reporting on mines and mineral properties in various localities, among which were Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, northern Illinois, southern Wisconsin, Lake Superior, Tennessee, Colorado, California, and others.

Mr. Denton had now located in Wellesley, Mass., and in 1868 he published "Our Planet." In 1871 he issued a small volume entitled "Radical Rhymes." In 1872 he published "The Irreconcilable Records; or, Genesis and Geology." In this year he also collected and published in one volume ten of his more radical lectures on religious subjects, giving it the name "Radical Discourses." In 1873 he issued Volume II. and in 1874 Volume III. of "The Soul of Things." He believed that the line of investigations, which led to his writing these volumes,

reveals to us, as no other line of investigation can, the limitless extent of that realm which psychometry shall yet open to human attainments in knowledge. In 1877 he published "What Was He? or, Jesus in the Light of the Nineteenth Century," and in 1881, just before leaving home for Australia, he published "Is Darwin Right? or, the Origin of Man." In this volume is given the substance of nearly, or quite, all the arguments used by him in the discussion with Mr. Garfield. The pamphlet, "Garrison in Heaven," was published for him after he left this country.

On the 22d of February, 1881, accompanied by his second son, Shelley W., for assistant, Mr. Denton left home for Australia, filled previously-arranged lecture engagements on the way through this country, and left San Francisco for Melbourne on the 5th of June following. On leaving home Mr. Denton did not propose to be absent more than two and a half or three years. He wished to make a study of the Australasian quarter of the globe as far as his time, and the circumstances of his stay there, would permit, make a brief visit to China and Japan, and, returning, stop to fill lecture engagements in India and on the island of Java, then home by way of England, with a brief greeting to his relatives and friends still living there. Reaching Melbourne on the 4th of July, Mr. Denton and Shelley remained in that country until the 1st of December of that year, spent about a month in Tasmania, and commenced lectures in New Zealand in January, 1882. They were here joined by the oldest son, Sherman F., and remained in these islands until July following, when they went together to Australia, and Mr. Denton again lectured through that country, closing there in June, 1883. They spent a few days on the islands off the coast, and left for New Guinea early in July. Here Mr. Denton expected to leave his two sons while he should visit China and Japan, all to meet again in Batavia, Java,



where he was to commence lectures in the following September. On arriving at New Guinea, however, he saw so much of interest that he soon decided to abandon his previous purpose and devote the time at his command to a study of New Guinea and its native inhabitants. For this purpose, bidding farewell to his sons, whom he left at a native village near the coast, he joined an exploring party, sent out by a Melbourne company, in their attempt to cross the mountain ranges and reach the eastern coast by land. When the party had ascended to regions where the foot of the white man had never before trod, and where, but for the tops of a few other and intervening mountains, they could probably have sighted the coast they sought to reach, they were attacked by fever, were obliged to return, and in doing so, in the mountain fastnesses of that lofty range, Mr. Denton succumbed to the fever, the fatigue and exposure, and on the 26th of August, 1883, a more than ordinary life was extinguished. Hardly able to continue their own homeward journey, his companions wrapped him in his blanket and buried him in the mountain near the spot where he died, at a native village named Ber-e-ga-bad-i.

Captain Armit, the leader of the exploring party, in his report of their unfortunate expedition made to the Melbourne company on his return, wrote: "Mr. Denton was the beau ideal of a traveling companion," and, had he known him in these relations, he might have added, of a son and brother, of a husband and father, as well. He did not believe the world is to be redeemed by coercion, but by the culture of intelligence—the spread of knowledge. He never shrank from the expression of a truth because it was unpopular, nor from the performance of a duty because of its being unpleasant, but he believed that all real duties would be pleasures if we rightly understood our obligations to ourselves and to others. He believed in being honest, in being truthful, in seeking to know

what is right, in order to do what is right, and to this belief his whole life was conformed. Professor Denton left four sons and a daughter who, with his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth M. F. Denton, are still residents of Wellesley, Mass.

J. SPENCER ELLIS.

James Spencer Ellis, editor of "Secular Thought," was born in London, England, June 15, 1838. His parents both belonged to Derbyshire families. Previous to settling in London, his father had been a Congregational minister, and preached occasionally in London; his mother was a very pious Christian lady, belonging to the well-known Harrison family of Derbyshire. In 1850 young Ellis went to live with an elder brother, J. Harrison Ellis, at Plymouth, England, who was a Freethinker, a friend of G. J. Holyoake, Robert Cooper, and other leaders of Free-thought, and he thus became familiar with the earlier phases of Secular advocacy in England, almost insensibly imbibing the new philosophy, which effectually ousted what little germs of orthodoxy he had acquired in the Sunday-school of his childhood. At Plymouth his brother soon apprenticed him to the printing business, which he he has followed from that day to this. At the end of four years, in June, 1854, he made his way to London. Taking up his residence here with another brother, after a few years he secured a position on the London "Times," where, in various capacities, he remained for about thirteen years. In July, 1876, he, with his wife and five children, arrived in Toronto, and he has remained there ever since.

When Mr. Watts arrived and settled in Toronto, and began negotiations for starting "Secular Thought," few printers would undertake to print an "Infidel" journal. Mr. Ellis, however, though he was at that time printing three religious papers, on being applied to, at once agreed to undertake the work, and he has continued to print the

journal from that day to this. Mr. Ellis assisted Mr. Watts in the conduct of the paper, and when the latter, in the early part of 1891, decided to return to England, he left it in charge of Mr. Ellis. At the Canadian convention in September, 1891, the state of affairs was fully placed before the delegates, who unanimously decided to support the new editor. Early in 1893 Mr. Ellis made a tour of Canada, from Victoria, B. C., lecturing in the principal cities, and met with a cordial reception.

MATTHEW FARRINGTON.

This honest, clear-headed humanitarian was, I believe, born in the state of New York. At all events, he spent his early life there, and was active in the antislavery cause. More than once, in the city of New York, he found himself in danger from proslavery mobs. In those days "gentlemen" did not scorn to stoop to violence when doing the work of the slave power, as Garrison found when led through the streets of Boston ornamented with a hempen necklace. Matthew Farrington was not one to shrink from the advocacy of truth and the defense of the oppressed because the truth was unpopular and the liberties of the victims of greed fraught with peril to limb and life.

For many years Mr. Farrington was a tower of strength to the Freethought cause in Iowa. People knew that he could be trusted, that he would not lie, that he would meet his financial obligations. Outspoken Freethinker that he was, he found no difficulty in an orthodox community in getting a position as teacher in the public schools. Cultivating his farm in summer and teaching in winter, he accumulated a modest competence, and raised to manhood and womanhood a small family of children who are an honor to their parents. He was for a long time an active officer in a mutual insurance company in Bremer county, and it is needless to say that it served its

members well—unlike so many institutions of that kind. Matthew Farrington was long president of the Liberal League of Northern Iowa and also of the Iowa State League. The first-named society was one of the strongest organizations of its kind in the United States, and it owed very much of its usefulness to the indefatigable labors of its president and his unblemished reputation as a man. He thoroughly understood the fundamental principles of Freethought. He believed in liberty of speech, press, and communication. It was a matter of pride with him that he had never tasted intoxicating liquors, and yet he was a most determined opponent of prohibition. He stood for the equal rights of woman, and the elevation of the laborer. He was an honor to Freethought.

JAMES FERGUS.

James Fergus was born in the parish of Glassford, Lanarkshire, Scotland, on the 8th of October, 1813. His parents were well-to-do farmers, owning some real estate; his father a rigid Presbyterian, his mother rather Liberal. After receiving a common school education, mostly of a religious character, he spent his time on the farm, noted only for doing everything well and a fondness for books, until he was nineteen, when, seeing little chance in his native country for a young man to rise in the world, and longing for less restraint and more liberty and equality, he sailed for America. He reached Canada, where he spent three years in a Quaker settlement and learned the trade of a millwright. Getting involved in some political trouble just before the Canadian rebellion, he left for the United States. He spent one summer on a public work at Green Bay, Wisconsin; a few weeks at Milwaukee, then an embryo town of a thousand inhabitants (1836); passed through Chicago, where he was offered one hundred and sixty acres of land, now in the center of the city, at \$8 an acre, on time; spent the winter of 1836-7 at Buffalo.

Grove, near Dixon's Ferry; from there went into central Iowa, then known as the "Blackhawk Purchase," making his home at what is now Sabula; built and superintended powder mills at Savanna, Illinois; engaged in the foundry business at Moline, first in the company with D. B. Sears, then at the same place and at Rock Island with Gen. N. B. Buford, being the acting and practical partner. Ill health compelling him to quit the business, he was for some time of the firm of Wheelock & Fergus, paper manufacturers, Moline. Finally, he moved to Minnesota in 1854. In company with Wm. Sturgis and Calvin A. Tuttle he laid out the town of Little Falls, on the Mississippi river, a hundred miles above St. Anthony Falls; helped to build a dam and bridge across the Mississippi at that place; owned the town of Fergus Falls, failed; went to Colorado, thence to Montana by way of Minnesota and the James L. Fisk expedition of 1862, driving his own team from Little Falls to Bannack. He acted as the first recorder of Alder Gulch at Virginia City; was the first county commissioner appointed in the territory for Madison county; was for many years a citizen of Lewis and Clark county, where he served nearly two terms as commissioner, three terms in the legislature, and is now a citizen of Fergus county, which is named in honor of him, with his home north of Fort Maginnis, where he is engaged in raising cattle, horses, and sheep. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention from that county; is a Republican in politics, and a Freethinker in belief. His main characteristics are a natural aptitude for mechanical enterprises, a sturdy independence of thought, a strict integrity of purpose, and a love of study and good books.

Mr. Fergus is a thoroughly honest man. His character is as sturdy as the mountains of his chosen home. With his children and children's children near him, a genuine pioneer he lives, respected and loved by all who know

him. Through all the years of his varied career he has never concealed his Freethought and radical convictions. He has made many public speeches in the legislature of Montana, and other places, against religious intolerance. He was elected first president of the Montana Pioneer Association, an honor which still crowns his busy and useful life.

EDWARD BLISS FOOTE.

There are several biographies extant giving the career nearly or quite up to date of the well-known physician and medical author whose portrait appears in this volume. (See "Men of Mark," "American Biography," C. Edward Lester's "American Advancement," the "National Cyclopedia of American Biography," and "The World's Sages, Thinkers, and Reformers.") In this sketch we shall speak only of Dr. Foote's record as a Liberal, pre-facing it with a brief glimpse of his early environment.

Edward Bliss Foote was born in the village of Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 20, 1829. Village it was at that time, although it has since become one of the largest and handsomest cities of the "Buckeye State." While in his infancy, his father, Herschel, and his mother, Pamela, removed to a small village seven and one-half miles to the westward of Cleveland, where stood the first church that was built on the Connecticut Western Reserve. Around or near this church edifice clustered a neighborhood of eastern people, most of whom were from the staid old state of Connecticut. Herschel Foote was the village merchant, the postmaster and the squire. His home was literally a free hotel for ministers, school teachers, and singing masters. On one Sunday three of the Beechers were entertained—Dr. Lyman, Dr. Edward, and the Rev. William Beecher. Mr. and Mrs. Foote were choristers at the one Presbyterian church. Libraries were little thought of by the pioneers of Ohio. On the



book-shelves of the Foote family could be found "Pilgrim's Progress," "Watts on the Mind," Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and similar religious publications, but no such volumes as Paine's "Age of Reason," or the works of Hume or Voltaire. The young doctor was taught to regard Paine, Hume, and Voltaire as frightfully vicious men. The term "young doctor" is used advisedly, for the subject of this narrative was called "Doctor" in the neighborhood when he was in pantalettes, for the reason that when asked as to what would be his occupation when he grew to manhood, he always replied that he would be a physician; but with the limited opportunities at that time in that sparsely-settled region, the prospect of acquiring the necessary equipment for the medical profession was not encouraging. At twelve years of age the young doctor, in the absence of any religious revival, became a member of the Presbyterian church, and, true to his disposition to perform well his part in every cause in which he enlists, his attendance upon the weekly prayer meetings was regular and punctual.

About this time the boy became deeply interested in the biography of Benjamin Franklin, and when he learned that Dr. Franklin obtained pretty much all of his preliminary education in the printing-office, he conceived the idea of apprenticing himself to the art of the printer. Parental objections were manifested for manifold reasons, but in the face of great opposition the first opportunity presenting itself was eagerly seized by the youth of fifteen and one-half years. In the printers' composing-room, away from the atmosphere of the pious home, evolution began, and that, too, without the aid of Liberal literature, for the early settlers of Cleveland were mostly a devout people. After serving a three-years' apprenticeship in a newspaper office and acquiring in the meantime considerable facility with the pen, he became the editor of the first paper published in New Britain, Connecticut.

About this time the Rochester and Stratford knockings occasioned no little excitement throughout the country, and the secular press was generally disposed to ridicule them; but Editor Foote took the position in his editorials that investigation rather than ridicule was in order. Without becoming a Spiritualist he has ever maintained the right of the new faith to exist. When Theodore Parker was filling Music Hall in Boston every Sunday with an enthusiastic and admiring audience, Foote was a resident of New York, and although the "Hub" was not then, as now, a suburb of New York, he found the time and means to visit Boston now and then to listen to the great independent Unitarian preacher. The young doctor became a liberal Unitarian, and later, in New York, attended upon the preaching of the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, who, like Parker, was a liberal Unitarian. It was while entertaining the Unitarian belief that Dr. Foote wrote his far-famed "Plain Home Talk," and this fact accounts for all in the pages of that book which has a pious flavor. Since writing that work its author has become an Agnostic.

When D. M. Bennett started "The Truth Seeker," a warm and lasting friendship sprang up between the Doctor and the Infidel editor. The mother of the present editor of the paper founded by D. M. Bennett, Mrs. Macdonald, went about among the handful of Liberals in New York and sought help for the new paper. Dr. Foote's contributions were not withheld, and the fearless, able, and industrious editor had his full sympathy.

In 1872 the first Comstock bill was presented in the New York legislature. This bill Dr. Foote opposed with both argument and money. Alone he battled with this new kind of legislation. When he found the bill had passed both branches he submitted his objections in writing in a letter to Governor Dix, but he subsequently found that the governor's signature to the bill was dated

on the same day on which his letter was written. After a law of this character found its way into the statutes of the Empire state, it was a comparatively easy matter on the part of the Comstock people to procure the passage of a similar bill in Congress, creating through the postal regulations an odious censorship of the press. This was effected in the winter of 1872-73, and in 1874 Comstock retaliated upon Dr. Foote for his opposition to his measures by arresting him on the charge of violating the postal laws. In this suit, before Judge Benedict of the United States circuit court of the southern district of New York, in 1876, Dr. Foote was fined \$3,500 for having sent through the United States mails an innocent pamphlet treating on physiological subjects and advocating the right of married people to regulate the size of the family through the use of contraceptics. Shortly after this came the arrest of E. H. Heywood and D. M. Bennett, charged with violating the postal laws. Liberals are familiar with these trials and their outrageous results. Then came the formation of the National Defense Association to oppose the Comstock laws and their odious enforcement. Ever an active member of this association, Dr. Foote has contributed freely to its support and given much of his time in carrying out its objects. At his residence, No. 120 Lexington avenue, the association set in motion the preliminaries which led to the immense and enthusiastic gathering at Chickering Hall to welcome D. M. Bennett on his release from Albany prison. The Doctor was a member of the committee sent to receive Mr. Bennett as he emerged from the somber atmosphere of his cell. It was also at Dr. Foote's residence that the association met to devise means to send the eloquent and persuasive Laura Kendrick to Washington to plead for the release of Ezra H. Heywood from Dedham jail, and her mission was a success. Dr. Foote was one of the monument committee after the grand old man Bennett passed away, and

when the trustees of Greenwood cemetery sent a message to the committee that the inscription designed for the monument would not be permitted, Dr. Foote was among those of his colleagues who stood firmly for no compromise. He was in favor of putting the inscriptions deep in the granite even if the block had to be excluded from the cemetery. He would join in purchasing a site for it just outside the cemetery where it would forever be in view of the narrow-minded guardians of the noted burial ground. The monument was set up in Greenwood, and the inscriptions as originally prepared were conspicuously imprinted upon it without the least modification. In all of Moses Harman's troubles Dr. Foote has been the persecuted editor's fast friend and has given him no small amount of financial support. The doctor also contributed largely to aid Bradlaugh and Besant in their fight for liberty of the press, and also for the defense of Truelove.

In everything the Doctor is liberal. He is in full sympathy with the exclamation once made by Eugene Macdonald that "he would fight for the right of another to differ from him." For instance, Dr. Foote is a regularly registered physician in the state of New York, but from the beginning of medical legislation in the state in 1874, he has steadily opposed by argument, and money freely contributed, the imposition of penalties upon those who would seek to relieve human ills by methods not approved by the regular profession. He has fought in legislative committees and in the medical societies to which he belongs, for the right of Christian scientists, mental scientists, faith curers, magnetic healers, etc., to practice the healing art. From the moment he became an editor, almost half a century ago, he advocated woman's suffrage. When, in 1873, Susan B. Anthony was fined \$100 for daring to cast a vote in Rochester, the Doctor sent his check for \$25 to assist in paying the unjust fine. It may also be remarked in this connection that when C. B. Rey-

nolds, the Liberal lecturer, was fined \$25 in New Jersey for blasphemy, Dr. Foote made haste to send his check for that amount, but Colonel Ingersoll, who so ably pleaded Mr. Reynolds's cause, generously paid the fine and all costs, so that the Doctor's check was used for other purposes connected with the cause in which Mr. Reynolds was engaged. The Doctor is a member of the Federation of Freethought, the Secular Union, the Manhattan Liberal Club, the Institute of Heredity, the National Defense Association, the National Constitutional Liberty League, the New York Public Health and Constitutional Liberty League, the American Psychical Society, and in politics is an enthusiastic Populist. Wherever the banner of advanced thought is unfurled, a field glass will not be required to find the subject of this sketch.

EDWARD BOND FOOTE, M. D.

Edward Bond Foote, better known to his friends as E. B. Foote, Jr., was born Aug. 15, 1854, near Cleveland, Ohio. Having for his father Dr. E. B. Foote, Sr., the subject of another sketch, and for his mother a New England schoolmarm, and having been given the best obtainable educational advantages from boyhood up to the time that he graduated from the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1876, he acknowledges himself to be a product of hereditary and environment rather than altogether a self-made man. Though his parents, then Unitarians, permitted him to be crammed in school with a large amount of biblical study and orthodox theology, he readily cracked and shed that shell under the later instruction of O. B. Frothingham. Graduating from that excellent schooling, he was a fit candidate for the advantages of the Liberal Club, in which very broad educational institution he never ceases to learn. His first great effort in that society was in 1877, with a lecture on "The Blue Glass Craze," with venerable Walt Whitman on the

platform among the regular solons of that very radical Eighth-street circle. After many years of industrious apprenticeship there, he was in 1888 made president of the club, a position which he still holds. As secretary of the National Defense Association, organized about the time of the first attack on D. M. Bennett, he has taken an active part in all the defensive and aggressive work of the association, which even this year (1894) finds occasion for energetic protest to defeat a new congressional bill giving complete mail censorship power to the postmaster-general.

Dr. Foote, Jr., has been seen and heard in many of the private councils and annual conventions of the old Liberal League, the American Secular Union, and the Freethought Federation, and stands steady in the front ranks of the vigilant opponents of all movements for closer alliance of church and state. Being asked for a brief statement of his "confession of faith" as to problems of to-day, he wrote for this sketch as follows :

"It makes me feel rather lonesome to build my platform, and I even wonder whether I may not have to occupy it all alone. If there be others cast to fit this mold, just like me, I should be glad to know where to find them, though I am far from wishing that everyone should agree with me all round. In medicine I am eclectic, with preference for hygienic practice, but a believer in utility of medicine ; an advocate of medical freedom, or abrogation of all restrictive laws that rule out undiplomaed 'healers ;' an anti-vaccinationist, but a believer in utility of vivisection, *limited*. As a hygienist I favor (and almost practice) vegetarianism, avoid tobacco, and apply prohibition of alcoholics to myself. I am one of the neo-malthusian cranks who would limit population, and my pet hobby is 'engenicis,' or the right of every child to be well born, or not at all. So I also advocate woman suffrage, and the sexual emancipation of women, less *bondage* in marriage, far greater freedom in divorce, and believe



that every child born should be as legitimate in law as in nature. Politically I favor Nationalism, or the People's party, a moderate protective tariff, bimetallism on the old basis (for the present), and greenbackism as soon as we can be freed from barbarous devotion to metals. As to religion, I am Agnostic, subscribe to the articles of the Secularists, and find myself pretty closely in accord with the Positivism of Mr. T. B. Wakeman, to whom I am glad of an opportunity to offer publicly many thanks for much useful, rational, liberal instruction. Lastly, I look forward to cremation, and anticipate nothing further."

MRS. M. A. FREEMAN.

Mrs. M. A. Freeman is the daughter of a Freethinker, her father being what is known as a Thomas Paine Infidel. Her maternal grandmother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Ann Harris, was cousin to John Quincy Adams, the sixth president of the United States. Her great uncle, Benoin Harris, was a famous clergyman in western New York in the first part of this century. Mrs. Freeman has been a close student, devoting herself to literature in its various branches—science, fiction, and philosophy. She is the author of many serials, short stories, and sketches, her latest work being a satirical Freethought romance, "Daughters of Cain." Mrs. Freeman is an entertaining speaker, possessing a clear, distinct enunciation, a musical voice, and an attractive presence. Her lectures are both thoughtful and sparkling. She has won golden opinions. E. A. Stevens, secretary of the American Secular Union in 1887, in an article published in "The Truth Seeker," said:

"Mrs. Freeman's lectures bristle with profound logic, bravely and beautifully expressed in choicest language. For one hour, without manuscript, and without a flaw, she held her auditors in that stillness that allows no word to be lost. If years of unpaid, incessant, unselfish devotion of talents of the highest order for the upbuilding of the

Secular cause entitle anyone to our thanks, that person is the bright, brave little moral heroine, who has won enduring fame in literature, as well as on the rostrum, and of whom we of Chicago are justly proud, Mrs. M. A. Freeman, chairman of the finance committee of the American Secular Union."

General M. M. Trumbull, of Chicago, gave the following testimony as to her ability: "I am always delighted and instructed when I hear Mrs. Freeman lecture. Mrs. Freeman's voice should be heard in the largest halls in the city, aye, and beyond the city, too, for I believe I am quite within bounds when I say there is not in this whole country three women of equal genius."

For twelve years Mrs. Freeman has been identified with the Chicago Secular Union. Every Sunday night, if she was in the city and able to attend, found her at its meetings. Its membership changing, Mrs. Freeman has remained, upholding to the best of her ability the Secular cause. In 1891 she published the "Chicago Liberal," a woman's Freethought paper. The little journal received many flattering notices from its contemporaries and from individuals, but, much to her regret, she was obliged to discontinue. At the thirteenth annual congress of the American Secular Union, held in Chicago, Mrs. Freeman was elected chairman of the finance committee, and at the fifteenth annual congress of the organization, held at Philadelphia, Oct. 31, 1891, she was elected corresponding secretary, which office she still holds, having been unanimously re-elected at the International Congress of Freethinkers.

W. F. FREEMAN.

W. F. Freeman was born at Charlestown, Mass., in 1831, of Liberal parentage on both sides. His father was a patron of the "Investigator" from its first publication till his death in 1887. In January, 1849, the good ship

Edward Everett carried Mr. Freeman to California, and the boy took with him the principles of Freethought which he had learned at the fireside, and from the discussions at the old Hospitaler Hall, and sermons of Theodore Parker. As soon as he became settled he sent for the "Investigator" and began to accumulate books. He has now one of the best private libraries in the state. He has always been an open and pronounced Infidel. He has probably distributed more Liberal literature and secured more subscribers to Liberal papers than any other in the state. Mr. Freeman's business in California has been that of miner, stock-raiser, and manufacturer. Since 1882 he has done but little in the way of work or business. He took a trip of fourteen months with his wife over Europe, Palestine, Egypt, India, China, and Japan—around the world. He married Miss Martha Drake, of Flint, Mich., in 1862, at Stockton, where they have since resided. Although Miss Drake was reared under Christian influences, she became gradually a pronounced Freethinker, and has heartily coöperated with her husband in all his undertakings, and many a generous entertainment has the Secular pilgrim received at their home.

The first activity amongst Liberals in Stockton was caused by Elder Knap's general denunciation of Infidels and his untruthful tirade against Thomas Paine in 1868, which was denied by friend Freeman then and there in the church, and in the paper of the following day. At length he challenged Elder Knap, or any other Christian, to a discussion. After that regular Sunday meetings were kept up. The first Paine celebration was held in 1874. The Stockton League was organized under charter from the National Liberal League in 1877. Its members subscribed and presented to the Stockton public library about five hundred dollars' worth of first-class standard works on science and Freethought, and secured the Boston "Investigator" a place in the files of the library also.

Lecture courses have been had nearly every season since with good results. The newspapers have been fair in their reports of lectures and all Liberal movements. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman have taken the lead in all these local movements for the promotion of the Liberal cause. Mr. Freeman is an excellent speaker, and has officiated at many funerals of Freethinkers. His last address was given in memory of A. Schell, of Knight's Ferry, who was a life-long companion of Mr. Freeman. The Liberalism of the Coast owes a great deal to the untiring efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman and the Stockton Liberal League.

HELEN HAMILTON GARDENER.

Helen Hamilton Gardener, one of the leading Free-thought writers of the present decade, was born just previous to the late war, in the valley of Virginia at Stony Mead, the name of her ancestral home near Winchester. Her father was the Rev. A. G. Chenoweth, and her mother was Katherine A. Peel, both natives of Virginia, and she is the youngest of six children—three boys and three girls. She is an American of Americans, her earliest ancestor on her father's side in this country, Arthur Chenoweth, having come to Maryland in 1635, where he had a grant of land, for honorable service, from Lord Baltimore, or the sixth Lord Fairfax. Her great grandfather, John Chenoweth, married Hannah Cromwell, granddaughter of Oliver Cromwell. Her paternal grandmother was a daughter of Judge John Davenport, of Maryland, and from this branch of her ancestry she descends from the sixth Lord Baltimore. Her father was a cousin of General Strother (Porte Crayon), and her grandmother Davenport was a sister of the mother of Richard Malcolm Johnston. Her mother was a Peel of the Peels of England.

Helen Gardener is evidently of good fighting stock, as well as of excellent literary blood, and young as she is the fame she has already achieved is an honor to her and



to her ancestry, however great. She says she was in no sense an "infant prodigy," but it is plain that she was unusually bright in all her childhood—exceedingly observant, quick to see and to hear, and unusually wise to conclude. She grew up with persons much older than herself, and much of her childhood's entertainment she got from books of a character not usually read and understood by children. Her parents inherited slaves, but having strong conscientious objections to slave-holding, and desirous of educating their children away from the influence of slavery, they freed their slaves against many difficulties, and moved North, where the little Helen grew to womanhood, and was educated in the best schools of the country. She early developed a liking for biological and sociological studies, and she cannot remember a time—since she could think at all to any conclusion—that she could accept as final the dictum of the doctors, without first having evidence satisfactory to her own senses. She was, therefore, always reasonably skeptical, as are all correctly thinking persons who add anything to the world's progress and uplifting. She began to write her thoughts when she was quite young, not at first, nor, indeed, for some time, with the idea of publishing what she wrote, or of letting any one know that she wrote, but because her heart and mind were full of a great longing to do something for the elevation, the improvement of the condition, of humanity, and first of all, because more needed than all, for the improvement of the condition and status of her own sex. She never thought or dreamed of celebrity or fame, or that she was braver than others of her sex, or of either sex; she simply had something to say and she wanted to say it, though her native modesty made her depreciate her ability and fear publicity. For some time after she had written essays and contributions, over one and another pen name, for the magazines and the press, her most intimate friends, including her husband, who was and is in complete sym-

pathy with all she thinks and does, did not know of it, and she has never to this day gotten over her modest estimate of her own ability; and yet there are now thousands of persons who greet with sincere pleasure any work written by this brilliant, high-minded, and keen-witted novelist and essayist. Mr. B. O. Flower, editor of the "Arena," says of her: "I know of no living writer who can carry home a great truth to the heart of the humblest reader so tellingly as Helen Gardener does in her stories and novels." Besides being so powerful a writer, Helen Gardener is filled with the inspiration of the born orator. Her voice rings out like the clearest bugle notes, startling the torpid conscience with its echoes. She has no mannerisms, but is simple and unaffected. Her intense earnestness appeals to her audience. Her style is remarkably clear and concise. She does not juggle with words, and no doubt remains in the minds of her readers as to her meaning. She strikes with blows that are decisive and ringing, and no brain is so dulled, no heart so unresponsive, as not to be influenced in some way by the work of this remarkable woman.

It has been said that few writers or persons are the exemplification in their own lives of the theories they advocate; and this is, to an extent, true, because the theorist, however sincere, has in view, not individuals, but nations, whole peoples—races. His mind and soul are too expansive to be limited to, or to consider, the mere individual, and his theories are therefore not for himself as a unit, but only as he makes one of a tribe or race. But this saying does not apply to Helen Gardener. All her life, all she has been and is and does, conforms exactly and naturally to what she hopes for and asks for and of others.

In physique, Helen Gardener is slight; she has a small, delicate body, a fine head and classical face, refined and delicate soft brown eyes, of indescribable depth and intelligence and gentleness; silky, brown hair, and a voice

full of graceful and sweet intonations and inflections; all her movements and her manner are graceful and un-studied; she has no fads, and never poses or "puts on airs," as so many persons who have won distinction are apt to do. She is a strong, logical, vigorous thinker, bright and picturesque in her descriptions; has a fine sense of humor, and is a delightful and entertaining conversationalist. She is said to be one of the most remarkable of the younger generation of American writers. In depth of intellect, combined with earnest love of her fellows, and a genial, loving, happy disposition, she has no superior. She is brilliant in wit, polished in diction, gentle in manners, kind in her dealings with others, and ever ready to help the oppressed. Her command of strong, terse English is great. She is by birth, education, and training an accomplished lady, and by her personal character a sterling woman. Her sarcasm is keen, but it is always polished and never vulgar. Her pen is a powerful one, and it is always employed on the side of truth and virtue. Her style is direct, forcible, convincing, and eloquent. Everything she writes is inspired by an earnestness real and intense. She is the personification of purpose, and that purpose is the defense of the defenseless, and the pointing out of a higher and better way. She is said to be the only woman writer of to-day who is equally brilliant with pen and voice, or as writer and orator. She works to elevate her sex above the trammels of superstition, and she is fearless in the defense of human rights without sex limitations.

Helen Gardener first became known to the public in 1884, through a series of lectures entitled "Men, Women, and Gods;" "Vicarious Atonement;" "Historical Facts and Theological Fictions;" "By Divine Right;" "Pulpit, Pew, and Cradle;" "Rome or Reason," etc. Her first book, "Men, Women, and Gods," was published in 1885 by the Truth Seeker Company. From 1885 to 1890 she

published many stories and essays and sketches in the various magazines. Her first book of stories, "A Thoughtless Yes," was published in 1890, and soon followed another book of short stories, "Pushed by Unseen Hands." These stories were generally based on some law or suggestion of heredity, and deal with this natural but little understood or known law in new and scientific ways, and these books commanded the immediate and dignified attention of the reading public, and of scientific men and women in this country and Europe, and of at least one oriental country—Japan.

Her first novel, "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" soon followed by "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" both novels of tremendous power, dealing with the double standard of morals, were published in 1891 and 1892 respectively. The sales of these books have reached many editions, and they have wielded an influence for good throughout the country, second to no other books published in this country. "Facts and Fictions of Life," a book of brilliant essays, among which is the classic one on "Sex in Brain," was published in 1893. In 1894, "An Unofficial Patriot," just published, is a historical and sociological story of our late war, very dramatic and replete with thrilling descriptions, and, though a novel, it gives many historical facts not hitherto known. Like all of Helen Gardener's novels and stories, this one is full of good and intelligent purpose. This book is now being dramatized.

Many of Helen Gardener's books, essays, and stories have been, or are being, translated into German by publishers in Berlin and Vienna, and some of them are translated—by request—into French and Russian, and even Japanese and Icelandic. Her scientific essays, and the stories that are based on heredity, have been copied in medical and scientific journals in this country and in Europe, and have brought her into the notice of and cor-

respondence with the leading biologists and anthropologists of all these countries. Her versatility is demonstrated by her eminent success as an essayist and novelist and as an orator, and she has won deserving fame in the scientific and sociological worlds; and since she is yet young in years, much more valuable work may be expected from her pen, and always on the side of Freethought and freedom and justice and right.

GIRARD.

Stephen Girard was a marked and eccentric character. He produced great results in amassing an immense fortune. He was born in Bordeaux, France, in 1750. Before he was fourteen he commenced to follow the sea as a cabin-boy. He became a lieutenant of the vessel. He used often to say that he began life with a sixpence. In 1773 he was licensed to command a vessel. In May, 1776, after various fortunes, he located at Philadelphia. He commenced business in a small store on Water street, which for sixty years he made his home. So grave was he in deportment that at the age of twenty-six he was called "Old Girard."

Although absorbed in the accumulation of wealth, and wonderfully successful, there was room in his heart for great kindness and sympathy. When the yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia in 1793 and one-half the inhabitants fled, this grand, self-sacrificing man, Girard, remained in the city, went to the hospitals, and devoted to them his entire services as director, manager, and nurse. For sixty days he thus battled with disease and suffering. He often met the sick and dying at the gate and carried them in. Many a poor creature did he bend over, receiving his last words as the breath left the body. He was the most heroic and faithful nurse in the whole city. He also gave freely of his money to relieve those in want.

He had ships sailing to all parts of the world. He

named them Voltaire, Rousseau, Helvetius, Montesquieu, etc. He was a decided Freethinker. He discarded all the dogmas of Christianity. He was an inveterate foe of priests. He made generous bequests. He said: "No one shall be a gentleman on my money." He gave to the Pennsylvania hospital \$30,000; deaf and dumb asylum, \$20,00; orphan asylum, \$10,000; Lancaster public school, \$10,000; society for distressed sea captains, \$10,000; city of Philadelphia, \$500,000; state of Pennsylvania for her canals, \$300,000. He then willed about \$6,000,000 for the construction and endowment of a college for orphans. In his will he said: "I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatever shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said college; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purpose of the said college. In making this restriction, I do not mean to cast any reflection upon any sect or person whatsoever, but as there are such a multitude of sects, and such diversity of opinion among them, I desire to keep the tender minds of the orphans, who are to derive advantage from this bequest, free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce. My desire is that all the instructors and teachers in the college shall take pains to instill into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that, on their entrance into active life, they may, from inclination and habit, evince benevolence toward their fellow creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry, adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer." The estate of the college is now valued at twenty millions of dollars, and the number of scholars is about fifteen hundred. The provisions of Girard's will have been shamefully violated. The college is now under Christian supervision, a Christian



chapel is now built within its walls, and Christian theology is taught. When Freethinkers give anything for the benefit of the world, the Christians will steal it for their own purposes if they can, and claim all the glory. Girard died in December, 1831.

ELLA E. GIBSON.

Ella E. Gibson was born in Winchendon, Mass., May 8, 1821. For twelve years she was a teacher in the public schools of Rindge, N. H., Winchendon, Asby, and Fitchburg, Mass., and was also a contributor to the press, and a public lecturer. In the first years of the war she was engaged in organizing "Soldiers' Ladies' Aid Societies" in Wisconsin. She was afterward connected with the Eighth Wisconsin Volunteers, known as the "Live Eagle Regiment." The history of the eagle, "Old Abe," is well known. The Wisconsin state officers recommended her for chaplain, she being at that time a regularly ordained minister. She was elected chaplain of the First Wisconsin Regiment, Heavy Artillery. The secretary of war refused to muster her in because she was a woman. She, however, received pay for her services as chaplain by act of Congress, March 3, 1869. While in her line of duty, she contracted malaria, and since then has become almost totally disabled from its effects. She has not yet been successful in securing the pension which she so rightly deserves, and this because she served her country as a woman.

Although confined to her bed nearly all the time for years past, Miss Gibson has done a great amount of mental labor. She has generously contributed to the cause of Freethought. She was the first to improvise poetry and speak upon subjects selected by the audience. She claims that this was not done by spirits, but through a peculiar nervous organization and natural clairvoyance. She has written for nearly every Liberal paper published in the

United States. She edited "The Moralist" in 1891, but was compelled to relinquish this work on account of ill health. She is author of "The Holy Bible Abridged;" "The Godly Women of the Bible, by an Ungodly Woman of the Nineteenth Century," and other pamphlets. After over forty years' labor she is still ready for the forward movement.

N. D. GOODELL.

N. D. Goodell is a pioneer Freethinker of Sacramento, a 'Forty-niner, who has been through all the rough-and-tumble and glory of early California life. A remarkable experience these 'Forty-niners have had, coming over the vast plains by a three-months' journey, or around the Horn, or across the Isthmus, a wearisome way to the land of gold, where bright fortune shone before one like an enchanted lake, flashing and fading alternately. Adventurous, heroic, indomitable men were these 'Forty-niners.

N. D. Goodell is an architect and has erected hundreds of buildings in Sacramento—public and private. His most successful triumph of art is the Hospital for the Indigent Sick. It is a unique and original conception. It is so constructed that every room is light and airy. It consists of five branching wings, each making a separate edifice, and yet so united that all are practically under one roof. These branching wings join in a frontage of exquisite beauty and majesty, so that the whole impression is harmonious, and it appears like one building—a beautiful display of unity in variety. It is an achievement of Freethought in architecture, for it is something new, and not a tame imitation of the old style.

Mr. Goodell is of the blood of the Puritans, being born in New England and brought up in its orthodox atmosphere, but was early drawn into the Universalist church, through which he passed into radical Freethought. He came to Sacramento when there was not a wooden or brick

building erected, the inhabitants living in tents and adobes scattered among the groves of live-oak.

Mr. Goodell is generous and hospitable; is always ready to aid; was a firm friend of "Freethought" while published, and is vice-president of the California Liberal Union.

H. L. GREEN.

H. L. Green was born in the town of Virgil, Courtland county, N. Y., Feb. 18, 1828. Mr. Green's only educational advantages were the common schools, which he attended in the winter season, one term at a select school, and one term at the Courtland village academy. During the summers of his sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth years he worked on a farm by the month. He also worked at piling lumber in the boat yard, and, like Garfield, did a little canaling. He was captain of a log-raft from Big Flats to the Gillespie saw-mill near Millport for one trip. He was a great reader. He read all the books he could get hold of, which were not many at that early day. When eighteen years old he taught his first school. He kept seven terms. By his school-master's experience he acquired most of his education. When twenty-two years of age he began the study of law with Stevens & Duell, of Courtland village, and was admitted to practice in all the courts of the state in 1852. He commenced the practice of law at Marathon, N. J. He was elected justice of the peace. Removing to Courtland, he was elected county treasurer, which office he held for four years. From Courtland he removed to Syracuse, and afterward to Salamanca. While in Syracuse, he devoted himself to establishing and maintaining the Syracuse Radical Club. He was elected chairman of the executive committee of the National Liberal League, also secretary of New York State Freethinkers' Association, of which he had nearly the whole management, and its yearly conventions were

among the most notable landmarks of Freethought. Mr. Green early became much interested in the antislavery movement. He has also lectured extensively throughout New York and the West, and he is always acceptable upon the platform, besides being a vigorous writer. In later years Mr. Green has given his best work to the "Free-thinkers' Magazine," which has already been noted in the history of the Liberal press. In this Mr. Green gives the ripe fruit of many years' experience in Freethought, and with excellent judgment gathers together from all sources an interesting variety of reading matter. Mr. Green has won his position by unremitting toil and real devotion to the cause. He was born to be a Freethought reformer, and could *not* be otherwise. He is in touch with the advance tendencies. He thinks clearly, knows a good thing when he sees it, and so makes a successful editor. He now resides in Buffalo, N. Y.

JAMES A. GREENHILL.

James A. Greenhill was born in Glamis, Forfarshire, Scotland, Dec. 29, 1828. He was brought up a Presbyterian, and had to commit to memory the Westminster shorter catechism. He lived in his native village until he was twenty-three years old, and learned the trade of wagon-making. He then came to America and landed at New York, Jan. 1, 1851. He was married in New York, and became an American citizen by naturalization. His occupation was that of house carpenter. He went to Chicago in April, 1857, and took up that branch of carpenter work called stair-building, which he has followed ever since. He removed to Clinton, Iowa, in 1873. Up to 1879 he thought he believed in orthodox Christianity. At that time, however, he got hold of Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses." He read this half a dozen times over; it seemed a perfectly fair statement, and it shook his faith. The next summer a friend gave him the "Theological

Works of 'Thomas Paine,' and that settled the business. From that time he was a Freethinker. In 1889 Mr. Greenhill visited his native village after an absence of thirty-eight years, and in January, during the same journey, went to the cottage near Ayr, where Robert Burns first saw the light. Mr. Greenhill delights in astronomy. In 1892 he had a telescope made for his own private use, with a six-inch glass, at a cost of \$500. This choice instrument is the companion of his leisure hours. He has just finished an observatory, twelve feet in diameter, at his home. He cordially invites all Freethinkers who can make it convenient to view with him the wonders of the universe, and rejoice in the revelations of science, where there are no "Mistakes of Moses."

N. F. GRISWOLD.

N. F. Griswold is of New England origin. His father, however, migrated to what at that time was called the Far West, namely, western New York—Lockport, where the subject of our sketch was born in 1824. His mother died when he was three days old. He was brought in his father's arms to Connecticut and placed in care of his grandmother until his father's second marriage, six years later. At eleven years of age he left home to "paddle his own canoe." He was on a farm for a while, and then got a position in a country store until he was sixteen years of age, earning only his board and clothes. He then learned the tinner's trade, and subsequently bought out his employer and started in business for himself. This was the foundation of the Griswold-Richmond-Glock Co-operative Company at Meriden, Conn., which has been one of the most successful business enterprises in New England. For several years Mr. Griswold was connected with the Universalist Society and Sunday-school. By some chance he came across a brief report of one of Colonel Ingersoll's lectures. He improved the first opportunity to hear In-

gersoll lecture in the old puritanical city of New Haven, and was so elated that he sent the Colonel a check with an invitation to lecture at Meriden. Not being sure of getting the large town hall for the use of Ingersoll, he endeavored to get a refusal of the Universalist church. But this was denied him. He then concluded that if the Universalist Society was so puritanical as not to permit Ingersoll to speak in their church, it was no place for him, and he severed his connection with the society and has since devoted himself to the Freethought cause. He has given several thousand dollars to its support. He regards the church now as the prop of the rich man and the leech of the poor man, and sees in Freethought the only hope for truth and right.

J. HACKER.

Jeremiah Hacker is probably the oldest Freethought lecturer in the world. He indeed goes so far back that only himself can tell the story. He writes: "Seventy years ago I commenced lecturing against priestcraft. I traveled thousands of miles and delivered hundreds of lectures. I never took a fee at the door, nor permitted a contribution box to be passed, nor said anything about money. The people were in such a condition then that if I had asked for pay, they would have said the dollar was all I was after. I had to force them into the belief that I was for their welfare, and wanted to free them from the bondage of the churches. I have a barrel of letters from people thanking me for what I have done for them. In 1845 I met James Arrington Clay in Gardiner, Maine. He was the first outspoken Infidel I became acquainted with. He published a large book and circulated it free. He gave me five or more, for which I pledged my overcoat. I started a Liberal paper, "The Pleasure Boat," and with a small beginning I ran the paper for sixteen years, and sent it at least one year to every man, woman, or child

that asked for it, whether they paid for it or not. I had subscribers among the most enlightened class in every state in the Union. At that time Maine had vast quantities of land which it was selling to Shylocks in large tracts. Through my paper, and appeals to the governor and legislature, I got a law to give every landless man in Maine, who would settle on it, one hundred and sixty acres of land for fifty cents an acre, and this to be paid in labor—making roads, etc. Then I saw scores of farmers, each with a two-horse wagon covered with cloth, containing their beds, dishes, tools, wives and children—all they had in the world—steering for the wilderness. You have lectured in one of those counties, and no doubt reaped some of the harvest I sowed in getting that land free. I also got a reform school established for juvenile offenders, at Westbrook, near Portland.” These things happened so long ago that the Liberals of the present have but little knowledge concerning them, but we are glad to put on record the work of Jeremiah Hacker, and honor him for those achievements which bear fruit to-day in our splendid civilization.

R. A. HARDEE.

Capt. R. A. Hardee, of Florida, is one of the pioneers of the industry of that state, as well as of Freethought. He was born in Georgia, and was captain in the Confederate army. Since the close of the war he has lived mostly in the Indian River country, and has done much to develop the resources of the country, especially in orange and lemon groves; and is well known for his energy and invention. He is one of those who is always at the front, and the same spirit is apparent in his Freethought work. He never keeps his opinions to himself, but is ready to discuss them at any time. He has done what he could to organize the Liberals of the state, but they are so widely scattered that it is difficult at present to bring them to-

gether. The captain is just as ready for the picket-line as for any other service. Capt. J. F. Rhoads, Capt. C. E. Garner, James Douglas, of Jacksonville, and other staunch Liberals throughout the state will, no doubt, some day bring Florida into the advance line of the great Free-thought movement.

CHAS. T. HAYDEN.

Charles Trumbull Hayden, of Tempe, Arizona, is worthy of the Freethought name, both for his frontier enterprises and devotion to the cause. He is one of the foremost merchants and business men of Arizona. He came to this country thirty years ago, when it seemed scarcely habitable. He has built mills, cultivated lands, established trade, and been specially interested in the irrigation of this country, upon which so many millions of wealth depends. He has been a defender of the rights of the people to the land and the water. He is the friend of those who labor. He believes in the school-house, and not the church; the spade and pick-ax, and not the cross. He believes in a paradise in this world; and has done his part on the advance line to make the wilderness bloom and blossom like a rose.

E. H. HEYWOOD.

Ezra H. Heywood was an eccentric reformer. He went off on lines of his own, and the general mass of Liberals did not agree with him; but his work cannot be omitted in a history of Freethought. I do not know of a more candid or sympathetic interpretation of his mental and moral make-up and his aims than the following, which I quote from a well-known writer whose own experience makes him capable of broad and tolerant judgments:

“Ezra H. Heywood, of Princeton, Mass., died at Boston May 22, 1893, in his sixty-fourth year.

“In this age of grab and self-seeking, when almost



everyone seems to be pushing after the main chance of enriching himself at the expense of his fellows, it is well for us to contemplate the career of one who gave up all worldly gain in the pursuit of an ideal.

“Mr. Heywood had a college education and was intended for the ministry; but, becoming a Freethinker, he devoted his life to the secular welfare of mankind. He first entered the antislavery crusade, and his youthful zeal brought him on to the platform alongside of Garrison and Phillips. He opposed the civil war and founded a Peace Society, and then took up various phases of labor reform and questions of political and social economy. Under all his propagandism lay the principle of individual liberty, which he saw was invaded on every hand by legal, religious, and social restrictions. He published a paper called ‘The Word,’ which, in devotion to his fundamental idea of freedom, opposed rent, interest, taxes, tariffs, profits, war, marriage, and all monopolies. He wrote pamphlets supporting these ideas, which sold widely, and he held frequent conventions where sympathetic orators aided him in appeals to the people. This persistent advocacy brought him the enmity and persecution of the representatives of capital and religion; those who sold his writings were arrested and imprisoned, and he himself was several times arrested and thrice sentenced to imprisonment, the last time for two years in Charlestown jail. He was released a year before his death, but the confinement had broken his constitution; and, contracting a cold during his conduct of a Labor Reform convention in New York, he went to his wife’s relatives in Boston a very sick man and died in three days.

“He married the eldest of three remarkable daughters of a remarkable mother, Mrs. Tilton, who had inspired her children with an enthusiasm for woman’s freedom that led them all to heroic effort for the emancipation of their sex. Angela, Flora, and Josephine Tilton will be

recognized as worthy pioneers of the movement for the elevation of woman, which is now everywhere making progress. Through the influence of Angela, Mr. Heywood gave prominence to sex questions and combated the prudish notion of any inherent impurity being associated with the sexual nature; and he declared that the chief cause of social evils was the fact that these functions were not deemed worthy of mention in face-to-face converse. In pursuance of this idea he claimed the propriety of talking in plain and so-called 'vulgar' words when he discussed sex questions, although his motives were as far removed from 'obscenity' as it was possible to be. He was a man of a calm temperament and self-denying nature, and advocated only what he was convinced was essential to the welfare of society. But this freedom of speech gave the legal opportunity for the enemies of Rationalism and of economic reform to persecute him. For twenty years he was relentlessly hounded by a man named Anthony Comstock, who, as agent of a Vice Society, which supported him with a large salary, used sneaking and decoy methods to entrap this large-hearted and reckless enthusiast within the meshes of the law. Too well he succeeded, and Mr. Heywood's premature death must be laid at the door of this man, who will in future be classed with the murderers who throughout all ages have tried to stifle the voice of progress in the name of God. Very few persons sympathized with Mr. Heywood in his choice of expressions, but all who knew him recognized his sincerity and pure motives, and regarded the effort to class him with obscenists as the most cruel travesty of justice that this century has witnessed.

"From a personal acquaintance with Mr. Heywood and his writings, I am led to declare him the most remarkable man that has worked for humanity in this generation, and to predict that in the march of time he will be regarded as one of the world's great prophets, who foresaw the

coming of the glory of man, but died the victim of those who upheld the departing glory of God. Henry Holbeach, an English philosopher, says: 'The best is ever in the minority of one.' Ezra H. Heywood was in many respects the most advanced man of our time. Perhaps future generations will call him the best."—ROBERT C. ADAMS.

GEO. N. HILL.

Geo. N. Hill, of Boston, was one of the founders of the Ingersoll Secular Society, originator of the Freethought Calendar, with T. B. Wakeman, and the first American to subscribe to the Bruno monument erected in Rome. In 1889 he arranged and published a popular and also school edition of a short treatise entitled "Ten Lessons in True Moral Dignity, a Manual of Self-Respect," which is a most excellent production. The author acted on the principle of William von Humboldt, who said that "whatever we wish to see introduced into the life of a nation must first be introduced in the life of the schools." Mr. Hill is an enthusiastic speaker.

F. M. HOLLAND.

Frederick May Holland is one of our best writers, and always seems to be on the radical side, though conservative and constructive by nature. He is not a man of war; he likes peace, but he likes liberty and justice better. He has been especially prominent in reform questions in Massachusetts, and has tried to bring that puritanical state into line with progress. He has written the "History of the Stoics."

S. HUNT.

Salmon Hunt, of Massillon, Ohio, is one of the *doers* in the Freethought ranks, a man of wealth and standing, but always ready to side with an unpopular cause. He has been one of Freethought's most devoted friends.

W. F. JAMIESON.

W. F. Jamieson was born in Montreal, Canada, April 24, 1837. His parents were pious people, and he had a thoroughly Christian training. When about seventeen years of age he began to reason, and to search for truth for himself. It was not long before he was delivered from the dogmas of theology. In 1854 he entered Albion College, Mich. In 1859 he married, and began lecturing. He held his famous debate with Moses Hull, the then renowned champion of Adventism, at Paw Paw, Mich. This resulted in the conversion of Mr. Hull to Spiritualism. Since then Mr. Jamieson has held many debates with the clergy. At the close of a thirty-two sessions' debate with Elder Robert G. Eccles, Mr. Jamieson, perceiving his genius, advised him to devote his life to science, which Mr. Eccles did, and he has since become prominent in the scientific world. Mr. Jamieson believes in the ringing words of Jefferson: "Let the eye of vigilance never be closed." He published his pamphlet, "The Clergy a Source of Danger to the American Republic." He is bold and aggressive in his treatment of the churches, and shows but little respect for the clergy. He is at present in California, an active worker for Free-thought on radical lines.

W. W. JESSE.

W. W. Jesse, now president of the Oregon State Secular Union, is one entirely worthy of the position which he holds. He is a man of few words, but of good deeds, and a stalwart in Liberalism. The officers of the Oregon State Secular Union elected to support Mr. Jesse are as follows: J. Henry Schroeder, B. F. Hyland, D. W. Smith, vice-presidents; Katie Kehm Smith, secretary; D. C. Stewart, treasurer. The following persons have been appointed lecturers of the association: Henry Addis, Mrs. Annie E. Barker, Nettie A. Olds, and Virgil S. Smith.

ABNER KNEELAND.

Abner Kneeland was born in Gardner, Mass., April 7, 1774. His father was of Irish descent, and his mother English. He worked at the carpenter's trade up to 1803. In 1801 he joined the Baptist church and commenced preaching in the following July. In 1803 he separated from the denomination in consequence of his believing in the doctrine of the "restitution of all things," and then united with the Universalists, being a minister in this denomination until 1811. In 1825 he removed to New York city. Becoming convinced that Christianity was founded on pagan dogmas, he boldly renounced it, even in the modified form of Universalism, and returning to Boston in 1831 he began the publication of the Boston "Investigator." In 1833 he was arrested, indicted, and tried for blasphemy, for saying openly that he "did not believe in the God which the Universalists did;" he was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, an honor to him, but a disgrace to the so-called "cradle of American liberty." Kneeland was so earnest in the investigation of the scriptures that he willingly submitted to the labor of learning the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages to enable him to obtain the original meaning; he published a "Greek Testament, According to Griesback," and also "A Greek and English Testament, with Notes." In 1829 he delivered in Broadway Hall, New York, a series of lectures entitled "A Review of the Evidences of Christianity." He also published a review of his own trial, conviction, and imprisonment. Kneeland was among the first orthographic reformers of this country, and proposed a new alphabet with a distinct letter for each element of the human voice. In consequence of persecutions, he found it necessary to sever his connection with the "Boston Investigator," and it passed into the hands of J. P. Men- lum, being edited by Horace Seaver. Mr. Kneeland

removed to Salubria, Iowa, and settled on a farm. He peacefully died at an advanced age, April 27, 1844. His name is illustrious in the annals of Freethought.

ARNOLD KREKEL.

Judge Arnold Krekel was born near Langefeld on the Rhine, in Prussia, 1815. He came to this country with his parents in 1832, taking up his residence in Missouri, where his father settled. He was admitted to the bar in 1844. When the Civil war broke out he enlisted in the home guards of St. Charles county, out of which he organized a regiment for actual service. He was elected colonel and served throughout the Rebellion. He was a member of the constitutional convention of 1865, became its president and signed the ordinance of Emancipation by which the slaves of Missouri were set free. It was while the constitutional convention was in session that President Lincoln appointed him one of the Federal judges. His was among the last names sent to the Senate by the martyred president. He was one of the best judges on the bench. Some of his decisions have taken rank as authority, and have been accepted as final. His rulings were marked by strong common sense, and a disregard of technicalities which would tend to interfere with justice.

He first married, in 1843, Miss Ida Krugg, daughter of Dr. Krugg, formerly of Bavaria. She died in 1870. In 1880 he married Mrs. Mattie Parry. He died July 14, 1888. Although of Catholic antecedents, Judge Krekel was a pronounced Agnostic, and openly expressed his convictions and aided the cause of Freethought.

MRS. KREKEL.

Mattie Parry Krekel was born in Goshen, Elkhart county, Ind., April 13, 1840. Her parents were New Englanders—her father, John M. Hulett, being a native of Vermont; her mother, Lucinda Jay, a native of New York.



On the father's side the family was Scotch-Irish, he being one of that numerous family of Hulett's who have descended from the three brothers who at an early day in Vermont's history settled there, and branched in every direction, changing, in the three branches, the original name Hulett into Hewlett and Hughlett. On the mother's side the origin was English, her mother being one of the direct descendants of John Jay, of Revolutionary fame. Both father and mother were liberal as to religious views, and Mrs. Krekel says of the influence of this liberality upon her life, that she owes more to it than to any other source, to the wise, brave, gentle course which her father pursued; that her life was not twisted or distorted by those ecclesiastical influences which enslave mentally. The mother was thoroughly liberal, and during the last thirty years of her gentle, generous life a confirmed Spiritualist. Mrs. Krekel has been connected with public work on the Liberal platform, at intervals, since her fifteenth year, making, at that time, in Rockford, Ill., her first public address. She was married, in 1862, to T. W. Parry, and bore to him six children, four sons and two daughters. She was married a second time, to Judge Arnold Krekel, of the United States District Court, western district of Missouri, surviving both husbands, and still actively engaged in Liberal work on the rostrum. Mrs. Krekel is one of the bravest and stanchest lecturers in the field. She is eminently qualified for the Free-thought work; is eloquent, scholarly, logical; is ready for any hardship; has plenty of grit, with the refined and elevated genius of woman. She is well informed on subjects pertaining to science and reform, and is in thorough sympathy with those who suffer and toil because of ignorance and superstition.

LILIAN LELAND.

Lilian Leland (Mrs. R. L. Andrews), the daughter of Theron C. Leland and Mary A. Leland, was born in the

city of New York, October 16, 1857. She is a distinct product of Freethought, the living example of four hundred years of progress toward intellectual liberty. As a Liberal writer she has become widely known through the story of her experiences and observations while traveling alone around the world. At the age of twenty-five she started alone upon a journey which, commencing with a voyage around Cape Horn, lasted for nearly two years, and during which she traveled nearly sixty thousand miles, without any companion except such chance acquaintances as she met upon the way. With the exception of Ida Pfeiffer there is no record of any other woman having traveled so far alone. Her book descriptive of that journey, compiled from the letters she wrote on the way, is written in a delightfully free and unconventional style, wholly unlike the ordinary books of travel, which disclose the operations of a mind that was never clouded by superstition or distorted by bigotry. An enjoyable and distinguishing feature of the book is that the writer cares nothing for dates, distances, or dimensions. She climbs the Himalaya mountains without a thought of the altitude of their highest peaks, and views the Pyramids unconscious of the sum of their cubic contents. She gives her experiences and impressions with a freedom of thought and of diction that denotes her origin.

Her father, the late Theron C. Leland, was a life-long worker in the Liberal cause, a popular lecturer and writer, and for many years secretary of the Liberal League. Her mother, Mary A. Leland, was a woman of noble mind and of rare poetic nature, whose beautiful thoughts and wise teachings upon the philosophy of life, could they have been published, would have given her the highest rank among the noble women who have adorned the literature of Liberal thought. She was among the first women who studied medicine in this country, and was a lecturer on anatomy as early as 1852.

Lilian Leland, the daughter of these parents, never heard a prayer until she was six years old, when a good religious woman undertook to teach her and her sister to say: "Now I lay me down to sleep." To the horror of the pious woman these unregenerate little children took the evening prayer as a new kind of game, like "What are you going to give the old bachelor to keep house with?" with which their mother was accustomed to beguile them before finally bidding them good-night; and they repeated it with emendations and witty variations and childish comment and criticism, until the good woman was heartily glad when they abandoned it for some newer fairy tale. Lilian was permitted to go to church and Sunday-school when she chose, where she conducted herself with the considerate decorum that distinguished her in later years when she visited the temples of Brahma and Mohammed, but neither sermon, Sunday-school lesson, nor prayer made any impression on her free, untrammelled mind, other than a story told to amuse her, to which she listened with smiling patience. Her father was an excellent teacher, and was the first phonographic reporter in this country, having learned phonography from Stephen Pearl Andrews, who introduced it here, and whose son Lilian Leland married. From her father she received her early education. He taught her first to write phonography, and the success of his phonetic plan of teaching was shown by the fact that she learned to read in six weeks and became the model reader of a city school she attended for a short while. Her child-life was passed mostly in the country near New York, where, while quite young, she read Shakspeare and Thomas Hood, and became a good chess player. It was from reading the "Merchant of Venice," and a book on the Indian Archipelago, entitled the "Prision of Wellevreden," that she was first inspired with a desire to travel. To see Java and Venice was her first dream of a foreign world. At school she was the

favorite of teacher and pupil alike, and took the first prize, exhibiting then those qualities that afterward enabled her to go alone from land to land, and from sea to sea, without difficulty or inconvenience, being treated everywhere with kindness and consideration. Although so fragile and petite as to have almost the appearance of a child, she is endowed with an unusual degree of nervous energy. Always pleasant and cheerful in appearance, and never, under any circumstances, uttering a complaint, she is, at the same time, possessed of a quiet determination that carries her smilingly and safely over all difficulties.

Lilian Leland is still a young woman, and there is little doubt that, with her mental equipment and literary ability, she will be able to still further enrich the field of Liberal literature.

T. C. LELAND.

Born in a log-cabin, amid the howling wolves and woods of Cattaraugus county, N. Y., April 9, 1821, the first child of James Leland and Diana Chapman was Theron Chapman Leland. A bulky volume entitled the "Leland Magazine" shows that he came from a line of nine Puritan grandfathers on the Leland side and nearly as many of the Chapmans. Boyhood with him was as it has been with the most of us who stepped out of the cradle onto a farm. The rudiments of knowledge came to young Leland without conscious search on his part, as in his biography he informs us that he does not remember when he learned to read. At eighteen, he entered the Wesleyan Seminary at Lima, N. Y., being graduated with the highest honors. While afterwards teaching school he accidentally came across a series of articles in the New York "Tribune" by Albert Brisbane, descriptive of the "Social Science" of Fourier. He found that such men as Horace Greeley, William Ellery Channing, Charles A. Dana, George Ripley, and Parke Godwin—names well known to literature—

were engaged in popularizing Fourierism, and he became a convert to that form of Socialism. After a year spent in study of the subject, he began lecturing upon it in the region round about Rochester, N. Y., which was characterized as the "Volcanic District." While lecturing he became acquainted with A. F. Boyle, the partner of Stephen Pearl Andrews in the teaching of phonography. Leland picked up the science at once and took to expounding it. Like other innovations, phonography was denounced as a humbug. At one of his lectures an auditor arose and made a speech of considerable length against it. Meanwhile Leland took notes of his remarks and immediately read them to the audience. The test gained him many pupils. Among those to whom he taught the art was the daughter of President Millard Fillmore. He also taught Edward F. Underhill, now of the New York Surrogate Court, Theodore Tilton, and Ethan Allen. He reported Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, and others in the United States Supreme Court. When Kossuth, the great Hungarian statesman and refugee, visited America in 1851, Leland attended his receptions, taking notes for the New York "Tribune" and "Courier and Enquirer." In 1853 he reported the first national woman's rights convention at Cleveland, Ohio, at which William Lloyd Garrison was present. In 1862 he was government stenographer in the New York custom house, and afterwards appointment clerk, both positions of great responsibility. A list of his engagements as stenographer shows that he stood almost above and beyond the head of his profession.

At the fourth annual congress of the National Liberal League, held in 1880, he was elected secretary and retained the position for three years under the presidency of Elizur Wright and Thaddeus B. Wakeman. In the rupture which occurred in the League over the Comstock postal laws, he took the side of justice, supporting D. M. Bennett, and doing tremendously effective work with his pen in the way

of enlightening the people upon the merits of the question at issue. He was a total disbeliever in Christianity, and was in sympathy with scientific Materialism. With Wakeman he conducted the League organ, "Man," devoting all his day-time to that and the secretaryship, and supporting himself by teaching evening schools of shorthand. Leland was a wonderfully bright and witty man, of buoyant spirits and with a sense of humor that sometimes seemed almost to incapacitate him for serious consideration of any subject. He was, nevertheless, a man of deep convictions, and thoroughly devoted to whatever cause he espoused. His life-partner since 1854 was Mary A. Leland, a woman of no small literary capacity, and a natural poet. Two sons survive him, Fred and Theron, and two daughters, Rachel (Lilian Leland) and Grace, the wife of George E. Macdonald. He died June 3, 1885, and at his death it seemed to his friends, as his funeral eulogist, T. B. Wakeman, said, as though the graceful and the beautiful had fallen away from their sight forever.

JAMES LICK.

James Lick was born Aug. 25, 1796, at Fredericksburg, Penn. His grandfather was from Germany, and lived to the advanced age of 104 years, having served in the war for American Independence. James Lick obtained only an ordinary education. In 1820 he went to New York, started in business, and failed. After this he went to Buenos Ayres, where he applied himself for ten years to piano-making, when he returned to the United States with ten thousand dollars' worth of hides and other merchandise. He afterwards went to Peru and remained there eleven years, engaged in manufacturing and selling pianos. In 1847 he closed out his business, and sailed for San Francisco, which at that time contained only one thousand inhabitants. It had up to this time been called Yerba Buena. It was becoming a valuable seaport. Also



with the gold discovery thousands came rushing and flocking to the mines. Mr. Lick saw that San Francisco was destined to be an important city. He invested all his money in land. Among his enterprises was the building of a fine flour-mill near San Jose. The wood work was of mahogany. It cost \$200,000. It was called "Lick's Folly," but it turned out the finest flour in California, and Lick's brand was considered the best. He also erected a splendid hotel in San Francisco called the "Lick House." It covers nearly an entire square. Its dining-room is famous for its floor, composed of many thousand pieces of inlaid wood and polished like a table. To the Pioneer Society of San Francisco he donated the valuable ground upon which their hall is erected. He also donated property to the California Academy of Science. In 1872 he gave his mill property at San Jose to the trustees of the Paine Memorial Hall. He made many other gifts—for public baths, etc. His crowning gift is the Lick Observatory, built on Mount Hamilton, near San Jose, a grand monument of human genius. The name of James Lick, the Freethinker, is written with the stars. It is interesting to note in this connection the advance which has been made in the building of great telescopes. Says a recent writer: "When the two fifteen-inch telescopes were made in 1846, one for Russia and the other for Harvard, they were considered monsters, and most astronomers thought the limit in size had been reached. Then came an interval of fifteen years with no increase in size, when in 1860 the order was given for an eighteen and one-half-inch telescope now at the Dearborn Observatory in Evanston. Some ten years afterwards, Mr. Newall, of Gateshead, England, built a twenty-five-inch telescope, now at Cambridge, followed in 1873 by the twenty-six-inch for the National Observatory at Washington, and one of like size at the University of Virginia. About 1880 the thirty-inch glass was ground and figured for the Imperial

Observatory of Russia at Pulkowa; then came the thirty-six-inch Lick telescope, about seven years later; and now Mr. Clark has well under way the largest lenses ever constructed, of forty inches diameter, for the University of Chicago. Such prodigious instruments are needed to make original discoveries, and in research bearing upon the constitution of the stars they are vastly superior to smaller ones." After making these noble bequests, which will contribute so much to human progress, Mr. Lick died, Oct. 1, 1876.

J. H. LIENING.

John H. Liening was born in Germany, Jan. 8, 1818. His great-grandfather was a soldier in the Thirty Years' war. At the age of fourteen young Liening emigrated to the United States. He landed at Baltimore, and started on foot across the Alleghany mountains for Pittsburg, going by canal boat to Cincinnati. In 1834 he went to Mobile, and in 1836 to Florida, and enlisted for the Seminole war. In 1838 he married, and after living in the South several years he voyaged to California "around the Horn" in 1849. He located at Colusa in 1851. When the war broke out he enlisted as private in Company D, First Cavalry California Volunteers, and proceeded to Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas. He served till 1863, when he was promoted to second lieutenant and returned to California as recruiting officer. Since the war he has held several public positions, that of public administrator and justice of the peace, and is at present town recorder.

Though born and educated a Catholic, Mr. Liening became an Atheist. After a while, however, he was convinced that Spiritualism is true; and he is still firm in that belief. At this time Mr. Liening is seventy-six years of age, is able to perform every duty, and is a clear-headed Freethinker, and a worker in the cause.

E. M. MACDONALD.

Eugene Montague Macdonald, editor of the New York "Truth Seeker," is a product of the state of Maine, having been born at Chelsea, Kennebec county, February 4, 1855. His father, Henry Macdonald, was of Scotch parentage, a man of good qualities, an excellent mechanic, but unknown to letters. He was a soldier in Co. E, 6th New Hampshire Volunteers, and fell at the second battle of Bull Run, August, 1862. Asenath Chase Macdonald, the mother of Eugene, is a woman of keen intellect and of uncommonly strong mind. Having herself investigated the claims of the Christian religion and found in them no basis of belief, it was quite natural that her son should follow in her footsteps. Eugene spent his boyhood in New Hampshire with an uncle to whose not over-tender care his mother consigned him in her widowhood while she went out into the world to earn her own living and the cost of maintaining her boys. Eugene's education was acquired mainly at winter terms of school, to attend which he had a morning and evening walk of two or three miles. But learning came easily, and without over-taxing his youthful brain he got possession of what information the local school-marms had to impart. At the age of fourteen, after having "worked out" for two years on neighboring farms, he came to New York and began to learn the printer's trade. Becoming homesick in the great city, he returned to New Hampshire in 1870 and obtained employment in the office of the "Cheshire Republican," published in Keene. Later he was employed on the "Sentinel," in the same city, and became an expert "jobber." At eighteen he came again to New York, and when D. M. Bennett reached this city seeking a printer for the fifth issue of "The Truth Seeker," he was guided by mutual acquaintances to the young man's office. Terms were arranged and the paper was printed from Eugene's

type. Bennett soon saw there was an advantage in owning a printing-office himself, and, purchasing an outfit, he installed Eugene as foreman, which position the latter held until called to the editorial chair some eight years later. He was probably the most boyish if not the youngest foreman in the city. He was not quite so precocious as a writer, for it was not until 1876 that he submitted anything for print, though a fragment of an attempted romance, and even an essay at verse, might have been found among his papers. His first effort in a polemical way was published in the Boston "Investigator," signed by his full name as it appears in the first line of this sketch. From that time onward Bennett regarded Eugene's shoulders as the proper resting-place for his mantle when it should drop from his own; and in this he was not disappointed, for he lived to see "The Truth Seeker" pass under the management of his successor, and pronounced the work well done. At Mr. Bennett's death applicants for the editorial and business control of the paper were not lacking. Indeed their number was so large that Mrs. Bennett concluded to throw upon others the burden of meeting them, and so disposed of her interest in "The Truth Seeker," which was purchased by Macdonald and two others forming the Truth Seeker Company. This was in 1883. The literary ability of the combination was centered in the editor, who retained his place, and before many years had passed, the discovery was made as between him and the man appointed to attend to the publishing of the paper, that much of the business sagacity also resided there.

The paper passed through troublous times financially, although it did not cease to grow in favor with the Liberals of the country. Macdonald was a discreet editor, and, while endeavoring to improve the paper, still retained those features introduced by Bennett which had contributed to its success. Perhaps no one so much as the

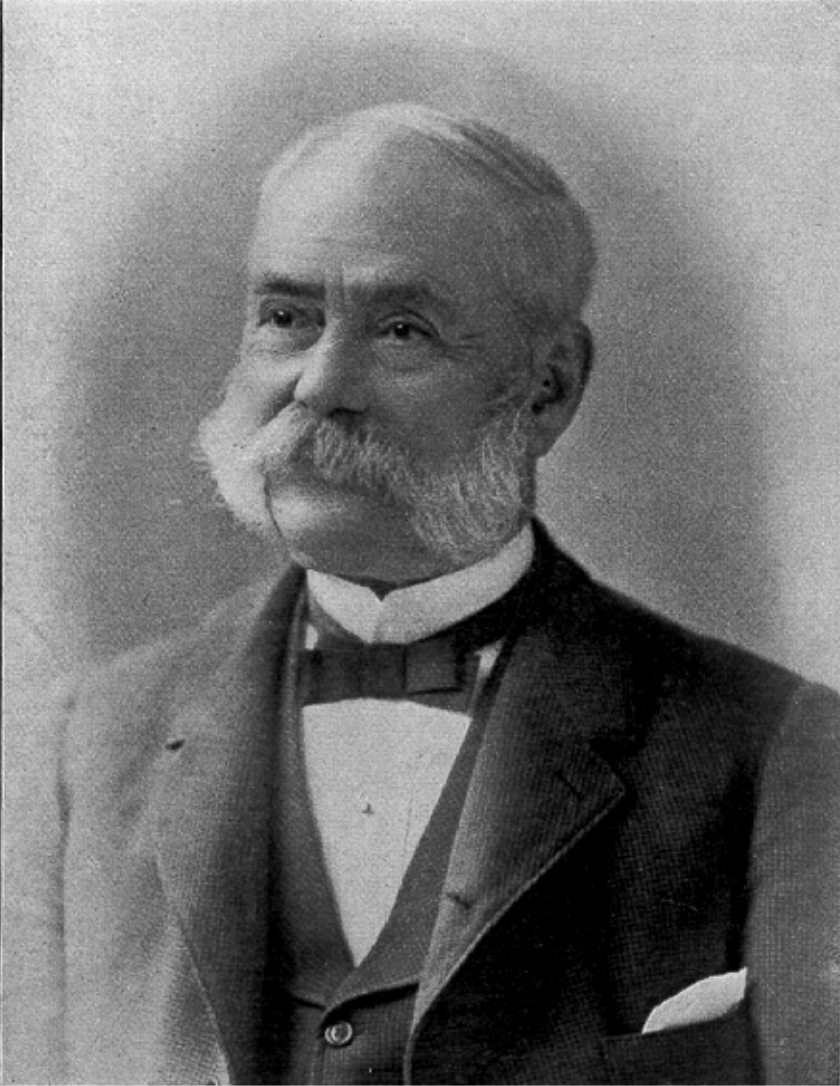
editor of a Freethought journal is subject to the temptation to veer from the straight course in which he has set out, and this for the reason that his constituents, being reformers, are liable to be caught in the eddies of the stream and whirled away; and naturally they are desirous that the editor should follow them. Macdonald has not done so. Without assailing any of the so-called reforms which have sprung up within the past decade, he has skillfully steered between them, and to-day, looking back over his course, he can see that the places which once knew them now knows them no more, and probably will not forever. Meanwhile the good ship goes upon her way with her judicious captain still on deck. Macdonald is the owner of "The Truth Seeker" and the publishing house attached. As a writer, his style is direct and vigorous, with an occasional touch of ornamentation. As a man, his conduct is marked by an unswerving allegiance to his word, to his friends, and—to business. Outside the enjoyments of home, he apparently has no object in life but to further the cause of Freethought through the wider dissemination of Liberal literature, although, being an amateur yachtsman of some merit and enthusiasm, he likes the society to be found in the Knickerboker Yacht Club, of which he has for years been a member and an officer.

G. E. MACDONALD.

George Everett Macdonald, the whilom editor of and partner with the author of this book in the San Francisco "Freethought," was born in Maine, April 11, 1857. As an infant he was pudgy; as an urchin fat, freckle-faced, and tow-headed, the first of which qualities he has not entirely outgrown. When his parents moved from Maine to Keene, N. H., they took him with them. After the death of his paternal parent, his mother left him with an uncle, who had proved in himself the wisdom of the poet who sang:

"He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day."

This uncle, who had been to the war and returned invalided, forced his nephews to do much of the work upon a sterile farm in New England, and permitted them to pick up an education by walking two or three miles to school and back each day for three months in the winter. Intellectually acquisitive by nature, George did well, and became forehanded in thoughts. Leaving the uncle's farm, he "worked around," always stipulating with his employers that he should have several months' schooling each year, so that when he was fourteen years of age he had acquired more book knowledge than most boys of twenty. Three years later his brother induced him to locate in New York and learn the printing trade in "The Truth Seeker" office. Entering the office as "devil," a few years took him through the grades of proofreader and foreman, and when his brother had to manage the affairs of "The Truth Seeker" because Mr. Bennett was incarcerated in the penitentiary, or on a trip to Europe or around the world, George conducted the mechanical part with extraordinary skill. Everybody who works in a Freethought paper office is sooner or later ambitious to figure as a writer. Ideas are so plentiful that they think they must juggle with them. George Macdonald was no exception, and he early blossomed forth. But the most pretentious of his early efforts was a lecture delivered before the Fourth New York Liberal League at its twelfth bi-weekly meeting, March 9, 1879, the title of which was "New England and the People Up There." He called it An Essay. It shadowed forth the qualities which have since made his writings famous—a quaint humor, good-natured and sensible. The Essay was his experience as a boy on New England farms, with close-fisted deacons as proprietors. Mr. Bennett made a little book of it, and the edition was long since exhausted.



While attending to his duties in "The Truth Seeker" office, George found time also to attend the meetings of the Manhattan Liberal Club, and his descriptions of the meetings of that body are better reading than Dickens's record of the transactions of the Pickwick Club, and vastly more entertaining than the reality. From these reports, regularly printed in "The Truth Seeker," and subsequently from his "Observations" in the San Francisco "Freethought," his fame as a humorous writer of sound sense spread over the country, and there is to-day perhaps no other writer for Freethought papers so universally loved by his readers as George Macdonald. His humor is a combination of the Mark Twain and Bill Nye style, with a genialty all his own. A naturally happy disposition, with keen powers of observation, great capacity for reflection, and an unflinching eye for the ludicrous as well as for discerning the hypocritical, make him a philosopher and critic of considerable wisdom. And the facility with which he handles the English language gives him pre-eminence as a newspaper writer on serious matters as well as on subjects which are best treated lightly.

In 1877, with the author of this book, he went to San Francisco and established "Freethought," a journal which speedily won its way to the hearts of a few thousand readers, and did a great work in Liberalizing the Pacific Coast. Unfortunately, it never secured sufficient subscribers to make it financially successful, and after four years it was obliged to suspend. Receiving an offer from the proprietor of the Snohomish, Wash., "Eye," George made his home for some years in that town, editing the "Eye" and doing a printer's work. In Snohomish he acquired the title of Captain, holding that office in the Sons of Veterans, a Grand Army organization. As a Populist editor also he was very popular, and probably no one has left the Coast with more good wishes than he. The Sons of Veterans gave him a farewell reception and pre-

sented him with the sword he had worn as captain, and the press of the coast, notwithstanding his heretical principles, gave him great praise as an upright and fearless editor whose absence from the state would be the state's loss. In 1893 he wandered back into "The Truth Seeker" office and took hold where he left off a few years before, poorer in purse but richer in experience. He loves the wild and woolly West with much love, but is willing to maintain that in some substantial regards the East is not yet wholly effete. His "Observations" have been transferred to "The Truth Seeker," and he is now doing, as he has always done, what he can to drive superstition from the minds of the people, whether that superstition be concerning gods or gold. Whatever he does is done as only he can do it, happily and strongly, and it can be recorded of him that while he has thousands of friends, he has not an enemy in the world.

J. J. McCABE.

J. J. McCabe was born in the town of Argyle, N. Y., Oct. 1, 1839, of Irish parents, who moved to Albany before he was a year old, and he has resided there ever since. He was sent first to a parochial school, and afterward to a public school. He also attended night-school, and took class and private lessons in music, dancing, elocution, astronomy, etc. He imbibed a taste for literature from a classical scholar named Hugh McNally, who was employed by Treadwell & Co., the renowned seal dyers. Young McCabe went to work for this firm while yet in his teens to help his father support a large family. In 1864 he married Emma J. Donovan, eldest daughter of Capt. M. H. Donovan, of the 18th New York regiment. Mr. McCabe at this time was an uncompromising Catholic, and a member of nearly every society connected with the church. The beginning of his skepticism dates from 1870. The declaration of the dogma of papal infallibility

was the first cause of a change in his views. In 1877 he became a member of the Albany Liberal Association and an outspoken Freethinker. He has always been active in politics, being a ready speaker and a good organizer. He has written articles for all the Albany newspapers; also for such Liberal publications as "The Truth Seeker," "Investigator," and "Freethinkers' Magazine." With the assistance of Messrs. Schell, McDonough, and Jansen, he conducted a newspaper and rostrum controversy with some of Albany's ablest theologians in the fall of 1885. He has published quite a number of pamphlets, among them "Science vs. Theology," "The Church," "Nature and Artifice," "Revelation and Inspiration," "Progress of Unbelief," "The Attitude of the Pope toward Liberal Institutions;" three Paine anniversary addresses; "Apostles of Freethought," "Prison Reform," etc. He is president of the Albany Liberal Association, life member of the Albany Young Men's Association and Albany Press Club, and corresponding secretary of the New York State Freethinkers' Association. He is a subscriber for most of the Liberal papers, and has a choice library of one thousand volumes. Mr. McCabe is also an author of music and poetry. He is a versatile and vigorous writer on literary, political, historical, and scientific subjects. The Liberals of Albany and Troy have on more than one occasion enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. McCabe by using his summer residence and the grounds attached for picnic purposes. So far as business permits he devotes his time and energies to the cause he loves so well.

WM. MCDONNELL.

The author of "Exeter Hall" and "Heathens of the Heath" first saw the light in the city of Cork, Ireland, more than sixty years ago. His parents designed their son for the church, and sent him to a classical school. He also became proficient in the Spanish language. In

the year 1839 his father and three children arrived in Canada—the mother having recently died. Two years later the father died, leaving young McDonnell in an almost penniless condition. He resolved at once to strike out for himself. He soon made friends and obtained a position in the post-office at Peterboro. He resided in Peterboro eight years, when he was induced to try his fortune in the young village of Lindsay on the banks of Seugog river, in the depths of the forest. He invested his means in manufacturing and mercantile business, and acquired a comfortable competence. He was appointed magistrate, and also elected mayor of Lindsay. He was a prominent member of the Protestant church and chairman of the Bible society. By a course of close reading and thinking he gradually lost faith in myths and superstitions. "Exeter Hall" was published about 1870. Several thousand copies have been sold. Besides being a pleasing romance, it has an array of facts and authorities on theological subjects which is quite valuable. "The Heathens of the Heath" is rich in romantic incident, and exhibits in a convincing manner the terrible atrocities which the church has committed. Mr. McDonnell is at present residing at Lindsay in hale old age.

GEORGE MARTIN.

George Martin, of Montreal, is worthy to be enrolled in these pages. He has been a life-long Liberal, and has contributed some of the brightest poems to the literature of progress and humanity.

J. P. MENDUM.

Josiah P. Mendum was born at Kennebunk, Maine, July 7, 1811. He succeeded Kneeland as proprietor of the Boston "Investigator." By persistent energy, upright conduct, and judicious management, Mr. Mendum brought the "Investigator" to the proud position it now occupies.

He published and sold thousands of volumes of Voltaire, D'Holbach, Paine, Robert Taylor, Volney, Cooper, and other Freethought writers. It is not easy to estimate the aid he has thus rendered to the search for truth.

On April 13, 1872, he lost his wife Elizabeth. She was a careful mother, a devoted wife, and a most excellent woman. Appropriate remarks were made at her funeral by Horace Seaver and Wendell Phillips. About 1870 he began to agitate the building of a public hall to commemorate the memory of Thomas Paine. Donations began to be made for this purpose by people in various parts of the country. In May, 1874, a lot was purchased on Appleton street, and in the course of the season a beautiful memorial structure was erected. Mr. Mendum died in 1891. Commemorative services were held in Paine Hall, of which the Boston "Globe" of Feb. 3d gives the following report:

"One whose whole life was given to the cause of humanity—quiet, modest, and retiring, yet strong, brave, and lion-hearted in the cause of human rights and universal mental liberty.' Thus was the late Josiah P. Mendum, Freethinker, characterized by William D. Rockwood, who conducted the memorial services in Paine Hall yesterday afternoon. 'I will say of Mr. Mendum,' Mr. Rockwood declared at the close of a brief address, 'farewell, brave and modest man; your noble, self-denying life has honored us, and we will honor you; you were my friend, and I yours. Farewell.' And then a white-haired man, J. M. L. Babcock, who had risen from a sick bed to pay his tribute to the memory of 'one of liberty's apostles,' compared the strait-laced Boston of sixty years ago with the enlightened Hub of to-day, and lauded the efforts of Seaver and Mendum to 'destroy bigotry and uproot the evils of superstition.' And then George N. Hill said a eulogy. 'When just six years ago this very Sunday,' began Mr. Hill, 'I gave an address in memo-

riam of our genial brother, John S. Verity, who had then recently passed over to the great and silent majority, little did I dream that in the short time that has since elapsed nine more of the tried and true, nine more of the bravest and most devoted of our Liberal associates, would also be numbered with the dead. Little did I imagine that in so short an interval so many of the noble men who, by voice, or pen, or money, or effort, and even in some cases by all together, had been doing so much for genuine Liberalism in Boston, would also have passed from our loving gaze through the work of the reaper death. And when a few months after Brother Verity's burial, that good old Nestor of Liberalism, that valiant and untiring champion of the liberty of man from both chattel slavery and mental bondage, "that grand old man," Hon. Elizur Wright, had become deceased, little could I even think that in less than five and a quarter years eight more of our staunchest Liberal reformers, viz., James Harris, Wm. Chandler, Horace Seaver, D. E. Mayo, Dr. Simeon Palmer, Photius Fisk, Howell Matson, and now, too, the founder of this beautiful Paine Memorial, Josiah P. Mendum, would all have been joined to the fathers gone before. But so it is; and although shaken with grief at the appalling loss to our cause and to ourselves, I yet have the joy of knowing that their work can never die, and the sweet recollection that for fifteen years I had the high privilege, for such it surely was, of doing what little I could to help these noblest of men in their grand and so much needed work of civilizing and enlightening the human race. O faithful defenders of reason! O glorious upholders of science! O splendid workers for progress! O gallant band of heroes all! J. F. Foster and Dr. W. Symington Brown eulogized Mr. Mendum. The former dwelt upon his individuality, the latter spoke of his life as an object lesson, to which he could appeal in an argument for Secularism. Letters from Dr. H. B. Storer and Parker Pillsbury were



read. And then Editor L. K. Washburn made the closing address. 'Mr. Mendum's life,' he said, 'covered a wonderful half century of progress, and it is his glory that in what makes our age most glorious he bore an honorable part. The history of intellectual freedom in America can not be written with his name left out. Josiah P. Mendum was a brave, honest, conscientious, hardworking, faithful man. He did a great work, a noble work, and the world is better for his life and labor.'"

ERNEST MENDUM.

Ernest Mendum was born in Boston, Mass., August 1, 1853, of Josiah P. and Elizabeth Mendum. He was the fourth child and only son of this worthy couple. He was named after Ernestine L. Rose. While yet young his parents moved to the town of Melrose, Mass., seven miles from Boston, where he has since made his home. When he was eighteen years of age he had the misfortune to lose his mother, a most praiseworthy and excellent woman, admired and loved by all who knew her. Such a loss was irreparable to the son, to whom she was attached by the strongest bonds of maternal love, sympathy, and similarity of ideas. Mendum studied at the Melrose high-school, was graduated, and entered Harvard at the age of nineteen. After spending one year at this renowned and venerable institution he left at the end of his freshman year, to associate himself with his father in the office of the Boston "Investigator," where he has since remained, his father's confidential adviser and steadfast supporter throughout the remaining years of the latter's arduous life. It was owing to his advice and encouragement that the Paine Memorial Corporation was organized as the only means of saving that glorious monument to Thomas Paine—the Paine Memorial Building—to the Liberal public, and the success of this undertaking is due as much to his careful, painstaking consideration as to any other

factor. In March, 1877, he was united in marriage, by L. K. Washburn, to Miss Isabel Crowell, of West Yarmouth, Mass., and the circumstances that surrounded this union were the sweetest, the tenderest, the saddest that can befall the lot of man. Her father was Capt. Gorham Crowell, of West Yarmouth, an old subscriber to the "Investigator." After a courtship of a year and a half they were married at her father's home on old Cape Cod. But alas! in ten days the young bride was no more. A slight cold rapidly developed into typhoid pneumonia, and the frost of death nipped this bud of joy at its very blooming.

Mr. Mendum's work has been and is in the Boston "Investigator" office, and Paine Hall, where, as publisher and business manager, his busy life is employed. Like his honored father, his duties lie more behind the scenes than before the footlights. He still finds time, however, to speak occasionally before the Liberals in Paine Hall, and to contribute to the editorial department of the paper with which he is connected. He is a thorough radical, and brings to his work an inspiration born of a love for the truth, believing that the great principles espoused by the "Investigator" are sufficient incentives to the highest conduct. He was one of the organizers of the Ingersoll Secular Society, and has been an active spirit in all the Liberal work that has been carried on in Paine Hall since its erection. At the obsequies of his friend and associate, Horace Seaver, he was a prominent figure, and it was his privilege to be an intimate friend and associate of this great Freethinker for the last twenty years of his life.

In November, 1890, Mr. Mendum was again united in marriage, to Miss Alice M. Black, a young lady well known in the Liberal ranks, of rare and nameless worth, with whom he has since enjoyed a life of exceptional happiness. Miss Black was at one time the vocalist of the

Ingersoll Secular Society. It was here Mr. Mendum met this beautiful and amiable young lady, and in her he has found a loyal companion. Since the death of his father, who was a most wise, generous, and indulgent parent, which occurred Jan. 11, 1891, upon Ernest Mendum has devolved the whole business management of the Boston "Investigator," and here, with his valued friend and associate, Mr. L. K. Washburn, and his worthy clerks, Messrs. L. S. Meston and Ralph W. Chainey, he may be found attending to the duties connected with his position.

J. R. MONROE.

Without a sketch of the life of Dr. J. R. Monroe, editor and founder of the "Ironclad Age," any history of Free-thought would be incomplete. It is known that his first poetical work was written while sitting by a winter's fire with only a flickering rushlight, and in a similar manner he prepared himself for the medical profession—a profession his name has honored, having graduated from the Louisville School of Medicine with marked distinction. When he settled in Rockford, in 1848, he was at once recognized as one of the leading practitioners of that day. From this until 1855 he wrote many stories, poems, and plays, also furnishing correspondence for the leading journals of the state. Later he became indignant at the national blot—slavery—so that it and other iniquities, follies, and frauds received the chastisement of his powerful pen. In 1855 he commenced the publication of the "Rockford Herald," which attained a wide circulation. In 1857 he removed the paper to Seymour, changing the name to the "Seymour Times." In 1861 Dr. Monroe received the first commission issued by Governor Morton to any officer of the 50th Indiana, appointing him regimental surgeon of that command. Owing to personal and political differences of long standing with the commanding officer, the Doctor resigned, but was immediately

re-commissioned as surgeon of the 49th regiment, joining that command at Cumberland Ford. His resignation in 1862, on account of sickness, as post surgeon was reluctantly accepted in a very complimentary letter of the department commander, and he was sent to the hospital at Lexington, Ky. Partially recovering, however, Governor Morton sent him on special surgical duty to Murfreesboro, on the occasion of the battle of Stone River, where he labored with the wounded until extra surgical assistance was no longer needed. At Perryville he performed similar service. In the winter of 1863 the Doctor had another attack of rheumatism which confined him to his bed for weeks, and from which he suffered to the end of his life, in consequence of his zealous devotion to duty, humanity, and country. In 1873 he was possessed of considerable property, and his paper and practice were in a prosperous condition. Although the war had settled the question of physical slavery satisfactorily, Dr. Monroe perceived the mental bonds by which orthodox theology had enthralled the people. To this warfare he now consecrated his whole being, sparing neither mind nor money. In March, 1882, he determined to remove to Indianapolis and devote his paper, which he now renamed the "Ironclad Age," to the cause of universal mental liberty. And during his life it continued to be a glorious legacy to Liberalism. From now on a noble ambition inspired him, that come what might, he would do his utmost to shatter the orthodox theological sham. In the pursuit of this supreme passion, Dr. Monroe had a noble pride, feeling that he would not down or dissimulate before any humbug, no matter how ancient, powerful, or revered it might be. The "Ironclad Age" under his control was the most uncompromising foe of all kinds of superstition. In his style of writing Dr. Monroe combined a withering sarcasm with a buoyant though delicate humor, and all his works bear the stamp of a peculiar genius and marked

originality. His logic was sound, his arguments unanswerable. Tall and well proportioned, his features clear-cut and strong, his deep-set blue-gray eyes were capable of storm as well as loving tenderness; his firm mouth and well-rounded chin betokened remarkable reserve force; he was a man for the hour of trial, yet ordinarily impulsive, possessing a nature bubbling over with gentleness, humor, and compassion. Dr. Monroe died Nov. 9, 1891, of heart failure. In dying he left a widow and five children. The immediate family consisted of his wife and two younger daughters, Luna and "Baby" Monroe, the latter being seventeen years old at the time of his death. During the latter years of his life, when failing health and energy demanded a partial cessation of his labors, they became his assistants in the work upon the paper, his devotion to his daughter "Baby" being the strongest passion of his life in these latter years. Between these two a most singular love and attachment existed, and she became his constant companion.

SAMUEL D. MOORE.

Samuel D. Moore, now nearly eighty years of age, of Adrian, Mich., is one of the noblest veterans of our cause; he has been devoted during his long life to almost every reform, and can say with the old Roman poet, "I am interested in everything that concerns man." Mr. Moore has been an ardent supporter of "The Truth Seeker," especially during the arrest and imprisonment of Bennett, when he personally increased the list of subscribers perhaps more than any other one individual. He is always a welcome member of our Freethought conventions.

GUSTAVE NELSON, M.D.

Gustave Nelson, who was born at Copenhagen, Denmark, July 30, 1863, obtained an education as a boy at a Latin academy in the place of his birth. When eighteen

years of age he matriculated at the University of Copenhagen, where he studied philosophy and science. Nelson served his time in the army, passing a lieutenant's examination, but was too much of a Freethinker to like soldiering. While at the university he was a regular contributor to various democratic newspapers, and he left Denmark on account of political complications, arriving in America in 1883, where he went to work on a farm, and later in a saw-mill, meanwhile studying English. In 1890 he entered "The Truth Seeker" office, and learned the printer's business. In 1893 he took his degree of M. D. Mr. Nelson, who now understands eight languages, including English, has contributed and translated many articles for "The Truth Seeker;" is member of the Freethought Federation of America, and of the general committee of the International Freethought Federation; corresponding member for the United States and Canada of Comité d'Etudes Morales, etc. In belief he is a Materialist. He is now in good practice as a physician.

RUFUS KING NOYES, M.D.

Rufus King Noyes, M.D., of Boston, was born May 24, 1853, in Hampstead, N. H. His father, Joshua Flint Noyes, was also born in Hampstead, and is a business-like, prosperous, and intelligent farmer. His mother, Lois Ann Noyes, was born in Atkinson, N. H., and is the daughter of Henry Noyes, second, who served in the war of 1812. Dr. Noyes spent his early years upon the farm; attended the town schools, received private instruction at home, and graduated from Atkinson Academy after a three years' course in 1872. Entering Dartmouth Medical College he attended every course of lectures and took every course of instruction, was made demonstrator of anatomy in his third year, and received the degree of M.D. in 1875. Going to Boston with the highest testimonials as to his ability and character, he entered the Boston City Hospital



as house surgeon, through a competitive examination, and took first rank. After eighteen months' faithful service, characterized by independence, self-reliance, and originality, he received the hospital diploma. In 1877 he became a fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and in 1882 he left that society and became a new-school practitioner of medicine and surgery. He has discovered that diseases can be cured without alcoholic liquors, and he does not employ them except in rare cases; also that diseases can be cured without poisonous drugs. Dr. Noyes is a strong believer in nature, and is the author of the treatise entitled "The Self-Curability of Diseases." He also compiled the "History of Medicine for the Last Four Thousand Years," and is author of "The Science and Art of Ignorance; or, The Conspiracy of Christian Ministers, Priests, and Theologians Against Humanity;" "Causes and Cures of Crimes," and "The Individual." He does not believe in vaccination, has not vaccinated anyone for over nine years, and is a corresponding member of the "London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination." He is a Materialist, and finds great satisfaction in the opinions of Haeckel, Darwin, and Spencer.

F. L. OSWALD.

Felix Leopold Oswald was born in Belgium in 1845, and was educated as a physician, but has devoted himself mainly to natural history. In pursuit of his studies he has traveled extensively; has contributed to the "Popular Science Monthly," "The Truth Seeker," and other journals. Among his published works are "Summerland Sketches; or, Rambles in the Backwoods of Mexico and Central America" (1881); "Physical Education" (1882); "The Secret of the East" (1883), which argues that Christianity is derived from Buddhism; and "The Bible of Nature, or the Principles of Secularism" (1888). Dr. Oswald is a clear and vigorous writer, and there is the flavor

of outdoor life in all that he says. Though not a book-worm, he has a keen insight into history, and presents his arguments in a luminous manner. He is radical, and has given most valuable service to Freethought, philosophy, and science.

COURTLANDT PALMER.

Courtlandt Palmer was born in New York, March 25, 1843, and graduated at the Columbia Law School in 1869. Although brought up in the Dutch Reformed church, he became a Freethinker while still young. He died July 23, 1888. Mr. Palmer's life is a great lesson. Born to wealth, he devoted himself unreservedly to the mental and political emancipation of man. He was a broad humanitarian. Colonel Ingersoll, in his noble oration at his funeral, said: "He was an honest man—he gave the right he claimed. To think for himself, to give his thoughts to others, this was to him not only a privilege, not only a right, but a duty and a joy. He preserved the realm of mind from the invasion of brute force, and protected the children of the brain from the Herod of authority. He investigated for himself the questions, the problems, and the mysteries of life. Majorities were nothing to him. No error could be old enough, popular, plausible, or profitable enough, to bribe his judgment or to keep his conscience still. He was a believer in intellectual hospitality, in the fair exchange of thought, in good mental manners, in the amenities of the soul, in the chivalry of discussion. He believed in the morality of the useful, that the virtues are the friends of humanity, the seeds of joy. He lived and labored for his fellow men."

His great work was the formation of the Nineteenth Century Club. Of this the New York "Sun" said:

"The late Courtlandt Palmer accomplished a surprising feat in making fashionable in New York a sort of discussion which before had been frowned upon as in the

last degree pernicious, and especially unbecomingly polite and conservative society. He set people to thinking and talking over moral and religious questions, which they had not dared to consider, and made familiar to them views from which they had turned in alarm as morally poisonous and soul-destroying. The Nineteenth Century Club was established as a Freethinking debating society, and not many years ago it would have been avoided and denounced as an institution for the propagation of Infidelity and odious Radicalism. Yet under Mr. Palmer's lead the club received the stamp of fashionable approval, and its discussions have been carried on before crowded assemblages of ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress, and chiefly from the most conservative, and even Philistine, circles of society. Audiences so composed listened with polite attention to speakers whose very names had been loathsome to them, and whose notions and theories were utterly subversive of what they held it sacrilege and infamy to doubt or deny. Beautiful women who had trembled at the mere thought that there was such skepticism in the world, for the first time heard it expressed and defended. Where they had been sure there was only one possible side, they saw other people found many sides and qualifications innumerable, and that what to them seemed indisputable was the subject of endless disputation, or was actually beyond the possibility of reasonable proof." Of Courtlandt Palmer's noble death the same paper also says: "The death of Courtlandt Palmer is another refutation of the assertion that the deathbed of the unbeliever is an agonizing one. Mr. Palmer seems to have entered the dark valley with serenity and composure fully equal to the many graphic pictures of the last hours of saints which are to be found in religious literature. 'I want you one and all,' said he to his family just before he closed his eyes to receive the anesthetic preliminary to the surgeon's knife, 'I want you one and all to tell the whole world that you have seen a

Freethinker die without the least fear of what the hereafter may be.' And these were almost his last words. Surely this was a triumph for Palmer, though great may be the shock of it to those who trust in the consolations of religion for their last moments. Here was a man, still young, blessed with every material source of happiness, who had never had a proper desire ungratified, who rejoiced in a delightful home, who had resources for the keenest intellectual enjoyment, approaching death not nonchalantly, nor with flippant affectation of indifference, but like a philosopher about to put his philosophy to the supremest test. He seemed to rejoice in the sense of victory and to be anxious that the world should know of his experience."

JAMES PARTON.

James Parton was born at Canterbury, England, Feb. 9, 1822. At five years of age he was brought to New York. At nineteen he was teacher in an academy at White Plains, N. Y., and afterwards at Philadelphia and New York city.

His first literary employment was on the staff of the "Home Journal," with which he was connected about three years. In 1856 he married Sara Payson Willis, popularly known as "Fanny Fern." She died in 1872. In 1875 he married the daughter of his deceased wife by a former union. In 1875 he purchased a house at Newburyport, Mass., where he made his home until his death. He was an extensive biographical writer and contributor to many papers, and a pronounced Freethinker. His chief work is a "Life of Voltaire," which is a monument to his industry, his accuracy, his impartiality, his genius for historical painting, his fine understanding and sympathy with Freethought progress. Mr. Parton was a man of great courage and clear convictions. While one of the most popular writers in America, he never failed to stand

firmly for the right even with the few. In the great struggle for mental liberty in this country in connection with the trial of Bennett and others he is a shining figure. He saw the logic of the situation, and he never flinched from the consequences.

JOHN PECK.

John Peck was born in Seneca county, N. Y., about four miles north of the village of Ovid, Nov. 19, 1819. When a child his father bought a hundred acres of land on the east bank of the Canandaigua Lake, where he spent his boyhood days. He writes of these early days: "The pioneer log-house and surroundings seemed just suited to my boyish, adventurous nature. I have stood for hours watching the eagles as they soared over the waters, or swooped down to bring up a big fish. I used to start up the wild deer to see them bound through the forest, and thought them the most beautiful and graceful animal in the world. But my chief delight was on the waves. As soon as the fury of a storm had subsided I was out in a boat and spent hours on the bounding waves. The scenes had a charm for me I shall never forget. I became an expert swimmer and, in after years, it proved a saving accomplishment, for, in attempting to rescue a drowning man, I should have been drowned myself if I had not been as handy as a duck in the water. Perhaps if I had slipped off life's hook at that time it would have saved a great deal of ink, and the church the trouble of pronouncing a good many curses. I spent the most of my time on a farm until I was nineteen years of age, when I went to learn the smithing business in Penn Yan, N. Y. After I had partly mastered the trade, I went to school for some time, as Burns would phrase it, to 'give my manners a brush.' I engaged in teaching, and also turned my attention to astronomy. I have delivered lectures in my own village, and all the villages hereabout, upon the sub-

ject. There is something so exact, grand, and inspiring in the vast machinery of the universe that it fills me with emotion whenever my mind is turned in that direction. The more I studied the laws of nature, the less use I found for a God. I have studied the systems of religion a good deal, and there is so much absurdity in all of them that, in spite of myself, the ridiculous side is constantly turning up, but in all that I have written I have tried, in the most simple way, to impress ideas upon the minds of the people as they impressed me. Of course the pious will consider me a blasphemer; but the whole subject seems to me very much like attending an entertainment of a comic troupe, and then trying to draw solemn conclusions from the performance. My life has been a busy one. Most of my essays were written on my knee, as I could get snatches of time from my business. Years ago I became convinced that the Christian scheme was the most stupendous fraud; and against this superstition I have spent the best energies of my life. Mr. Bennett sent me the first copy of 'The Truth Seeker,' and I have taken it ever since. It has been my pet paper. I believe it to be one of the most fearless, outspoken, and effective papers of the present day. Indeed, my life has been one of continual warfare. All through the long, dark night of the antislavery agitation, beginning away back in 1840, I worked in season and out of season to do away with what I believed to be a gigantic evil. After slavery was abolished I engaged in a hand-to-hand contest with the cohorts of rum. Latterly, I have done a good deal of talking for financial and political reform. So my life has been a prolonged battle. In short, like the Irishman, I never was at peace unless I was in a fight."

Mr. Peck's own words, better than any others, show what kind of a life he has lived, and thousands of readers of "The Truth Seeker," and other journals, know the value of his work.



R. PETERSON.

Col. R. Peterson was born in Dublin, Ireland. At the age of twelve years his father sent him to New York to learn the mercantile business. Not liking this, he began life on his own hook as a newsboy, sleeping under stoops and in crockery crates on the docks. After a few months he emigrated to Ohio, where he learned the printer's business. He went to school winters and taught district schools in the summer. He then studied law, went to Paris, Texas, where he now lives, and was admitted to the bar. He published for several years the second Republican paper in the state. He attracted the attention of the Ku Klux. One night at twelve o'clock they surrounded his house. They bullied and threatened for awhile and then rode away. Since the war he has held many offices. He published "Common Sense," a Freethought journal "devoted to the rise of reason and the downfall of faith." Colonel Peterson is in every respect a radical Freethinker, and a generous supporter of the cause, and without fear in the maintenance of his convictions.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

Parker Pillsbury was born at Hamilton, Mass., Sept. 22, 1809. He worked on a farm until 1835, when he entered Gilmanton Theological Seminary, graduating in 1838; then he studied for one year at Andover, and entered the Congregational ministry. From the orthodox creed, through the slavery agitation, he gravitated to ultra Radicalism, and labored for years with William Lloyd Garrison, in advocating the rights of the oppressed. He was an efficient, scathing speaker, and on hundreds of rostrums his voice was raised in condemnation of the "sum of all villainies." After the death of slavery, Mr. Pillsbury occupied other portions of the great field of progress—temperance, labor reform, woman's rights, the

demands of Liberalism, etc. He published "The Church as It Is; or, The Forlorn Hope of Slavery;" the "Acts of the Antislavery Apostles," and "Pious Frauds," in which he exposed the untruthfulness of the Christian creed. In 1868 he joined with Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony in conducting "The Revolution." Mr. Pillsbury is always at the front, and the glow of youth has never left the frosts of age. Indeed there are no "frosts of age" with this philosophic reformer. It is always springtime in his still broadening vision. We hope he will reach the century mark with his bright, courageous, and advancing mind.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Samuel P. Putnam was born July 23, 1838, at Chichester, N. H. His father was a Congregational minister of that place. During childhood he lived after five years of age at Cornish, N. H., Worcester, Mass., and Epsom, N. H., attending the common schools. He began to fit for college at Pembroke Academy, Pembroke, N. H., and entered Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., in 1858. In 1861 he enlisted in the army as a private. For the first two years he was in the valley of the Shenandoah and about Washington. He was then promoted to a captaincy and transferred to the department of the Gulf, where he remained until the close of the war, campaigning in Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, and Texas. In 1865 he entered the theological seminary of Chicago, where he remained three years. After graduation he preached in the orthodox pulpits of DeKalb and Malta, Ill. In 1871 he resigned his connection with the orthodox church and joined the Unitarian denomination. He preached in this association at Toledo, O.; North Platte, Neb.; Omaha, Neb.; Evansville, Ind.; Northfield, Mass., and Vincennes, Ind. He then gave up all relations whatsoever with the Christian religion, and became an open and avowed Freethinker.

During the administration of Hayes he was appointed

under the civil service rules to a position in the custom-house, New York, where he remained until 1884, when at the Cassadaga congress he was elected secretary of the American Secular Union, and after that devoted himself entirely to the Freethought work. After serving as secretary for three years he was elected president of the Union in 1887. During that year he established "Freethought," a Liberal journal, at San Francisco, with George E. Macdonald. He was elected president of the California State Liberal Union, and labored mainly upon the Pacific coast until 1891, when the publication of "Freethought" was suspended. In 1892 he was elected president of the Freethought Federation of America.

During his life and labors, Mr. Putnam has visited all but four of the states and territories of the Union, and has also spoken extensively throughout the Dominion of Canada. He has traveled over one hundred thousand miles in all. He is author of "Prometheus," "Gottlieb: His Life," "Golden Throne," "Waifs and Wanderings," "Ingersoll and Jesus," "Why Don't He Lend a Hand?" "Adami and Heva," "The New God," "The Problem of the Universe," "My Religious Experience," "Religion a Curse, Religion a Disease, Religion a Lie," "Pen Pictures of the World's Pair," and "Four Hundred Years of Freethought."

E. C. REICHWALD.

E. C. Reichwald, treasurer of the Freethought Federation of America, is one of the leading business men of Chicago. In "Chicago's Half Century of Progress" we find the following: "An old and established representative house engaged in the Chicago fruit and vegetable trade is that of Messrs. Reichwald & Bro., which was established in 1865 by Jones & Reichwald, who were succeeded in 1868 by E. C. Reichwald & Co. Eventually in 1883 the present firm was organized, the copartners being

E. C. and W. G. Reichwald, both of whom brought practical experience, energy, and business capacity to the enterprise. The premises occupied are spacious, fully supplied with every convenience and facility. Both partners are members of the Produce Exchange, where they are highly esteemed. They were both born in Milwaukee, but have resided for many years in Chicago." Both E. C. and his brother W. G. Reichwald are radical Freethinkers, believe in radical work, and are ready to stand at the front and vote Freethought every time.

J. E. REMSBURG.

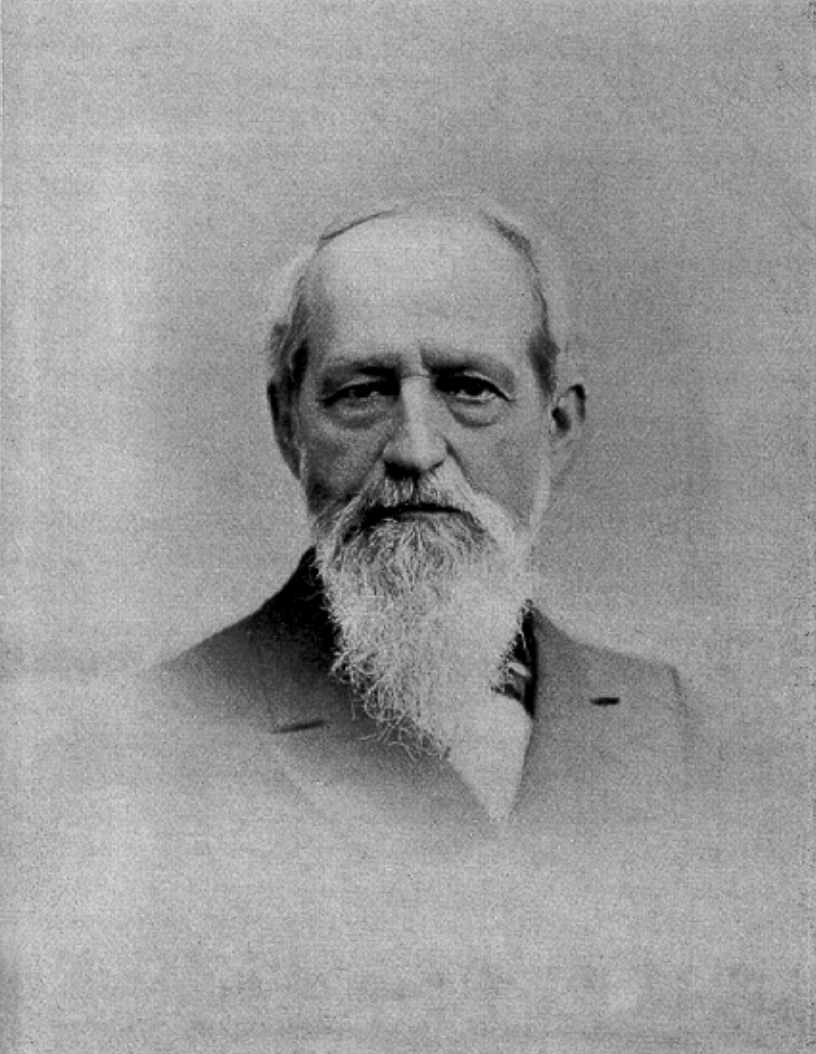
John E. Remsburg is one of the ablest, most popular, best-known lecturers on the Freethought platform. He has, probably, delivered a greater number of public addresses than any other Liberal speaker in this country. He has lectured since he took the platform in 1880, in some six hundred localities, and to do that has been compelled to travel not less than one hundred and fifty thousand miles. He was born near the village of Fremont, Ohio, Jan. 7, 1848. His father was of German and his mother of English descent. His father was a nominal Christian, but never a member of any church, and held to broad and liberal views. His mother was a Methodist. When John E. was a young lad his father lost his eyesight, and also met with financial reverses which left him penniless, after which the support of the family devolved almost entirely on the mother. Often after midnight the industrious woman might be seen at her work-table plying her needle, and at her side her son John studying his books and receiving instruction from his good mother. This was, verily, an industrial school, and the valuable education there imparted, as might be expected, produced good results. In later years John attended the public district school a number of terms, and one term at a New York state academy; aside from this he is self-educated.

Young Remsburg entered the Union army as a soldier at a very early age—was said to be the youngest man who carried a musket during the late civil war. He was scarcely sixteen years of age when he enlisted. As a private he served at Washington during 1864, participating in the battle of Fort Stevens (where Lincoln was present) and the repulse of General Early's army from Maryland. The following winter, though but seventeen, he did police duty in Nashville, that city being then under military rule. The close of the war found him in the pioneer corps. In addition to an honorable discharge, he received a special certificate of thanks from President Lincoln. After the war he engaged in school teaching. In 1868 he removed to Kansas, and in 1872 was elected superintendent of public instruction for Atchison county.

While nominally a believer in his youth, he was never a member of any church. When about twenty-one the subject of theology was presented to his mind. At that time Freethought literature was unknown to him, but his reason rejected orthodoxy and his progress toward Freethought was steady and rapid and he soon became a radical Freethinker. He soon decided to enter the lecture field, and he has, surely, proved himself to be admirably adapted to the work he undertook. Mr. Remsburg has, during the last ten years, in connection with his duties as lecturer, written and published many valuable works. Among these are the following: "Life of Thomas Paine," "The Image Breaker," "False Claims," "The Apostle of Liberty," "Bible Morals," "Sabbath Breaking," "The Fathers of Our Republic," and "Was Lincoln a Christian?" His lectures have been translated into German, Swedish, Norwegian, and some of the Asiatic languages, and have as large a circulation in Europe, India, and Australia as in this country. Including newspaper editions, fully three hundred thousand copies of his lectures have been circulated.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

Charles B. Reynolds was born in the second ward of New York city, Aug. 5, 1832. His parents had but just arrived from Somersetshire, England. His mother died in giving him birth. Ere he reached his fifth birthday his father died, and he was left to fight life's battle without kith or kindred. He commenced to preach for the First Day Adventists in 1868, and joined the Seventh Day Adventists in 1869. But truth prevailed. Mr. Reynolds made his first appearance on the Liberal rostrum at the New York Freethinkers' Convention, held at Corinthian Academy of Music, Rochester, Sept., 1883, delivering a most touching and eloquent eulogy on the late D. M. Bennett, founder of "The Truth Seeker." At the convention held at Cassadaga, N. Y., in 1884, he was elected chairman of the executive committee of the American Secular Union. Early in 1885 he appealed to the Liberals to purchase a tent, so that Liberal lectures could be held in places where halls were not obtainable, and soon afterward he pitched the "Liberal Tent" at Kalamazoo, Mich. After successful work in the West, he pitched the tent at Boonton, N. J., July 26, 1886. At this place he had an extraordinary experience. After two or three nights' disturbance—cutting of the tent, and arrest for blasphemy—a howling mob attacked him and his friends during the delivery of the lecture. Mr. Reynolds, in the interest of peace, dismissed the audience. But it availed nothing. Mr. Reynolds had to make his escape and leave the tent in possession of the mob. Indeed, but for the coolness of Reynolds and the bravery of the Booth family, the former would without doubt have been personally injured. He was afterwards prosecuted for blasphemy. The trial came off May 19, 1887. Colonel Ingersoll generously volunteered without pay to defend Mr. Reynolds. He was the "observed of all observers" at that crowded and his-



toric scene, where bigotry and freedom entered the lists. Ingersoll made a wonderful plea. Says "The Truth Seeker:" "All the hot summer afternoon he held the audience spellbound; not a man moved from his seat; scores were touched to tears, while oftentimes it seemed impossible to prevent the people from breaking into tumultuous applause to express their approval of his sentiments. Colonel Ingersoll spoke low and soft, pleading with the judges before him for a verdict which should leave the flag unstained and the pages of New Jersey's history unsoiled by the most infamous of acts—the suppression of free speech. The address was full of imagery, the purest patriotism, the grandest of pleas for liberty, and the most exquisite and touching pictures. He made point after point against the law, following it from the dens and caves of savagery up through the centuries of religious persecution to the present, when he said he had hoped the battle for human rights had been fought and won." Against the noble speech of Colonel Ingersoll the charge of the judge was illegal and brutal in the extreme. The jury returned a verdict of "guilty." But such was the spell of Ingersoll's eloquence that the judges dared not inflict the full penalty, but made the judgment of the court a fine of twenty-five dollars and costs, amounting to seventy-five dollars in all, which Colonel Ingersoll himself paid. Thus ended a famous trial, by which it is believed the law against blasphemy received its death wound, and is now buried in the cemetery of the past. The magnificent speech of Colonel Ingersoll, "Trial for Blasphemy," is published by C. P. Farrell, and is one of the most eloquent defenses of liberty in the annals of Freethought. At the earnest solicitation of the Liberal Club of Walla Walla, Wash., Mr. Reynolds accepted an engagement to lecture for them every Sunday evening for six months. He went to Walla Walla in 1889, and lectured there eight months in Small's Opera House every Sun-

day evening. Mr. Reynolds's work with the Washington Secular Union is noted in the history of that organization. In May, 1892, he accepted an engagement as lecturer for the Tacoma Secular Union, and from that date has lectured every Sunday evening at Germania Hall, Tacoma, the largest hall in the city. On Sunday, Aug. 6, 1893, he inaugurated the Tacoma Secular Sunday-school, which has proved a great success.

J. P. RICHARDSON.

Judge J. P. Richardson was born in Massachusetts, Aug. 20, 1821. He was the son of Puritan parents, and was brought up in all the strictness of that rigid and uncompromising sect. Up to the age of eighteen he accepted the theology that was taught him by his parents, by the New England schools, the Sunday-school and the church. He was led to read the Bible critically by attending a course of lectures by Father Miller, an honest and pious old man who had devoted himself to the careful study of the Bible, and especially of the prophecies, and had satisfied himself that the world was coming to an end in 1843. Few people can now comprehend the tremendous excitement that the pious fervor of that old fanatic inspired; but upon the young man we are speaking of, the only effect was to stimulate him to careful study of the Bible and the true meaning of the prophecies upon which Miller based his theories. The result was that he lost his reverence for the Bible, and worked out alone and unaided a system of Rationalism. He then began to read Freethought literature, and in 1843 he made the acquaintance of Horace Seaver and J. P. Mendum, and became a subscriber to the Boston "Investigator." As he became a Freethinker, he came to freedom political as well as mental, and became an ardent opponent of slavery; and when the civil war broke out, true to his principles, he enlisted as a soldier. He raised the first company in all

the loyal North for the war. This was in Cambridge, Mass., in January, 1861. At the close of the war he received a commission in the regular army, which took him to Texas. Being offered the position of judge of the seventeenth judicial district, he resigned his commission in the regular army, and served a term of six years on the bench. During all these years he has always been an outspoken advocate of mental and political freedom. In 1883, when J. D. Shaw so bravely broke from the trammels of the Methodist church, where he had been an honored preacher for several years, and established the "Independent Pulpit," Judge Richardson recognized the importance of the movement and gave it his hearty support. He has been for three years past president of the Liberal Association of Texas, and the regular weekly lecturer to the local association in Austin. He is now in his seventy-third year, and hopes to do good work yet.

ERNESTINE L. ROSE.

Among the representative women of the nineteenth century is Ernestine Louise Rose. She was born at Peterkov, Poland, Jan. 13, 1810. Her father was a Jewish rabbi. From early life she was of a bold and inquiring disposition. At the age of seventeen she went to Berlin. She was in Paris during the revolution of 1830. Soon after she went to England and embraced the views of Robert Owen. She married William E. Rose, and with him came to New York in May, 1836. She lectured against slavery in the slave-owning states. She was one of the originators of the woman's rights movement. She was an eloquent speaker, a radical reformer. She has published a "Defense of Atheism." Her last years were spent in England. She never lost her intellectual ardor. Until death she was a champion of Freethought.

A. ROSENOW.

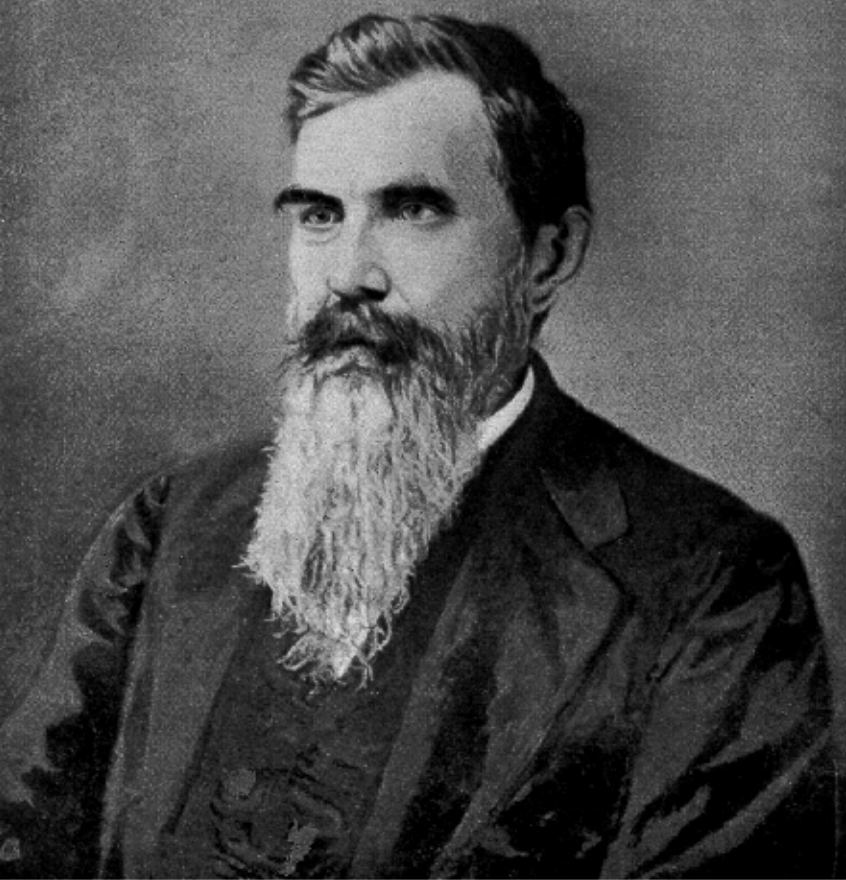
Albert Rosenow was born in Germany, 1855, of Jewish descent. He followed a business career, although he would have much preferred a student's life. He has been a Freethinker ever since he began to reflect. "The fallacies of the established religion," he says, "did not dawn upon me gradually, but were settled in my mind almost at first sight. Most helpful in strengthening my position in Freethought has been the work of Ludwig Büchner, 'Matter and Force,' a book which has marked an epoch in modern Germany."

Mr. Rosenow came to the United States in 1883. He settled at Walla Walla and became a prominent business man, and helped organize the Walla Walla Liberal Society and the Washington Secular Union, of which he is one of the leading officers. He has faithfully supported Mr. Reynolds in his arduous work, and it is no wonder that Reynolds enthusiastically calls him "Prince Rosenow," "not prince because of haughty mein, or lordly air, but because an aristocrat of the Courtlandt Palmer style—a prince in the nobility of his nature, his broad views, his generosity, his lofty aims, his good, pure, and useful life."

Those who associate with Mr. Rosenow know him as the best of comrades—true as steel, and devoted to Freethought the world over.

HENRY ROWLEY.

Henry Rowley was born April 24, 1855, at Woodhouse, a small village near Loughborough in the county of Leicester, England, the fourth child of a family of eight. At the age of two his parents removed to Derby, at which town he received all the regular school education it was his fortune to get. His trials and sufferings began early in life. When he was eleven years old his father died, leaving his mother and eight children absolutely penni-



less. Young Rowley went to the railroad station and obtained a situation as a newsboy at four shillings per week. Six months after this (September of the same year), he obtained, through the influence of a friend of his father's, a position as errand boy in the offices of a large iron company in Yorkshire, fifty miles from home. Here he was fairly launched upon the world before he was twelve years of age. He resolved, very early in life, to become a public speaker. When he joined the "Mutual Improvement Class," he became an acknowledged debater. The return of Mr. Gladstone to power in the year 1880 revived national interest in politics. He caught the fever and was quickly engaged in political lecturing. He traveled hundreds of miles, addressing meetings on every phase of politics. Sheffield is (or was) a very active political center. It was a common thing to hold open-air meetings in Paradise Square, sometimes under the presidency of the mayor of the town. The audiences would vary from ten thousand to twenty thousand. On three occasions Mr. Rowley had the honor of addressing these meetings. He was attracted at this time to the consideration of "Industrial Coöperation" as a social and economic movement. He was the first secretary and organizer of the Labor Association for promoting workshops based on the copartnership of capitalist and laborer; was associated with the veteran Freethinker, G. J. Holyoake, with Lloyd Jones, E. O. Greening, E. V. Neale, and Benjamin Jones, men of national repute and high character. He delivered hundreds of addresses and lectures during his residence in London. He made two tours in Scotland, and made many friends in the land of Burns. His first speech on behalf of Freethought was delivered in the open air. He had not espoused the cause at the time, and did not think he was delivering an "Infidel" speech. The following is the circumstance: He was walking in one of the London parks with his wife and boys one Sunday afternoon, and

was attracted to a crowd by the fantastic gesticulations of a clerical-looking gentleman. When he reached the scene of the demonstration he heard the clergyman make a dastardly attack upon the character of Mrs. Besant. At the close of his address Rowley asked permission to make a few remarks. This was readily accorded and, before the debate ended, Mr. Rowley found himself compelled not only to defend the character of Mrs. Besant, but Free-thought principles. The fact is, he had been a Free-thinker for years and had not known it. He made the acquaintance of Mr. Bradlaugh during his long and bitter contest for constitutional rights. He presided at three great demonstrations in Mr. Bradlaugh's honor; six thousand at one, eight thousand at another, and about two thousand at another. The last was held in the Sheffield Temperance Hall, and twice the number were turned away. In 1885 the agitation for household suffrage in the counties was at its height. Open-air demonstrations culminated in a vast gathering in Hyde park, London. One hundred thousand people were present. Mr. Rowley had the honor of speaking from Platform No. 10, presided over by Mr. Cremer, M. P. He was twice invited to accept nomination for Parliament, but, in consequence of poverty, had to decline. It is a costly thing to be an English member of Parliament. He arrived in America in the year 1888. After moving about the country for a month or two, he permanently settled in Brooklyn, N. Y. He joined the Brooklyn Philosophical Society in the year 1890, and has taken the greatest pleasure in the work of the society. He has been secretary for two years, and is now president. He has addressed many audiences in the vicinity of New York. He is a member of the Franklin Literary Society, and has served one term as corresponding secretary. He is a Materialist; his favorite philosopher is Spinoza, and his favorite poet is Shelley. He is a total abstainer from intoxicating drinks; believes

that religion, as popularly taught, is a social bane, and that, under a rational system of education, society will reach a condition in which happiness will be the portion of all.

REUBEN RUSH.

Reuben Rush was born at Ferrington, St. Clements, county of Norfolk, England, Feb. 6, 1868. He was baptized in the Wesleyan church, of which his parents were members. In 1874 the family left Norfolk and settled in Manchester, England. He was educated at the Tolleyhurst Wesleyan day-school. In 1880 the family moved to Bradford, Yorkshire, and young Reuben finished his education at the Eastbrook Wesleyan school at this place. His father, M. T. Rush, severed his connection with the Methodist denomination in 1870; his mother continued in that church until 1877, when M. T. Rush took his two sons, Reuben and Thomas, from the Sunday-school. The pious superintendent told the father he would curse the day he did this, but he never has, and is not likely to. He still allowed them to attend the day-school. The first Free-thought lecture that Reuben ever attended was at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. The speakers were Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant. This was in 1878. Young Rush was deeply impressed, and afterwards attended all such meetings. At the age of twelve he began to take an interest in politics. He was with the advanced wing of the Liberal party, of which Bradlaugh was the leader. His father came to the United States in 1883, and the rest of the family in the following year. Reuben Rush spoke in public at the Question Club in 1890. His first appearance on the Liberal platform was when he gave an address on the death of Bradlaugh. He became widely known to the Liberals by his speech at the International Congress of Freethinkers. He has both enthusiasm and talent; he believes thoroughly in making this world a better world;

he is devoted both to social and Freethought reform, but he sees the necessity of the triumph of Freethought for the political and industrial emancipation of man. He is a worker himself and speaks like a worker—straight to the point, and with fervid eloquence.

A. SCHELL.

In the following letter from Mr. Schell, he gives his own history perhaps better than anyone else can give it. He writes: "I was born Nov. 9, 1817. My father, Peter Schell, was born in the United States, and was a lad of fourteen at the Revolution. My mother was Sophia Schell, *nee* Dominick. When the California gold fever broke out in 1848, I got the fever and could not be cured until I went to California. I then was young, impulsive, impetuous, and full of the spirit of adventure. I sailed from the port of New York, Jan. 13, 1849, on the ship *Tarolinta*, commanded by Captain Cave, via Cape Horn, putting into Rio Janeiro and Valparaiso. On going up the coast, when the tall and unbroken range of the Andes hove in sight, the boys became jubilant—they were on the 'home stretch'—and when the tall peak of Chimborazo appeared in view their jubilation knew no bounds, and they sang the song:

'By the land of Chimborazo we go with hearts elate,
To found another empire, to build another state.'

We have builded the state, but have not yet founded the empire. That event lies buried deep in the womb of destiny, but it is in the process of gestation. An empire on the Pacific is bound to come. We landed at San Francisco, July 6, 1849. Here the civilization of the occident came into contact with the civilization of the orient, and the Anglo-American for the first time met the Mongolian of the celestial empire, and the two stood face to face. I have been once around Cape Horn, seven times across the Isthmus of Panama, and twenty-seven times across the

continent by rail since coming to California, and never met with a single accident. I have been reasonably successful financially, and have a few dollars laid up for a rainy day."

Mrs. Schell's maiden name was Catharine Bellinger. She was born June 14, 1821, in the town of Coblestall, county of Schoharie, N. Y. The name of her father was John P. Bellinger. She was a member of the Methodist church for a long time. She became impressed with the truth of Liberalism, withdrew from the Methodist church, and joined the church of the Golden Rule, and practices now the religion of humanity.

Mr. Schell has been for years a frequent contributor to the daily and weekly press and to the magazines, upon leading subjects of the day and hour, and his style of writing is marked by unusual elegance and virility. Among his chief literary productions are essays upon "The Will of Stephen Girard," "Brains, Science, and Civilization," etc. Mr. and Mrs. Schell celebrated their golden wedding, Dec. 5, 1889, and were greeted by hosts of old, tried and true friends from all over the state. Mr. Schell died at his California home, Knight's Ferry, Feb. 1, 1894. Said W. F. Freeman in his funeral oration: "He passed away in the autumn of his age, having lived to enjoy the ripened fruits of his springtime planting and summer culture."

J. HENRY SCHROEDER.

J. Henry Schroeder was born at Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1840. He attended the public school eight years, and graduated from the Central High School in 1856. He landed at San Francisco May 7, 1859, and went to the Coquille River, Coos county, Oregon, May 31st, of the same year. He was married to Emily Perry December 31, 1860. He worked at mill-wrighting, mining, saw-milling, farming, and dairying. He built the first creamery in Coos county, and now owns it. His venture has induced others to do

the same, and now there are several creameries in the county, which reach a production of \$100,000 yearly. Mr. Schroeder, in his pioneer work, hewing out a home in the forest, and delving in mines, found the astronomy and geology of orthodoxy did not agree with facts. He thus became a Freethinker and a Materialist, and his wife shares his convictions. Mr. Schroeder was school-superintendent in Coos county for three years, and was elected to the Oregon House of Representatives in 1878. He was a democrat until the People's party move. But he has never been afraid of his Freethought colors, and has been an enthusiastic worker for the cause of mental liberty. He was elected president of the Oregon State Secular Union, and is one of the foremost Liberals on the coast.

F. SCHUENEMAN-POTT.

Friederich Schueneman-Pott (German-American) was born in Hamburg, Baden, April 5, 1826. He studied for the ministry of the Lutheran church at the University of Marburg, but previous to his ordination he renounced the Christian religion and accepted a call as lecturer for the Free Religious Society of Nordhausen. In 1848 he joined the ranks of the people against their tyrants, and was subsequently indicted for high treason and imprisoned. After his liberation he went to Halberstadt, where he gained the friendship of Baron Ernst von Pott, who afterwards adopted him. In 1854 he came to the United States and was for sixteen years lecturer for the Free Religious Society of Philadelphia, whence he removed to San Francisco, where he likewise occupied the position of lecturer for the local Free Religious Society. He died in St. Helena, Cal., Aug. 3, 1892, and his remains were cremated at Los Angeles. Besides his occupation as lecturer he gained an enviable reputation as a writer on ethical and Freethought subjects.



HORACE SEAVER.

Horace Holley Seaver was born at Boston, August 25, 1810. In early life he learned the art of printing, and was employed upon the Boston "Investigator" while under the management of the brave Abner Kneeland, and continued as editor with J. P. Mendum. For over fifty years he battled strenuously for Freethought; he was an Atheist and Materialist; he had no fogs of superstition; he was a clear, plain writer, and always went straight to the point; he indulged in no rhetoric; he was a wise man—a philosopher; he never lost his balance, and he never swerved from the straight line of logic and truth; he was persistent and consistent all through, and he won the respect of every one who knew him.

Early in life Mr. Seaver married a lady whose belief was harmonious with his own. His wife died many years ago. At her funeral he introduced a bold innovation. He had a social funeral instead of a priestly conducted ceremony. He addressed the mourning circle of friends, and the address was printed in pamphlet form, and is admired as a model of eloquence, pathos, and noble sentiment. Besides his editorial labors Mr. Seaver has performed much service as a public speaker, frequently addressing Liberal and Spiritualistic audiences in Boston and vicinity. He has been one of the small number who are willing to spend a life-time in advocating unpopular truth. A selection of his writings has been published with the title, "Occasional Thoughts." He died August 21, 1889. His funeral oration was delivered by Colonel Ingersoll.

S. SHARP.

S. Sharp, of Salem, O., is one of the old-time anti-slavery reformers. For half a century he has been the friend of humanity, of progress and freedom; he has opposed slavery of all kinds, and has ever been ready to

aid the Freethought cause. He is one of the most successful manufacturers in Ohio; has made his own fortune by self-reliance and energy, and has been a foremost citizen in his own community. His generosity and hospitality to laborers in the pioneer field are well known.

J. D. SHAW.

J. D. Shaw was born December 27, 1841, in Walker county, Texas. He went to school a little before the war, but on account of weak eyes had to be kept at home. He went through the war on the Confederate side, and was a lieutenant at the close. After the war he found his eyes had become stronger, hence he set about obtaining an education, which he did by hard work, having lost everything by the war. He joined the Northwest Texas Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church South in November, 1870. His first three years' work for them was as a teacher in Marvin College; then on circuits and stations, concluding with four years as station preacher in Waco. He withdrew from the church (was not expelled, as some suppose) in November, 1882, having served twelve years. When he left the church he occupied the following positions of importance among Methodist preachers: Delegate to the general conference (this being his second term as such); a member of the general missionary board; secretary of the conference missionary board; a member of the board of curators of South Western University; a member of the board of publication; associate editor of Texas "Christian Advocate," and a member of the conference faculty. These facts assure the good standing in the church of Mr. Shaw. He was never in any trouble with the church, and when he found that he could no longer preach her doctrines he withdrew, and had no other reason for so doing. The church honored him for his work, and the "Conference Journal" from November, 1870, to November, 1882, shows that he did his work well.

He lectured in Waco six years, until the hall was burned; established the "Independent Pulpit" in March, 1883, and has written and published five little books: "The Bible: What Is It?" "Studies in Theology;" "The Human Nature of Jesus;" "The Bible Against Itself;" "Liberalism." These have all run through two or three editions. Six thousand copies of "The Bible: What Is It?" have been sold. Mr. Shaw assisted in organizing the Liberal Association of Texas, and was its president the first year. He is now secretary. Mr. Shaw was married to Lucie F. Mosley, Feb. 1, 1870. Six children were born to them. She died Jan. 25, 1881, and his youngest child died six months later. The rest of the children are now living. October 1, 1884, he married Mrs. Ellen D. McCoy, who is still living. The whole family are Liberals.

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

Elmina Drake Slenker was born Dec. 23, 1827, in the town of La Grange, N. Y. Her father was a Shaker preacher, but he became a Liberal. He was "expelled," but began to hold meetings on his own account. Elmina was the oldest of six girls. She grew up in an atmosphere of debate and argument; adopted all the reforms of the day, and at last reached the goal of Atheism. She has devoted herself to the cause of Freethought. She has been a steady, faithful correspondent of nearly all the Liberal journals. Her persecution is noted in the history of the National Defense Association. She has won the respect and affection of a large number of Liberals throughout the country.

KATIE KEHM SMITH.

Probably the youngest prominent lecturer in the Freethought ranks is Katie Kehm Smith, of Oregon. She was born at Warsaw, Ill., and received her education in the

public schools. In 1885, at the age of seventeen, she graduated from the Ottumwa, Iowa, high school and immediately began life as a teacher, which she followed successfully in Iowa and Oregon for over six years. At sixteen she became a convert to Freethought and ever since has been an outspoken and aggressive worker in the cause. She is a student, an observer, and a thinker. As a teacher, she saw and met the common people in their every-day lives. She saw them willingly bear the burden of an expensive church and clergy; she saw them work hard and innocently divide the fruits of their toil with them, sacrificing comfort and happiness in this world for the sake of their "souls" in the next. She therefore early resolved to do what she could to take people's eyes off their "souls" and turn their attention to their bodies. She delivered her first lecture at the age of seventeen, and although a teacher, and often opposed and ostracized by Bible bigots, she never neglected an opportunity to expose the myths and evil effects of Christianity. She is impatient to have the people see the wrongs they endure and break the fetters which bind them. She also realizes that as these wrongs are the slow results of centuries of priestly rule, it will necessarily take persistent and systematic effort for a long time, to right them. In 1891 she married Hon. D. W. Smith, of Port Townsend, Wash., but did not sacrifice her identity nor lose her interest in Freethought. Her husband encourages and seconds all her efforts. Since 1891 Mr. and Mrs. Smith have urged the plan of organizing Secular churches and Sunday-schools and placing each, or a circuit of them, in charge of a competent person duly appointed by the state organization, whose business it shall be to lecture regularly, at a regular time and place; that the lack of regular lectures, by regular lecturers, is why Freethought societies heretofore organized have not flourished. To prove the practicability of this plan, Mrs. Smith organized, Jan. 29, 1893,

the First Secular Church of Portland, and soon after the Portland Secular Sunday-school, and has lectured for this church every Sunday since. Her audience has steadily increased, until at the end of a year it numbers between three and four hundred, and is as large as any orthodox church in the city. She writes the lesson each week for the Sunday-school, as no suitable lessons are in print. She is secretary of the Oregon State Secular Union, and its present efficiency is due largely to her systematic and untiring efforts. Mrs. Smith is gentle in manner and speech; she is an orator, and charms while she hits hard with polished reason and facts told politely.

FRANKLIN STEINER.

Franklin Steiner was born in Des Moines, Iowa, and is of German descent. His parents and relatives were members of the Lutheran church. He attended church and Sunday-school from his earliest youth. At one time he was secretary of a Sunday-school. As soon as he began to read and think, he began to doubt. He commenced to study the Bible and its history. He learned to disbelieve in Christianity before he had ever read a Freethought paper or book. He afterwards arranged for many Freethought lectures, among them a course by Charles Watts. Watts urged young Steiner to enter the lecture field, and it is due mainly to this good counsel that he entered upon active Freethought work, which he has successfully pursued. He has become a welcome speaker upon the Liberal platform; he is a pleasing and logical orator, and is vice-president of the Freethought Federation of America, and is thoroughly devoted to the cause of mental and political liberty, to which he intends to devote his whole life, and for which he is well equipped.

E. A. STEVENS.

E. A. Stevens has a remarkable history. When only a boy of fourteen he ran away from England to join a cousin

who commanded a detachment under Colonel Peard, "Garibaldi's Englishman." Shortly after his arrival, during the bombardment of Palermo by the Neapolitans, his cousin was killed, and young Stevens returned to his relatives. He afterwards came to America, enlisted in a New York regiment, serving the last year of the war, having had at the age of seventeen the unusual experience of military service in both hemispheres. Since the war Mr. Stevens has held many important positions, and might have had a successful journalistic career except for his Radicalism on religious and social subjects. He edited several labor papers and contributed largely to the Liberal press. In 1876 he was received into the Knights of Labor on his honor, refusing to take the oath; he has held several offices in the Typographical Union; he served for many years as one of the board of directors of the Liberal League, and also of the American Secular Union. In 1887 he was elected secretary of the American Secular Union, an office he filled with marked ability. The Rochester "Union and Advertiser" says of his journalistic career: "Mr. Stevens is well qualified by native tact, marvelous versatility, and extended experience, to perform the work of an active correspondent, or to handle any theme in an editorial way. His descriptive work is marked by power and brilliance. Whatever branch of the profession he may adopt, he will be found energetic and reliable." Mrs. M. A. Freeman, in an appreciative notice of the subject of our sketch in the "Freethinkers' Magazine," writes the following: "Secularism in Chicago has a glorious record. Omitting the name of E. A. Stevens, its history could be given in almost a single line. As a recognition of his pertinacity of purpose, his bold and energetic advocacy of Liberalism, he was long ago dubbed Chicago's Bradlaugh by one of our papers, and he exhibits some of the tact for leadership which is conceded to his greater countryman. Into whatever movement he



has gone he has been pushed to the front in spite of himself, and he had to drop out of many to escape the honors and to more thoroughly devote himself to Secular work, a work in which he never tires, to which all business, personal considerations, and everything else must bend."

W. C. STUROC.

William C. Sturoc was born in the ancient town of Aberbrothock, Scotland—the scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Antiquary"—on Nov. 4, 1822. His father, Francis Sturoc, was a small manufacturer in these days, and a man of great intelligence and thoroughly liberal views. His library contained the works of the French and English Freethinkers, and into those the boy William was wont to dip with a gusto, so that, at sixteen, he was familiar with Volney, Voltaire, D'Holbach, and others. In 1846 he migrated to Canada, and remained there four years, when he moved into Sullivan county, N. H., where, at Newport, he entered the office of the late Hon. Edmund Burke as a law student, for which his early education had well fitted him, and was soon admitted to practice in the courts of New Hampshire. On his admission to the bar, he took up his residence in Sunapee, and has remained there ever since, a period of over forty years. He was married in 1856 to Sarah C. Chase, cousin to the late Chief Justice J. E. Sargent, enjoying with her the sweets of domestic life for over thirty years. She died in 1889. His ready tongue and pen gave him at once an entrance into political circles, and he became one of the leaders of democracy, and served for a course of years in the legislature of his adopted state. But his tastes were not in the line of mere politics, although he held a strong grip on legal and constitutional questions, on which he was freely taken as an authority. In the meantime his literary studies were not forgotten, and in the quiet retreat of his beautiful home on the margin of Lake Sunapee, he could, undisturbed,

pursue those philosophical and scientific researches to which all his life he had a marked leaning. And to-day, with a large library of scientific and liberal works, he enjoys communion with the advanced minds of the ages; and, for relaxation, he is, and has been, a constant contributor to the press, particularly the Boston "Investigator," both in prose and verse. Some of his beautiful little poems have gained him wide and deserved celebrity. Mr. Sturoc, at the ripe age of three score and ten, is still hale and alert in all his powers, performing daily his customary office business. He attended the International Congress of Freethinkers at Chicago in October, 1893, and is one of the vice-presidents of the American Secular Union.

HENRY M. TABER.

Henry M. Taber was born at Westport, Fairfield county, Conn., February 8, 1825, and was brought to New York city when but a few years old. His father came from New Bedford, Mass. Mr. Taber has been engaged in the cotton business in New York city for the last forty-five years; from 1848 to 1869 with his brother, the late Mr. Charles C. Taber, and from 1879 to the present time with his son, Mr. William P. Taber. In 1855 Mr. Taber married a daughter of Rev. William W. Phillips, D.D., Presbyterian clergyman, from 1825 to 1846 pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Wall street, New York city, and after 1846 to the year of his death in 1865, in Fifth avenue, between Eleventh and Twelfth streets. He continued his church attendance up to the time of the death of his wife, five years ago, going, as he states, simply for the pleasure of her company. Mr. Taber has two sons, William P. and Sydney R. (both married), the first associated with his father in business and the last practicing law in Chicago; and one daughter. Mr. Taber was among the first in the ranks of the Republican party, and during

the war assisted in the arrangements for very many of the meetings held to stimulate the patriotic sentiment of the people of the North. He was, for a brief period, a member of the Twenty-second Regiment of New York city; also a member of the Union League Club during, and for many years succeeding, the war. Mr. Taber has been quite a traveler, having visited every state in the Union; has been to the Pacific coast twice, as far south as Santa Barbara, Cal., and as far north as Sitka, Alaska; has also visited Canada and Mexico and spent half a year in Europe. Mr. Taber has made this request of his friends, that at his death there be no religious services and that his body be cremated at Fresh Pond or some other crematory. Colonel Ingersoll writes of Mr. Taber: "Henry M. Taber is my friend and one of the best of men. In business he is just, honorable, faithful, reliable. He keeps his word and does as he agrees. For integrity, no man's reputation is better than his. He is an excellent citizen; loves his country and its institutions; taking an active part in matters of public importance—trying to make the people better and happier. He is on the right side and always has been so far as I know. He was a kind, faithful, and loving husband; and he is a good, affectionate father and grandfather. In addition to this he is a free man—thinks for himself and gives to others the result of his thought. He is an exceedingly modest man, remarkably careful of the feelings of others; gentle in speech and action. Long ago his brain was shocked by the absurdities and his heart by the cruelties of the Bible. He came to the conclusion that the 'scriptures' were written by uninspired men, and that man should be governed by experience, observation, and reason, instead of faith, ignorance, and superstition. He became a free man. He is a close and clear thinker; a natural logician; a lover of truth; a friend of his race; a good, honest, intelligent, brave, and successful man."

ROBERT THORPE.

Robert Thorpe, a leading lawyer of Pittsburgh, now seventy-six years of age, from his youth up has been of Freethinking proclivities. When he first went to Sunday-school he asked a great many questions which could not be answered, and so, after a short experience, he quit trying to understand the Bible in the orthodox fashion. He attended Onondaga Academy; he studied medicine at first, but afterward studied law, coming to the conclusion that it was better to take risks on a man's property than on his life. About this time American slavery became a matter of public discussion, and after examining the subject thoroughly he became an abolitionist. He married and removed to Pennsylvania, and continued the political fight for abolitionism. When the great Civil war broke out he took an active part in aiding the Union cause. He was personally acquainted with President Lincoln and Secretary of War Stanton; knew them as lawyers long before the war. They entrusted him with the execution of many things of importance. After the war, slavery being abolished, and the great battle of his life having been fought and won, he, for several years, devoted himself strictly to legal business, but, he says, "the encroachments of the church on the rights of the people have become so great and unjust that I feel it necessary to go again upon the war-path."

S. TOOMEY.

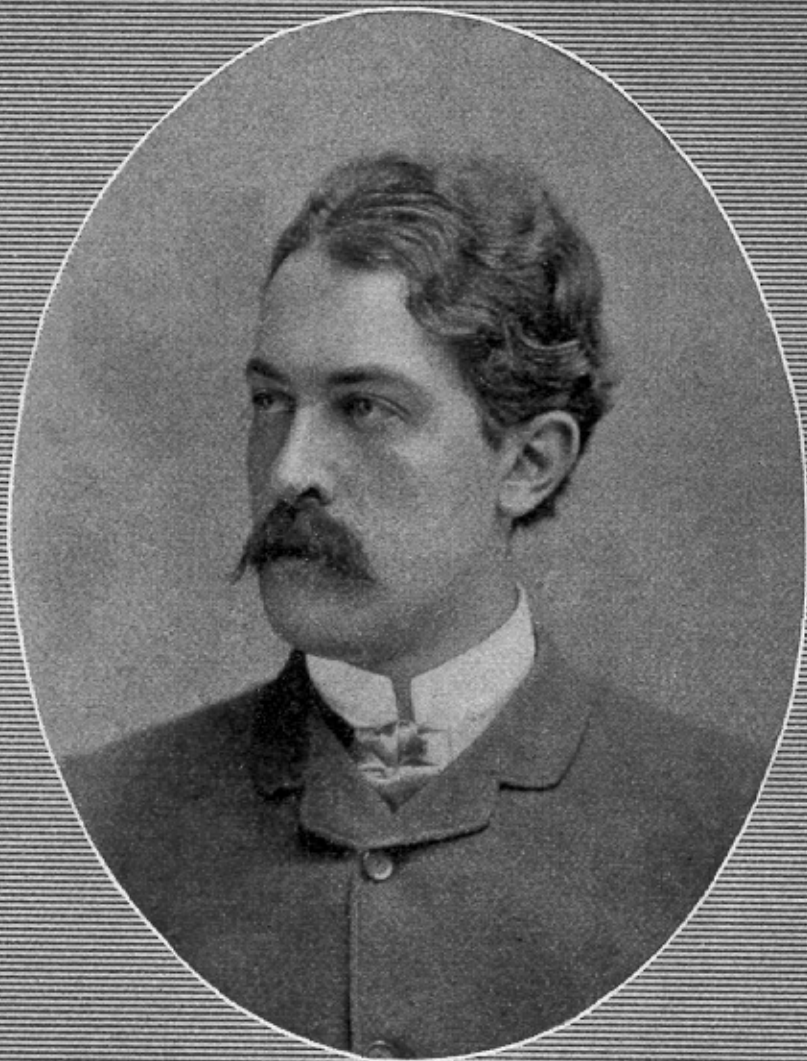
Samuel Toomey was born in York county, Penn., March 1, 1830. He was the eleventh child of a family of fourteen. The demands on his father for the support of so large a family rendered it necessary that the labor of each child should be made available as soon as age should permit. Young Toomey's advantages for education were extremely meager, thirty days comprising the whole time he ever spent in a school-house. Leaving home at the

age of six, he was reared among relatives and neighbors, for whom he worked at any jobs he could obtain until sixteen years of age. He then began learning the blacksmith trade near Gettysburg, in his native state. One year later, with fourteen dollars borrowed money, and all of his earthly effects tied in a bundle over his back, he started on foot for Ohio, being three weeks and two days on the way to Sugar Creek Falls, Tuscarawas county. The last four days were spent with one meal per day on account of failing funds. Here he found employment in the shop of Daniel Wagner. A year later he became owner of the business, his employer removing to the West. Working steadily at this trade for a few years, he soon gained the reputation of being the best blacksmith and mechanic in the surrounding country. In 1850 he lost by fire his shop, tools, and all his stock, including the first buggy he ever made. In 1850 he removed to Wilmot, Stark county, Ohio, where, with various successes, he continued in business for fifteen years at carriage building, which he added to blacksmithing, and in a short time built up such a reputation for making good carriages that he was compelled to give up custom work and confine himself to the carriage business. In 1868 he removed to Canal Dover, where he has since continued in business, increasing his facilities and constantly improving the style and quality of his work. He is the inventor of different patented improvements on carriages. In 1868 he invented what was then so widely known as Toomey's method of constructing bent-rim wheels. Within the last eight years he has taken out seven different patents on improvements on track sulkies, etc. A successful inventor and business man, Mr. Toomey thus writes of religion: "My father and mother belonged to the old German Lutheran church, but I was taken away from home so very young that I got little religious instruction from them, but I mainly fell into the hands of the same

class of people, so I had to go to church. In this way I grew up, and being a natural abolitionist from my youth up, I joined the United Brethren church when eighteen years of age, but never could fully believe the Bible stories. At the same time I became a reader of the "Antislavery Bugle," published in Salem, Ohio. Salem was at that time the headquarters for those then known as Broad-gaugers, or Infidels. Such reading brought about thinking and investigation, and, as you know, investigation brings Infidelity. So for the last thirty years I did my own thinking, reading such books as any unbiased man should read; and, of course, as with the great Darwin, it ended in Agnosticism, and very strongly in Atheism."

J. VOSTROVSKY.

Jaroslav Vostrovsky is from Bohemia, the land of Huss. He was born March 5, 1836; attended schools in Bomemia, and traveled through the different countries of Europe; was a political radical and favored the national independence of Bohemia, as Kossuth did that of Hungary; he was a patriot in every fiber of his being, and so pronounced in his convictions that he found it advisable to come to the land of Freethought and free action—America. He reached here in 1864. He has engaged in many business enterprises in Nebraska, Iowa, and lastly in California, and acquired a competence. He now enjoys, with his family, the sunny atmosphere near San Jose, Santa Clara county. The name of his home is The Willows. Mr. Vostrovsky is independent in politics, a liberal supporter of Freethought, and is loyal to the flag of the Union. He is well known among the Bohemians of this country as a writer and speaker. He contributes in the Bohemian language to the Liberal journals of that nationality. He is vice-president of the California State Liberal Union. He has three children, and the whole family are Freethinkers.



ROBERT WADE.

Robert Wade, of Troy, originally of England, has always been such a staunch supporter of Freethought and contributor to its funds that his name belongs to our history of the organized work. The columns of "The Truth Seeker," "Investigator," etc., bear witness to his faithful service.

C. B. WAITE.

Charles B. Waite was born in Wayne county, New York, in 1824, his father being Daniel D. Waite, an eminent physician, and his mother Lucy Clapp, the daughter of Israel Clapp, one of the first settlers of Cayuga county. About the year 1825, Dr. Waite removed, with his family, to Cayuga county, where the subject of our sketch spent his boyhood and his early youth. At the age of nineteen, young Waite was a law student of William E. Little, of Joliet, Ill., at the same time pursuing his classical studies. In 1844 he entered Knox College, at Galesburg. Although he spent but one year in that institution, President Blanchard and the faculty, some ten years afterward, without any solicitation or application on his part, conferred upon him the degree of A.M. In 1845 he went to Rock Island, where he continued his law studies, teaching classes and evening schools for support. He was a zealous abolitionist, and though there were then but a handful of antislavery people in the country, he established and published an antislavery newspaper called "The Liberty Banner." This was in 1846. In 1847 Mr. Waite was admitted to the bar, and soon afterward entered into a practice which was large and lucrative. In 1848 he was a candidate for state's attorney, and, notwithstanding the unpopularity of his antislavery views, he carried two counties, and polled a large vote in the others. In 1853 he settled in Chicago, where he had previously resided, and in a short time was

recognized as one of the ablest and most successful lawyers in the city. In the spring of 1854 he was married to Catharine Van Valkenburg, a graduate of Oberlin College. Mrs. Waite is widely known as a successful business woman, and as a prominent advocate and participant in the social reforms of the day. Her influence is great, and her counsel is often sought for by those of her own sex throughout the country. In 1862, at the age of thirty-eight, Mr. Waite was appointed by President Lincoln associate justice of Utah, and removed with his family to Salt Lake. He returned to Chicago in 1866, and resumed the practice of his profession. In 1868 he was employed to go to Washington and make an argument before the committee on elections in the House of Representatives in the Utah contested election case then pending. His argument was a masterly one, containing a thorough and able exposé of the whole system of Mormonism in its relations to the people and government of the United States. About this time he became an advocate of woman suffrage, the cause then being comparatively in its infancy in the northwest. He has remained steadfast in his views upon that subject, and his articles in "The Chicago Law Times" during the last three years have attracted attention throughout the United States. "Suffrage a Right of Citizenship," and "Who Were Voters in the Early History of This Country?" published in pamphlet form, have had a wide circulation. The winter of 1872-73 he spent in the Sandwich Islands. In the spring of 1873 he returned to Chicago, and since then has spent his time almost exclusively in literary pursuits. Ten years ago he gave to the world his "History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred." It is safe to say that no work of a historic character has ever attracted so much attention among thinking men. It has been indorsed by some of the most eminent theological scholars of Europe, including Prof. Gustav Volkmar, the celebrated theological historian of Zürich, and

the Rev. Dr. Samuel Davidson, of London. Björnstjerne Björnson, the renowned Norwegian poet and scholar, translated about half of it into the Danish-Norwegian language, and published an edition which was speedily sold among his countrymen. It was entitled, "Whence Originated the Miracles?" In this country the sale has been large, and the work has found its way into all parts of the country. Judge Waite, after publishing his history, spent three years in foreign travel. During that time he sojourned from one to two months in nearly every principal city of Europe, extending his travels also to Egypt and Palestine. He made a long stay in Vienna, where he remained nine months with his daughter, Dr. Lucy Waite, who, having graduated in medicine in Chicago, was pursuing her studies in Europe. He has given much thought to questions of constitutional law, and some of his articles on such subjects, published in the "Law Times," have received the approval and commendation of our ablest jurists. He has strongly and vigorously opposed nearly all of the late projects for amending the federal Constitution, particularly the religious amendment proposed by Senator Blair. This he denounced as a direct step toward the union of church and state. Judge Waite's ringing article on this subject, entitled "Conspiracy Against the Republic," has been sent for from all quarters, and read with avidity. He was lately elected president of the combined societies of the Secular Union of Chicago, having previously been president of the Philosophical Society. Whilst sojourning in Washington, preparing his history, he assisted in the formation of the Historical Society of that city, of which President Garfield, then a congressman, and his wife were members. Judge Waite has a record of which anyone might be proud. His life has been devoted to the cause of liberty—to the emancipation of the human race from physical and intellectual bondage. He is now president of the American Secular Union.

T. B. WAKEMAN.

Thaddeus Burr Wakeman was born Dec. 23, 1834, at Greenfield Hill, Fairfield county, Conn. His parents were of old and honored New England stock. His childhood was passed amidst the surroundings of farm life. In his seventh year the family moved, under the stress of calamity, to the lower part of the John Brown tract, called the North Woods, in Herkimer county, near the center of New York. Here for five or six years, during which time his father died, he had the great advantage of meeting life in its wildest forms and hardest conditions. He became for his age an expert in trapping, fishing, and woodcraft. He then went to New York and settled down to city life. By his own exertions and the aid of friends he fitted for college, and entered the sophomore class at Princeton, graduating with honor in 1854 in his twentieth year. The "Evidences of Christianity" was one of the departments in which he stood number one. Afterwards, to the surprise and grief of his family and friends, he declared that he could no longer believe as his fathers had done and could not, therefore, consistently enter the ministry. He turned to the law, and was admitted to the bar in 1856. He married in 1859. As a lawyer he has done good and successful work. In politics he was originally antislavery. He joined the Republican party, but after the war he followed Horace Greeley as a Liberal Republican. He is now in favor of an Independent Liberal party. He has been active and well known in Free-thought movements in New York since 1868, and his usefulness and reputation have extended over the whole country. He became leader in the Humanity Society and Liberal clubs of New York and was for three years president of the National Liberal League, and is president of the New York State Freethinkers' Association. The Hon. Elizur Wright exclaimed, when Mr. Wakeman was elected his successor as president of the National Liberal League :

"Now you have the right man in the right place. He does not fear gods or the devils or the consensus of the competent." James Parton said of him: "He has the truth; he is the coming man." Courtlandt Palmer said of his speech at Mrs. Irving's funeral: "Wakeman—in intellect a sage, in heart a woman, in soul a poet—delivered the most touching funeral address I ever heard." Samuel P. Putnam says: "His published works are to constructive Liberalism what Euclid was to geometry—its foundation." Mrs. Augusta Cooper Bristol says: "He is the most universal man I ever met." Mr. T. C. Leland said: "In Liberalism he has become known as one of its stalwart advocates. He is identified with some steps of great importance in its history in this country." In 1887 he was nominated for the office of attorney-general by the Progressive Labor party. For a number of years he was the editor of "Man," one of the ablest Liberal journals ever published in this country. Whenever or wherever there is an intelligent movement inaugurated in behalf of humanity, there Mr. Wakeman will be found giving it the benefit of his ripe scholarship and matured thought. He is an admirable platform speaker. His eloquence consists in his earnestness and honesty and his evident understanding of whatever subject he discusses. He is now contributing editor of the "Freethinkers' Magazine." He has adapted the system of Comte to American ideas, so that in his mind it becomes a fit introduction to the reforming power of Socialism. His most notable work in connection with Freethought is the fight he made with the Comstock postal laws, which, with unanswerable ability, he denounced as tyrannical, unconstitutional, unnecessary, immoral, impolitic, and useless. It required a great deal of grit and courage to oppose laws apparently intended to suppress obscenity, but Mr. Wakeman, feeling that no true modesty could exist in the throttling of liberty, manfully stood by his post.

E. C. WALKER.

Edwin C. Walker was born in Lancaster, Erie county, N. Y., December 9, 1849. He is of New England ancestry. His mother was a Vermont Whitney and his father one of the Walkers of Maine. His parents moved to Iowa when he was six years old. He was brought up on a farm, and spent his life, until he was twenty-six years old, in agriculture and teaching. He has devoted the succeeding years to Freethought and reform. In his early life he was an active Universalist, but later became a radical of the radicals. He spent six or seven years in the Liberal lecture and canvassing field, and was a frequent contributor to "The Truth Seeker" and other progressive papers. He took great interest in the aggressive work of the National Liberal League, and was an able co-worker with Leland and Wakeman. He always held that the great danger threatening liberty in America was the machinations of the Protestant organizations; that the Catholics are dangerous only as the Protestants prepare the way for them. He was, for some years, co-editor with Harman of the "Kansas Liberal" and "Lucifer." Later on he and Lillian Harman issued "Fair Play" at Valley Falls, Kansas, and Sioux City, Iowa. He was an editorial contributor to "Liberty," and a literary worker on the "Weekly Review," Boston. He is now with "The Truth Seeker." He has published "Bible Temperance," and other pamphlets, and is an argumentative and incisive writer.

L. K. WASHBURN.

L. K. Washburn was born in the town of Wareham, Mass., on the 25th of March, 1846. He was the third in a family of seven boys and one girl. When eleven years of age his father bought a farm in Barre, Mass., whither he moved his family in 1857. For eight years young Washburn worked on the farm and attended school when

he could. At seventeen he entered the high school, where he spent two years. In 1865 his father sold the farm and moved back to Wareham. One year at Pierce Academy, Middleboro, Mass., followed for the boy, who was not cut out for a farmer. In 1867 Washburn entered a law office, intending to adopt the law for a profession, but circumstances prevented the fruition of this plan, and he eventually entered the Boston School for Ministers, where he was expected to be fitted for the Unitarian ministry. A few months in a theological school was sufficient to convince him that he could never be a Christian minister, and he left before the first term closed. What to do now was the question that confronted the young man, who would not be a lawyer and who could not be a Christian minister. After lecturing for several months he was invited to supply the pulpit of the Unitarian church at Hubbardston, Mass., for the summer. This was done to the satisfaction of the parish. The November following he began preaching in a hall in Ipswich, where in the following February he was ordained a minister without joining any church or denomination. From 1870 to 1880 Mr. Washburn preached in Ipswich, Nantucket, Minneapolis, Minn., and Revere, where his ministry terminated. Five years of book-keeping followed in Lynn, when he entered the field as a Freethought lecturer. In 1886 he commenced speaking in Paine Hall, Boston, where he has delivered nearly one hundred lectures. On the death of Horace Seaver in August, 1889, Mr. Washburn was invited to succeed him as editor of the "Investigator." His work since that time is well known to the Freethinkers of the United States. Mr. Washburn is one of the foremost writers and orators in America to-day. He has the touch of genius—the brilliancy of the "divine spark." His lectures are finished discourses, weighty with argument and sparkling with epigram. He is a noble successor to Horace Seaver, and there is no other man who could so

fill that important position. He has the plainness and directness of Seaver himself, his thorough-going radical principles and bed-rock common sense, with an infusion of modern spirit and culture; the wide intellectual sympathies and much of the impassioned rhetoric of Ingersoll, the admirable clearness and elegance of Frothingham, which make him a representative exponent of Freethought and a leading and powerful influence in its development. Paine Hall and the Boston "Investigator" could not do without this gifted Freethinker.

OTTO WETTSTEIN.

Otto Wettstein was born in Barmen, Rhenish, Prussia, in 1838, his father, Theodore Wettstein, being then a dry-goods merchant there. In 1848, with the view of availing himself of the innumerable advantages offered by the New World, the father disposed of his business and, taking his all, settled in Milwaukee, Wis. At the age of twelve years Otto Wettstein was sent to Chicago to learn the jeweler's trade, with a friend of his father's; here he remained three years, when he returned to Milwaukee and served an additional three years, making six years in all that he served as an apprentice, and mastering at the early age of eighteen all the intricacies of this profession. After three years in Milwaukee, Mr. Wettstein was proffered a position as journeyman at the Chicago establishment where he first served as an apprentice. A year later he came to Rochelle. At this time Mr. Wettstein's savings amounted to a fair-sized library, a full outfit of the best jewelry tools, and four dollars in hard cash. On such small capital was this widely renowned house established thirty-six years ago. Mr. Wettstein took advantage of all his spare hours for investigation. The works of Theodore Parker, and such logical writers, were read with interest, and led him to a field of thought that broadened his views and took him out of the Lutheran church in whose



tenets he had been educated, and to plant his patriotism and religion on the following platform: "The world is my country, to do good my religion." These views he advocates with such sincerity and tolerance as to maintain the respect and esteem of even those who look upon such teachings as sacrilege. He is a prolific writer and handles his subjects in such a lucid style and original way as to make his articles very attractive, and has in consequence made thousands of friends in all parts of the world. In commercial and financial circles Mr. Wettstein has ever maintained an excellent reputation for honorable, liberal, and straightforward dealing, and he is highly esteemed both as a successful merchant and as a Liberal, intelligent, public-spirited citizen.

HERMAN WETTSTEIN.

Herman Wettstein was born February 14, 1840, in Barmen, Elberfeld, "the Pittsburg of Germany." In 1848 his parents migrated to America. The third of a family of five boys and one girl, his father "bound" Herman, with his brother Otto, to learn the jeweler's trade, which all of his brothers, excepting the oldest, Theodore, subsequently acquired. In 1860 he was engaged by S. C. Spaulding, the leading jeweler of Janesville, Wis., with whom he stayed for two years. In 1862 he commenced business for himself in Albany, Wis., but this town affording no facilities for an increase of business he returned to Janesville, where he remained for eight years. He subsequently removed to Harvard, Ill., where he carried on a successful business for fifteen years; then to Marengo and Byron, Ill. Mr. Wettstein was married in 1868 to Miss Harriet P. Collier, of Evansville, Wis., by whom he has one child, Pauline L. Wettstein. In 1886 he was married to Mrs. Clara A. Kennedy, of Mound City, Ill.

SUSAN H. WIXON.

In the quiet town of Dennis, Mass., amid the dunes and breezy pines of old Cape Cod, the eyes of Susan Helen Wixon first opened to the light of day. She comes of Welsh stock. Robert Wixon, of whom she is a lineal descendant, came to this country from Wales in 1621 in the ship *Fortune*, and was one of the original settlers of Eastham, Mass., in 1644. As showing the force and persistency of heredity, the type of features, and certain marked traits of the independent Welsh people, are so plainly discernible in Miss Wixon as to elicit comment from those conversant with the land of the Cymri. Her father, Capt. James Wixon, was a man of broad views and keen perception. His early acquaintance with the sea and commercial dealings with people of all nationalities and religious views, led him to believe in the brotherhood of the human race, and that religion was simply a matter of climate and education. Her mother, Bethia Smith Wixon, was of more than ordinary intelligence, a clear reasoner, and remarkably conscientious. From her parents the subject of this sketch has inherited the qualities of mind and nature that have made her name well and favorably known, not only in America, but beyond the seas as well. Miss Wixon was born a Liberal. As a child she was thoughtful and meditative, finding her greatest pleasure in communion with nature. When missed from her home for hours, she would finally be discovered lying full length under the swaying branches of some old pine tree, listening with rapt attention to the sighing melodies overhead, or watching with eager interest the solemn splendor of the sea, as the moaning billows dashed their foaming offerings upon the glistening bosom of the sandy beach below. Her first introduction to an orthodox Sunday-school struck the key-note to her subsequent career in the Liberal field. Her little heart was

filled with indignation at the popular scheme of redemption, and although unable to speak distinctly, for she was little more than a baby, she disputed the tenets of the church with her teacher, electrifying that good lady, and her classmates, by emphatically declaring that anybody who would make a lake of fire and brimstone in which to burn up his children ought to be the first one to be burned in it. Miss Wixon was educated in the public schools, and always stood at the head of her classes. In her thirteenth year she was teaching school, passing a successful examination, and distancing all competitors. Following this she was placed in a seminary of learning for a year, after which she taught school several years in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The removal of her family to Fall River, Mass., brought Miss Wixon into more active contact with the great world. She attended the Universalist church with her parents, but after a study of religious subjects she discovered that there was no church in existence whose platform is broad enough for her to stand upon. She found her place and her work in the Liberal ranks. In taking her stand as a Radical, she well knew that she must face the coldness, unfriendliness, and bigotry of the ignorant and unthinking devotees of ecclesiasticism. But never for one moment has she hesitated in avowing her candid opinions in regard to the myths and mistakes of theology. Among her first public efforts was her opposition to the using of corporation funds for sectarian purposes. She attended the annual meeting of stockholders of a certain corporation and made such an argument against the movement that the vote was carried against the unjust demand. A local paper, in adverting to the subject, said: "We honor the heroism of the young lady, a stockholder, who had the devotion to principle and the moral courage to attend a meeting of stockholders where she was the only woman present, and, with thrilling eloquence, to advocate the rights of those

who were thus attempted to be despoiled of their own, by the combined action of corporate sectarian influence, and whose strong logic, forcible appeal, cutting and convincing arguments, roused a majority to side with right and justice. When Roger Williams, the apostle of religious liberty, fled from Massachusetts to Rhode Island, he declared for 'soul liberty.' Let credit be given to Susan H. Wixon for the same noble sentiment." The affair created much excitement, and at once placed Miss Wixon with the reformers of the world. Miss Wixon is an easy and attractive platform speaker. She was the first lady who lectured in Paine Hall, Boston, and the first to give a radical discourse in the city where she resides. She is an earnest friend of reform in all its phases, speaking and writing upon educational and moral topics, temperance, rights of labor, and scientific improvement of the race. All she says and does is in defense of truth and justice, and against all forms of tyranny and intolerance. She is a friend of the poor and lowly, and the unfortunate find in her a ready sympathizer. It is to her many of the working fraternity go with their troubles and grievances, and she is known in her city as the "working people's friend." It was she who appealed to the governor of Massachusetts (Russell) to appoint women in that state as factory inspectors, and through her influence the measure was adopted. When a child her father said to her: "Were you a boy I would send you to college." From that time on she has been an enthusiastic advocate of woman suffrage, helping woman in every way possible, believing thoroughly that the rights and privileges of one human being are those of every other, without reference to sex, nationality, or complexion. In 1890 Miss Wixon represented her state at the convention in Washington, D. C., of the Woman's National Liberal Union, and was one of the speakers upon that occasion. In 1892 she went abroad, visiting England, Scotland, France, and Belgium,

collecting statistics of woman's work and wages, which were embodied in a lecture on her return to America. She also presented her views upon free trade in foreign countries, which elicited much and varied comment. Notwithstanding her skeptical and unpopular views on religious subjects, she has been for years, and is still, an honored member of the school board in Fall River, always on the occasions of re-election winning votes from each of the two leading political factions. She is the founder and president of the Women's Educational and Industrial Society in the above-named city, and until recently was president of the Humboldt Scientific Society. She is a member of the Woman's Relief Corps and an active worker of the Associated Charities, a member of the Moral Educational Society of Boston, and of various other reformatory movements; but her special work is against religious superstition, as she sees clearly that it is the great obstacle in the way of human advancement. In this line she has accomplished much, especially with her own sex. Since able to handle a pen, she has used it to advantage of others, if not for herself. She cares little for fame or popularity, her one object being to destroy the harmful and help the good. She writes easily, in verse as well as prose, and is a frequent contributor to the Liberal press. Her services have also been used in reporting for the local press, and at one time she was on the reportorial staff of the Boston "Sunday Record." She is the author of "All In a Lifetime," a novel bearing upon social wrongs; "Apples of Gold," a book of short stories; "The Story Hour," the only illustrated Free-thinkers' children's story-book in the world, an exceptionally handsome and interesting work; "Summer Days at Onset;" "Sunday Observance; or, How to Spend Sunday;" "Woman: Four Centuries of Progress," and "Right Living." Miss Wixon is represented in Bennett's "World's Sages, Thinkers, and Reformers," in Hethering

Shaw's "Poets of America," issued in 1890. She is quoted also in "Poetical Quotations," by the same author, and is given a biographical sketch in "A Woman of the Century," a book containing the histories of leading American women, published by C. W. Moulton, of Buffalo, N. Y. For the last ten years Miss Wixon has had the editorial management of the children's department of "The Truth Seeker," New York. Naturally affectionate and warm-hearted, children readily attach themselves to her by the intuitive law of attraction and adhesion. The Children's Corner is a popular place with old and young, and in it is accomplished effective work, not only in the present, but for the future.

ELIZUR WRIGHT.

Elizur Wright was born in South Canaan, Conn., Feb. 12, 1804. He graduated at Yale College, 1826. He warmly advocated the principles of the abolitionists. He was secretary of the American Antislavery Society, and edited the "Abolitionist" and "Commonwealth." He was an uncompromising Freethinker. He was president of the National Liberal League. He never faltered. See history of the National Defense Association of which he was president. He died at Boston, Dec. 21, 1885. Robert G. Ingersoll gave the funeral oration. He said: "Another hero has fallen asleep, one who has enriched the world with an honest life. Elizur Wright was one of the Titans who attacked the monsters, the gods of his time, one of the few whose confidence in liberty was never shaken, and who, with undimmed eyes, saw the atrocities and barbarisms of his day, and the glories of the future. When New York was degraded enough to mob Arthur Tappan, the noblest of her citizens; when Boston was sufficiently infamous to howl and hoot at Harriet Martineau, the grandest Englishwoman that ever touched our soil; when the North was dominated by theology and trade, by piety



and piracy ; when we received our morals from merchants, and made merchandise of our morals, Elizur Wright held principle above profit, and preserved his manhood at the peril of his life. Elizur Wright said to himself, Why should we take the chains from bodies and enslave minds — why fight to free the cage and leave the bird a prisoner ? He became an enemy of the orthodox religion, that is to say, a friend of intellectual liberty. He contended that a good God would not have upheld slavery and polygamy ; that a loving father would not assist some of his children to enslave or exterminate their brethren ; that an infinite being would not be unjust, irritable, jealous, revengeful, ignorant and cruel. Elizur Wright scattered with generous hand, the priceless seeds, and we shall reap the golden grain. His words and acts are ours, and all he nobly did is living still.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

ENGLISH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ANNIE BESANT, *nee* Wood, was born at London, Oct. 1, 1847. She was educated in Evangelicalism by Miss Marryat, sister of the novelist, but turned to the High church by reading Pusey and others. In December, 1867, she married Rev. F. Besant. In 1874 she joined the National Secular Society, after separation from her husband on account of Freethought. She took the platform, and became joint editor of the "National Reformer." In 1877 she was arrested, with Mr. Bradlaugh, for publishing "Fruits of Philosophy." The indictment was quashed in 1878, and was not renewed. In May, 1878, a petition in chancery was presented to deprive Mrs. Besant of her child on the ground of her Atheistic and Malthusian views. The petition was granted. In 1880 Mrs. Besant matriculated at London University, and took first degree B.Sc. with honors in 1882. She has since become Socialist and Theosophist. See Part I, page 490, and Freethought in England, page 610.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH was born in East London, Sept. 22, 1833. See First Part, page 427, and Freethought in England, page 599.

ALICE BRADLAUGH, his elder daughter, born April 30, 1856, has written on "Mind Considered as a Bodily Function." She died Dec. 2, 1888.

HYPATIA BRADLAUGH-BONNER, his second daughter, born

March 31, 1858, has written "Princess Vera" and other stories.

RICHARD CARLILE was born at Ashburton, Devon, Dec. 8, 1790. In 1818 he published Paine's theological works. For this he was sentenced to fifteen hundred pounds' fine and three years' imprisonment. He was kept in prison until 1835, and was then released unconditionally. He died, Feb. 10, 1848. See Freethought in England, page 598.

ROBERT COOPER was born Dec. 29, 1889, at Barton-on-Irwell, near Manchester. He died May 3, 1868. See Freethought in England, page 599.

DANIEL ISAAC EATON, bookseller, was born in 1752. He published Paine's "Rights of Man" and other Free-thought books and was imprisoned. In 1811 he issued Paine's "Age of Reason," and was tried before Lord Ellenborough and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment and to stand in the pillory. The sentence evoked Shelley's spirited "Letter to Lord Ellenborough." Eaton died at Doptford, Aug. 22, 1814.

GEORGE WILLIAM FOOTE was born at Plymouth, Jan. 11, 1850. In September, 1881, he started the "Free-thinker." In 1883 he was prosecuted and imprisoned for issuing a Christmas number of the "Freethinker" with an illustrated "Comic Life of Christ." See Freethought in England, page 605.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.—See Part I., page 178, and Freethought in England, page 594.

AUSTIN HOLYOAKE, born Oct. 27, 1826; died April 10, 1874. See Freethought in England, page 599.

ARTHUR B. MOSS, born May 7, 1855, contributor to the "Freethinker," "The Truth Seeker," etc. See Freethought in England, page 606

WILLIAM WINWOOD READE, English traveler and writer, nephew of Charles Reade, the novelist, and author of "Martyrdom of Man," one of the brightest and most

learned Freethought books ever written. He rejected the doctrine of a personal creator. He died April 24, 1875.

WILLIAM STEWART ROSS ("Saladin") was born March 20, 1844, at Kirkbean, Galloway. He is one of the keenest and most original writers in England. He surpasses both in prose and poetry. He is a striking personality. See Freethought in England, page 607.

GEORGE STANDRING, born Oct. 18, 1855. He is secretary of the London Secular Federation, a contributor to the "Freethinker," etc. His brother, Samuel Standring, born July 27, 1853, is also an active worker in the Freethought cause.

ROBERT TAYLOR was born Aug. 18, 1784. He joined the church in 1809, and was curate until 1818; he grew skeptical, preached a sermon on Jonah which astonished his flock, and he resigned. In 1827 he was indicted for blasphemy, tried and found guilty and sentenced to one year's imprisonment. Here he wrote his chief work, "The Diegesis." After his liberation he published "The Devil's Pulpit." He was again prosecuted and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He died at Jersey, June 5, 1844.

EDWARD TRUELOVE was born Oct. 29, 1809. In 1878, after two trials, he was sentenced to four month's imprisonment for publishing Owen's "Moral Physiology."

CHARLES WATTS was born Feb. 28, 1835. See Part I., page 180, and Freethought in Canada.

KATE EUNICE WATTS, wife of Charles Watts, is author of "The Education and Position of Woman," and "Reasons for Not Accepting Christianity." These are excellent pamphlets and rank Mrs. Watts among the leading Freethought women in England. Mrs. Watts is gifted with fine elocutionary powers, and as an amateur actress has no superior, and she is a delightful contributor to the social entertainments of Freethought. She is able also to make a fine address, if need be, on the platform. But she

does not seek for any prominent position, only she is ready to aid the cause as far as she can with her brilliant gifts. Both in the United States and Canada she has made many friends in her cordial co-operation with the work of Mr. Watts, and no doubt in England the enthusiasm of her nature makes her equally popular.

JOSEPH MAZZINI WHEELER, Atheist, he calls himself, was born at London, Jan. 24, 1850. He was converted from Christianity by reading Newman, Mill, Darwin, Spencer, etc. He contributed to the "National Reformer," "Secular Chronicle," "Liberal," "Progress," and "Freethinker," which he has sub-edited, using occasionally the signatures "Laon," "Lucianus," etc. He has published "Frauds and Follies of the Fathers," "Footsteps of the Past," and "Crimes of Christianity," written in conjunction with G. W. Foote, with whom he has also edited "Sepher Toldoth Jeshu." He is compiler of a "Biographical Dictionary of Freethinkers," to which the author of this work is much indebted, as also to Charles Watts, Gustave Nelson, and J. J. Krall for facts in European Freethought which could not be otherwise obtained. Mr. Wheeler says he is a willing drudge in the cause he loves, and hopes to empty many an inkstand in the service of Freethought, to which we on this side of the Atlantic cordially respond.

CHAPTER XXV.

FREETHINKERS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE.

VICTOR ARNAULD was born in 1838 at Maestricht, Belgium. In 1855 he entered the University of Liége, pursuing the study of law, which he practiced at Anvers and Brussels. He associated himself with the Liberal party, and entered journalism and politics. At Anvers he assisted in organizing the Freethought movement and inaugurating the system of popular conferences. Returning to Brussels, he was president of the National Freethought Federation from 1875 to 1878 and from 1887 to 1888, and as such he organized and presided over numerous conferences of Freethinkers. In 1889 he was elected delegate to the Freethought congress at Naples. Died, Jan. 17, 1894.

AUGUST BOURCERET, born in Paris, is one of the most active of French Freethinkers, dividing his time between scientific pursuits and the propagation of Freethought; is a member of the Freethought Federation of France, and a constant attendant at its meetings; publisher, president of the Freethought Society of the seventh ward of Paris, professor at the school of sociology, member of the International Freethought Federation, of the Universal Peace Federation, and of the Comité d'Etudes Morales, delegate to the International Freethought Congress at Madrid, October, 1892.

J. G. TEN BOKKEL, Amsterdam, born Dec. 14, 1856, is one of the editors of "De Dageraad," and a regular con-



tributor to several democratic newspapers. He serves the government as officer of the ground-tax, and has called down the enmity of the orthodox upon himself by his famous work, "Dominee, Pastoor of Rabbi," which has in the small kingdom of Holland reached the enormous sale of fifty thousand copies.

EDWARD BRANDES, M. D., of Copenhagen, a brother of George Brandes, the eminent Danish Freethinker, is an outspoken Materialist. He first attracted public attention when, upon his election to the Danish Folkething (House of representatives), he refused to take the customary oath. The government endeavored to unseat him, but his party, the democrats, rallied to his support, and he was finally allowed to affirm, thus establishing a precedent for future cases of a similar kind. Since then he has devoted his life to politics and journalism. As editor of a Copenhagen daily paper, he gives free opening to well-written Freethought articles of the scientific and philosophical kind, a practice which has on more than one occasion caused his pocketbook to become lighter and himself to get acquainted with the inside of a prison.

GEORGE BRANDES, PH. D., LL. D., is the representative of Freethought in Denmark. Of Jewish extraction, he was born at Copenhagen, Feb. 4, 1842. In 1859 he entered the University of Copenhagen, and in 1862 received the university's great gold medal for a prize essay. In 1867 he published his first work, "The Dualism in Our Latest Philosophy," which aroused the ire of the Danish clergy. As private tutor at the university he delivered public lectures at that institution. Owing to the machinations of the church and government he was obliged to leave Denmark, going to Germany, where he filled the chair of esthetics at the University of Berlin. In 1882 he returned to Denmark, his fellow-countrymen having guaranteed him four thousand crowns a year for a term of ten years. Dr. Brandes is the author of numerous works,

which have been translated into all European languages. He is an outspoken Atheist, and member of the International Freethought Federation.

THEOPHILO BROGA, professor in the University of Lisbon, Portugal, was born in 1843. His name is a household word in Portugal, and that in spite of his decided Freethought opinions. Eminent as poet, philosopher, and historian, he has acquired a world-wide reputation. To him is due the introduction of modern (evolution) philosophy in his native country. In politics Professor Broga is a republican. Among his best known works are his philosophic and historical essays, his great poem, "Visao dos Tempos," and the epoch-making work, "As Modernas Ideias da Litterature Portuguesa." He is a member of the International Freethought Federation, the International Federation of Peace and of Liberty, and of numerous scientific and literary societies.

ODON DE BUEN, professor at the University of Barcelona, Spain, equally eminent as scientist, traveler, orator, and republican, is one of the foremost and most active Freethinkers of the present age. Besides attending to his duties at the university, he takes a prominent part in republican politics, gives public lectures on Freethought and social science, presides at meetings, is editor of "La Republica" and "El Radical," Barcelona, and finds time to contribute an article of at least two thousand words to "Las Dominicales del Libre Pensamiento" every week. He figured conspicuously at the International Freethought Congress at Madrid, 1892, and was delegate for Spain at the International Freethought Congress held at Paris, 1889. As stated above, Prof. Odon de Buen is an enthusiastic republican, and as such he favors likewise the establishment of a Spanish-Portuguese Federation, and is a firm supporter of the peace movement, and violently opposed to war between nations.

RAMON CHIES, editor of "Las Dominicales del Libre

Pensamiento " (Madrid), the representative Spanish Free-thought paper, and municipal councillor, was born in 1845. From the time of his youth he identified himself with the Free-thought and democracy of his native land, and he has since promoted every movement of importance of these two forces. As a writer and speaker he possessed extraordinary powers. When the police had forcibly closed the International Free-thought Congress at Madrid in 1892, he alluded to this incident at the republican convention, calling attention to this outrage of international hospitality, and predicted the fall of a monarchy which, instead of being the servant of the people, was but the henchman of the church. At his death, October 15, 1893, a cloud of sorrow fell not alone upon every Spanish patriot, but upon every lover of liberty. The entire Spanish press, with the exception of the Catholic church journals, rendered its homage to the talent, the integrity and faithfulness of Ramon Chies. The poor of Madrid in him found a friend and advocate, while the corrupt church deemed him its greatest enemy. During the last six years he advocated, and finally brought about, a union of the different republican groups and schools, and advocated a union of Spain and Portugal. A friend of peace, he talked and wrote against the "armed" peace which shields but a cruel war. Together with Fernando Lozano he founded and edited "**Las Dominicales del Libre Pensamiento.**" To estimate the value of his services rendered to liberty is impossible; future generations only can do him justice. The funeral of Ramon Chies was most impressive. The hearse was followed by three hundred carriages and ten thousand persons. The municipal council attended in a body, and all the chief representatives in arts, letters, politics, and law were seen in the cortege. Letters and telegrams of condolence by the thousands, from all over the civilized world, have been sent to his family. A monument to his memory is to be

erected upon a site granted by the city of Madrid, which at first intended to make his funeral a public one at the expense of the city. This however was not done, as his friends deemed it not proper to use public money for private purposes, but in place of it the municipal council decided to grant a site for a monument and to name a street in his honor.

JOHANNES CSERSKI, who died at Schneidemuhl, Prussia, January, 1894, began his career as a Catholic priest at Schneidemuhl; but in 1844, he, like several others, left the church and established Free Religious communities. The early part of his career as Free Religious speaker was a stormy one; several times he was in actual danger of his life. On July 29, 1845, an armed mob of peasants, directed by fanatical priests, made an attack upon him, and the hussars had to be called in to subdue the demonstration and escort Cserski into Posen. Later he traveled from city to city, lecturing and speaking. For many years he lived in poverty at Schneidemuhl, a wreck of his former self. His service for Freethought extended over a period of fifty years.

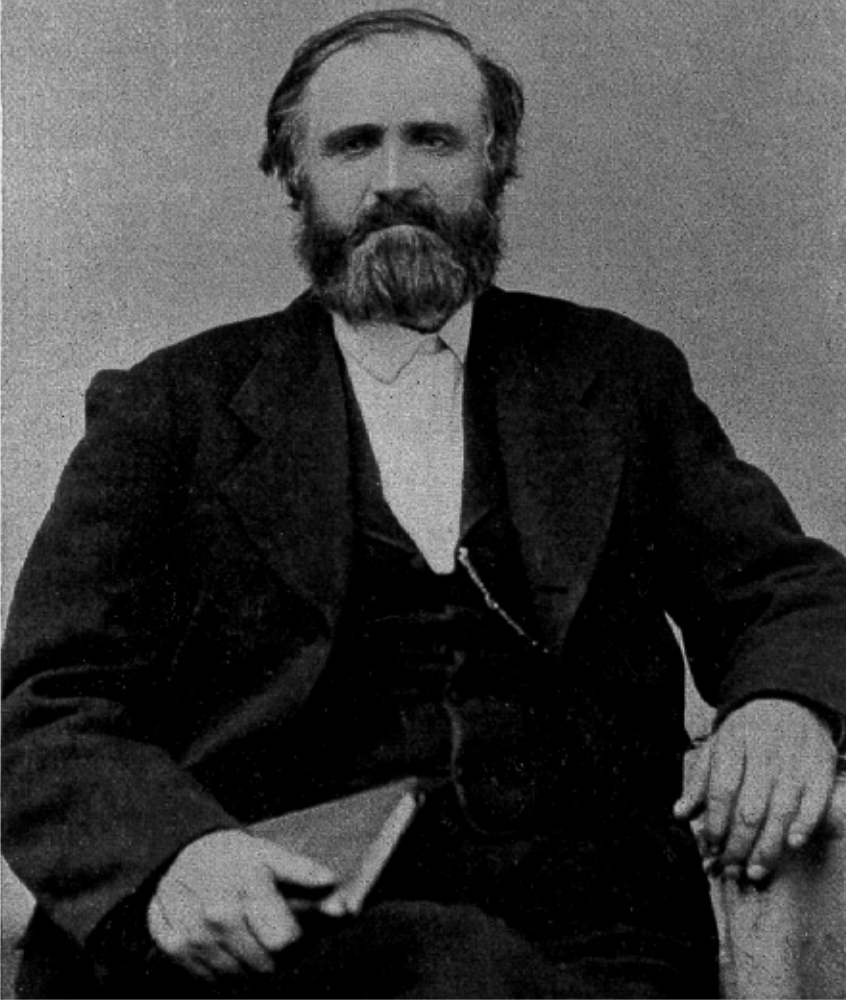
EDWARD DOUWES DEKKER ("Multatuli").—In the year 1860 the calm and phlegmatic Hollander sustained a shock which nearly caused him to drop his traditional pipe, and which created as great a local stir as did the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the United States. The cause of his emotion was the appearance of a book, "Max Havelaar of De Kaffieveilengen der Nederlandsche Handelsmoatschappig," by an author then unknown in Dutch literary circles. It was a condemnation of the attitude of the government toward the natives in Dutch-India, and, as an old governor-general stated, "it caused a trembling of the whole country." Dekker, its author, went to India as a public officer, and was located at a station where the abuses flourished. Being transferred for remonstrating, he asked for his dismissal from the service,

and returned to Holland. At home everybody believed him, but as a cessation of the outrages would involve a diminution of revenue, these good Christians could not think of righting the wrong, and even so late as 1893 a Hollander was indicted for not only scourging natives to death, but burying his victims alive in ant-hills. Such is Dutch Christianity. Dekker was a born orator and author, his most important works being "Indrukken van den Dag" (Impressions of the Day); "Minnebrieven" (Love Letters); "De Bruid Daarbove" (The Bride Above); and "Vorstenschool" (The School of Princes). No Dutch author ever enjoyed such popularity. He directed his pen against religion, especially against the "harmonizers" of religion and science, attacking their unscientific juggling and insisting upon the truth. Translations of his "Ideas" have appeared in the Milwaukee "Freidenker," while in the "Nouvelle Revue" (1888) appeared some of his legends which the translator, D'Estrey, tried to pass as his own, but was detected and had to acknowledge his theft. Dekker's devotion to truth ruined him financially, and when he at last died in poverty in 1887, at sixty-seven, one might truthfully say that the religious Holland had premeditated the murder of one of her noblest sons. The influence and power of his works are increasing every year.

DR. CESAR DE PAEPE, one of the most illustrious Free-thinkers of Belgium, was born at Ostende, July 12, 1842. When a youth he studied law, while supporting himself by his trade as printer. Later he applied himself to natural science and medicine, taking the degree of M.D. at the University of Brussels. Early in life he made several contributions to the literature of science and Free-thought. As a physician he confined his practice almost exclusively to the poor people without compensation. He was an active Freethinker, and for several years was elected delegate to the International Freethought Con-

gress. He died at Cannes, Dec. 19, 1890, and his funeral was made the occasion of a great public demonstration, in which university professors, lawyers, doctors, municipal officers, Freethought societies, Freemason lodges, labor unions, etc., participated. Over two hundred wreaths were sent from Freethought societies in Paris, Madrid, Rome, Berlin, Lyons, Amsterdam, Marseilles, and carried in the procession to the crematory. Dr. de Paepe was vice-president of the Belgian Freethought Federation. On Dec. 25, 1892, a monument in his honor was unveiled at Brussels in the presence of delegates from all Belgian Freethought societies, a delegation from the Freethought Federation and others, besides a concourse of more than two thousand people.

JULES DES ESSARTS is a typical Belgian Freethinker. Born January 22, 1849, at Charleroi, Belgium, he received a common school education, and, like so many prominent Freethinkers of the past and present, became a printer. In order to devote himself to the mental and political enfranchisement of his countrymen, in 1879 he became editor of the "Journal de Charleroi," and at once made himself known by his vigorous attacks on kingdom and church. The career of Des Essarts is closely identified with that of the *Fédération Rationaliste de Charleroi*, of which he has been president since its formation at Lodelinsart during the year 1875, and which, under his direction, has enjoyed a steady progress, having at last report about fifty branches. At the congress held June 3, 1888, Mr. des Essarts proposed the erection of a "Temple of Science," with the result that in June, 1893, the city of Charleroi was the seat of one of the grandest Freethought demonstrations ever held in Belgium. One hundred and twenty-eight Freethought societies, with banners, were represented, seventeen Freethought bands of music took part in a grand parade which had for its object to transform the building of *Cercle Catholique* into a Temple of



Science, a Popular University, a House for the People. Great was the rage of the Catholic clergy in the province, but greater still the joy of Freethinkers all over Belgium. The library has been opened and lectures are given every Thursday evening and Sunday morning, free to members of Freethought societies, of labor syndicates and unions. This undertaking of Mr. des Essarts contains an answer to the often proffered question, "What have Freethinkers done for popular education?" Mr. des Essarts has written several Freethought brochures of excellence. His countrymen have not failed to perceive the value of his services, and have several years in succession elected him to represent them at the International Freethought Congress.

CONRAD DEUBLER represents that large body of our co-irreligionists who work in silence and obscurity for the betterment of their fellow-beings. Born near Goisern, Austria, he was the son of a peasant, a peasant himself, later a miller, hotel-keeper, and finally mayor of Goisern, a small city near Ischl in Austrian Salzkammergut. Although a born peasant, and farmer by occupation, he was the personal friend of the most prominent scientific and literary men of this century. His correspondence, published by Prof. A. Dodel-Port, is of greatest interest and value, as it reflects the most important literary and scientific accounts of our time. Conrad Deubler had but a common school education, but this was supplemented by a burning thirst for knowledge, and while a mere youth he perused with avidity all the books he could buy or borrow. While a boy he believed everything, as a youth he doubted, as a man he became a Freethinker and Materialist. Says Haeckel in a letter to him: "If Diogenes, when he went around with his lantern, could have seen you, he would have blown it out." In 1850 he was put under police surveillance, and in 1853 he was arrested, charged with high treason and blasphemy. The trial

lasted fourteen months. His high treason consisted in republicanism; his blasphemy was founded on a letter written to a minister, in lending other people works on Freethought, and in burning the midnight oil, instead of sleeping his life away like a good Christian! The sentence pronounced was two years' imprisonment at hard labor at Brunn. After his liberation he was elected mayor, which office he resigned. As a member of the school committee he established a "secular" school and a town library in which secular and democratic journals should be kept. In his will he bequeathed the interest of three thousand gulden for the support of poor children in the school erected by him. He died as he lived—a Freethinker.

HENRIK IBSEN, the eminent Norwegian dramatist, born at Skien, March 20, 1828, is an honorary member of the International Freethought Federation.

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON, born at Quickne, Norway, May, 1832, is an out-and-out Freethinker, who never lets a chance go by to attack superstition. A member of the Universal Peace Union, and the International Freethought Federation, he has always been a stanch defender of Viktor E. Lennstrand, and his eloquence and sharp pen have on several occasions been employed in defending the latter in public or to attack his enemies. He is an accomplished scholar and philosopher, and has given public lectures not alone in Norway and Sweden, but also in Denmark, where he in June, 1892, spoke at an open-air meeting to fifteen thousand people.

DR. FRANZ WILHELM JUNGHUHN was born at Mansfield, Prussia, Oct. 29, 1812. He studied at the universities of Halle and Berlin, and became a physician in the German army. In consequence of a duel he was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment at Ehrenbretstein, but escaped after twenty months' confinement and went to Algiers. Afterwards, pardoned by the king of Prussia, he went to

Holland. After researches in Java he returned to Holland, where he by his work, "Lichten Schadubulden nit de Binnenlanden van Java" (Light and Shadow Pictures from the Interior of Java), did much for the development of Freethought by opening the eyes of many to the folly of religious dogmas. He founded "De Dageraad," the organ of the Dutch Freethinkers' Union. He died, April 24, 1864, at Lemberg in the Preanger Regnitschappe.

FERNANDO LOZANO, with the late Ramon Chies, founded the principal Spanish Freethought paper, "Las Dominicales" (Madrid, Spain), of which he now, since the death of the latter, is sole editor and proprietor. Equally prominent as Freethinker and republican, he has done much to advance the cause of liberty. To him and Ramon Chies, the Spanish Castor and Pollux, is due the success of the International Freethought Congress at Madrid in 1892, as well as the present excellent organization of the Freethinkers of Spain. He is a friend of universal peace and a promoter and defender of the "Iberic Union."

D. FRANCISCO PI Y MARGALL, is a prominent Spanish Freethinker and republican. During the republic he was minister of justice, and then had a very close escape from an assassin's bullet. Although advanced in years (he was born in 1824) he keeps up in literature and politics. As a Freethinker and philosopher he is naturally a friend of peace. His expression, published in 1882, has become classic: "We will increase the greatness of our country by work and not by war."

CONSTANTIN MILLE was born at Tassi, Rumania, on Dec. 21, 1861. Together with Dr. Russel and Jean Nadejde, Mr. Mille began a socialistic and Freethought agitation among the workingmen and the students of the university of that city. The government, considering such an agitation criminal, expelled Dr. Russel from Rumania and closed the doors of the university to Mille. While engaged in this agitation Mille and Nadejde published the

journal "Contemporanul" (Contemporary), a review of literary and scientific Materialism. This magazine has produced untold good by spreading the light of freedom among the young generation and the people at large. "The Daughters of the Pope," an anti-Catholic work, and "The Kings," in which he attacks monarchy, are from his pen. He is a member of the International Freethought Federation.

JACOB MOLESCHOTT, Freethinker, scientist, author, senator of Italy, cosmopolitan in the true sense of this word, was born Aug. 9, 1832, at Herzogenbosch, Holland. He held a professor's chair at Hiedelburg, but owing to the progressive character of his teachings he was compelled to resign. Since then he has occupied chairs at the Universities of Zurich and Turin, and at the Academy of Rome, and has been since 1878 senator of Italy. He was honorary member of the Freethought Federation of Holland, of various Italian Freethought societies, and active member of the International Freethought Federation. His popular expositions of science, the courage of his convictions, and his never-abated opposition to the false teachings of the Christian church, have placed him in the foremost rank of Freethinkers of this century. He died at Rome May 20, 1892.

ANTON NYSTROM, PH.D. (born Feb. 15, 1842), is one of the most prominent Swedish Freethinkers. He has, on several occasions, tried conclusions with the clergy, who do not admire him, especially since the publication of his great historical work, "General History of Civilization," in six volumes. Dr. Nystrom is a member of the Freethought Federation of Sweden, and is regarded as the most eminent historian of the present generation.

ALBERT REGNARD, one of the foremost active French Freethinkers, was born at Nièvre, March 20, 1836. He studied medicine at the University of Paris. In 1865 he published his "Historical Essays and Scientific Criti-

cisms," in which he advocated radical Freethought and Materialism. The priest-ridden government of Napoleon III. could not tolerate this, and after taking a prominent part in the International Freethought Congress at Liège in November, 1865, Regnard was expelled from the university and the Paris hospitals. After the fall of the empire he held the position of secretary to the prefect of police, but the establishment of the republic obliged him to flee from France, and for ten years he remained in London. When the amnesty was issued he returned to Paris. To him is due the translation into French of Prof. L. Büchner's "Force and Matter." He is a member of the Comité d' Etudes Morales," active and honorary member of the French Freethought Federation and the International Freethought Federation.

JOSEPH ERNEST RENAN, philosopher, poet, historian, and Freethinker of international reputation, was born at Tréguier, Cotes-du-Nord, Brittany, France, on Feb. 27, 1823, and died at Paris, Oct. 2, 1892. His primary education was imparted to him by the priests in the old minister of Tréguier, and consisted mainly of Latin and the lives of the saints. When the priests could teach him no more, Renan, who by his parents were destined for the priesthood, was sent to the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris. Previous to consecration he abandoned the church forever. In 1860 he went on a mission to Syria and Palestine, which led him to investigate the origin of Christianity. On his return he was appointed professor of oriental languages in the College of France, but the violent manifestations of the Catholic students caused him to discontinue his professional work. In 1863 he published his famous "Life of Christ," which aroused the active hostility of the Catholic church, and caused his deposition from the professorship in Hebrew. Upon the fall of the empire, Renan again became professor of oriental languages in the College of France, and was on

June 13, 1878, elected member of the French Academy. In 1880 he delivered in London a series of lectures on "The Influence of the Institutions, Thought, and Culture of Rome on Christianity and the Development of the Catholic Church," and at the Royal Institution a lecture on "Marcus Aurelius." In the same year he received the cross of the Legion of Honor. In 1886 he published the first part of "The Origin of the Bible," a work in seven volumes. In 1888 he was made grand officer of the Legion of Honor. Renan is in all his anti-Christian writings open to the charge of inaccuracy. He is too much of a poet. Renan's "Life of Christ" is but a historical romance; in reading it and several other works of his, the reader is never sure of his (Renan's) opinion; on one page he is a Deist, on another a skeptic, on another, again, a Freethinker. As a man Renan is a Deist; as a historian, a skeptic; and as a philosopher, a Freethinker. On Oct. 7, 1892, he was buried from the College de France, with Secular ceremonies. Members of the International Freethought Federation, in congress at Madrid, sent a telegram of condolence to his widow.

D. NICHOLAS SALMERON.—Every Spaniard knows D. Nicholas Salmeron, the ex-president of the Spanish republic, who chose to resign rather than sign a death warrant. When in exile in Portugal, Salmeron, through the machinations of the Spanish minister, Canovas, was ordered to leave that country within twenty-four hours, he succeeded in reaching Paris, although burdened with a large family and without funds. While at Paris he was taken dangerously ill and the doctors informed him they despaired of saving his life; on hearing this he exclaimed: "Die without having done any good for my country?" Salmeron has as his friends the university students of Spain; his comrades, the university professors, love him and follow him; he counts among his friends the most eminent professors, the great provincial lawyers, the



merchants and capitalists. His party grows stronger every day, because he in himself is guarantee of good government. He represents in Spain a liberal policy, positive, humanitarian, a policy of tolerance. He disapproves of insurrection, but welcomes revolution the very day he is sure that public opinion is ready to receive it. He is a member of the Spanish Freethought Federation, and took an active part in the International Freethought Congress at Madrid in 1892.

JOHANNES VAN VLOTEN (1818-1883) was one of the foremost litterateurs of Holland, and a Freethinker. Deposed by the orthodox from his position in a public institution of learning for having criticised the attempts of the modern school of theology to reconcile religion with science, he devoted himself to literature, and most unmercifully did he apply the lash of reason to the backs of his former brethren in the pulpit, especially in his paper, "De Levensbode," while he rendered great service to Freethought through his "Life of Spinoza," and by his new edition of the works of Spinoza, issued in co-operation with Professor Land.

DR. TITUS VOELKEL was born Dec. 14, 1843, at Wirsitz, Prussian Poland. His father, a physician, was a Deist; his mother, a Rationalist. As a teacher he was sincerely hated for his Freethought opinions. In 1880 he became a Freethought lecturer; in 1889 he gave 187 Freethought lectures, 250 lessons in ethics, and traveled about 2,000 miles. During 1887 and 1888 he was indicted five times for blasphemy, but in each instance was found not guilty. In 1891, after a farcical trial, he was convicted of blasphemy and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He evaded the penalty by voluntary exile to Switzerland, but failing to provide for his family in that country, he returned to Germany, where he is now paying the penalty deferred by his absence abroad. For some years previous to his exile he was proprietor and

editor of the "Freireligiöses Sonntags Blatt," one of the most readable German Freethought papers. When he has served his sentence he will return to his vocation as Freethought writer and lecturer.

MRS. ANNA BUGGE-WICKSELL was born Nov. 17, 1862. For the years 1888-89 she was speaker of the Norwegian Society for the Emancipation of Women. In 1888 she attended the International Peace Congress in Switzerland, whence she left for France, where she met and married, during the summer of 1889, her present husband, Dr. Knut Wicksell, without the assistance of either priest, minister, or judge. Since then she has lived in Stockholm, and has there, as well as in Upsala, given lectures and taken part in discussions relative to the betterment of the position of woman in Sweden and Norway. During the retirement of Capt. Otto Thomson from the business management of "Fritänkaren" she filled the place left vacant by him until June, 1893.

KNUT WICKSELL, Ph.D., was born Dec. 25, 1851, on Söndermalm, in Stockholm. In 1869 he matriculated at Upsala University. In 1880 he in public defended the Malthusian theories. In 1885 he passed the examination for the degree of Ph.D. before the faculty of natural sciences at Upsala. A traveling stipend was given to him and he spent the time until the summer following in England. During the winter of 1886-87 he lectured in Stockholm on various social questions. The three years following he spent in England, Germany, Austria, and France. Dr. Wicksell became a Freethinker during the early days of his student life at Upsala, and joined the Freethought Federation of Sweden in 1890; is also member of the International Peace Association. The doctor is not only an excellent lecturer and debater, but wields a fluent pen. Of his social economic works the following are best known: "The Sexual Question," "About Prostitution," "The Increase of Population in Sweden," "About Mar-

riage, its Past and Future." At the election for the People's Congress of Sweden he received 13,817 votes.

DR. BRUNO WILLE, one of the most prominent German Freethinkers, the present editor of "Der Freidenker," Koln, and president of the Free Religious Society of Berlin, was born at Magdeburg, Feb. 2, 1860. The university at Kiel conferred the degree of doctor of philosophy upon him for a work on "The Phenomenalism of Thomas Hobbes." In 1885 he left Germany and entered as tutor the house of the Bulgarian poetess, Mite Kremnitz, and in 1886 he followed Professor Kiepert, the well-known geographer, upon a "Kartograph" expedition through Asia Minor. Since then Dr. Bruno Wille has been occupied as writer, speaker, and teacher for the Free Religious Society at Berlin, the present excellent condition of which is entirely due to his efforts. A man of wide learning, an excellent speaker, he draws audiences larger than any minister in Berlin, while his kindness and love for the young make him the idol of the five or six hundred children of the school belonging to the society, of which he has been teacher and principal for several years. The doctor is a Materialist and follower of Darwin and Haeckel. The rod has no place in his school, no more than has, in his opinion, war among nations. He is a poet of high rank. Three years ago the doctor founded the society, Freie Volksbuckne, which the opposition of the social democrats caused to be a temporary failure, but with his usual energy a new society, Neue Freie Volksbuckne, was inaugurated, which, after a two months' existence, consisted of fifteen hundred members. This society gives concerts, theatricals, and recitations, and thus enables the laboring classes to come in nearer contact with the best of music, literature, and dramatic art, and exerts an educating and elevating influence. The doctor, who is a member of the Freethought Federation of Germany, has, upon several occasions, been prosecuted by the gov-

ernment and church for his Freethought lectures and writings, and suffered both fines and imprisonment. But young in years, strong and energetic, who can measure the amount of good he may yet accomplish for the elevation of mankind?

D. MANUEL RUIZ ZORILLA, Spanish statesman, republican and prominent Freethinker, was born 1834. In his excellent work, "La Fédération Ibérique," Mr. Mogelhaes Lima quotes Zorilla as saying: "The Republic in Spain has one powerful enemy—the upper clergy. The fanaticism of women and the ignorance of the lower population are the greatest obstacles which present themselves against the realization of a new régime. The Spaniards"—it is Zorilla who speaks—"are either Catholics or Rationalists. The Catholics are always expecting a miracle; the Rationalists, a chance." Zorilla is one of the most popular and well-beloved Spanish politicians. He first embraced the cause of the republic during the interregnum following the dethronement of the dissolute and pious Queen Isabella II. (1868), and when in 1870 Amadeus of Aosta was elected king, he accepted the presidency of the council, but, chief of the progressive and revolutionary party, he stood by its colors, and at the abdication of Amadeus (1873), his prestige had not decreased nor his character been sullied. He is a Liberal in the true sense of the word, intimately connected with Spanish Freethought and republicanism, and took an active part in the International Freethought Congress at Madrid, 1892. The churches consider him one of their most dangerous foes, classing him in their journals and speeches with the ultra Anarchists, to refute which we can do no better than quote his own words: "I am a revolutionist before the reactionary party; I am a conservative before Anarchy."

J. M. LEON GARCIA, foremost in the ranks of the Freethinkers in the republics of Venezuela, was born October

15, 1865, in El Valle, a town in the immediate neighborhood of Caracas, Venezuela. Much against his will he was placed in the episcopal school in Caracas, where he remained for two years, his parents designing that he should become a priest. Finally, he refused to enter the seminary, and the vigorous efforts of the Archbishop José A. Ponti and the rector proved unavailing to change his determination, but, if anything, added to his irreconcilable enmity to the church of Rome. Escaping the clutches of the church he joined openly the Liberal party, became a frequent and regular contributor to reformatory journals, and became editor of "El Partido Democratico." In addition he has edited and published the two Freethought journals, "Eco Publico" and "El Libre Examen," in both of which he conducted a vigorous warfare against the clergy and church. To him is due the introduction into Venezuela of "El Matin," "Las Dominicales," and other Freethought and Liberal journals, for the sale of which he established agencies. Mr. Garcia is one of the founders of the Venezuelan Freethought Societies, and has filled important offices in them. But not alone with pen and word has he battled for liberty, he has been an active participant in the various civil wars of his country, and the progressive party being victorious in the last revolution, it rewarded him in December, 1892, for his services with the office of Fiscal of Public Instruction in the territory Yuruari, an office which he fills with great honor to himself and his party, and to the great discomfiture of the clergy. He is a pronounced Materialist.

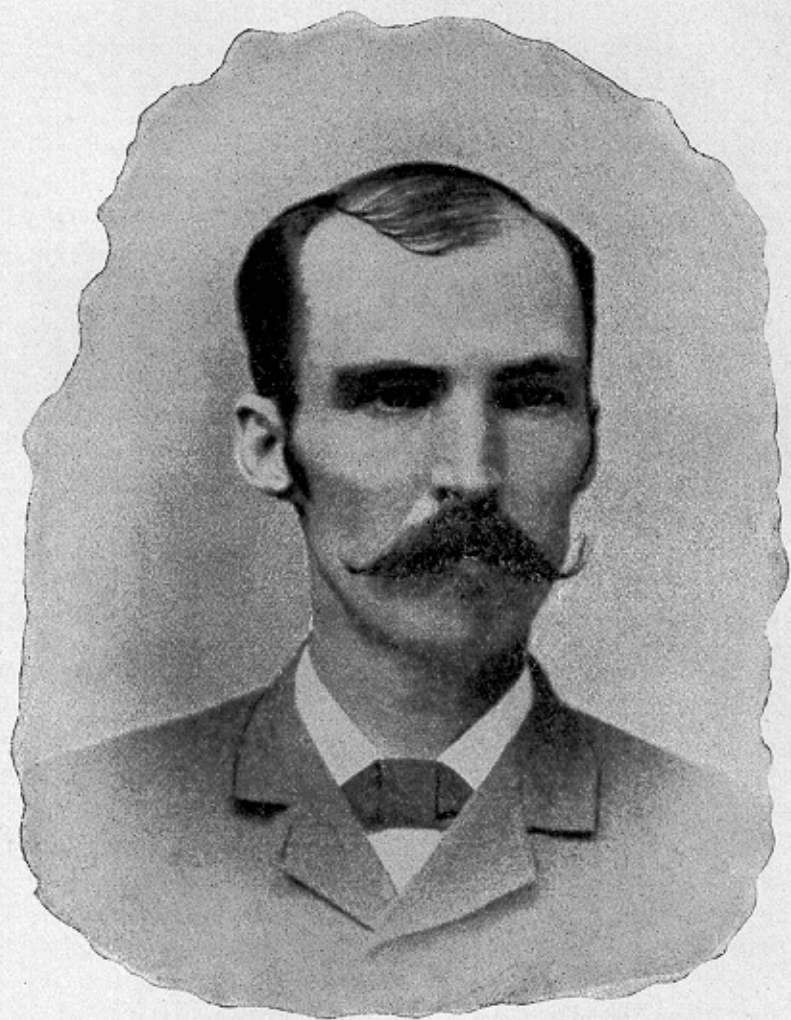
THE PAINE HALL CALENDAR.

In an article in the New York "Truth Seeker" of Oct. 29, 1881, Mr. T. B. Wakeman, of New York, in referring to the remark of Dr. Draper—in the doctor's famous book, "The Conflict between Religion and Science"—that possibly posterity may unvail a statue of Bruno "under the dome of St. Peter's at Rome," was moved to say, "But would it not be a surer and a nobler monument than any 'enduring bronze' could ever be, to date the calendar of the New Era of Science and Man from the year 1600 as its year *one*?"

This and other words in connection, in their turn, moved Mr. G. N. Hill, of Boston, to offer in the Paine Memorial, on the 29th of January, 1882, a resolution, of which the following is an amended copy :

Resolved: That in everlasting commemoration of that rise of Science and Freethought—the two best friends humanity has ever had—which began during the sixteenth century of the superstitious "Year of our Lord;" and in *perpetual honor*, also, of the heroism of that glorious teacher of Reason and noble Martyr for Science and Man, Giordano Bruno, of Italy—so inhumanly burned at the stake by the Christians at Rome, on the 16th day of February, 1600, for proclaiming scientific facts—*therefore*, in future, all records and other official documents of the Investigator Freethought Society, of Boston, Mass., shall bear date from a Calendar, beginning its year 0—or starting point—on the 1st day of January, A. D., 1600; thereby placing our Society—and all persons also adopting it—*entirely* out of the bedeviling fog of the age of Bible faith with its "Year of Grace 1882," and into the humane light of the "Age of Reason" and YEAR OF SCIENCE 282.

With the necessary change from the first of January, 1600, to the first of January, 1601, this calendar has been adopted quite extensively.



THE BRUNO MONUMENT.

The dark or shining history of four hundred years of Freethought cannot be more fittingly closed than with the superb picture of the Bruno monument. It fronts the Vatican, with the sunrise of Liberty upon its face. The pope crouches before it, and the shadows of superstition flee away. The heart of the multitude is filled with joy. It is an auspicious moment, and a glorious prospect opens from this gleaming shaft into the boundless future. All the races of the world will sometime hail this glad hour of freedom and progress. America has contributed her noble share. Her gold has been poured forth with the congratulations of her mighty people. Through her generosity this great gift has been made to humanity. As the morn and the evening come, and the stars glitter and the flowers grow, so shall these jeweled stones gather the light of the centuries, and from this lofty and dauntless form shall shine the prophecies of to-morrow. To the millions that will yet rejoice upon this planet, let the voice of regenerated Italy be borne—the Italy of the future, of thought, of freedom, of science, and of human brotherhood.

PROFESSOR BOVIO'S ADDRESS AT THE BRUNO CELEBRATION.

(ROME, JUNE 9, 1889.)

(Translated by Prof. Thomas Davidson.)

This inauguration ought to be celebrated by a people in silence, as a solemn act of religion, and the few words with which I shall break the silence, already made, shall be purely explanatory.

The papacy feels less sorrow over the 20th of September, 1870, when the national troops took possession of Rome, than over the 9th of June. The former was a conclusion; this is a beginning. Then Italy entered Rome,

the goal of its progress ; to-day Rome inaugurates the religion of thought, the principle of another age.

The goddess of reason does not enter Rome intolerant—Rome, which opened the pantheon to all religions, nor do new idols come to claim worship here, where still re-echoes the living word of Christ: "After me no prophets shall arise."

The nations assembled here are clearly aware that, as the year 313 was fixed by imperial decree in Milan, as the era of the Christian religion, so this 9th of June is fixed in Rome, by the consent of free peoples, as the era of the religion of thought.

Is it, then, a religion? And is this the age and this the place for such a thing?

If in the most populous city of Europe two queens—Mary and Elizabeth, Bruno's contemporaries—seek each other's heads, and the one leaves hers in the hands of the other, the struggle is one between two dogmas of two revealed religions. If between these two an Italian exile offers himself up to an idea which fulfills in humanity the destiny of man, this is the religion of thought.

On this spot he was burnt, and his ashes did not appease dogma; on this spot he rises again, and the religion of thought demands no vengeance.

It demands toleration for all doctrines, for all forms of worship, and chiefly for that of justice. Instead of contemplation, it demands labor; instead of credulity, examination; instead of obedience, discussion; instead of prayer, reparation and work. The articles of this religion will be the discoveries of science, just compacts between nations, and universal exhibitions of universal labor.

This faith has no prophets; it has thinkers. If it seeks a temple, it finds the universe; if it seeks an inviolate asylum, it finds the conscience of man. It has had its martyrs, it insists from this day on that reparation shall not be posthumous.

Rome may make this proclamation. Here have been celebrated the millenaries of the successive religions. All the gods of the earth met in the universal pantheon—here, where law had become universal, and the church bade fair to become catholic. Here, too, it is possible to fix the new millenary, which shall replace the catholicity of one man by the catholicity of human thought.

And this is the time forecast by Bruno. Many, indeed, many and ugly are still the prevailing hypocrisies; but their impotence against this living bronze determines the meaning of the memorable civil celebration. When we honor him here, we imply that a great part of him is here alive and speaks to us in that philosophy of nature which is not merely a doctrine, but a destiny.

With regard to this succession of ideas and civilizations, any other monument, to prince or tribune, would bear some indication of country and of place. Before this monument, politics, art, customs, language become fragments; systems and confessions cloak their peculiarities; the priestly orders hide their rule; nations forget their boundaries, and man feels himself equal to himself.

No voice of hatred can issue from this monument. The last word of every great burnt-offering has been: Forgive them! Pope Aldobrandino, who decreed the crown to Tasso and the stake to Bruno, ignored the doubts of the one, the affirmation of the other, but was himself tormented by those doubts and that affirmation.

Nor against his successor, who regards this monument with anxious eye, shall one word go hence to darken the light of this hour. He is not happy, that old man, a victim, first of all—and more than Bruno—to his own dogma, which forbids him to utter the good wish stirring in every Italian bosom to his Italian fatherland. He feels that, while Italy and the civilized world are here, in the bitter desert that surrounds him, there echo these words of a murdered philosopher: "Persevere, O Nolan, and be

assured that at last all will see what thou seest, that all men of good conscience will pronounce a favorable judgment on thee. Impress the knowledge of the infinite universe, before which there is no greatness that endures."

At the sound of this appeal, we mark no absentees; because there are no absences at epochal dates, and the nations that are here, and those that are not here, are equally represented. There are present, along with you, the longing ones, in the way of whose coming distance, poverty; wretchedness, or some government less civilized than the nation has placed obstacles. There are present those who have accepted the teaching of the Nolan, and those who, for late shame, deny that they slew him. Those who have begun to count an age by this day are present. In Bruno's universe there are no excommunications; the human race enters it whole.

O world-wide Rome! to-day thou dost truly reconcile thyself with the catholic word, pronounced not by dogma, but by the concordant thought of the nations.



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NOTE.—Many names of societies and individuals of which only brief mention is made, may be found under the head of "Freethought Organization in America," p. 519, or "Local Organization," p. 566 and following pages, or under the various countries, states, cities, organizations, and occasions included in this index.

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