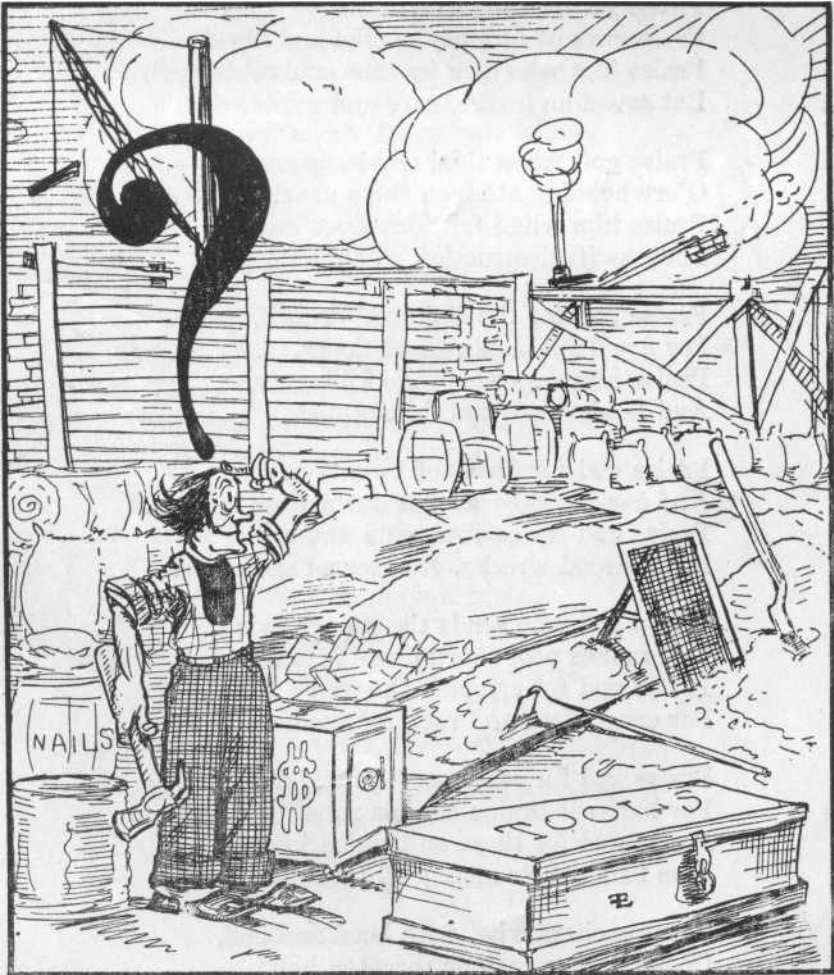


Ten cents a copy

The **ATHEIST**

and other Poems



"What kind of a god shall I make?"

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THE NEW DOXOLOGY

Praise god from whom all cyclones blow,
 Praise him when rivers overflow,
 Praise him who whirls down house and steeple,
 Who sinks the ship and drowns the people.

Praise god for dreadful Johnstown flood,
 For scenes of famine, plague and blood.
 Praise him who men by thousands drowned,
 But saved an image, safe and sound!

Praise god when tidal waves do come,
 O'erwhelming staunch ships nearing home.
 Praise him when fell tornadoes sweep
 Their swift destruction o'er the deep.

Praise god for the Dakotas' drouth,
 For fire fiend in West and South.
 Praise him who sends the killing frost,
 And Louisville's awful holocaust.

Praise god for floods of twenty-seven,
 And earthquakes sent us down from heaven.
 Praise god for sorrow, pain and woe,
 For railroad wrecks, for storms and snow.

Praise god who sends the cancer pain,
 And makes poor mortal men insane.
 Praise god for crippled children's bones,
 For cruel birth and racking moans.

Praise god for morons, fools and dubs,
 For half-wit brains no idea rubs.
 Praise god for those on bended knee,
 Who bring their money all to ME.

For preachers who, with hood and bell,
 Demand your cash or threaten hell.
 Praise god for strife, for war, and then,
 Let all men cry aloud, AMEN!



The **ATHEIST**

By JOHN J. QUAN

I am, indeed, an Atheist,
Which every one should be,
Who from religion's falsehoods wants
Forever to be free.

Whoever thinks there is a "God"
Must be immensely dense;
For seeing that there's no such thing,
One needs but common sense.

When priests in ages past the myth
That they called "God" had made,
They then the cornerstone for all
The priestly lies had laid.

They then could say, this mythic "God"
Made heaven and the earth,
The sun and moon and stars, and then
Gave living things their birth.

They then could say, this fabled "God"
Made herbs and fruits to grow,---
Made snakes and apples, so that man
Might good and evil know.

They then could say, this myth called "God"
All things on earth can do,
And simply make all folks believe,
That what they say is true.

They then could talk of "God" and "Christ,"
And of the "Holy Ghost,"
And of the "angels," and the "saints,"
That "heaven's" mythic host.

They then could tell more foolish lies,
That could be mentioned here,
As miracles and prophecies,
The faithful hold so dear.

They then could say the fabled "hell"
Their mythic "God" had made
For those who would not gulp their lies,
And e'er be unafraid.

But those who gulp such lies will dance
In slippers made of gold,
On golden floors above the clouds,
And play the harp, they're told.

And then the priests would torture those
Who'd not believe, to death,
Who begged for pity of these priests,
Up to their final breath.

For Roman popish clergymen,
And Protestant as well,
Have killed the noblest folk, then sent
Them to the fabled "hell."

And hence the Atheists are those
The clergy can not fool,
And, with their supernatural lies,
They ne'er, no ne'er can rule!

Hence, down, then, with the clergymen,
And with their fables all,
About their "Trinity," "imps," "hell,"
"Saints," "angels," "heaven," "fall,"

And with their immortality---
That most absurd of lies,
Which clergy ever preach about,
But nature all denies.

I'm glad I am an Atheist,
Which every one should be,
To counteract religion's lies,
And thus be truly free!

AND OTHER POEMS

THINGS THAT GOD MADE

By D. M. COSSABOOM

God made in six days all the things that we see,
The nits and the lice and the busy bumblebee.
God made the foolish and also the wise,
And the pearly gates way up in the skies.
God made the dogs to bark and to bite,
And the bears and the lions to quarrel and fight.
God made the skunks and the rats and the mice,
And then called them good and sweet and nice
God made the large fish to eat up the small;
And I think it's not right at all, at all.
God made the cruel spider to trap the poor fly,
And the dear little thing is predestined to die.
God made me from the dust of the earth,
And cursed me, yes, even before my own birth.
God made the heat and also the cold,
And all the bad things that we now do behold.
God said, "Come, let us make a man Jew."
Can any one tell whom he was talking to?
God made a spook heaven up in the blue skies
For all of the fools who believe in his lies.
He also made hell in the depths of the earth,
Where of fresh, cooling water there's quite a'big dearth.
He created the devil to tempt us to sin,
The sea and the land, also all that's therein.
God made the black powder to blow us to hell,
And we get right in without ringing the bell.
His hell is a fake and that we all know,
So we should worry down here below!
God made the big whale and the snake in the grass,
The bed bug and weevil, the lowly jackass.
God made the earthquake and the long rolling thunder,
As much as to say, "Please get out from in under!"
God made the bible, that blessed book,
And holy ghost; that famous spook.
The bible is lies from cover to cover,
And I am the lad who made the "discover"!

CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION

By L. B. G. M.

Athwart the path of time and change,
 There darts in blood-bespattered robe,
 A hag, whose mocking voice doth range
 Throughout the nations of the globe.
 From the dark sockets of her eyes
 Peer forth the millions she has slain;
 Her breath is laden with their sighs,
 The wail of terror, groans and pain.

Those dents upon her hairless skull
 Are marks of challenge by the few
 Who barred her way with weapons dull,
 As she her tens of millions slew.
 Heads bow to her, knees bend to her,
 With outstretched hands, they plead in vain;
 The mind of each idolater
 She binds in stupor with her chain.

Her victims die while yet they live---
 Her touch the doom of seer and sage.
 The stake and gibbet, hers to give,
 Do cloy and vent her lust and rage.
 Armies obey her, nations cringe;
 To shun her wrath, men welcome death,
 Her flames the martyrs sear and singe,
 Or groaning rack attests their faith.

This monstrous ghost of ignorance,
 For aye and evermore the same,
 Begot of malice, spite and chance---
 Christianity her dubious name.
 How long, O specter, feared and dread,
 From out the precincts of the night,
 Shall you your net of darkness spread,
 And cast your devastating blight?



THE EVOLUTION OF A D.D.

By BEN ELLIS

The Monkey and the Donkey were out for a walk,
 Said the Monk to the Donk, "They tell me you talk".
 "Oh yes," said the Donkey, "I crne from an Ass,
 And Balaam's Ass talked, though he didn't say Mass."

Now when a sky pilot a title aspires,
 He finds a small college and pulls the guy wires,
 They give him two D's at the end of his name,
 These get him more dough in his holy bunk game.

He has no more brains than a newly born calf,
 But he flaunts those two D's till you have to laugh.
 A title before and a title behind,
 He thinks he's some pumpkins---he is---he's the rind.

He spreads out his arms and says, "Now we will pray".
 He does make a noise---a sort of a bray.
 You wish me to tell you what means his D. D.?
 It means he's a Distinguished Donkey, you see.

MONKEY BUSINESS

By JIM SEYMOUR

Afar in the heart of a tropical land,
 Where bounties of nature are many,
 Resided a fortunate simian band
 That lived without spending a penny;
 Abundantly coconuts grew on the trees
 And all could be had for the taking:
 Quite often their dinner was picked by the breeze.,
 It saving the monkeys the shaking.

For years they had lived in their well-to-do way,
 Nor dreamed of a different arrangement,
 Till pot-bellied Jocko addressed them one day
 And instantly caused an estrangement:
 He said, "I've been doing some thinking of late
 And records and deeds have inspected--
 These lands were my ancestors' private estate
 And property must be respected.

"In view of the fact that the trees are all mine,
 On shares we will work them hereafter;
 Of coconuts you will get two out of nine--
 The rest are for Jocko the grafter.
 I know not exactly what GRAFTER may mean,
 But up in the Two-legged nation
 I hear that they have them--tomorrow you steen
 I'll start on your civilization."

But tho he had cited a precedent grand
 He met with the others' objection:
 They said, "It may go in the Two-legged land
 But here it will cause insurrection.
 We know our descendant called man is afraid
 To strive to be more than a flunkey,
 But tho of the workingmen monkeys are made,
 You can't make a man of a monkey. "

CHRISTIANS AT WAR

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Onward, christian soldiers, duty's way is plain---
 Slay your christian neighbors, or by them be slain!
 Pulpiteers are spouting effervescent swill,
 God above is calling you to rob and rape and kill.
 All your acts are sanctified by the lamb on high;
 If you love the holy ghost, go murder, pray and die.

Onward, christian soldiers, rip and tear and smite;
 Let the gentle Jesus bless your dynamite.
 Splinter skulls with shrapnel, fertilize the sod--
 Folks who do not speak your tongue deserve the curse of god.
 Smash the doors of every home, pretty maidens seize,
 Use your might and sacred right to treat them as you please.

Onward, christian soldiers; eat and drink your fill;
 Rob with bloody fingers---Christ O. K.'s the bill.
 Steal the farmer's savings; take his grain and meat--
 Even though his children starve, the savior's bums must eat.
 Burn the peasants' cottages, orphans leave bereft;
 In Jehovah's holy name, spread ruin right and left.

Onward, christian soldiers, drench the land with gore;
 Mercy is a weakness all the gods abhor.
 Bayonet the babies; jab the mothers too;
 Hoist the cross of Calvary to hallow all you do.
 File your bullets' noses flat, poison every well.
 God decrees your enemies must all go plumb to hell.

Onward, christian soldiers, blighting all you meet,
 Trampling human freedom under pious feet.
 Praise the lord whose dollar sign doth dupe his favored race,
 Make the foreign trash respect the bullion brand of Grace.
 Trust in mock salvation, serve as pirates' tools---
 History will label you: "That pack of g-d d----d fools!"

A NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM

By CAPT. W. E. FRENCH, U. S. A.

Look! there's a child in the fields at play---
Fetter it quickly, drag it away.
God! Don't you know we must make it pay?
Hasten, lest onward the youthful feet stray
Into the open door of the school,
For we must keep it a fool, a tool,
Lest it discover our manly game---
Coining a girl's toil, minting her shame,
Crushing the manhood out of a boy,
Turning to sadness the children's joy.
Seize it while young, ere it learns the truth;
Crush out its beauty, its strength and its youth.
Put it to work at the spindle and loom;
Fade the red rose of its baby bloom.
Smother its life in the vile sweat-shop room,
Bury it down in the mine's dark tomb.
Fit it for fate of the brothel's dread doom,
'Twas marked for toil from its mother's womb.
Drag it away from the mother breast;
Snatch it away from its loved home nest,
Starve it and maim it and break its heart,
But force it to labor in mine and mart,
Until each drop of its childish blood
Shall swell the tide of your golden flood.
Let Christians take their lawful toll,
In cash, for the sale of a baby's soul !
Herod, the monster, put babes to the sword!
Had he no mills that he could afford
To lose the profit on infant lives?
Had he no factories, shops or dives
Where he could work them until---until
He killed them slowly, as Christians kill?
We are a nation, free, great and strong,
Loving the right and hating the wrong,



"Suffer little children to come unto me---"

Dimming the light in sweet childhood's eyes;
 Deaf to the heartbreak in children's sighs;
 Stealing the food of the weak and small;
 Pushing the helpless to greed's cold wall;
 Paying a wage of disease and death
 In bastard coin of the white plague's breath.
 Mammon, we love thee and serve thee well !
 Hark to the toll of the passing bell---
 A babe is dead! Profit rings its knell!
 But fool, its produce we sell, sell, SELL!
 Dreading no vengeance from lives defiled
 Nor dying curse of a murdered child.

THE CHRISTIAN PLAN OF SALVATION

By DARIUS BARRY

They tell you if you lie and steal,
And every crime pursue;
If you will just repent at last,
Why Christ will put you through!

No matter what your crimes have been,
How long you have been sinnin',
In that great laundry which he runs
He'll wash your dirty linen.

He has no use for Castile soap
Or any patent scrub;
He has a method of his own---
He does it with his blood.

Religion, who can count her crimes,
The blood which she has shed?
She makes a slave of a man on earth,
Then damns him when he's dead.

The murderer who has shed man's blood
Will find in Christ a screen;
If he repents, he's better far
Than one whose hands are clean.

Religion and her lying priests,
Their threats I do defy!
As Mother Nature gave me life,
She'll teach me how to die.

And when the storms of life are past,
Its pleasure and its pain;
Their hangman fingers ne'er can move
My anchored bark again!



"Me Old Tune Religion"

THE EVOLUTION OF REASON

(Tune---The Old Time Religion)

By CLARA N. WILSON

Oh, give me the sense and the reason
 That were born in man here below,
 And I'll scatter the bunk of salvation,
 For it's facts that we all want to know.

Then tear from your mind all the fables
 That were written while earth still was square.
 And the gods will come tumbling from heaven;
 Even satan will meet 'em in the air.

Then together they'll fall as an idol,
 And never again shall they rise,
 For they've numbed man's brain and his senses,
 And they've put out both of his eyes.

Then come, you great theologians,
 Who know all the cunning of men;
 Why give us the trash of tradition,
 Take our cash and damn us even then.

Oh, give me a land full of freedom
 To think or to question or doubt,
 And I'll show you a world of invention
 And of facts we are soon to find out.



Eternal hell now



Eternal bliss hereafter

THOUGH THEY PROMISE

By B. L. WEBBER

Most every night, when the weather is right,
 On the corner of most any street,
 With bible in hand, the gospel sharps stand,
 Aroping in suckers they meet.

CHORUS

Though they promise you a heaven,
 Though they frighten you with hell,
 Though they promise wings and golden harps,
 And other things as well,
 Though they tell you that they'd like to
 Put a crown upon your head,
 They won't do a damned thing for you
 Till you're dead, dead, dead!

With tears in their eyes and sanctified sighs,
 They tell of a home up above;
 But here where we dwell, they have made it a hell,
 And still they dare sing of love! Chorus

For two thousand years, with crocodile tears,
 They've urged us to have faith and hope;
 But what man can live on what they have to give,
 For it's nothing but what you'd call dope. Chorus

HOLY MOSES

By W. B. GEORGE

When Moses was an infant,
 They put him in an ark.
 They covered him with rushes,
 And left him in the dark.
 (Exodus 2:3)

A princess was out walking,
 Beside her maid-in-chief.
 She spied the floating cradle
 Upon a marshy reef. (Ex. 2:5)

She sent the royal handmaid
 To get the weeping child;
 Took out adoption papers---
 The infant seemed so mild.
 (Exodus 2:10)

But when Mose grew to manhood
 He wasn't near so mild.
 In fact, he had the swell-head,
 And got old Pharaoh riled.

Appointed business agent
 And leader of the Jews,
 To free the chosen people,
 God's power he had to use.
 (Exodus 3:10)

Why he was "Holy Moses",
 Why he was "Holy Mose",
 Why Moses was so holy,
 The Lord, he only knows.

He looked this way and that way,
 And when he saw no man,
 He murdered an Egyptian,
 And hid him in the sand.
 (Exodus 2:12)

And then he fled from justice,
 For forty years or so,
 And wed an Ethiopian,
 As black as any crow.
 (Numbers 12:1)

But christians find no fault with
 him
 Or any of his kind;
 For the bible means to show us
 That Mose was color blind!

And when they came to Canaan,
 Mose found two slabs of stone,
 On which god wrote in Yiddish
 Just what he wanted done.
 (Exodus 31:18)

Mose saw his hind parts only---
 A marvelous sight to see;
 It made a great impression
 On Mose, you'll all agree.
 (Exodus 33:23)

Then Moses died---no wonder---
 They laid him right away
 On Nebo's lonely mountain:
 He lies there yet today!
 (Deuteronomy 34:6)

He blessed the chosen people
 With his expiring breath;
 Then wrote a thrilling story
 About his pious death.
 (Deuteronomy 34:5)

To get a first-class feather,
 He plucked an angel's wing;
 And I'll say this for Moses---
 He set down everything.



THE HOLY BIBLE

Arrogance---forgery---lies---

Arson and rapine and fraud;
Tyranny, terror and spies---

This is the book of god.

Heroes who trade in their wives,
Prophets who poison and cheat,
Slay their own children with
knives,

And marry the She of the
street.

Lust and slaughter its song,

Hate for the noble and true,

Theft and murder and wrong:

The book of the god of the Jew.

WHEN

By BEN ELLIS

(Tune America)

My Country, 'tis of Thee,

Land of famed bigotry,

From sea to sea;

Land where the preacher brays,

Howls much about our ways,

Sells bunk because it pays,

His church tax free.

When will the people wake,

And see their sad mistake---

This Holy Gas?

Why do so many drink,

"Bootleg" and never think,

Then with a knowing wink,

Attend their Mass?

Is there a god above,

A god the christians love?

Is he so wise?

The preacher says there is---

Of course, for that's his biz,

He's careful to get his,

Oh, how he lies!

STANZAS

When a man hath no freedom to fight for at home,

Let him combat for that of his neighbors;

Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,

And get knocked on the head for his labors.

To do good to mankind is the chivalrous plan,

And is always as nobly requited;

Then battle for freedom wherever you can,

And, if not shot or hanged, you'll get knighted.

November, 1820

LORD BYRON