

THE FREETHINKER.

REGISTERED FOR]

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.

A PIOUS MOUNTEBANK.

DR. TALMAGE is a great man, in his own opinion a very great man. He preaches in America, in a place which profane persons call "the Jabbernacle." They reckon that you hear more sound and less sense in that building than in any other in the United States. The great Talmage has a world-wide reputation. He visited England a year or two ago and lectured in our great towns. He also cleared out the exchequers of half the Young Men's Christian Associations in the country. There is no need for him to sing "Remember me." His sermons are published in religious journals here for the benefit of souls and of their "great circulation." Greater trash was hardly ever printed, but Talmage has a wonderful faculty for pouring out floods of sensational rhetoric, and this makes him popular. Metaphorically, he jumps, capers, stands on his head, and turns summersaults. He is one of the cleverest pulpit mountebanks in the world.

One of his recent efforts is called "The Nation at Prayer." His text is taken from the Second Book of Kings. It is the passage which relates how Hezekiah's boil was healed by a fig poultice prescribed by Dr. Jehovah. From this text he preaches a sermon on Prayer. Poor President Garfield being reported slightly better, Talmage spreads his pious wings, and crows over the physicians.

"Our afflicted United States President, in his sufferings, has been the anxiety of all Christendom for the last eight weeks. More recently attention was diverted from the wound by the assassin to the virulent swelling which resisted the poultice, and the danger which the doctors said was imminent, and the worst. Convalescence after convalescence, *relapse after relapse*, and last Saturday a week he was given up to die. All the six or seven surgeons decided that he must die. All the medical men throughout the United States, so far as heard from, declared that death was close at hand. All the newspapers said that soon the President would pass out of life. Those who had been most hopeful became despairing. Just in that darkest hour, in answer to the prayers that have been going up day and night from church and storehouse, from rail-train and ship's deck, from all the civilised nations of the earth, a change took place, and the symptoms of the patient are more promising now than at any time since the murderous revolver attempted its work. I rejoice with trembling, but I rejoice to believe that President Garfield will get well."

Carried away by his professional pride, he goes still farther and says: "Had it not been for the prayers of the Christian people of this country, I believe the leaden bullet of Guiteau would have completed its work seven weeks ago." *A fortnight after these words were uttered President Garfield was dead.* When Talmage wishes to do a little pious crowing again, he should remember the proverb "Never shout till you're out of the wood," or the advice of an American humorist, "Never prophesy unless ye know." Cock-sure Talmage could not wait. He was in a great hurry, like the people who rush in where angels dare to tread. He identifies the Almighty with himself in argument, and makes both look silly together. His folly is only equalled by his "cheek."

Another recent effort of Talmage's is called "Bread." It is a sermon dealing with prayer and bad harvests. The preacher, who always has bread, and jam too, whether the harvest be good or bad, complains that other people haven't faith enough. They don't believe as they ought through thick and thin. Not one in five Christians, he says, really believes everything in the Bible. They try to soften its wonders instead of swallowing them hard. They even hesitate about Jonah, just as though God couldn't get him down the whale's throat if he chose to. The sceptics have got "enough oil out of that whale to light ten thousand souls to perdition." According to this sublime gospel, God

will send every man to hell who doesn't believe that a fish swallowed a man, housed him in its stomach for three days, and turned him out at last safe and sound on dry land. If Talmage's God really makes our salvation or damnation depend on our belief or disbelief in such a vulgar absurdity, he himself deserves to go to hell more than the vilest criminal that ever lived.

After this Talmage makes a mad plunge into physics. The Rationalist, he says, believes in the eternity of matter, but the geologist has come and shown that "the earth was gradually made." We should like to know the name of any geologist who asserts that the earth was *made*. And how does the gradual formation of worlds in the mighty alembic of Nature show that matter is *not* eternal? The substance of the universe continues the same through all phenomenal changes. The ultimate product of any process is only a new fashion of the old material. The many change and pass but the one remains. If Talmage lived in London we should advise him to attend Dr. Aveling's classes at the Hall of Science, and take some lessons in elementary chemistry and geology.

Don't accept the gospel of Theodore Parker, or the gospel of John Stuart Mill, or the gospel of Darwin, but cling to the faith of your dear old father and mother. So says Talmage. He has "an infallible Bible, a supernatural religion, a divine Christ, in whom all the world must be saved or lost." About this, he very justly observes, "no elaborate thinking is necessary." It is suitable even to idiots. Elaborate thinking would kill it, by showing that the "infallible Bible" not only contradicts science but even itself; that the "supernatural religion" is derived from human sources; and that the "divine Christ" has failed in nineteen centuries to convert a quarter of the world's inhabitants to his own way of thinking. Reason is useless, faith is the one thing needful. Fools have the most of that commodity, and they, as Carlyle says, are dreadfully numerous. This explains how Talmage and so many other pulpit mountebanks fatten and flourish. But why complain? There are sure to be sharpers while there are flats. Education and thought are the sole remedy for the quackeries and impostures of this world. The only true darkness is ignorance. More light, more light!

EARLY OPPONENTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

No. 1.—AQUILA.

OF this writer little is really known beyond the bare facts that he was a native of Sinope, a city in Pontus; that he embraced Christianity, which he subsequently rejected, and that in the reign of Hadrian (117—138) he published a Greek version of the Hebrew Scriptures.

Saint Epiphanius relates that he was a Greek who, being a connexion of the Emperor Hadrian, was appointed to superintend the erection of the City *Ælia Capitolina* on the site of Jerusalem. In this office he was brought into frequent contact with the disciples of the apostles, who converted and baptised him; but, as he slighted their injunctions by the practice of astrology, he was thrust out of the Christian Church. In revenge he became a Jewish proselyte, and made a Greek version of the Old Testament, endeavoring to strain all passages relative to the Messiah to bear a sense favorable to the Jews.

This account of the Christian father (himself a perverted Jew) has scarcely the appearance of truth. That a relative of the Emperor should show his resentment of expulsion from the insignificant Christian society by apostatising to the despised Jews seems little probable. Father Simon, in his "Critical History of the Old Testament," bk. ii., chap. 9, says: "Origen, speaking of Aquila's translation, affirms



that the Jews preferred it before all others and for this reason, they commonly made use of it in their disputes against the Christians. The Christians on the other side for the same reasons cried it down, and were in a manner obliged to look upon it as a false translation, made by one of the greatest enemies of the Church. It was impossible for the fathers to judge aright, because they, not understanding the Hebrew tongue, could not compare it with the original Hebrew." Aquila seems to have had a regard for accuracy at least, since he published a second and entirely revised version, which Origen admitted into his great critical work, "The Hexapla." Of these works we have only fragments remaining. They appear to have had notes and commentaries attached, and that they were considered dangerous to Christianity may be gathered from the fact that their reading was proscribed by the persecuting Christian Emperor Theodosius. On the whole, the meagre evidence in regard to Aquila seems to favor the Jewish account, which is that he was a Jew of Pontus, who early in life became a proselyte to Christianity, but, being convinced of the deceptions of the early Christians in regard to the Old Testament prophecies, etc., returned to Judaism, and executed a Greek version of the Scriptures, aided by his Rabbi Akiba.

It is noticeable that two other Greek versions of the Old Testament were translated by two further converts from early Christianity, Theodotion and Symmachus.

J. M. W.

A BISHOP IN ARMS.

MR. GEORGE BISHOP, a young gentleman who failed to make his mark on the Secular platform, and who quitted our party six years ago to try his luck in an easier and more profitable field, now appears as the Reverend George Bishop. What studies he has gone through in the interval, and with what intellectual result, we do not know. He is dubbed a reverend, and it is the duty of all good Christians to reverence him. We, however, not being of that ilk, are sceptical as to his new claim. He may, of course, conceal vast attainments in the private recesses of his mind, but we are obliged to judge from what we see, and we frankly confess that the Reverend George Bishop does not seem to us particularly remarkable either for learning or for talent. He has recently contributed an article to the *Shield of Faith* on "Secularist Buffoonery," and after carefully reading it we find that he has certainly not improved in *English*, in whatever other subjects he may have carried off prizes or honors. His style is extremely bald, his etymology is weak, and it would be difficult to conceive anything more ghastly than the feeble witticisms with which he occasionally tries to enliven his natural dulness.

Mr. Bishop (we cannot keep calling him Reverend) explains why he left the Secular party. He left it because he was disgusted with it, although, he allows, a considerable time elapsed between the birth of this feeling and his resolution to secede. It was, perhaps, during this interval that he accepted the present from some of his infidel friends of a new suit of clothes, in which he was soon afterwards converted.

Freethinkers, says Mr. Bishop, complained that his addresses "were not comic enough," an impertinence which he still resents. Mr. Bishop, indeed, never was witty, his mind not being quick and subtle enough. And he still labors under the old defect. He refers to "a picture, which might have been thought to be the editor's portrait, if he had not kindly told us that it was meant for Jonah." Now the said picture, which appeared in an early number of the *Freethinker*, included Jonah and the whale. Which of these suggested Mr. Foote's portrait, or was it both? Mr. Bishop's satire is too coarse. It lacks finish and even point. It is as vulgar as that of the village wit who boasted of having made a victim look small by calling him an ugly fool. Mr. Bishop should not challenge personal comparisons. Mr. Foote does not pretend to be an Apollo; but is Mr. Bishop a Hercules or an Adonis? The clerical vesture may do much, but it will not make Scrub look a hero. After Mr. Bishop's latest effort at irony, in the maturity of his intellect, the reader will easily understand how his "addresses were not found comic enough" six years ago.

Mr. Bishop dislikes our "Acid Drops" and "Sugar Plums." No doubt. They are not written to please Christians. He also complains of our styling a certain person "Butcher Varley." Why should we be described as "abusive" for

calling a man what he rejoices to call himself? Butcher Varley might have carried on his work in the slaughter-house or outside it without any notice from us, if he had not gratuitously slandered Mr. Bradlaugh and then declined to defend his statements, like a dirty boy who calls bad names round a corner and sneaks off when he spies the stick.

The Christians are dreadfully annoyed by *The Freethinker*. The *National Reformer*, they now say, after abusing it for twenty years, is respectable; but the blasphemy of this new paper makes our flesh creep. We meant it to, and we are delighted to find that we have succeeded. What they call blasphemy we call common sense, an article which all superstitions fear and hate. The fact that they cry out so against ridicule shows that it hurts them most. We shall persevere in our present course. And as for the small fry who bark at our heels, we allow that from their point of view they must live, although we do not see the necessity; and we are content that Mr. Bishop in particular should take his dullness to the proper market. There are some people who enter the Lord's vineyard at the eleventh hour, after spending all the previous hours in seeking someone else to employ them, and thus find their only possible refuge from the storms of life.

THE ATHEISTIC PULPIT.—SERMON VI.

"Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship: for salvation is of the Jews."—John iv., 22.

HERE is a text of three clauses, two false and one true "Salvation is of the Jews!" This is absolutely contrary to fact. The Jews are a lost race themselves and never afforded salvation to anybody. For well nigh 1,500 years they lived, if their chronology can be trusted, in Palestine. But during that long period they produced no philosopher, no great general, no architect, no discoverer, no scientist, no statesman, an indifferent poet or two, no inventor. From what, then, have the Jews contributed to save the world? The ancient Jews are remembered for almost nothing else than sundry superstitions; and superstitions are the curse, not the salvation of man. Had the Jews never existed, the Bible never been written, what would the world miss? That Jews in modern times have distinguished themselves I readily admit; but never except in the midst of Gentilism and under its inspiration.

Thus the last third of the text is disposed of as an empty boast.

"We know what we worship." This also is absolutely untrue. No Jew then, no Jew nor Christian since, ever knew what he worshipped. The only persons who really do know their God or Gods are those that worship tangible or visible objects. The worshippers of the golden calf, sun and fire worshippers, the devotees of stocks and blocks, of trees and running streams, knew something of their deities, though not much; for had they known the truth they would not, could not have worshipped.

This, too, is purely an empty boast, though quite worthy of the man who told people he lived before Abraham (John viii., 58), that he "came down from heaven" (John vi., 38), that "all power was given unto him in heaven and in earth" (Matt. xxviii., 18), and that he "could raise the dead to life" (John xi., 25—27). His was just the spirit of every fanatic: "I am right, you are wrong. I am divine, you are stupid. I shall be saved, you will be damned—unless you submit to me and adopt my creed." It is a thousand pities there was no Freethinker present when Jesus and the woman of Samaria were conversing; for he could very soon have confounded both parties, and have exposed the pretended knowledge of deity which Mary's son was boasting of. Though probably the world might have had one more martyr to enroll in "the noble army;" for Jesus and his disciples (as soon as they arrived) would no doubt have flung the sceptic into "Jacob's well."

Finding no shred of truth in the second and third clauses, let us turn to the first. Every Christian will inform you that he worships "God," and all the sects of Christendom would have you believe that they all in common worship one and the same God; but of this they can have no proof whatsoever, and facts are against them.

I. Jews, Mahomedans, and Unitarians have a God who is one and indivisible. But that is only one section of the orthodox God. This God is the father of all, be it remembered—THE FATHER. He is the father of the earth and heavens, the sun, planets, comets, stars; the father of sun-

shine and storm, of flood and fire, of earthquake, volcano, epidemic, and famine; the father of health and of all diseases; the father of vampires, serpents, snakes, fleas, bugs, mosquitoes, colorado beetles, locusts, sharks, lions, tigers, jackals, hyænas, trichina, and tape-worms; the father of murderers, robbers, pirates, popes, persecutors, and devils! What a family! And everyone of them all is the very image of his dad. What a father! What a God! What an object of worship! Verily, I do not wonder that persons who can worship such a deity call Atheists fools—it is the very highest compliment they could pay us. No doubt the inmates of Bedlam, in like manner, regard all outsiders as idiots. And we cannot help it. We need never wonder that this God's worshippers behaved so idiotically and cruelly while in power.

II. Most Christians add two or more extra wings or sections to their deity, and increase him, at least, by about two thirds. They have the father, of course, and the Catholics very logically supply a fourth wing or section called the "Mother," while Protestants half acknowledge and half repudiate this addition. All, however, agree, except Unitarians, to accept the Son and the Holy Ghost. The father is, they say, such from all eternity. But the son is of exactly the same age as his father, and of the same size, and never was any smaller. He was begotten, though never born, from all eternity. These two never began to be, yet one of them is father of the other; and, as far as a profane Atheist can perceive, either of them might equally well be the father or the son of the other. One wonders if the divine two ever get confused over the matter themselves! Possibly: they are both alike, both of an age, height, complexion, and it is not known how the one distinguishes himself from the other. They have never seen themselves, for certain, for they are both infinite, both occupy exactly the same space, they cannot move an inch out of each others way, and no looking-glass could be large enough to reflect them, either singly or together. That is to be regretted. It is a pity they cannot see themselves.

Then, in addition to the two just named, there is the Holy Ghost. He, she, or it is also infinite and eternal, and also occupies the same space exactly that the Father and Son fill so absolutely. The three are most unfortunate. They are each infinite, and there is but one infinite room for them to occupy. Three infinite persons in one infinite room must be awfully uncomfortable, especially in hot weather. I suspect they suffocated each other long ago, or died of unendurable pressure.

To make things a little more pleasant in their infinitely overcrowded one-roomed house, about 2,000 years ago it was decided that the Son should "be born again," and this time become a baby of 17 lbs. or so. It was done. This time he had a different father, too. Tired of his old dad, he chose the Holy Ghost to be his father this time, and the Holy Ghost chose a mother for him. The reader will not ask me to explain—I cannot. And all Christian divines, commentators, and gods are as helpless as I am in the matter. However, here we are face to face, and at the same time back to back, with the Christian God! How beautifully simple the Gospel is! "A wayfaring man, though a fool (provided he is a fool, that is), need not err therein." "He that runneth may read"—the posters are so large. 1st. A Father infinite and eternal; 2nd, a Son, ditto; 3rd, a Holy Ghost, ditto; 4th, a woman, finite and rather young; 5th, the son of this woman and the Holy Ghost, formerly the infinite and eternal son of the father only, begotten but not born. These five or six persons are the two God the fathers, the two God the sons, and the Holy Ghost and Mary. Here we have a double Trinity in Unity; and thus the Christians are twice as well off in gods as they have ever directly let the world know.

Verily "great is the mystery of godliness!" "Who can know it?" The Christian God is the most unmitigated sham ever palmed off upon a credulous world. In fact, when they do not pay their devotions to Mammon, to sensuous pleasures, or other physical deities, all their worship is directed to they "know not what." I would offer them a reward of £1,000,000 sterling, if I had it, on condition that they told me what their God is. They much need the money, but could never get it, for they "worship they know not what." And if men were wise enough to see how they are duped, they would pay not a farthing more for or to the Gospel until its priests informed the public who or what it is they worship. In that case Christianity would be starved out in a few weeks. That fate awaits it. J. SYMES.

DOLET

THE FREETHOUGHT MARTYR.

IV.

LATE in May or early in June, 1534, Dolet hastily left Toulouse to avoid a second arrest. He was suffering from a fever, probably brought on by mental anxiety, and he retired to a friend's house in the country, partly to conceal himself, and partly to recruit his health while he shaped his future plans.

Towards the end of July he set out for Lyons, where he arrived on the first of August, worn out in body and mind. "When I reached Lyons," he afterwards wrote to De Boys-sone, "I had no hope of restoration to health, and even despaired of my life."

Lyons was then, perhaps, the most liberal city in France. It afforded far more intellectual freedom than Paris, and many persecuted scholars and thinkers sought shelter within its walls. Rabelais, Marot, Servetus, Des Periers, all passed several years of their lives at Lyons between 1530 and 1540, whilst Erasmus, Estienne, Pole, Sadolet, Calvin, and Beza were frequent visitors. Here, it is said, was founded the first of those Academies for which France became afterwards so famous. "But," says Mr. Christie, "it was not only by the presence of men of letters and science that Lyons was distinguished in the sixteenth century, but also by the extraordinary activity of its press, which rivalled that of Paris itself. Lyons was the second town in France where the art of printing was exercised, but it achieved a greater distinction than Paris, inasmuch as from its presses issued the first books printed in France in the French tongue." It was at Lyons that Gargantua and Pantagruel first saw the light, and that Marot first printed his "Enfer" and a complete edition of his works.

On his restoration to health Dolet formed an acquaintance with several of the leading men of letters in this city, amongst whom was Rabelais himself. His acquaintance with the greatest Frenchman then living soon ripened into intimacy and close friendship.

Dolet now worked hard at his Commentaries on the Latin Tongue, and early in October, 1534, he went to Paris to obtain the royal licence for the publication of his work. Before the middle of 1535 he had returned and published a Dialogue against Erasmus, who had attacked the Ciceronians. Melancthon paid it the high compliment of saying that "it ought to be answered, if not by Erasmus, at least by someone." It had a wide circulation, and it decisively introduced his name to the world of letters.

The literary aspirations of Dolet and of all his brethren were at this time, however, in danger of being baffled. King Francis was dreadfully worried by the seraphic doctors of Sorbonne, who urged him to make amends for his vicious life by persecuting heretics and suppressing literature. On the 7th of June, 1533, the Sorbonne presented to the King at Lyons "a memorial against heretical books, in which it was formally urged that if the King wished to preserve the Catholic faith, which was already shaken at its base and attacked on all parts, he must abolish once and for ever by a severe edict the art of printing, which every day gave birth to dangerous books." For a time these black gentry were foiled by Budé and Jean du Bellay, but in 1535 they succeeded, and the King, on the 13th of January, issued letters patent prohibiting and forbidding under pain of death any person from henceforth printing any book or books in France, and at the same time ordering all booksellers' shops to be closed under the same penalty. But the opposition to this infamous edict was so great that it had to be withdrawn, and on the 24th of February the King "directed the Parliament to choose twenty-four well qualified and prudent persons, out of whom the King should select twelve, to whom alone permission was to be given to print in Paris editions of needful and approved books, but forbidding even the twelve to print any new composition under pain of death." The Parliament, however, again remonstrated, and the new letters patent became a dead letter.

The circumstance which induced the King to yield to the solicitations of the Sorbonne was in itself trivial. In October, 1534, some placards were affixed to the walls of Paris, violently attacking the mass and the clergy. The Catholics were strongly incensed, and the result was a more severe persecution of heretics than Paris had ever before witnessed. From the 10th of November, 1534, to the 5th of May, 1535, twenty-two persons were burnt for heresy in

the Place Maubert, and the King and the Court are said to have witnessed the most horrid of these spectacles, where six heretics were burnt together, and the *strappado* was first used. This delightful instrument was invented by the priests. Mr. Christie describes it as "a kind of see-saw, with a heretic at one end suspended above a fire. He was allowed to descend and burn for a short time, and was then drawn out again, and so on from time to time. By this means the burning lasted much longer, the torment was much more exquisite to the heretic, and the spectacle much more grateful to the pious spectators."

The doctor who invented the *guillotine* perished under its swift blade himself; and if these sweet priests who invented the *strappado* had themselves been slowly roasted to death, who could say that their doom was too severe?

G. W. FOOTE.

ACID DROPS.

THE *Herald of Health* says: "A certain Indian chief was importuned to permit a missionary to come and dwell among his people. 'What you preach? Preach Christ?' 'Yes.' 'Don't want Christ! No Christ!' The gentleman persevered. At length the chief got warm, and towering to his full height, with volcanic fire in his eyes, broke out: 'Once we were powerful; we were a great nation; our young men were many; our lodges were full of children; our enemies feared us; but Christ came and brought the fire-water! Now we are very poor; we are weak; nobody fears us; our lodges are empty; our hunting grounds are deserted; our council fires are gone out; we don't want Christ! Go!'"

GENERAL BOOTH denies that Frederick Spencer was ever a member of the Salvation Army. We feel bound in honor to make this public. But the other ugly facts still remain.

AN aged woman named Mary Williams, residing at Wolverhampton, was one day kneeling down in prayer by the bedside of a young man who was seriously ill, when she suddenly fell down dead. The man for whom she was praying died a few minutes afterwards. What a curious answer to prayer!

THE *Jewish Chronicle* says that more than fifty years ago one of the richest and most esteemed citizens of Brandeis renounced the Jewish religion and embraced Christianity. Shortly before his death, which occurred a few weeks ago, he sent for the Rabbi and one of the functionaries of the Jewish community, and in their presence declared his return to Judaism. What do the Christian recantation-mongers say to this?

THE *Western Times* notices the death of the Rev. J. A. Radford, better known by the soubriquet of "Parson Jack," rector of Lapford, in the North of Devon. Although a clergyman of the Church of England, the taste and habits of deceased were most unclerical. He was in early life an accomplished pugilist, and took great delight in the ring, in wrestling, and in all the rougher sports of rural life. On one occasion, it is said, he traversed the country as a scissors grinder. He generally got "jolly" on a Saturday night, but managed to preach on the Sunday, to a congregation consisting of the clerk and two or three old people.

THE present Jew-hunt in Europe shows a revival of Christian hatred of the people who produced the Savior and all the Apostles. The chosen people used to be treated like swine in many European countries. On many of the turnpike gates in Germany there might once have been seen the inscription, "Jews and pigs pay toll here."

RELIGIOUS journals complain of the scanty attendance during the summer in American churches. Many places of worship close during July and August, and the faithful rush off to find a cool spot.

THE ministers might make use of an incident in the life of Mohammed. During a heavy march under a broiling sun one of his disciples complained of the heat. "'Tis hotter in hell" was the laconic reply. Couldn't the ministers dress this up for their fugitive congregations?

THE *Christian Herald* is great in prophecy. It predicts that Prince Napoleon will become King of Syria and "develope into the Great Anti-Christ of the Last Days." Our chief and only serious regret is that the "end of the world" will put a stop to such an entertaining paper as the *Christian Herald*. But perhaps the editor will continue it in heaven.

THE same paper says that Mr. Bradlaugh is "a persistent litigant." That's exceedingly rich. It is like hitting a man and calling him a persistent pugilist when he defends himself. Christian logic always was cranky.

AN anonymous correspondent, who hasn't the courage of his impudence, sends us last week's *Freethinker* marked. He says the paper is "misnamed, since it would confine man to the fetters of time." We should like to know how man is to break them. He refers us to the First Epistle of Timothy iv., 1 and 2: "In the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their consciences seared with a hot iron." Now, if this correspondent had read on he would have seen that we are not referred to, for the text continues, "Forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats." We don't forbid to marry, and we often devour a succulent steak or chop with great relish. Christians never have a sound knowledge of Scripture.

THE NEW VERSION.

THE kingdom of heaven is like a certain railroad king who made a marriage for his son.

And sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the wedding, and they would not come.

Again he sent forth other servants, saying, tell them which are bidden; behold, I have killed the old hen and prepared the wedding dinner, and opened a keg of nails, and all other things are ready for the blow out.

But they made light of it and went their way, one to his farm, another to his drug store, and another to his grist-mill, and the remainder took the servants and entreated them spitefully and put a tin ear on them and frescoed them with Michael-Angelo eggs.

But when the railroad king heard of it he bounced the entire outfit and shut off on their passes and raised their freight tariff and hustled them up in their business, and smote them sore on the gable end of their intellects and made it red-hot for them.

Then said he unto his servants, the wedding is ready, but they which were bidden were not worthy.

Go ye therefore down to the side tracks, and into the round-house, and the water-tank, and the cabooses, and the gravel-trains, and gather together as many as ye shall find, and tell them to come over to the wedding feast and fill themselves up.

And the servants went forth and rounded up as many as they find, both bad and good, and bade them to the feast.

And when the king went into the reception room he found there a man who had not on a spike-tail coat and low-necked shoes and clocked socks.

And he saith unto him: "Partner, how cometh it that thou art here without any store-clothes on, and wearing instead a linen duster and jim-crow raiment generally?"

And the man was speechless at first, but he answered yet again:

"O railroad king, live for ever! I know that I am here without a wedding garment; but, behold, I am a conductor on thy line, and I have reformed, and have ceased to 'knock down,' and, behold, thy servant is poor, for he is trying to live on his salary."

And the king was very wroth, and he told the usher to gather him in and to take him by the slack of his raiment and to cast him over the outer wall, and there was weeping and gnashing of teeth.

And while the wedding guests made merry and whooped it up, the man who was cast out did steal around to the back door and become solid with the cook, and filled himself up with the wedding feast on the sly.

And it came to pass that when he had eaten of the fatted calf and the wedding cake, and absorbed all the champagne that he could carry away, he crawled into the hay-mow and slept till the cock crew.

And when the morning was come he journeyed over the railroad track towards Salt Lake; for, behold, he was a tramp.—*Bill Nye's Boomerang.*

A STUDENT at Oxford University on being asked "Who was Esau?" replied, "Esau was a man who wrote fables and sold his copyright for a mess of potash."

MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

October 8th & 9th, West Hartlepool; 10th, Middlesboro'; 11th, Spennymoor; 12th, Blaydon; 13th, Jarrow; 14th, South Shields; 16th, Newcastle; 23rd, Claremont Hall, London; 25th, Walworth; 30th, Edinburgh.

November 4th, Paisley; 6th, Glasgow; 13th, Hall of Science, London; 20th, Sheffield; 27th, Manchester.

December 4th, Huddersfield; 11th, Claremont Hall, London; 18th, Rotherham.

January 8th, Bradford; 15th, Rochdale.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALL business communications to be addressed to Mr. W. J. RAMSEY, 28, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

LITERARY communications to the Editor, Mr. G. W. FOOTE, No. 9, South Crescent, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

W.—Your verse is not up to the mark. Where did you learn that Adam "died on the cross"?

C. DELOLME.—We are making arrangements for a comic sketch every week. Some of the plates of "La Bible Amusante" will be reproduced. The sale of the *Freethinker* increases weekly, and (a good sign) there is a constant demand for back numbers. Thanks for the cuttings. We agree with you as to the value of the discussions on prayer and other subjects in the *Weekly Dispatch*, which is a very liberal paper.

E. S. P.—The "Bible Romances" will be continued in monthly instalments. Two numbers will be ready on November 1st. The question you are anxious about cannot be treated in a paragraph. We may find adequate space for it by-and-bye.

A. BLACK.—It is indeed "naive and fatuous." See "Gleanings."

R. H. DYAS.—We shall be glad of any Italian freethought notes.

W. THOMPSON.—We are pleased to receive the good wishes of an old *Freethinker* in his eighty-eighth year.

F. MORRIS writes that the *Freethinker* is readily obtained in Cardiff and much appreciated.

E. JONES.—Circulars forwarded.

E. H.—Cuttings received. Don't be discouraged; but also, as you are so young, be guarded in your speech.

G. H.—Received with thanks.

PEGASUS.—The idea is a good one and we will try to carry it out. The "Freethought Gleanings" seem to be universally approved.

BENTHAL.—Scarcely suitable.

H. W. JONES.—We are always glad to receive such extracts.

J. W. HUGGIN.—We have made the correction. See "Acid Drops."

W. CROPPER.—The third Sunday in January is booked.

L. Z.—Thanks. We are pleased to learn that the *Freethinker* constitutes your "weekly treat" also.

PATROCLUS.—In our next.

J. HARRIS reports that he has sent copies of this journal to friends in India who "will relish it extremely."

J. RAWLINS.—Circumcision was not confined to the Jews. It is a barbarous practice, but we have no doubt that its origin was sanitary and not religious. The question about the British Association must wait until we can consult its records. We are pleased to find you, in common with so many others, enjoy the "Bible Romances." The Second Series will begin on November 1st. It has been delayed by a pressure of work on the author.

J. BROTHERTON.—Volume sent with fresh circulars. Your well-wisher's letter is amusing. If the Lord healed his sprained ankle, it's a great pity he doesn't save men like Garfield, who are probably of much more use in the world.

SALVATOR.—It is hardly worth the trouble you have taken; and you don't mention the paper.

BRUNO.—Received with thanks.

J. D. L.—The verses are printed already as a tract by Mr. Reynolds.

SUGAR PLUMS.

SOME inquisitor has made the discovery that of the twenty American Presidents only two, Washington and Garfield, were members of any religious denomination, though all of them, for the sake of appearances, sometimes attended public worship. The statement that "all of them revered Christianity" is more doubtful if the word "revere" is intended to express anything stronger than respect. Both the Adamses rejected the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus; so did Jefferson; so did Lincoln; so also did Fillmore. As that doctrine is one of the essential corner stones of Christianity, to say that those who rejected it "revered Christianity" is putting the matter somewhat too strongly.—*Chicago Times*.

MR. W. REYNOLDS, of 23, Amersham Vale, New Cross, London, S.E., has sent us some of his Freethought tracts, which he supplies at sixpence a hundred, or post free, sevenpence-halfpenny. They are all well worth distributing. We should like to see a million Freethought tracts circulated every year.

WE note that the British Secular Union tract, "A Few Words to a Christian," has just been reprinted. It was written by Mr. Foote.

A BOY was assaulted early last month by a parson for omitting to touch his hat. The case was reported in the *Burton Gazette* of September 6th. As the case was dismissed by the magistrates the boy had to pay his costs, and no doubt this would have been serious if a subscription had not been got up to defray them. The list has fallen into our hands, and it is certainly a curiosity, as the following selections will show:—"Well Done, Plucky," 6d.; "No Humbug," 6d.; "More Pigs and Less Parsons," 6d.; "No Bowing and Scraping," 6d.; "An Objector to Millions a Year to Shovel Hats," 3d.; "Ding, Dong, Dell," 6d.; "To Bury Priestcraft," 6d.; "A Widow's Mite," 1d.; "Anti-theist," 6d. If any reader can supply us with the parson's address we will send him the subscription list, so that he may have it framed and hung up in his library or under the pulpit.

HOW IT'S DONE.

THERE was once a certain lazygoing English bishop who found that a residence at Naples was more conducive to health than one amid the fogs of Old England. This worthy pillar of the church, who prided himself on his toleration for opinions and dogmas not his own, made plenty of friends amongst the higher ranks of the Roman Catholic clergy.

Finding himself at dinner one day with a Catholic bishop, the following conversation took place:—

ENGLISH BISHOP: "Eminenza, may I ask a question concerning one of the dogmas of your church?"

CATHOLIC BISHOP: "Certainly, my lord; I shall be delighted if I can enlighten you concerning any dogma of our most holy religion."

ENGLISH BISHOP: "How do you ever persuade your people to believe so absurd a dogma as that of transubstantiation?"

CATHOLIC BISHOP: "There is just one little secret, my lord"—putting his mouth close to the ear of his host and whispering—"we just get them to believe in the Trinity; after that, they will believe anything."

THE ORTHODOX PULPIT.—SERMON I.

THE FATES OF JUDAS.

"Then Judas repented himself—And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple and went and hanged himself."—Matt. xxvii, 3-5.

"Now this man purchased a field with the reward of iniquity; and falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst and all his bowels gushed out."—Acts i, 18.

DEARLY Beloved Brethren,—Among all the asses mentioned in sacred Scripture there is none more worthy of the attention of the devout believer than Judas, surnamed Iscariot. He it was who, according to the mysterious dispensation of an inscrutable Providence, was appointed to bring about the salvation of God's elect, through the atoning blood of the lamb. Jesus said, "Have I not chosen you twelve and one of you is a devil?" Lest, brethren, we might suppose that the sin of Judas was not fore-ordained in the counsels of the Most High, we are expressly told "he knew who it was that should betray him." He told his disciples it should be the one to whom he gave the sop, and he gave the sop to Judas. Oh, brethren, it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God! Well might Jesus say "It had been good for that man if he had never been born." I beg you to remark, brethren, that this sentence excludes the hope of final salvation. It may possibly have been that Judas kissed his Master out of love for him and faith in him, wishing to give him an opportunity of asserting his Messiahship before the chief priests and elders; or it may have been that his eyes were blinded to the Godhead he kissed. Satan, we are told, had entered into him. The carnal mind may ask, if Satan is the Devil, and Judas was a devil, how the devil did the Devil enter into a devil? But we cannot pause to deal with unsettling sceptical questions. Brethren, mark the fates of the chosen of the Lord, as described in our texts. It is not for us to say whether Judas first repented, returned the money and hanged himself, and afterwards bought a field with the money and burst asunder in the midst, or whether he first bought a field and falling headlong burst asunder, and then repented, returned the money, and hanged himself. It is for us to receive the oracles of God with unquestioning faith. Let us pray.

JEHOSOPHAT GRIMES.

FREETHOUGHT GLEANINGS

THE world of religion is wider than Christendom has apprehended, and it is undoubtedly destined to widen in the sight of man as much as the world of population and trade. Christianity, as well as Heathendom, is on the eve of judgment. It is to discover that it has much to learn as well as to teach."—*Samuel Johnson*, Introduction to "Oriental Religions and their Relation to Universal Religion," vol. i., p. 30.

ART AND RELIGION.—You will find, if you look into history, that one of quite the chief reasons for the continual misery of mankind is that they are always divided in their worship between angels or saints, who are out of sight and need no help, and proud and evil-minded men, who are too definitely in sight and ought not to have help. And consider how the arts have thus followed the worship of the crowd. You have paintings of saints and angels innumerable; of petty courtiers and contemptible kings innumerable. Few, how few you have of the best men, or of their actions. But think for yourselves, what history might have been to us now—nay, what a different history that of all Europe might have become, if it had been the object both of the people to discern, and of their arts to honor and bear record of, the great deeds of their worthiest men.—*Professor John Ruskin*, "Oxford Lectures," p. 56.

CHRISTIANITY satisfied no part of our nature fully, except the affections. It rejected imagination, it shrank from reason, and therefore its power was always contested, and could not last. Even in its own sphere of affection its principles never lent themselves to that social direction which the Catholic priesthood with such remarkable persistency endeavored to give them. The aim which it set before men, being unreal and personal, was ill-suited to a life of reality and of social sympathy.—*Auguste Comte*, "A General view of Positivism," chap. vi., p. 258.

FATHER ADAM.—There are those who represent the most numerous, respectable, and would be orthodox of the public, and who may be called "Adamites," pure and simple. They believe that Adam was made out of earth somewhere in Asia, about six thousand years ago; that Eve was modelled from one of his ribs; and that the progeny of these two having been reduced to the eight persons who landed on the summit of Mount Ararat after an universal deluge, all the nations of the earth have proceeded from these last, have migrated to their present localities, and have become converted into Negroes, Australians, Mongolians, etc., within that time. Five-sixths of the public are taught this Adamitic Monogenism as if it were an established truth, and believe it. *I do not; and I am not acquainted with any man of science, or duly instructed person, who does.*—*Professor Huxley*.

GOSPEL FORGERIES.—A reference to the headings of the collection in Fabricius, where we find fragments of no less than fifty Apocryphal Gospels, six-and-thirty Apocryphal Acts, and twelve spurious Apocalypses, is sufficient to convince us that the editing of books under fictitious names was no exceptional case, but the habitual practice of the time.—*W. Mackay*, "Rise and Progress of Christianity," p. 11.

A CLERICAL VIEW.— . . . The sober-minded Christian will not allow his faith to be affected by a mere natural phenomenon. "All is miracle" that tends to confirm his belief in God's superintending providence, but he humbly refuses to derive from the visible world any teaching but that which Revelation confirms. Reason teaches him that the trembling of the aspen is dependent on the peculiar mechanism of its leaves, and is to be accounted for by reference to natural causes; and though he fails to discover the purpose of this peculiarity in structure, he is satisfied with observing a new instance of creative power, and prefers to confess his ignorance of design rather than be indebted to Nature for evidence which Revelation alone can afford, and which God's Holy Spirit alone can make efficacious.—*Rev. C. A. Johns*, "Forest Trees of Britain," pp. 168-9.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER."

Freethought Book Store, 75, Humberstone Gate, Leicester.
SIR,—Speaking of Mr. G. J. Holyoake's paper, read by Mr. Swaagman, Mr. G. W. Foote, or someone else, says "the paper was smartly written." This is mere assertion, and must go for just nothing, seeing there is no word of the paper reported either in the *Freethinker* or *Reformer*. But it may be the editor, like the editor of the *Times*, has not yet felt the full force of Admiral Maxse's letter, from which the *Freethinker* quotes, viz.: "Of course, editors in their own offices are despots, and one of their methods of cooking public opinion is to publish only one side of a question and to pretend the public do not care to hear about the other."—I am, Sir, yours,
W. HOLYOAKE.

[Mr. Holyoak is a little too anxious about his namesake. As a matter of fact the *Freethinker* did not report any speeches at the Congress, for the simple reason that it had no room to do so. Surely it is no slander to say that Mr. Holyoake's paper was "smartly written." As for the *National Reformer*, we have no official connexion with it and are not responsible for its editing. But we find, on referring to it, that the last number contained a long report of Sunday's proceedings, and that a full report of Monday and Tuesday's proceedings was promised in the next number. As Mr. Holyoake's paper was read on Tuesday evening, we think his champion might have waited a little before finding fault. We mean to give fair play to everybody, and we claim the same ourselves. It is not our fault if some people are too sensitive to stand criticism.—Ed.]

TRUE CHRISTIAN LOVE.

THE massacre of St. Bartholomew was now resolved upon, and the nights of the 23rd and 24th of August, 1572, were fixed for its execution. A pistol was fired as the signal for the commencement of the butchery. The revengeful Guise hurried to the residence of the admiral; he was accompanied by two of his creatures, Petrucci, a Siennese, and Bême, a German, escorted by a party of soldiers. The ruffians burst open the doors, and entered the chamber of Coligny; "To death!" they fiercely shouted. The old man, hearing the noise, had risen from his bed, and was leaning against the wall; he was in the act of saying his prayers. Bême was the first who saw him. "Are you Coligny?" said the German. "I am," replied the admiral; "young man, respect my grey hairs." Bême at once passed his sword through the body of his victim, and drawing it reeking from the wound, smote him on the face. Numerous blows followed, and the champion of Calvinism fell on the floor, weltering in his blood. "It is all over?" shouted Bême from the window. "Monsieur D'Angoulême does not believe it," answered the ruthless Guise, "nor will he believe it till he sees the old heretic at his feet." The corpse was instantly thrown into the court-yard. The Duke of Angoulême wiped away the blood from the face that he might identify the features, and it is said that he so far forgot himself as to trample it under his feet.*

The head of the admiral was carried to Catharine, and the Protestant writers affirm that she sent it to Rome. The body was dragged through the streets by the populace, and hung by the heels on a gibbet at Montfaucon, where it was customary to slaughter cattle for the Paris market. The king had the indecency to visit this dishonoring spectacle. It was remarked to him that the corpse had a bad smell; he answered in the language of Vitellius, "The carcass of an enemy always emits a pleasant odor." The parliament branded the memory of the hero of Calvinism; his children were degraded to the rank of plebeians, and declared incapable of holding any public employment; the castle of Châtillon-sur-Loing was razed to the ground, and all the trees on the estate cut down to within four feet of the ground. Notwithstanding these malevolent and bigoted decrees, the admiral's daughter, widow of Teligni, who was also murdered at Saint Bartholomew, was subsequently married to the Prince of Orange.

The historian, Mezeray, relates that all the particulars of the death of Coligny were predicted to him by one Michael Crellet, whom the admiral had sentenced to be hanged. He told him that he would be assassinated, thrown out of a window, and hung up by the heels. This anecdote is here recorded merely as a specimen of the credulity of the times.

While the murder of the admiral was perpetrating, the streets of Paris ran red with blood, and this continued during three days. Among those of distinguished families who perished, were Rochefoucauld, Crussol, Pluviau, Berny, Clermont, Lavardin, Caumont de la Force, Pardillan, Levi, and many thousands more of brave officers. Rohan, Montgomeri, and the Vidame of Chartres made their escape. Grammont, Duras, Gamaches, and Bouchavannes obtained their pardon from the king. "Bleed, bleed!" shouted out the merciless Tavannes, "the physicians say

* *Esprit de la Ligue*, tom. i., p. 295.

that bleeding is as good in August as in May."* The Dukes of Guise and Montpensier rode through the streets, exclaiming, "It is the will of the king: slay on to the last, and let not one escape." Fiercely were these sanguinary orders executed. The Count of Coconnas seized thirty prisoners, put them in prison, and offered to spare their lives if they would recant; on their refusal, he put them to death with his own hand, by slow and lingering torments. The butcher, Pezou, who slaughtered men, women, and children as he did cattle, boasted of having in one day killed and drowned one hundred and twenty Huguenots. René, perfumer to the queen-mother, frequented all the gaols in which the Protestants were immured, and amused himself by stabbing them with daggers. He decoyed a rich jeweller into his house, under the pretext of saving him, but when he had seized all his moveables, he cut his throat and threw the body in the sea. Crucé, a goldwire drawer, used to take off his coat, and exhibit his naked arm, saying, "This arm on the day of Saint Bartholomew, put to death more than four hundred heretics." These ruffians were armed by the jesuits, who promised them absolution for all other crimes (for these murders were lauded as acts of devotion), and happiness in heaven in proportion to the extent of their atrocities.—"The Religious Wars of France," pp. 111—114.

BLASTS FROM THE NORTH.

"And a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind."
—1 Kings xix., 11.

THE Rev. G. C. Watt, of Newcastle, wanders sometimes. Concluding a lecture a few nights ago, he said, "Thank God for this fair world, and for the sensibility to beauty which he has given to man." Yes, we have much to be thankful for, Mr. Watt, much that you forgot to mention. We have him to thank for the sensibility to suffering; for the forest fires in America; for the landslip in Switzerland; for the rain-ruined crops. Ah, gracious god! what could we have done without the toads, newts, asks, serpents, bugs, fleas, mosquitoes? What could you and I have done without the cholera, the small-pox, the rheumatism, the typhoid fever, and all these accommodating little blessings? Then, think, Mr. Watt, how good of the god to favor us with the itch and finger nails at the same time; were it not for this we would be without the pleasure of a good scratch. Truly the Lord is good to all.

THE Rev. William Bethel has been liberated from Durham jail. The faithful opened a subscription in Stockton and paid what he owed to the girl; at the same time enough money was raised to patch up the matter with the little one's mother, and an agreement was signed, liberating the rev. papa from further trouble. No one interested himself in the Holy Ghost's behalf, and Mary got nothing towards the support of Jesus, while another man had the youthful god to bring up.

MR. BETHEL denies the paternity of the child. No doubt if the Ghost were interrogated, he would deny the paternity of Mary's boy, and with a better show of reason in his case than the Rev. William Bethel.

THE NORTH WIND.

SECULAR MORALITY.

The following observations on Filial Piety were translated from the Emperor Yong-tehing's Book of Sacred Instruction, by Sir G. T. Staunton, Bart. :—

"This Filial Piety is a doctrine from Heaven, the consummation of earthly justice, the grand principle of action among mankind. The man, who knows not piety to parents, can surely not have considered the affectionate hearts of parents towards their children. When still infants in arms, hungry, they could not feed themselves; cold and could not clothe themselves; but they had their parents, who watched the sounds of their voice, and studied the traits of their countenance; who were joyful when they smiled; afflicted when they wept; who followed them step by step, when they moved; who, when they were sick or in pain, refused food and sleep on their account. Thus were they nursed and educated until they grew up to manhood. The sons of men who would repay but one thousandth part of this parental kindness, ought to devote to it internally all their heart, and externally to apply to it all their strength. They ought to be frugal and temperate in their persons, and diligent in performing their labors, that they may always possess the means of evincing their pious regard to their parents, whenever their assistance is required."

* His son, who wrote his Memoirs, says, that when his father was on his death-bed, he made a general confession of his evil deeds; when the confessor remarked to him, with an air of astonishment, "Marshal, you are silent as to what you did on the night of Saint Bartholomew;" "I consider that," interrupted the dying man, "as a meritorious action, which will efface all my sins."—Notes to the Henriade.

PROFANE JOKES.

MANY of our readers may have heard of the two Yankees who, yachting on the Delaware river, were in imminent danger of being wrecked. "Seth," said Peleg, "say a prayer." "I can't," said Seth, "I've forgotten how." "Then let us sing a hymn," suggested Peleg. "I can't," replied Seth, "never could sing." "But, Seth," persisted the pious Peleg, "we are drowning men. We must do something religious. Let us make a collection."

MORE expressive in their piety were the three castaway sailors who, after some deliberation, concocted the following prayer:— "Oh Lord, save us three poor devils; it's a d—d long time since we troubled you before, and it will be a d—d longer time before we trouble you again; for Christ sake, amen."

WE have heard of another sailor who got over a praying difficulty by pasting a copy of the Lord's prayer above his bunk, and pointing to it before retiring to rest, saying "Them's my sentiments."

WE delight in instances of piety. One of the most fervid and touching cases is that of an old woman who, in answer to the visiting Bible woman's inquiries, said, "Oh, ma'am, the Lord is very good to me. My husband was killed in a colliery pit; I lost my only son at sea; and I'm blind, and can't sleep or move about for the rheumatics. But I've got two teeth left in my head, and, praise and bless his holy name, they're opposite each other."

HERE is one more sailor yarn, quite authentic this time. At a religious meeting recently held in Hull, an ancient mariner stated that, when at sea in storms and tempests, he had often derived great consolation from that beautiful passage of Scripture, "Faint heart never won fair lady."

HENDERSON, the player, went to dine one day with an eminent physician, with whom he lived in habits of intimacy, and who was remarkable for his attachment to money. As soon as the Doctor arrived, he went to his desk to deposit the fees he had received in the morning. "Pray," says Henderson, "what are you about there, Sir J—?" "I am laying up treasure in heaven." "The more fool you," replied Falstaff, "for you'll never go there to enjoy it."

ATHEISTIC SONNETS.

By John Rowell Waller, F.R.H.S., Author of "Unstrung Links," "Wayside Flowers," "Rambles and Musings," "Men we Meet," etc.

VII.—HELL.

There is a prison, where I may not tell,
But somewhere in the roofless vaults of space.
Reserved by god to cook the human race;—
A demon-managed pitch and sulphur hell;—
A pit unbottomed, where the fiendish horde
Tread lightly o'er a floor of nothingness,
Where wrongs in greater wrong must find redress,
And human wails and groans delight the Lord,
Who thus fulfils his good and holy word.
There Paine, Voltaire and Bradlaugh must be found,
There Huxley's, Tyndall's, Darwin's wails shall sound,
And Spencer's presence shall delight afford;
With Aveling, Ingersoll and Besant there,
The god's great den shall bloom a garden fair.

REVIEWS.

The National Secular Society's Almanack for 1882. Edited by CHARLES BRADLAUGH and ANNIE BESANT. Freethought Publishing Company.

AN excellent sixpennyworth, full of valuable and interesting information. The Calendar is very copious, and there are special articles by Mr. Bradlaugh, Mrs. Besant, Dr. Edward B. Aveling, Mr. Joseph Symes, Mr. G. Standing, Miss H. Bradlaugh, Mr. H. G. Atkinson, and Mr. G. W. Foote. The politician as well as the Freethinker will find this publication of great use.

God Dies: Nature Remains. By Dr. EDWARD B. AVELING. Freethought Publishing Company. 1d.

PERHAPS the best of Dr. Aveling's propagandist pamphlets and well deserving of a large sale.

Vivisection. By ANNIE BESANT. Freethought Publishing Company. 1d.

THIS pamphlet is written with ability and force, but we fail to see what useful purpose it can serve. The medical profession is powerful enough to protect itself, while the lay objection to the torture of animals, which Mrs. Besant brands as "sentimentalism," can scarcely get a hearing in the great organs of public opinion. Mrs. Besant, however, has a perfect right to defend vivisection if she thinks it necessary to do so, and no one can deny that she is a good pleader.

Farm Life in America. By COLONEL INGERSOLL. W. H. Morrish, Bristol. 1d.

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