

pended more upon their psychic senses, being largely in the majority, considered him insane when they listened to his reasons, but he "made good," as reason always does. The psychics of Western Europe drew the conclusion that the end of the world lay at the horizon of their vision, but the reason of Columbus solved the problem; and it is often easier to furnish good and sufficient reasons, than to furnish others with intelligence to understand them.

As to babes, allow me to say, the less intelligence they have, the younger they are when they can take care of themselves. A female negro babe will often walk at the age of four months, while a very intelligent white male child will not walk until he is twenty months old. The same is true of stock. A scrub calf will stand up and walk soon after she draws her breath, while a thoroughbred will be several days getting control of his legs.

They are right about iron bars being psychic; as in proportion to their intel-

ligence, they are probably more psychic than any other object which moves, and they only move as compelled by heating and cooling. The magnetic needle which they recite is no exception, as they may easily prove by heating it.

Now in conclusion I wish to defend my position regarding women. I have no fight with women and therefore deplore Mr. Lebolo-Carey's theory that (English) women are entering "a cycle of alternate sexual hegemony" wherein they will furnish the reason, while their sex-partners are destined to fill a psychic and inferior position in society. Women have always been our mothers, probably always will be and as such, may we not still hope they will always have more motherly sympathy than reason, for mark well my words—if ever women reason, without sympathy, or with it, then the evolution of most intelligent portion of the human race will end, inasmuch as they will refuse to reproduce their kind.

the Liberal element of the country are just on the eve of organizing their forces and going to work in earnest. Success to the grand undertaking, and in case it proves success, too much credit cannot be awarded the untiring, faithful efforts of the Editor of the Blue Grass Blade in bringing about the movement.

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We are not yet quite through with the Liberal record we started out to write. At the time we changed our Minister's suit in 1857 I was stopping with an uncle in McConelsville, Morgan county, Ohio. Immediately after change of suits, I was offered the Pastoral of the University at that place, but did not accept. Instead I concluded to take me a wife. So on the 4th of March, 1857 at McConelsville Ohio, I was married to Miss Martha A. Bean, of Zanesville, Ohio. And at this writing I am leased to say that we are both still living. Mrs. Berrv being 77 and myself 78. Mrs. Berry lives at No. 115 North Western Avenue, Dayton, Ohio, on account of my health I can't leave the home entirely to live with her, but go to see her frequently and spend the day. We raised a son and a daughter, who are both still living and both sound Liberalists. So you see Mr. Charlesworth that I have a living witness to every statement I have made in regard to my record as a Liberalist.

Nat'l Military Home, Ohio.

Personal Reminiscences

Old Time Freethinker Sends in a Few Scraps for Publication.

(By Joel M. Berry.)

Being confined here in a Military Hospital for the last thirty-two years, I have no one to whom I can refer to write a record for me, so I concluded to do it myself at the risk of being called an Egotist or any other kind of a tist. Comparatively few Liberals living today have served longer in the ranks than I have, and but very few perhaps, have done less than myself for the good of the cause, outside of a firm and never fading belief. My efforts for the good of the cause have been very futile. Not being able to get out and associate with those I love, my life here has been a dream. One thing however has been a great comfort to me. I have got to read a good share of the Liberal publications for the last thirty years. We have Ingersoll's and Darwin's works here in the Home Library. The good Christian spends most of his life in making preparations for the life to come, but in our case I want the Lord to make all the reparations if any is needed. He had things all arranged for this life when we entered it, he must do the same for another life if indeed there is one.

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Seeing the interesting and valuable Liberal record of our comrade "Andrew Jackson Boyer" in the Blade of September 12th, reminded me that perhaps I might say something on that line not altogether uninteresting to the readers of the Blade.

It was in 1857 that I threw off a minister's costume composed of an ignorant faith and belief, and fitting so tight that I had hardly room to breathe, and dropped it for a suit of Freethought, with plenty of room, and the privilege to think and reason for myself. By some good luck, I got and read Paine's Age of Reason. That did the work, and from that day to this, I have been a staunch Liberal and defender of the faith. This all happened over fifty years ago. I am now nearly ready to pass in my cheeks, but I will do it with a smile. Death, or the future has no fears for me. I would love to see the Liberals of this country organized on a solid foundation before I go, then all will be well.

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For over fifty years we have watched the progress of the battle between Freethought and religious slavery with interest, and our experience at times has been almost charming. For a long time it was not safe for a Freethinker to express his opinion publicly. He had to watch the corners carefully, for at that early date, in 1856-57, a good Methodist minister would just as soon skin an Infidel alive, as he called him, as to preach a sermon, and at the same time claim he was working for the Lord. For several years the progress was very slow, but still you could notice year by year a decided change in favor of Freethought. Ministers, after preaching Christ and him crucified for years, began to reject him and come to the front, and today the harvest is ripe and

A GOOD-BYE AND A TEAR.

(By Eugene.)

When last I saw that sad sweet face
She smiled at me with friendly grace,
Few words were spoken, a gentle token, a
hand shake and good-bye.
And as she sped upon her way,
In her hand a sweet bouquet
I saw and with a smothered sigh,
My life, my love, my all I'd pay
For the tear drop that bedimed her eye.

No one to me has ever said,
No one but she a tear has shed,
No friendship e're so true, so brace, I'll
cherish it unto the grave.
May heaven's blessings on her descend
Is the rayer of a true and loving friend,
A thousand worlds if I could buy the tear-
drop that bedimed her eye.

But like an echo in the morn 'tis gone,
tis gone
Beyond the vale of earthly care
To mingle with love's dew drops there
Where tender hearts and loving song
Are united in that great beyond
Where all is love no sorrow there.
A thousand worlds if I could buy the tear-
drop that fell from her eye.