

Oracles

Previous postings from the Wm. Thomas Sherman Info Page 2023.



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## TENETS

- \* Nothing is, or is as it is, unless someone says and judges it to be so. Who then is (or who is it we say is) the judge, including the final judge?
- \* If we ever experienced a problem anywhere, it came about, in some degree, due to certain wrong assumptions, either co-present with, or just prior to the given problem's actually taking place.
- \* Unless you believe in God, the One, and or the infinite, every assumption is contingent.
- \* PROCESS (or if you prefer spirit, or activity) PRECEDES IMAGE. Image may, to some extent, (and sometimes almost perfectly) represent process. But process is always superior to and always more real than image. If process precedes image this might suggest also that mind precedes matter and energy.
- \* Everything we believe, or say we know, is based on a *factual* or *value* judgment. Both kinds of judgment always entail the other to some extent, and nothing can be known or exists for us without them.
- \* No fact or purported fact is true or false without someone to assert and believe it to be such. If an assertion or claim is deemed true or false then, and we are thorough, we should ask who is it that says so (or has said so), and what criteria are (were) they using? There is no such thing as "faceless" truth or reality -- at least none we are capable of knowing.
- \* You can't escape reason. If you aren't rational yourself, someone else will be rational for you; nor do their intentions toward you need to be friendly or benevolent.
- \* *Every* point of view and opinion has its truth to it -- even the most abhorrent and unacceptable to us. This said, we are naturally inclined to assume that some opinions have much greater truth to them than others. Even so, what little truth there is in any point of view must, at least at some juncture, and certainly with respect to issues of heated controversy, be justly and reasonably respected. Why? Because we would not be honest (and therefore not truthful) if we didn't.
- \* *Ultimately*, and when all is said and done, thought without heart is nothing.
- \* Most, if not all, of society's very worst problems arise from (certain) spirit people and those who listen to them -- whether the former comes in the shape of "God," angel, devil or what have you. It is these people who are most the source and cause of real unhappiness. If then you chance to have contact with such, while having (one assumes) overcome their lures, deceptions, and pretenses of benevolence and higher knowledge, I recommend that this (i.e., "unhappiness" or "unhappiness itself") is what you call them. Blame *them* for (most) everything wrong; for it is it is *they* who have been and are the ruin of everyone and everything (that is, if anyone is or could be said to be so.)

### Mottos:

*"When you can face me, I'll consider taking you seriously."*

*"Millions for defense; not one cent for tribute!"*

*"The whole of the city is at the mercy of a gang of criminals, led by a man who calls himself the Kid. And I'm the only one who can find him for you."*

*Note.* The “oracles” are given, top to the bottom of the text, in order from the most recent to the very earliest entry (just as originally presented at [gunjones.com](http://gunjones.com)); the very first you see below then is the last entered at the website, while the very first entered for the year is given as the last item in this text.

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...But if they do not deny the existence and malignity of demons, what remains except that they affirm that there is a difference between gods and demons? Let them therefore explain to us the difference between the two kinds, that we may know what is to be worshipped and what to be held in execration; whether they have any mutual agreement, or are really opposed to one another. If they are united by some necessity, how shall we distinguish them? Or how shall we unite the honour and worship of each kind? If, on the other hand, they are enemies, how is it that the demons do not fear the gods, or that the gods cannot put to flight the demons? Behold, some one excited by the impulse of the demon is out of his senses, raves, is mad: let us lead him into the temple of the excellent and mighty Jupiter; or since Jupiter knows not how to cure men, into the fane of AEsculapius or Apollo. Let the priest of either, in the name of his god, command the wicked spirit to come out of the man: that can in no way come to pass. What, then, is the power of the gods, if the demons are not subject to their control? But, in truth, the same demons, when adjured by the name of the true God, immediately flee. What reason is there why they should fear Christ, but not fear Jupiter, unless that they whom the multitude esteem to be gods are also demons? Lastly, if there should be placed in the midst one who is evidently suffering from an attack of a demon, and the priest of the Delphian Apollo, they will in the same manner dread the name of God; and Apollo will as quickly depart from his priest as the spirit of the demon from the man; and his god being adjured and put to flight, the priest will be for ever silent. Therefore the demons, whom they acknowledge to be objects of execration, are the same as the gods to whom they offer supplications.  
~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book IV, ch. 27\)](#)

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[A latest poem, which may go thru some revising, but which I thought I'd post (for fun.)]

WHAT ISN'T KNOWN

Somewhere, way out there,
over a dark and o'ercast sea,
a storm rumbles and roars,
but which no one of us sees.

It blizzards 'mid the high mountains,
burying cliffs in snow;
that by the hour piles up in feet,
yet this no one of us knows.

Like memories wrapped
in the murky mists of time:
on a clear glowing day,
a bright procession
of splendor and pageantry,
issues from Byzantium's gates,
with naiveté and faith aglow:
but now, alas, unknown.

But when winds drum and thunders in the trees
or when a silent sea of stars appear,
Oh then I remember
that distant, beshadowed past
of ages long ago,
yet existing still
in some eternal mind.

All lives must one day fade into the past
that once bounded into life.
Though oft I've wished
to visit lands of ancient lore,
how very near us yet passed by
lies an unopened door!

A world that is more of a stranger to us
and we a stranger to it than we know.

For life went onto to peaks of joy,
only to lead some
into a dark vale of woe.

Oh the comforts of life
when they are there,
how we wish life to be prolonged;
until worry, fear and care
make us forlorn.

One winter's night when silence
of a seeming sudden overcame all,
imagined going back in time;
when family and neighbors were all to each other;
and life was simpler but love as real as ever it was.
a memory now forgot but in its day true.

Where the house nearby,
now abandoned and empty,
was a place people did feel;
whose mutual love was to them forever;
sad though now they are gone
a memory now forgot,
and to us only as forgotten
is it real.

As successful or prosperous
as anyone is,
they are successful or prosperous
in a world overflowing with grief.
What then is success
in a world like this?

Life is hard because there is so much to it.
Life would have you juggle more than you would.
But always look for the difference
because a difference, some difference at least,
is always and ever there.

Nature, with its grass and trees,
birds and animals,
clouds and sky and looks as fresh and new
as the day after God made it.
I saw a little girl all alone on the swing,
energetically she sang,
as if she saw life fresh and gay;
like a bouquet flowering
in variegated ways.

Then there was one time a grown infant
being strolled along,
smiling with bright eyes of innocence.
And though I didn't know her,
she smiled and waved exuberantly at me.
Oh I bitterly groaned,
why must her eyes
smile at everyone she sees?

From courageous hope and faith to joy,
a future triumph known only in secret to the soul.
The child holds the keys to joy:
reject the child
you reject joy.
What is love if not ever enduring,
at least that it last
to return and bloom again one day?

The wisdom and past joys we forget
the songs we so used to love that now are so forgot.
But for this, but for that I could be happy.
But for this but for that, happy I already am.
For though Faith too has many dry spells,
at times notwithstanding it will pour like rain.

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...Likewise He cleansed the stains and blemishes of defiled bodies—no slight exercise of immortal power; but this strength prefigured that by the instruction of righteousness His doctrine was about to purify those defiled by the stains of sins and the blemishes of vices. For they ought truly to be accounted as leprous and unclean, whom either boundless lusts compel to crimes, or insatiable pleasures to disgraceful deeds, and affect with an everlasting stain those who are branded with the marks of dishonourable actions. He raised the bodies of the dead as they lay prostrate; and calling them aloud by their names, He brought them back from death. What is more suitable to God, what more worthy of the wonder of all ages, than to have recalled the life which has run its course, to have added times to the completed times of men, to have revealed the secrets of death? But this unspeakable power was the image of a greater energy, which showed that His teaching was about to have such might, that the nations throughout the world, which were estranged from God and subject to death, being animated by the knowledge of the true light, might arrive at the rewards of immortality. For you may rightly deem those to be dead, who, not knowing God the giver of life, and depressing their souls from heaven to earth, run into the snares of eternal death...

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [\*Divine Institutes\* \(Book IV, ch. 26\)](#)

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[Posted at the Lee's Legion page on Face Book]

CHRISTMAS 188 YEARS AGO.

Subsequent to the Revolutionary War and up into the early 19th century, the more frequently observed, seasonal winter holiday for Americans was New Years. And only by about the 1820s did the celebration of Christmas really start taking off nationally, particularly in New York. This was ostensibly in part owing to the popular success of Washington Irving's/Dietrich Knickerbocker's portrayal of St. Nicholas in his History of New York (1809), and the poem "A Visit from St. Nicholas" (aka "The Night Before Christmas") in 1823. The following, from "The Knickerbocker" [magazine], January 1836, pp. 108-109, is one early description of HOW THINGS WERE DONE about that time.

Christmas.—This delightful and cheering season appears in all its glories, in large towns. There is a bustle, a stir, among all classes. People give themselves up to enjoyment; and sweet and holy are the interchanges of friendship, respect, and affection. With the young, the world appears in *couleur de rose*; all things are pleasant; and with fond eyes, they read the language of love in every look they encounter. Christmas is, indeed, the carnival of the heart. Madcap Jollity addresses himself to his pursuits with an earnest good-will; and that benevolent old abstraction, Santa Claus, dispenses his favors abundantly. From the sea to the mountains of the West, Christmas is, in some sort, a season of refreshment and comfort. Its observance is by no means confined within the narrow limits of sectarian esteem; but its glow radiates far and wide, disdaining the boundaries of religious opinion. We envy not the heart that can wrap itself away from its cheerfulness—its contagious hilarity. We love to look into the pit of a crowded theatre, on Christmas eve, and observe the half school-house, half bear-garden scene. Listen to that full, irrepressible laugh! See those young heads bowing in a sea of tumultuous happiness, as if their risibility could not escape, without bodily motion! Those for the most part, are school and 'prentice boys, with hearts as warm, unhackneyed, and free, as youth, high health, and careless minds can make them. The museum runneth over; the mastadon wears for the occasion a garland of green; and the elephant hath laurel on his shining tusk, and on proboscis now no longer lithe — he being personally defunct. In the streets, every body is abroad. Many are the limbs of juveniles, whose weariness novelty makes forgotten; many a little tender hand, lodged in the paternal or maternal palm, presses that same with confident affection: *p-h-e-e-p!* goeth the penny trumpet — bolted is the ginger-bread; and those foreign toys, dolls, German dogs and kittens, together with sweetmeats, 'goodies,' picture-books, and small chattels of all descriptions, do greatly abound. Now the lover giveth the album, that by next Christmas shall be filled with all manner of stupidity, engendered by affection, and with love remembered. You hear, often, that novel phrase, 'The compliments of the season, and many returns.' Now the bard betaketh himself to the conception of New-Year addresses, and the *cacoethes imprimendi* [i.e., an insatiable desire to write] attacketh the printers' devils. All things 'work together for good.' The social board is surrounded; some heads have more fumes in them than can well be borne; and the owners of them run against nocturnal gas-posts; signs are taken down; songs wildly sung, and divers uproars made. This, rural reader, is a rude pencil-sketch of Christmas in cities.

The attached engraving, "Sleighing on Broadway" by artist Edward Eugene Schermerhorn, depicts winter in NYC in the ante bellum decades.



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[Posted on Face Book]



*"Take Courage, I Have Overcome the World."*

"Take courage, for I have overcome the world."

Whether a believer or not, the idea is a good one. Don't you think? (Well, I like it certainly.)

[from *New Catholic Picture Bible* by Rev. Lawrence G. Lovasik, 1990 reprint of 1955 edition]

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[Posted on Face Book]

Those who lived or grew up in the NYC area in the 60s will no doubt remember this.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LYrxuhIcs8w>

["Officer Joe Bolton's 100th Birthday!"]

See also: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5Un6qQImIjo>

["Joe Bolton THANKSGIVING JAMBOREE"]

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Let men therefore learn and understand why the Most High God, when He sent His ambassador and messenger to instruct mortals with the precepts of His righteousness, willed that He should be clothed with mortal flesh, and be afflicted with torture, and be sentenced to death. For since there was no righteousness on earth, He sent a teacher, as it were a living law, to found a new name and temple, that by His words and example He might spread throughout the earth a true and holy worship. But, however, that it might be certain that He was sent by God, it was befitting that He should not be born as man is born, composed of a mortal on both sides; but that it might appear that He was heavenly even in the form of man, He was born without the office of a father. For He had a spiritual Father, God; and as God was the Father of His spirit without a mother, so a virgin was the mother of His body without a father. He was therefore both God and man, being placed in the middle between God and man. From which the Greeks call Him Mesites, that He might be able to lead man to God—that is, to immortality: for if He had been God only (as we have before said), He would not have been able to afford to man examples of goodness; if He had been man only, He would not have been able to compel men to righteousness, unless there had been added an authority and virtue greater than that of man...

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [\*Divine Institutes\* \(Book IV, ch. 25\)](#)

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[Posted at the Lee's Legion page on Face Book]

"O tempora, o mores!" (again)

An English country squire bemoans and laments the state of the times, circa 1770 (note the date), in Tobias Smollett's comic novel The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker (1771).

"...All these [architectural] absurdities [in the city of Bath] arise from the general tide of luxury, which hath overspread the nation, and swept away all, even the very dregs of the people. Every upstart of fortune, harnessed in the trappings of the mode, presents himself at Bath, as in the very focus of observation—Clerks and factors from the East Indies, loaded with the spoil of plundered provinces; planters, negro-drivers, and hucksters from our American plantations, enriched they know not how; agents, commissaries, and contractors, who have fattened, in two successive wars, on the blood of the nation; usurers, brokers, and jobbers of every kind; men of low birth, and no breeding, have found themselves suddenly translated into a state of affluence, unknown to former ages; and no wonder that their brains should be intoxicated with pride, vanity, and presumption. Knowing no other criterion of greatness, but the ostentation of wealth, they discharge their affluence without taste or conduct, through every channel of the most absurd extravagance; and all of them hurry to Bath, because here, without any further qualification, they can mingle with the princes and nobles of the land. Even the wives and daughters of low tradesmen, who, like shovel-nosed sharks, prey upon the blubber of those uncouth whales of fortune, are infected with the same rage of displaying their importance; and the slightest indisposition serves them for a pretext to insist upon being conveyed to Bath, where they may hobble country-dances and cotillions among lordlings, squires, counsellors, and clergy. These delicate creatures from Bedfordbury, Butcher-row, Crutched-friers, and Botolph-lane, cannot breathe in the gross air of the Lower Town, or conform to the vulgar rules of a common lodging-house; the husband, therefore, must provide an entire house, or elegant apartments in the new buildings. Such is the composition of what is called the fashionable company at Bath; where a very inconsiderable proportion of genteel people are lost in a mob of impudent plebeians, who have neither understanding nor judgment, nor the least idea of propriety and decorum; and seem to enjoy nothing so much as an opportunity of insulting their betters.

"Thus the number of people, and the number of houses continue to increase; and this will ever be the case, till the streams that swell this irresistible torrent of folly and extravagance, shall either be exhausted, or turned into other channels, by incidents and events which I do not pretend to foresee. This, I own, is a subject on which I cannot write with any degree of patience; for the mob is a monster I never could abide, either in its head, tail, midriff, or members; I detest the whole of it, as a mass of ignorance, presumption, malice and brutality; and, in this term of reprobation, I include, without respect of rank, station, or quality, all those of both sexes, who affect its manners, and court its society.

"...In short, we live in a vile world of fraud and sophistication; so that I know nothing of equal value with the genuine friendship of a sensible man; a rare jewel! which I cannot help thinking myself in possession of, while I repeat the old declaration, that I am, as usual, "Dear Lewis, Your affectionate M. BRAMBLE."

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from *Harper's Weekly*, July 7, 1866.



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[Posted on Face Book]

It's something a little short of amazing how many stars started or otherwise appeared on this show (both the very old and very young.) That's 1961-1964 for you.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dhU4TBHCwjM>

["Doctor Kildare Theme - Jerry Goldsmith" – conducted by Goldsmith]

Later Note. The above version stands out as noteworthy for being conducted by the composer, yet this alternative one by the Philharmonia Orchestra on the "100 Greatest TV Themes" CD I think is actually better played overall.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gvoDlauC3Uk>

["Doctor Kildare"]

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You see, therefore, how much more perfect is a teacher who is mortal, because he is able to be a guide to one who is mortal, than one who is immortal, for he is unable to teach patient endurance who is not subject to passions. Nor, however, does this extend so far that I prefer man to God; but to show that man cannot be a perfect teacher unless he is also God, that he may by his heavenly authority impose upon men the necessity of obedience; nor God, unless he is clothed with a mortal body, that by carrying out his precepts to their completion in actions, he may bind others by the necessity of obedience. It plainly therefore appears, that he who is a guide of life and teacher of righteousness must have a body, and that his teaching cannot otherwise be full and perfect, unless it has a root and foundation, and remains firm and fixed among men; and that he himself must undergo weakness of flesh and body, and display in himself the virtue of which he is a teacher, that he may teach it at the same time both by words and deeds. Also, he must be subject to death and all sufferings, since the duties of virtue are occupied with the enduring of suffering, and the undergoing death; all which, as I have said, a perfect teacher ought to endure, that he may teach the possibility of their being endured.  
~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book IV, ch. 24\)](#)

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In reading *The Ghosts of Borley* (1973) by Peter Underwood & Paul Tabori of late, mostly just for my leisure entertainment while playing arm-chair detective (as is sometimes my wont), I ended up scribbling some notes, and a portion of which are as follows.

Criminal spirit persons are exceptionally violent people, not least of which such who are professional magicians at playing these kinds of games. When we hear claims that such as Marianne Foyster or some else allegedly said something to retract or discredit their earlier assertions, it is all important to remember that such persons can be violently bullied into making such self-denials (nor will it do to report such bullying to the police), and or else be diplomatically persuaded that it is in their safer and practical interest to do so by either spirit person's themselves and or their flesh and blood hench-person representatives. Also, it is sometimes possible, even if deemed only rarely, for such criminals to doctor the record of what was claimed or said.

Which brings up a related point. What are seen as "other-worldly" happenings or events can involve both professional criminal spirit persons and their hench-persons, be the latter spirit person "small fry" or aforesaid regular person henchman. A professional spirit person being themselves or assisted by a spirit person magician will have no little problem setting up a "trick." So that, for instance, some the reported occurrences at Borley may have involved regular person "henchmen" acting under the instructions of the professional spirit person. The motive for such activities can be anything from scaring people, having fun, putting on a show -- all, as much as anything else, as a means of wiling away idle time; if not necessarily carrying some political or policy interest they perhaps are pursuing at that juncture.

We fear most that which we don't know And even the very most terrifying things can be rendered dramatically less so the more intelligent and the more informed we are. If a "ghost" wants to scare you he knows to play upon your possible lack of either rational intelligence and or information; while making maximum use of surprise (just as, say, a talented general does in military situations.) Excessive fear then and in this way is like a magic trick, and would not so unnerve us inasmuch as we are not deceived and otherwise knew (especially in advance) of how the trick was planned and done.

When I read about Borley Rectory as an adolescent, the idea of such a place made me think it must be a most and extremely frightening place to be, whether then or since, but really there were and are times at Borley where and when it is as normal a place as any where else, with, say bright sunny, happy days; at least sometimes, even when the house was haunted. Ignorant or scurrilous expositors of the Borley story, by contrast, would have us think that there was always a stormy, night time, or over cast sky over the house; which of course is very misleading and ridiculous.

Whether with respect to foes OR friends, the business of professional criminal spirit people is always or at least at last the need to ruin things; and this, when we trace this mentality to its bottom, in order avoid or reduce the risk of being made jealous. Speaking of which, I was recently puzzling over the most strange death of actress Inger Stevens. For more on that specific topic, check the "HOLLYWOOD MYSTERIES AND SCANDALS - What happened to Inger Stevens?" on YouTube at:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gwS3nTKRuTU>

Was it then murder or suicide? What MAY have happened, and I offer this only as theory (and very briefly), is that some criminal spirit person was fascinated and attracted by her and over the years dogged her life, perhaps from earliest childhood; so that relationships with men became impossible: Hence, after much trying exasperation and in defiance of such (by me purported) interference, she took her own life.

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[Posted on Face Book]

Suspect #3.



Perhaps, but in his case he doesn't exactly look like someone who was into sorcery, magical powers from beyond, and that sort of thing.

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Suspect #2.



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Come, let us now consider whether a teacher sent from heaven can fail to be perfect. I do not as yet speak of Him whom they deny to have come from God. Let us suppose that some one were to be sent from heaven to instruct the life of men in the first principles of virtue, and to form them to righteousness. No one can doubt but that this teacher, who is sent from heaven, would be as perfect in the knowledge of all things as in virtue, lest there should be no difference between a heavenly and an earthly teacher. For in the case of a man his instruction can by no means be from within and of himself. For the mind, shut in by earthly organs, and hindered by a corrupt body, of itself can neither comprehend nor receive the truth, unless it is taught from another source. And if it had this power in the greatest degree, yet it would be unable to attain to the highest virtue, and to resist all vices, the materials of which are contained in our bodily organs. Hence it comes to pass, that an earthly teacher cannot be perfect. But a teacher from heaven, to whom His divine nature gives knowledge, and His immortality gives virtue, must of necessity in His teaching also, as in other things, be perfect and complete. But this cannot by any means happen, unless He should take to Himself a mortal body. And the reason why it cannot happen is manifest. For if He should come to men as God, not to mention that mortal eyes cannot look upon and endure the glory of His majesty in His own person, assuredly God will not be able to teach virtue; for, inasmuch as He is without a body, He will not practice the things which He will teach, and through this His teaching will not be perfect...

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book IV, ch. 24\)](#)

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[posted on Face Book]

The theme of this film is so true to life: evil wanting to destroy happiness and beauty. (Very timely as well, of course.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IlioPFVmZ90>

["Double Door 1934" - directed by Clarence Vidor]

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TIME FOR SOME MORE (or so, if you will pardon, it seems to me at least)

"Of all the wonderful faculties that help to tell us we are immortal, which speaks the sublime truth more eloquently than the memory?"
~ Wilkie Collins, *A Terribly Strange Bed* (1852)

I said it before and I will say it again -- Judgment rules your/the world, EVERYTHING. The only question is whose?

Something caused this. But who or what are the possible "somethings" that caused it? Is it really so simple and as obvious as some unthinkingly assume?

He likes to think of himself, and in some ways admittedly he is, independent; except that he too readily panders and bows to fads inculcated by behind-the-scenes, hell subsidized manipulators, namely mindless conventional wisdom; which only serves to reveal his at bottom cowardly and slavish character.

Despite all and strenuous efforts to make it seem otherwise, truth is not an option. What everybody thinks only matters when it is, or to the degree it is, consistent and not inconsistent with Truth. Think for example of cases in the past where people, everybody, thought XYZ, but later NO ONE did.

That plutonium enriched, radioactive ego that can be felt from miles and miles away (i.e., their "God.")

Now with the Creator (true God), on the other hand, you are guaranteed to get better quality than from someone created.

"Oh Lord, please love and take good care of those kids! Meanwhile, I will do my best and try to hold off the maniac for as long as possible...."

While it is welcome that something we put out be a "best seller," not all things that are identified as "bestsellers necessarily reflect high quality, truthfulness or credibility: indeed, and as you well know, they could, as such, be so much and rather a pile of junk packed up in lies and fakery.

"He says he wants to know who and what you are. WHAT am I supposed to tell him?"

Now I know this is all MERELY a coincidence, and so does not REALLY matter, yet how interesting (to me at any rate) nevertheless it is that the original murder victim in *Edgar Huntly*, i.e., "Waldegrave," has the exact same name as the 16th century knight so conspicuously entombed in Borley church. (Neat, eh?)

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[posted on Face Book]

Good News! (for a change)

See:

[https://constitutioncenter.org/media/files/ep\\_miniposter.pdf?fbclid=IwAR1ay44Pw2OZlr4rVYpiaJeNwiO1JMqylDkMpei1szp6OO1Mxugv3wuzn7Y](https://constitutioncenter.org/media/files/ep_miniposter.pdf?fbclid=IwAR1ay44Pw2OZlr4rVYpiaJeNwiO1JMqylDkMpei1szp6OO1Mxugv3wuzn7Y)

[.pdf of an early printed version of the Emancipation Proclamation]

*Later Comment:* I guess ghoulism and kookism just don't cut it anymore, and can NOW be seen as the criminal doctrines and teachings they really are (and always were.)

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..What, therefore, will that instructor do, if these things shall be objected to him? How will he deprive the self-willed of an excuse, unless he teach them by deeds before their eyes that he teaches things which are possible? Whence it comes to pass, that no one obeys the precepts of the philosophers. For men prefer examples rather than words, because it is easy to speak, but difficult to accomplish. Would to heaven that there were as many who acted well as there are who speak well! But they who give precepts, without carrying them out into action, are distrusted; and if they shall be men, will be despised as inconsistent: if it shall be God, He will be met with the excuse of the frailty of man's nature. It remains that words should be confirmed by deeds, which the philosophers are unable to do. Therefore, since the instructors themselves are overcome by the affections which they say that it is our duty to overcome, they are able to train no one to virtue, which they falsely proclaim; and for this cause they imagine that no perfect wise man has as yet existed, that is, in whom the greatest virtue and perfect justice were in harmony with the greatest learning and knowledge. And this indeed was true. For no one since the creation of the world has been such, except Christ, who both delivered wisdom by His word, and confirmed His teaching by presenting virtue to the eyes of men.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book IV, ch. 23\)](#)

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[posted on Face Book]

Well, how about this picture. Does this help?



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[posted on Face Book]

(Now substitute :Black Friday” for "Jeff Davis.”)



[from *Harper's Weekly*, June 1, 1861.]

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...Hosea also, the first of the twelve prophets, testified of His resurrection: [Hosea 13:13-14] "This my Son is wise, therefore He will not remain in the anguish of His sons: and I will redeem Him from the power of the grave. Where is your judgment, O death? Or where is your sting?" The same also in another place: Hosea 6:2 "After two days, He will revive us in the third day." And therefore the Sibyl said, that after three days' sleep he would put an end to death:—

"And after sleeping three days, He shall put an end to the fate of death; and then, releasing Himself from the dead, He shall come to light, first showing to the called ones the beginning of the resurrection."

For He gained life for us by overcoming death. No hope, therefore, of gaining immortality is given to man, unless he shall believe in Him, and shall take up that cross to be borne and endured.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book IV, ch. 19\)](#)

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[Posted at the Lee's Legion page on Face Book]

A FIRST-PERSON INTERVIEW WITH WASHINGTON IRVING.

In an interview conducted just a few short years before his passing, in the article "The Autobiographical Notes of Washington Irving;" found in *Harper's Weekly*, Jan. 6, 1860, Irving provides revealing insights with respect to himself and his work, and that will help clear things up about matters some of us have wondered about, but didn't quite know the answer to.

Washington Irving is dead! How reverently we think of him! How carefully we collect the scattered memories of our intercourse with him! How earnestly we attempt to preserve all that we may of one whose life was so precious to our hearts!

It was my happiness, on one occasion, to pass several hours in his company, when, in a remarkably happy flow of conversation, he related with graphic clearness various incidents in his life, each of which recalling another still farther removed from the present, he was led from point to point in his varied life, till many of its most interesting scenes passed successively before his mind and were pictured to those who listened to him.

It was on the evening of May 16, 1857—Mr. Irving had completed his seventy-fourth year on the 3d of April. He was then in comparative health, with n vigor and activity which few men of his years could boast, though already beginning to feel the effects of that asthmatic difficulty which made his last days of suffering.

A friend had given us an account of his trip from the city that afternoon, when the fourth volume of the “Life of Washington,” fresh from the publishers, had been handed about among a cluster of editors and literary friends and appreciatingly commented on.

He listened with gratified attention, and as the burden of his labors slid from his thoughts its them a sprang up with fresh interest. He remarked upon the reference made in this volume to the neighboring localities, interesting in connection with the treason of [Benedict] Arnold.

“Arnold!” he exclaimed, starting up in his chair. “What a man! What bright prospects he threw away! What a fate! What a warning! What abilities he had! What a speech that was of his at Quebec! Thrilling!” And he quoted the words, “*I am in the way of my duty, and I know no fear!*” Thrilling! If he had died then, what a name he would have left! How honored!” His voice falling, he musingly added, “Most affecting theme, the Revolution; most thrilling! How it brought out men’s characters!”

In the pause which followed Mr. Irving’s last words he was apparently passing over the successive acts in that drama, and as the possibility of a different termination came before his mind he exclaimed, “It would have been a dreadful thing had the English got -possession of this river! Most ruinous! wonderful! wonderful! This Revolution is a most thrilling theme! Poor Washington!” And the speaker’s countenance answered to the earnest sympathy which his tone expressed.

“Poor Washington!” Mr. Irving repeated; “how he was crippled and fettered! There he was, with his little handful of men, without food or clothing, discouraged, disheartened, fanning the flame, fanning the flame and he bent forward in his chair sis he repeated these words, extending his hands with quick, short movements.

“You have been more interested in Washington’s character since commencing to write about him?”

“Oh yes, yes,” he replied, “I admired him before, but I thought him cold—admirable, but cold. Not so; the weight of the nation rested upon him, and he was the only man that could have carried that war through. He was so conscientious, he never did a thing hut it was first determined in his mind that it was right. No wavering; no questioning about what the world would think. And every thing came out so honorably and nobly. He never had a thought about the future appearance of things. He did what was right then, and let the future take earn of itself, be the opinion of posterity what it might. And he had to act very often without giving his reasons; the enemy must not learn his plans. He was willing to be misunderstood and incur the censure of the world that he might do right. He had a most immense correspondence, and in all his letters there is not a word about glory; the idea doesn’t seem to have had a place in his mind. And such wisdom, too, as lie displayed! wonderful wisdom!”

A frightened bird rustling in the branches above us called Mr. Irving’s attention from the subject of his thoughts. The sunset was gone, and the evening becoming too cool to remain longer in the open air we all rose to enter the house.

One of our party asked Mr. Irving his opinion of the comparative beauty of Scottish and American scenery. “Miserable country!” said he. “The Tweed is a cold, lazy stream; we wouldn’t think it worth looking at. Miserable country! Bare gray hills rising one above the other, not a tree, not n sharp point, nothing to take hold of, nothing of the richness and grandeur which our great forests give to this country. The first time (1816) I visited Scotland was just after [Sir Walter] Scott’s poems had been so much enjoyed hero. Waverley had been generally read, and Guy Mannering was just out. I was all eagerness to see Scotland, and every’ thing connected with Scott’s writings. I could not entirely disguise from him my disappointment at finding the country what it was. Scott had done much, very much, just there in the vicinity of Abbotsford, but beyond, beyond, it was drear enough. Ono day we were walking together, and came out upon an open spot from which we gained extensive views in every direction. Scott was pointing out to me localities of interest, many of which I had asked about as referred to in his poems, “There is Ben Lomond and there is Ben Nevis,” said he, pointing first to one and then to another of the round bare hills which rise in the distance. Isaid, “This shows the power of poetry, Mr. Scott [he was not then a baronet]; this indifferent landscape you have clothed with such charms in the imagination that I come here, and it is more fascinating to me from the associations which you have connected with it than the most beautiful scenery which I ever beheld.” “Fine scenery! grand scenery!” said he; he wouldn’t take a compliment at. the expense of the country, “I don’t want any bettor scenery. I like these bare hills. Why, when I go to Edinburgh for a few mouths I long for these heather hills so I have to come back to them. Why,” said he, “if I couldn’t see these gray hills I believe I should *die!*” And Mr. Irving, laughing heartily, brought his hand down upon the table with an illustrative blow.

“I spoke,” said Mr. Irving, “of the strong contrast between the nakedness of the country we were then looking upon and that which I had been accustomed to, where woodland forms an important feature in every landscape, adding a remark on my consequent attachment to trees. “I can understand you,” said Scott; “I once saw a piece of timber that bad just come from America—a splendid piece of timber. What a magnificent tree it must have been! Oh, if I could see one of your grand old forests and have such trees around me!”

Allusion was made to the great advantage of passing one’s early years in localities where there were strong natural points to fix upon. “Yes,” said he, “there’s no credit in loving fine scenery to any one living in this vicinity. I don’t believe there is a spot in the world in many respects superior to this. It was my misfortune to have been born in a young growing city, and there is not a landmark left of what was familiar to me in my childhood as my home. It is a miserably lonely feeling, that of having it all gone; nothing left of the past! In Europe it is entirely different; generation after generation the same building stands, and the old man Inis it the same to return to that be left it when a boy. Here it changes constantly. Nothing but tbc river and the hills remain as they were

when I was a boy. It has changed, utterly changed, even here in Tarrytown, and all through this neighborhood. Where André was taken there is nothing as it used to be, not even the bridge. Poor André! How sad! Poor André! Poor fellow!"

Some one speaking of Scotland as a more interesting country to visit than any on the continent, Mr. Irving asked, "Have you never been [sic, "there"?] at all? Oh, the continent is much preferable! It is a great deal richer in romantic associations. I liked it so well I didn't care to go back to England. The continent seemed quite like home to me. I was abroad seventeen years at one time; in Italy only once, and that during my first visit to Europe. My time was mostly spent in France, Germany, and Spain."

"In some respects traveling in Spain must be peculiarly interesting," I said.

"Oh! a most romantic country for a traveler," he replied; "and yet most disagreeable for a person who expects the ordinary comforts of traveling. In preparing for a journey every arrangement must be made with reference to protection against robbers. If you send your most valuable luggage some days in advance of you by one of the companies of muleteers who traverse the country in all directions, it will probably escape their rapacity; but you must not be without money to satisfy them. They are not to live in this wild way and risk what they do for nothing. It is poor policy in a traveler to excite their revenge by disappointing them; a little gold will undoubtedly save him a thrashing, or something worse. One doesn't care to be maimed by them. They often keep a poor fellow in the woods with them for weeks, and send a finger or two of his, occasion-ally, to his friends, by way of hint as to the object of his detention. Better have the gold on hand, and they will let you off good-naturedly. A prudent traveler never goes any distance into the country without a 'robber's watch.' These cheap things are for sale by that name; and if you have any desire to preserve a respectable one, you must have another of some sort to satisfy the villains. I was with Shelden — he that wrote 'Eighteen Months in Spain' — when he was making preparations for his first journey among the mountains. Poor fellow! he had a great time packing and get-ting ready; he was armed to the teeth, yet was robbed twice in eighteen months. He wrote me a most amusing account of his first robbery," continued Mr. Irving, smiling; "he stood stoically by and saw the 'robber's watch' go first into their sack, and his own quickly follow it. His trunks were easily packed after the robbery," added Mr. Irving, with a droll expression.

The question was asked: "Were you never robbed, Mr. Irving?"

"No," said he, "not once in all the years I was in Spain, yet I was never armed. I had scores of narrow escapes. One night while I was living at the Alhambra, which is quite a long walk from the city, I was returning from the opera alone. It was midnight, and not a creature moving. A tall, ugly-looking fellow, wrapped in a long cloak, dogged me from street to street till his intentions became unmistakable. He was just upon my heels as we entered the deep shadow of a large building, where there was one of those little crosses that one frequently meets in that country, marking the spot where a murder had been committed. As we came near it I felt that my hour was come; now was his time to strike. I had determined to turn and face him, when around a corner, just before us, a torch-light procession appeared. It was a midnight funeral, under ordinary circumstance, a sight dismal enough, with its long-robed priests and heavy bier, but far otherwise to me at that moment. I believe it saved my life. The robber disappeared instantly. That night a man was robbed and nearly killed on that very spot. The description of the brigand answered perfectly to the one by whom I was threatened, and I have no doubt it was the same man."

The course of conversation then very naturally turned upon Mr. Irving's residence in the Alhambra. He spoke of scenes in his life in that place in a most graphic but fragmentary way, giving us occasionally an exquisite bit of finished description, graceful as the delicate sculpture of the fairy halls through which he led us; then, leaving abroad blank untouched, he would bring into strong relief, with a few bold strokes, battlement or tower, or the lofty arch of some ruined portal.

Those who have read his volume entitled "The Alhambra" are familiar with the members of the little family of which he formed a part while living among those ruins: "The good dame Tia Antonia," the matron of the place, with her pretty little niece, "[bright-eyed Dolores;]" Mateo Ximenes, the "son of the Alhambra," his self-imposed cicerone and constant attendant; and Manuel, the half-cousin and lover of charming little Dolores. These names were mentioned by Mr. Irving with evident delight as old and favorite friends.

In alluding to his "Alhambra," he said there was nothing fictitious in what he had written about himself in that book, and remarked that all the stories were facts or legends which he gathered from various sources, adding that there was too much romance in the facts themselves to be improved by the imagination.

"It was a fearful place," said he, "but full of the most romantic fascination. I took a fancy at one time to a suit of rooms quite remote from that part of the ruin which was occupied by Tia Antonia and her family, and in which I had previously had my apartments. The good dame was quite shocked at my removing to such miserable quarters, and the whole family were horrified at the danger I was placing myself in. But I was not to be deterred from my purpose. That evening the family joined in making their legends of the place as frightful as possible: murdered men guarding vault-hidden treasures, and ghostly halls echoing midnight mutterings, were strongly dwelt upon to dissuade me, if possible, from passing the night in so fearful a place. At a late hour, Dolores and her cousin [they were lovers and were afterward married, said Mr. Irving, parenthetically], "with lighted lanterns, led the way to my distant apartments. We passed through immense halls and winding corridors in darkness so dense it was absolutely opaque. As they left me at my door, Dolores, with a look as mournful as if this were to be her last act for us, placed the small lamp in my hands, and Manuel, with extended arms, solemnly repeated a benediction over me. The sound of the great key turning in its rusty lock echoed from side to side as I closed the heavy door. I was alone in the stately sleeping apartment which had been used a hundred years before by an Italian princess. I opened the window and looked down into the little garden where '(was said the spirit of Lindaraxa, a Moorish beauty, had hovered for four centuries, A deep darkness rested in this pit-like court, and I fancied the forms of robbers, whose whispered words I heard in the constant dripping of the fountain. There was a fearful enjoyment and intense excitement in the circumstances which clothed every inanimate object with ghostly life, and made sleep impossible. I rushed out of my room, and alone, with my lantern, explored hall and corridor and chapel, till, by a long flight of steps, I came near a spacious apartment in which was an immense basin of the purest water, where in summer I often bathed, and down, far down in that horrible darkness, I heard moans and

clanking chains and unmistakable human shrieks! A feeling of fear and fascinating interest had led me on thus far, but this was too much. I rushed to my room, and, with a sense of relief, locked my door.

"I slept well, notwithstanding the excitement," added Mr. Irving, smilingly, as his features relaxed, "and when I awoke there was the fountain playing in the bright sunlight, and the grass and flowers as fresh and fragrant as if I had not suspected them of treason. I was almost ashamed of the agitation of the previous night; but the remembrance of those shrieks and rattling chains was too intensely real to be immediately forgotten, and I was glad to hear Ximenes's explanation in the fact that a lunatic brother of my good hostess was occasionally confined there. It is a most romantic place," he added, "that whole vicinity. You can't conceive any thing like it; and the city of Granada—a most romantic place. I rewrote 'The Conquest of Granada' on the very spot."

Without interrupting the conversation, tea, with simple refreshments, had been served just as we were sitting, and as the hours moved on Mr. Irving's spirits seemed to rise and his communicative mood to increase. He gave us interesting pictures of his life in a country house a few miles beyond the walls of Seville. There, in the midst of a bare, unbroken plain, with nothing to relieve the eye except the lazy stream that drags itself along over the yellow sand, he spent several months, his only companion an invalid friend whom he called Hall, an English gentleman, whose acquaintance he had made in traveling. This little villa was inclosed by a high white-washed wall, and at sun-set the gates were locked, and they were shut in for the night to the house and an orange-garden, which Mr. Irving spoke of as about four times the size of the small room we were in. Their evenings were often spent on the terraced roof in walking and conversation. From that place they sometimes watched, in the gathering darkness, a single horseman or company of suspicious-looking fellows crossing the open plain. "As they drew nearer," said Mr. Irving, "and their appearance and weapons gave positive proof that their life was not of the most peaceable character, Hall would say, 'They have come for us now!' And when their horses turned up the green lane that led to our entrance, and the gate opened to admit them, and was relocked after them, a momentary thrill of horror run through us at the thought of our being so completely at the mercy of such creatures. We had not the most perfect confidence either in Costa, the keeper of our castle, and strongly suspected his being in league with the banditti. We had nothing of value with us, and kept our trunks open, lest they should imagine they contained bags of gold.

"One evening I was late in returning from Seville, and, coming near a crossing of the stream, I saw a man, fearfully armed, sitting in the middle of the bridge, as if to dispute its passage. Just before reaching him I passed a small pile of stones, forming one of those rude crosses to remind the passers-by to offer a prayer for the soul of the poor creature murdered on that spot. When I saw him eying me closely, I paused before it, and—" Mr. Irving hesitated, smiled, and crossed himself. "I was riding Hall's powerful black horse, and as I reached the bridge the man did not move, but sat fiercely grasping his gun. I had never shown the white feather; should I turn now? While I was debating the horse went on into the stream just under the man. In answer to the salutation which is always given in casual meetings, he gave me a gruff word, doffed his hat, and I passed on."

The two friends spent a part of the summer at Port St. Mary's, opposite Cadiz. "Hall was skeptical," said Mr. Irving, "and often, at night, while the sea was roaring without, would talk for hours of the uncertainty of our future state, of his doubts, and of the possibility of the appearance of spirits. In the fervor of the moment, on one occasion, he promised most vehemently that, if he should die first, and he could come to me from the land of spirits, he would do so. Not long after I went to Seville to make arrangements for the winter. I had scarcely arrived when I received word that a fall from his horse had produced a hemorrhage which resulted in almost instant death. With this news his horse, with every thing belonging to him, was sent on to me. That evening I visited the house near Seville where we had lived so long together. I rode his horse over that dreary plain, was alone in that desolate place where he had been my only friend. I never was more affected in my life," said Mr. Irving, "than when I entered his room that evening. There was every thing just as he had left it, his luggage, books, his chair, as he had sat in it, the little lamp on the table dimly lighting the vaulted chamber, every thing as it had been when we had spent long evenings talking together. Those conversations returned to me with thrilling interest. I remembered the promise he had made to me. I was intensely excited, and [Mr. Irving whispered the words] *I invoked his spirit.*"

Our excitement had increased with the strong emotion of the speaker. Every inflection of his voice, every hue of his countenance, every motion of his hand, showed that this had been an occasion of uncommon interest to him. We had yielded ourselves to the magic influence which he infused into his manner of relating this strange incident. As he paused we were each ready to start at any unusual sound, and almost fancied a shadowy form in the recesses of a deep window whose curtained drapery hung in heavy folds behind him.

It was a positive relief when he spoke again, with an entirely altered tone and manner, as if wishing to check the emotion which he had allowed to break the serenity of his gentle spirit, and which had evidently moved us with unusual power. "He never came! He never came!" he repeated, "and if he could have come, I know he would. It wasn't very strong case, and to me a sufficient proof of the falsity of Spiritualism."

By easy changes, Mr. Irving soon led our thoughts from the shadowy region of excitement to which he had taken us, and gave us several fanciful descriptions of scenes in his life abroad. Among them was a gay picture of a horseback ride in company with the Queen of Spain, then a child.

Speaking of his long absence from the United States, some one asked if he was not at times homesick. "Homesick!" he smilingly repeated. "My home was there. I left America under distressing circumstances, and all the first of my visit was most unpleasant. I had no desire to return, for I had nothing to return to. I was in disgrace, a bankrupt!" said Mr. Irving, in a manner which showed that that period must have been one of peculiar trial, the memory of which could bring from him an expression of such bitter suffering.

With no taste for commercial pursuits he had been admitted by his two elder brothers as a partner with them in an extensive mercantile concern which was engaged in business both in New York and Liverpool. The sudden close of the war of 1812 caused great reverses in the financial world. Their house suffered severely. Washington Irving left New York for Liverpool early in the spring

of 1815. "On my arrival," said he, "I found that my oldest brother's health had failed, and he had been for some time at a watering-place. I suspected that things were going wrong, and perfectly ignorant of every thing about business affairs I came in and made them teach me. It was all wrong; I turned away first one and then another; everything was in confusion. As I began to learn the business I saw the difficulties, the breakers ahead. For two years I struggled against it. We were deep in commerce; with the change in the war came a fall in every thing."

In short broken sentences Mr. Irving recapitulated the acts in the drama so tragic to him; the certainty of ruin; the struggle to keep up the position of the house and to meet payments; the horror of asking to have a note renewed; ashamed to look any body in the face, yet struggling to keep up appearances. "The struggle was certainly vain," said he, "yet the disgrace must be kept off as long as possible. There it was, day after day; work hard all day and then to bed late, a troubled sleep, for three hours perhaps, and then wake up; thump, thump, thump, at the heart comes the care. No more sleep for that night; then up and off to the coffee-house to see the wind dial; wind due east, due east, day after day, no ship can come in, payments must be made, and nowhere for remittances to come from. Then comes an invitation to a great dinner; must go to keep up appearances; sit at the table half asleep; no life for any thing; stupid myself and every body else stupid; stay there three mortal hours; then to bed with three hours of broken sleep again; mid the same thing over, day after day, week after week. Oh! What a two years! Nothing would tempt me to another such. No fortune would be an inducement. How! grew old!" Then suddenly starting up he ex-claimed, "How came I to talk about this? Miserable subject! I never think of it; I don't want to think about it."

At the time of this conversation the great financial crisis of 1857 was drawing near, failures were becoming frequent, and business men felt the pressure of the panic that was commencing. In connection with some remarks made in reference to these facts Mr. Irving emphatically exclaimed, "When a man fails you needn't pity him; the agony is over. The time for pity is before. There he is knowing what must come—afraid to tell his wife—can't deny his children—don't know how to curtail. Misery! misery! How I pity those men! No one knows what beds they lie on—no one knows what hard days and nights there are in rich men's homes in that city of New York."

Mr. Irving never held the mind long on the pathetic; if it had been possible, he would have smoothed every sharp corner in the universe, that nothing might suffer from contact with it. He passed quickly to a lighter tone: "They can't make their daughters' hoops smaller." Then, turning to the ladies, he added, in parenthesis, "All this trouble has come since the great hoops came in fashion;" and then continued: "And these great dinners; they can't cut down their dinners—they must all be Lord Mayor's dinners. The world seems to think that a man's digestive powers increase with his wealth—one must eat gold and silver. You can't have a good old-fashioned, cosy dinner, nowadays, of a simple joint of meat, and got through in respectable time; there must be a dozen courses, and then you can't eat what you like, but must take a little of everything; and then the flummery comes after all the rest, and you must take candy and bonbons home to make the children sick. And these great, long tables!—must have twenty to sit down—why, a modest man can't say any thing—once get stuck between two dull people, and you are fixed for three mortal hours at least. Have a round table, and every body can talk together, and all enjoy it; but a table half a dozen yards long is too bad—a modest man can't talk—no ono but these bold, noisy fellows can say any thing—and of course the dinners are stupid affairs."

Reference being made to the commencement of his literary career, he alluded in a light, passing way, to what he had written previous to the "Sketch Book," and said: "That anxiety and trouble in England, disgusted me with business and drove me to my pea. I had just started in the 'Sketch Book,' when I received a letter from my brother William, telling me he had obtained a situation for me as clerk in the Navy. I declined the offer but couldn't give my reasons. My brother was disappointed and mortified; I knew he would be, and that so distressed me that for two months I couldn't write a line. I had given up all for the muse, and the muse deserted me! When I wrote again, it was to some purpose. I soon had enough to commence publishing in numbers. When the first number was out, I sent it to my brother, telling him that was what I had been doing, and that I felt there was something more in me than had yet been developed; I had determined to make the effort, and if I failed, I was willing to cut wood, draw water, dig, or do any thing."

As he left, he told the ladies they must not forget their promise to take a ride with him through Sleepy Hollow in "apple-blossom time." Who could forget such an invitation?

Apple-blossom time is forever past at Sunnyside. The golden fruit has been garnered. We gather a few autumn leaves ere they are faded by time, or scattered by careless winds.

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[posted on Face Book]

(circa 1966, originally from South Korea, see also:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?app=desktop&v=qE8vPog8AfY> )

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SOYfHZ-oLY8>

["The Kim Sisters "The Sound Of Music, My Favorite Things & Climb Ev'ry Mountain" | Ed Sullivan Show"]

and

["The Kim Sisters "Fever" on The Ed Sullivan Show"]

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...How then do the Jews both confess and expect the Christ of God? Who rejected Him on this account, because He was born of man. For since it is so arranged by God that the same Christ should twice come to the earth, once to announce to the nations the one God, then again to reign, why do they who did not believe in His first advent believe in the second?

But the prophet comprises both His advents in few words. Behold, he says, one like the Son of man coming with the clouds of heaven. He did not say, like the Son of God, but the Son of man, that he might show that He had to be clothed with flesh on the earth, that having assumed the form of a man and the condition of mortality, He might teach men righteousness; and when, having completed the commands of God, He had revealed the truth to the nations, He might also suffer death, that He might overcome and lay open the other world also, and thus at length rising again, He might proceed to His Father borne aloft on a cloud. For the prophet said in addition: And came even to the Ancient of days, and was presented to Him. He called the Most High God the Ancient of days, whose age and origin cannot be comprehended; for He alone was from generations, and He will be always to generations.
~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book IV, ch. 12\)](#)

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Mantan Moreland was one of the funniest comedians in the HEAVILY competitive 30's and 40s; which period of course produced some of the best film comics ever. I have been familiar with him for some time now, but mostly been thru his Frankie Darro movies. Then I came across this, just by accident, with an all black cast. While the story line is not so exceptional, the performances, gags and joke dialogue are truly first rate as far as comedy goes. And if anyone feels like feeling good (in what is no doubt for many a damp, dark, and dreary season of year), give this film a try and if you stay with it I guarantee you will come out smiling. (Where was BLM back then?)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=N36AmoQEzxc>

["1942 COMEDY SpOoKy ~ Lucky Ghost ~ Mantan Moreland Classic"]

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With the contents of Audrey Hale's (so called) "manifesto" leaked, I for one see this as a good thing; since it helps people to examine and better understand the psychology of some shooters. The argument that making the contents known was somehow an affront to the victims and families is complete and unabashed nonsense; given that the victims and families had absolutely nothing to do with the shooter and what she wrote. Why then this decrying of the leak as morally reprehensible? For that one will have to look for other motives.

This mentioned, the "manifesto's" contents in my opinion help to support the interpretation that Hale was under the influence of criminal spirit people (and this based on my own personal experiences dealing with the same.) A statement like "Kill those kids!!!" could originate with no one else; as this (morally to them) indignant sort of rage at life and what is good is very much what these kinds of people sometimes will exhibit. It reminds me of the Limehouse rough-neck in "Broken Blossoms" taking it out on Lillian Gish's character and Richard Barthelmess' "Chinkee." These people, when the mood arises, can sometimes be like this, and I have had pets murdered by them when such a fit comes on.

Can a violent atrocity ever be carried out without criminal spirit people prompting and sponsorship, at least in some measure? In my view, no, and these things are as often as not done as forms of excitement and amusement, in part at any rate; with there possibly being other motives present (such as getting attention or promoting their own perceived high importance as authority...)

Last, it makes me wonder, if Peter Cushing in his final days wasn't perhaps the target of such abuse; having so often in his films played someone who was their enemy. I would by no means or necessarily out of hand assume that to be the case, but one should at least wonder.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5OLVhrK30dw>

["Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee: The Last Meeting Clip 2"]

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...Therefore (as I had begun to say), when God had determined to send to men a teacher of righteousness, He commanded Him to be born again a second time in the flesh, and to be made in the likeness of man himself, to whom he was about to be a guide, and companion, and teacher. But since God is kind and merciful to His people, He sent Him to those very persons whom He hated, that He might not close the way of salvation against them for ever, but might give them a free opportunity of following God, that they might both gain the reward of life if they should follow Him (which many of them do, and have done), and that they might incur the penalty of death by their fault if they should reject their King. He ordered Him therefore to be born again among them, and of their seed, lest, if He should be born of another nation, they might be able to allege a just excuse from the law for their rejection of Him; and at the same time, that there might be no nation at all under heaven to which the hope of immortality should be denied.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book IV, ch. 11\)](#)

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Earlier I expressed my view on the Ukraine war. Now that we have this re-igniting of things in Israel and Gaza, this is my two cents on that.

I always thought, ever since I can remember, that re-established Israel as a homeland for Jews was a good idea; not least of which for practical reasons, and for the benefit of all parties immediately affected. However, I think in retrospect it was a big mistake for Israel to hold on to territory acquired in the 1967 and 1973 wars; for by doing so this fatally lost them the moral high ground; of what originally was and is a good idea. Now some Arabs and Palestinians would object to the state of Israel in any form. This I understand. Yet in my opinion if Israel was reduced in geographical size to what it was prior to 67, the weight of the moral argument would be dramatically in their favor, and hence any

violent aggression against them after such concession would put their enemies more fully and properly in the wrong. Yet anything short of such land concession on the other hand only acts as an incendiary; that stirs up unending wars of the Old Testament.

Later Comment.

The original modern idea of a Jewish homeland was a moral, spiritual and practical one. Inasmuch as it wears this kind of mantle, it has all the more justification. If, by contrast, the political Israel is a merely a product of military and financial conquest, it is understandable that their opponents would see or characterize them and merely as foreign invaders. And if they are only foreign invaders, then that only throws more fuel on the fire for their enemies to want or seek to wage war. My point (in short) is that, and in my opinion, Israel's security lies in its being on the moral high ground rather than looking to military and financial superiority when it comes to settling land dispute questions.

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[Posted on Face Book]

Dedicated to the Kook from Outer Space (and whom I am told is "everybody's" favorite, worldwide no less, or at least so they say.)

See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OIcke28\\_LM](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OIcke28_LM)

["THE MOUSE FACTORY presents MINNIE'S YOO-HOO Disneyland 45 RPM"]

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[Posted at the Lee's Legion page on Face Book]

SECOND THOUGHTS

For years we think we know a subject, only to later realize we don't know it so well as we think. Or else as time gets on, we acquire new insights and understanding that had heretofore eluded us; so that we come to see a person or subject in a markedly different way. Such evolutions in our learning will possibly even result in our downplaying, or perhaps outright rejecting, someone who previously was our perfect favorite. From which I derive the thought, that we, and especially thinking of young people, should be cautious about who we get so excited about or enamored of. Since the one we are so infatuated with now, may be disdained -- perhaps even hated -- by us tomorrow.

From a very early age, I have just adored the writings of Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper. While my estimation of Cooper has not only remained steadied with the passage of time, but indeed has become improved and enhanced. With Irving, somewhat the opposite has been the case. Although many of his short stories will always be among my most beloved of such pieces, I have come to see him more as the product of and panderer to his era and less so an author of profound and robust vision. As a literary artist and with respects to certain of his works, he is rightly judged supreme, and who at his best has few peers when it comes to "poetizing reality." Yet and compared to say Cooper, he was less far-sighted and wise as a thinker. A cheery and positive outlook such as Irving possessed is ever commendable, but not if it means too casually turning a willful and blind eye to controversy (whether moral, political or philosophical); which latter foible Cooper can be amply exonerated from (even if we don't necessarily agree with his opinions.)

The writings of Charles Brockden Brown, by comparison, are a more recent enthusiasm. Yet certainly I now include him among my most favorite of early American authors. If by chance you are looking for an out-of-breath, page-turning thriller (and if you don't know of it already), I most highly recommend his novel *Edgar Huntly*. I can't think of any other book that more resembles a LITERAL sleeping dream or nightmare. His *Wieland* and *Arthur Mervyn* are no less imaginatively engrossing as well, but for other reasons.

All this said, I wanted to use the occasion to warmly prescribe three books that are invaluable at providing more correct insights into these writers and their works. And they are:

* *Washington Irving: Selected Prose*, with an introduction by Stanley T. Williams (1950) (Rhinehardt edition)

* *Plots and Characters in the Fiction of James Fenimore Cooper* (1978) by Warren S. Walker

(both in print and available online at <https://jccoopersociety.org/>)

* *Charles Brockden Brown* (1966) by Donald A. Ringe (Twayne United States Authors Series)

One of the problems with Cooper is that he wrote so many novels it is something of a chore finding just those you don't already know about and that would most (or more) please one now to read. Walker's volume then has the priceless and time-saving advantage of providing plot summaries. Three of Cooper's lesser known novels that I myself particularly enjoyed and would suggest for any interested are *Wept of Wish ton Wish* (1829), *Wyandotte* (1843), and *Sea Lions* (1849). Like any of Cooper's better books, while not without some shortcoming or other, they else hold up very well.

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But the Greeks speak of Him [i.e., God] as the Logos, more befittingly than we do as the word, or speech: for Logos signifies both speech and reason, inasmuch as He is both the voice and the wisdom of God. And of this divine speech not even the philosophers were ignorant, since Zeno represents the Logos as the arranger of the established order of things, and the framer of the universe: whom also He calls Fate, and the necessity of things, and God, and the soul of Jupiter, in accordance with the custom, indeed, by which they are wont to regard Jupiter as God. But the words are no obstacle, since the sentiment is in agreement with the truth. For it is the spirit of

God which he named the soul of Jupiter. For Trismegistus, who by some means or other searched into almost all truth, often described the excellence and majesty of the word, as the instance before mentioned declares, in which he acknowledges that there is an ineffable and sacred speech, the relation of which exceeds the measure of man's ability...

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book IV, ch. 9\)](#)

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[Posted at the Lee's Legion page on Face Book]

Some here may per chance recall Alexander Slidell Mackenzie from the U. S. Somers "mutiny" of 1842. As well as U. S. Navy ship's captain, Mackenzie (his original last name was "Slidell," but he later adopted "Mackenzie" in tribute to a family benefactor) was the author of several books; for which he received a fair amount of praise and acclaim in his lifetime; including a biography he did of Oliver Hazard Perry. Mackenzie's sister Jane, incidentally, married Perry's younger brother Matthew, the latter (as commodore) famous for opening up United States ties with Japan.

Most recently came up for sale on ebay an unusual letter which (for ignorant me) contained a surprising discovery; namely that Oliver Hazard Perry (who died in 1819) had acted as a kind of sponsor for young Slidell Mackenzie when the latter was a midshipman The letter, written to Secretary of the Navy Benjamin W. Crowninshield, reads:

"U.S.S. Java
East River, New York
Decem-br 23 1818

"Sir

"I have had the honor to receive your letter respecting Mr Alexander Slidell, he is about fourteen years old, well educated for a boy of that age and has always given proof of an active turn for the Naval Profession having served in a cruise in the Mediterranean on board the Chippewa -- From the great desire both of himself & friends, I shall take him out in the Java as a volunteer and hope it may not be long before he may receive a Warrant.

"I beg you Sir, to accept my thanks for the ready attention you have shown on the subject.

"W/ my respects,[?]

"Your obt Servt

"O. H. Perry

"The Hon-bl. B. W. Crowninshield
Secretary of the Navy."

For my own article and take on the infamous Somers "mutiny," and which was posted previously at this page, see:

<http://www.gunjones.com/A-Proposed-Solution-to-the-Somers...>

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Though they may (in a given instance or at times) fall short of what we'd prefer, one of the wonderful things about the films of Jean Cocteau is that he demonstrates how mere mortals can ape and recreate the wonders (to the eye) some professional spirit persons can create, and gives to those unacquainted with the latter phenomenon much of the experience of what such can be like. Indeed, it could be reasonably argued that Cocteau does the thing even better.

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With good reason, therefore, is He called the Speech and the Word of God, because God, by a certain incomprehensible energy and power of His majesty, enclosed the vocal spirit proceeding from His mouth, which he had not conceived in the womb, but in His mind, within a form which has life through its own perception and wisdom, and He also fashioned other spirits of His into angels. Our spirits are liable to dissolution, because we are mortal: but the spirits of God both live, and are lasting, and have perception; because He Himself is immortal, and the Giver both of perception and life. Our expressions, although they are mingled with the air, and fade away, yet generally remain comprised in letters; how much more must we believe that the voice of God both remains for ever, and is accompanied with perception and power, which it has derived from God the Father, as a stream from its fountain!...
~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book IV, ch. 8\)](#)

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[originally posted on Face Book]

...And how many children's toys and games (from ages "4-12 years Boys and Girls") featuring defecation and excrement can you name?

(And how is it stuff like this going on is any better than what was reportedly let out at Wu Han? And who has the spare wealth to produce these things?)

See: <https://tinyurl.com/28ypzmbz> [selection of same at Amazon]

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"A film the whole family can enjoy" -- by which they mean the Munsters or the Gambino crime family.

Now all that's needed is to have open-air screenings of it at Bakmut and Gaza. Will someone please then and once and for all call out for air-strikes on Hollywood (and get it over with already.)

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[Posted at the Lee's Legion page on Face Book]

I remember reading about Nathan Hale from way back to my elementary school days. Although the story is an extremely simple and brief one, it always struck me as starkly moving; in a difficult to describe poetical sort of way. The "why" of this as such I don't know that I can quite put my finger on. But perhaps it has something to do with that mortality we all face, and what, in this instance, one young man was thinking when HIS time had come, and why then, when our own time comes, couldn't we all be and think like him?

At any rate, this video lecture from the Society of Cincinnati gives a good summary of who he was and what happened, and which takes up about the first 20 minutes of the program. The remainder tells of the statues put up in his memory in the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Druu24v4wck>

["Statues of Nathan Hale" -- American Revolution Institute]

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Thus it comes to pass that philosophers, and those who worship many gods, either resemble disinherited sons or runaway slaves, because the one do not seek their father, nor the other their master. And as they who are disinherited do not attain to the inheritance of their father, nor runaway slaves impunity, so neither will philosophers receive immortality, which is the inheritance of the heavenly kingdom, that is, the chief good, which they especially seek; nor will the worshippers of gods escape the penalty of everlasting death, which is the punishment of the true Master against those who are deserters of His majesty and name. But that God is Father and also Lord was unknown to both, to the worshippers of the gods as well as to the professors of wisdom themselves: inasmuch as they either thought that nothing at all was to be worshipped; or they approved of false religions; or, although they understood the strength and power of the Supreme God (as Plato, who says that there is one God, Creator of the world, and Marcus Tullius, who acknowledges that man has been produced by the Supreme God in an excellent condition), nevertheless they did not render the worship due to Him as to the supreme Father, which was their befitting and necessary duty. But that the gods cannot be fathers or lords, is declared not only by their multitude, as I have shown above, but also by reason: because it is not reported that man was made by gods, nor is it found that the gods themselves preceded the origin of man, since it appears that there were men on the earth before the birth of Vulcan, and Liber, and Apollo, and Jupiter himself. But the creation of man is not accustomed to be assigned to Saturnus, nor to his father Cœlus.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book IV, ch. 3\)](#)

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It is interesting to observe that the innumerable homeless camps in Seattle followed short after upon the rampant and ubiquitous building of new APARTMENT high-rises (and evidently sans any requisite environmental impact statements); while the disappearance of Indian pow wows, like they use to have at Discovery Park (Magnolia) and the University of Washington, occurred subsequent to the WOKE and related take over here of recent decades. To which one can reasonably conclude that such social engineers as these are no friends of either humanity or of Nature generally.

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[Posted at the Lee's Legion page on Face Book]

A tour of the Iroquois Cultural Center in Onchiota, New York.

If you ever have had the chance of attending Indian get-togethers like Pow wows (we, for example, have, or had, them here in the Pacific Northwest sometimes), you will know that in many places the Native American people and culture are alive and well, and a great treat and pleasure to visit and experience.

See: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IENuKj_345I

["Visiting an #Iroquois Cultural Center #history #culture #education #archaeology #adironacks #museum"]

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[9 Oct. 2023]

HAPPY INDIGENOUS PEOPLES DAY!  
-- from the people who REALLY care.

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[Posted on Face Book]

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kq4xumQh14>

["Brenda Lee - Rock The Bop (1957)" - b&w tv appearance c. 1957]

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*REAL LIFE FOR DUMMIES*

"If I torture and get this person, it will help me!...."

Good thinking, dude. (And this is what passes for intelligence aka wisdom of the ages among these kinds of people.)

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Lawyer: Your honor, my client is so dumb he cannot possibly be held responsible for committing all those heinous crimes....

Judge (looking the defendant over): Counsel, I believe you are right.

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Wasn't it God who said?: "May the BEST murderer, torturer, mind controller, all around bully win!"

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"Left or right, Conservative or Progressive, that's entirely up to you, All we asked was that you burn a little incense, or, if you prefer, get a tattoo. Once you have done this, you have our full permission to proceed."

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A: Do you, do you trust the news media? Do you really?

B: Ok, OK, I get what you are saying. But what else is there?  
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We were happy....(but for these murders) we could have been happy. THESE people, for all their pretending, are NOT happy, and never will be. They are ALWAYS feeling sorry for themselves and getting revenge, and in point of fact and when all is said and done are nothing really but a waste of time bunch of losers. And yet to others, they are veritable gods!

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...But if a man is named father of a household, that it may appear that he is possessed of a double power, because as a father he ought to indulge, and as a lord to restrain, it follows that he who is a son is also a slave, and that he who is a father is also a lord. As, therefore, by the necessity of nature, there cannot be more than one father, so there can only be one lord. For what will the slave do if many lords shall give commands at variance with each other? Therefore the worship of many gods is contrary to reason and to nature, since there cannot be many fathers or lords; but it is necessary to consider the gods both as fathers and lords...

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [*Divine Institutes* \(Book IV, ch. 3\)](#)

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Where, then, is wisdom joined with religion? There, indeed, where the one God is worshipped, where life and every action is referred to one source, and to one supreme authority: in short, the teachers of wisdom are the same, who are also the priests of God. Nor, however, let it affect any one, because it often has happened, and may happen, that some philosopher may undertake a priesthood of the gods; and when this happens, philosophy is not, however, joined with religion; but philosophy will both be unemployed amidst sacred rites, and religion will be unemployed when philosophy shall be treated of. For that system of religious rites is dumb, not only because it relates to gods who are dumb, but also because its observance is by the hand and the fingers, not by the heart and tongue, as is the case with ours, which is true. Therefore religion is contained in wisdom, and wisdom in religion. The one, then, cannot be separated from the other; because wisdom is nothing else but the worship of the true God with just and pious adoration. But that the worship of many gods is not in accordance with nature, may be inferred and conceived even by this argument: that every god who is worshipped by man must, amidst the solemn rites and prayers, be invoked as father, not only for the sake of honour, but also of reason; because he is both more ancient than man, and because he affords life, safety, and sustenance, as a father does. Therefore Jupiter is called father by those who pray to him, as is Saturnus, and Janus, and Liber, and the rest in order; which Lucilius laughs at in the council of the gods: "So that there is none of us who is not called excellent father of the gods; so that father Neptunus, Liber, father Saturnus, Mars, Janus, father Quirinus, are called after one name." But if nature does not permit that one man should have many fathers (for he is produced from one only), therefore the worship of many gods is contrary to nature, and contrary to piety.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [\*Divine Institutes\* \(Book IV, ch. 3\)](#)

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[Posted at the Lees's Legion page on Face Book]

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CP9RoYfU1hM>

["Handel - Passacaglia in G minor - wonderful version for orchestra"]

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The worship of the gods, as I have taught in the former book, does not imply wisdom; not only because it gives up man, who is a divine animal, to earthly and frail things, but because nothing is fixed in it which may avail for the cultivation of the character and the framing of the life; nor does it contain any investigation of the truth, but only the rite of worship, which does not consist in the service of the mind, but in the employment of the body. And therefore that is not to be deemed true religion, because it instructs and improves men by no precepts of righteousness and virtue. Thus philosophy, inasmuch as it does not possess true religion, that is, the highest piety, is not true wisdom. For if the divinity which governs this world supports mankind with incredible beneficence, and cherishes it as with paternal indulgence, wishes truly that gratitude should be paid, and honour given to itself, man cannot preserve his piety if he shall prove ungrateful for the heavenly benefits; and this is certainly not the part of a wise man. Since, therefore, as I have said, philosophy and the religious system of the gods are separated, and far removed from each other; seeing that some are professors of wisdom, through whom it is manifest that there is no approach to the gods, and that others are priests of religion, through whom wisdom is not learned; it is manifest that the one is not true wisdom, and that the other is not true religion. Therefore philosophy was not able to conceive the truth, nor was the religious system of the gods able to give an account of itself, since it is without it. But where wisdom is joined by an inseparable connection with religion, both must necessarily be true; because in our worship we ought to be wise, that is, to know the proper object and mode of worship, and in our wisdom to worship, that is, to complete our knowledge by deed and action.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [\*Divine Institutes\* \(Book IV, ch. 3\)](#)

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[Posted on Face Book]

How DID he ever conceive such a depiction of REAL LIFE events?

Attached are some cropped out details from two of the three Uccello paintings; definitely worth the closer inspection. States Wikipedia: "The Battle of San Romano is a set of three paintings by the Florentine painter Paolo Uccello depicting events that took place at the Battle of San Romano between Florentine and Siennese forces in 1432. They are significant as revealing the development of linear perspective in early Italian Renaissance painting, and are unusual as a major secular commission. The paintings are in egg tempera on wooden panels, each over 3 metres long. According to the National Gallery, the panels were commissioned by a member of the Bartolini Salimbeni family in Florence sometime between 1435 and 1460. The paintings were much admired in the 15th century; Lorenzo de' Medici so coveted them that he purchased one and had the remaining two forcibly removed to the Palazzo Medici. They are now divided between three collections, the National Gallery, London, the Galleria degli Uffizi, Florence, and the Musée du Louvre, Paris."

For more see: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Battle_of_San_Romano



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[Posted on Face Book]

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9fZVF5zCCmc>

["THE CHANTAYS - "PIPELINE"" - SURF FEST 10 in Newport Beach California on July 17 2010]

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CUMULATIVE UPDATE

"OK so you don't want us making movies anymore. THEN you say you don't want us torturing people and animals. Well for cryin' out loud, what are we SUPPOSED to do?"

It seems to me that if someone does watch those movies they should at least be getting paid for it. (Myself, I can hardly bear the trailers.)

"Now that just isn't fair. Rest assured, they are!"

A given person may be the victim of heavy duty, scientifically impeccable mind control, and yet we call them stupid. Let us be aware of this possible difference, and thus not ourselves be so.

But I don't WANT to be an unhappy person!

Not that anyone actually likes him. Rather, they either want to get in on his money and or else they are scared to death of him.

If by I am outlawed and or shadow banned, it is ONLY because I am honest and trying to do the right thing.

He needs, must be a billionaire...JUST to make sure he is treated fairly.

Don't you want to be a good person any more?

"Yes and all, but..."

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When I reflect, O Emperor Constantine, and often revolve in my mind the original condition of men, it is accustomed to appear alike wonderful and unworthy that, by the folly of one age embracing various superstitions, and believing in the existence of many gods, they suddenly arrived at such ignorance of themselves, that the truth being taken away from their eyes, the religion of the true God was not observed, nor the condition of human nature, since men did not seek the chief good in heaven, but on earth. And on this account assuredly the happiness of the ancient ages was changed. For, having left God, the parent and founder of all things, men began to worship the senseless works of their own hands. And what were the effects of this corruption, or what evils it introduced, the subject itself sufficiently declares. For, turning away from the chief good, which is blessed and everlasting on this account, because it cannot be seen, or touched, or comprehended, and from the virtues which are in agreement with that good, and which are equally immortal, gliding down to these corrupt and frail gods, and devoting themselves to those things by which the body only is adorned, and nourished, and delighted, they sought eternal death for themselves, together with their gods and goods relating to the body, because all bodies are subject to death. Superstitions of this kind, therefore, were followed by injustice and impiety, as must necessarily be the case. For men ceased to raise their countenances to the heaven; but, their minds being depressed downwards, clung to goods of the earth, as they did to earth-born superstitions. There followed the disagreement of mankind, and fraud, and all wickedness; because, despising eternal and incorruptible goods, which alone ought to be desired by man, they rather chose temporal

and short-lived things, and greater trust was placed by men in evil, inasmuch as they preferred vice to virtue, because it had presented itself as nearer at hand.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [\*Divine Institutes\* \(Book IV, ch. 1\)](#)

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[Posted on Face Book]

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3iRj5ITi1cs>

["SHANTY" - The Jigsaw in Keningau Charity Show 2014"]

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[Posted on Face Book]

See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Iv0\\_ZAVkwQc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Iv0_ZAVkwQc)

["The Quests (Singapore) - Don't Play That Song [You Lied]"]

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...Wherefore let them not envy us, to whom God has revealed the truth: who, as we know that fortune is nothing, so also know that there is a wicked and crafty spirit who is unfriendly to the good, and the enemy of righteousness, who acts in opposition to God; the cause of whose enmity we have explained in the second book. He therefore lays plots against all; but those who are ignorant of God he hinders by error, he overwhelms with folly, he overspreads with darkness, that no one may be able to attain to the knowledge of the divine name, in which alone are contained both wisdom and everlasting life. Those, on the other hand, who know God, he assails with wiles and craft, that he may ensnare them with desire and lust, and when they are corrupted by the blandishments of sin, may impel them to death; or, if he shall have not succeeded by stratagem, he attempts to cast them down by force and violence. For on this account he was not at once thrust down by God to punishment at the original transgression, that by his malice he may exercise man to virtue: for unless this is in constant agitation, unless it is strengthened by continual harassing, it cannot be perfect, inasmuch as virtue is dauntless and unconquered patience in enduring evils. From which it comes to pass that there is no virtue if an adversary is wanting. When, therefore, they perceived the force of this perverse power opposed to virtue, and were ignorant of its name, they invented for themselves the senseless name of fortune; and how far this is removed from wisdom, Juvenal declares in these verses:

“No divine power is absent if there is prudence; but we make you a goddess, O Fortune, and place you in heaven.”

It was folly, therefore, and error, and blindness, and, as Cicero says, ignorance of facts and causes, which introduced the names of Nature and Fortune. But as they are ignorant of their adversary, so also they do not indeed know virtue the knowledge of which is derived from the idea of an adversary. And if this is joined with wisdom, or, as they say, is itself also wisdom, they must be ignorant in what subjects it is contained. For no one can possibly be furnished with true arms if he is ignorant of the enemy against whom he must be armed; nor can he overcome his adversary, who in fighting does not attack his real enemy, but a shadow. For he will be overthrown, who, having his attention fixed on another object, shall not previously have foreseen or guarded against the blow aimed at his vitals.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [*Divine Institutes* \(Book III, ch. 29\)](#)

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[Posted on Face Book]

See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gaLmEFqua\\_M](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gaLmEFqua_M)

["On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Away" -- Joan Morris & William Bolcom from "After The Ball Plus Highlights From 'Vaudeville'," 1987 Nonesuch Records

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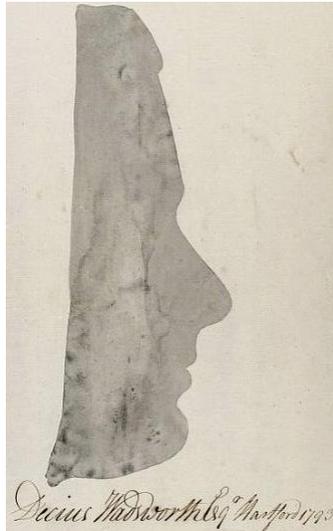
For who cannot perceive that this world, completed with such wonderful method, is governed by some providence, since there is nothing which can exist without some one to direct it? Thus, a house deserted by its inhabitant fails to decay; a ship without a pilot goes to the bottom; and a body abandoned by the soul wastes away. Much less can we suppose that so great a fabric could either have been constructed without an Artificer, or have existed so long without a Ruler. But if he wished to overthrow those public

superstitions, I do not disapprove of this; yea, I shall rather praise it, if he shall have found anything better to take their place . But the same man swore by a dog and a goose. Oh buffoon (as Zeno the Epicurean says), senseless, abandoned, desperate man, if he wished to scoff at religion; madman, if he did this seriously, so as to esteem a most base animal as God! For who can dare to find fault with the superstitions of the Egyptians, when Socrates confirmed them at Athens by his authority? But was it not a mark of consummate vanity, that before his death he asked his friends to sacrifice for him a cock which he had vowed to Æsculapius? He evidently feared lest he should be put upon his trial before Rhadamanthus, the judge, by Æsculapius on account of the vow. I should consider him most mad if he had died under the influence of disease. But since he did this in his sound mind, he who thinks that he was wise is himself of unsound mind. Behold one in whose times the wise man congratulates himself as having been born!

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [*Divine Institutes* \(Book III, ch. 20\)](#)

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[Posted at the Lee's Legion page on Face Book]



This silhouette from 1793, by Benjamin Tappan (1773-1857), is the only known likeness of Wadsworth.

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DECYPHERING DECIUS WADSWORTH

When learning of or inquiring about a historical figure from New England that lived in the late 18th or early 19th century, odds are they are a descendant of or relation to one of that region's illustrious founders. Such turns out to be the case with Decius Wadsworth (1768-1821), sixth generation grandson of William Wadsworth, the founder of Hartford, Connecticut. I first came across Wadsworth in entries in the *Diary of Elihu Hubbard Smith (1771-1798)*, edited by James E. Cronin; when Wadsworth happened to be staying in New York city where Smith resided. The following are the same (as extracted from that text):

* Sunday, Oct. 11, 1795

[in this section of the diary, Smith compiled some examples of *puns*]

Mr. Decius Wadsworth was standing by the side of one of his acquaintance; & taking hold of the hair of his friend — “You have very little hair” said he — “and how short it is!” His friend replied —

Man wants but *little* here below,

Nor wants that *little* long.

[p. 71]

* Friday, Dec. 11, 1795

...Wadsworth called here, while I was out.

[p. 100]

* Sunday, Dec. 13, 1795

Things went on regularly till dinner. I recd. a letter from C. B[rockden]. Brown, accounting for his long and mysterious silence. As I was returning from dinner [Smith is accidentally smote with dust in his eye by a woman's broom]...This deprivation [of sight] caused me some pain & still does, & effectually prevented me from reading. This deprivation lasted three or four hours; which were enlivened by the society & converse of Wm. Dunlap, [Richard] Alsop, & Decius Wadsworth, the three last of whom severally

called on me. Decius is well, & looks better than I expected, & seems in better spirits. He stayed but a short time, & is to call again. Dunlap read [to] me...

[p. 101]

* Monday, Dec. 14, 1795

Visits Wadsworth for an hour, accompanied by some friends.

[p. 103]

* Monday, June 6, 1796

Saw Decius Wadsworth for a few minutes on my return.

[p. 175]

*Wednesday, June 8, 1796

Called vainly, on Decius Wadsworth — and at H. Johnson's

[p. 176]

* Monday, July 25, 1796

Visits from Decius Wadsworth

[p. 189]

Friday, July 29, 1796

Visit from Decius Wadsworth. Walked with him. A call at James Watson's.

[p. 192]

* Saturday, Sept. 24, 1796

Decius Wadsworth came to see me.

[p. 222]

* Tuesday, Sept. 27, 1796

Decius Wadsworth and C. B. Brown here.

[p. 223]

* Monday, Oct. 3, 1796

...In the evening went to the Theater, "Road to Ruin" & "Spoil'd Child." Saw Decius Wadsworth there — & Dunlap, & Brown, &c. — a visit.

[p. 225]

* Wednesday, Oct. 19, 1796

A visit from C. B. Brown; from Dingey; from Decius Wadsworth, who stayed here most of the forenoon; [also visit] from Mr. Gahn...

[p. 233]

* Saturday, Dec. 31, 1796

A visit from Decius Wadsworth — who comes from Phila. & is going to Georgia to spend the winter

[p. 279]

* Monday, Oct. 23, 1797

Met Danl. & Decius Wadsworth in the street to-day. The former is at James Watson's, with his wife and sister.

[p. 383]

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Which naturally made me curious — who was Decius Wadsworth?

The following was some of what I was subsequently able find.

First is this general biography included in *Serving the Line with Excellence: The Development of the US Army Ordnance Corps, as Expressed Through the Lives of Its Chiefs of Ordnance, 1812-1987, with a Short Sketch of the History of Army Ordnance, 1775-1987* (1987), by Keir Brooks Sterling.

"DECIUS WADSWORTH  
COMMISSARY GENERAL OF ORDNANCE [U.S. Army]

"2 July 1812 to 8 February 1815  
CHIEF OF ORDNANCE

"8 February 1815 to 1 June 1821

"Decius Wadsworth was born in Farmington, Connecticut, on 2 January 1768 to a family that had lived in that colony for four generations. The childhood years of young Decius were spent amidst the uncertainties of the Revolutionary War. A second

cousin, Jeremiah Wadsworth (1743-1804) had served during the Revolutionary War, first as Deputy Commissary General of Purchases for the Continental Army and then as Commissary General for both the American and French Armies. Decius entered Yale College when but 14 years of age. He earned a B.A. in 1785, and remained to earn an M.A. in 1788. Following several years as a struggling lawyer, Wadsworth responded in 1794 to publicity about Major General Anthony Wayne's forthcoming campaign against Indians on the frontier. He was commissioned a captain in the new Corps of Artillerists and Engineers in June 1794. Several years of service proved less fulfilling than he had expected, and when Congress reduced the size of the Army in 1796, Wadsworth resigned. He returned to the Army in his former capacity in 1798, however, when it appeared that war with France impended.

"Wadsworth served with the 2nd Regiment of Artillerists and Engineers, and by 1800 had been promoted to the grade of major. When the Artillery and Engineers were divided, Wadsworth transferred to the engineers, and his first assignment took him to Fort Nelson, Virginia. Here he repaired the defenses of the installation, but his work was soon interrupted. A dispute had arisen between Colonel Jonathan Williams, Chief of Engineers, and the War Department Williams wanted engineer officers to command all elements, including line units, at installations where they happen to be the senior officer present, but the War Department refused to accept this position, and Williams then resigned.

"As the next senior officer, Wadsworth became the Acting Chief of Engineers, and, following completion of assignments at Newport, Rhode Island, and New Orleans, he reported to the Military Academy. As acting Chief of Engineers, he automatically became acting superintendent.

"Rather than attempt any major changes in the academic program, Wadsworth tried to tighten military discipline among the faculty and cadets, but his attempts to do so met with strong resistance. Thoroughly frustrated, he then tried to pick up the dispute which Colonel Williams had begun with the War Department, but President Jefferson took no action on the issue. Wadsworth therefore resigned his commission once more. The Secretary of War later compromised on the command question, which brought Colonel Williams back into the Army, but Wadsworth declined to take up his commission again, preferring more congenial employment in civilian life, and he then spent seven productive years as a merchant in Montreal, Canada.

"When the War of 1812 broke out, Wadsworth was invited to take charge of the newly created Ordnance Corps in the expanding Army, and he accepted with enthusiasm. Appointed colonel and Commissary General of Ordnance, Wadsworth developed a small but highly efficient corps of younger officers, drawn largely from the Engineers. Wadsworth created arsenals in Albany and Pittsburgh in support of the Canadian campaign, made efforts to standardize weapons, particularly artillery, and in 1813, undertook to improve the coastal defenses of the Chesapeake Bay region. During the fighting which took place around Washington in 1814, Wadsworth got into a dispute with Acting Secretary of War James Monroe concerning the placement of some artillery and offered to resign. His resignation was refused, but he was given a furlough. While he was on leave, Wadsworth's doctors strongly recommended that a cancerous finger be removed from one of his hands, but he refused to have the operation performed.

"During his absence from Washington, the Army was reorganized. Congress created an Ordnance Corps, and Wadsworth became its Chief. During the remainder of his tenure, Wadsworth stressed the principles of uniformity, simplicity, and solidarity. Despite enormous obstacles, he and his staff managed to streamline the number and variety of small arms and heavy ordnance. Wadsworth's efforts to get the government to adopt an artillery carriage modelled on one adopted by the British failed when the new Secretary of War, John C. Calhoun, requested concurrence from a specially assembled Ordnance Board. Though the Board was specially chosen by Wadsworth, it ruled without a dissenting vote in favor of an obsolete French design, and secretary Calhoun endorsed this decision. Some years later, after Wadsworth's death, the Army recognized its error and reversed this decision. In 1812, Wadsworth fought a losing battle to prevent the Ordnance Corps from being amalgamated with the Artillery. He retired in June of that year and died of cancer at his home in Connecticut five months later on 8 November 1821, at the age of 53."

Benson Lossing, in his *Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812* (1868), mentions that as well as serving as a fortifications advisor for northern Virginia and Washington in 1814, Wadsworth commanded a large body of Maryland militia that assisted in supporting Joshua Barney's embattled flotilla on the Patuxent River.

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Then there was *this*, with accompanying picture of the cryptograph made mention of; which I found in some records of the Hamden, Conn. Historical Society (available online):



"This cryptograph was invented by Decius Wadsworth in 1817 and was submitted to Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin and manufacturer of small arms for the U.S. Army, for examination. It is not known whether the device was ever used or whether more than one model was ever made.

“These pictures were made from the device which was borrowed for a time from the owners — the Hamden Historical Society of Hamden, Connecticut.

“This device is particularly interesting since it not only antedates by half a century the invention by Sir Charles Wheatstone of a device employing the same principle, but also it incorporates certain features not included by Wheatstone in his device.

“Very little is known about Wadsworth. He entered the army in 1794 from Connecticut as a captain of artillery, and served continuously until shortly before his death in 1821. He was in the engineers later on and became the first Chief of Ordnance, serving in that capacity as a colonel from 1812 to 1821. Around 1803 he was a major and an aide to General James Wilkinson, who was at that time the head of the U. S. Army. Wilkinson was a prolific user of cryptography, and no doubt was assisted by Wadsworth in compiling cryptographic systems. Wadsworth’s connection with Eli Whitney is explained by the fact that as Chief of Ordnance he had dealings with Whitney who manufactured rifles for the Army. The cipher device apparently was a gift from Wadsworth to Whitney. The latter or his relatives bequeathed it to the Hamden Historical Society.”

Finally (and for now) is this headstone in the Grove Street Cemetery, in New Haven, Conn.; that is located on the grounds of Yale University, and that includes the remains of some of that college’s most famous alumni.

**Dedicated
To The Memory Of
Col. Decius Wadsworth
A Native Of Farmington In This State
And Late Chief
Of The
Ordnance Department
In The Army Of The
United States
Who
Having Served His Country
Faithfully
And Without Reproach
For
Twenty Years
Died In This City On The
8th November, 1821
In The 54th Year Of His Age.**

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[Posted on Face Book]

One of the really nice things about Face Book is that you can "Friend" those you ordinarily know, but sometimes some otherwise truly great and famous people. Over the years, I was most honored, indeed floored, to have FB friends in the way of the absolutely lovely and amazingly talented Marilyn Michaels; Mark Lane (pioneer Warren Commission challenger; since passed away unfortunately), and more recently Gary Conway from "Land the Giants," and who has this big wine label going. We loved that show as kids, and Gary Conway epitomized "cool."

*Note.* Omitted just here is a short FB video in the way of a Carmody McKnight Wines ad, accompanying the above remarks, and that uses the opening sequence for the "Land of the Giants" tv series.

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Others, again, discuss things contrary to these, namely, that the soul survives after death; and these are chiefly the Pythagoreans and Stoics. And although they are to be treated with indulgence because they perceive the truth, yet I cannot but blame them, because they fell upon the truth not by their opinion, but by accident. And thus they erred in some degree even in that very matter which they rightly perceived. For, since they feared the argument by which it is inferred that the soul must necessarily die with the body, because it is born with the body, they asserted that the soul is not born with the body, but rather introduced into it, and that it migrates from one body to another. They did not consider that it was possible for the soul to survive the body, unless it should appear to have existed previously to the body. There is therefore an equal and almost similar error on each side. But the one side are deceived with respect to the past, the other with respect to the future. For no one saw that which is most true, that the soul is both created and does not die, because they were ignorant why that came to pass, or what was the nature of man. Many therefore of them, because they suspected that the soul is immortal, laid violent hands upon themselves, as though they were about to depart to heaven. Thus it was with Cleanthes and Chrysippus, with Zeno, and Empedocles, who in the dead of night cast himself into a cavity of the burning Ætna, that when he had suddenly disappeared it might be believed that he had departed to the gods; and thus also of the Romans Cato died, who through the whole of his life was an imitator of Socratic ostentation. For Democritus was of another persuasion. But, however,

By his own spontaneous act he offered up his head to death;

and nothing can be more wicked than this. For if a homicide is guilty because he is a destroyer of man, he who puts himself to death is under the same guilt, because he puts to death a man. Yea, that crime may be considered to be greater, the punishment of which belongs to God alone. For as we did not come into this life of our own accord; so, on the other hand, we can only withdraw from this habitation of the body which has been appointed for us to keep, by the command of Him who placed us in this body that we may inhabit it, until He orders us to depart from it; and if any violence is offered to us, we must endure it with equanimity, since the death of an innocent person cannot be unavenged, and since we have a great Judge who alone always has the power of taking vengeance in His hands...

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [*Divine Institutes* \(Book III, ch. 18\)](#)

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My advice to Ukraine (at this point?) Surrender, but then conquer them with your spirit. The greater enemy is elsewhere.

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"No need to count it. It's all there."

A: You don't have to watch, if you don't want to.

B: Really? Do you mean it?

From State Run Movie Theaters comes (fill in the blank.)

"...we used to say, It is a woman's reason to say I will do such a thing because I will."

~Jeremiah Burroughs (1600-1646)

In short? He is some kind of idiot, who thinks if he gets violent that will advance his career. (After all, what is he without his using violence against the non-violent? That he can do so in secret and you can't? Well, that's YOUR problem.)

Kindness without fundamental (and at least most of the time) honesty is much overrated to say the very least.

A: I thought you said all proceeds go to charity?

B: Oh Pshaw, charity begins at home, doesn't it?

National Donut day? National Fried Chicken day? National Tattoo Day? I suppose next it's National Self-Pity day.

Attention all (and would-be) aces! The REAL target is the host of heaven. (See, for instance, Acts 7:42)

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"...I've got it!...She's a witch!"

Both British journalists and the British justice system are evidently more or less satisfied with explanations like: she is evil, sadistic, suffered from low self-esteem, and or wanted attention. Huh? Why is it when we get crazy stories like this, it is always and ever so utterly forbidden to interview the culprit (whether real or alleged) as to their own explanation and or thoughts in retrospect about what happened? Honestly, does not this routine silencing of the accused, after all, make the legal/media system as or more frightening than the alleged murderers themselves?

Also, on a somewhat related note, why, in the Audrey Hale case, was it necessary to kill her? Why not have kept her under siege till she was forced to give up? (I don't get it.)

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[Posted on Face Book]

From the 1942 "Pardon My Sarong."

Pretty upbeat, (mostly) enjoyable, and fun comedy film considering it was made with World War II going on.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=c3GvWajLxsM>

["Nan Wynn - "Bingo, Jingo""]

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Lucretius, accordingly, acts more correctly in praising him who was the first discoverer of wisdom; but he acts foolishly in this, that he supposed it to be discovered by a man — as though that man whom he praises had found it lying somewhere as flutes at the fountain, according to the legends of the poets. But if he praised the inventor of wisdom as a god — for thus he speaks: —

*"No one, I think, who is formed of mortal body. For if we must speak, as the acknowledged majesty of the subject itself demands, he was a god, he was a god, most noble Memmius," —*

yet God ought not to have been praised on this account, because He discovered wisdom, but because He created man, who might be capable of receiving wisdom. For he diminishes the praise who praises a part only of the whole. But he praised Him as a man; whereas He ought to have been esteemed as a God on this very account, because He found out wisdom. For thus he speaks: —

*"Will it not be right that this man should be enrolled among the gods?"*

From this it appears, either that he wished to praise Pythagoras, who was the first, as I have said, to call himself a philosopher; or Thales of Miletus, who is reported to have been the first who discussed the nature of things. Thus, while he seeks to exalt, he has depressed the thing itself. For it is not great if it could have been discovered by man. But he may be pardoned as a poet. But that same accomplished orator, that same consummate philosopher, also censures the Greeks, whose levity he always accuses, and yet imitates. Wisdom itself, which at one time he calls the gift, at another time the invention, of the gods, he fashions after the manner of the poets, and praises on account of its beauty. He also grievously complains that there have been some who disparaged it. "Can any one," he says, "dare to censure the parent of life, and to defile himself with this guilt of parricide, and to be so impiously ungrateful?"... ~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book III, ch. 14\)](#)

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[Posted at the Lee's Legion page on Face Book]



Chief of the Red Sticks

For many years now, I've had Benson J. Lossing's gigantic *Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812* (1868) on hand (in addition to his *Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution* [1850-1852]) and yet was disposed mostly to use it as a reference work. In recent months, however, I thought I would take it up and give it a *proper*, beginning to end, perusal, and *that*, believe me, turned out to be a both very good and wise move. So many things happened in the course of the War of 1812 which ought to be known by serious history students in order to get a more complete and proper picture of what actually took place (and there is an extremely great deal.) But more than this, there are some terrific, often moving and exciting stories here that deserve being told and re-told; that a book like Lossing's, with a mind to both punctilious historical accuracy and a delight in story telling makes for a most engaging and fascinating history and *read*.

To cite one of the numerous examples of this, there is the **Creek War of 1813-1814**; in which spurred on by Spaniards, British, and Tecumseh, combined with incitement by some American settlers, a faction of the Creek (or more properly "Muscogee") Indians of the southeast, denoted "the Red Sticks," found themselves going to war with the United States. Yet it was more the individual states of Tennessee and Georgia, acting more or less independently, with whom the conflict ended up being waged. And yet the end result reshaped the political map of the nation in a huge way.

Due to space limitations, I can't go much into the how and why all of this took place just here, and would recommend anyone interested to find out about *that* for themselves elsewhere. Yet we can, notwithstanding, share Lossing's portrait of **Weathersford, also known as Red Eagle (c.1765-1824)**, a half Creek, half Scotch chief of the tribe, who, following extended and long, drawn-out fighting, came to reconcile himself with the military defeat of his people, and which our author recounts this way:

 ...Thither deputation after deputation of humiliated Creek chiefs made their way to sue for pardon and peace in behalf of themselves and their people. They were received with courtesy, yet with sternness. "Give proof of your submission," said the general [Andrew Jackson], "substantially by going and staying above Fort Williams, where you will be treated with, and the final demands of my Government will be made known to you. But you must first bring in Weathersford, the cruel leader of the attack on Fort Mims, who on no account can be forgiven." They cheerfully complied; but little did Jackson know the true character of Weathersford, or the plasticity of his own nature at that time.

Weathersford did not wait to be caught and dragged like a felon to the feet of the leader of the pale faces. He was a stranger to fear, and sagacious in plans. He saw clearly the flight of hope for his nation, at the Horseshoe [battle], and resolved to submit. Mounting his fine gray horse, with whom he leaped from the bluff at the Holy Ground, he rode to Jackson's camp. He arrived just at sunset. The general was alone in his tent, when the chief entered it, drew himself up to his full height, and, folding his arms, said, "I am Weathersford, the chief who commanded at Fort Mims. I have nothing to request for myself. You can kill me if you desire. I have come to beg you to send for the women and children of the war-party, who are now starving in the woods. Their fields and [corn] cribs have been destroyed by your people, who have driven them to the woods without an ear of corn. I hope that you will send out parties who will conduct them safely here, in order that they may be fed. I exerted myself in vain to prevent the massacre of the women and children at Fort Mims. I have come now to ask peace for my people, but not for myself." Jackson expressed astonishment that one so guilty should dare to appear in his presence and ask for peace and protection. "I am in your power; do with me as you please," the chief haughtily replied. "I am a soldier. I have done the white people all the harm I could. I have fought them, and fought them bravely; and if I had an army I would yet fight, and contend to the last. But I have none. My people are all gone. I can now do no more than weep over the misfortunes of my nation."

Here was a man after Jackson's own heart. A patriot who loved his people, had fought to protect the land of his birth from the invader, and now fearlessly expressed his patriotism in the presence of one who had power over his life. Jackson immediately informed him that submission and the acceptance of a home beyond the Mississippi for his nation was the only wise policy for him to pursue. He added, "If, however, you desire to continue the war, and feel prepared to meet the consequences, you may depart in peace, and unite yourself with the war-party, if you choose."

Half scornfully, half sorrowfully, Weathersford replied, "I may well be addressed in such language now. There was a time when I had a choice and could have answered you; I have none now — even hope is ended. Once I could animate my warriors to battle, but [I] can not animate the dead. My warriors can no longer hear my voice. Their bones are at Talladega, Tallasehatche, Emucfau, Econochopeo, and Tohopeka. I have not surrendered myself thoughtlessly. While there was a chance for success I never left my post nor supplicated peace. But my people are gone, and I now ask it for my nation, not for myself. On the miseries and misfortunes brought upon my country I look back with deepest sorrow, and wish to avert still greater calamities. If I had been left to contend with the Georgia army [*note*. Troops of the state of Georgia -- after in importance that of Tennessee -- were the Creeks primary combatants], I would have raised my corn on one bank of the river and fought them on the other. But your people have destroyed my nation. You are a brave man; I rely upon your generosity. You will exact no terms of a conquered people but such as they should agree to. Whatever they may be, it would now be folly and madness to oppose. If they are opposed, you will find me among the sternest enforcers of obedience. Those who would still hold out can be influenced only by a mean spirit of revenge, and to this they must not and shall not sacrifice the last remnant of their country. You have told our nation where we might go and be safe. This is good talk, and they ought to listen to it. They shall listen to it."

Thus spoke the truly noble Weathersford for his nation. Words of honor responded to words of honor, and Weathersford was allowed to go freely to the forest to search for his scattered followers and counsel peace. But there was no safety for him in that region, for the relatives of those massacred at Fort Mims sought to kill him. He fled, and remained away until the end of the war, when he returned, and became a respected citizen of Alabama.

~ pp. 781-782.

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The subject seems to require in this place, that since we have taught that immortality is the chief good, we should prove this also, that the soul is immortal. On which subject there is great disputation among philosophers; nor have they who held true opinions respecting the soul been able to explain or prove anything: for, being destitute of divine knowledge, they neither brought forward true arguments by which they might overcome, nor evidence by which they might convince. But we shall treat of this question more conveniently in the last book, when we shall have to discuss the subject of a happy life. There remains that third part of philosophy, which they call Logic, in which the whole subject of dialectics and the whole method of speaking are contained. Divine learning does not stand in need of this, because the seat of wisdom is not the tongue, but the heart; and it makes no difference what kind of language you employ, for the question is not about words, but facts. And we are not disputing about the grammarian or the orator, whose knowledge is concerned with the proper manner of speaking, but about the wise man, whose learning is concerned with the right manner of living. But if that system of natural philosophy before mentioned is not necessary, nor this of logic, because they are not able to render a man happy, it remains that the whole force of philosophy is contained in the ethical part alone, to which Socrates is said to have applied himself, laying aside the others. And since I have shown that philosophers erred in this part also, who did not grasp the chief good, for the sake of gaining which we are born; it appears that philosophy is altogether false and empty, since it does not prepare us for the duties of justice, nor strengthen the obligations and settled course of man's life. Let them know, therefore, that they are in error who imagine that philosophy is wisdom; let them not be drawn away by the authority of any one; but rather let them incline to the truth, and approach it. There is no room for rashness here; we must endure the punishment of our folly to all eternity, if we shall be deceived either by an empty character or a false opinion. But man, such as he is, if he trusts in himself, that is, if he trusts in man, is (not to say foolish, in that he does not see his own error) undoubtedly arrogant, in venturing to claim for himself that which the condition of man does not admit of...

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [\*Divine Institutes\* \(Book III, ch. 13\)](#)

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About a year ago I posted some material concerning the Bender crime family from Kansas in the early 1870s. Just this evening, I happened to come across a book (available in Google books online) entitled *History, Romance, Philosophy of Great American Crimes and Criminals* (1885) by Col. Frank Triplett, and that includes some chapters on the Bender case. I extracted that portion and made it into a .pdf you can download at: http://www.gunjones.com/Bender-story_by_Frank_Triplett_1885.pdf

Of itself, the story of the Benders is extremely strange and curious. And although it is not always easy to tell what part of Triplett's version can be relied upon, it includes some quite interesting details, and which support my own inclination to believe that Katie Bender was spoken to and led on by a criminal spirit person, and for which particular reason I thought it worthwhile to share this just here at my website. Among other information, it reproduces what is purported to be a written lecture by Katie Bender and that reads as follows. Although we don't know for sure that it is authentic, whoever wrote it had a most lively and fiery imagination:

KATE BENDER'S LECTURE.

"My friends, the sceptic denies that we can commune with spirits, and yet that very man will put his faith in spells and omens, will carry a potato in his pocket to keep off rheumatism and will firmly believe that it is unlucky to dream of snakes, to begin any enterprise on Friday, or to upset the salt at the table—which, I ask you, is the wisest, the spiritualist or such a sceptic? I know what your heartfelt answer is, and truly the spiritualist, upheld by the communion with those in the spirit-world, purified by their gentle warnings and stayed with their angelic love is most of all to be envied.

"What if the scoffers do accuse us of free love, is that not as our Heavenly Father intended it? Do not the horse, the lion and the noble mastiff—next in the scale to god-like man—select their mates at will? If nature, or nature's God, has implanted in us a magnetism by

which we recognize our carnal mates at a touch, a breath, a glance, shall we conform to the miserable requirements of self-constituted society, confine ourselves to a single love and deny our natures' their proper sway and nourishment?

"Even though it should be a brother's passion for his own sister, I say it should not be smothered, for it is a god-given impulse. Does this doctrine startle you? Are you not aware that the rulers of Egypt and those of Peru always married brothers and sisters? Absalom's love for his sister, and Byron's for his, were God-given impulses, and each found soul-mates as well as carnal partners. What has the civilization of to-day discovered that was not old in Egyptian civilization thousands of years ago, in that of Peru centuries before our own era began? Shall we then presume to oppose our new morality against theirs? As great a folly, my friends, as to oppose our arts and sciences against theirs. •••

"Aye, murder—though my assertion may startle, may shock, may horrify you—is not the great crime that your laws would make it. A poor creature is toiling painfully along beneath a heavy burden—a benefactor suddenly appears, lifts the load off of worn and weary shoulders, bids the toiler enter into green fields and lie down by cool brooks—is that cruelty? No more is it cruelty at one sudden blow to drive the spirit from this hard cold world to that blest land of the beyond, the glorious spirit-sphere.

"You ask me how I dare to make so bold an assertion? My answer is that I have often held converse with spirits thus disembodied and they knew nothing but gratitude for those who had so benefitted them. Weak woman as I am, I might shudder and even swoon at the sight of human blood, but do you think that I would refuse my hand to the fate-impelled slaughterer of his brother-man? Far from it, for under what the unthinking world might deem unexampled villainy, my more clairvoyant soul might read bravery, nobility and humanity." •••

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[Posted on Face Book]

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fLKhW13tEkk>

["George Balanchine's The Nutcracker - Waltz of the Snowflakes"]

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...The chief good, therefore, is found to be immortality alone, which pertains to no other animal or body; nor can it happen to any one without the virtue of knowledge, that is, without the knowledge of God and justice. And how true and right is the seeking for this, the very desire of this life shows: for although it be but temporary, and most full of labour, yet it is sought and desired by all; for both old men and boys, kings and those of the lowest station, in fine, wise as well as foolish, desire this. Of such value, as it seemed to Anaxagoras, is the contemplation of the heaven and the light itself, that men willingly undergo any miseries on this account. Since, therefore, this short and laborious life, by the general consent not only of men, but also of other animals, is considered a great good, it is manifest that it becomes also a very great and perfect good if it is without an end and free from all evil. In short, there never would have been any one who would despise this life, however short it is, or undergo death, unless through the hope of a longer life. For those who voluntarily offered themselves to death for the safety of their countrymen, as Menaecus did at Thebes, Codrus at Athens, Curtius and the two Mures at Rome, would never have preferred death to the advantages of life, unless they had thought that they should attain to immortality through the estimation of their countrymen; and although they were ignorant of the life of immortality, yet the reality itself did not escape their notice. For if virtue despises opulence and riches because they are frail, and pleasures because they are of brief continuance, it therefore despises a life which is frail and brief, that it may obtain one which is substantial and lasting. Therefore reflection itself, advancing by regular order, and weighing everything, leads us to that excellent and surpassing good, on account of which we are born. And if philosophers had thus acted, if they had not preferred obstinately to maintain that which they had once apprehended, they would undoubtedly have arrived at this truth, as I have lately shown. And if this was not the part of those who extinguish the heavenly souls together with the body, yet those who discuss the immortality of the soul ought to have understood that virtue is set before us on this account, that, lusts having been subdued, and the desire of earthly things overcome, our souls, pure and victorious, may return to God, that is, to their original source. For it is on this account that we alone of living creatures are raised to the sight of the heaven, that we may believe that our chief good is in the highest place. Therefore we alone receive religion, that we may know from this source that the spirit of man is not mortal, since it longs for and acknowledges God, who is immortal...
~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book III, ch. 9\)](#)

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...Anaxagoras, when asked for what purpose he was born, replied that he might look upon the heaven and the sun. This expression is admired by all, and judged worthy of a philosopher. But I think that he, being unprepared with an answer, uttered this at random, that he might not be silent. But if he had been wise, he ought to have considered and reflected with himself; for if any one is ignorant of his own condition, he cannot even be a man. But let us imagine that the saying was not uttered on the spur of the moment. Let us see how many and what great errors he committed in three words. First, he erred in placing the whole duty of man in the eyes alone, referring nothing to the mind, but everything to the body. But if he had been blind, would he lose the duty of a man, which cannot happen without the ruin of the soul?...

Were you born for the sake of seeing the heaven and the sun? Who introduced you to this sight? Or what does your vision contribute to the heaven and the nature of things? Doubtless that you may praise this immense and wonderful work. Therefore confess that God is the Creator of all things, who introduced you into this world, as a witness and praiser of His great work. You believe that it is a great thing to behold the heaven and the sun: why, therefore, do you not give thanks to Him who is the author of this benefit? Why do you not measure with your mind the excellence, the providence, and the power of Him whose works you admire? For it must be, that He who created objects worthy of admiration, is Himself much more to be admired. If any one had invited you to dinner, and you had been well entertained, should you appear in your senses, if you esteemed the mere pleasure more highly than the author of the pleasure? So entirely do philosophers refer all things to the body, and nothing at all to the mind, nor do they see beyond that which fails under their eyes...

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [\*Divine Institutes \(Book III, ch. 9\)\*](#)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

[Posted on Face Book]

See: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i3_ZOFKwpNA

["Rutherford B Hayes Presidential Library & Museum - Fremont, OH"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Recently (about a month ago), "Jack the Ripper" (he can be called that, believe me) murdered someone I loved, a total innocent; in an unbelievable cruel way, and later implied the victim wasn't really all that important, and that the love and grief I expressed for them was feigned or exaggerated.

What he was claiming, needless to say, was completely false, but which otherwise prompted me to ask: "Oh, really, and who and what is it you hold so dear and love so much, oh righteous one?"

[True story.]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

No! No! No Oppenheimer! Don't blow up the atomic bomb!

What a joke. I can see historical or scientific interest in the subject, but as a drama? Give me a break. Yet as lame as it all is, this is THEM again doing nothing.

[Later Note.]

One is reminded with what they do with Einstein. That is, it isn't interesting enough for all those dumb people out there that he was a most brilliant scientist, but in order to increase would-be audience appeal they make him into a funny cartoon character.

=====



No, that's *not* Ed Grimly Jr. (Good guess though.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

[Posted on Face Book]

See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=H\\_gxQt-bhik](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=H_gxQt-bhik)

["Undun - Guess Who" - live performance in 1983]

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Unseen child trafficking? For something like the last 30 years, from out authoritarian mass media and monopolistic moviedom and related comes junk movies, junk television, junk music, junk internet, junk videos games, junk news and journalism have been raising kids on toxic swill and quite successfully corrupting and destroying children and young people right before everyone's eyes. Then follows this hue and cry that there is too much mental illness in society.

The reason they so love the idea of "cancel culture" is because they are so incapable of producing anything resembling actual, valuable worthwhile culture to begin with, they'd just as soon prevent others from doing so (who can.)

[*Later Comment*]

Like the Doors or not, this song was prophetic.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NleFEDHmdhs>

["The Doors - Strange Days (with lyrics)"]

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...Epicurus deems that the chief good consists in pleasure of mind, Aristippus in pleasure of the body. Callipho and Dinomachus united virtue with pleasure, Diodorus with the privation of pain, Hieronymus placed the chief good in the absence of pain; the Peripatetics, again, in the goods of the mind, the body, and fortune. The chief good of Herillus is knowledge; that of Zeno, to live agreeably to nature; that of certain Stoics, to follow virtue. Aristotle placed the chief good in integrity and virtue. These are the sentiments of nearly all. In such a difference of opinions, whom do we follow? Whom do we believe? All are of equal authority. If we are able to select that which is better, it follows that philosophy is not necessary for us; because we are already wise, inasmuch as we judge respecting the opinions of the wise. But since we come for the sake of learning wisdom, how can we judge, who have not yet begun to be wise? Especially when the Academic is close at hand, to draw us back by the cloak, and forbid us to believe any one, without bringing forward that which we may follow...

...The Cyrenaics say that virtue itself is to be praised on this account, because it is productive of pleasure. True, says the filthy dog, or the swine wallowing in the mire. For it is on this account that I contend with my adversary with the utmost exertion of strength, that my valour may procure for me pleasure; of which I must necessarily be deprived if I shall come off vanquished. Shall we therefore learn wisdom from these men, who differ from cattle and the brutes, not in feeling, but in language?...

...Let us also hear Zeno, for he at times dreams of virtue. The chief good, he says, is to live in accordance with nature. Therefore we must live after the manner of the brutes. For in these are found all the things which ought to be absent from man: they are eager for pleasures, they fear, they deceive, they lie in wait, they kill; and that which is especially to the point, they have no knowledge of God. Why, therefore, does he teach me to live according to nature, which is of itself prone to a worse course, and under the influence of some more soothing blandishments plunges headlong into vices? Or if he says that the nature of brutes is different from the nature of man, because man is born to virtue, he says something to the purpose; but, however, it will not be a definition of the chief good, because there is no animal which does not live in accordance with its nature.

...It remains that we refute those also who judged virtue itself to be the chief good, and Marcus Tullius was also of this opinion; and in this they were very inconsiderate. For virtue itself is not the chief good, but it is the contriver and mother of the chief good; for this cannot be attained without virtue...

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [\*Divine Institutes\* \(Book III, ch. 7\)](#)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

"Therefore, according to this reasoning, Simon [the magician] became confessedly a god to his silly followers, as that Libyan, namely, Apsethus— begotten, no doubt, and subject to passion, when he may exist potentially, but devoid of propensions. (And this too, though born from one having propensions, and uncreated though born) from one that is begotten, when He may be fashioned into a figure, and, becoming perfect, may come forth from two of the primary powers, that is, Heaven and Earth. For Simon expressly speaks of this in the Revelation after this manner: To you, then, I address the things which I speak, and (to you) I write what I write. The writing is this: there are two offshoots from all the Aeons, having neither beginning nor end, from one root. And this is a power, viz., Sige, (who is) invisible (and) incomprehensible. And one of these (offshoots) appears from above, which constitutes a great power, (the creative) Mind of the universe, which manages all things, (and is) a male. The other (offshoot), however, is from below, (and constitutes) a great Intelligence, and is a female which produces all things. From whence, ranged in pairs opposite each other, they undergo conjugal union, and manifest an intermediate interval, namely, an incomprehensible air, which has neither beginning nor end. But in this is a father who sustains all things, and nourishes things that have beginning and end. This is he who stood, stands, and will stand, being an hermaphrodite power according to the pre-existent indefinite power, which has neither beginning nor end. Now this (power) exists in isolation. For Intelligence, (that subsists) in unity, proceeded forth from this (power), (and) became two. And that (father) was one, for having in himself this (power) he was isolated, and, however, He was not primal though pre-existent; but being rendered manifest to himself from himself, he passed into a state of duality. But neither was he denominated father before this (power) would style him father. As, therefore, he himself, bringing forward himself by means of himself, manifested unto himself his own peculiar intelligence, so also the intelligence, when it was manifested, did not exercise the function of creation. But beholding him, she concealed the Father within herself, that is, the power; and it is an hermaphrodite power, and an intelligence. And hence it is that they are ranged in pairs, one opposite the other; for power is in no wise different from intelligence, inasmuch as they are one. For from those things that are above is discovered power; and from those below, intelligence. So it is, therefore, that likewise what is manifested from these, being unity, is discovered (to be) duality, an hermaphrodite having the female in itself. This, (therefore,) is Mind (subsisting) in Intelligence; and these are separable one from the other, (though both taken together) are one, (and) are discovered in a state of duality."

~ Hippolytus (c. 170–235 A.D.), Refutation of All Heresies, Book VI, ch. 13.

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[Posted on Face Book]

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CzIAlMAUO34>

["Try to remember" - from the LP "This is Telly Savalas"]

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[Posted on Face Book]

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eJ7yWp-YzoE>

["Roger Whittaker - Mammy Blue" - Live in Edmonton, Canada in 1976]

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Does wisdom therefore nowhere exist? Yes, indeed, it was among them, but no one saw it. Some thought that all things could be known: these were manifestly not wise. Others thought that nothing could be known; nor indeed were these wise: the former, because they attributed too much to man; the latter, because they attributed too little. A limit was wanting to each on either side. Where, then, is wisdom? It consists in thinking neither that you know all things, which is the property of God; nor that you are ignorant of all things, which is the part of a beast. For it is something of a middle character which belongs to man, that is, knowledge united and combined with ignorance. Knowledge in us is from the soul, which has its origin from heaven; ignorance from the body, which is from the earth: whence we have something in common with God, and with the animal creation. Thus, since we are composed of these two elements, the one of which is endowed with light, the other with darkness, a part of knowledge is given to us, and a part of ignorance. Over this bridge, so to speak, we may pass without any danger of falling; for all those who have inclined to either side, either towards the left hand or the right, have fallen. But I will say how each part has erred. The Academics argued from obscure subjects, against the natural philosophers, that there was no knowledge; and satisfied with the examples of a few incomprehensible subjects, they embraced ignorance as though they had taken away the whole of knowledge, because they had taken it away in part. But natural philosophers, on the other hand, derived their argument from those things which are open, and inferred that all things could be known, and, satisfied with things which were manifest, retained knowledge; as if they had defended it altogether, because they had defended it in part. And thus neither the one saw what was clear, nor the others what was obscure; but each party, while they contended with the greatest ardour either to retain or to take away knowledge only, did not see that there would be placed in the middle that which might guide them to wisdom...

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [\*Divine Institutes\* \(Book III, ch. 6\)](#)

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[Posted on Face Book]

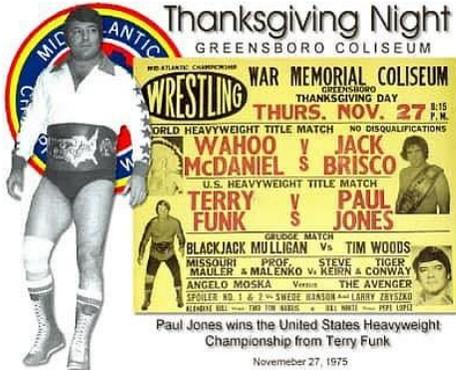
Boy, is HE mad! That's the pointing finger and pinkey that should be sticking out, correct? We will want to do this right.

...joking aside, this is pretty good and memorable song.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Bmk7MUeI7vM>

["Metallica - The Unforgiven Live San Diego 1992 HD"]

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~~~~~\*~~~~~

Whoever, therefore, is anxious to observe the obligations to which man is liable, and to maintain a regard for his nature, let him raise himself from the ground, and, with mind lifted up, let him direct his eyes to heaven: let him not seek God under his feet, nor dig up from his footprints an object of veneration, for whatever lies beneath man must necessarily be inferior to man; but let him seek it aloft, let him seek it in the highest place: for nothing can be greater than man, except that which is above man. But God is greater than man: therefore He is above, and not below; nor is He to be sought in the lowest, but rather in the highest region. Wherefore it is undoubted that there is no religion wherever there is an image. For if religion consists of divine things, and there is nothing divine except in heavenly things; it follows that images are without religion, because there can be nothing heavenly in that which is made from the earth. And this, indeed, may be plain to a wise man from the very name. For whatever is an imitation, that must of necessity be false; nor can anything receive the name of a true object which counterfeits the truth by deception and imitation. But if all imitation is not particularly a serious matter, but as it were a sport and jest, then there is no religion in images, but a mimicry of religion. That which is true is therefore to be preferred to all things which are false; earthly things are to be trampled upon, that we may obtain heavenly things. For this is the state of the case, that whosoever shall prostrate his soul, which has its origin from heaven, to the shades beneath, and the lowest things, must fall to that place to which he has cast himself. Therefore he ought to be mindful of his nature and condition, and always to strive and aim at things above. And whoever shall do this, he will be judged altogether wise, he just, he a man: he, in short, will be judged worthy of heaven whom his Parent will recognise not as abject, nor cast down to the earth after the manner of the beasts, but rather standing and upright as He made him.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book II, ch. 19\)](#)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

[July 5]  
 (formal festivities, more or less, done)  
 ...we now return you to our regularly scheduled program...

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=w1B:QIhPLIQ>  
 ["8mm Abbott & Costello Meet Frankenstein Castle Films (recreation)"]

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[Posted on Face Book]

There is a sort of spirited craziness about (the ill-fated) Ned Finley that makes his films (for me certainly) a rip-roaring pleasure.

The eye filmmuseum has three of them on Youtube, but really it is a shame far more did not survive. (Oh well you take what you can get.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9xe1ejdRLj0>

["The Strength of Men" -Director: Ralph Ince | Production Country: United States | Year: 1913 | Production Company: Vitagraph Company of America]

For more, see: <https://bizarrela.com/2018/03/ned-finley-photos-quotes/>

NOTE. Although referred to in film credits as "Marion Henry," (see imdb), his wife's real name was Jessie Morgan Hammitt (Finley's own real name was Charles Campbell Hammitt.) Here's a rare picture of her (bottom center) I happened to come across.



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But as often as dangers threaten, they [demons] profess that they are angry on account of some light and trifling cause; as Juno was with Varro, because he had placed a beautiful boy on the carriage of Jupiter to guard the dress, and on this account the Roman name was almost destroyed at Cannae. But if Juno feared a second Ganymede, why did the Roman youth suffer punishment? Or if the gods regard the leaders only, and neglect the rest of the multitude, why did Varro alone escape who acted thus, and why was Paulus, who was innocent, slain? Assuredly nothing then happened to the Romans by "the fates of the hostile Juno," when Hannibal by craft and valour dispatched two armies of the Roman people. For Juno did not venture either to defend Carthage, where were her arms and chariot, or to injure the Romans; for

"She had heard that sons of Troy  
Were born her Carthage to destroy."

But these are the delusions of those who, concealing themselves under the names of the dead, lay snares for the living. Therefore, whether the impending danger can be avoided, they wish it to appear that they averted it, having been appeased; or if it cannot be avoided, they contrive that it may appear to have happened through disregard of them. Thus they acquire to themselves authority and fear from men, who are ignorant of them. By this subtlety and by these arts they have caused the knowledge of the true and only God to fail among all nations. For, being destroyed by their own vices, they rage and use violence that they may destroy others. Therefore these enemies of the human race even devised human victims, to devour as many lives as possible.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book II, ch. 17\)](#)

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"The Winner and the Loser" (circa 1860s)

Although one rarely sees people smiling in old daguerreotypes, there are some in which they do (as here.)



~~~~~\*~~~~~

[Posted on Face Book]

Ah...but it will LAST! (Get it? "last" -- hee hee, ha ha, ho ho.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=e8xaiCHVsTY>

["JAMES LAST - Mr. Tambourine Man (Remastered)"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

[Posted on Face Book]

(yes, that's Tony Burrows.)

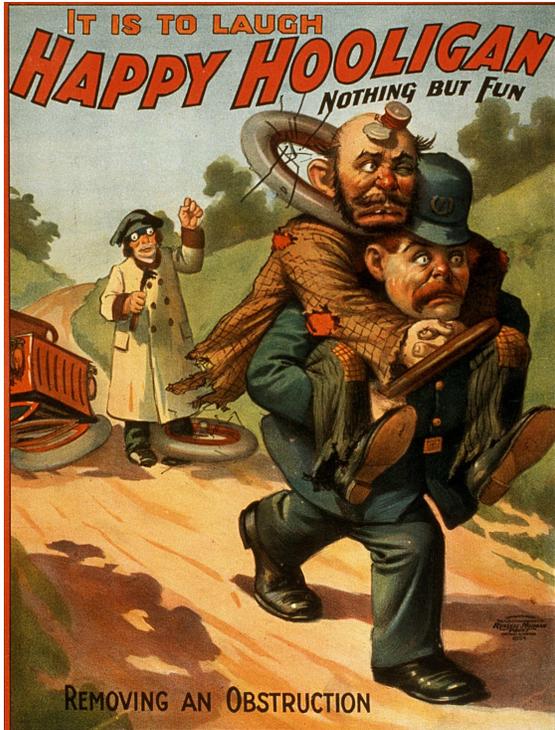
See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=33ooRAwu5o8>

["JAMES LAST - How Do You Do"]

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[Posted on Face Book]

After years of shadow banning, surreptitious monkeying of posts, mail theft, and sundry other behind the scenes hacking, experts are only now beginning to get a fix on the identity of the culprit.



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...But they [demons] especially deceive in the case of oracles, the juggleries of which the profane cannot distinguish from the truth; and therefore they imagine that commands, and victories, and wealth, and prosperous issues of affairs, are bestowed by them—in short, that the state has often been freed from imminent dangers by their interposition; which dangers they have both announced, and when appeased with sacrifices, have averted. But all these things are deceits. For since they have a presentiment of the arrangements of God, inasmuch as they have been His ministers, they interpose themselves in these matters, that whatever things have been accomplished or are in the course of accomplishment by God, they themselves may especially appear to be doing or to have done; and as often as any advantage is hanging over any people or city, according to the purpose of God, either by prodigies, or dreams, or oracles, they promise that they will bring it to pass, if temples, honours, and sacrifices are given to them. And on the offering of these, when the necessary result comes to pass, they acquire for themselves the greatest veneration. Hence temples are vowed, and new images consecrated; herds of victims are slain; and when all these things are done, yet the life and safety of those who have performed them are not the less sacrificed.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book II, ch. 17\)](#)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

"GET OFF HIM ALREADY, YOU BIG FAT OAF!"

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A: We made possible Stone Henge here, didn't we?

B: Yes, you did.

A: And it makes for a nifty sort of calendar, now doesn't it?

B: Yes, that's true.

A: All right then, so how about some human sacrifices already?

B: You are so awfully self-righteous and sure of yourself, why then don't you take responsibility for what you are doing? Why do you have to do these things in secret?"

A: Because if we take responsibility for what we are doing, we will get in big trouble for it.

B: That you are a violent trouble-maker and that I am not, makes me infinitely your superior. And do you mean to say I can't do business unless I have party membership?

A: That's exactly what I mean to say.

B: Others don't need to be liars and cheaters and bullies, and you would have me believe that God needs to be?

A: Yes, but those other people are fools. Our 'God' is no fool.

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Hmm...very strange.

I was searching on Google for one of my .pdfs uploaded at archive.org, i.e., for

"william thomas sherman oracles 2022 archive.org"

and one of the results I got was this.

<https://archive.org/details/opensource?andf0=subject%3A%22sherman%22&sort=-publicdate&page=>

Go figure.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

And this is said for this purpose, because God had sent them as guardians to the human race; but they themselves also, though they are the destroyers of men, yet wish themselves to appear as their guardians, that they themselves may be worshipped, and God may not be worshipped. The philosophers also discuss the subject of these beings. For Plato attempted even to explain their natures in his "Banquet;" and Socrates said that there was a demon continually about him, who had become attached to him when a boy, by whose will and direction his life was guided. The art also and power of the Magi altogether consists in the influences of these; invoked by whom they deceive the sight of men with deceptive illusions, so that they do not see those things which exist, and think that they see those things which do not exist. These contaminated and abandoned spirits, as I say, wander over the whole earth, and contrive a solace for their own perdition by the destruction of men. Therefore they fill every place with snares, deceits, frauds, and errors; for they cling to individuals, and occupy whole houses from door to door, and assume to themselves the name of genii; for by this word they translate demons in the Latin language. They consecrate these in their houses, to these they daily pour out libations of wine, and worship the wise demons as gods of the earth, and as avengers of those evils which they themselves cause and impose. And these, since spirits are without substance and not to be grasped, insinuate themselves into the bodies of men; and secretly working in their inward parts, they corrupt the health, hasten diseases, terrify their souls with dreams, harass their minds with phrenzies, that by these evils they may compel men to have recourse to their aid.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book II, ch. 15\)](#)

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[Posted on Face Book]

LeadBelly standard.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=12GLzTsfDyg>

[""Goodnight, Irene" Mitch Miller"]

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[Posted on Face Book]



"FAR OUT!"

NOTE. The picture frame at the very beginning, i.e. "Extreme Deep Field," is of distant galaxies as they looked over 10 billion years ago. (As far as quite how they look now, well, who knows?) The final frame reveals "the larger Hubble Legacy Field, containing 265,000 galaxies."

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=99uWHUQ-dC0>

["Hubble Legacy Field Zoom-Out" – Comment for which video reads:

"Astronomers have put together the largest and most comprehensive "history book" of galaxies into one single image, using 16 years' worth of observations from NASA's Hubble Space Telescope.

"The deep-sky mosaic, created from nearly 7,500 individual exposures, provides a wide portrait of the distant universe, containing 265,000 galaxies that stretch back through 13.3 billion years of time to just 500 million years after the big bang. The faintest and farthest galaxies are just one ten-billionth the brightness of what the human eye can see. The universe's evolutionary history is also chronicled in this one sweeping view. The portrait shows how galaxies change over time, building themselves up to become the giant galaxies seen in the nearby universe.

"This ambitious endeavor, called the Hubble Legacy Field, also combines observations taken by several Hubble deep-field surveys, including the eXtreme Deep Field (XDF), the deepest view of the universe. The wavelength range stretches from ultraviolet to near-infrared light, capturing the key features of galaxy assembly over time.

"The video begins with a view of the thousands of galaxies in the Hubble Ultra Deep Field and slowly zooms out to reveal the larger Hubble Legacy Field, containing 265,000 galaxies."

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When, therefore, the number of men had begun to increase, God in His forethought, lest the devil, to whom from the beginning He had given power over the earth, should by his subtlety either corrupt or destroy men, as he had done at first, sent angels for the protection

and improvement of the human race; and inasmuch as He had given these a free will, He enjoined them above all things not to defile themselves with contamination from the earth, and thus lose the dignity of their heavenly nature. He plainly prohibited them from doing that which He knew that they would do, that they might entertain no hope of pardon. Therefore, while they abode among men, that most deceitful ruler of the earth, by his very association, gradually enticed them to vices, and polluted them by intercourse with women. Then, not being admitted into heaven on account of the sins into which they had plunged themselves, they fell to the earth. Thus from angels the devil makes them to become his satellites and attendants. But they who were born from these, because they were neither angels nor men, but bearing a kind of mixed nature, were not admitted into hell, as their fathers were not into heaven. Thus there came to be two kinds of demons; one of heaven, the other of the earth. The latter are the wicked spirits, the authors of all the evils which are done, and the same devil is their prince. Whence Trismegistus calls him the ruler of the demons. But grammarians say that they are called demons, as though daemones, that is, skilled and acquainted with matters: for they think that these are gods. They are acquainted, indeed, with many future events, but not all, since it is not permitted them entirely to know the counsel of God; and therefore they are accustomed to accommodate their answers to ambiguous results...

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book II, ch. 15\)](#)

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[Posted at the Lee's Legion page on Face Book]



“WASHINGTON’S LAST DAYS ON EARTH.

“As recounted in Washington Irving’s *The Life of George Washington* (1855-1859), vol IV, chapter XXXIV (here abridged)...”

See: <http://www.gunjones.com/Last-Days-of-Washington.pdf>

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[Posted on Face Book]

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MRsVkmWJctc>

["Vikki Carr - And That Reminds Me (My Heart Reminds Me)"]

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(SOME MORE CARRYING ON...)

He's ok and all. But that after these many, many years he wasn't assassinated or at least sidelined, how can one not suspect his integrity?

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And then what are all those dumb people and all that well bank-rolled publicity for but to help create the illusion that he is somehow an interesting and popular artist?

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One ought not overly concern oneself with what dumb people think. Inevitably, whether rightly or wrongly, they will think what they are told to think.

-----  
Many times that one feels badly it is only because you are with or thinking like the wrong people.

-----  
His pride was offended! His pride was offended! Boo-hoo! So invoking his supposed divine status, he resorts to premeditated violence (against non-violent others) to redress the wrong he claims was somehow done him.

-----  
Seeming gods cheat and bully for one good reason reason; namely, that they are not nearly so great as we take them for.

-----  
So many cranks and kooks who cannot begin to honestly or rationally defend what they believe? Yes, I would say so. And if their cause is truly right and just, as they imply, why then the tiresome and unending secrecy?

-----  
Alone, yes. But alone fighting off an entire army (and for decades no less!) Would that they did shun and ignore me already!

~~~~~\*~~~~~  
...Are there, indeed, such beings? Is this space between us and the deity filled up by innumerable orders of spiritual beings, forming the same gradations between the human soul and divine perfection, that we see prevailing from humanity downwards to the meanest insect? It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine, inculcated by the early fathers, that there are guardian angels appointed to watch over cities and nations; to take care of the welfare of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy. "Nothing," says St. Jerome, "gives up a greater idea of the dignity of our soul, than that God has given each of us, at the moment of our birth, an angel to have care of it."

Even the doctrine of departed spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings which were dear to them during the body's existence, though it has been debased by the absurd superstitions of the vulgar, in itself is awfully solemn and sublime.

However lightly it may be ridiculed, yet the attention involuntarily yielded to it whenever it is made the subject of serious discussion; its prevalence in all ages and countries, and even among newly-discovered nations, that have had no previous interchange of thought with other parts of the world, prove it to be one of those mysteries, and almost instinctive beliefs, to which, if left to ourselves, we should naturally incline.

In spite of all the pride of reason and philosophy, a vague doubt will still lurk in the mind, and perhaps will never be perfectly eradicated; as it is concerning a matter that does not admit of positive demonstration. Every thing connected with our spiritual nature is full of doubt and difficulty. "We are fearfully and wonderfully made;" we are surrounded by mysteries, and we are mysteries even to ourselves. Who yet has been able to comprehend and describe the nature of the soul, its connection with the body, or in what part of the frame it is situated? We know merely that it does exist; but whence it came, and when it entered into us, and how it is retained, and where it is seated, and how it operates, are all matters of mere speculation, and contradictory theories. If, then, we are thus ignorant of this spiritual essence, even while it forms a part of ourselves, and is continually present to our consciousness, how can we pretend to ascertain or to deny its powers and operations when released from its fleshy prison-house? It is more the manner, therefore, in which this superstition has been degraded, than its intrinsic absurdity, that has brought it into contempt. Raise it above the frivolous purposes to which it has been applied, strip it of the gloom and horror with which it has been surrounded, and there is none of the whole circle of visionary creeds that could more delightfully elevate the imagination, or more tenderly affect the heart. It would become a sovereign comfort at the bed of death, soothing the bitter tear wrung from us by the agony of our mortal separation. What could be more consoling than the idea, that the souls of those whom we once loved were permitted to return and watch over our welfare?—that affectionate and guardian spirits sat by our pillows when we slept, keeping a vigil over our most helpless hours?—that beauty and innocence which had languished into the tomb, yet smiled unseen around us, revealing themselves in those blest dreams wherein we live over again the hours of past endearment? A belief of this kind would, I should think, be a new incentive to virtue; rendering us circumspect even in our most secret moments, from the idea that those we once loved and honoured were invisible witnesses of all our actions.

It would take away, too, from that loneliness and destitution which we are apt to feel more and more as we get on in our pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world, and find that those who set forward with us, lovingly and cheerily, on the journey, have, one by one, dropped away from our side. Place the superstition in this light, and I confess I should like to be a believer in it. I see nothing in it that is incompatible with the tender and merciful nature of our religion, nor revolting to the wishes and affections of the heart.

There are departed beings that I have loved as I never again shall love in this world;—that have loved me as I never again shall be loved! If such beings do ever retain in their blessed spheres the attachments which they felt on earth—if they take an interest in the poor concerns of transient mortality, and are permitted to hold communion with those whom they have loved on earth, I feel as if now, at this deep hour of night, in this silence and solitude, I could receive their visitation with the most solemn, but unalloyed delight.

In truth, such visitations would be too happy for this world; they would be incompatible with the nature of this imperfect state of being. We are here placed in a mere scene of spiritual thralldom and restraint. Our souls are shut in and limited by bounds and barriers; shackled by mortal infirmities, and subject to all the gross impediments of matter. In vain would they seek to act independently of the body, and to mingle together in spiritual intercourse. They can only act here through their fleshy organs. Their earthly loves are made up of transient embraces and long separations. The most intimate friendship, of what brief and scattered portions of time does it consist! We take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness, and we rejoice together for a few short moments—and then days, months, years intervene, and we see and know nothing of each other. Or, granting that we dwell together for the full season of this our mortal life, the grave soon closes its gates between us, and then our spirits are doomed to remain in separation and widowhood; until they meet again in that more perfect state of being, where soul will dwell with soul in blissful communion, and there will be neither death, nor absence, nor any thing else to interrupt our felicity.

~ Washington Irving, [Bracebridge Hall \(1822\)](#), ch. "St. Mark's Eve."

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...From this nation all the nearest people flowed as the multitude increased. But the descendants of his father were called Hebrews, among whom the religion of the true God was established. But from these also in after times, when their number was multiplied exceedingly, since the small extent of their settlements could not contain them, then young men, either sent by their parents or of their own accord, by the compulsion of poverty, leaving their own lands to seek for themselves new settlements, were scattered in all directions, and filled all the islands and the whole earth; and thus being torn away from the stem of their sacred root, they established for themselves at their own discretion new customs and institutions. But they who occupied Egypt were the first of all who began to look up to and adore the heavenly bodies. And because they did not shelter themselves in houses on account of the quality of the atmosphere, and the heaven is not overspread with any clouds in that country, they observed the courses of the stars, and their obscurations, while in their frequent adorations they more carefully and freely beheld them. Then afterwards, induced by certain prodigies, they invented monstrous figures of animals, that they might worship them; the authors of which we will presently disclose. But the others, who were scattered over the earth, admiring the elements of the world, began to worship the heaven, the sun, the earth, the sea, without any images and temples, and offered sacrifices to them in the open air, until in process of time they erected temples and statues to the most powerful kings, and originated the practice of honouring them with victims and odours; and thus wandering from the knowledge of God, they began to be heathens. They err, therefore, who contend that the worship of the gods was from the beginning of the world, and that heathenism was prior to the religion of God: for they think that this was discovered afterwards, because they are ignorant of the source and origin of the truth. Now let us return to the beginning of the world.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book II, ch. 14\)](#)

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..Then He made another being, in whom the disposition of the divine origin did not remain. Therefore he was infected with his own envy as with poison, and passed from good to evil; and at his own will, which had been given to him by God unfettered, he acquired for himself a contrary name. From which it appears that the source of all evils is envy. For he envied his predecessor, who through his steadfastness is acceptable and dear to God the Father. This being, who from good became evil by his own act, is called by the Greeks diabolus: we call him accuser, because he reports to God the faults to which he himself entices us. God, therefore, when He began the fabric of the world, set over the whole work that first and greatest Son, and used Him at the same time as a counsellor and artificer, in planning, arranging, and accomplishing, since He is complete both in knowledge, and judgment, and power; concerning whom I now speak more sparingly, because in another place both His excellence, and His name, and His nature must be related by us. Let no one inquire of what materials God made these works so great and wonderful: for He made all things out of nothing...

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book II, ch. 9\)](#)

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[Posted on Face Book]

(No relation to the internet server.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gN3owMPz3CQ>

["Mitch Miller Barney Google"]

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Although not owing to lack of ideas or ideas for projects, in recent years I do little or no formal writing. The two main reasons for this is that I continue to be harassed (and quite physically and otherwise) by the "ghouligans," and secondly because I receive little or no

mail of any consequence (aside from routine money related matters, if that.) As one example of such, (just about) no one contacts me anymore concerning Mabel Normand, and no one yet has seriously written me about or on the subject of criminal spirit people; despite my writings on that topic having commenced over 20 years ago. In lieu of all this, and as you might already know, I will sometimes post "little" writings, jottings and notes here at this website and or on Face Book. Despite the violence and the forced isolation, I am and always was, both naturally and by the grace of God, a happy and contented person, and lack of good has never been a serious problem in my life. On the contrary, most of the time, my cup has runneth over. Rather what always was or is ever killing me was and is the "bad." Respecting which then, it just so happens I will presently make a few random and chance comments. These in their turn might be developed and expanded further than what little I put down; but personally and for me at present, they will suffice (given my aforesaid circumstances.)

* The films of Ed Wood, and later incarnations such as "Frankenstein Island" (1981), produced by "Jerry Warren," (per chance a relation of Jerry Bruckheimer?), see:

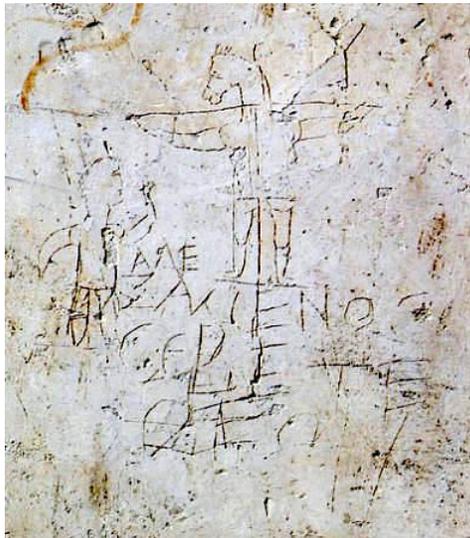
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=niPk6NvEB5A>

["SGT Insomniac Theater ~ Frankenstein Island (1981)"]

are indeed "witchcraft" produced films with the full intention of ridiculing and degrading people; both at large and individuals, as in these cases, for instance, Bela Lugosi, John Carradine, and Cameron Mitchell. Woods and Warren, my guess is, were merely fake stand-ins for some hitherto unknown other.

* Ultimately the best and most effective way to fight the "demons of hell" or the gods of false heaven (they are after all the same) is to, and quite simply, tell them that they are NOT WANTED (don't call us, we'll call you.) Bearing in mind that if the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel, their honors and praise is nothing short of damning (as per, for example, the Cannes film festival.)

* The Alexamenos grafitti (shown here) is nothing more than a 2nd century version of "The Wickerman," "nothing new under the sun" and all that.



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[Posted at the Lee's Legion page on Face Book]

I just finished reading a survey, loosely taking the form of a review of some then recently published and related books, entitled "Origin and Character of the old Parties," found in *The North American Review*, for July 1, 1834, vol. 39, and I cannot praise and recommend enough as a summary of all those no little intricate, involved, and complex political events that established the United States in it's earliest formation.

In this article, the anonymous author, among key and sundry points, argues that:

1. The United States was instrumental and decisive in bringing about the French Revolution, most especially with regard to the latter's positive aspects and results.
2. Despite the bitter acrimony, whether seeming or real, associated with the "Federalists" and "Anti-Federalists" the dispute and rivalry, as it was worked out over the years from 1789 to 1815, reflects great credit on the peaceable, intelligent, approach of the American system of government.
3. At certain times in the chronology, the Anti-Federalists in name were more "Federal" than their opponents (e.g., with respect to the Louisiana Purchase, Jefferson's Embargo, and establishment of the national Bank by Madison), and likewise, at other times the Federalists (some of them anyway) were for breaking with the Union (e.g., *vis a vis* the Hartford convention.)
4. The United States was justified in declaring war against Britain in 1812, rather than France, because (and among other reasons and despite *everyone's* disapproval of post-1804 Napoleon): a) the British were the first who inaugurated the seizing of neutral ships, and

b) although the French Revolution was hi-jacked by Napoleon, it in some measure always remained in place and, at its heart stood for freedom and liberty; which, and again despite Napoleon, the British themselves came around in some degree acquiescing to.  
...and more.

For anyone looking for a good one shot addressing of the subject, you can't do better than this. While some may understandably disagree or take exception, or require qualification of the author's views, for anyone seriously interested in the topics it covers, you simply can't (in my opinion) afford to ignore or pass this up.

See: <https://archive.org/details/jstor-25103076/page/n1/mode/2up>

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Also of related interest is a no less excellent and most helpful description and account of the "The Acts, Orders in Council, &c. of Great Britain [on Trade], 1793 - 1812;" which so much of the former piece concerns itself with at:

See: [https://www.napoleon-series.org/research/government/british/decrees/c\\_britdecrees1.html](https://www.napoleon-series.org/research/government/british/decrees/c_britdecrees1.html)

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"—Dear Sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw—and 'tis thou who lift'st him up to Heaven!—Eternal Fountain of our feelings!—'tis here I trace thee—and this is thy 'divinity which stirs within me;'—not that, in some sad and sickening moments, *'my soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at destruction;*'—mere pomp of words!—but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself;—all comes from thee, great—great Sensorium of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but falls upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation.—Touch'd with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish—hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou giv'st a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains;—he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock.—This moment I behold him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it!—Oh! had I come one moment sooner! it bleeds to death!—his gentle heart bleeds with it.—

"Peace to thee, generous swain!—I see thou walkest off with anguish,—but thy joys shall balance it;—for, happy is thy cottage,—and happy is the sharer of it,—and happy are the lambs which sport about you!"

~ Laurence Sterne, *A Sentimental Journey* (1768)

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It is therefore right, especially in a matter on which the whole plan of life turns, that every one should place confidence in himself, and use his own judgment and individual capacity for the investigation and weighing of the truth, rather than through confidence in others to be deceived by their errors, as though he himself were without understanding. God has given wisdom to all alike, that they might be able both to investigate things which they have not heard, and to weigh things which they have heard. Nor, because they preceded us in time, did they also outstrip us in wisdom; for if this is given equally to all, we cannot be anticipated in it by those who precede us. It is incapable of diminution, as the light and brilliancy of the sun; because, as the sun is the light of the eyes, so is wisdom the light of man's heart. Wherefore, since wisdom— that is, the inquiry after truth— is natural to all, they deprive themselves of wisdom, who without any judgment approve of the discoveries of their ancestors, and like sheep are led by others...

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), *Divine Institutes* (Book II, ch. 8)

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Dr. G. Ashenden (a former Anglican now Catholic) on the question of the separation of church and state.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=v0fw5SFmpNg>

["Terminal Incompetence @ Canterbury;Immigration & Resignation:A Critical Assessment-ASHENDEN SCRIPTED"]

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[Posted at the Lee's Legion page on Face Book]

"Surprisingly watchable" writes one imdb reviewer of the 2000 mini series **Sally Hemings: An American Scandal** -- and I couldn't have said it better myself.

The romantic relationship of Thomas Jefferson and Sally Hemings has come out conspicuously since the 70s with Fawn Brodie's 1974 biography of our third president. And despite as much as was learned then and since, there is understandably much about the affair we simply don't know. Indulging in a very reasonable amount of speculation and dramatic license, "Sally Hemings: An American Scandal" is a most impressive take on how IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN. Some evidently were disappointed that, in this presentation, Jefferson himself was not more sorely whipped for his misconduct, and while some will likewise, perhaps understandably, question or take great exception to this or that point in the narrative, really the movie, overall, is pretty fair to both sides, and I highly recommend anyone, who has not yet, get a copy on DVD to watch. Though I might quibble about some of the production values at times, the

occasional (though not overdone) use of canned music, the cast, photography and art direction, with a mostly first rate script (given the daunting nature of the subject matter), do a superb job. It is both very moving and a good education.

Finally it needs be understood that technically Jefferson's fathering children by Sally Hemings, while more than highly probable and the most likely true explanation, has still to be definitively proved, and the Hemings offspring may, as some have contended, been sired by Jefferson's younger brother Randolph Jefferson. Also be it noted, for those who don't already know, Sally Hemings had the same (white) father as Jefferson's wife, Martha Wayles Skelton; so that evidently Sally's resemblance to the latter, presumably, could only have enhanced his natural attraction to her.

See: <https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0206951/>

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...From what cause can we suppose this to arise? Unless we imagine that there is some perverse power which is always hostile to the truth, which rejoices in the errors of men, whose one and only task it is perpetually to scatter darkness, and to blind the minds of men, lest they should see the light—lest, in short, they should look to heaven, and observe the nature of their own body, the origin of which we shall relate at the proper place; but now let us refute fallacies. For since other animals look down to the ground, with bodies bending forward, because they have not received reason and wisdom, whereas an upright position and an elevated countenance have been given to us by the Creator God, it is evident that these ceremonies paid to the gods are not in accordance with the reason of man, because they bend down the heaven-sprung being to the worship of earthly objects. For that one and only Parent of ours, when He created man—that is, an animal intelligent and capable of exercising reason,— raised him from the ground, and elevated him to the contemplation of his Creator. As an ingenious poet has well represented it:—

“And when other animals bend forward and look to the earth, He gave to man an elevated countenance, and commanded him to look up to the heaven, and to raise his countenance erect to stars.”

From this circumstance the Greeks plainly derived the name [anthropos], because he looks upward...
~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book II, ch. 1\)](#)

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[Posted on Face Book]

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aURFrT70vsU>

["The YELLOW PAYGES - Follow The Bouncing Ball (1969)"]

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One of the very curious things about this story is that, despite my trying, I find no where an effort by anyone to disprove or debunk it.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3sfZPoT3zQQ>

["Major Weir Wizard of the West Bow / Scotland's History" -- account of Major Thomas Weir (1599 – 1670), occultist, Presbyterian lay preacher]

See also the pertinent Wikipedia article: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thomas_Weir

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“WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE!”

From *Sentimental & Literary Magazine* [New York city], Wed., 9 Aug. 1797.

#### ON THE VICE OF SWEARING.

It was a saying of a great man, that ‘common swearers give their souls to the devil gratis,’ having no pleasure in return for it; and doubtless it was well observed; for no man in his senses can pretend to say there is any enjoyment in the practice of that particular vice: let us then search a little into the motives that prompt men so often to fall into it. It must, I think, proceed either from a barrenness of invention, keeping continually bad company, being overpowered by liquor, from a false modesty, which is afraid to be

particular, or, finally, from a monstrous desire of being thought wicked, merely for the sake of wickedness, without either pleasure or profit. Barrenness of invention is, I believe, the principal motive to swearing; men are frequently at a loss for something to say in company; a sudden thought arises; that it may be of use to them as long as possible, they eke it out with oaths and blasphemies, never giving themselves time to resist whether it is a vice or not; they find that fools pay a more particular regard to their conversation, and as none are so stupid but they know how to flatter, the brightness of their intellects is too often complimented, and they continue to practice that which they think gains them universal attention and admiration, and by that means become incorrigible. Bad company will often, by the force of example, cause a man to swear; if he has sense, reflection instantly seizes him, and he corrects himself in time; but if otherwise ten to one but he approves of it, and consequently practices it. Drunkenness, also, which is the source of almost every vice, is often the cause of this in question; let a man's parts be ever so bright, if he suffers liquor to take possession of the seat of his understanding, reason no longer presides; his passions which before lay dormant, rise up with redoubled vigour, and hurry him away impetuously into the abyss of vice, and swearing in that case is generally the forerunner of all the rest, being, as it were a signal to let us know that we are no longer our own masters. Happy is the man that will take the hint, and resign himself into the arms of health-restoring sleep. I have often known young men, upon their first introduction into life, through a false modesty, dive into all the vices of their companions; they could not stand the ridicule of the thorough-paced debauchees; to be anyways particular was to them impossible; they had not as yet enough considered the beauty of virtue, that self-consciousness of having done well, which enables us to despise the vices and follies of the giddy multitude, instead of imitating them. Many a man has been loft for want of that virtuous confidence.—As for the last set of swearers, I mean those who practice it merely because it is a sin, there is no way for reclaiming them; they seem to be the devil's agents on earth, prowling about, and seeking whom they may devour. There is one more motive to it: which I am sorry to have room to mention, which is, the desire young men of spirit have to be in the fashion. It has been of late too much the custom for men of quality and fashion to swear by way of giving a grace to the conversation; others have heedlessly followed their pernicious example, which has been no small reason of its spreading so much. Would the fair sex but for once undertake to be the reformers as well as the polishers of mankind, and never give encouragement to any man, let him be otherwise ever so well qualified, who should demean himself so much as to swear; would but our men of quality look upon it as much an affront for a person to swear in their company as to give them the lie, then would the vice be extirpated; there needs no other means to induce them to be virtuous, than to make virtue the fashion.

**Tho' vice may short liv'd pleasure give to sense,  
'Tis virtue only can true joys dispense.**

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...For while they imagine that we are a care to no God, or that we are about to have no existence after death, they altogether give themselves to the indulgence of their passions; and while they think that it is allowed them, they eagerly apply themselves to the enjoyment of pleasures, by which they unconsciously run into the snares of death; for they are ignorant as to what is reasonable conduct on the part of man: for if they wished to understand this, in the first place they would acknowledge their Lord, and would follow after virtue and justice; they would not subject their souls to the influence of earth-born fictions, nor would they seek the deadly fascinations of their lusts; in short, they would value themselves highly, and would understand that there is more in man than appears; and that they cannot retain their power and standing unless men lay aside depravity, and undertake the worship of their true Parent. I indeed, as I ought, often reflecting on the sum of affairs, am accustomed to wonder that the majesty of the one God, which keeps together and rules all things, has come to be so forgotten, that the only befitting object of worship is, above all others, the one which is especially neglected; and that men have sunk to such blindness, that they prefer the dead to the true and living God, and those who are of the earth, and buried in the earth, to Him who was the Creator of the earth itself.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book II, ch. 1\)](#)

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[Posted on Face Book]

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zilL42rdqqM>

["Gene Moss - 6 Frankenstein - Stereo 1964" - Oh My Docctor, O My Doccor...]

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In [the poem of] Ennius, [Scipio] Africanus thus speaks: "If it is permitted any one to ascend to the regions of the gods above, the greatest gate of heaven is open to me alone." Because, in truth, he extinguished and destroyed a great part of the human race. Oh how great the darkness in which you were involved, O Africanus, or rather O poet, in that you imagined the ascent to heaven to be open to men through slaughters and bloodshed! And Cicero also assented to this delusion. It is so in truth, he said, O Africanus, for the same gate was open to Hercules; as though he himself had been doorkeeper in heaven at the time when this took place. I indeed cannot determine whether I should think it a subject of grief or of ridicule, when I see grave and learned, and, as they appear to themselves, wise men, involved in such miserable waves of errors. If this is the virtue which renders us immortal, I for my part should prefer to die, rather than to be the cause of destruction to as many as possible. If immortality can be obtained in no other way than by bloodshed, what will be the result if all shall agree to live in harmony? And this may undoubtedly be realized, if men would cast aside their pernicious and impious madness, and live in innocence and justice. Shall no one, then, be worthy of heaven? Shall virtue perish, because it will not be permitted men to rage against their fellow-men? But they who reckon the overthrow of cities and people as the

greatest glory will not endure public tranquillity: they will plunder and rage; and by the infliction of outrageous injuries will disturb the compact of human society, that they may have an enemy whom they may destroy with greater wickedness than that with which they attacked...

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book I, ch. 18\)](#)

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Just out -- a new title in the Library of Early American Literature series:

ELIZABETH FRIES ELLET: *POEMS, Translated and Original* (1835).

Kindle: <https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0C347DDTV>

Paperback: <https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0C2SQ1Y9C>

Although not as compendious in overall output of poetry as her contemporary male peers (such as Bryant, Longfellow, Simms, Poe, et al.), she otherwise compares quite favorably with them. Here, for instance, is one sample verse of hers:

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#### IS THIS A DAY OF DEATH?

Is this a day of death?

The heavens look blithely on the laughing earth,  
And from her thousand vales a voice of mirth  
And melody is springing; with the breath  
Of smiling flowers that lift their joyous heads,  
Bright with the radiant tears which evening sheds.

Hath sorrow's voice been heard

With her low plaint, and broken wail of wo?—  
Hark to the play of waves!—and glancing now  
Forth from his leafy nest the exulting bird  
Pours his wild carol on the fragrant gale,  
Bidding the Sunbright woods and waters hail!

Hath happiness departed

From this glad scene? Is there a home—a hearth  
Made desolate? Alas! the tones of earth  
Sound not in concert with the broken-hearted!  
Yon sea—the gorgeous sun—the azure sky—  
Were never meant to mourn with things that die!

~~~~~\*~~~~~

[Posted on Face Book]

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9hbmKLOK1Io>

["French Revolution Episode 3 Part 5 ENGLISH" - 1989 film, trial and execution of Louis XVI]

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Yon sea—the gorgeous sun—the azure sky—
Were never meant to mourn with things that die!

~~~~~\*~~~~~

teenager) Thomas Jefferson:

besieged by rats -- *and the devil?*

See:

<https://founders.archives.gov/documents/Jefferson/01-01-02-0002>

[Thomas Jefferson to John Page, 25 December 1762]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

In [the poem of] Ennius, [Scipio] Africanus thus speaks: "If it is permitted any one to ascend to the regions of the gods above, the greatest gate of heaven is open to me alone." Because, in truth, he extinguished and destroyed a great part of the human race. Oh how great the darkness in which you were involved, O Africanus, or rather O poet, in that you imagined the ascent to heaven to be open to men through slaughters and bloodshed! And Cicero also assented to this delusion. It is so in truth, he said, O Africanus, for the same gate was open to Hercules; as though he himself had been doorkeeper in heaven at the time when this took place. I indeed cannot determine whether I should think it a subject of grief or of ridicule, when I see grave and learned, and, as they appear to themselves, wise men, involved in such miserable waves of errors. If this is the virtue which renders us immortal, I for my part should prefer to die, rather than to be the cause of destruction to as many as possible. If immortality can be obtained in no other way than by bloodshed, what will be the result if all shall agree to live in harmony? And this may undoubtedly be realized, if men would cast aside their pernicious and impious madness, and live in innocence and justice. Shall no one, then, be worthy of heaven? Shall virtue perish, because it will not be permitted men to rage against their fellow-men? But they who reckon the overthrow of cities and people as the greatest glory will not endure public tranquillity: they will plunder and rage; and by the infliction of outrageous injuries will disturb

the compact of human society, that they may have an enemy whom they may destroy with greater wickedness than that with which they attacked...

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [*Divine Institutes* \(Book I, ch. 18\)](#)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Just out -- a new title in the Library of Early American Literature series:

ELIZABETH FRIES ELLET: *POEMS, Translated and Original* (1835).

Kindle: <https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0C347DDTV>

Paperback: <https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0C2SQ1Y9C>

Although not as compendious in overall output of poetry as her contemporary male peers (such as Bryant, Longfellow, Simms, Poe, et al.), she otherwise compares quite favorably with them. Here, for instance, is one sample verse of hers:

-----

#### IS THIS A DAY OF DEATH?

Is this a day of death?

The heavens look blithely on the laughing earth,  
And from her thousand vales a voice of mirth  
And melody is springing; with the breath  
Of smiling flowers that lift their joyous heads,  
Bright with the radiant tears which evening sheds.

Hath sorrow's voice been heard

With her low plaint, and broken wail of wo?—  
Hark to the play of waves!—and glancing now  
Forth from his leafy nest the exulting bird  
Pours his wild carol on the fragrant gale,  
Bidding the Sunbright woods and waters hail!

Hath happiness departed

From this glad scene? Is there a home—a hearth  
Made desolate? Alas! the tones of earth  
Sound not in concert with the broken-hearted!  
Yon sea—the gorgeous sun—the azure sky—  
Were never meant to mourn with things that die!

~~~~~\*~~~~~

...But perchance some one may ask of us the same question which Hortensius asks in Cicero: If God is one only, what solitude can be happy? As though we, in asserting that He is one, say that He is desolate and solitary. Undoubtedly He has ministers, whom we call messengers. And that is true, which I have before related, that Seneca said in his Exhortations that God produced ministers of His kingdom. But these are neither gods, nor do they wish to be called gods or to be worshipped, inasmuch as they do nothing but execute the command and will of God...

Therefore let men withdraw themselves from errors; and laying aside corrupt superstitions, let them acknowledge their Father and Lord, whose excellence cannot be estimated, nor His greatness perceived, nor His beginning comprehended. When the earnest attention of the human mind and its acute sagacity and memory has reached Him, all ways being, as it were, summed up and exhausted, it stops, it is at a loss, it fails; nor is there anything beyond to which it can proceed. But because that which exists must of necessity have had a beginning, it follows that since there was nothing before Him, He was produced from Himself before all things. Therefore He is called by Apollo "self-produced," by the Sibyl "self-created," "uncreated," and "unmade." And Seneca, an acute man, saw and expressed this in his Exhortations. "We," he said, "are dependent upon another." Therefore we look to some one to whom we owe that which is most excellent in us. Another brought us into being, another formed us; but God of His own power made Himself.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [*Divine Institutes* \(Book I, ch. 7\)](#)

[*Note.* Needless to add, and for all Lactantius' good intention, the idea that God (whether as One or Trinity) is or could somehow be lonely is a very human interpolation; not unlike how a dog might wonder in what manner God barks.]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

[Posted on Face Book]

Police accounts and stories going back to 1845 and thru to 1906.

See: [https://archive.org/details/pub\\_national-police-gazette?sort=date](https://archive.org/details/pub_national-police-gazette?sort=date)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*Note in passing...*professional criminal spirit people do have (what we might call) Love potions/philtres, such as are employed in "A Midsummer's Night Dream." These are however quite expensive, but to some greater or lesser degree will work depending on the subject and potency of the dose and mixture, and incidentally and also, can be applied to two members of the same sex. I have had these use on me on a few occasions (without my consent, of course), but being alert to my being, in effect, "drugged," I was able to mostly and essentially suppress them.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

[Posted on Face Book]

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sstgcbGsew0>

["Paul Simon - The Boxer (Live From Paris)"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

[quoting oracles of the Sibyls.]

1. "One God, who is alone, most mighty, uncreated."

This is the only supreme God, who made the heaven, and decked it with lights.

2. "But there is one only God of pre-eminent power, who made the heaven, and sun, and stars, and moon, and fruitful earth, and waves of the water of the sea."

And since He alone is the framer of the universe, and the artificer of all things of which it consists or which are contained in it, it testifies that He alone ought to be worshipped:—

3. "Worship Him who is alone the ruler of the world, who alone was and is from age to age."

Also another Sibyl, whoever she is, when she said that she conveyed the voice of God to men, thus spoke:—

4. "I am the one only God, and there is no other God."

I would now follow up the testimonies of the others, were it not that these are sufficient, and that I reserve others for more befitting opportunities. But since we are defending the cause of truth before those who err from the truth and serve false religions, what kind of proof ought we to bring forward against them, rather than to refute them by the testimonies of their own gods?

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [*Divine Institutes* \(Book I, ch. 6\)](#)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

"WHAT THE DEVIL HAS GOTTEN INTO YOU?"

They insist on being bad (really) for no other reason than that the devil frightens them; but then pretend and ascribe it to their being only sociable.

-----

Old Faust gets his Gretchen (or Cunégonde), yes, but only and on the stipulation that Mephistopheles gets to sit in the room adjoining them.

-----

I think I have figured these professional criminal spirit people out. They insist that they are great and important people, yet there is little or no real interest or attraction in them. And if you don't think them interesting and attractive, they might very well come after you, invade your life, manipulate (say by bribery and or scaring off putative friends), and then say "Ah ha! You don't think we are great people! Behold how now we can invade and take over your life!"

-----

And since he can't actually argue or debate the case, it is only fitting and pardonable that he resort to premeditated violence.

-----

They only LOOK like heaven (at least to the unsuspecting.)

-----

It is not that the World MUST be this way or that way, but insofar as they CHOOSE to be a certain way, and lording over the rest through terror and deception, it is only THEN assumed the world MUST be that way.

-----

2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th hand 'removed' from reality. But so what if he's irrational? It works for him!

~~~~~\*~~~~~

[Posted at the Lee's Legion page on Face Book]

CONTENTMENT ~ *as wished for in post-colonial America.*

What follows here is, at any rate, one such idea of happiness and as found in *The Power of Sympathy, or the Triumph pf Nature* (1789) by **William Hill Brown (1765-1793)**; (which I am present reading); which is generally recognized as THE first American novel; with Brown being yet another one of those *many* early American authors who died very young. Somewhat to my surprise, it is a much more entertaining read than I thought it would be, and warmly recommend it; most especially to those who, by way of their imagination combined with the right reading matter, enjoy "time travel" back to the 18th century.

Letter VII

Mrs. HOLMES to Miss HARRINGTON

...Rural Inscription.

Come ye who loath the horrid crest,
Who hate the fiery front of Mars;
Who scorn the mean—the sordid breast—
Who fly Ambition's guilty cares:
Ye who are blest with peaceful souls,
Rest here: Enjoy the pleasures round;
Here Fairies quaff their acorn bowls,
And lightly print the mazy ground.

Thrice welcome to this humble scene—
(To ye alone such scenes belong)
Peace smiles upon the fragrant green,
And here the woodland sisters throng,
And fair CONTENTMENT's pleasing train,
Whilst in the Heav'n the stars advance,
With many a maid and many a swain,
Lead up the jocund, rural dance.

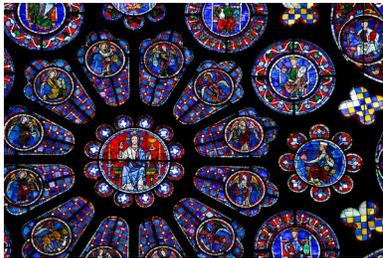
Thrice welcome to our calm retreat,
Where Innocency oft hath strove,

With violet blue, and woodbine sweet,
To form the votive wreath to Love:
O! pardon then, our cautious pride—
(Caution, a virtue rare, I ween)
For evils with the great abide,
Which dwell not in our sylvan scene.

These are the scenes to which I have chosen to retreat; contented with the suffrage of the virtuous and the good, and inattentive to the contemptuous sneer of the giddy and the futile, for even these have the vanity to look with pity on those who voluntarily remove from whatever agrees with their ideas of pleasure. He who has no conception of the beauties of the mind, will condemn a person awkward or ill-favored; and one whose store of enjoyment is drawn from affluence and abundance, will be astonished at the conduct of him who finds cause to rejoice, though surrounded with inconvenience and penury. Hence we judge of the happiness of others by the standard of our own conduct and prejudices.

From this misjudging race I retire, without a sigh to mingle in their amusements, nor yet disgusted at whatever is thought of sufficient consequence to engage their pursuits. I fly from the tumult of the town—from scenes of boisterous pleasure and riot, to those of quietness and peace, "where every breeze breathes health, and every sound is the echo of tranquillity." On this subject I give my sentiments to you with freedom, from a conviction that I bear the world no spleen; at the same time with a degree of deference to the judgment of others, from a conviction that I may be a little prejudiced.

~~~~~\*~~~~~



"...The ultimate cathedral of the 13th century was deliberately intended to unite all the arts and sciences in the direct service of God. It was a Chicago Exposition for God's profit. It showed an Architectural exhibit, a Museum of Painting, Glass-staining, Wood and Stone Carving, Music, vocal and instrumental, Embroidering, Jewelry and Gem-setting, Tapestry-weaving, and I know not what other arts, all in one building. It was the greatest single creation of man. Its statuary alone puts it with Greek art. Its religious conception, by uniting the whole Pantheon of deities in one system, gives it a decided advantage over the Greeks. The more I study it, the more I admire and wonder. I am not disposed to find fault. The result was beyond what I should suppose possible to so mean an animal as man. It gives him a dignity which he is in no other instance entitled to claim. Even its weaknesses are great, and its failures, like Beauvais and Le Mans, are because man rose beyond himself..."

~ Henry Adams (1838-1918), in a letter dated "Tours, 18 September, 1895," to Elizabeth Cameron.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

...The predictions of all these Sibyls are both brought forward and esteemed as such, except those of the Cumaean Sibyl, whose books are concealed by the Romans; nor do they consider it lawful for them to be inspected by any one but the Quindecemviri. And there are separate books the production of each, but because these are inscribed with the name of the Sibyl they are believed to be the work of one; and they are confused, nor can the productions of each be distinguished and assigned to their own authors, except in the case of the Erythraean Sibyl, for she both inserted her own true name in her verse, and predicted that she would be called Erythraean, though she was born at Babylon. But we also shall speak of the Sibyl without any distinction, wherever we shall have occasion to use their testimonies. All these Sibyls, then, proclaim one God, and especially the Erythraean, who is regarded among the others as more celebrated and noble; since Fenestella, a most diligent writer, speaking of the Quindecemviri, says that, after the rebuilding of the Capitol, Caius Curio the consul proposed to the senate that ambassadors should be sent to Erythrae; to search out and bring to Rome the writings of the Sibyl; and that, accordingly, Publius Gabinus, Marcus Otacilius, and Lucius Valerius were sent, who conveyed to Rome about a thousand verses written out by private persons. We have shown before that Varro made the same statement. Now in these verses which the ambassadors brought to Rome, are these testimonies respecting the one God:—

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book I, ch. 6\)](#)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Yes, but consider...

Should she be blamed if, after all, she was demonically possessed?

(Yet with all the Faustian bargains that are solidly in place among so many of the rich, famous and respectable, it is forbidden to even consider the possibility.)

*Later Note.* And even aside from the likelihood of that (as the case may be), are not homosexuality and transgenderism themselves -- according to some medical schools of thought (certainly in some nations) -- and to some greater or lesser degree depending the individual, forms of mental illness?

~~~~~\*~~~~~

ECHOES OF THE PAST

~ from *Harper's Weekly*, 1 Sept. 1888.

(James G. Blaine endeavors to reassure President Grover Cleveland.)



THE DEFENDER OF TRUSTS.
J. G. B. "This is only a little private matter, officer, with which you have nothing to do."

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Moreover, the inclination to feign and speak falsely belongs to those who covet riches, and eagerly desire gains—a disposition which was far removed from those holy men. For they so discharged the office entrusted to them, that, disregarding all things necessary for the maintenance of life, they were so far from laying up store for the future, that they did not even labour for the day, content with the unstored food which God had supplied; and these not only had no gains, but even endured torments and death. For the precepts of righteousness are distasteful to the wicked, and to those who lead an unholy life. Wherefore they, whose sins were brought to light and forbidden, most cruelly tortured and slew them. They, therefore, who had no desire for gain, had neither the inclination nor the motive for deceit.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book I, ch. 4\)](#)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

[Posted on Face Book]

"No one is above the law" (here they are saying.)

NOW you tell me! These people have been killing me for over thirty years! (why of all the...)

Later Note. And oh yes, in case you haven't also heard, they FINALLY found Jack the Ripper.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TAelWV2iaK4>

["The Missing Evidence: Jack the Ripper (Full Episode)" - with Christer Holmgren]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

w/ respect to Father Lyle's homily this morning (29 March), let's remember if *at times* we are dismissive of faith, we are also dismissive *at times* of other things of value, say for instance exercise, civic obligations, house/yard work, waking up in the morning, etc., etc.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

The prophets, who were very many, proclaim and declare the one God; for, being filled with the inspiration of the one God, they predicted things to come, with agreeing and harmonious voice. But those who are ignorant of the truth do not think that these prophets are to be believed; for they say that those voices are not divine, but human. Forsooth, because they proclaim one God, they were either madmen or deceivers. But truly we see that their predictions have been fulfilled, and are in course of fulfilment daily; and their foresight, agreeing as it does to one opinion, teaches that they were not under the impulse of madness. For who possessed of a frenzied mind would be able, I do not say to predict the future, but even to speak coherently? Were they, therefore, who spoke such things deceitful? What was so utterly foreign to their nature as a system of deceit, when they themselves restrained others from all fraud? For to this end were they sent by God, that they should both be heralds of His majesty, and correctors of the wickedness of man.
~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book I, ch. 4\)](#)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

[Posted on Face Book]

See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5\\_EsJvW\\_Eus](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5_EsJvW_Eus)

["The Duprees/ Richie Rosato" - The Duprees live in Atlantic City featuring Richie Rosato on lead vocal]

*Note.* The actual show here is really only an half hour (what comes after is merely the first part repeated.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

[Posted on the Lee's Legion page on Face Book]

SOMEBODY'S SOMEONE (from long ago)

As found in *The Weekly Magazine*, (Philadelphia), No. 17, Sat., May 26, 1798, Vol. II, p. 125.

For the Weekly Magazine.
AN EXTEMPORE EPITAPH.
*On T. L. a gentleman who died of the Yellow
Fever in the Autumn of '97. By a Friend.*
HERE stranger pause!—revere the
sacred dust
Of one through life pre-eminently just!
*The widow's friend, the hapless orphan's
guide!*
**A patriot firm mid war's encrimson'd
tide!**
His life on earth benignant Heaven ap-
prov'd!
And angels bore to bliss the man they
lov'd! C.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Hmm...if the Washington State Dept. of Transportation, in the last two years, spent 1.4 million dollars on graffiti removal, how much money did the graffiti people have putting it up? and WHERE did they get it?...cannot the police and government find this out?...bearing in mind that graffiti plastering goes FAR AND WELL BEYOND mere road and highway signs.

"Art or vandalism? WSDOT spends \$1.4M on graffiti removal over past 2 years"

<https://www.kiro7.com/news/local/art-or-vandalism-wsdot-spends-14m-graffiti-removal-over-past-2-years/3LMQTA6AMRCDJI4M7WZKN5IUUFM/>

~~~~~\*~~~~~

But to say that the universe is governed by the will of many, is equivalent to a declaration that there are many minds in one body, since there are many and various offices of the members, so that separate minds may be supposed to govern separate senses; and also

the many affections, by which we are accustomed to be moved either to anger, or to desire, or to joy, or to fear, or to pity, so that in all these affections as many minds may be supposed to operate; and if any one should say this, he would appear to be destitute even of that very mind, which is one. But if in one body one mind possesses the government of so many things, and is at the same time occupied with the whole, why should any one suppose that the universe cannot be governed by one, but that it can be governed by more than one? And because those maintainers of many gods are aware of this, they say that they so preside over separate offices and parts, that there is still one chief ruler. The others, therefore, on this principle, will not be gods, but attendants and ministers, whom that one most mighty and omnipotent appointed to these offices, and they themselves will be subservient to his authority and command. If, therefore, all are not equal to one another, all are not gods; for that which serves and that which rules cannot be the same. For if God is a title of the highest power, He must be incorruptible, perfect, incapable of suffering, and subject to no other being; therefore they are not gods whom necessity compels to obey the one greatest God. But because they who hold this opinion are not deceived without cause, we will presently lay open the cause of this error. Now, let us prove by testimonies the unity of the divine power.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book I, ch. 3\)](#)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

[Posted at a film group on Face Book]

A Charles Bronson style action-thriller from 1932? (At least in the latter part of the film.) You have to see it to believe it. (Meantime, for an actual Bronson action film where he and the director are at the top of their form, see "Mr. Majestyk" (1974), also on YouTube.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2P36MDxHSys>

["By Whose Hand? 1932"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

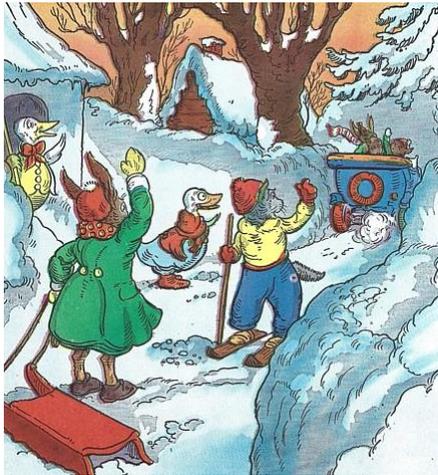
[Posted on Face Book]

Those late 20s and early 30s talkies often have such a warm and special glow about them, and it has nothing to do with any "pre-code" status. Life was slower, and people, it seems, were allowed to be more natural and human as individuals.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ipbkx8DtSo0&>

["Clara Bow Breakfast Scene" - Clara Bow and Richard Arlen in the film: Dangerous Curves, 1929]

~~~~~\*~~~~~



### *LIFE'S GREATEST QUESTION*

Dear Lord, I don't get it. All these animals -- they are completely innocent -- they didn't do anything -- and should be living in something like Uncle Wiggily land. Certainly, most of them, at least, seem fit for and deserving of it.

So how then is it they all ended up here in devil world?

~~~~~\*~~~~~

[Posted on Face Book]

Endora: Oh, Derwood...!

Darren: The name HAPPENS to be Darren.

Endora: Oh, THERE'S my umbrella. Thanks anyway Derwood...

Darren: Now cut that out!

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*POTPOURRI*

-----

Numerous are my enemies;  
Countless as the sands.  
Yet when they need to face me,  
There's not a single man.

>>>>

*Banned (for yours, mine, our own good!)*

\* mercurochrome with mercury

\* Salty pretzels

\* DVD players that do not necessarily require a remote

\* Shakeys Pizza in Seattle

>>>>

Status, he has. Heart, soul, and the ability to reason properly? -- Well, no. Then he wanted, insisted, that I buy what he was selling. But when I didn't, and much to my extreme surprise, he declared out-and-out war on me. And this now for over 30 years. (True story.) All of which goes to show that fooling dumb people, no matter how many of them there are, just isn't enough.

>>>>

They wouldn't be much in the way of devils, now would they, if they couldn't form working conspiracies? But what? Do you mean then to tell me there are none?

>>>>

A: But why do you keep chickens?

B: Because I need fresh eggs.

A: Why don't you just get them at the store?

B: They're not fresh enough.

A: They seem fresh enough to me.

B: Not to me.

A: Oh...You're crazy!

B: Crazy am I? When I can have fresh eggs?

>>>>

Question: Why wouldn't the vampire look into the mirror?

Answer: Because he was afraid he'd see a ghoul!

>>>>

(We heard this before I think.)

"It wasn't me. The dog bit you."

Yes, but he's your dog!

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Though granted ethnic slang or colloquial ways of speaking might be employed in a given instance, when it comes to TRUE poetry, THERE IS NO black poetry, white poetry, English poetry, German poetry, Japanese poetry, Javanese --- whatever! -- only poetry.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VzL4E7MYbPk>

["We Wear The Mask by Paul Lawrence Dunbar" - read by Pemon Rami]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

...I see, again, what can be alleged on the other hand, that those many gods are such as we hold the one God to be. But this cannot possibly be so, because the power of these gods individually will not be able to proceed further, the power of the others meeting and hindering them. For either each must be unable to pass beyond his own limits, or, if he shall have passed beyond them, he must drive another from his boundaries. They who believe that there are many gods, do not see that it may happen that some may be opposed to others in their wishes, from which circumstance disputing and contention would arise among them; as Homer represented the gods at war among themselves, since some desired that Troy should be taken, others opposed it.

The universe, therefore, must be ruled by the will of one. For unless the power over the separate parts be referred to one and the same providence, the whole itself will not be able to exist; since each takes care of nothing beyond that which belongs peculiarly to him, just as warfare could not be carried on without one general and commander. But if there were in one army as many generals as there are legions, cohorts, divisions, and squadrons, first of all it would not be possible for the army to be drawn out in battle array, since each would refuse the peril; nor could it easily be governed or controlled, because all would use their own peculiar counsels, by the diversity of which they would inflict more injury than they would confer advantage. So, in this government of the affairs of nature, unless there shall be one to whom the care of the whole is referred, all things will be dissolved and fall to decay.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book I, ch. 3\)](#)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

BIGGER THAN GOD (at least according to some pagans.)

Chorus. Who then is the pilot of necessity?

Prometheus. The triform Fates and the remembering Furies.

Ch. Is Jupiter then less powerful than these?

Pr. Most certainly he can not at any rate escape his doom.

Ch. Why, what is doomed for Jupiter but to reign for evermore?

Pr. This thou mayest not yet learn, and do not press it.

Ch. 'Tis surely some solemn mystery that thou veilest.

Pr. Make mention of some other matter; it is by no means seasonable to proclaim this; but it must be shrouded in deepest concealment; for it is by keeping this secret that I am to escape from my ignominious shackles and miseries.

~ Aeschylus, from "Prometheus Unbound," translated by Theodore Alois Buckley.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

[Posted on Face Book]

Unlike "Doctor Dolittle" (1967) and less so but to some extent "Half a Sixpence"(1967), "Jungle Book" (also 1967), and "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang" (1968), "Oliver!" (1968), with its more sombre themes, was not one of those film musicals that thrilled me as a child (though our mother took us to it as well at the theater.) But I like it better now as an adult; especially considering that prolific

Lionel Bart composed a very clever and impressive array of songs for it, this being one such. (As can well be said "they sure don't [can't?] make 'em like this anymore.")

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fpIolqJZPfo>

["Oliver, Fine Life" - scene from 1968 film]

*Later Note.* Oh yes, and there was "Sound of Music" (1965) and "Singing Nun" (1966) we saw as well. Have I forgot one?

*Again.* And oh yes he kills her at the end (for those who don't know or remember.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

[Posted on Face Book]

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AopJ4E7z7MU>

["S. Foster - Beautiful Dreamer | Thomas Hampson & Amsterdam Sinfonietta"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~



With my grand-uncle (once removed & on my father's side), Jack Mulhall, in "Molly O" (1921).

~~~~~\*~~~~~

[Posted on Face Book]

(Pardon the video overlay.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JS1fzlfgcBg>

["Glen Campbell - A PLACE IN THE SUN" -- Live from "Goodtime Hour," 1968 in medicine show costume]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

#### *ST. SIMEON STYLITES PRAY FOR US*

If it should ever ("God forbid!") happen that you reach a point where you felt utterly alone, abandoned, in dire and deepest darkness, "The Shepherd of Hermas," if one takes it the right way, can be a most blessed boon; serving as a kind of spiritual sanctuary; which, again if employed soberly and not in a necessarily or overly literal way (with respect to interpretation of its message), is a formidable castle for the soul that NO devil can enter; providing as it does heavenly advisement in angelic form. This might sound strange to say, but you have to read "Shepherd" to properly understand quite what I am talking about. Even if you only read it for fun, it is good for that too. Originally a Greek book written at Rome, it dates to the 2nd century A. D. (possibly even the 1st century), and though apocrypha, it is orthodox in spirit, and was, geographically speaking and for its day, especially popular and widely read.

There are several versions and translations now available, but my own favorite is the one contained in *The Lost Books of the Bible: Being All the Gospels, Epistles and Other Pieces Now Extant Attributed in the First Four Centuries to Jesus Christ* (1926) and edited by Rutherford H. Platt, Jr.; and reprinted in 1979 with a foreword by Solomon J. Schepps. (You can find fairly inexpensive hardcopies on such as ebay.)

THIS "Hermas" version is available online at:  
<https://www.sacred-texts.com/bib/lbob/lbob26.htm>

The preface to which reads:

"[This book is thus entitled, because it was composed by Hermas, brother to Pius, bishop of Rome; and because the Angel, who bears the principal part in it, is represented in the form and habit of a shepherd. Irenæus quotes it under the very name of Scripture. Origen thought it a most useful writing and that it was divinely inspired; Eusebius says, that, though it was not esteemed canonical, it was read publicly in the churches, which is corroborated by Jerome; and Athanasius cites it, calls it a most useful work, and observes, that though it was not strictly canonical, the Fathers appointed it to be read for direction and confirmation in faith and piety. Jerome, notwithstanding this, and that he applauded it in his catalogue of writers, in his comments upon it afterwards, terms it apocryphal and foolish. Tertullian praised it when a Catholic, and abused it when a Montanist. Although Gelasius ranks it among the apocryphal books, it is found attached to some of the most ancient MS. of the New Testament; and Archbishop Wake, believing it the genuine work of an apostolic Father, preserves it to the English reader by the following translation, in which he has rendered the books not only more exact, but in greater purity than they had before appeared. The Archbishop procured Dr. Grabe to entirely collate the old Latin version with an ancient MS. in the Lambeth library; and the learned prelate himself still further improved the whole from a multitude of fragments of the original Greek never before used for that purpose.]"

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Let the commencement of our work therefore be that inquiry which closely follows and is connected with the first: Whether the universe is governed by the power of one God or of many. There is no one, who possesses intelligence and uses reflection, who does not understand that it is one Being who both created all things and governs them with the same energy by which He created them. For what need is there of many to sustain the government of the universe? Unless we should happen to think that, if there were more than one, each would possess less might and strength. And they who hold that there are many gods, do indeed effect this; for those gods must of necessity be weak, since individually, without the aid of the others, they would be unable to sustain the government of so vast a mass. But God, who is the Eternal Mind, is undoubtedly of excellence, complete and perfect in every part. And if this is true, He must of necessity be one. For power or excellence, which is complete, retains its own peculiar stability. But that is to be regarded as solid from which nothing can be taken away, that as perfect to which nothing can be added..

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [*Divine Institutes* \(Book I, ch. 3\)](#)

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### **A MEDIEVAL GHOST STORY**

from Book II of William of Malmesbury's (c.1095–c.1143), *Deeds of the English Kings*:

[A.D. 1065.] ...At the same time something similar occurred in England, not by divine miracle, but by infernal craft; which when I shall have related, the credit of the narrative will not be shaken, though the minds of the hearers should be incredulous; for I have heard it from a man of such character, who swore he had seen it, that I should blush to disbelieve. There resided at Berkeley a woman addicted to witchcraft, as it afterwards appeared, and skilled in ancient augury: she was excessively gluttonous, perfectly lascivious, setting no bounds to her debaucheries, as she was not old, though fast declining in life. On a certain day, as she was regaling, a jack-daw, which was a very great favourite, chattered a little more loudly than usual. On hearing which the woman's knife fell from her hand, her countenance grew pale, and deeply groaning, "This day," said she, "my plough has completed its last furrow; to-day I shall hear of, and suffer, some dreadful calamity." While yet speaking, the messenger of her misfortunes arrived; and being asked, why he approached with so distressed an air? "I bring news," said he, "from that village," naming the place, "of the death of your son, and of the whole family, by a sudden accident."

At this intelligence, the woman, sorely afflicted, immediately took to her bed, and perceiving the disorder rapidly approaching the vitals, she summoned her surviving children, a monk, and a nun, by hasty letters; and, when they arrived, with faltering voice, addressed them thus: "Formerly, my children, I constantly administered to my wretched circumstances by demoniacal arts: I have been the sink of every vice, the teacher of every allurements: yet, while practising these crimes, I was accustomed to soothe my hapless soul with the hope of your piety. Despairing of myself, I rested my expectations on you; I advanced you as my defenders against evil spirits, my safeguards against my strongest foes. Now, since I have approached the end of my life, and shall have those eager to punish, who lured me to sin, I entreat you by your mother's breasts, if you have any regard, any affection, at least to endeavour to alleviate my torments; and, although you cannot revoke the sentence already passed upon my soul, yet you may, perhaps, rescue my body, by these means: sew up my corpse in the skin of a stag; lay it on its back in a stone coffin; fasten down the lid with lead and iron; on this lay a stone, bound round with three iron chains of enormous weight; let there be psalms sung for fifty nights, and masses said for an equal number of days, to allay the ferocious attacks of my adversaries. If I lie thus secure for three nights, on the fourth day bury your mother in the ground; although I fear, lest the earth, which has been so often burdened with my crimes, should refuse to receive and cherish me in her bosom."

They did their utmost to comply with her injunctions: but alas! vain were pious tears, vows, or entreaties; so great was the woman's guilt, so great the devil's violence. For on the first two nights, while the choir of priests was singing psalms around the body, the devils, one by one, with the utmost ease bursting open the door of the church, though closed with an immense bolt, broke asunder the

two outer chains; the middle one being more laboriously wrought, remained entire. On the third night, about cock-crow, the whole monastery seemed to be overthrown from its very foundation, by the clamour of the approaching enemy. One devil, more terrible in appearance than the rest, and of loftier stature, broke the gates to shivers by the violence of his attack. The priests grew motionless with fear, their hair stood on end, and they became speechless. He proceeded, as it appeared, with haughty step towards the coffin, and calling on the woman by name, commanded her to rise. She replying that she could not on account of the chains: "You shall be loosed," said he, "and to your cost:" and directly he broke the chain, which had mocked the ferocity of the others, with as little exertion as though it had been made of flax. He also beat down the cover of the coffin with his foot, and taking her by the hand, before them all, he dragged her out of the church. At the doors appeared a black horse, proudly neighing, with iron hooks projecting over his whole back; on which the wretched creature was placed, and, immediately, with the whole party, vanished from the eyes of the beholders; her piteable cries, however, for assistance, were heard for nearly the space of four miles.

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This next little bit is more and just for fun than anything else.

In browsing, as I have in recent months, old issues of *Harper's Weekly*, I came across this article on the Surrency, Georgia hauntings from the 1870s, and which I previously had never heard of. For the item in question in .pdf, see: [Surrency, Harpers-Weekly Jun-3-1911.pdf](#) While if you want more about the case, just do a Google search.

Meanwhile, the article includes a picture, here enlarged. Can you spot the little hobgoblin man?



Later Note. With respect to the Surrency story, it is curious, among other things, to note that:

* The Surrency family members at the time of their deaths tended mostly to be relatively young: Allen (father): 51; Wealthy (mother): 68; Millard: 60; Sarah: 45; Samuel: 54; Robert: 60; Lula: 34; George: 79. This of course might not be at all so or that significant, but I thought I would make mention of it anyway.

* Despite my searching the net, the only available photograph of any of the family members is a very blurry one of them all standing together in front of their house. The picture at the [Find a Grave](#) website, purportedly of Allen Surrency, the father, cannot possibly be him as he died in 1877, and the photo is clearly of someone from the 20th century.

* Though probably of less significance, but also at least worth noting, the Surrency haunting in southeast Georgia took place at about the same time and or else shortly after the Bender murders in southeast Kansas.

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Let the commencement of our work therefore be that inquiry which closely follows and is connected with the first: Whether the universe is governed by the power of one God or of many. There is no one, who possesses intelligence and uses reflection, who does not understand that it is one Being who both created all things and governs them with the same energy by which He created them. For what need is there of many to sustain the government of the universe? Unless we should happen to think that, if there were more than one, each would possess less might and strength. And they who hold that there are many gods, do indeed effect this; for those gods must of necessity be weak, since individually, without the aid of the others, they would be unable to sustain the government of so vast a mass. But God, who is the Eternal Mind, is undoubtedly of excellence, complete and perfect in every part. And if this is true, He must of necessity be one. For power or excellence, which is complete, retains its own peculiar stability. But that is to be regarded as solid from which nothing can be taken away, that as perfect to which nothing can be added...

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book I, ch. 3\)](#)

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"THE MERCY OF APOLLO,"
or this is what some people consider a god.

"...[according to Nietzsche] Apollo represents harmony, progress, clarity, logic and the principle of individuation, whereas Dionysus represents disorder, intoxication, emotion, ecstasy and unity..." ~ Wikipedia article "Apollonian and Dionysian"

Or, in effect, so says Nietzsche.

However and tellingly, the following story is found in Book 1 of Statius' *Thebaid* (1st century A.D.), here in translation from Latin by J. H. Mozley:

[557] "Perchance ye may inquire, O youths," thus says the monarch [King Adrastus of Argos], "what means this sacrifice, and for what reason we pay Phoebus signal honour. Urged by no ignorant fear, but under stress of dire calamity, the Argive folk aforesaid made this offering. Lend me your hearing, and I will recount the tale. When that the god had smitten the dark and sinuous-coiling monster, the earth-born Pytho, who cast about Delphi his sevenfold grisly circles and with his scales ground the ancient oaks to powder, even while sprawling by Castalia's fountain he gaped with three-tongued mouth athirst to feed his deadly venom: when having spent his shafts on numberless wounds he left him, scarce fully stretched in death over a hundred acres of Cirrhaean soil, then, seeking fresh expiation of the dead, he came to the humble dwelling of our king Crotopus. A daughter [elsewhere in other versions of the story named Psamathe], in the first years of tender maidenhood, and wondrous fair, kept this pious home, a virgin chaste. How happy, had she ne'er kept secret tryst with the Delian, or shared a stolen love with Phoebus! For she suffered the violence of the god by Nemea's stream, and when Cynthia [the moon, also a personification of Artemis] had twice five times gathered her circle's visage to the full, she brought forth a child, Latona's grandson, bright as a star. Then fearing punishment – for her sire would ne'er have pardoned a forced wedlock – she chose the pathless wilds, and stealthily among the sheep-pens gave her child to a mountain-wandering guardian of the flock [named Linus] for nurture. No cradle worthy of a birth so noble, hapless infant, did thy grassy bed afford thee, or thy woven home of oaken twigs; enclosed in the fibre of arbutus-bark thy limbs are warm, and a hollow pipe coaxes thee to gentle slumbers, while the flock shares thy sleeping-ground. But not even such a home did the fates permit, for, as he lay careless and drinking in the day with open mouth, fierce ravening dogs mangled the babe and took their fill with bloody jaws. But when the tidings reached the mother's horror-struck ears, father and shame and fear were all forgot; herself straightway she fills the house with wild lamentation, all distraught, and baring her breast meets her father with her tale of grief. Nor is he moved, but bids her – Oh horrible! even as she desires, suffer grim death.

[596] "Too late remembering thy union, O Phoebus, thou dost devise a SOLACE [my capital letters] for her miserable fate, a monster conceived 'neath lowest Acheron in the Furies' unhallowed lair: a maiden's face and bosom has she, from her head an ever-hissing snake rises erect, parting in twain her livid brow. Then that foul pest, gliding at night with unseen movement into the chambers, tore from the breasts that suckled them lives newly-born, and with blood-stained fangs gorged and fattened on the country's grief. But Coroebus, foremost in prowess of arms and high courage, brooked it not, and with chosen youths, unsurpassed in valour and ready at life's hazard to enlarge their fame, went forth, a willing champion. From dwellings newly ravaged she was going, where in the gateway two roads meet, the corpses of two little ones hung at her side, and still her hooked talons claw their vitals and the iron nails are warm in their young hearts. Thronged by his band of heroes the youth rushed to the attack, and buried his broad blade in her cruel breast, and with flashing steel probing deep the spirit's lurking-place at length restored to nether Jove his monstrous offspring. What joy to go and see at close hand those eyes livid in death, the ghastly issue of her womb, and her breasts clotted with foul corruption, whereby our young lives perished! Appalled stand the Inachian youth, and their gladness, though great now sorrow is ended, even yet is dim and pale. With sharp stakes they mangle the dead limbs – vain solace for their grief – and beat out the jagged grinding teeth from her jaws: they can – yet cannot glut their ire. Her did ye flee unfed, ye birds, wheeling round with nocturnal clamour, and ravening dogs, they say, and wolves in terror upon her, dry-mouthed.

[627] "But against the unhappy youths the Delian rises up fierce at the doom of his slain avengeress, and seated on the shady top of twin-peaked Parnassus with relentless bow he cruelly scatters shafts that bring pestilence, and withers beneath a misty shroud the fields and dwellings of the Cyclopes. Pleasant lives droop and fail, Death with his sword cuts through the Sisters' threads, and hurries the stricken city to the shades. Our leader then inquiring what the cause may be, what is this baleful fire from heaven, why Sirius reigns throughout the whole year, the word of the same god Paeon [or "Poina"] brings command, to sacrifice to the blood-stained monster those youths that caused her death. O valour heaven-blest! O worth that will merit a long age of fame! No base craven thou to hide thy devoted deed, or shun in fear a certain death! Unabashed he stood on the threshold of Cirrha's temple, and with these words

gives fierce utterance to his sacred rage: `Not sent by any, nor suppliant, O Thymbraean, do I approach thy shrine: duly and consciousness of right have turned my steps this way. I am he, O Phoebus, who laid low thy deadly scourge, I am he whom thou, ruthless one, dost seek out by poison-cloud, and the light of day defiled, and the black corruption of a baleful heaven. But even if raging monsters be so dear to the gods above, and the destruction of men a cheaper loss to the world, and heaven be so stern and pitiless, in what have the Argives sinned? My life, my life alone, most righteous of the gods, should be offered to the fates! Or is it more soothing to thy heart that thou seest homesteads desolate, and the countryside lit up by the burning roofs of husbandmen? But why by speaking do I delay the weapons of thy might? our mothers are waiting, and the last prayers for me are being uttered. Enough: I have deserved that thou should'st be merciless. Bring then thy quiver, and stretch thy sounding bow, and send a noble soul to death! but, even while I die, dispel the gathered mist that form on high hangs pallid over Inachian Argos.'

[661] "Equity hath regard for the deserving. Awe of slaughter took hold on Leto's fiery son, and yielding he grants the [self-sacrificing] hero the sad boon of [losing his] life; the deadly clouds fly scattering from our heaven, while thou, thy prayer heard, departest from marvelling Phoebus' door...

The above taken from:

<https://www.theoi.com/Text/StaiusThebaidI.html>

For another translation, see:

https://www.poetryintranslation.com/PITBR/Latin/StaiusThebaidI.php#anchor_Toc337135253

~~~~~\*~~~~~

~ clip from "Island of Lost Men" (1939) with J. Carrol Naish, one of the true, and much underrated, movie greats.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vF3XmNoPIU8>

[""ISLAND OF LOST MEN" (1939) - FINALE with J. Carrol Naish"]

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[Posted on Face Book]

From *Harper's Weekly*, Feb. 28, 1908.



THE FAIRY MAGIC OF A CITY'S NIGHT

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[Posted on Face Book]

(At a mere three minutes) There, now that wasn't so very hard, was it?

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MTSD-W8Jisc>

["Immanuel Kant: Critique of Pure Reason - Summary and Analysis of the Transcendental Aesthetic" – quick summary of Kantian definitions of categories of knowledge, The Rugged Pyrrhus YT channel]

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See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jml39FZ4yng>

["Borodin "Polovtsian Dances" from the opera "Prince Igor" Only children choir" -
College Symphony Orchestra
Consolidated Choir of the Children's Music School
Head Zoya GROSHENKOVA
Conductor - Honored Artist of the Russian Federation Vladimir RYZHAEV]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Having therefore undertaken the office of explaining the truth, I did not think it so necessary to take my commencement from that inquiry which naturally seems the first, whether there is a providence which consults for all things, or all things were either made or are governed by chance; which sentiment was introduced by Democritus, and confirmed by Epicurus. But before them, what did Protagoras effect, who raised doubts respecting the gods; or Diagoras afterwards, who excluded them; and some others, who did not hold the existence of gods, except that there was supposed to be no providence? These, however, were most vigorously opposed by the other philosophers, and especially by the Stoics, who taught that the universe could neither have been made without divine intelligence, nor continue to exist unless it were governed by the highest intelligence. But even Marcus Tullius, although he was a defender of the Academic system, discussed at length and on many occasions respecting the providence which governs affairs, confirming the arguments of the Stoics, and himself adducing many new ones; and this he does both in all the books of his own philosophy, and especially in those which treat of the nature of the gods...

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [\*Divine Institutes\* \(Book I, ch. 2\)](#)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

He's SUPPOSED to be an interesting and attractive person; indeed a kind of celebrity.

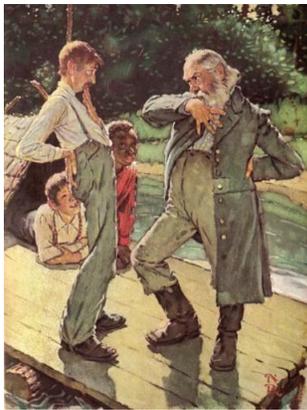
But I don't understand. Why would an interesting and attractive person (and who isn't acting in the capacity of, say, someone like a legitimate police officer) need to force himself on others and prevent them from freely communicating?

But then all things are possible to those who are dishonest, delusional, and highly irrational.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

A "HEADS UP" for today.

Think of professional criminal spirit people as much like the Dauphin and Duke in Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*; i.e., persons eminently qualified and expert at taking in and swindling dumb people into thinking that they are royalty and arbiters of all our greater affairs and matters.



~ above pic from an illustration by Norman Rockwell.

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[Posted on Face Book]

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iPmon1BmZyU>

["Happy Days Are Here Again" - Mitch Miller]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

...And so greatly did the name and authority of the truth prevail with them [men of learning], that they proclaimed that the reward of the greatest good was contained in it. But they did not obtain the object of their wish, and at the same time lost their labour and industry; because the truth, that is the secret of the Most High God, who created all things, cannot be attained by our own ability and perceptions. Otherwise there would be no difference between God and man, if human thought could reach to the counsels and arrangements of that eternal majesty. And because it was impossible that the divine method of procedure should become known to man by his own efforts, God did not suffer man any longer to err in search of the light of wisdom, and to wander through inextricable darkness without any result of his labour, but at length opened his eyes, and made the investigation of the truth His own gift, so that He might show the nothingness of human wisdom, and point out to man wandering in error the way of obtaining immortality.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book I, preface\)](#)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

[Posted on Face Book]

Every now and then some good music gets buried away in a PC game. Case in point.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2q4IvhSKw8o>

["Theme music for Starships Unlimited (2001)" - music by Eric Pearson]

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[Posted on Face Book]

LONG before Disneyland, there was the 1904 St. Louis World's Fair grounds. ABSOLUTELY AMAZING.

See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9FgTEVhEW\\_Y](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9FgTEVhEW_Y)

["ST LOUIS WORLD FAIR 1904" - Bill Kendall channel]

And here (in a separate video) is how the area looks today:

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nKNQzIMb5e8>

["1904 St. Louis Worlds Fair Then and Now ☺ "]

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...And so greatly did the name and authority of the truth prevail with them [men of learning], that they proclaimed that the reward of the greatest good was contained in it. But they did not obtain the object of their wish, and at the same time lost their labour and industry; because the truth, that is the secret of the Most High God, who created all things, cannot be attained by our own ability and perceptions. Otherwise there would be no difference between God and man, if human thought could reach to the counsels and arrangements of that eternal majesty. And because it was impossible that the divine method of procedure should become known to man by his own efforts, God did not suffer man any longer to err in search of the light of wisdom, and to wander through inextricable darkness without any result of his labour, but at length opened his eyes, and made the investigation of the truth His own gift, so that He might show the nothingness of human wisdom, and point out to man wandering in error the way of obtaining immortality.
~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book I, preface\)](#)

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OEDIPUS [addressing Theseus, king of Athens]:

Dearest son of Aegeus, only gods  
are never troubled by old age and death.  
All other things are finally destroyed  
by all-conquering Time. The power of Earth  
passes away, the body's strength withers, [610]  
loyalty perishes, distrust appears,  
and between one city and another,  
just as between good friends, relationships  
never remain the same. Sooner or later  
pleasant concord turns to bitter hatred  
and then hatred, once again, to friendship.  
So if today between yourself and Thebes  
the sun is shining bright and all is well,  
the endless passage of infinite Time  
engenders innumerable days and nights,  
and in that time some trivial reason  
will persuade them to shatter with their spears [620]  
whatever treaties you now have between you...  
~ Sophocles [5th century B.C.], from "Oedipus at Colonus," translated by Ian Johnston.

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for the full text in .pdf, see:  
<http://johnstoniatexts.x10host.com/sophocles/oedipusatcolonuspdf.pdf>

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I myself got an especial thrill and enjoyment when, in elementary school, I first read Bram Stoker's *Dracula*. However, like so many things, once the novelty and surprise has been experienced, the second time around trying to relive the same is rarely or never quite the same. Although, for whatever reason one might ascribe, "Classics Illustrated" had versions of the novels *Frankenstein*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, they did not have one for *Dracula*. However, in 1976, Marvel Comics put out an excellent and reasonably authentic rendering that makes a nice substitute for reading the 350+ page original (in fine print), but which is unfortunately rare and not so easy to get a hold of. For any then who might be interested, here it is (zipped) in .cbr format:

https://drive.google.com/file/d/1w5J5EI99sj3xeP7iahdWpEfNcwfS5gGu/view?usp=share_link

If you need a free .cbr reader, one to go with is: [CDisplay](#)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

[Posted on Face Book]

Ah yes, here, I found it...  
The secret behind the success of "YouTube Kids" ...  
the [Paul] Allen Institute for Brain Science

See: <https://alleninstitute.org/>

~~~~~\*~~~~~

[Posted on Face Book]

Now THAT"S more like it..

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PZ4sgNkbLoA>

["THE CIRCUS GIRL - musical comedy selections (1896) Ivan Caryl & Lionel Monckton"]

Originally featuring Mabelle Gillman. :)



~~~~~\*~~~~~

Is there anything MORE scary than "YouTube Kids?" (This is about the best version of the Muffin Man song I could find there.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AyqQdGAYWUU>

["Do You Know The Muffin Man Song Lyrics - Sing Along for Kids"]

Personally, I like the old "Dan Fast Muffler Man" ad version:

"If your car sounds like an old tin can,  
Take it to the Muffler Man,  
Then you'll know the Muffler Man,  
Dan Fast...is his name."

~~~~~\*~~~~~

11. Lastly, if the gods drive away sorrow and grief, if they bestow joy and pleasure, how are there in the world so many and so wretched men, whence come so many unhappy ones, who lead a life of tears in the meanest condition? Why are not those free from calamity who every moment, every instant, load and heap up the altars with sacrifices? Do we not see that some of them, say the learned, are the seats of diseases, the light of their eyes quenched, and their ears stopped, that they cannot move with their feet, that they live mere trunks without the use of their hands, that they are swallowed up, overwhelmed, and destroyed by conflagrations, shipwrecks, and disasters; that, having been stripped of immense fortunes, they support themselves by labouring for hire, and beg for alms at last; treat they are exiled, proscribed, always in the midst of sorrow, overcome by the loss of children, and harassed by other misfortunes, the kinds and forms of which no enumeration can comprehend? But assuredly this would not occur if the gods, who had been laid under obligation, were able to ward off, to turn aside, those evils from those who merited this favour. But now, because in these mishaps there is no room for the interference of the gods, but all things are brought about by inevitable necessity, the appointed course of events goes on and accomplishes that which has been once determined.

~ Arnobius (c.284-c.305), [*Against the Heathen \(Book VII\)*](#)

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[In response to:]

"Humanity May Reach Singularity Within Just 7 Years, Trend Shows"

<https://www.yahoo.com/lifestyle/humanity-may-reach-singularity-within-222900100.html>

For many years now, going at least as far back as "2001: A Space Odyssey," you get this touting from less than rational persons that AI, or artificial intelligence, is on its way to taking over the world. The idea ostensibly being one of "Get scared everybody! There's more fear to come!"

While there is no denying the extraordinary ability of some AI to outdo ordinary human intelligence, say for example in a game of chess, the idea that AI can or will take over the human race is patently and irretrievably false and ridiculous. The reason for this is that no statement and assertion can be made without a HUMAN value judgment (i.e., that which is designated "good" or desirable, versus "not good" or not desirable) being first assumed, or, in the case of a machine, planted into it. Machines of themselves cannot independently assign such values; therefore AI overriding human intelligence is only possible in the case of herd animals and or very dumb and stupid people; that is to say those who cannot think independently of others' semi-rational, dogmatical and authoritarian say-so in the first place.

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[Posted on Face Book]

(no video here; audio only.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zML8Hi5tSp8>

["Lost is my Quiet" - Purcell duet with Rebecca Beasley and David Grogan, from an SAI benefit concert at UT Arlington in 2011.]

And another nice version (while we're at it.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Xo3xQKIndT0>

["Matthew & Katie ~ Lost is My Quiet Forever"]

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[Posted at the Lee's Legion page on Face Book]

We usually think of historical personages in their hey-day, but, like everyone else, if they didn't happen to die young, some grew to be old; not infrequently even long outliving that era in which they were most famous or near famous. Such, for instance, was the case with Knickerbocker author, magazine editor and poet Charles Fenno Hoffman (1806-1884).

His father was Josiah Ogden Hoffman (1766-1837), a prominent and highly respected New York city lawyer, and later judge; at whose offices Washington Irving for a time studied for the law (that is before and shortly afterward giving it up and becoming an author by profession.) By a first wife, Judge Hoffman had a daughter Matilda (1791-1809) and who became what is generally recognized as bachelor Irving's life-long love interest, but who died at the young age of 18 in 1809. Matilda's brother was Ogden Hoffman, and who became a United States Congressman.

Charles Fenno Hoffman was one of the offspring of Judge Hoffman's second wife. When a child, a leg of his had to be amputated as the result of a boating accident; thereafter he went through life wearing a replacement wooden one.

As an adult, he took up a literary career, became a magazine editor of several periodicals, wrote one novel and some American west travel books, but was most noted as a poet.

Sometime in 1849, he suffered a bout of insanity. He recovered, then briefly worked for the U.S. State department, before having a permanent relapse; when he was committed for the rest of his life to an asylum in Harrisburg, Penn. Many years later, the following little piece appeared in *Harper's Weekly* for 10 March 1883:

"CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN

"A reference in the *Easy Chair* of Harper's Magazine to Charles Fenno Hoffman, a charming literary figure of forty years ago in New York, and the founder of the old *Knickerbocker Magazine*, has drawn from a correspondent at Harrisburg in Pennsylvania, a touching glimpse of the author whose career was so early and sadly clouded, but who is living still:

"He has been for many years, and is now — or was very recently — in the State Lunatic Hospital near this city. I used to see him quite often there. His insanity is of a harmless kind, I believe, and consists in the illusion that the air is full of spirits in actual bodily existence, and that they approach him as if to hurt him. He is free to go where he likes at most times, I understand, and does go off without an attendant, always into the country, avoiding people and roads, and in all weather. He is fully of middle height; his hair is grizzled, and rather long and straggling; his face and form are spare; his eyes bright and keen, but wandering; his figure erect; and his physical health strong. He is a striking and bizarre figure, striding along, a fur cap on his head, and a stout stick in his hand, with which he continually makes passes into the air to ward off the spirits when they approach too near. His wooden leg — or rather stump — does not seem to hinder his going anywhere. He returns of himself at night, and seems perfectly content. He has intervals of comparative lucidity, and is then a most interesting talker.'

"Mr. Hoffman is now seventy-seven years old, and he is probably unknown to the new generation of readers. But the manliness of his character, the brightness of his mind, and his literary skill made him one of the most delightful writers of the *Knickerbocker* school."

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While it has its moments and occasional strokes of genuine feeling and inspiration, most of Hoffman's poetry is frankly not all that catching or especially memorable. However, going through his collected poems, I did at least find two that, for me at any rate, "did the trick," and for and in his memory on this occasion I think worth reproducing.

#### THE STREAMLET

How silently yon streamlet slides  
From out the twilight-shaded bowers!  
How, soft as sleep, it onward glides  
In sunshine through its dreaming flowers.

That tranquil wave, now turn'd to gold  
Beneath the slowly westering sun,  
It is the same, far on the wold,  
Whose foam this morn we gazed upon.

The leaden sky, the barren waste,  
The torrent we this morning knew,  
How changed are all! as now we haste  
To bid them, with the day, adieu!

Ah! thus should life and love at last  
Grow bright and sweet when death is near:  
May we, our course of trial pass'd,  
Thus bathed in beauty glide from here!

>>>>>>>>>>

#### THE BLIGHTED HEART

When the flowers of Friendship or Love have decayed  
In the heart that has trusted and once been betray'd,  
No sunshine of kindness their bloom can restore.  
For the verdure of feeling will quicken no more!

Hope, cheated too often when life's in its spring,  
From the bosom that nursed it for ever takes wing;  
And memory comes, as its promises fade,  
To brood o'er the havoc that passion has made,—

As 'tis said that the swallow the tenement leaves  
Where ruin endangers her nest in the eaves.  
While the desolate owl takes her place on the wall,  
And builds in the mansion that nods to its fall.

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When I first watched "Outcasts of Polker Flat" (1952) some two years ago, I was not all THAT taken by it. On the perhaps downside, it is an odd and quirky take-off on the Bret Harte original, and the script, or 3/4s of it anyway, is better suited for a stage play than a movie. But on a second viewing, I experienced something very different. For one thing, the 71 year old performances by Dale Robertson, Anne, Baxter , and Cameron Mitchell are so intense and dynamic that the film has this distinctly eerie quality; as if it had been made just yesterday. In addition, the story has a subtle or hidden religious message, which IF BY CHANCE you have the time to view the film, see if you can spot the same. Hint: Oakhurst - the non violent hero, Cal - humanity or the person caught in the middle, Ryker - the very devil.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5b0a6CwB6ic&t=4s>

["1952 The Outcasts of Poker Flat Dale Robertson; Anne Baxteer"]

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[The ox continues his address to Jupiter] "...Is it not one breath of life which sways both them [i.e., humans] and me? Do I not respire and see, and am I not affected by the other senses just as they are? They have livers, lungs, hearts, intestines, bellies; and do not I have as many members? They love their young, and come together to beget children; and do not I both take care to procure offspring, and delight in it when it has been begotten? But they have reason, and utter articulate sounds; and how do they know whether I do what I do for my own reasons, and whether that sound which I give forth is my kind of words, and is understood by us alone? Ask piety whether it is more just that I should be slain, that I should be killed, or that man should be pardoned and be safe from punishment for what he has done? Who formed iron into a sword? Was it not man? Who brought disaster upon races; who imposed slavery upon nations? Was it not man? Who mixed deadly draughts, and gave them to his parents, brothers, wives, friends? Was it not man? Who found out or devised so many forms of wickedness, that they can hardly be related in ten thousand chronicles of years, or even of days? Was it not man? Is not this, then, cruel, monstrous, and savage? Does it not seem to you, O Jupiter, unjust and barbarous that I should be killed, that I should be slain, that you may be soothed, and the guilty find impunity? "

~ Arnobius (c.284-c.305), [\*Against the Heathen \(Book VII\)\*](#)

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I am NOT kidding. There is a real person like this. (Indeed spirit person as well as regular person versions). He takes himself SO seriously, yet this sort of character is a TOTAL JOKE. When then will we ever finally get to read his biography, know who he is, where he comes from, and how it is he thought himself worthy of appropriating to himself such a role in our lives?



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Makes such a great idea and theme for a poem, don't you think? Unfortunately (however) someone already used it.



"Hold Until Relieved..."

James 1:12 Blessed is the one who perseveres under trial because, having stood the test, that person will receive the crown of life that the Lord has promised to those who love him.

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9. So, if some ox, or any animal you please, which is slain to mitigate and appease the fury of the deities, were to take a man's voice and speak these words: "Is this, then, O Jupiter, or whatever god you are, humane or right, or should it be considered at all just, that when another has sinned I should be killed, and that you should allow satisfaction to be made to you with my blood, although I never did you wrong, never wittingly or unwittingly did violence to your divinity and majesty, being, as you know, a dumb creature, not departing from the simplicity of my nature, nor inclined to be fickle in my manners? Did I ever celebrate your games with too little reverence and care? Did I drag forward a dancer so that your deity was offended? Did I swear falsely by you? Did I sacrilegiously steal your property and plunder your temples? Did I uproot the most sacred groves, or pollute and profane some hallowed places by rounding private houses? What, then, is the reason that the crime of another is atoned for with my blood, and that my life and innocence are made to pay for wickedness with which I have nothing to do? Is it because I am a base creature, and am not possessed of reason and wisdom, as these declare who call themselves men, and by their ferocity make themselves beasts? Did not the same nature both beget and form me from the same beginnings?..."

~ Arnobius (c.284-c.305), [Against the Heathen \(Book VII\)](#)

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Dream productions circa 1983 (and pre-Freddie Kruger as well.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-qQBxkYaSHA>

["Brainstorm (1983) Psychotic Episode HD Natalie Wood, Christopher Walken, Louise Fletcher"]

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The TRUE story (of supernatural dealings) can NOW be told!

...as found in "Startling Terror" no. 13 from 1952, here re-produced in .pdf, see:

https://drive.google.com/file/d/1cFYPF1VzUMidFnKDuseOVb2Me64w4Kw1/view?usp=share_link

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From *Harper's Weekly*, Jan. 12, 1901.



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2. Who are the true gods? You say. To answer you in common and simple language, we do not know; for how can we know who those are whom we have never seen? We have been accustomed to hear from you that an infinite number are gods, and are reckoned among the deities; but if these exist anywhere, and are true gods, as Terentius believes, it follows as a consequence, that they correspond to their name; that is, that they are such as we all see that they should be, and that they are worthy to be called by this name; nay, more—to make an end without many words—that they are such as is the Lord of the universe, and the King omnipotent Himself, whom we have knowledge and understanding enough to speak of as the true God when we are led to mention His name. For one god differs from another in nothing as respects his divinity; nor can that which is one in kind be less or more in its parts while its own qualities remain unchanged. Now, as this is certain, it follows that they should never have been begotten, but should be immortal, seeking nothing from without, and not drawing any earthly pleasures from the resources of matter.

~ Arnobius (c.284-c.305), [Against the Heathen \(Book VII\)](#)

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