

# ENFANT TERRIBLE.

THE FORCE OF REASON VIVIFIES. THE FORCE OF ARMS KILLS.

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## ENFANT TERRIBLE.

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A wise selfishness is ever considerate, for to  
be unmindful of others' happiness is excess  
of folly. H. C. B. C.

Who dares not follow Truth where'er  
Her footsteps lead,  
But says: "O, guide not there, nor there.  
I have not strength to follow where  
By feet would lead;  
But show me worn ways, trodden fair  
By feet more brave."  
Who fears to stand in truth's broad glare,  
What others dared not will not dare.  
Is but a slave. C. D. D.

All matter written by the editors of this  
paper will be signed by the initials of their  
respective names, and they must not be  
held responsible for each other's opinions  
or those of contributors, unless expressly  
endorsed.

If persons desirous of mating were  
economical enough to retain in their  
pockets the money spent in obtaining  
God's consent to their copulation, they  
could effect an annual aggregate saving  
of millions of dollars.

The relation, in Heaven, of slave to  
slave-holder, subject to prince, peasant  
to peer, maid to mistress, Pariah to  
Hindoo, proletariat to exploiter, par-  
venu to elite, would be an interesting  
theme for a clerical discourse

If the father and mother of a certain  
child held almost the same opinions on  
almost every subject, and it were pos-  
sible for that child to live in perfect  
obedience to the wishes of its parents,  
it could have no real existence as a sep-

arate entity so long as it remained obe-  
dient to them. Its growth would be in  
proportion to its disobedience.

One thing which is too hard for me is  
the way of the law with the people—the  
mind deluding mountebank Law who,  
with his magic pen, by enactments,  
makes white deeds black, and by re-  
peals, makes black deeds white; and  
cures all manner of diseases by swallow-  
ing pieces of paper. One thing I cannot  
understand is the way of his hypnotic  
power.

The fact that life can only be sustain-  
ed by taking life, when fully realized,  
is enough to make the idea of a creator  
hateful.

Deep thought on this subject makes  
the thinker sad.

To slay a man for slaying a beast  
would be considered horrible by most  
people. It is equally horrible to slay a  
man for slaying a man. Indeed a man  
who slays another who has injured him  
is less detestable than he who slays a  
harmless beast for sport.

In many high class schools the prin-  
cipals give object lessons in honor by  
opening and reading the pupils' letters.  
This is very instructive.

In many high class countries the  
politicians give object lessons in honesty  
by forcibly taking people's money from  
them by means of tax-collectors. This  
also, is instructive.

In many high class churches the  
priests give object lessons in purity by  
licensing ruffianly rouses to abuse cus-  
tom-bound women. This, perhaps, is  
still more instructive.

The low-bred uneducated groom sel-  
dom swears at his master, but the well-  
bred educated master often swears at  
his groom.

The peer sits in the peasant's parlor.  
The peasant stands in the peer's hall.

The peasant removes his hat in the  
presence of the peer; but the peer's  
head remains covered.

The peer commands the peasant.  
The peasant requests the peer.

The peasant is poor. The peer is  
rich, for, though the peasant makes  
wealth, the peer takes it; and the peas-  
ant's politeness to the peer is a hunger-  
begotten lie.

Truly this is a world of irresponsible  
beings. "In the name of the Father,  
Son and Holy Ghost." In the King's  
name." "In the name of the People."  
"By order of" so and so, etc.

I detest "the-woman-you-gave-me-  
the-serpent-beguiled-me" sort of people.

How many persons could a clergyman  
marry in his own name? How many  
could a policeman assault in his?  
How many could a custom-house officer  
or a tax-collector rob in his?

We, The People, ordain this or that.  
The people! Blind minds which cannot  
see the mountains of causes of misery  
towering before their eyes; deaf intel-  
lects which cannot hear the sounds of  
social waves which roar with omin-ous  
wailing on the shores of revolution;  
brains, with molecules of adamant or  
water, too hard to receive an impres-  
sion or too soft to retain one; dumb  
hearts which do not beat reveille while  
their life-blood is being sucked by the  
vampires of usury; swine which wallow  
in the mire of politics, and tear each  
other over the offal thrown to them,  
and fatten to enrich the Armour in  
office. And yet there is nothing between  
them and the realization of ideals of  
which poets sing and over which phil-  
osophers burn, not the murky midnight  
oil of mysticism, but the bright electric  
light of science,—nothing save the  
ghosts of Church and State with which  
the nurses of Present Institutions fright-  
en humanity into subjection, till it lies  
bound like an infant in the caul of super-  
stition or in the swaddling bands of laws.

H. C. B. C.

**Suicide.**

In the midst of the troubled sea of thought is a small island called Materialism. Cold winds of adverse opinion sweep over it; but in the surface waves of words which touch its shores, may be found indications of a warm under-current of feeling.

Here, one standing on the summit of the hill of knowledge, in the sunlight of truth, sees outstretched before him no bleak and barren desert, but a garden plenteous with the flowers of life.

Here, the beauty of nature is enhanced, for man no longer holds himself aloof from the rest. And therefore to his ears, the songs of birds sound sweeter because of the closer comradeship; and all living things become dearer to him because no soul-gulf separates him from all other life.

Here, man does not fill the cup of life with tears in the hope that death may transform them to nectar. Here, no thief, called Heaven, robs him of his rarest treasures.

Here, when one dies, he is dead.

Living in the island of Materialism, standing somewhere on the hillside of knowledge, I fancy I see the subject of suicide where the sunlight of truth falls upon it.

Most persons desire to live, therefore is a murderer detestable.

Some persons desire to die, therefore is one equally detestable who prevents a suicide.

The knife that stops the beating of an aching heart and the rope that lays its rough hands on the throat of misery and stifles it for ever, are kind as friends; and the chloroform that lulls a sufferer to eternal sleep is gentle and loving as a mother.

To save the life of one who desires to live and is helpless, and to take the life of one who desires to die and is helpless, are similar actions of kindness when the intensity of the desire to live and the intensity of the desire to die are equal. People praise the life-saver if he risk his own life, but forget to praise the life-taker who also risks his life.

They, who are very miserable, in whose balance of feelings the sorrow outweighs the joy, who love night and darkness and sleep, and hate day and light and waking, who wish they had never been born, may be as though

they never had been born.

The power to commit suicide is one of the greatest of man's possessions. It laughs at poverty. It mocks disease. It plays with pain. H. C. B. C.

**The International Tug of War.**

Of all mental diseases, the most insidious and deadly are patriotism and religion. And the amount of insanity caused by them is immeasurable. Patients, thus affected, labor under strange hallucinations. Mountains and oceans and rivers, they think, were divinely made for the purpose of separating man from man. Otherwise what were their uses? Of course it is now less difficult than it was formerly to cross these natural barriers, but that is only a sign of our depravity. Manifestly it is the duty of every pious person to assist the handmaid Nature. Therefore they divide the earth, by means of political lines, into sections called countries. If they did not do so, the growing impiety of peoples might cause them to unite, which would be subversive of the divine intent.

As auxiliaries, they make them colored rags to represent each patch of earth. These are called flags, and are very thin-skinned and constantly complain of being insulted. Whenever this happens, the people of the country represented by the insulted flag arm themselves, and going into the country of the insulter slaughter men, women and children. "What right," they say, "have people to be born in the same country with an insulter of our darling flag?"

The insanity is then at its height. Murderers become heroes, and the greatest hero is he whose sword is deepest dyed in blood. These things are the effects of patriotism.

Religion produces even more horrible results. At times the patients imagine they are eating the flesh and drinking the blood of a man who, they say, lived nearly 2,000 years ago, and sing songs about washing themselves in his blood. They accept as truth the most incredible fairy tales ever written because they are in a certain book, and persecute and kill those who will not believe them.

By catering to the insanity of these unfortunates, certain persons called priests and politicians obtain from them, annually, large sums of money.

Just now an epidemic of patriotism has fallen upon San Francisco. It happened this way:

Some persons, knowing that the germs of this disease are to be found in most people and wishing to make "easy money," sought out a certain number of men born in a particular part of the earth and an equal number born in another part, and placing each "team" at opposite ends of a rope, said to them: "Pull for the love of your country and of gold."

And the teams pulled and the insane crowd shouted, and in the minds of many of those who betted on the result were ridiculous tugs of war between cupidity and national pride. In the respectable papers might be seen such headlines as:

"Ireland downs the hated Briton."  
"Germany annexes Sweden." The respectable papers are wise. If the working men in different parts of the earth forgot to be enemies it would be very hard for the capitalist to rob them, and if the capitalist could not rob the working man what would become of the respectable papers? H. C. B. C.

If I measure the world by its estimate of greatness, what an infinitesimal world it is, with its John Sullivan's always in the fore-ground!

I am glad to know that "Freedom," a little paper published by the A. R. Parsons Assembly, of Chicago, was not dead, only asleep, and is once more wide awake. The November number is to be devoted to the memory of our comrades who were murdered by the officers of the State of Illinois.

Just as one "Tug-of-war" ends, another begins,—the political. Democratic or Republican party, which shall pull the greater mass of people after it? By whom shall we be robbed during the coming two years? This is the important question, and the possibility of choosing not to be robbed at all seems not yet to occur to the average mind.

I await with anxiety the result of Moses Harman's new trial, as there is no prophet wise enough to foresee the gate through which one may pass out of a court of law. No matter how clear and fair the path to freedom may look to one who gets into the toils of the law, no matter how trifling the charge nor

how distinctly it bears the brand of petty malice, we may never know which end of a technical eggshell will be broken by the Lilliputian-brained Fates who rule the destinies of accused persons.

Ah Sing receives ten year's imprisonment for perjury. Ten years for one lie! If ordinary business men and society women were awarded in like ratio the majority of them would need to live a thousand years in order to make expiation for one day's record.

But Ah Sing is yellow, and perhaps the lie was yellow, too. It makes such difference whether a lie be white or not.

Then, too, this lie was peculiarly odious because it offended the "Majesty of the law."

The sun is old, but, to the eyes that look upon it first, it is new.

Truth, too, is old, but the mind that grasps a fragment of it for the first time finds for itself that wonder, something new.

A blind man may sit in the sunshine unmoved, not knowing the glory in which he is bathed, but let his eyes open and he is dazzled, rejoiced, overwhelmed.

When eyes that had been blinded by ignorance open with the splendor of truth-light shining in them, there is reveling in the rapture of the new that is yet so old.

On the 11th of November 1887 a wave of horror ran round the world and the words, "Black Friday" were dated afresh. People who had vaguely hated Anarchists without knowing what Anarchism meant, seeing that, in this case, at least, Anarchists were not aggressors, but victims of an almost inconceivable malice, began to study the new philosophy. The consequence has been that steps which were taken with the object of crushing the truth and covering it with infamy have resulted in spreading a knowledge of it.

Power often defeats its own purpose by repressive measures. Galileo imprisoned, Bruno burned, libraries destroyed, books condemned—was thought imprisoned? Was truth burned?

The last words of August Spies were: "Our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today."

The words were prophetic. Knowing,

as so thoughtful a man could not but know, that tyranny destroys itself by its efforts to perpetuate itself, he was able to know that the work of his life would not end with his life.

Three weeks before the death of A. R. Parsons, while the shadow of its coming rested in unutterable melancholy on the faces of his friends, I saw him playing with his children and presenting to them, with many cheerful words, a toy ship which he had made for them. This was the nature that, towering above the pettiness of persecutors, said:

"If Illinois can afford to hang me I can afford to be hanged."

Tracts are being circulated which are full of pathetic appeal to the people of this State to vote for candidates who favor a Sunday law and asking if their cheeks do not tingle with shame when they are told that California is the only State in the Union without one.

If California happens to find herself in bad company are all her people blamable? The most respectable dog in town may walk down the street with a government officer without serious injury to his own reputation, if he show no disposition to get into office himself, and thus live off the weakness and ignorance of others. The people of this State are not responsible for the bigoted intolerance of other States that try to kill thoughts and fit all their dead bodies into coffins of the same size,—always the proper function of States.

If there were no laws compelling us to work too hard would any one think of laws compelling us to rest?

Do we need laws to tell us when we are tired?

Why does the Christian want other people to keep his Sabbath holy? Does he think that holiness, like atonement, may be vicarious and that his chances for heaven are furthered by making hypocrites of his neighbors; by wringing from them an outward sanction of that against which they inwardly rebel?

These Sunday law exhortations come with a circular advertising a Savings Bank. It is quite clever. Pass a Sunday law so that people cannot buy anything or go anywhere on the first day of the week and it is supposed that they will save a few pence each and divide them between the church and the bank.

And thus the name and power of re-

ligion, fulfilling, also, a customary function, bolster a monstrous error,—interest-taking.

"Interest works while you sleep," pleads this specious advocate.

Interest never works, it only robs. Is it a pleasanter thought that it robs for you than that it robs you?

An exchange of which I expected better things cries out for revenge on a certain murderer. Another advises:

"We must not tolerate those who oppose us."

Reading these things my Optimism drops down and shakes hands with my Pessimism and cries out:

"Who shall teach these teachers?"

If murderers were all hung the human race would soon be exterminated for the reason that the hangman is always a murderer, therefore the carrying out of this principle would necessitate the hanging of the executioner, and of his executioner, and of his executioner, and so on to the end of the bloody race.

This cry for vengeance voices the reason why people consent to the execution of criminals. Were they only anxious to prevent repetitions, it would, at worst, be only necessary to seclude the murderer where he would have no opportunity to kill any one. But it is well known that one rarely commits a second murder. Such deeds are usually prompted by impulses that spring up under circumstances unlikely to arise twice in the history of one life.

One outcry for revenge has a more brutalizing effect on society than many murders.

If we counsel revenge on a man who kills another during the insanity of hatred, why do we not offer the same savage advice in reference to those who deliberately, without the excuse of anger, shoot deer and birds and rabbits and call it sport?

Instead of fostering the murder spirit by talking about revenge I think it would be well to reduce the numbers of coming crops of murderers by preaching the gospel of freedom, which opens the way to social harmony.

Instead of teaching boys that a man is justified in shooting his wife's paramour, his daughter's seducer and the insurer of his mother's memory, teach them that they have no business meddling

with the affairs of any one, that if they are not pleased by the actions of their companions their resource is to stop living with them; that it is not insult to tell the truth and if one has lied killing him will not prove him a liar. c. d. d.

Move On.

In a doorway sat a wretched,  
Ragged, starving, homeless woman,  
Weak in limb and pinched in feature,  
Trembling, helpless, dying creature,  
Then there issued from the doorway,  
In her wrath, a low-browed woman.  
"Move," she savagely commanded.  
Wandered, then, the one unfriended,  
Reached the street that lay before her;  
There she paused in her exhaustion,  
Panting, breathless, hesitating,  
Like the final hush of wafting  
"Twixt the shaping of the halter  
And the swinging from the gallows.  
Dimly, then, on senses failing,  
Through the night-wind's lonely wailing  
Rose the sound of other orders:  
"Move along." The strong policeman  
Once was baffled, for a greater  
Interposed a moment later.  
His "Move on" meant move to other  
Forms of life, and welcome, kindly,  
Came the mandate Death delivered.

c. d. d.

His Own World.

Barnet Pierce lived quite alone in a queer little world; partly it grew and partly he built it, but it was only his. Little brothers and sisters played round him all day, but they never trespassed on his world; they did not know that it was there, though they did understand, dimly, that something, they could not tell what, separated them a little, just a little, from Barnet. Schoolmates touched elbows with him knowing that the contact was not positive evidence of his proximity. One of them contrived an ingenious philosophy to account for the apparent paradox of Barnet being present and far away simultaneously. They had discovered his world, but were never able to explore it.

In Barnet's world birds were never imprisoned in cages, because people found more pleasure in leaving them free; the air about them throbbled with ecstatic song, nests swung low on boughs and sometimes the un-afraid little air-surveyors descended to make familiar calls on their friends, the people of Barnet's world, alighting on their hands, or shoulders, with cunning little nods and chirps of recognition.

In Barnet's world dogs and horses had

friends, but never a master; stables and kennels if they sought shelter, but no halters, no compulsion to remain after they desired to go, and there were no bridles nor back checks nor muzzles nor leather collars bearing engraved plates. There the slaves were not sentient beings, and the power that moved them was usually steam or electricity.

In Barnet's world if you looked on a small body of water you might see gleams of light, like burnished silver with the sun shining on it, moving about near the surface and if you looked again you might see that the gleams were fishes, and perhaps they would come toward you, for they were never afraid; they had no reason to fear hooks or nets, or spears. There were no fishermen in Barnet's world.

But sometimes his own little world dropped from him and he found himself surrounded by cruel people who impaled living worms on hooks and exposed their writhing bodies to tempt fishes to torture; who shut birds in tiny cells where they could never again feel the sun on their wings nor ever spring upwards with the sweet air rushing and whirling over and under like the waters of a bath; who reared animals on purpose to be slaughtered,—he knew one who fed a calf with his own hands until its great soft eyes followed him in trustful affection and then, even because it trusted him so well, led its unresisting feet to the house of slaughter, that dreadful house whose walls echoed forever and forever with the anguished cries of its victims, that gruesome place which Barnet never passed without closing his eyes and hurrying his steps.

Barnet was always very anxious to get back into his own beautiful world again after one of his short visits among these cruel people.

The years of manhood enlarged the horizons of Barnet's world. Its dream-children had become men and women with a new generation of boys and girls playing about their knees, boys and girls who had never heard a harsh or impatient note in any human voice, who had never felt the touch of an ungentle hand, who had never seen the deforming lines of a frown on any face; children who had never been told that an angry God spoke in the thunder and blew his terrible breath upon them in tornadoes, but happy little ones whose

lives unfolded like the lives of the flowers, kissed by the winds and glorified by the sunshine, but never educated in cowardice by stories of gods, devils, bogies and fairies made to pose as real people. Children they were who had been conceived in love and anticipated with joyous preparation; healthy-bodied, healthy-minded children whose parents had not told them lies about their origin and made them believe that the truth was impure if it bore any relation to the clothed parts of their bodies; children to whom truth was always beautiful and only lies were impure.

In the grown-up Barnet's world people's notions were not distorted by allegiance to gods and governments; they could therefore see clearly what actions were really injurious to one another, and so could easily avoid them. All had plenty because natural resources were not fenced away from any one, but none lived in luxurious idleness, because rent, interest and profits were unknown.

One day Barnet found a very hungry woman in the street. He knew well that there were no hungry women in that beautiful world of his own, but for the moment his mind may have confused the two worlds, anyway he gathered some nuts from an uncultivated tree growing in a pasture near and gave them to the woman.

Soon after, Barnet, charged with stealing, found himself in a court-room.

There was one tried before him, a rich man who had slain his wife's lover. Barnet noticed that men looked at the murderer sympathetically. What he had done was called "justifiable homicide," and he was set free, and people gathered eagerly about to congratulate him, but the women pulled their skirts aside and looked away when his wife passed. Barnet thought it was well to set the man free, would have been wise to have left him free in the beginning, but why call murder "justifiable," he wondered. Then his own case came up and he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

After that Barnet knew that his beautiful world was only a dream-world; that the actual world that really environed him with its customs and laws was very different. He knew that he could never make the actual world, like the dream-world, an endurable place for men and women to live, by shutting himself up in the ideal, away from his fellow-men and women. After the term of incarceration was past he lived no more in the dream world, but gave his time to the instructing of any who were willing to hear wisdom from the lips of an ex-convict. c. d. d.