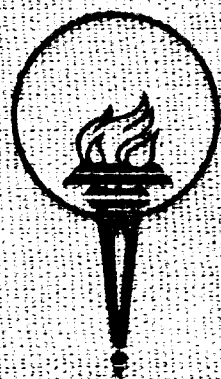


The PHILOSOPHY
& INGERSOLL



The Philosophy of Ingersoll



The Philosophy of Ingersoll

TO PLOW IS TO PRAY
TO PLANT IS TO PROPHECY
AND THE HARVEST
ANSWERS AND FULFILLS



EDITED AND
ARRANGED BY

VERE GOLDTHWAITE



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**First Edition, 1906
Second Edition, 1913**

TO
THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER
LOMA ARMOUR-GOLDTHWAITE



PREFACE



Probably no man or woman of history has been so universally misjudged as Robert G. Ingersoll. Those who did not know him personally,—and they were of course the greater number,—believed him a mere, mental gladiator, rudely disturbing the foundations of established faith, and giving nothing better in return. Many, who never heard him speak, or read a word of his, thought him incapable of giving to the world any system of constructive philosophy—some even going so far as to question his sincerity.

This book is published to dispel in some measure that belief, and is submitted to the public with the single hope that it may be read without prejudice and criticized without fear.

I acknowledge with gratitude much personal kindness received from Mr. C. P. Farrell and the members of Col. Ingersoll's family.

VERE GOLDTHWAITE.

BOSTON, MASS., *January 1, 1906.*





BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR



Robert Green Ingersoll was born in Dresden, County of Yates, New York, on the 11th day of August in the year 1833, and died at "Walston," Dobb's Ferry-on-Hudson, July 21, 1899.



He was a teacher, a lawyer, a soldier, a statesman, a diplomat, an author, a lecturer and an honest man. He was an unsuccessful candidate for Congress in 1860; organized the 11th Illinois Cavalry in 1862, and went to war as its first Colonel; was Attorney-General of Illinois in 1866, and declined the post of Minister (now Ambassador) to Germany in 1877. During several presidential campaigns he was prominently connected with politics, and in 1876 startled the world with his brilliant eulogy of James G. Blaine, in a speech delivered before the Cincinnati Convention of that year which nominated Rutherford B. Hayes for President of the United States. This speech, says Mr. Justice Brewer, in his "Library of the World's Best Orations," was probably the most celebrated speech ever made in an American convention.

About the early life of Ingersoll little that could be called authentic was ever published up to as late as the year 1888, for in that year Col. Ingersoll himself said: "I have never given to any one a sketch of my life. According to my idea, a life should not be written until it has been lived." (Vol. XII, p. 358, Dresden Edition.) This memoir, however, is published with the approval of the late Colonel's family and can therefore be considered reliable.

Ingersoll's father was a Congregational clergyman, but it is not true that there was ever any coldness existing between him and his gifted son because of their respective theological or anti-theological views. On the contrary, their relations were of the kindest and most confidential character, and the father died in the Colonel's arms, won over to many of his gifted son's most radical beliefs.

It is also a mistake to suppose, as many people do, that Ingersoll ever denied the existence of a God. On that subject he neither denied nor affirmed, he simply said, "I do not know." Recent publications, however, still





continue to assert that "Col. Ingersoll's notoriety has been made by his public lectures denying the existence of a God." (*Universal Enc.*, Vol. 6, p. 252.) This is not true. What he did deny was the existence of such a God as the Jehovah of the Jews. On this subject he has written the following: "Let me say once for all, that when I speak of God, I mean the being described by Moses: the Jehovah of the Jews. There may be for aught I know, somewhere in the unknown shoreless vast, some Being whose dreams are constellations and within whose thought the infinite exists. About this being, if such an one exists, I have nothing to say." (*Dresden Edition*, Vol. II, p. 136.)



These misstatements should therefore cease, now that Ingersoll is dead, and nothing but the truth should be known or written. While he lived he was assailed by the combined intellects of the world, but he stood against their assaults like a demonstrated truth against the blind, unreasoning superstitions of the past, and now that he is dead, the world can well afford to approach and read the eternal message he has left.

He was, without doubt, the greatest orator of the western hemisphere. His originality of thought and expression has not been excelled by any man of his race or times. He has left to us some of the best thought of the world. He was himself his only ancestor and he will be his only descendant. His work is done and for all time; he has gone, and forever; but his memory lives—his words remain. The seeds of subtle thought and constructive philosophy which he scattered with such a lavish hand have taken root in the heart and brain of the present generation, and will bear their ripened and abundant fruit when that generation has passed away.

In his published works (I mean now, his authorized works) there will be found nothing against justice; not a word against truth; nothing against love, against kindness, pity, or affection. If this could be said of all the literature of mankind, we would have what the world has never possessed—
"A generation of absolutely free men and free women."

VERE GOLDTHWAITE.

BOSTON, MASS., January 1, 1906.



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Robert Ingersoll, this loving man, who was the essence of American Patriotism, and the champion of home and family, needs more than any other person in history to be resurrected and allowed to continue his great work of elevating and emancipating the mind of mankind from the strangling tentacles of entrenched superstition. The man is gone, but his grand words and beautiful thoughts remain, and will live forever.

It is our pleasure and our duty to reproduce Ingersoll's great and kind words, and give them back to the American people. And we hope you will feel it your duty to copy and give these files to every person who might read them. What wealth we lose by granting this right to copy will be more than made up by the better world these words will create.

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**There is no superstition in Wisdom,
And no wisdom in superstition.**



*Justice is the only worship.
Love is the only priest.
Ignorance is the only slavery.
Happiness is the only good.
The time to be happy is now.
The place to be happy is here.
The way to be happy is to make
other people so.*



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FRAGMENTS

I BELIEVE in the medicine of mirth, and in what I might call the longevity of laughter. Every man who has caused real, true, honest mirth, has been a benefactor of the human race.

O LAUGHTER, rose-lipped daughter of Joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief!

VICE lives either before Love is born, or after Love is dead.

HOPE is the only bee that makes honey without flowers.

I SHALL never attack anything that I believe to be good! I shall never fear to attack anything I honestly believe to be wrong!

IT IS not enough to say fine things; great things, dramatic things, must be done.

WE ARE standing on the shore of an infinite ocean whose countless waves, freighted with blessings, are welcoming our adventurous feet. Progress has been written on every soul. The human race is advancing.

KINDNESS is strength. Good nature is often mistaken for virtue, and good health sometimes passes for genius. Anger blows out the lamp of the mind. Candor is the courage of the soul.

*Robinson-
Crane Dinner.*

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

Fragments.

Fragments.

*What Must
We Do to Be
Saved?*

*On
Shakespeare.*

Progress.

*The Christian
Religion.*

BAE The Philosophy of Ingersoll BAE

*On Abraham
Lincoln.*

IT IS better for Americans to purchase from Americans, even if the things purchased cost more.

*Liberty and
Literature.*

LET US put wreaths on the brows of the living.

A Lay Sermon.

IF NOBODY has too much, everybody will have enough.

*Crimes Against
Criminals.*

TENEMENTS and flats and rented lands are, in my judgment, the enemies of civilization. They make the rich richer, and the poor poorer. They put a few in palaces, but they put many in prisons.

*Brooklyn
Speech.*

THE GEM of the brain is the innocence of the soul.

*The Davis
Will Case.*

HOW BEAUTIFUL the generosity, the hospitality of childhood! But as we grow old there comes the love of gold, and the love of gold seems to have the same effect upon the heart that it does upon the country where it is found. All the roses fade, the beautiful green trees lose their leaves, and there is nothing in the heart but sage-brush. And so it is with the land that holds within the miserly grip of rocks what we call the precious metals.

*About
Farming in
Illinois.*

IT IS disgraceful to be idle, and dishonorable to be useless.

*Centennial
Oration.*

NOBODY was ever in prison wrongfully who did not believe in the writ of *habeas corpus*.

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TALENT has the four seasons: spring, that is to say, the sowing of the seeds; summer, growth; autumn, the harvest; winter, intellectual death. But there is now and then a genius who has no winter, and, no matter how many years he may live, on the blossom of his thought no snow falls. Genius has the climate of perpetual growth.

CAPITAL has always claimed and still claims the right to combine. Manufacturers meet and determine upon prices, even in spite of the great law of supply and demand. Have the laborers the same right to consult and combine? The rich meet in the bank, the club-house, or parlor. Workingmen, when they combine, gather in the street. All the organized forces of society are against them. Capital has the army and the navy, the legislative, the judicial, and the executive departments. When the rich combine, it is for the purpose of "exchanging ideas." When the poor combine, it is "conspiracy." If they act in concert, if they really do something, it is a "mob." If they defend themselves, it is "treason." How is it that the rich control the departments of government? In this country the political power is equally divided among the men. There are certainly more poor than there are rich. Why should the rich control?

THE CLERGY know that I know that they know that they do not know.

I DO NOT say, and I do not believe, that Christians are as bad as their creeds.

Fragments.

*Some
Interrogation
Points.*

Orthodoxy.

*Heretics and
Heresies.*

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*Some
Interrogation
Points.*

WHY SHOULD not the laborers combine for the purpose of controlling the executive, legislative, and judicial departments? Will they ever find how powerful they are?

*Death of the
Aged.*

AFTER all, there is something tenderly appropriate in the serene death of the old. Nothing is more touching than the death of the young, the strong. But when the duties of life have all been nobly done; when the sun touches the horizon; when the purple twilight falls upon the past, the present, and the future; when memory, with dim eyes, can scarcely spell the blurred and faded records of the vanished day,—then, surrounded by kindred and by friends, death comes like a strain of music. The day has been long, the road weary, and the traveler gladly stops at the welcome inn.

Fragments.

NEARLY forty-eight years ago, under the snow, in the little town of Cazenovia, my poor mother was buried. I was but two years old. I remember her as she looked in death. That sweet, cold face has kept my heart warm through all the changing years.

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

THERE is no slavery but ignorance.

*The Great
Infidels.*

“THE WORD of God is the creation which we behold.”

Wisecrack.

WHEN the angel of pity is driven from the heart, when the foundation of tears is dry,—the soul becomes a serpent crawling in the dust of a desert.



The Philosophy of Ingersoll



SLEEP is the best medicine in the world. It is the best doctor upon the earth.

HAPPINESS is the legal tender of the soul. Joy is wealth.

IT is not necessary to be great to be happy; it is not necessary to be rich to be just and generous and to have a heart filled with divine affection. No matter whether you are rich or poor, treat your wife as though she were a splendid flower, and she will fill your life with perfume and with joy.

THE ROAD is short to anything we fear.

JOY LIVES in the house beyond the one we reach.

YOUTH has a wish—old age a dread. In youth the leaves and buds seem loath to grow. Youth shakes the glass to speed the lingering sands. Youth says to Time: O crutched and limping laggard, get thee wings!

THE DAWN comes slowly, but the westering day leaps like a lover to the dusky bosom of the Ethiop night.

VIVISECTION is the Inquisition—the Hell—of Science. All the cruelty which the human—or rather the inhuman—heart is capable of inflicting, is in this one word. Below this there is no depth. This word lies like a coiled serpent at the bottom of the abyss.

*About
Farming in
Illinois.*

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

*Random
Thoughts.*

*Random
Thoughts.*

*Random
Thoughts.*

*Random
Thoughts.*

Vivisection.

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*A Word
About
Education.*

IT IS not necessary to have what is called a university education in order to be useful or to be happy, any more than it is necessary to be rich, to be happy. Great wealth is a great burden, and to have more than you can use, is to care for more than you want. The happiest are those who are prosperous, and who by reasonable endeavor can supply their reasonable wants and have a little surplus year by year for the winter of their lives.

*Some Mistakes
of Moses.*

ONLY the pure is sacred.

*On Abraham
Lincoln.*

LOGIC is the necessary product of intelligence and sincerity.

*Funeral of
J. G. Mills,
and
Immortality.*

HOW WOULD I define public opinion? First, in the widest sense, the opinion of the majority, including all kinds of people. Second, in a narrow sense, the opinion of the majority of the intellectual. Third, in actual practice, the opinion of those who make the most noise. Fourth, public opinion is generally a mistake, which history records and posterity repeats.

Humboldt.

MOST of the intellectual giants of the world have been nursed at the sad and loving breast of poverty.

Humboldt.

WEALTH and position are generally the enemies of genius, and the destroyers of talent.

Individuality.

SOCIETY offers continual rewards for self-betrayal, and they are nearly all earned and claimed, and some are paid.

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HAPPINESS is the result of all that is really right and sane.

I WOULD like to see all the politicians changed to statesmen,—to men who long to make their country great and free, to men who care more for public good than private gain—men who long to be of use.

I DO NOT see how it is possible for a man to die worth fifty millions of dollars, or ten millions of dollars, in a city full of want, when he meets almost every day the withered hand of Beggary and the white lips of Famine.

WHAT books would I recommend for the perusal of a young man of limited time and culture with reference to helping him in the development of intellect and good character? The works of Darwin, Ernst, Haeckel, Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe," Buckle's "History of Civilization in England," Lecky's "History of European Morals," Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary," Buchner's "Force and Matter," Wait's "Liberty of the Christian Religion," Paine's "Age of Reason," D'Holbach's "System of Nature," and, above all, Shakespeare. Do not forget Burns, Shelley, Dickens and Hugo.

HAPPINESS dwells in the valleys with the shadows.

I HAD rather be a beggar and spend my last dollar like a king, than to be a king and spend my money like a beggar.

Myth and Miracle.

What I Want for Christmas.

The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child.

Fragments.

Protection for American Actors.

The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child.

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Individuality.

CUSTOM meets us at the cradle and leaves us only at the tomb.

Individuality.

UNIVERSAL obedience is universal stagnation; disobedience is one of the conditions of progress.

The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child.

THAT mankind can be divided into two great classes, sinners and saints, is an utter falsehood.

The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child.

I REGARD marriage as the holiest institution among men.

The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child.

THERE is only one way to be happy, and that is to make somebody else so.

The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child.

STANDING in the presence of the Unknown, all have the same right to think, and all are equally interested in the great questions of origin and destiny.

Some Reasons Why.

BELIEF is not a voluntary thing. A man believes or disbelieves in spite of himself. They tell us that to believe is the safe way; but I say, the safe way is to be honest. Nothing can be safer than that. No man in the hour of death ever regretted having been honest. No man when the shadows of the last day were gathering about the pillow of death, ever regretted that he had given to his fellow man his honest thought. No man, in the presence of eternity, ever wished that he had been a hypocrite. No man ever then regretted that he did not throw away his reason. It certainly cannot be necessary to throw away your reason to save your soul, because, after that, your soul is not worth saving. The soul has a

The Philosophy of Ingersoll

right to defend itself. My brain is my castle, and when I waive the right to defend it, I become an intellectual serf and slave.

THE WORLD is beginning to pay homage to intellect, to genius, to heart.

HE WHO endeavors to control the mind by force is a tyrant, and he who submits is a slave.

IF WE attend to this world instead of another, we may in time cover the land with men and women of genius.

NOTHING discloses real character like the use of power.

THE GREAT poets have sympathized with the people. They have uttered in all ages the human cry. Unbought by gold, unawed by power, they have lifted high the torch that illuminates the world.

TO PLOW is to pray; to plant is to prophesy; and the harvest answers and fulfils.

I BELIEVE it is the duty of a lawyer, no matter whether prosecuting or defending, to make the testimony as clear as he can. If there is anything contradictory it is his business if he possibly can to make it clear. If there is any question of law about which there is a doubt it is his right and it is his duty to give to the court the result of his study and of his thoughts for the purpose of enlightening the court upon that

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

*Some Mistakes
of Moses.*

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

*On Abraham
Lincoln.*

*Liberty and
Literature.*

*About
Farming in
Illinois.*

*First
Star-Route
Trial.*

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particular branch of law. No matter if he may believe the court understands it, if there is the slightest fear that the court does not or has forgotten it, it is his duty to bring the attention of the court to that law. It is not *his* duty to abuse anybody. It is not *my* duty to abuse anybody. There is no logic in abuse, not the slightest; and when a lawyer, under the pretext of explaining the evidence to the jury, calls a defendant a thief and a robber, he steps beyond the line of duty and, in my judgment, beyond the line of his privilege.

*How
to Reform
Mankind.*

IN JUDGING of the rich, two things should be considered: how did they get their wealth, and what are they doing with it? Was it honestly acquired? Is it being used for the benefit of mankind? When people become really intelligent, when the brain is really developed, no human being will give his life to the acquisition of what he does not need or what he cannot intelligently use.

*On Abraham
Lincoln.*

AFTER all, men are the best books.

*First
Interview.*

SO FAR as I am concerned, I think more of reasons than of reputations, more of principles than of persons, more of nature than of names, more of facts than of faiths.

*Reply to the
Indianapolis
Clergy.*

WE DO not yet understand the action of the brain. No one knows the origin of a thought. No one knows how he thinks, or why he thinks, any more than one knows why or how his heart beats.

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THIS is a world of progress, a world of perpetual change—a succession of coffins and cradles. When an old religion dies, a better one is born.

I BELIEVE, to a certain degree, that every man who makes whisky is demoralized. I believe, to a certain degree, it demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it. I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm of the distillery, until it empties into the hell of crime, dishonor, and death, that it demoralizes everybody that touched it. I do not believe anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against this liquid crime. All we have to do, is to think of the wrecks upon either bank of the stream of death—of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the distress, of the little children tugging at the faded dresses of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of the men of genius it has wrecked; the millions struggling with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing. And when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, of the scaffolds upon either bank—I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol.

THE DISAPPOINTED in love, broken in heart—the light fading from their lives—seek the refuge of death.

LET us be merciful in our judgments.

Orthodoxy.

The Munn Trial.

Is Suicide a Sin?

Is Suicide a Sin?

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*Some Mistakes
of Moses.*

A FACT will fit every other fact in the universe, because it is the product of all other facts. A lie will fit nothing except another lie made for the express purpose of fitting it.

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

I SAY, let us think. Let each one express his thought. Let us become investigators, not followers, not cringers and crawlers. If there is in heaven an infinite Being, He never will be satisfied with the worship of cowards and hypocrites.

*What Must
We Do to Be
Saved?*

HEARTS of dust do not break. The dead do not weep.

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

THE MAN who does not do his own thinking is a slave, and is a traitor to himself and to his fellow men.

*Some Reasons
Why.*

CONSCIENCE is born of suffering. Mercy is the child of the imagination.

*About
Farming in
Illinois.*

SELFISHNESS is ignorance.

On Voltaire.

AFTER all, we do not feel an interest in what is to become of our bodies. There is a modesty that belongs to death.

*Sixth
Interview.*

IN THE world of thought, each man is an absolute monarch, each brain is a kingdom, that cannot be invaded even by the tyranny of majorities.

Which Way?

THE SELF-EVIDENT is the square and compass of the brain, the polar star in the firmament of mind.

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I BELIEVE the people to be the only rightful source of political power, and that any community, no matter where, in which any citizen is not allowed to have his voice in the making of the laws he must obey, that community is a tyranny.

JUDGES keep their backs to the dawn. They find what has been, what is, but not what ought to be. They are tied and shackled by precedent, fettered by old decisions, and by the desire to be consistent, even in mistakes. They pass upon the acts and words of others, and, like other people, they are liable to make mistakes.

ALL OFFICERS—including judges—are simply their servants, and the sovereign has always the right to give his opinion as to the action of his agent. The sovereignty of the people is the rock upon which rests the right of speech and the freedom of the press.

WORDS die. Every language has a cemetery. Every now and then a word dies and a tombstone is erected, and across it is written "obsolete."

WHILE I cannot tell a man what to do to become an orator, I can tell him a few things not to do. There should be no introduction to an oration. The orator should commence with his subject. There should be no prelude, no flourish, no apology, no explanation. He should say nothing about himself. Like a sculptor, he stands by his block of stone. Every stroke is for a purpose. As he works the form begins to appear.

*Suffrage
Address.*

Civil Rights.

Civil Rights.

Orthodoxy.

*How to
Become an
Orator.*

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When the statue is finished the workman stops. Nothing is more difficult than a perfect close. Few poems, few pieces of music, few novels end well. A good story, a great speech, a perfect poem should end just at the proper point. The bud, the blossom, the fruit. No delay. A great speech is a crystallization in its logic, an efflorescence in its poetry.

The Truth.

NO SUBJECT can be too sacred to be understood. Each person should be allowed to reach his own conclusions and to speak his honest thought.

*Is Suicide
a Sin?*

THOSE who attempt suicide should not be punished. If they are insane they should, if possible, be restored to reason; if sane, they should be reasoned with, calmed and assisted.

Vivisection.

BRAIN without heart is far more dangerous than heart without brain.

*Why I Am
an Agnostic.*

BELIEF is not subject to the will.

*Centennial
Oration.*

EVERY man in the right is my brother.

*How
to Reform
Mankind.*

GOOD deeds bear fruit, and in the fruit are seeds that in their turn bear fruit and seeds. Great thoughts are never lost, and words of kindness do not perish from the earth.

*The Munn
Trial.*

GOOD character is not made in a day. It is the work of a life. The walls of that grand edifice called a good character have to be worked at during life. All the good deeds, all the good

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words, everything right and true and honest that he does, goes into this edifice, and it is domed and pinnacled with lofty aspirations and grand ambitions. It is not made in a day, neither can it be crumbled into blackened dust by a word from the putrid mouth of a perjurer.

WITHOUT friends and wife and child, there is nothing left worth living for.

BRAIN without heart is not much; they must act together.

THE GREATEST statues need the least drapery.

IT IS an insanity to get more than you want. Imagine a man in this city, an intelligent man, say with two or three millions of coats, eight or ten millions of hats, vast warehouses full of shoes, billions of neckties, and imagine that man getting up at four o'clock in the morning, in the rain and snow and sleet, working like a dog all day to get another necktie! Is not that exactly what the man of twenty or thirty millions, or of five millions, does today? Wearing his life out that somebody may say, "How rich he is!" What can he do with the surplus? Nothing. Can he eat it? No. Make friends? No. Purchase flattery and lies? Yes. Make all his poor relations hate him? Yes. And then, what worry! Annoyed, nervous, tormented, until his poor little brain becomes inflamed, and you see in the morning paper, "Died of apoplexy"! This man finally began to worry for fear he would not have enough neckties to last him through.

*About
Farming in
Illinois.*

*Liberty and
Literature.*

*On Abraham
Lincoln.*

A Lay Sermon.

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*Reply to
Gladstone.*

IF BELIEF depends upon the will, can all men have correct opinions who will to have them? Honest opinions may be wrong, and opinions dishonestly expressed may be right.

*The
Limitations of
Toleration.*

IF YOU tell your thought at all, tell your honest thought. Do not be a parrot—do not be an instrumentality for an organization. Tell your *own* thought, “honor bright.”

*Christian
Religion.*

WHAT is right and what is wrong? Everything is right that tends to the happiness of mankind, and everything is wrong that increases the sum of human misery.

*Decoration
Day Oration.*

HE LOVES his country best who strives to make it best. The bravest men are those who have the greatest fear of doing wrong. Mere politicians wish the country to do something for them. True patriots desire to do something for their country. Courage without conscience is a wild beast. Patriotism without principle is the prejudice of birth, the animal attachment to place.

*First
Star-Route
Trial.*

THE HIGHER you get in the scale of being, the grander, the nobler, and the tenderer you will become. Kindness is always an evidence of greatness. Malice is the property of small souls. Whoever allows the feeling of brotherhood to die in his heart becomes a wild beast. You know it and so do I.

*What Must
We Do to Be
Saved?*

THE HONEST man, the good woman, the happy child, have nothing to fear, either in this world or the world to come.

The Philosophy of Ingersoll

THERE is nothing shrewder in this world than intelligent honesty.

WORDS are the garments of thought, the robes of ideas.

I BELIEVE that every article appearing in a paper should be signed by the writer. If it is libelous, then the writer and the publisher should both be held responsible in damages. The law on this subject, if changed, should throw greater safeguards around the reputation of the citizen. It does not seem to me that the papers have any right to complain. Probably a good many suits are brought that should not be instituted, but just think of the suits that are not brought!

THOUGHT is the means by which we endeavor to arrive at truth.

I AM WILLING to be on an equality in all hotels, in all cars, in all theaters, with colored people. I make no distinction of race. Those make the distinction who cannot afford not to. If nature has made no distinction between me and some others, I do not ask the aid of the legislature.

FOR THE most part we inherit our opinions. We are the heirs of habits and mental customs. Our beliefs, like the fashion of our garments, depend on where we were born. We are molded and fashioned by our surroundings.

I WOULD like to see both drunkenness and prohibition abolished.

On Abraham Lincoln.

The Ghosts.

The Libel Laws.

The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child.

Civil Rights Bill.

Why I Am an Agnostic.

What I Want for Christmas.

+

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*Brooklyn
Speech.*

IF I SHOULD write my last sentence on religious topics, what would be my closing? "I now in the presence of death affirm and reaffirm the truth of all that I have said against the superstitions of the world." I would say at least that much on the subject with my last breath.

*Some Mistakes
of Moses.*

LET ME say once for all, that when I speak of God, I mean the Being described by Moses: the Jehovah of the Jews. There may be, for aught I know, somewhere in the unknown shoreless vast, some Being whose dreams are constellations and within whose thought the infinite exists. About this Being, if such a one exists, I have nothing to say.

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

THE IGNORANT multiply much faster than the intellectual.

The Gods.

NATIONS, like individuals, have their periods of youth, of manhood, and decay.

*Myth and
Miracle.*

HAPPINESS is the true end and aim of life.

*The
Limitations of
Toleration.*

THE ONLY possible good in the universe is happiness. The time to be happy is now. The place to be happy is here. The way to be happy is to try and make somebody else so.

Humboldt.

WISDOM is the science of happiness.

The Gods.

WE ARE looking for the time when the useful shall be the honorable, and when Reason, throned upon the world's brain, shall be the King of kings, and God of gods.

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REASON is a better guide than fear.

REASON IS the highest attribute of man.

IT IS thought by many that it is dangerous for thirteen people to dine together. Now, if thirteen is a dangerous number, twenty-six ought to be twice as dangerous, and fifty-two four times as terrible.

OVERTURNING the salt is very unlucky, but spilling the vinegar makes no difference. Why salt should be revengeful and vinegar forgiving has never been told.

MORALITY is the harmony between act and circumstances. It is the melody of conduct.

MOST people imagine that men have always talked; that language is as old as the race; and it is supposed that some language was taught by some mythological god to the first pair. But we now know, if we know anything, that language is a growth; that every word had to be created by man, and that back of every word is some want, some wish, some necessity of the body or mind, and also a genius to embody that want or that wish, to express that thought to some sound that we call a word.

AT FIRST, the probability is, men uttered sounds of fear, of content, of anger, or happiness. And the probability is that the first sounds or cries expressed such feelings, and these sounds were nouns, adjectives, and verbs.

The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child.

Some Mistakes of Moses.

Superstition.

Superstition.

Art and Morality.

Language.

Language.

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Language.

AFTER a time, man began to give his ideas to others by rude pictures, drawings of animals and trees and the various other things with which he could give rude thoughts. At first he would make a picture of the whole animal. Afterwards some part of the animal would stand for the whole, and in some of the old picture-writings the curve of the nostril of a horse stands for the animal. This was the shorthand of picture-writing. But it was a long journey to where marks would stand, not for pictures, but for sounds. And then think of the distance still to the alphabet! Then to writing, so that marks took entirely the place of pictures. Then the invention of movable type, and then the press, making it possible to save the wealth of the brain; making it possible for a man to leave not simply his property to his fellow man, not houses and lands and dollars, but his ideas, his thoughts, his theories, his dreams, the poetry and pathos of his soul. Now each generation is heir to all the past.

Language.

IF WE had free thought, then we could collect the wealth of the intellectual world. In the physical world springs make the creeks and brooks, and they the rivers, and the rivers empty into the great sea. So each brain should add to the sum of human knowledge. If we deny freedom of thought, the springs cease to gurgle, the rivers to run, and the great ocean of knowledge becomes a desert of barren ignorant sand.

*Brooklyn
Speech.*

I AM GOING with the Republican Party because it is going my way; but if it ever turns to the right or left, I intend to go straight ahead.

BAE The Philosophy of Ingersoll BAE

IF I HAD the power to produce exactly what I want for next Christmas, I would have all the kings and emperors resign and allow the people to govern themselves.

*What I Want
for Christmas.*

I WOULD like to see corporal punishment done away with in every home, in every school, in every asylum, reformatory, and prison. Cruelty hardens and degrades, kindness reforms and ennobles.

*What I Want
for Christmas.*

I WOULD like to see the millionaires unite and form a trust for the public good.

*What I Want
for Christmas.*

I WOULD like to see a fair division of profits between capital and labor, so that the toiler could save enough to mingle a little June with the December of his life.

*What I Want
for Christmas.*

I WOULD like to see an international court established in which to settle disputes between nations, so that armies could be disbanded and the great navies allowed to rust and rot in perfect peace.

*What I Want
for Christmas.*

I WOULD like to see the whole world free—free from injustice, free from superstition.

*What I Want
for Christmas.*

I WOULD have all the nobility drop their titles and give their lands back to the people. I would have all the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, priests and clergymen admit that they know nothing about theology, nothing about hell or heaven, nothing about the destiny of the human race, nothing about devils or ghosts, gods or angels. I

*What I Want
for Christmas.*

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would have them tell all their "flock" to think for themselves, to be manly men and womanly women, and to do all in their power to increase the sum of human happiness.

*Should
the Chinese be
Excluded?*

CHINESE laborers are inoffensive, peaceable and law-abiding. They are honest, keeping their contracts, doing as they agree. They are exceedingly industrious, always ready to work and always giving satisfaction to their employers. They do not interfere with other people. They cannot become citizens. They have no voice in the making or the execution of the laws. They attend to their own business. They have their own ideas, customs, religion and ceremonies—about as foolish as our own; but they do not try to make converts or to force their dogmas on others. They are patient, uncomplaining, stoical and philosophical. They earn what they can, giving reasonable value for the money which they receive, and, as a rule, when they have amassed a few thousand dollars, they go back to their own country. They do not interfere with our ideas, our ways or customs. They are silent workers, toiling without any object, except to do their work and get their pay. They do not establish saloons and run for Congress. Neither do they combine for the purpose of governing others. Of all the people on our soil they are the least meddlesome. Some of them smoke opium, but the opium-smoker does not beat his wife. Some of them play games of chance, but they are not members of the Stock Exchange. They eat the bread that they earn; they neither beg nor steal, but they are of no use to parties or politicians



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except as they become fuel to supply the flame of prejudice. They are not citizens and they cannot vote. Their employers are about the only friends they have.

THE WANDERERS hope for home. Hope builds the house and plants the flowers and fills the air with song.

THE SICK and suffering hope for health. Hope gives them health and paints the roses in their cheeks.

THE LONELY, the forsaken, hope for love. Hope brings the lover to their arms. They feel the kisses on their eager lips.

THE POOR in tenements and huts, in spite of rags and hunger, hope for wealth. Hope fills their thin and trembling hands with gold.

THE DYING hope that death is but another birth, and Love leans above the pallid face and whispers: "We shall meet again."

HOPE is the consolation of the world.

LET US hope that if there be another life it will bring peace and joy to all the children of men.

AND LET US hope that this poor earth on which we live may be a perfect world—a world without a crime, without a tear.

*The
Foundations
of Faith.*

*The
Foundations
of Faith.*

*The
Foundations
of Faith.*

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Foundations
of Faith.*

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of Faith.*

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of Faith.*

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of Faith.*

*The
Foundations
of Faith.*

LIFE.

On Life.

BORN of love and hope, of ecstasy and pain, of agony and fear, of tears and joy; dowered with the wealth of two united hearts; held in happy arms, with lips upon life's drifted font, blue-veined and fair, where perfect peace finds perfect form; rocked by willing feet and wooed to shadowy shores of sleep by siren mother singing soft and low; looking with wonder's wide and startled eyes at common things of life and day; taught by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the dimpled flesh of babes; lured by light and flame, and charmed by color's wondrous robes; learning the use of hands and feet, and by the love of mimicry beguiled to utter speech; releasing prisoned thoughts from crabbed and curious marks on soiled and tattered leaves; puzzling the brain with crooked numbers and their changing, tangled worth,—and so through years of alternating day and night until the captive grows familiar with the chains and walls and limitations of a life.

On Life.

AND TIME runs on in sun and shade until the one of all the world is wooed and won, and all the lore of love is taught and learned again. Again a home is built with the fair chamber wherein faint dreams, like cool and shadowy vales, divide the billowed hours of love. Again the miracle of a birth—the pain and joy, the kiss of welcome and the cradle-song drowning the drowsy prattle of a babe.

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AND THEN the sense of obligation and of wrong: pity for those who toil and weep; tears for the imprisoned and despised; love for the generous dead, and in the heart the rapture of a high resolve.

On Life.

AND THEN Ambition, with its lust of pelf and place and power, longing to put upon its breast distinction's worthless badge. Then keener thoughts of men, and eyes that see behind the smiling mask of craft—flattered no more by the obsequious cringe of gain and greed, knowing the uselessness of hoarded gold, of honor bought from those who charge the usury of self-respect, of power that only bends a coward's knees and forces from the lips of Fear the lies of praise. Knowing at last the unstudied gesture of esteem, the reverent eyes made rich with honest thought, and holding high above all other things—high as hope's great throbbing star above the darkness of the dead—the love of wife and child and friend.

On Life.

THEN locks of gray, and growing love of other days and half-remembered things; then holding withered hands of those who first held his, while over dim and loving eyes Death softly presses down the lids of rest.

On Life.

AND so, locking in marriage vows his children's hands and crossing others on the breasts of peace, with daughter's babes upon his knees, the white hair mingling with the gold, he journeys on from day to day to that horizon where the dusk is waiting for the night. At last, sitting

On Life.

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by the holy hearth of home as evening's embers change from red to gray, he falls asleep within the arms of her he worshiped and adored, feeling upon his pallid lips Love's last and holiest kiss.

The Christian Religion.

LIFE is a shadowy, strange and winding road on which we travel for a little way—a few short steps, just from the cradle, with its lullaby of love, to the low and quiet wayside inn, where all at last must sleep, and where the only salutation is, Good night.

Is Life Worth Living?

I LIKE to be alive, to breathe the air, to look at the landscape, the clouds and stars, to repeat old poems, to look at pictures and statues, to hear music, the voices of the ones I love. I enjoy eating and smoking. I like good cold water. I like to talk to my wife, my girls, my grandchildren. I like to sleep and to dream,—yes, life to me is worth living.

Individuality.

OVER the vast plain called life, we are all travelers, and not one traveler is perfectly certain that he is going in the right direction.

Reply to the Indianapolis Clergy.

AFTER all, of what use is it to search for a creator? The difficulty is not thus solved. You leave your creator as much in need of a creator as anything your creator is supposed to have created. The bottom of your stairs rests on nothing, and the top of your stairs leans upon nothing. You have reached no solution.

About Farming in Illinois.

HAVE the courage to take life as it comes, feast or famine.

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MAN MUST give up searching for the origin of anything. No one knows the origin of life, or of matter, or of what we call mind. The Whence and the Whither are questions that no man can answer. In the presence of these questions all intellects are upon a level.

DISGUISE it as we may, we live in a frightful world, with evils, with enemies, on every side. From the hedges along the path of life leap the bandits that murder and destroy; and every human being, no matter how often he escapes, at last will fall beneath the assassin's knife.

TO CHANGE the figure: We are all passengers on the train of life. The tickets give the names of the stations where we boarded the car, but the destination is unknown. At every station some passengers, pallid, breathless, dead, are put away, and some with the light of morning in their eyes get on.

TO CHANGE the figure again: On the wide sea of life we are on ships or rafts or spars, and some by friendly winds are borne to the fortunate isles, and some by storms are wrecked on the cruel rocks. And yet upon the isles the same as on the rocks, Death waits for all. And Death alone can truly say, "All things come to him who waits."

BACK of life, of existence, we cannot go; beyond death we cannot see. All duties, all obligations, all knowledge, all experience, are for this life, for this world.

*Reply to the
Indianapolis
Clergy.*

*The Children
of the Stage.*

*The Children
of the Stage.*

*The Children
of the Stage.*

The Truth.

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*Is Suicide a
Sin?*

LIFE is not the same to all — to some a blessing, to some a curse, to some not much in any way. Some leave it with unspeakable regret, some with the keenest joy, and some with indifference.

*The Great
Infidels.*

WITH nations as with individuals, the struggle for life is perpetual, and the law of the survival of the fittest applies equally to both.

*On
Shakespeare.*

WHEN men are prosperous, they are in love with life.

The Ghosts.

TRUE religion is not a theory — it is practice. It is not a creed — it is a life.

*Why I Am
an Agnostic.*

THE TREE of life grew in India, in China, and among the Aztecs, long before the Garden of Eden was planted.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

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

THE CONSEQUENCES of a bad action cannot be avoided; they are the invisible police, the unseen avengers, that accept no gifts, that hear no prayers, that no cunning can deceive.

IN THIS world there is neither chance nor caprice—neither magic nor miracle. Behind every event, every thought and dream, is the efficient, the natural and necessary cause.

RECOLLECT, that for every bad act, there will be laid upon your shoulder the arresting hand of the consequences; and it is precisely the same with a nation as it is with an individual. You have got to pay for all of your mistakes, and you have got to pay to the uttermost farthing. That is the only forgiveness known in nature. Nature never settles unless she can give a receipt in full.

The Gods.

*Myth and
Miracle.*

Which Way?

*Reunion
Address.*



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Is Suicide a Sin?

OUR ACTIONS are the fruit, the result, of circumstances, of conditions, and we do as we must. This great truth should fill the heart with pity for the failures of our race.

Is Suicide a Sin?

WE SHOULD remember that nothing happens but the natural. Back of every suicide and every attempt to commit suicide is the natural and efficient cause. Nothing happens by chance. In this world the facts touch each other. There is no space between—no room for chance. Given a certain heart and brain, certain conditions, and suicide is the necessary result. If we wish to prevent suicide we must change conditions. We must by education, by invention, by art, by civilization, add to the value of the average life. We must cultivate the brain and heart—do away with false pride and false modesty. We must become generous enough to help our fellows without degrading them. We must make industry—useful work of all kinds—honorable. We must mingle a little affection with our charity—a little fellowship. We should allow those who have sinned to really reform. We should not think only of what the wicked have done, but we should think of what we have wanted to do. People do not hate the sick. Why should they despise the mentally weak, the diseased in brain?

On Abraham Lincoln.

THE PRESENT moment is the child, and the necessary child, of all the past.

The Christian Religion.

IF A MAN puts his hand in the fire and God forgives him, his hand will smart exactly the same.

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ALL MISTAKES in nature have to be paid for. And not only do you pay for your mistake itself, but you pay at least ten per cent compound interest. Whenever you do wrong, and nobody finds it out, do not imagine you have gotten over it; you have not. Nature knows it.

THAT which has not happened, could not. The present is the necessary product of all the past, the necessary cause of all the future. In the infinite chain there is, and there can be, no broken, no missing link. The form and motion of every star, the climate of every world, all forms of vegetable and animal life, all instinct, intelligence and conscience, all assertions and denials, all vices and virtues, all thoughts and dreams, all hopes and fears, are necessities. Not one of the countless things and relations in the universe could have been different.

CONSEQUENCES determine the quality of an action. If consequences are good, so is the action. If actions had no consequences, they would be neither good nor bad. Man did not get his knowledge of the consequences of actions from God, but from experience and reason.

*Reunion
Address.*

*What Is
Religion?*

*The Christian
Religion.*

NATURE

The Gods.

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

The Gods.

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

The Gods.

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

The Gods.

BEYOND nature man cannot go even in thought; above nature he cannot rise; below nature he cannot fall.

BAE The Philosophy of Ingersoll BAE

NATURE never prompted a loving mother to throw her child into the Ganges.

I WILL leave my dead where nature leaves them.

KNOWLEDGE consists in ascertaining the laws of nature.

IN NATURE I see, or seem to see, good and evil, intelligence and ignorance, goodness and cruelty, care and carelessness, economy and waste. I see means that do not accomplish the ends, designs that seem to fail.

NATURE cares neither for smiles nor tears, for life nor death, the sun shines as gladly on coffins as on cradles.

THE UNIVERSE is all there is, or was, or will be. It is both subject and object, contemplator and contemplated; creator and created; destroyer and destroyed; preserver and preserved, and hath within itself all causes, modes, motions, and effects.

MATTER and force were not created. They have existed from eternity. They cannot be destroyed.

WHEN we abandon the doctrine that some infinite being created matter and force, and enacted a code of laws for their government, the idea of interference will be lost. The real priest will then be, not the mouth-piece of some pretended deity, but the interpreter of nature.

Heretic and Heresies.

What Must We Do to Be Saved?

On Humboldt.

Why I Am an Agnostic.

On Shakespeare.

Benedict Spinoza.

Why I Am an Agnostic.

The Gods.

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*Some Reasons
Why.*

IN NATURE there are neither rewards nor punishments—there are consequences.

*How
to Reform
Mankind.*

NATURE, generous and heartless, extravagant and miserly as she is, is our mother and our only teacher, and she is also the deceiver of men.

*What Is
Religion?*

FAILURE seems to be the trademark of Nature. Why? Nature has no design, no intelligence. Nature produces without purpose, sustains without intention and destroys without thought. Man has a little intelligence, and he should use it. Intelligence is the only lever capable of raising mankind.

*How
to Reform
Mankind.*

EVERY flower that gives its fragrance to the wandering air, leaves its influence on the soul of man. The wheel and swoop of the winged creatures of the air suggest the flowing lines of subtle art. The roar and murmur of the restless sea, the cataract's solemn chant, the thunder's voice, the happy babble of the brook, the whispering leaves, the thrilling notes of mating birds, the sighing winds, taught man to pour his heart in song, and gave a voice to grief and hope, to love and death.

*Reply to the
Indianapolis
Clergy.*

How DO you account for chemistry? How do you account for the fact that just so many particles of one kind seek the society of just so many particles of another, and when they meet they instantly form a glad and lasting union? How do you know but atoms have love and hatred? How do you know that the vegetable does not enjoy growing, and that crystallization itself is not an

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expression of delight? How do you know that a vine bursting into flower does not feel a thrill? We find sex in the meanest weeds,—how can you say that they have no love?

YOU KNOW just as well as I that the forces of nature produce the good and bad alike. You know that the forces of nature destroy the good and bad alike. You know that the lightning feels the same keen delight in striking to death the honest man that it does or would in striking the assassin with his knife lifted above the bosom of innocence.

NATURE invites into this world every babe that is born. And what would you think of me, for instance, tonight, having invited you here—nobody had charged you anything, but you had been invited—and when you got here you had found one man pretending to occupy one hundred seats, another fifty, and another seventy-five, and thereupon you were compelled to stand up,—what would you think of the invitation? It seems to me that every child of nature is entitled to a share of the land, and that he should not be compelled to beg the privilege to work the soil, of a babe that happened to be born beforehand.

*To Henry M.
Field, D. D.*

A Lay Sermon.

MAN AND WOMAN

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

THE GRANDEST ambition that any man can possibly have, is to so live and so improve himself in heart and brain as to be worthy of the love of some splendid woman; and the grandest ambition of any girl is to make herself worthy of the love and adoration of some magnificent man.

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

IN MY judgment, the woman is the equal of the man. She has all the rights I have, and one more, and that is the right to be protected. That is my doctrine.

*What Must
We Do to Be
Served?*

“MAN” AND “WOMAN” are the highest titles that can be bestowed upon humanity.

*Some Mistakes
of Moses.*

THE MARRIAGE of the one man to the one woman is the citadel and fortress of civilization.

*Liberty and
Literature.*

NOTHING can be more marvelous than the common and every-day facts of life. The phantoms have been cast aside. Men and women are enough for men and women. In their lives is all the tragedy and all the comedy that they can comprehend.

*On Working
Girls.*

I THINK the women who have been engaged in the struggle for equal rights have done good for women in the direction of obtaining equal wages for equal work. There has also been for many years a tendency among women in our country to become independent—a desire to make their own living, to win their own bread.

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I THINK that women should have clubs and societies, that they should get together and exchange ideas. Women, as a rule, are provincial and conservative.

IT TAKES a hundred men to make an encampment, but one woman can make a home.

THERE has been a great deal said in this country of late in regard to giving the right of suffrage to women. So far as I am concerned I am willing that every woman in the nation who desires that privilege and honor shall vote. If any woman wants to vote I am too much of a gentleman to say she shall not. She gets her right if she has it from precisely the same source that I get mine, and there are many questions upon which I would deem it desirable that women should vote, especially upon the question of peace or war. If a woman has a child to be offered upon the altar of that Moloch, a husband liable to be drafted, and who loves a heart that can be entered by the iron arrow of death, she surely has as much right to vote for peace as some thrice-besotted sot who reels to the ballot-box and deposits a vote for war. I believe, and always have, that there is only one objection to a woman voting, and that is, the men are not sufficiently civilized for her to associate with them, and for several years I have been doing what little I can to civilize them.

IN EVERY field where woman has become a competitor of man she has either become, or given evidence that she is to become, his equal.

*Woman and
Her Domain.*

Woman.

*Suffrage
Address.*

*Woman in
Politics.*

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My own opinion is that woman is naturally the equal of man, and that in time, that is to say, when she has had the opportunity and the training, she will produce in the world of art as great pictures, as great statutes, and in the world of literature as great books, dramas and poems as man has produced or will produce.

*Woman in
Politics.*

A LITTLE while ago the literature of the world was produced by men, and men were not only the writers, but the readers. At that time the novels were coarse and vulgar. Now the readers of fiction are women, and they demand that which they can read, and the result is that women have become great writers. The women have changed our literature, and the change has been good.

Interviews.

YOU NEED not go back four thousand years for heroines. The world is filled with them today. They do not belong to any nation, nor to any religion, nor exclusively to any race. Wherever woman is found, they are found.

Interviews.

THERE is no description of any women in the Bible that equals thousands and thousands of women known today. They will not compare with the women born of Shakespeare's brain. You will find none like Isabella, in whose spotless life, love and reason blended into perfect truth; nor Juliet, within whose heart passion and purity met, like white and red within the bosom of a rose; nor Cordelia, who chose to suffer loss rather than show her wealth of love with those who gilded dress with golden words in hope of

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gain; nor Miranda, who told her love as freely as a flower gives its bosom to the kisses of the sun; nor Imogene, who asked: "What is it to be false?" nor Hermione, who bore with perfect faith and hope the cross of shame, and who at last forgave with all her heart; nor Desdemona, her innocence so perfect and her love so pure, that she was incapable of suspecting that another could suspect, and who with dying words sought to hide her lover's crime, and with her last faint breath uttered a living lie that burst into a perfumed lily between her pallid lips.

THERE is nothing very hard to understand in the politics of a country. The general principles are for the most part simple. It is only in the application that the complexity arises, and woman, I think, by nature, is as well fitted to understand these things as man. In short, I have no prejudice on this subject. At first, women will be more conservative than men, and this is natural. Women have, through many generations, acquired the habit of submission, of acquiescence. They have practised what may be called the slave virtues — obedience, humility — so that some time will be required for them to become accustomed to the new order of things, to the exercise of greater freedom, acting in accordance with perceived obligation, independently of authority.

THERE is not the slightest danger of women becoming too intellectual or knowing too much. Neither is there any danger of men knowing too much. At least, I know of no men who are in immediate peril from that source. I am a firm

*First
Star-Route
Trial.*

*First
Star-Route
Trial.*

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believer in the equal rights of human beings, and no matter what I think as to what woman should or should not do, she has the same right to decide for herself that I have to decide for myself. If women wish to vote, if they wish to take part in political matters, if they wish to run for office, I shall do nothing to interfere with their rights. I most cheerfully admit that my political rights are only equal to theirs.

*First
Star-Route
Trial.*

I THINK the influence of women is always good in politics, as in everything else. I think it the duty of every woman to ascertain what she can in regard to her country, including its history, laws and customs. Woman above all others is a teacher. She, above all others, determines the character of children—that is to say, of men and women.

*First
Star-Route
Trial.*

THERE is a painting in the Louvre, a painting of desolation, of despair and love. It represents the night of the crucifixion. The world is represented in shadow. The stars are dead, and yet in the darkness is seen a kneeling form. It is Mary Magdalene, with loving lips and hands pressed against the bleeding feet of Christ. The skies were never dark enough nor starless enough; the storm was never fierce enough nor wild enough; the quick bolts of heaven were never lurid enough, and arrows of slander never flew thick enough to drive a noble woman from her husband's side.

*Trial for
Blasphemy.*

A WOMAN whose husband has gone down to the gutter, gone down to degradation and filth;

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the woman who follows him and lifts him out of the mire and presses him to her noble heart, until he becomes a man once more, this woman is a worshiper. Her act is worship.

MISS ANTHONY is one of the most remarkable women in the world. She has the enthusiasm of youth and spring, the courage and sincerity of a martyr. She is as reliable as the attraction of gravitation. She is absolutely true to her convictions, intellectually honest, logical, candid and infinitely persistent. No human being has done more for woman than Miss Anthony. She has won the respect and admiration of the best people on the earth. And so I say, Good luck and long life to Susan B. Anthony.

THE AFFECTION that man has for woman is, in my judgment, the holiest and most beautiful thing in nature; the affection that woman has for man—that affection, that something that we call love—has done all there is of value in the world. It has civilized mankind, made all the poems, painted all the pictures, and composed all the music. Take it from the world and we will be simply wild beasts—far worse than wild beasts, for they have affection for each other and for their young.

THE WAR that is now being waged against the forces of evil is as hopeless as the battle of the fireflies against the darkness of night.

THERE is but one hope—ignorance, poverty and vice must stop populating the world. This

*A Little of
Everything.*

*Argument
in the
Russell Case.*

*What Is
Religion?*

*What Is
Religion?*

The Philosophy of Ingersoll

cannot be done by moral suasion. This cannot be done by talk or example. This cannot be done by religion or by law, by priest or by hangman. This cannot be done by force, physical or moral.

What Is Religion ?

TO ACCOMPLISH this there is but one way — science must make woman the owner, the mistress of herself. Science, the only possible savior of mankind, must put it in the power of woman to decide for herself whether she will or will not become a mother.

What Is Religion ?

THIS is the solution of the whole question. This frees woman. The babes that are then born will be welcome. They will be clasped with glad hands to happy breasts. They will fill homes with light and joy.

Interviews.

I HAVE infinite respect for the inventors, the thinkers, the discoverers, and, above all, for the unknown millions who have, without the hope of fame, lived and labored for the ones they loved.

MARRIAGE

SHOULD divorced people to marry? This depends upon whether marriage is a crime. If it is not a crime, why should any penalty be attached? Can any one conceive of any reason why a woman obtaining a divorce, without fault on her part, should be compelled as a punishment to remain forever single? Why should she be punished for the dishonesty or brutality of another? Why should a man who faithfully kept his contract of marriage, and who was deserted by an unfaithful wife, be punished for the benefit of society? Why should he be doomed to live without a home?

THERE is still another view. We must remember that human passions are the same after as before divorce. To prevent marriage is to give excuse for vice.

THE REAL marriage is back of the ceremony, and the real divorce is back of the decree. When love is dead, when husband and wife abhor each other, they are divorced. The decree records in a judicial way what has really taken place, just as the ceremony of marriage attests a contract already made.

ALTHOUGH marriage is the most important and the most sacred contract that human beings can make, still when that contract has been violated, courts should have the power to declare it null and void upon such conditions as may be just.

*Is Divorce
Wrong?*

*Is Divorce
Wrong?*

*Is Divorce
Wrong?*

*Is Divorce
Wrong?*

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*Rome or
Reason.*

THE HIGHEST ideal of a family is where all are equal, where love has superseded authority, where each seeks the good of all, and where none obey; where no religion can sunder hearts, and with which no church can interfere.

*Rome or
Reason.*

THE REAL marriage is based on mutual affection; the ceremony is but the outward evidence of the inward flame. To this contract there are but two parties. The Church is an impudent intruder. Marriage is made public to the end that the real contract may be known, so that the world can see that the parties have been actuated by the highest and holiest motives that find expression in the acts of human beings. The man and woman are not joined together by God, or by the Church, or by the State.

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

I BELIEVE in marriage, and I hold in utter contempt the opinions of those long-haired men and short-haired women who denounce the institution of marriage.

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

IT TOOK millions of years to come from the condition of abject slavery up to the condition of marriage. Ladies, the ornaments you wear upon your persons tonight are but the souvenirs of your mothers' bondage. The chains around your necks, and the bracelets clasped upon your white arms by the thrilled hand of love, have been changed by the wand of civilization from iron to shining, glittering gold.

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

YOU ARE married; try and make the woman you love happy. Whoever marries simply for

The Philosophy of Ingersoll

himself will make a mistake; but whoever loves a woman so well that he says, "I will make her happy," makes no mistake. And so with the woman who says, "I will make him happy." There is only one way to be happy, and that is to make somebody else so, and you cannot be happy by going across lots; you have got to go the regular turnpike road.

IF THERE is any man I detest, it is the man who thinks he is the head of the family—the man who thinks he is "boss"!

IMAGINE a young man and a young woman courting, walking out in the moonlight, and the nightingale singing a song of pain and love, as though the thorn touched her heart,—imagine them stopping there in the moonlight and starlight and song, and saying, "Now, here, let us settle who is 'boss'!" I tell you it is an infamous word and an infamous feeling. I abhor a man who is "boss," who is going to govern in his family, and when he speaks orders all the rest to be still as some mighty idea is about to be launched from his mouth. Do you know I dislike this man unspeakably?

I HATE above all things a cross man. What right has he to murder the sunshine of the day? What right has he to assassinate the glory of life? When you go home you ought to go like a ray of light, so that it will, even in the night, burst out of the doors and windows and illuminate the darkness. Some men think their mighty brains have been in a turmoil; they have been

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

BAE The Philosophy of Ingersoll BAE

thinking about who will be alderman from the fifth ward; they have been thinking about politics; great and mighty questions have been engaging their minds; they have bought calico at five cents or six cents and want to sell it for seven cents. Think of the intellectual strain that must have been upon that man! And when he gets home everybody else in the house must look out for his comfort! A woman who has only taken care of five or six children—and one or two of them sick—who has been nursing them and singing to them, and trying to make one yard of cloth do the work of two,—she, of course, is fresh and fine and ready to wait upon this gentleman—the head of the family—the Boss!

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

Do you know another thing? I despise a stingy man.

I HAVE known men who would entrust their wives with their hearts and their honor but not with their pocketbook—not with a dollar. When I see a man of that kind, I always think he knows which of these articles is the most valuable. Think of making your wife a beggar! Think of her having to ask you every day for a dollar or for two dollars, or fifty cents! “What did you do with that dollar I gave you last week?” Think of having a wife who is afraid of you! What kind of children do you expect to have with a beggar and a coward for their mother? Oh, I tell you if you have but a dollar in the world, and you have to spend it, spend it like a king,—spend it as though it were a dry

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leaf and you the owner of unbounded forests!
That's the way to spend it!

GET THE best you can for your family; try to look as well as you can yourself. When you used to go courting, how elegantly you looked! Ah, your eye was bright, your step was light, and you looked like a prince! Do you know that it is insufferable egotism in you to suppose a woman is going to love you always looking as slovenly as you can? Think of it! Any good woman on earth will be true to you forever when you do your level best.

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

LOVE

Orthodoxy.

LOVE is the only bow on Life's dark cloud. It is the Morning and the Evening Star. It shines upon the cradle of the babe, and sheds its radiance on the quiet tomb. It is the mother of Art, inspirer of poet, patriot and philosopher. It is the air and light of every heart, builder of every home, kindler of every fire on every hearth. It was the first to dream of immortality. It fills the world with melody, for Music is the voice of Love. Love is the magician, the enchanter, that changes worthless things to joy, and makes right royal kings and queens of common clay. It is the perfume of the wondrous flower—the heart—and without that sacred passion, that divine swoon, we are less than beasts,—but with it, earth is heaven and we are gods.

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

THERE is no success in life without love and marriage. You had better be the emperor of one loving and tender heart, and she empress of yours, than to be king of the world.

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

THE MEANEST hut with love in it is a palace fit for the gods, and a palace without love is a den only fit for wild beasts.

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

GOOD nature is the cheapest commodity in the world; and love is the only thing that will pay ten per cent to both borrower and lender.

*What Must
We Do to Be
Saved?*

INTELLIGENT Self-love embraces within its mighty arms all the human race.

⚡⚡ The Philosophy of Ingersoll ⚡⚡

LOVE and Virtue are the same the whole world round, and Justice is the same in every star.

THE MAN who has really won the love of one good woman in this world, I do not care if he dies a beggar, his life has been a success.

LOVE is not of any country; nobility does not belong exclusively to any race; and through all the ages, there have been a few great and tender souls blossoming in love and pity.

IT is a splendid thing to think that the woman you really love will never grow old to you. Through the wrinkles of time, through the mask of years, if you really love her, you will always see the face you have loved and won. And a woman who really loves a man does not see that he grows old; he is not decrepit to her; he does not tremble; he is not old; she always sees the same gallant gentleman who won her hand and heart. I like to think of it in that way—I like to think that love is eternal. And to love in that way and then go down the hill of life together, and as you go down, hear, perhaps, the laughter of grandchildren, while the birds of joy and love sing once more in the leafless branches of the tree of age!

MAN is strength, woman is beauty; man is courage, woman is love. When the one man loves the one woman and the one woman loves the one man, the very angels leave heaven and come and sit in that house and sing for joy.

*Some Mistakes
of Moses.*

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*



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*Some Mistakes
of Moses.*

*Woman's
Right to
Divorce.*

CIVILIZATION rests upon the family.

PEOPLE should understand that men and women are not virtuous by law. They should comprehend the fact that law does not create virtue—that the law is not the foundation, the fountain of love. They should understand that love is in the human heart, and that real love is virtuous. People who love each other will be true to each other. The death of love is the commencement of vice.

HOME

THE HOME where Virtue dwells with Love is like a lily with a heart of fire — the fairest flower in all the world.

THE HOLIEST temple beneath the stars is a home that Love has built. And the holiest altar in all the wide world is the fireside around which gather father and mother and the sweet babes.

IF IN this world there is anything splendid, it is a home where all are equals.

AROUND the fireside cluster the private and the public virtues of our race.

THE HOME, after all, is the unit of civilization, of good government; and to secure homes for a great majority of our citizens, would be to lay the foundation of our Government deeper and broader and stronger than that of any nation that has existed among men.

WITHOUT the family relation there is no life worth living. Every good government is made up of good families. The unit of good government is the family, and anything that tends to destroy the family is perfectly devilish and infamous.

NOTHING is more important to America than that the babes of America should be born around the firesides of home.

*Some Mistakes
of Moses.*

*What Must
We Do to Be
Saved?*

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

*About
Farming in
Illinois.*

*Crimes Against
Criminals.*

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

*How
to Reform
Mankind.*

BAE The Philosophy of Ingersoll BAE

On Divorce.

THE GOOD home is the unit of good government. The hearthstone is the corner-stone of civilization. Society is not interested in the preservation of hateful homes. It is not to the interest of society that good women should be enslaved or that they should become mothers by husbands whom they hate.

*About
Farming in
Illinois.*

*How
to Reform
Mankind.*

HOMES make patriots.

I WOULD exempt a homestead of reasonable value, say of the value of two or three thousand dollars, not only from sale under execution, but from sale from taxes of every description,—these homes should be absolutely exempt; they should belong to the family, so that every mother might feel that the roof above her head was hers; that her house was her castle, and that in its possession she could not be disturbed, even by the nation. Under certain conditions I would allow the sale of this homestead, and exempt the proceeds of sale for a certain time, during which they might be invested in another home; and all this could be done to make a nation of householders, a nation of land-owners, a nation of home-builders. I would invoke the same power to preserve these homes, and to acquire these homes, that I would invoke for acquiring lands for building railways. Every State could fix the amount of land that could be owned by an individual, not liable to be taken from him for the purpose of giving a home to another; and when any man owned more acres than the law allowed, and another should ask to purchase them, and he should refuse, I would have the law so that

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the person wishing the purchase could file a petition in court. The Court would appoint commissioners, or a jury would be called, to determine the value of the land the petitioner wished for a home, and, upon the amount being paid, found by such commissioner, or jury, the land should vest absolutely in the petitioner.

I BELIEVE in the fireside. I believe in the democracy of home. I believe in the republicanism of the family. I believe in liberty, equality and love.

IF UPON this earth we ever have a glimpse of heaven, it is when we pass a home in winter, at night, and through the windows, the curtains drawn aside, we see the family about the pleasant hearth: the old lady knitting, the cat playing with the yarn, the children wishing they had as many dolls or dollars or knives or somethings as there are sparks going out to join the roaring blast; the father reading and smoking, and the clouds rising like incense from the altar of domestic joy. I never passed such a house without feeling that I had received a benediction.

HONOR, place, fame, glory, riches—they are ashes, smoke, dust, disappointment, unless there is somebody in the world you love, somebody who loves you; unless there is some place that you can call home, some place where you can feel the arms of children around your neck, some place that is made absolutely sacred by the love of others.

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

*Ratification
Speech.*

CHILDREN

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

*About
Farming in
Illinois.*

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

THE CHILDREN have the same rights that we have, and we ought to treat them as though they were human beings.

I DO NOT believe in the government of the lash. If any one of you ever expects to whip your children again, I want you to have a photograph taken of yourself when you are in the act, with your face red with vulgar anger, and the face of the little child, with eyes swimming in tears and the little chin dimpled with fear, like a piece of water struck by a sudden cold wind. Have the picture taken. If that little child should die, I cannot think of a sweeter way to spend an autumn afternoon than to go out to the cemetery, when the maples are clad in tender gold, and little scarlet runners are coming, like poems of regret, from the sad heart of the earth, and sit down upon the grave and look at that photograph, and think of the flesh, now dust, that you beat.

A BLOW from a parent leaves a scar on the soul. I should feel ashamed to die surrounded by children I had whipped. Think of feeling upon your dying lips the kiss of a child you had struck!

IMAGINE a man who deals in stocks whipping his boy for putting false rumors afloat! Think of a lawyer beating his own flesh and blood for evading the truth when he makes half of his own living that way!

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MEN ARE oaks, women are vines, children are flowers.

The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child.

IF THE poor have to waken their children early in the morning it is as easy to wake them with a kiss as with a blow.

The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child.

WHEN your child commits a wrong, take it in your arms; let it feel your heart beat against its heart; let the child know that you really and truly and sincerely love it.

The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child.

I SAY to my children: "Go where you will; commit what crime you may; fall to what depths of degradation you may; you can never commit any crime that will shut my door, my arms, or my heart to you. As long as I live you shall have one sincere friend."

The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child.

CALL ME infidel, call me atheist, call me what you will, I intend to so treat my children that they can come to my grave and truthfully say: "He who sleeps here never gave us a moment of pain. From his lips, now dust, never came to us an unkind word."

The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child.

THE HIGHEST test of civilization is the treatment of women and children. By this standard America stands first among nations.

Is Avarice Triumphant?

FEW PEOPLE have an adequate idea of the sufferings of women and children, of the number of wives who tremble when they hear the footsteps of a returning husband, of the number of children who hide when they hear the voice

Is Divorce Wrong?

☪☪ The Philosophy of Ingersoll ☪☪

of a father. Few people know the number of blows that fall on the flesh of the helpless every day, and few know the nights of terror passed by mothers who hold babes to their breasts.

*Some Mistakes
of Moses.*

IF THERE is anything in this poor world suggestive of, and standing for, all that is sweet, loving and pure, it is a mother holding in her thrilled and happy arms her prattling babe.

*At a Child's
Grave.*

MY FRIENDS, I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world, where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth, patriarchs and babes sleep side by side.

*At a Child's
Grave.*

WHY SHOULD we fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell, we do not know, which is the greater blessing—life or death. We cannot say that death is not a good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life, or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn. Neither can we tell which is the more fortunate—the child dying in its mother's arms, before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch.

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EVERY cradle asks us "Whence?" and every coffin "Whither?" The poor barbarian, weeping above his dead, can answer these questions just as well as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other. No man, standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave, has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears.

IT MAY be that death gives us all there is of worth to life. If those we press and strain within our arms could never die, perhaps love would wither from the earth. And I had rather live and love where death is king, than have eternal life where love is not. Another life is naught, unless we know and love again the ones who love us here.

THEY who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave need have no fear. The larger and the nobler faith in all that is, and is to be, tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life—the needs and duties of each hour—their grief will lesson day by day, until at last this grave will be to them a place of rest and peace—almost of joy. There is for them this consolation: the dead do not suffer. If they live again, their lives will surely be as good as ours. We have no fear. We are all children of the same mother, and the same fate awaits us all. We, too, have our religion, and it is this: Help for the Living, Hope for the Dead.

*At a Child's
Grave.*

*At a Child's
Grave.*

*At a Child's
Grave.*

EDUCATION

*On Working
Girls.*

THE GREAT trouble with the public school is that many things are taught that are of no immediate use. I believe in manual-training schools. I believe in the kindergarten system. Every person ought to be taught how to do something—ought to be taught the use of their hands. They should endeavor to put in palpable form the ideas that they gain. Such an education gives them a confidence in themselves, a confidence in the future—gives them a spirit and feeling of independence that they do not now have.

*How
to Reform
Mankind.*

CHILDREN should be taught to think, to investigate, to rely upon the light of reason, of observation and experience; should be taught to use all their senses; and they should be taught only that which in some sense is really useful. They should be taught to use tools, to use their hands, to embody their thoughts in the construction of things. Their lives should not be wasted in the acquisition of the useless, or of the almost useless. Years should not be devoted to the acquisition of dead languages, or to the study of history which, for the most part, is a detailed account of things that never occurred. It is useless to fill the mind with dates of great battles, with the births and deaths of kings. They should be taught the philosophy of history, the growth of nations, of philosophies, theories, and, above all, of the sciences. They should be taught the importance, not only of financial, but

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of mental, honesty; to be absolutely sincere; to utter their real thoughts, and to give their actual opinions; and if parents want honest children, they should be honest themselves. It may be that hypocrites transmit their failing to their offspring. Men and women who pretend to agree with the majority, who think one way and talk another, can hardly expect their children to be absolutely sincere.

THERE was an idea in the olden time—and it is not yet dead—that whoever was educated ought not to work—that he should use his head and not his hands. Graduates were ashamed to be found engaged in manual labor, in ploughing fields, in sowing or in gathering grain. To this manly kind of independence they preferred the garret and the precarious existence of an unappreciated poet, borrowing their money from their friends, and their ideas from the dead. The educated regarded the useful as degrading,—they were willing to stain their souls to keep their hands white.

THE OBJECT of all education should be to increase the usefulness of man—usefulness to himself and others. Every human being should be taught that his first duty is to take care of himself, and that to be self-respecting he must be self-supporting. To live on the labor of others, either by force which enslaves, or by cunning which robs, or by borrowing or begging, is wholly dishonorable. Every man should be taught some useful art. His hands should be educated as well as his head. He should be taught

*Crimes Against
Criminals.*

*Crimes Against
Criminals.*

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to deal with things as they are—with life as it is. This would give a feeling of independence, which is the firmest foundation of honor, of character. Every man knowing that he is useful, admires himself.

*How
to Reform
Mankind.*

NOTHING should be taught in any school that the teacher does not know. Beliefs, superstitions, theories, should not be treated like demonstrated facts. The child should be taught to investigate, not to believe. Too much doubt is better than too much credulity. So, children should be taught that it is their duty to think for themselves, to understand, and, if possible, to know.

*On Abraham
Lincoln.*

FOR THE most part, colleges are places where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed.

*A Word
About
Education.*

THE MAN who is fitted to take care of himself, in all the conditions in which he may be placed, is, in a very important sense, an educated man. The savage who understands the habits of animals, who is a good hunter and fisher, is a man of education, taking into consideration his circumstances. The graduate of a university who cannot take care of himself—no matter how much he may have studied—is not an educated man.

Our Schools.

I BELIEVE that the common school is the bread of life, and all should be commanded to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. It would have been far better to have expelled those who refused to eat.

The Philosophy of Ingersoll

IT IS far cheaper to build schoolhouses than prisons, and it is much better to have scholars than convicts.

Our Schools.

THE KINDERGARTEN system should be encouraged, especially for the young; attending school is then a pleasure; the children do not run away from school, but to school. We should educate the children not simply in mind, but educate their eyes and hands, and they should be taught something that will be of use, that will help them to make a living, that will give them independence, confidence—that is to say, character.

Our Schools.

THERE is another thing: teachers are poorly paid. Only the best should be employed, and they should be well paid. Men and women of the highest character should have charge of the children, because there is a vast deal of education in association, and it is of the utmost importance that the children should associate with real gentlemen—that is to say, with real men; with real ladies—that is to say, with real women.

Our Schools.

SCHOOLHOUSES are the real temples, and teachers are the true priests.

Myth and Miracle.

THE GREATEST danger to the Republic is ignorance. Intelligence is the foundation of free government.

Our Schools.

THE COST of the schools is very little, and the cost of land—giving the children, as I said before, air and light—would amount to nothing.

Our Schools.

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*A Word
About
Education.*

So THE conclusion of the whole matter is, that he is educated who knows how to care for himself; and that the happy man is the successful man; and that it is only a burden to have more than you want, or to learn those things that you cannot use.

INTELLIGENCE

IN NATURE there are opposing forces. Some of the forces work for what man calls good; some for what he calls evil. Back of these forces our ancestors put will, intelligence and design.

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

OUT ON the intellectual sea there is room enough for every sail.

INTELLIGENCE must be the savior of this world.

THERE is in the intellectual world, as in the physical, decay and growth, and ever by the grave of buried Age stand Youth and Joy.

SOME have contended that everything is spirit; others that everything is matter; and, again, others have maintained that a part is matter and a part is spirit; some that spirit was first and matter after; others that matter was first and spirit after; and others that matter and spirit have existed together.

BUT NONE of these people can by any possibility tell what matter is, or what spirit is, or what the difference is between spirit and matter.

The Devil.

The Gods.

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

*What Must
We Do to Be
Saved?*

On Voltaire.

*Liberty and
Literature.*

*Liberty and
Literature.*

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*How
to Reform
Mankind.*

FEW MEN have intelligence enough, real greatness enough, to own a great fortune. As a rule, the fortune owns them. Their fortune is their master, for whom they work and toil like slaves. The man who has a good business and who can make a reasonable living and lay aside something for the future, who can educate his children and can leave enough to keep the wolf of want from the door of those he loves, ought to be the happiest of men.

*Some
Interrogation
Points.*

IS MAN involved in the "general scheme" of things? Is there no pity, no mercy? Can man become intelligent enough to be generous, to be just, or does the same law or fact control him that controls the animal world? The great oak steals the sunlight from the smaller trees. The strong animals devour the weak; everything eats something else; each is at the mercy of beak, or claw, or hoof, or tooth—of hand and club—of brain and greed: inequality, injustice everywhere.

*Some
Interrogation
Points.*

THE POOR horse standing in the street with his dray—overworked, overwhipped, and underfed—when he sees other horses groomed to mirrors, glittering with gold and silver, scorning with proud feet the very earth, probably indulges in the usual socialistic reflections; and this same horse, worn out and old, deserted by his master, turned into the dusty road, leans his head on the topmost rail, looks at donkeys in a field of clover, and feels like a Nihilist.

TRUTH

TO LOVE the truth is mental virtue—intellectual purity. This is true manhood.

The Truth.

EVERY man should be true to himself—true to the inward light. Each man, in the laboratory of his own mind, and for himself alone, should test the so-called facts—the theories of all the world. Truth, *in accordance with his reason*, should be his guide and master.

The Truth.

BEAUTY is not all there is of poetry. It must contain the truth.

Liberty and Literature.

THE MAN who finds a truth lights a torch.

The Truth.

TRUTH gives man the greatest power for good. Truth is sword and shield. It is the sacred light of the soul.

The Truth.

TRUTH is the mother of Joy. Truth civilizes, ennobles, and purifies. The grandest ambition that can enter the soul is to know the truth.

The Truth.

IN THE world of thought, majorities count for nothing. Truth has always dwelt with the few.

Field-Ingersoll Discussion.

IN EVERY college Truth should be a welcome guest.

Myth and Miracle.

HE WHO attempts to ridicule the truth, ridicules himself.

On Voltaire.

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The Truth.

TRUTH is the intellectual wealth of the world.

Liberty and Literature.

AROUND the oak of truth runs the vine of beauty.

The Truth.

THE NOBLEST of occupations is to search for truth.

The Truth.

TRUTH is the foundation, the superstructure, and the glittering dome of progress.

The Ghosts.

FREE thought will give us truth.

Orthodoxy.

EVERYTHING except the demonstrated truth is liable to die.

Progress.

TRUTH is neither young nor old, it is neither ancient nor modern, but it is the same for all times and places and should be sought for with ceaseless activity, eagerly acknowledged, loved more than life, and abandoned—never. In accordance with the idea that labor is the basis of all prosperity and happiness, is another idea or truth, and that is, that labor in order to make the laborer and the world at large happy, must be free. That the laborer must be a free man, the thinker must be free.

The Oath Question.

THE TRUTH, plainly told, naturally commends itself to the intelligence. Every fact is a genuine link in the infinite chain, and will agree perfectly with every other fact. A fact asks to be inspected, asks to be understood. It needs no oath, no ceremony, no supernatural aid. It is independent of all the gods.

JUSTICE

THE RIGHTS of all are equal. Justice, poised and balanced in eternal calm, will shake from the golden scales, in which are weighed the acts of men, the very dust of prejudice and caste. No race, no color, no previous condition, can change the rights of man.

IF THIS is not now a free Government, if citizens cannot now be protected, regardless of race or color, if the three sacred amendments have been undermined by the Supreme Court, we must have another; and if that fails, then another; and we must neither stop, nor pause, until the Constitution shall become a perfect shield for every right, of every human being, beneath our flag.

THERE is but one blasphemy, and that is injustice. There is but one worship, and that is justice!

WHEN all men give to all others all the rights they claim for themselves, this world will be civilized.

GOD CANNOT afford to damn a man in the next world who has made a family happy in this.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE is my cathedral. The universe is my bible. I believe in that gospel of justice, that we must reap what we sow.

*Centennial
Oration.*

Civil Rights.

*What Must
We Do to Be
Saved?*

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

Orthodoxy.

*What Must
We Do to Be
Saved?*

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*The
Limitations of
Toleration.*

GIVE to every other human being every right that you claim for yourself.

Orthodoxy.

VIRTUE is of no color; kindness, justice and love, of no complexion.

*The Munn
Trial.*

WERE it not for sympathy, the idea of justice never would have entered the human brain. This thing called Sympathy is the mother of Justice, and although Justice has been painted blind, never has she been represented as heartless.

*The Munn
Trial.*

THERE is no more sacred, no more holy, and no purer thing than what you and I call sympathy, and the man who is unsympathetic is not a man. The white breast of the lily is filthy as compared to the human heart perfumed with love and sympathy.

Which Way?

WHEN the sword of justice becomes a staff to support the weak, it bursts into blossom; and the perfume of that flower is the only incense, the only offering, the only sacrifice that mercy will accept.

PREJUDICE

PREJUDICE is born of ignorance and malice. One of the greatest men of this country said prejudice is the spider of the mind. It weaves its web over every window and over every crevice where light can enter, and then disputes the existence of the light that it has excluded. That is prejudice. Prejudice will give the lie to all the other senses. It will swear the northern star out of the sky of truth. You must avoid it. It is the womb of injustice, and a man who cannot rise above prejudice is not a civilized man; he is simply a barbarian.

*First
Star-Route
Trial.*



LIBERTY

*Myth and
Miracle.*

O LIBERTY, thou art the god of my idolatry! Thou art the only deity that hateth bended knees. In thy vast and unwalled temple, beneath the roofless dome, star-gemmed and luminous with suns, thy worshipers stand erect! They do not cringe, or crawl, or bend their foreheads to the earth. The dust has never borne the impress of their lips. Upon thy altars mothers do not sacrifice their babes, no men their rights. Thou askest naught from man except the things that good men hate—the whip, the chain, the dungeon key. Thou hast no popes, no priests, who stand between their fellow men and thee. Thou carest not for foolish forms, or selfish prayers. At thy sacred shrine Hypocrisy does not bow, Virtue does not tremble, Superstition's feeble tapers do not burn, but Reason holds aloft her inextinguishable torch whose holy light will one day flood the world.

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

THERE has never been upon the earth a generation of free men and women. It is not yet time to write a creed. Wait until the chains are broken—until dungeons are not regarded as temples. Wait until solemnity is not mistaken for wisdom—until mental cowardice ceases to be known as reverence. Wait until the living are considered the equals of the dead—until the cradle takes precedence of the coffin. Wait until what we know can be spoken without regard to what others may believe. Wait until teachers take the place of preachers—until followers

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become investigators. Wait until the world is free before you write a creed. In this creed there will be but one word: Liberty.

I SWEAR that while I live I will do what little I can to preserve and to augment the liberties of man, woman and child.

LIBERTY sustains the same relation to mind that space does to matter.

THERE is but one excuse for government—the preservation of Liberty, to the end that man may be happy.

LIBERTY is the jewel of the soul.

IF THERE is anything of value, it is liberty—liberty of body, liberty of mind. The liberty of body is the reward of labor. Intellectual liberty is the air of the soul, the sunshine of the mind, and without it the world is a prison, the universe a dungeon.

IT WAS Voltaire who sowed the seeds of liberty in the heart and brain of Franklin, of Jefferson, and Thomas Paine.

THE DECLARATION of Independence is nobler far than all the utterances from Sinai's cloud and flame.

IT IS far better to be free, to leave the forts and barricades of fear, to stand erect and face the future with a smile.

The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child.

The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child.

Liberty and Literature.

On Abraham Lincoln.

Some Reasons Why.

On Voltaire.

Myth and Miracle.

What Is Religion?

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A Lay Sermon.

THIS IS NO country for anarchy, no country for communism, no country for the Socialist. Why? Because the political power is equally divided. What other reason? Speech is free. What other? The press is untrammelled. And that is all that the right should ever ask: a free press, free speech, and the protection of person. That is enough.

*Suffrage
Address.*

NO AMERICAN citizen can be forced to pay a dollar in a State or in the district where he lives who is not represented and where he has not the right to vote. It is all tyranny, and all infamous.

A Lay Sermon.

SO FAR as I am concerned, I have made up my mind that no organization, secular or religious, shall be my master. I have made up my mind that no necessity of bread, or roof, or raiment shall ever put a padlock on my lips. I have made up my mind that no hope of preferment, no honor, no wealth, shall ever make me for one moment swerve from what I really believe, no matter whether it is to my immediate interest, as one would think, or not. And while I live, I am going to do what little I can to help my fellow men who have not been as fortunate as I have been.

*The Liberty of
Man, Woman
and Child.*

I KNOW not what discoveries, what inventions, what thoughts, may leap from the brain of the world. I know not what garments of glory may be woven by the years to come. I cannot dream of the victories to be won upon the fields of thought; but I do know, that coming from the infinite sea of the future, there will never touch

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this "bank and shoal of time" a richer gift, a rarer blessing than liberty for man, for woman and for child.

I AM A free man; I will do my own thinking or die. I give a mortgage on my soul to nobody; I give a deed of trust on my soul to nobody; no matter whether I think well or I think ill, whatever thought I have shall be my thought, and shall be a free thought, and I am going to give cheerfully, gladly, the same right to thus think to every other human being.

I DESPISE any man who does not own himself. I despise any man who does not possess his own spirit. I would rather die a beggar covered with rags, with my soul erect, fearless and free, than to live a king in a palace of gold, clothed with the purple of power, with my soul slimy with hypocrisy, crawling in the dust of fear. I will do my own thinking, and when I get it thought, will say it.

I BELONG to the republic of intellectual liberty, and only those are good citizens of that republic who depend upon reason and upon persuasion, and only those are traitors who resort to brute force.

THE RIGHT to do right is my definition of physical liberty. "The right of one human being ends where the right of another begins." My definition of intellectual liberty is, the right to think, whether you think right or wrong, provided you do your best to think right.

*New York
Speech.*

*New York
Speech.*

*What Must
We Do to Be
Saved?*

*My Reviewers
Reviewed.*

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On Voltaire.

THERE is but one use for law, but one excuse for government—the preservation of liberty: to give to each man his own, to secure to the farmer what he produces from the soil, the mechanic what he invents and makes, to the artist what he creates, to the thinker the right to express his thoughts. Liberty is the breath of progress.

Progress.

ON THE first day of January, 1863, the grandest New Year that ever dawned upon this continent, in accordance with the will of the heroic North, by the sublime act of one whose name shall be sacred through all the coming years, the justice so long delayed was accomplished, and four millions of slaves became chainless.

*Centennial
Oration.*

I HAVE had the supreme pleasure of seeing a man—once a slave—sitting in the seat of his former master in the Congress of the United States. I have had that pleasure, and when I saw it my eyes were filled with tears. I felt that we had carried out the Declaration of Independence—that we had given reality to it, and breathed the breath of life into its every word. I felt that our flag would float over and protect the colored man and his little children, standing straight in the sun, just the same as though he were white and worth a million. I would protect him more, because the rich white man could protect himself.

*Centennial
Oration.*

LIBERTY: Give to every man the fruit of his own labor—the labor of his hands and of his brain.

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ALL WHO stand beneath our banner are free. Ours is the only flag that has in reality written upon it: Liberty, Fraternity, Equality—the three grandest words in all the languages of men.

LIBERTY, a word without which all other words are vain.

*Centennial
Oration.*

*Heretics and
Heresies.*

WORSHIP

*Blasphemy
Trial.*

WHOEVER increases the sum of human joy is a worshiper. He who adds to the sum of human misery is a blasphemer.

*Blasphemy
Trial.*

GOOD, honest, faithful work is worship. The man who plows the fields and fells the forests; the man who works in mines; the man who battles with the winds and waves out on the wide sea, controlling the commerce of the world—these men are worshipers.

*Blasphemy
Trial.*

THE MAN who sits by the bed of his invalid wife, and holds her thin, wan hand in his as lovingly, and kisses it as rapturously, as when it was dimpled, that man is a worshiper; that is real religion.

*Blasphemy
Trial.*

THE POOR man and woman who work night and day to educate their children; the parents who deny themselves the comforts of life that they may lay up something to help their children to a higher place,—they are worshipers. And the children, who, after they reap the benefit of this worship, become ashamed of their parents, are blasphemers.

*The
Limitations of
Toleration.*

WHO is a worshiper? One who makes a happy home; one who fills the lives of wife and children with sunlight; one who has a heart where the flowers of kindness burst into blossom and fill the air with perfume.

LABOR

IT is from the surplus produced by labor that schools are built, that colleges and universities are founded and endowed. From the surplus the painter is paid for the immortal productions of the pencil. This pays the sculptor for chiseling the shapeless rock into forms of beauty almost divine, and the poet for singing the hopes, the loves and aspirations of the world.

Progress.

THIS surplus has erected all the palaces and temples, all the galleries of art, has given us all the books in which we converse, as it were, with the dead kings of the human race, and has supplied us with all there is of elegance, of beauty and of refined happiness in the world.

Progress.

WE SHOULD remember that the prosperity of the world depends upon the men who walk in the fresh furrows and through the rustling corn, upon those whose faces are radiant with the glare of furnaces, upon the delvers in dark mines, the workers in shops, upon those who give to the wintry air the ringing music of the axe, and upon those who wrestle with the wild waves of the raging sea.

Progress.

MY HOPE for the working man has its foundation in the fact that he is growing more and more intelligent. I have also the same hope for the capitalist. The time must come when the capitalist will clearly and plainly see that his interests are identical with those of the laboring

Progress.

☞☞ The Philosophy of Ingersoll ☞☞

man. He will finally become intelligent enough to know that his prosperity depends on the prosperity of those who labor. When both become intelligent the matter will be settled.

NEITHER labor nor capital should resort to force.

NOTHING can be nobler than to be useful. Idleness should not be respectable.

ALL MY sympathies are on the side of those who toil, of those who produce the real wealth of the world, of those who carry the burdens of mankind.

I AM IN sympathy with laboring men of all kinds, whether they labor with hand or brain. The Knights of Labor, I believe, do not allow a lawyer to become a member. I am somewhat wider in my sympathies. No men in the world struggle more heroically; no men in the world have suffered more, or carried a heavier cross, or worn a sharper crown of thorns, than those who have produced what we call the literature of our race. So my sympathies extend all the way from hod-carriers to sculptors; from well-diggers to astronomers. If the objects of the laboring men are to improve their condition without injuring others; to have homes and fire-sides, and wives and children; plenty to eat, good clothes to wear; to develop their minds, to educate their children—in short, to become prosperous and civilized, I sympathize with them and hope they will succeed.

*Eight Hours
Must Come.*

*About
Farming in
Illinois.*

*Eight Hours
Must Come.*

*Labor
Question and
Socialism.*

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UNTIL genius and labor formed a partnership there was no such thing as prosperity among men.

WHERE industry creates and justice protects, prosperity dwells.

THERE must be something nearer a fairer division in this world. You can never get it by strikes. Never. The first strike that is a great success will be the last, because the people who believe in law and order will put the strikers down. The strike is no remedy. Boycotting is no remedy. Brute force is no remedy. These questions have to be settled by reason, by candor, by intelligence, by kindness; and nothing is permanently settled in this world that has not justice for its corner-stone, and is not protected by the profound conviction of the human mind.

LABOR is the only prayer that Nature answers; it is the only prayer that deserves an answer, — good, honest, noble work.

ANY MAN who wishes to force his brother to work — to toil — more than eight hours a day is not a civilized man.

I HARDLY know enough on the subject to give an opinion as to the time when eight hours is to become a day's work, but I am perfectly satisfied that eight hours will become a labor day.

NO MAN should be allowed to own any land that he does not use.

*About
Farming in
Illinois.*

*About
Farming in
Illinois.*

A Lay Sermon.

*Blasphemy
Trial.*

*Eight Hours
Must Come.*

*Eight Hours
Must Come.*

A Lay Sermon.

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*Eight Hours
Must Come.*

THE WORKING people should be protected by law; if they are not, the capitalists will require just as many hours as human nature can bear. We have seen here in America street-car drivers working sixteen and seventeen hours a day. It was necessary to have a strike in order to get to fourteen, another strike to get to twelve, and nobody can blame them for keeping on striking till they get to eight hours.

*Eight Hours
Must Come.*

FOR A man to get up before daylight and work till after dark, life is of no particular importance. He simply earns enough one day to prepare himself to work another. His whole life is spent in want and toil, and such a life is without value.

SCIENCE

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

Humboldt.

SCIENCE—the only lever capable of raising mankind.

Humboldt.

SCIENCE is the providence of man, the worker of true miracles, of real wonders.

Myth and Miracle.

SCIENCE teaches us that there was no creation and that there can be no destruction. The infinite denies creation and defies destruction. An infinite person, an “infinite being,” is an infinite impossibility. To conceive of such a being is beyond the power of the mind.

Myth and Miracle.

THIS century will be called Darwin's century. He was one of the greatest men who ever touched this globe. He has explained more of the phenomena of life than all of the religious teachers.

Orthodoxy.

A BELIEF in the great truths of science are fully as essential to salvation as the creed of any church.

Some Mistakes of Moses.

SCIENCE has read the records of the rocks,—records that priestcraft cannot change,—and on his wondrous scales has weighed the atom and the star.

Myth and Miracle.

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*Some Mistakes
of Moses.*

THE SCIENCES are not sectarian.

Interviews.

AFTER ALL, the man who invented the telescope found out more about heaven than the closed eyes of prayer had ever discovered.

Orthodoxy.

SUPERSTITION must go. Science will remain.

*Myth and
Miracle.*

SCIENCE always has been, is, and always will be modest, thoughtful, truthful. It has but one object—the ascertainment of truth.

*Myth and
Miracle.*

SCIENCE has founded the only true religion. Science is the only redemption of this world.

*Myth and
Miracle.*

SCIENCE is for this world, for the use of man. It is perfectly candid. It does not try to conceal, but to reveal. It is the enemy of mystery, of pretense and cant. It does not ask people to be solemn, but sensible. It calls for and insists on the uses of all the senses, of all the faculties of the mind. It does not pretend to be "holy" or "inspired." It courts investigation, criticism and even denial. It asks for the application of every test, for trial by every standard. It knows nothing of blasphemy and does not ask for the imprisonment of those who ignorantly or knowingly deny the truth. The good that springs from a knowledge of the truth is the only reward it offers, and the evil resulting from ignorance is the only punishment it threatens. Its effort is to reform the world through intelligence.

*Rome or
Reason.*

ALL HAVE the same interest, whether they know it or not, in the establishment of facts.

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THE INVENTORS have helped more than any other class to make the world what it is: the workers and the thinkers, the poor and the grand; Labor and Learning, Industry and Intelligence; Watt and Descartes, Fulton and Montaigne, Stephenson and Kepler, Crompton and Comte, Franklin and Voltaire, Morse and Buckle, Draper and Spencer, and hundreds more that I could mention. The inventors, the workers, the thinkers, the mechanics, the surgeons, the philosophers,—these are the Atlases upon whose shoulders rests the great fabric of modern civilization.

ARISTOTLE said women had more teeth than men. This was repeated again and again by the Catholic scientists of the eighteenth century. Voltaire counted the teeth. The rest were satisfied with “they say.”

EVERY science rests on the natural, on demonstrated facts. Soon morality and religion must find their foundations in the necessary nature of things.

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

Progress.

On Voltaire.

*How
to Reform
Mankind.*

The Gods.

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*The Great
Infidels.*

*A
Thanksgiving
Sermon.*

THE GREAT effort of the human mind is to ascertain the order of facts by which we are surrounded—the history of things.

IT is a long road from the savage to the scientist; from the den to the mansion; from leaves to clothes; from a flickering rush to an arc-light; from a hammer of stone to the modern mill. A long distance from the pipe of Pan to the violin, to the orchestra; from a floating log to the steamship; from a sickle to a reaper; from a flail to a threshing-machine; from a crooked stick to a plow; from a spinning-wheel to a spinning-jenny; from a hand-loom to a Jacquard—a Jacquard that weaves fair forms and wondrous flowers beyond Arachne's utmost dream. From a few hieroglyphics on the skins of beasts, on bricks of clay, to a printing-press, to a library; a long distance from a messenger, traveling on foot, to the electric spark; from knives and tools of stone to those of steel; a long distance from sand to telescope; from echo to the phonograph—the phonograph that buries in indented lines and dots the sounds of living speech, and then gives back to life the very words and voices of the dead. A long way from the trumpet to the telephone—the telephone that transports speech as swift as thought and drops the words, perfect as minted coins, in listening ears; a long way from a fallen tree to the suspension bridge; from the dried sinews of beasts to cables of steel; from the oar to the propeller; from the sling to the rifle; from the catapult to the cannon. A long distance from revenge to law; from the club to the legislature;

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from slavery to freedom; from appearance to fact; from fear to reason.

AND YET the distance has been traveled by the human race. Countless obstructions have been overcome, numberless enemies have been conquered, thousands and thousands of victories have been won for the right, and millions have lived, labored and died for their fellow men.

FOR THE blessings we enjoy, the happiness that is ours, we ought to be grateful. Our hearts should blossom with thankfulness.

*A
Thanksgiving
Sermon.*

*A
Thanksgiving
Sermon.*

ART

*Protection
for American
Actors.*

IN OLD age we are not only willing, but anxious, to exchange wealth, and fame, and glory, and magnificence, for simplicity. All the palaces are nothing compared with our little cabin, and all the flowers of the world are naught to the wild rose that climbs and blossoms by the lowly window of content.

*Liberty in
Literature.*

MOST writers suppress individuality. They wish to please the public. They flatter the stupid and pander to the prejudice of their readers. They write for the market-making books as other mechanics make shoes; they have no message, they bear no torch; they are simply the slaves of customers.

*The Children
of the Stage.*

THE STAGE has taught the noblest lesson, the highest truth, and that is this: it is better to deserve without receiving than to receive without deserving.

*The Children
of the Stage.*

CHILDREN of the stage with fancy's wand rebuild the past. The dead are brought to life and made to act again the parts they lived. The hearts and lips that long ago were dust are made to beat and speak again. The dead kings are crowned once more, and from the shadows of the past emerge the queens, jeweled and sceptered as of yore. Lovers leave their graves and breathe again their burning vows; and again the white breasts rise and fall in passion's storm. The laughter that died away beneath the touch



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of death is heard again, and lips that fell to ashes long ago are curved once more with mirth. Again the hero bares his breast to death; again the patriot falls, and again the scaffold, stained with noble blood, becomes a shrine.

MUSIC may be divided into three kinds: first, the music of simple life, without any particular emphasis,—and this may be called the music of the heels; second, music in which time is varied, in which there is the eager haste and the delicious delay—that is, the fast and slow, in accordance with our feelings, with our emotions,—and this may be called the music of the heart; third, the music that includes time and emphasis, the hastening and the delay, and something in addition, that produces not only states of feeling, but states of thought,—this may be called the music of the head, the music of the brain.

WAGNER is the Shakespeare of Music.

THE FUNERAL march of Siegfried is the funeral music of all the dead. Should all the gods die, this music would be perfectly appropriate. It is elemental, universal, eternal.

THE LOVE-MUSIC in *Tristan and Isolde* is, like that in *Romeo and Juliet*, an expression of the human heart for all time. So the love-duet in *The Flying Dutchman* has in it the consecration, the infinite self-denial, of love. The whole heart is given; every note has wings, and rises and poises like an eagle in the heaven of sound.

Seidl-Stanton
Dinner.

Seidl-Stanton
Dinner.

Seidl-Stanton
Dinner.

Seidl-Stanton
Dinner.

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*Seidl-Stanton
Dinner.*

LANGUAGE is not subtle enough, tender enough, to express all that we feel; and when language fails, the highest and deepest longings are translated into music. Music is the sunshine—the climate—of the soul, and it floods the heart with a perfect June.

*Address to the
Actors' Fund
of America.*

THE GREATEST genius of this world has produced your literature. I am not now alluding simply to one; but there has been more genius lavished upon the stage, more real genius, more creative talent, than upon any other department of human effort. And when men and women belong to a profession that can count Shakespeare in its number, they should feel nothing but pride.

*Seidl-Stanton
Dinner.*

IT IS probable that I was selected to speak about music, because, not knowing one note from another, I have no prejudice on the subject. All I can say is this: that I know what I like, and, to tell the truth, I like every kind, enjoy it all, from the hand-organ to the orchestra.

*The Children
of the Stage.*

THE CHILDREN of the stage, these citizens of the mimic world, are not the grasping, shrewd and prudent people of the mart. They are improvident enough to enjoy the present and credulous enough to believe the promises of the universal liar known as Hope. Their hearts and hands are open. As a rule, genius is generous, luxurious, lavish, reckless and royal. And so, when they have reached the ladder's topmost round, they think the world is theirs and that the heaven of the future can have no cloud. But from the ranks of youth the rival steps. Upon

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the veteran brows the wreaths begin to fade, the leaves to fall, and failure sadly saps on memory. They tread the stage no more. They leave the mimic world, fair fancy's realm; they leave their palaces and thrones; their crowns are gone, and from their hands the scepters fall. At last, in age and want, in lodgings small and bare, they wait the Prompter's call.

ART HAS nothing to do directly with morality or immorality. It is its own excuse for being; it exists for itself.

ART IS not a sermon, and the artist is not a preacher. Art accomplishes by indirection. The beautiful refines.

THE DRAMA is a crystallization of history, an epitome of the human heart. The past is lived again and again, and we see upon the stage, love, sacrifice, fidelity, courage—all the virtues mingled with all the follies.

GREAT music is always sad, because it tells us of the perfect; and such is the difference between what we are and that which music suggests—that even in the vase of joy we find some tears.

INTELLIGENCE, imagination, presence; a mobile and impressive face; a body that lends itself to every mood in appropriate pose—one that is oak or willow at will; self-possession; absolute ease; a voice capable of giving every shade of meaning and feeling; an intuitive knowledge or

*Art and
Morality.*

*Art and
Morality.*

*Address to the
Actors' Fund
of America.*

*Seidl-Stanton
Dinner.*

*Plays and
Players.*

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perception of proportion; and, above all, the actor should be so sincere that he loses himself in the character he portrays. Such an actor will grow intellectually and morally. The great actor should strive to satisfy himself—to reach his own ideal.

*Art and
Morality.*

THE ARTIST who endeavors to enforce a lesson, becomes a preacher; and the artist who tries by hint and suggestion to enforce the immoral, becomes a pander.

*On Robert
Burns.*

POETRY cannot be written by rule; it is not a trade or a profession. Let the critics lay down the laws, and the true poet will violate them all.

*Plays and
Players.*

NEARLY all the arts unite in the theater, and it is the result of the best, the highest, the most artistic, that man can do.

*The Church
and the Stage.*

NOTHING is more natural than imitation. The little child with her doll, telling it stories, putting words in its mouth, attributing to it the feelings of happiness and misery, is the simple tendency toward the drama. Little children always have plays; they imitate their parents, they put on the clothes of their elders; they have imaginary parties, carry on conversation with imaginary persons, have little dishes filled with imaginary food, pour tea and coffee out of invisible pots, receive callers, and repeat what they have heard their mothers say. This is simply the natural drama, an exercise of the imagination which always has been and which, probably, always will be, a source of great pleasure. In

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the early days of the world nothing was more natural than for the people to reenact the history of their country — to represent the great heroes, the great battles, and the most exciting scenes the history of which has been preserved by legend. I believe this tendency to reenact, to bring before the eyes the great, the curious, the pathetic events of history, has been universal. All civilized nations have delighted in the theater, and the greatest minds in many countries have been devoted to the drama, and, without doubt, the greatest man about whom we know anything devoted his life to the production of plays.

THE CITIZENS of the real world gain joy and comfort from the stage. The broker, the speculator ruined by rumor, the lawyer baffled by the intelligence of the jury or the stupidity of a judge, the doctor who lost his patience because he lost his patients, the merchant in the dark days of depression, and all the children of misfortune, the victims of hope deferred, forget their troubles for a little while when looking on the mimic world. When the shaft of wit flies like the arrow of Ulysses through all the rings and strikes the center; when words of wisdom mingle with the clown's conceits; when folly laughing shows her pearls, and mirth holds carnival; when the villain fails and the right triumphs, the trials and the griefs of life for the moment fade away.

AND so the maiden longing to be loved, the young man waiting for the "Yes" deferred,

*The Children
of the Stage.*

*The Children
of the Stage.*

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*The Children
of the Stage*

the unloved wife, here the old, old story told again,—and again within their hearts is the ecstasy of requited love.

THE STAGE brings solace to the wounded, peace to the troubled, and with the wizard's wand touches the tears of grief, and they are changed to the smiles of joy.



CRIME

THERE are men who pursue crime as a vocation—as a profession; men who have been convicted again and again, and who will persist in using the liberty of intervals to prey upon the rights of others. What shall be done with these men and women?

Crimes Against Criminals.

PUT ONE thousand hardened thieves on an island, compel them to produce what they eat and use, and I am almost certain that a large majority would be opposed to theft. Those who worked would not permit those who did not, to steal the result of their labor. In other words, self-preservation would be the dominant idea, and these men would instantly look upon the idlers as the enemies of their society.

Crimes Against Criminals.

SUCH a community would be self-supporting. Let women of the same class be put by themselves. Keep the sexes absolutely apart. Those who are beyond the power of reformation should not have the liberty to reproduce themselves. Those who cannot be reached by kindness, by justice, those who under no circumstances are willing to do their share, should be separated. They should dwell apart, and, dying, should leave no heirs.

Crimes Against Criminals.

IF WE are to change the conduct of men, we must change their conditions. Extreme poverty and crime go hand in hand. Destitution multiplies temptations and destroys the finer feelings.

Crimes Against Criminals.

BAE The Philosophy of Ingersoll BAE

The bodies and souls of men are apt to be clad in like garments. If the body is covered with rags, the soul is generally in the same condition.

*Crimes Against
Criminals.*

AS LONG as children are raised in the tene-ment and gutter, the prisons will be full. The gulf between the rich and poor will grow wider and wider. One will depend on cunning, the other on force. It is a great question whether those who live in luxury can afford to allow others to exist in want. The value of property depends not on the prosperity of the few, but on the prosperity of a very large majority.

*Crimes Against
Criminals.*

SOCRATES, in some respects at least, one of the wisest of men, said: "It is strange that you should not be angry when you meet a man with an ill-conditioned body, and yet be vexed when you encounter one with an ill-conditioned soul."

*Crimes Against
Criminals.*

WE KNOW that there are deformed bodies, and we are equally certain that there are deformed minds.

*Crimes Against
Criminals.*

IN CIVILIZED countries the struggle for existence is severe—the competition far sharper than in savage lands. The consequence is that there are many failures. These failures lack, it may be opportunity, or brain, or moral force, or industry, or something without which, under the circumstances, success is impossible. Certain lines of conduct are called legal, and certain others criminal, and the men who fail in one line may be driven to the other. How do we know that it is possible for all people to be

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honest? Are we certain that all people can tell the truth? Is it possible for all men to be generous, or candid, or courageous?

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

Is IT not true that the criminal is a natural product, and that society unconsciously produces these children of vice? Can we not safely take another step, and say that the criminal is a victim, as the diseased and insane and deformed are victims?

MOST people defend capital punishment on the ground that the man ought to be killed because he has killed another. The only real ground for killing him, even if that be good, is not that he has killed, but that he may kill. What he has done simply gives evidence of what he may do, and to prevent what he may do, instead of to revenge what he has done, should be the reason given.

BUT I look forward to the time when men and women by reason of their knowledge of consequences, of the morality born of intelligence, will refuse to perpetuate disease and pain, will refuse to fill the world with failures.

WHEN that time comes the prison walls will fall, the dungeons will be flooded with light, and

*Crimes Against
Criminals.*

*Crimes Against
Criminals.*

*Society and Its
Criminals.*

*What Is
Religion?*

*What Is
Religion?*

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the shadow of the scaffold will cease to curse the earth. Poverty and crime will be childless. The withered hands of Want will not be stretched for alms. They will be dust. The whole world will be intelligent, virtuous and free.

*Capital Pun-
ishment and the
Whipping-
Post.*

SOCIETY has a right to protect itself, but this can be done by imprisonment, and it is more humane to put a criminal in a cell than in a grave. Capital punishment degrades and hardens a community, and it is a work of savagery. Any punishment that degrades the punished, must necessarily degrade the one inflicting the punishment. No punishment should be inflicted by a human being that could not be inflicted by a gentleman.

*Capital Pun-
ishment and the
Whipping-
Post.*

I THINK the refusal of the Governor to commute the sentence of Mrs. Place is a disgrace to the State. What a spectacle of man killing a woman — taking a poor, pallid, frightened woman, strapping her to a chair and then arranging the apparatus so she can be shocked to death!

WAR

THE PAST arises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of boisterous drums, the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators. We see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men, and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them apart with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessing of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing. And some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms, standing in the sunlight sobbing. At the turn of the road a hand waves; she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone, and forever.

WE SEE them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the

*Indianapolis
Speech.*

*Indianapolis
Speech.*

☞☞☞ The Philosophy of Ingersoll ☞☞☞

grand wild music of war, marching down the streets of the great cities, through the towns and across the prairies, down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

*Indianapolis
Speech.*

WE GO with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood, in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced with balls and torn with shells, in the trenches, by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel.

*Indianapolis
Speech.*

WE ARE with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured.

*Indianapolis
Speech.*

WE ARE at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

*Indianapolis
Speech.*

THE PAST rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash; we see them bound hand and foot; we hear the strokes of cruel whips; we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

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FOUR million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of Might! And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

THE PAST rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction-block, the slave-pen, the whipping-post, and we see homes and firesides, and schoolhouses and books, and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

THESE heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless place of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead: cheers for the living, tears for the dead.

TO ME it seems infinitely cruel for life to feed on life—to create animals that devour others. The teeth and beaks, the claws and fangs, that

*Indianapolis
Speech.*

*Indianapolis
Speech.*

*Why I Am
an Agnostic.*

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tear and rend, fill me with horror. What can be more frightful than a world at war? Every leaf a battle-field, every flower a Golgotha, in every drop of water pursuit, capture and death. Under every piece of bark, life lying in wait for life: on every blade of grass, something that kills, something that suffers. Everywhere the strong living on the weak—the superior on the inferior. Everywhere the weak, the insignificant, living on the strong—the inferior on the superior: the highest, food for the lowest: man sacrificed for the sake of microbes. Murder universal. Everywhere pain, disease and death—death that does not wait for bent forms and gray hairs, but clutches babes and happy youths—death that takes the mother from her helpless, dimpled child—death that fills the world with grief and tears.

*Grant
Banquet.*

THE SOLDIERS were saviors of the nation; they were the liberators of man. In writing the Proclamation of Emancipation, Lincoln, greatest of our mighty dead, whose memory is as gentle as the summer air when the reapers sing amid the gathered sheaves, copied with the pen what Grant and his brave comrades wrote with sword.

*Grant
Banquet.*

GRANDER than the Greek, nobler than the Roman, the soldiers of the Republic, with patriotism as shoreless as the air, battled for the rights of others, for the nobility of labor; fought that mothers might own their own babes, that arrogant Idleness should not scar the back of patient Toil, and that our country

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should not be a many-headed monster made of warring States, but a nation, sovereign, great and free.

BLOOD was water, money was leaves, and life was only common air until one flag floated over a republic without a master and without a slave.

*Grant
Banquet.*

SPIRITUALISM

Spiritualism.

THERE are several good things about the Spiritualists. First, they are not bigoted; second, they do not believe in salvation of faith; third, they don't expect to be happy in another world because Christ was good in this; fourth, they do not preach the consolation of hell; fifth, they do not believe in God as an infinite monster; sixth, the Spiritualists believe in intellectual hospitality. In these respects they differ from our Christian brethren, and in these respects they are far superior to the saints.

Spiritualism.

I THINK that the Spiritualists have done good. They believe in enjoying themselves—in having a little pleasure in this world. They are social, cheerful and good-natured. They are not the slaves of a book. Their hands and feet are not tied with passages of Scripture. They are not troubling themselves about getting forgiveness and settling their heavenly debts for a cent on the dollar. Their belief does not make them mean or miserable.

Spiritualism.

THEY do not persecute their neighbors. They ask no one to have faith or to believe without evidence. They ask all to investigate, and then to make up their minds from the evidence. Hundreds of thousands of well-educated, intelligent people are satisfied with the evidence, and firmly believe in the existence of spirits. For all I know, they may be right.



OPTIMISM

A VISION of the future rises:

I see our country filled with happy homes, with firesides of content,—the foremost land of all the earth.

I see a world where thrones have crumbled and where kings are dust. The aristocracy of idleness has perished from the earth.

I see a world without a slave. Man at last is free. Nature's forces have by Science been enslaved. Lightning and light, wind and wave, frost and flame, and all the secret, subtle powers of earth and air are the tireless toilers for the human race.

I see a world at peace, adorned with every form of art, with music's myriad voices thrilled, while lips are rich with words of love and truth; a world in which no exile sighs, no prisoner mourns; a world on which the gibbet's shadow does not fall; a world where labor reaps its full reward; where work and worth go hand in hand; where the poor girl trying to win bread with the needle—the needle that has been called "the asp for the breast of the poor"—is not driven to the desperate choice of crime or death, of suicide or shame.

I see a world without the beggar's outstretched palm, the miser's heartless, stony stare, the piteous wail of Want, the livid lips of Lies, the cruel eyes of Scorn.

I see a race without disease of flesh or brain, shapely and fair, the married harmony of form and function,—and as I look, life lengthens,

*Declaration
Day Oration.*

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joy deepens, love canopies the earth, and over all, in the great dome, shines the eternal star of human hope.

The Gods.

WHILE utterly discarding all creeds, and denying the infallibility of all religions, there is neither in my heart nor upon my lips a sneer for the hopeful, loving and tender souls who believe that from all this discord will result a perfect harmony; that every evil will in some mysterious way become a good, and that above and over all there is a being who, in some way, will reclaim and glorify every one of the children of men.

*Lotus Club
Dinner.*

THE HIGHEST possible philosophy is to enjoy today, not regretting yesterday, and not fearing tomorrow. Let us suck the orange of life dry, so that when Death does come, we can politely say to him: "You are welcome to the peelings. What little there was we have enjoyed."

*Lotus Club
Dinner.*

BUT THERE is one splendid thing about the play called life. Suppose that when you die, that is the end. The last thing that you know is that you are alive, and the last thing that will happen to you is the curtain, not falling, but the curtain rising on another thought, so that as far as your consciousness is concerned you will and must live forever. No man can remember when he began, and no man can remember when he ends. As far as we are concerned we live both eternities, the one past and the one to come, and it is a delight to me to feel satisfied, and to feel in my own heart that I can never be certain that I have seen the faces I love for the last time.

IMMORTALITY

MY OPINION of immortality is this:

First, I live, and that of itself is infinitely wonderful. Second, there was a time when I was not, and after I was not, I was. Third, now that I am, I may be again; and it is no more wonderful that I may be again, if I have been, than that I am, having once been nothing.

NEITHER the Bible nor the Church gave us the idea of immortality.

IF WE are immortal it is a fact in nature, and that fact does not depend on Bibles, on priests or creeds.

THE HOPE of another life was in the heart, long before the "sacred books" were written, and will remain there long after all the "sacred books" are known to be the work of savage and superstitious men.

IS DEATH the end? Over the grave bends Love sobbing, and by her side stands Hope, and whispers: "We shall meet again. Before all life is death, and after all death is life. The falling leaf, touched with the hectic flush, that testifies of autumn's death, is, in a subtler sense, a prophecy of spring."

IF, WHEN the grave bursts, I am not to meet the faces that have been my sunshine in this life, let me sleep.

Miracles and Immortality.

Orthodoxy.

The Foundations of Faith.

The Foundations of Faith.

Liberty and Literature.

Orthodoxy.

The Philosophy of Ingersoll

Orthodoxy.

FROM the affection of the human heart grew the great oak of the hope of immortality.

The Ghosts.

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

Orthodoxy.

WE DO not know, we cannot say, whether death is a wall or a door; the beginning or the end of a day; the spreading of pinions to soar, or the folding forever of wings; the rise or the set of a sun, or an endless life that brings rapture and love to every one.

*Funeral of
J. G. Mills,
and
Immortality.*

I HAVE never denied the immortality of the soul. I have simply been honest. I have said, "I do not know."

TRIBUTES

DEAR FRIENDS: I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me.

The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west.

He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point; but being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside, and using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For whether in mid-sea or 'mong the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death.

This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock; but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights, and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of a grander day.

He loved the beautiful, and was with color,

*A Tribute
to Ebon C.
Ingersoll.*

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form and music touched with tears. He sided with the weak, the poor, and wronged, and lovingly gave alms. With loyal heart and with the purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death Hope sees a star, and listening Love can hear the rustle of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

The record of a generous life runs like a vine around the memory of our dead, and every sweet, unselfish act is now a perfumed flower.

Speech cannot contain our love. There was, there is, no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

*On
Shakespeare.*

IF SHAKESPEARE knew one fact, he knew its kindred and its neighbors. Looking at a coat of mail, he instantly imagined the society, the conditions, that produced it and what it, in turn, produced. He saw the castle, the moat, the drawbridge, the lady in the tower, and the knightly lover spurring across the plain. He saw the bold baron and the rude retainer, the trampled serf, and all the glory and the grief of feudal life.

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He lived the life of all.

He was a citizen of Athens in the days of Pericles. He listened to the eager eloquence of the great orators, and sat upon the cliffs, and with the tragic poet heard "the multitudinous laughter of the sea." He saw Socrates thrust the spear of question through the shield and heart of Falsehood. He was present when the great man drank hemlock, and met the night of death, tranquil as a star meets morning. He listened to the peripatetic philosophers, and was unpuzzled by the sophists. He watched Phidias as he chiseled shapeless stone to forms of love and awe.

He lived by the mysterious Nile, amid the vast and monstrous. He knew the very thought that wrought the form and features of the sphinx. He heard great Memnon's morning song when marble lips were smitten by the sun. He laid him down with the embalmed and waiting dead, and felt within their dust the expectation of another life, mingled with cold and suffocating doubts—the children born of long delay.

He walked the ways of mighty Rome, and saw great Cæsar with his legions in the field. He stood with vast and motley throngs and watched the triumphs given to victorious men, followed by uncrowned kings, the captured hosts, and all the spoils of ruthless war. He heard the shout that shook the Coliseum's roofless walls, when from the reeling gladiator's hand the short sword fell, while from his bosom gushed the stream of wasted life.

He lived the life of savage men. He trod the

*On
Shakespeare.*

☞☞ The Philosophy of Ingersoll ☞☞

*On
Shakespeare.*

forests' silent depths, and in the desperate game of life or death he matched his thought against the instinct of the beast.

He knew all crimes and all regrets, all virtues and their rich rewards. He was victim and victor, pursuer and pursued, outcast and king. He heard the applause and curses of the world, and on his heart had fallen all the nights and noons of failure and success.

He knew the unspoken thoughts, the dumb desires, the wants and ways of beasts. He felt the crouching tiger's thrill, the terror of the ambushed prey, and with the eagles he had shared the ecstasy of flight and poise and swoop, and he had lain with sluggish serpents on the barren rocks uncoiling slowly in the heat of noon.

He sat beneath the bo-tree's contemplative shade, wrapped in Buddha's mighty thought, and dreamed all dreams that Light, the alchemist, has wrought from dust and dew, and stored within the slumbrous poppy's subtle blood.

He knelt with awe and dread at every shrine; he offered every sacrifice and every prayer; felt the consolation and the shuddering fear; mocked and worshiped all the gods; enjoyed all heavens, and felt the pangs of every hell.

He lived all lives, and through his blood and brain there crept the shadow and the chill of every death, and the soul, like Mazeppa, was lashed naked to the wild horse of every fear and love and hate.

The imagination had a stage in Shakespeare's brain, whereon were set all scenes that lie between the morn of laughter and the night of

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tears, and where his prayers bodied forth the false and true, the joys and griefs, the careless shallows and the tragic deeps of universal life.

From Shakespeare's brain there poured a Niagara of gems spanned by Fancy's seven-hued arch. He was as many-sided as clouds are many-formed. To him giving was hoarding, sowing was harvest, and waste itself the source of wealth. Within his marvelous mind were the fruits of all thought past, the seeds of all to be. As a drop of dew contains the image of the earth and sky, so all there is of life was mirrored forth in Shakespeare's brain.

Shakespeare was an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought; within which were all the tides and waves of destiny and will; over which swept all the storms of fate, ambition and revenge; upon which fell the gloom and darkness of despair and death and all the sunlight of content and love, and within which was the inverted sky lit with the eternal stars—an intellectual ocean, towards which all rivers ran, and from which now the isles and continents of thought receive their dew and rain.

*On
Shakespeare.*