

The Decay of Myths.

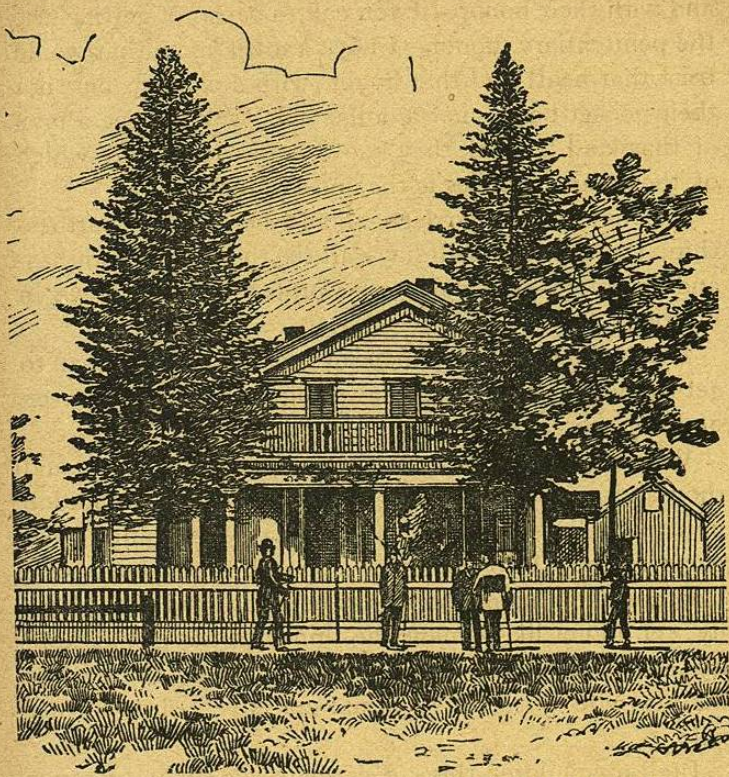
In the vast cemetery, called the past, are most of the religions of men, and there, too, are nearly all their gods. The sacred temples of India were ruins long ago. Over columns and cornice; over the painted and pictured walls, cling and creep the trailing vines. Brahma, the golden, with four heads and four arms; Vishnu, the somber, the punisher of the wicked, with his three eyes, his crescent, and his necklace of skulls; Siva, the destroyer, red with seas of blood; Kali, the goddess; Draupadi, the white-armed, and Chrishna, the Christ, all passed away and left the thrones of heaven desolate. Along the banks of the sacred Nile, Isis no longer wandering weeps, searching for the dead Osiris. The shadow of Typhon's scowl falls no more upon the waves. The sun rises as of yore, and his golden beams still smite the lips of Memnon, but Memnon is as voiceless as the Sphinx. The sacred fanes are lost in desert sands; the dusty mummies are still waiting for the resurrection promised by their priests, and the old beliefs, wrought in curiously sculptured stone, sleep in the mystery of a language lost and dead. Odin, the author of life and soul, Vili and Ve, and the mighty giant Ymir, strode long ago from the icy halls of the North; and Thor, with iron glove and glittering hammer, dashes mountains to the earth no more. Broken are the circles and cromlechs of the ancient Druids; fallen upon the summits of the hills, and covered with the centuries' moss, are the sacred cairns. The divine fires of Persia and of the Aztecs, have died out in the ashes of the past, and there is none to rekindle, and none to feed the holy flames.

The harp of Orpheus is still; the drained cup of Bacchus has been thrown aside; Venus lies dead in stone, and her white bosom heaves no more with love. The streams still murmur, but no naiads bathe; the trees



still wave, but in the forest aisles no dryads dance. The gods have flown from high Olympus. Not even the beautiful women can lure them back, and Danæ lies unnoticed, naked to the stars. One by one, the myths have faded from the clouds: one by one the phantom host has disappeared, and one by one, facts, truths and realities have taken their places.

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EARLY HOME OF GEN. GARFIELD AND FAMILY.

Love and Home.

If you make your wife a perpetual beggar, what kind of children do you expect to raise with a beggar for their mother? If you want great children, if you want to people this world with great and grand men and women they must be born of love and liberty. I have known men that would trust a woman with their heart—if you call that thing, which pushes their blood around, a heart,

and with their honor—if you call that fear of getting into the penitentiary, honor—I have known men that would trust that heart and that honor with a woman, but not their pocket-book—not a dollar bill. When I see a man of that kind, I think they know better than I do which of these three articles is the most valuable.

I believe that marriage should be a perfect partnership; that woman shall have all the rights that man has, and one more—the right to be protected. I believe in marriage.

It took hundreds and thousands of years for woman to get from a state of abject slavery up to the height even of marriage.

Woman came from a condition of abject slavery, and thousands and thousands of them are in that condition now. I believe marriage should be a perfect and equal partnership. I do not like a man who thinks he is boss. I do not like a man who thinks he is the head of the family. I do not like a man who thinks he has got authority and that the woman belongs to him—that wants for his wife a slave. I would not have a slave for my wife.

I tell my children this: Go where you may, commit what crime you may, fall to what depths of degradation you may, I can never shut my arms, my heart, or my door to you. As long as I live you shall have one sincere friend: do not be afraid to tell anything wrong you have done; ten to one if I have not done the same thing.

I am not perfection, and if it is necessary to sin in order to have sympathy, I am glad I have committed sin enough to have sympathy. The sternness of perfection

I do not want. I am going to live so that my children can come to my grave and truthfully say, "He who sleeps here never gave us one moment of pain."

Give a child a chance. When I was a boy we always went to bed when we were not sleepy, and we always got up when we were sleepy. Let a child commence at which end of the day they please, that is their business; they know more about it than all the doctors in the world. The voice of nature, when a man is free, is the voice of right, but when his passions have been dammed up by custom, the moment that is withdrawn he rushes to some excess. Let him be free from the first. Let your children grow in the free air and they will fill your house with perfume.

In the first place this world is not very well adapted to raising good people; there is but one-quarter of it land to start with; it is three times as well adapted to fish culture as it is to man, and of that one-quarter there is but a small belt where they raise men of genius. There is one strip from which all the men and women of genius come. When you go too far north you find no brain, when you go too far south you find no genius, and there never has been a high degree of civilization except where there is winter. I say that winter is the father and mother of the fireside, the family of nations; and around that fireside blossom the fruits of our race. In a country where they don't need any bed clothes except the clouds, revolution is the normal condition—not much civilization there. When in the winter I go by a house where the curtain is a little bit drawn, and I look in there and see children poking the fire and wishing they had as many dollars or knives or something else as there are

sparks; and when I see the old man smoking and the smoke curling above his head like incense from the altar of domestic peace, the other children reading or doing something, and the old lady with her needle and shears—I never pass such a scene that I do not feel a little ache of joy in my heart.

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The Old and the New.

We must remember that this is a world of progress, a world of change. There is perpetual death, and there is perpetual birth. By the grave of the old forever stands youth and joy; and, when an old religion dies a better one is born. When we find out that an assertion is a falsehood, a shining truth takes its place, and we need not fear the destruction of the false. The more false we destroy the more room there will be for the true. There was a time when the astrologer sought to read in the stars the fate of men and nations. The astrologer has faded from the world, but the astronomer has taken his place. There was a time when the poor alchemist, bent and wrinkled and old, over his crucible endeavored to find some secret by which he could change the baser metals into purest gold. The alchemist is gone; the chemist took his place; and, although he finds nothing to change metals into gold, he finds something that covers the earth with wealth.

Superstition must go. Science will remain. The brain of the world is not yet developed. There are intellectual diseases the same as diseases of the body. Intellectual mumps and measles still afflict mankind. Whenever the new comes, the old protests, and the old fights

for its place as long as it has a particle of power. And we are now having the same warfare between superstition and science that there was between the stage-coach and the locomotive.

But the stage-coach had to go. It had its day of glory and power, but it is gone. It went West. In a little while it will be driven into the Pacific, with the last Indian aboard.

So in the schools of medicine. You can remember—so can I—when the old allopathist reigned supreme. If there was anything the matter with a man, they let out his blood. Called to his bedside, they took him to the edge of eternity with medicine, and then practiced all their art to bring him back to life. One can hardly imagine how perfect a constitution it took, a few years ago, to stand the assault of a doctor. And long after it was found to be a mistake, hundreds and thousands of the old physicians clung to it; carried around with them, in one pocket a bottle of jalap, and in the other a rusty lancet, sorry that they couldn't find some patient idiotic enough to allow the experiment to be made again.



A Touching Incident.

Only a little while ago there was a ship from Liverpool out eighty days with its rudder washed away; for ten days nothing to eat—nothing but the bare decks and hunger; and the captain took a revolver in his hand, put it to his brain and said: "Some of us must die for the others, and it might as well be I." One of his companions grasped the pistol and said, "Captain, wait; wait one day more. We can live another day." And the next morning the horizon was rich with a sail, and they were saved.

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Recollect This.

Recollect that everything except the demonstrated truth is liable to die. That is the order of nature. Words die. Every language has a century. Every now and then a word dies and a tombstone is erected, and across it is written the word "obsolete." New words are continually being born. There is a cradle in which a word is rocked. A thought is molded to a sound, and a child-word is born. And then comes a time when the word gets old and wrinkled and expressionless, and is carried mournfully to the grave, and that is the end of it.

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A Little Suspicious.

If a man should tell you that he had the most beautiful painting in the world, and, after taking you where it was, should insist upon having your eyes shut, you would likely suspect either that he had no painting or that it was some pitiable daub. Should he tell you that he was

a most excellent performer on the violin, and yet refuse to play unless your ears were stopped, you would think, to say the least of it, that he had an odd way of convincing you of his musical ability. But would his conduct be any more wonderful than the religionist who asks that before examining his creed you will have the kindness to throw away your reason? The first gentleman says, "Keep your eyes shut, my picture will bear everything but being seen." "Keep your ears stopped; my music objects to nothing but being heard."

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"I am a Liar Myself."

I heard a story the other day. A gentleman was telling a very remarkable circumstance that happened to himself. and all the listeners, except one, said, "Is it possible? Did you ever hear such a wonderful thing in all your life?" They noticed that this one man didn't appear to take a vivid interest in the story; so one said to him, "You don't express much astonishment at the story?" "No," says he, "I am a liar myself."

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A Delaware Story.

Our fathers used the language of Lincoln, and they made a government for the people, by the people. This is not a Christian country. Some gentleman said, "How about Delaware?" I told him there was a man in Washington some twenty or thirty years ago who came there and said he was a Revolutionary soldier, and wanted a pension. He was so bent and bowed over that the wind blew the shoestrings into his eyes. They asked

him how old he was, and he said fifty years. "Why, good man, you can't get a pension because the war was over before you were born. You musn't fool us." "Well," said he, "I'll tell you the truth. I lived sixty years in Delaware, but I don't count that, and I hope God won't."

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Italy's Resurrection.

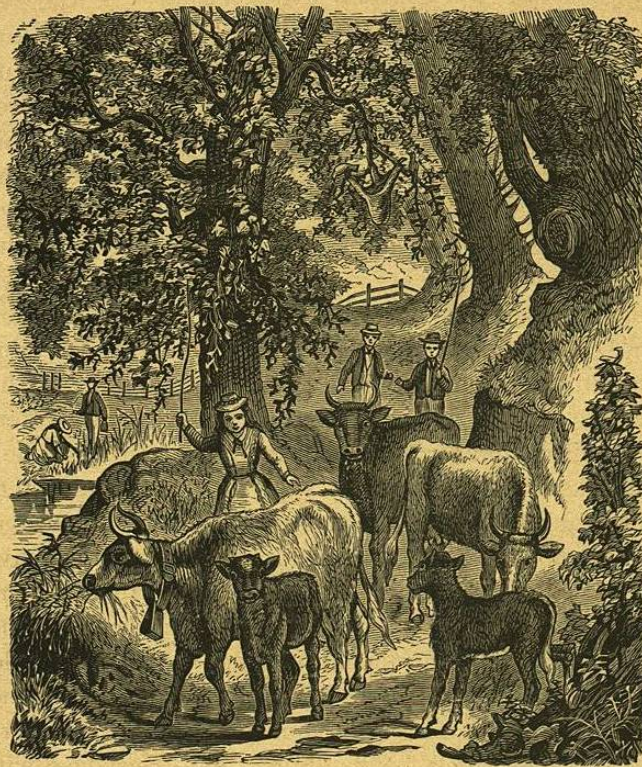
For hundreds of years Italy was the beggar of the earth, and held out both hands. Gold and silver flowed from every land into her palms, and she became covered with nunneries, monasteries and the pilgrims of the world. Italy was sacred dust. Her soil was a perpetual blessing, her sky was an eternal smile. Italy was guilty, not simply of the death of the Catholic Church, but Italy was dead and buried, and would have been in her grave still had it not been for Mazzini, Garibaldi and Cavour.

When the prophecy of Garibaldi shall be fulfilled, when the priests, with spades in their hands, shall dig the ditches to drain the Pontine marshes, when the monasteries shall be factories, when the whirling wheels of industry shall drown the drowsy and hypocritical prayers, then, and not till then, will Italy be great and free. Italy is the only instance in our history, and in the history of the world, so far as we know, of the resurrection of a nation. She is the first fruits of them that sleep.



An Old Fable.

There is an old fable of Orpheus and Eurydice. Eurydice had been captured and taken to the infernal regions, and Orpheus went after her, taking with him his harp and playing as he went; and when he came to the infernal regions he began to play, and Sysiphus sat down upon the stone he had been heaving up the side of the mountain so many years, and which continually rolled so many years, and which continually rolled back upon him; Ixion paused upon his wheel of fire; Tantalus ceased in his vain efforts for water; the daughters of the Danaidæ left off trying to fill their sieves with water; Pluto smiled, and for the first time in the history of hell the cheeks of the furies were wet with tears; monsters relented and they sad, "Eurydice may go with you, but you must not look back." So he again threaded the caverns, playing as he went, and as he again reached the light he failed to hear the footsteps of Eurydice, and he looked back, and in a moment she was gone. This old fable gives to us the idea of the perpetual effort to rescue truth from the clutches of the monsters. Some time Orpheus will not look back. Some day Eurydice will reach the blessed light.



Freedom and Slavery.

I want to convince you that every form of slavery, physical or mental, is a viper that will finally fill with poison the breast of any man alive. I want to show you that there should be Republicanism in the domain of thought as well as in civil government. The first step towards progress is for man to cease to be the slave of the creatures of his creation. Men found at last that the event was more valuable than the prophecy, especi-

ally if it never comes to pass. They found that diseases were not produced by spirits; that they could not be cured by frightening them away. They found that death was as natural as life. They began to study the anatomy and chemistry of the human body, and they found that all was natural, and the conjurer and the sorcerer were dismissed, and the physician and surgeon were employed. They learned that being born under a star or planet had nothing to do with their luck; the astologer was discharged and the astronomer took his place. They found that the world had swept through the constellation for millions of ages. They found that diseases were produced as easily as grass, and were not sent as a punishment upon men for failing to believe a creed. They found that man, through intelligence, could take advantage of the affairs of nature; that he could make the waves, the winds, the flames, and the lightnings slaves at his bidding, to administer to his wants; they found the ghosts knew nothing of benefit to man; that they were entirely ignorant of history; that they were bad doctors and worse surgeons; that they knew nothing of the law and less of justice; that they were poor politicians; that they were tyrants, and that they were without brains and utterly destitute of hearts.

You don't know how splendid I feel about the liberty I have. The horizon is filled with glory and the air is filled with wings. If there are any in this world who think that they dare not tell what they really think because it would take bread from their little children; because it will take clothing from their families—don't do it! don't make martyrs of yourselves! I don't believe in martyrdom! Go right along with them; go to church

and say amen as near the right place as you can. I will do your talking for you. They can't take the bread away from me. I will talk. Bodemus, a lawyer of France, wrote a few words in favor of freedom of conscience. Montaigne was the first to raise his voice against torture in France; but what was the voice of one man against the terrible cry of ignorant, infatuated, malevolent millions.

I intend to do what little I can, and I am going to do it kindly. I am going to appeal to reason and to charity, to justice, to science, and to the future. For my part I glory in the fact that in the New World, in the United States, liberty of conscience was first granted to man, and that the Constitution of the United States was the first decree entered in the high court of human equity forever divorcing Church and State. It is the grandest step ever taken by the human race; and the Declaration of Independence was the first document that retired ghosts from politics. It is the first document that said authority does not come from the clouds; authority does not come from phantoms of the air; authority is not from that direction; it comes from the people themselves. The Declaration of Independence enthroned man and dethroned the phantoms.

