

THE FREETHINKER.

REGISTERED FOR]

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

[TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

VOL. I.—No. 13.]

OCTOBER 30, 1881.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

AT CLIFFORD'S GRAVE.

A PARAGRAPH has just gone the round of the press making public that over the grave of Clifford in Highgate Cemetery there stands a stone bearing the inscription, "William Kingdon Clifford; born May 4, 1845; died March 3, 1879; I was not, and was conceived; I loved and did a little work; I am not, and grieve not." This inscription, so peculiarly touching and meaning-fraught for those who knew the brave and ardent spirit of the living Clifford, is described by the Philistine press as "curious." More than two years ago it was placed upon the grave in fulfilment of Clifford's wishes. The vulgar curiosity that has now carried the almost sacred words into the columns of the press may be forgiven if it serves to emphasise anew the loss sustained by humanity in the striking down of so gallant a soldier of progress ere his life-march had well begun. Alas! there is no one worthy to fill his place in the ranks. With one or two notable exceptions our men of science stand aloof from the general life and thought. Calmly they pursue their researches, accreting knowledge that silently and surely subsumes the traditional beliefs, but leaving to less authoritative minds the work of bringing that knowledge immediately and directly to bear upon the problems of morals and religion, and thus deferring the day when the truths of science shall make all men free. Why did Clifford, whose achievements in pure science bade fair to rival those of the greatest, gird himself, regardless of odium, to the assailing of the popular conceptions of deity and of human duty and destiny? Why did he leave his own domain of mathematics to invade fields shunned by his co-workers, inscribing on the banner of science that Freethought watchword which a living evolutionist has just said should never be linked with science? It was because he had a larger and more generous conception of science and life than his fellows, and a stronger and more active love of humanity. He held that the scientific worker should consider his business in relation to the general life of mankind, and that the domain of science was all possible human knowledge which could rightly be used to guide human conduct. He saw no limit to the civilising work of science, but it was work that had to be done fearlessly and in the light. And as he trusted science, so he also trusted man. We remember Rénan's argument, that if science and criticism must shake the foundations of faith, the results should be confined to academies and universities, and should not be introduced as a disturbing element to the life of common people. And I hope we also remember the righteous scorn with which Mazzini rejected this opinion and claimed that truth should be the heritage of all, whatever else befell. So with Clifford the supreme question was, What is truth? And veracity to himself and to the community demanded communication of that which his intellect had won and proved. It was, he said, something to be shouted on the housetops, and believed by all, rich and poor, men, women, and children.

Boldest of our later Freethinkers, Clifford had the true synthetic intellect, and could rise himself, and raise others to an emotional height only reached when feeling harmonises with the highest conceptions of the intellect. Chief of unbelievers, he had that within him which would have made him chosen commander of the new army of the faithful. With firm intonation he gave us premonitions of the shapely creed science is preparing, and of the larger faith humanity is to enter upon. He never knew the fear that infests the thought of even our best minds, when it is seen that the forces of disintegration outstrip the constructive forces of our time. He laughed to scorn the Cassandras that arise to sound their notes of doom, to prate of our condition of unstable equilibrium, and the terrible destiny of mankind,

when accustomed moral sanctions shall have been deprived of credibility. He had no regret that the idols of youthful faith had been shattered, and indulged no repining for the certainties they offered; nor had he any word of discouragement for others. With unflinching hopefulness and courage he spoke his faith in the saving power of knowledge and his piety towards man. His was the confident, nay, exultant spirit of one who has grasped the method of truth, and burns with apostolic zeal to carry its healing powers to the humanity he loves and trusts. And thus he inspired to social activity, and fired the enthusiasm of comradeship, adumbrating the time when the service of humanity shall be to all as it was to him, a moral stimulus, and shall warm to a religious ardor surpassing any the world has yet known.

"I loved, and did a little work; I am not." Not so; so rare a mind, so fine a devotion cannot suffer absolute extinction while humanity endures. Clifford's immortality is in the thought and work of the lives he has ennobled, and every word spoken, every deed done to lighten and brighten this earthly pilgrimage, is a flower upon his grave.

G. TEMPLE.

THOUGHTS ON DR. THOMSON'S ADDRESS.

ARCHBISHOP THOMSON talks of the "two-pronged fork of blasphemy and science," implying apparently that science without its consort blasphemy is as useless as a one pronged fork. The depreciation of arguments as merely "words and breath" is quite natural, for certainly his own are little more.

Will "Atheism, Republicanism, and Malthusianism" cure the toothache? This settler of the Archbishop's arises from his perverse tendency towards the antique. No new creed nowadays will deal in signs and wonders, though we believe it was the regular thing once.

Mr. Hatchard boasted at the Church Congress of having "met" Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant at the Hall of Science. An inquisitive correspondent wishes to know whether Mr. Bradlaugh was *in the chair* at that merry meeting.

Dr. Thomson maintains against Secularists the "sacredness of marriage." Is this sacredness compatible with the Divorce Court? If so, perhaps even a Secularist might stand inoculation with such a mild sort of sanctity.

Hedonism or Utilitarianism, according to the Archbishop of York, appeals to the baser part of human nature. Perhaps the author of "An Outline of the Laws of Thought" will not object to a syllogism:—

- A. Virtue is its own reward (Ancient maxim). Virtue alone brings highest happiness (modern version).
- B. Hedonism teaches us to aim at the highest happiness.
- C. Hedonism and vice are synonymous terms, especially hedonism. S.

DOLET

THE FREETHOUGHT MARTYR.

VI.

PRINTERS were then a suspected class. Their sympathies were naturally with the party of progress, and the Church regarded them with a jealous eye. By joining their ranks, Dolet, whose orthodoxy had long been doubted, soon laid himself open to the charge of irreligion and even of Atheism. Some of his published epigrams were full of bitter sneers at the monks, his Commentaries sharply attacked the Sorbonne for attempting to suppress the art of printing, and he had



in his letters referred to the bosom friend and trusted counsellor of the First President of the Parliament of Paris as "*that beast Beda*." His character was beyond suspicion; he was a good husband, a good father, a good citizen; but he disregarded Mass, and it was whispered that he ate flesh during Lent. The natural result was that the first two books issued from his press, in 1538, were denounced as heretical, and he was cited to appear before the Vicar-General of the Archbishop of Lyons. Some trumpety charges were made against the *Cato Christianus*, and a more serious one against the *Carmina*, in which he was alleged to have used the word *fatum* in a Pagan and not a Christian sense. But it is probable that a poem in the work addressed to Melancthon gave still greater offence. Mr. Christie translates it thus from the Latin:—

"Many a tribe of fools and dolts supplies me with abundant matter for laughter, but there is absolutely nothing I more enjoy laughing at than the insanity of those who, as though they were the kindred of the gods and sharers with them of Jove's heaven, are always discoursing concerning the gods, and teach you how you may be able to arrive at heaven, or how you may be sunk down into the darkness of the black realm. Foolish and intolerable race of men! No doubt they have sat down at the table of Jove and the gods, in order that they may in such wise dispense to us the celestial decrees."

This thinly veiled satire reminds us of Matthew Arnold's saying that some theologians talk familiarly about God as though he were a man in the next street! Such insinuated scorn of the religious doctors was indeed perilous in an age like that.

Dolet was ordered to withdraw these books from sale, and to give a written undertaking not to reprint them without permission. He, of course, obeyed, and for three years he curbed his reckless spirit so as to steer clear of the law. Those three years were the most happy and prosperous period of his life. He had a wife and son whom he dearly loved, constant and profitable literary work, a high reputation as a scholar, and the society of all the men of letters at Lyons. This interval of repose was, however, terminated by his arrest in July, 1542, and the rest of his life, with the exception of a very few months, was spent in prison.

He had removed to the *Rue Merciere*, the Paternoster Row of Lyons, where he had printed the poems of Marot and the *Gargantua* of Rabelais. That was bad enough, but he did still worse. He printed the "*Manuel du Chevalier Chrestien*," by poor Louis Berquin who got burnt to death for heresy. He even printed the New Testament in French, and several other religious works which were all filled, as the sentence on their printer and editor declared, with "damnable and pernicious heresies." All the incriminated books issued from his press in the first half of 1542, which shows an extraordinary lack of caution. As Mr. Christie says, "he rushed into the lion's mouth with his eyes open." His prosecution on the capital charge of heresy was decided on, and "to make his conviction and destruction more sure, the aid of the most terrible tribunal which the world has seen was invoked, and the court which assembled for his trial was presided over by the Inquisitor-General."

The Inquisition had practised infinite cruelty in France as well as in Spain. The vilest fiends could not have excelled the ingenious tortures it devised and inflicted on heretics. We have already described the horrible *strappado*; but we must find room for a few more delicacies from its hellish *menu*. The official code of the Inquisition, the fifth edition of which appeared in 1730, states that it is for the soul's health of the victim that his feet should not only be burnt, but first well steeped in lard. Another volume by the Inquisitor at Pavia and Piacenza, published at Venice in 1583, adds a new torture to the old *tickling* of the heretic's feet. Salt is to be first rubbed in, and then the feet are to be *licked by a goat*, in order to render the torment more exquisite! Dolet could expect little mercy from devils like these.

The Inquisition's public prosecutor collected matter for his indictment, and after his house and shop had been ransacked and his books seized, he was formally charged with heresy. The old offences for which he had been previously condemned were again cited; a long list of books he had published containing heretical passages was drawn up; and it was alleged that "he had eaten flesh in Lent and other prohibited times, that he had walked about during the mass, and lastly that in his writings he seemed to doubt the immortality of the soul."

The trial lasted until October. All kinds of hearsay

evidence were received against him, and he was himself submitted to examination. He defended himself as an obedient son of the Church, but it was of no avail, and on the 2nd of October he was condemned as a heretic, and sentenced to be burnt at the stake.

Dolet at once appealed to the Parliament of Paris. On the 7th of October the King remitted the case to the Grand Council, and the effect of this was to ensure a delay. In the month of June, 1543, the appeal was again remitted to the Parliament, and Dolet was brought from his prison at Lyons to another at Paris. Fortunately he had a friend in Pierre Duchâtel, the King's reader, who personally and warmly urged his cause, and succeeded in procuring the royal pardon. After some further delay Dolet was liberated. Duchâtel was censured by the Cardinal de Tournon, the most powerful man in France, for his interference on behalf of "an Atheist"; but he proudly retorted "in accusing me of forgetting my duty as a bishop it is you who forget your own. I have spoken as a bishop, you are acting as an executioner."

Released from prison, Dolet returned to the bosom of his family and to his literary avocations. He fancied all was well. But his enemies were still on his track. Early in January, 1544, they put his name on two large packets of prohibited books. The *ruse* succeeded. The matter was brought before the Parliament, and on the 6th of the same month he was arrested in the midst of his family and friends. Three days after he escaped from prison and fled to Piedmont, where he remained concealed for some months. In his absence a grand *auto-de-fe* was made of his books at Notre Dame, the great bell tolling, and the trumpet proclaiming that all printers of such works would be punished as heretics.

In his Piedmont retreat Dolet prepared a series of poems on his imprisonment, called *Le Second Enfer*—the Second Hell. To publish this, and to embrace once more his wife and son, he made his way back to Lyons. There he had the *Second Enfer* printed with two dialogues, *Axiochus*, then falsely attributed to Plato. This very volume cost him his life. Three words in one of the dialogues soon after constituted one of the capital charges against him. Mr. Christie says that some of the verses are of considerable merit, and are written in "a pathetic and elevated tone, full of lofty and noble sentiments." One epistle to the King is very outspoken. He calls on Francis to turn against those enemies of virtue who sought to annihilate before his face all good men and lovers of learning. It is of this epistle that M. Aimé Martin, the great historian writes:—

"These verses as verses are far from admirable; but what elevation, what courage there is in the sentiments they proclaim! Thus to attack face to face the enemies of humanity, to throw light into the hearts of kings, to teach them that which no one dares to say to them, but which they have so much interest in knowing—namely, that they should make their glory repose on the happiness and intelligence of their people, to do that to-day, would be to deserve well of mankind, to do that in those days of superstition was to devote oneself to death."

Dolet set out with his volume for the royal camp, intending to present it to the king. But at Troyes he was arrested and conveyed to Paris, where he was tried for heresy in the *Chambre Ardente*, before Pierre Lizet, the First President.

As this man sentenced Dolet to death we pause to describe his character. He was a zealous hunter of heretics and had sent many to the stake. He busied himself in the prosecution of poor young Morin who printed Desperiers' "*Cymbalum Mundi*," and hastened the death of Louis Berquin. He kept a bookseller in his pay, one André, to discover and betray the sellers and buyers of heretical books. Although he prided himself on his learning, his Latin was so barbarous that one of his sentences caused the king to abolish the use of that tongue on the judicial bench. He was frightfully addicted to wine and women; his red nose and bald head were standing marks for the shafts of satire; and at length he became so rotten that his nose actually dropped off! Yet this vilest, meanest of mankind doomed to death one of the best men then living in the world. Thus does superstition elevate vice to the seat of power and prostrate virtue at its feet.

Theologians have often damned men on a very nice point, but there never was a finer one than that on which Dolet was lost. In the "*Axiochus*" he had, it was alleged, wrongly translated Plato, whom he had made to say "after death *tu ne seras plus rien du tout*—you will be nothing at all." The *rien du tout* was declared to be a damnable addi-

tion to the text. "You will not exist" would do, but "you will not exist at all" was a vile heresy. Dolet was damned on these three words. They formed "the sole ground of the charge of blasphemy."

Sentence was not pronounced until the 2nd of August, 1546. In the meanwhile occurred that horrible massacre of the Vaudois, when murder, rape, and flames were let loose against a whole district; when women were outraged in churches and then murdered, and others smoked to death in caves; when hundreds of men whose lives were spared were sent to the galleys, and children were sold as slaves. Pope Paul the Third was delighted, the party of persecution triumphed, and King Francis finally joined them. There could now be no hope for Dolet. His doom was sealed. From his prison he penned a nobly pathetic *can-tique*, full of resignation to his fate and of courage to meet it. On the 2nd of August he was condemned to be hung and then burnt with his books in the Place Maubert, and his property was confiscated to the king. Even the widow and orphan were to share the punishment! It was also ordered that he should be put to the torture before his execution and questioned about his companions; and "if *the said Dolet shall cause any scandal or utter any blasphemy, his tongue shall be cut out, and he shall be burnt alive.*" This infernal sentence was carried out on the morrow, when Holy Church gave him as a birthday gift the ever-lustrous martyr's crown.

He was hung first, and then (for they were not very particular), probably while he still breathed, the faggots were lighted, and the author and his books were consumed in the flames. It is said that instead of a prayer he uttered a pun in Latin—"Non dolet ipse Dolet, sed pia turba dolet—Dolet himself does not grieve, but the pious crowd grieves." But the confessor who attended him to the stake told Montius that he had acknowledged his errors. "I do not believe a word of it," wrote the great Erasmus, "it is the usual story which these people invent after the death of their victims."

Thus perished Etienne Dolet, the Freethought martyr. France may well be proud of such a son, and Humanity must ever hold him dear. He is beyond the reach of admiration and love, but for our own sakes both should be given. Could we stand beside his grave, which bigotry has denied, our eyes might well mingle smiles and tears; tears of sorrow for the bitter fate of a valiant soldier of progress, and smiles of joy that such men have made the world fairer by their lives and holier by their deaths.

G. W. FOOTE.

(To be concluded with an account of Dolet's ideas.)

CREEDS.

Believe as I believe, no more, no less;
That I am right, and no one else, confess;
Feel as I feel, think only as I think;
Eat what I eat, and drink but what I drink;
Look as I look, do always as I do,
And then, and only then, I'll fellowship with you.

That I am right, and always right, I know,
Because my own convictions tell me so;
And to be right is simply this, to be
Entirely and in all respects like me;
To deviate a hair's breadth, or begin
To question, doubt, or hesitate is sin.

I reverence the Bible, if it be
Translated first and then explained to me;
By churchly laws and customs I abide,
If they with my opinion coincide;
All creeds and doctrines I admit divine,
Excepting those which disagree with mine.

Let sink the drowning if he will not swim
Upon the plank that I throw out for him;
Let starve the hungry if he will not eat
My kind and quality of bread and meat;
Let freeze the naked if he will not be
Clothed in such garments as are made for me.

'Twere better that the sick should die than live
Unless they take the medicine I give;
'Twere better sinners perish than refuse
To be conformed to my peculiar views;
'Twere better that the world stand still than move
In any other way than that which I approve.

HAWKEYE.

FREETHOUGHT GLEANINGS.

WHY THERE ARE FOUR GOSPELS.—Irenæus (A.D. 170) said—The Gospel is the pillar of the Church, the Church is spread over the whole world, the world has four quarters; *therefore* it is meet that there should be four Gospels! Again, the Gospel is the divine breath or wind of life, there are on earth four chief winds; *therefore* there are also four Gospels. Once more the Creative Word is enthroned upon the Cherubim, the cherubim have four faces; *therefore* the Word has given us four Gospels.—*Cranbrook*, "Founders of Christianity," p. 17.

THIS WORLDISM.—The right faith of man is not intended to give him repose, but to enable him to do his work. It is not that he should look away from the place he lives in now, and cheer himself with the thoughts of the place he is to live in next, but that he should look stoutly into the world, in faith that if he does his work thoroughly here, some good to others or himself, with which however he is not at present concerned, will come of it hereafter. And this kind of brave, but not very hopeful or cheerful faith, I perceive to be always rewarded by clear practical success and splendid intellectual power; while the faith which dwells on the future fades away into rosy mist and emptiness of musical air.—*John Ruskin*.

TRUE GREATNESS.—A man's greatness lies not in wealth and station, as the vulgar believe, nor yet in his intellectual capacity, which is often associated with the meanest moral character, the most abject servility to those in high places and arrogance to the poor and lowly; but a man's true greatness lies in the consciousness of an honest purpose in life, founded on a just estimate of himself and everything else, on frequent self-examination, and a steady obedience to the rule which he knows to be right, without troubling himself about what others may think or say, or whether they do or do not do that which he thinks and says and does.—*George Long*, "Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus," Introduction, p. 27.

MODERN CLERGY.—Crabbe, descanting "on the so-called Christian Clerus," has this wild passage: "Legions of them, in their black or other gowns, I still meet in every country; masquerading, in strange costume of body, and still stranger of soul; mumming, primming, grimacing—poor devils, shamming, and endeavoring not to sham: that is the sad fact. Brave men many of them, after their sort; and in a position which we may admit to be wonderful and dreadful! On the outside of their heads some singular headgear, tulip mitre, felt coalscuttle, purple hat; and in the inside—I must say, such a Theory of God Almighty's universe as I, for my share, am right thankful to have no concern with at all! I think, on the whole, as broken-winged, self-strangled, monstrous a mass of incoherent incredibilities, as ever dwelt in the human brain before."—*Carlyle*, "Latter-Day Pamphlets," p. 246.

IMMORTALITY.

BEING once questioned with a certain whining solemnity as to his immortal soul, he laughed long in uncontrollable laughter. A very sublime being truly is this Sigvat, to expect and claim immortality! But I fear that the universe can do without me, as me, though my being is part of its being. When I die, Nature seizes on my effects, administers my estate, duly distributing my property. I, who am dead as this Sigvat, still continue my interest in the general life by every particle of my being thus distributed, and by the enduring existence of all that I have ever rayed forth—from attraction of gravity, attraction and repulsion electrical, to thought and emotion of humanity. Nothing is lost, though the walls of the *Ego* have given way and let in the floods of the universe. It is quite right to call death dissolution; it may be also solution, resolution, evolution. Immortality! why, the most of us don't know what to do with this one little personal life, and might well wonder how we came to be promoted to the dignity thereof. The claim to immortality is the claim to be trusted with millions of pounds because one has shown himself unfit to be trusted with sixpence. Leave me, O comical little men, with your talk about eternity; go and try to live a single happy and rational day.—*James Thomson* (B. V.), "Essays and Phantasies," p. 219.

ACID DROPS.

WILLIAM HAMPTON, who was recently sent to prison for four months for indecently assaulting a little girl at Crediton, was up to the time of his arrest, unless we are misinformed, a Bible class conductor and local preacher in Exeter. Before the court he pleaded for mercy on the ground that he was "overtaken as the apostle described it."

THE *Yorkshireman* says:

"Viccars Collyer, a Leicester manufacturer of pork pies, is a local preacher and an illuminated pillar in the temple of the Christadelphians. That weighed as nothing, however, with the magistrates when Viccars came before them last week, charged for the second time with having a few tons of putrid meat on his premises ready chopped and seasoned for making into pies, and they just gave him two months as they would any ordinary sinner. I should think Viccars was a man who would do a deal of good in prison."

AN anonymous lunatic has just published his "vision" of the "Coming Destruction of the World." Is he the patient who escaped from a northern asylum the other day?

THE Rev. C. J. Whitmore is the author of a little tract, "Left in the Mire," which gives the cases, *without names*, of thirteen Freethought advocates converted to Christianity under his very nose. One of our Liverpool readers wrote asking him for the *names* of these converts. In reply, Mr. Whitmore offers to come to Liverpool and lecture on the subject if the Freethinkers there will "hire some *large hall* and get some *well-known* respectable chairman." What modesty! What simplicity! Can the Ethiopian change his skin? Yes, for Whitmore has done it. He never used to be so dove-like except in the sense of "roaring you," like Bottom, "as loud as any sucking dove." We advise Mr. Whitmore to induce his *Christian* friends to hire the big hall, and get the big chairman, and draw the big meeting for him. They know he is worthy of all these things. We don't.

NOT satisfied with Mr. Whitmore's reply, our correspondent wrote again, repeating his request for names. No answer came. He wrote a third time. Silence again. Whitmore is a very old bird.

THE *Birmingham Daily Mail* says:—

"In some of the large towns just now some people with a fatuous belief in statistics are taking pains to show that there are many who do not attend churches or chapels. I am afraid churchmen in country districts could find cause for lamentation on the same account. I have a letter before me, addressed by a neighboring country vicar to one of his parishioners renting one of the "allotment gardens," which are usually given to the best church goers. It is as follows:—'Dear Sir,—I am sorry to say that those who have a portion of the allotment gardens seldom or never come to church. As they (the allotment gardens) are intended for the most industrious and the best church goers in the parish, I must ask you, if you wish to keep your allotment, to attend church regularly and to pay your rent. You now owe 12s.' Something strikes me, if the gentleman to whom this letter is addressed does not reform very speedily, he will lose the privilege of growing his own cabbages."

THE Rev. R. A. Hatchard determined to do a little converting in the Newcastle district after the Church Congress was over. He followed Mr. Foote about, opposed him at Jarrow and South Shields, and announced lectures of his own to be delivered in the same places. Our South Shields correspondent gives the woeful result. "Mr. Hatchard," he writes, "can't crow. He distributed his own bills at the shipyard gates, and in the absence of his supposed friends had to take the money at the door of the Jarrow hall himself. While he was lecturing one or two more came in, and he requested them to put the money upon the platform." After saying that Mr. Hatchard barely cleared his expenses at South Shields, the rent of the hall being only a pound, our correspondent adds, "Poor Hatchard seems deserted by his Church friends. Something is loose somewhere. A Freethinker took the chair for him at Jarrow, and another Freethinker took the chair for him at Shields."

THE *Christian Herald* says that "There is in Liverpool a converted policeman, who has been heard to say 'I am so

happy that I don't know what to do.'" It is an interesting comment on this, and on the further statement that Christ is working among the force, that according to the *Liverpool Echo*, "more than two out of three persons who commit petty larceny in Liverpool get off without ever being arrested," while more than seven out of every ten burglars go scot free, and garotte robberies are "perpetrated with impunity in the most respectable streets."

AFTER the statistics we published last week as to the *increase* of churches in Liverpool and the *decrease* of attendants, it is extremely rich to find Bishop Ryle saying that what the city most wants is "more clergymen and more places of worship."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Christian World* laments "the spread of infidelity" in New Zealand, and a spirit of carelessness about religion. If things go on as they have gone in the past, the only Christians in New Zealand will soon be found among the Maories.

THE *Sunday Times* is very wroth. It speaks of the Walworth Freethought Institute as "a den," and denounces a recent lecture given there on "the latest French pestilential production, the *Bible pour Rire!*" We suppose the Institute will get a few fresh members from this welcome puff.

THE ORTHODOX PULPIT.—SERMON II.

"Cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood."—Jeremiah xlvi. 10.
"And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and his name is called *The Word of God.*"—Revelation xix., 13.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN.—We read in the blessed Word that when the Jews spared the women and the little ones of the Midianites, after taking them captive and burning their cities, Moses was wroth and said unto them. "Have ye saved all the women alive? Behold, these caused the children of Israel, through the council of Balaam, to commit trespass against the Lord in the matter of Peor, and there was a plague among the congregation of the Lord. Now, therefore, kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known man by lying with him. But all the women-children that hath not known a man by lying with him, keep alive for yourselves" (Numbers xxxi., 14-18). Similarly the Lord through the mouth of his prophet Samuel, showed his displeasure against Saul for sparing Agag, king of the Amalekites, as we may read in the fifteenth chapter of the first book of that pious prophet, who even tells us that the Lord repented having made Saul a king on this account. You, brethren, who know your Bibles, are aware that not only were the chosen people commanded to exterminate the idolatrous nations round about them, but to smite brother, daughter, wife, or friend, should they seek to lead the faithful away from their own religion. The early Christians were not in a position to carry out these teachings, which had been pervertedly enforced against their Master; yet hearken to the testimony of the beloved disciple John, "If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine receive him not into your house, neither bid him God-speed" (1 John 10); and Paul in the fifth chapter of his epistle to the Galatians (v. 12) says, "I would that they were even cut off that trouble you." Possibly Paul simply meant excommunication, but I beg of you to remember that he tells us (Heb. xii., 29) "our God is a consuming fire," and that "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God" (2 Thes. i., 7-8). And yet brethren there are mealy-mouthed professors of Christianity who are ready to offer fair words to unbelievers and, like Mr. Davidson at the recent Church Congress, find little worse to say than "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." This, brethren, is not the spirit of the old prophets, not the spirit of men who realise that infidelity is sending countless immortal souls to everlasting fire, not the spirit of men who realise that God is not satisfied without the shedding of blood, and that He has written the words of our text, "Cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood." Let us pray. JEROSOPHAT GRIMES.

THE following is making use of a quotation in a very apt manner. Dandy and Jock were fast friends, and dearly loved the barley bree and a talk about the kirk. One night, the first-mentioned having to be taken home by his friend (not an unusual occurrence), pretty tight, as the saying has it, was met at the door by his wife. "What, Sandy, drunk again? This is awfu'. It's a yer fault, Jock, learning my man to drink." "What?" says Jock, "me learn yer man ta drink? That's a gude ane. For mysel', I can tak' a glass and want it, when I like; but yer man, he is like the Lord—he is the same yesterday, the day, and for ever."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Mr. FOOTE will lecture three times to-day (Sunday, Oct. 30th), in the Scottish Secular Union's Hall, Chambers Street, Edinburgh: morning, 11.30, "Poverty, Priestcraft and Privilege;" afternoon, 2.30, "Infidel Death Beds;" evening, 6.30, "Great Christ is Dead!!"

On Monday and Tuesday evenings, October 31st and November 1st, Mr. Foote will debate with the Rev. H. A. Long, in the Assembly Rooms, Nelson Street, Glasgow. Questions: "Should Atheists be allowed to sit in Parliament?" "Do Famines, Pestilences and Natural Disasters show that the World is governed by a Being All-Wise, All-Powerful, and All-Good?"

On Friday evening, November 4th, Mr. Foote will lecture at Paisley, on "The Land, the Lords, and the People."

MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

November 6th, Glasgow; 13th, Hall of Science, London; 20th Sheffield; 22nd, Walworth; 27th, Manchester; 28th, Hyde Eclectic Institute.

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

January 5th, 12th, 19th, and 26th, Hall of Science, London; 8th, Bradford; 15th, Rochdale; 22nd, Halifax.

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.

T. DUNS SCORUS.—Not in our line; and if your articles were like the tracts you send us they would kill the *Freethinker* in less than a month.

A. M. REIS.—Salvationism is so utterly imbecile that we feel as little disposed to discuss it as we do the drivellings of congenital idiots in lunatic asylums. Still we thank you for the cutting.

H. MILLER.—Thanks. We don't share the belief that Scotchmen are insensible to a good joke. Different peoples have their different styles of wit. There is a certain *slyness* about Scotch humor which is very enjoyable; as it were a roguish twinkle of the eyes while the rest of the visage retains a Puritan sombreness. We have given some excellent Scotch stories in the *Freethinker*.

J. SMITH.—Circulars sent. Thanks for your offer to distribute them. We wish more of our readers would do the same. It is also doing us a real service to get a newsagent to exhibit a contents bill. We are sorry to hear that there is some difficulty in obtaining the *Freethinker* in Bradford.

W. VENTON.—Thanks for the paper. Circulars sent.

S. CLIFTON.—Mr. Symes has already one correspondent to reply to, and we think that is enough for one sermon.

A LOVER OF TRUTH writes that Mark Knowles, the barrister-preacher of Northampton, once did some good work in connexion with the classes at the Dulwich Workmen's Club. But he adds that so far from having converted the people about Peckham Rye, the worthy gentleman has left them under a fuller influence of scepticism than ever. Our correspondent says that he has himself read passages from Paine and Ingersoll, and sold a good deal of Freethought literature, on an open space within five minutes' walk of Mr. Knowles's house, where a year or two ago no sceptic could get a hearing.

A. E. SMITH writes: "Your paper has acted like a good tonic to a sluggish and anemic Freethought literary system." Our correspondent hopes we shall be able to continue. There is no fear of it. Our circulation increases steadily every week.

BRUNO writes: "I could almost wish the *Freethinker* to become a daily instead of a weekly. I always feel anxious for Friday to come round." We thank our correspondent for his cuttings.

A. BONNER.—Your letter got mislaid; hence delay. The cutting is capital. We know Professor Morley's book, but we thank you for the reference.

R. HICKMAN.—We do not answer legal questions in these columns.

J.—Thanks for the cuttings. Article also to hand.

G. TAYLOR.—Such cuttings are always welcome. Bishop Ryle has all his work cut out. We think he will fail. He goes in too much for "riling" his fellow Christians.

H. SANDERSON.—Shall always be glad to hear from you.

T. C. GRAY.—"Missions to the Heathen" will go through the press as soon as Mr. Foote gets a little spare time. The date is uncertain. You may rely on all the information being genuine.

J. MORRIS.—We thank you.

J. DODDS.—The poor *Shield of Faith* is suffering from an acute attack of Foote on the brain. We are too busy to attend to it at present, but we shall deal with the immaculate Sexton and all his Christian Evidence friends as soon as we have time.

We regret to say that Mr. Symes has been too unwell to write his usual Sermon for this week's *Freethinker*. Our readers will find him again (probably) in our next number.

PETHERTON.—Thanks. We shall always be glad to hear from you.

J. SMITH.—The Western and Southern counties are too much neglected, but the N. S. S. can do nothing unless the local Freethinkers move for themselves. Let us hope for better things soon. Plymouth does its duty. Southampton and Portsmouth are improving, and Bristol is waking up. We cannot say how many numbers will complete the "Comic Bible."

C. B. B.—It would cost a large sum to reprint No. 1 of the *Freethinker*, and a sale of 4,000 would be required to clear expenses.

C. DELOLME.—The hint is a good one.

D. AIMER.—Thanks. The writer's brains must be added.

R. W. K.—We do not feel called on to make any such repudiation. We cannot discuss Malthusianism in these pages, but surely any leaders of the Freethought party have a perfect right to hold their own views on the subject. We confess we do not share your alarms.

SUGAR PLUMS.

LAST week's *Inquirer* had an excellent article on "The Archbishop of York on Secularism." It described his paper as "most disappointing," and his peroration as "mere clap-trap." "We should like to see him," says the *Inquirer*, "matched on the public platform with a well-equipped Secularist? and if the Church dignitary had nothing better than this to say, we have no difficulty in anticipating who would have the best of it."

THE same paper contained an article on "Pietism," nearly every word of which we can endorse. It is a manly protest against the "sickly sentimentalism" of religious circles. The author signs himself "Laborare est orare."

ROBIN GOODFELLOW, in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, referring to the religious census taken in that town, says, "The vast mass of the people of Newcastle and Gateshead are clearly indifferent to religious observances. It would be interesting to learn what explanation the religious bodies have to give of this peculiar attitude of the people with regard to them."

THE Tories and bigots have indeed made Mr. Bradlaugh's name a household word. At the Newcastle Police Court the other day, the prosecutrix, an old lady of the Methodist persuasion, refused to take the oath and insisted on making the "Bradlaugh affirmation."

THE *Medical Press and Circular* has printed a timely warning against the "pernicious influences of the hysterical-religious mania" generated by Moody-and-Sankey-ism.

THE PLANTER AND HIS SON.

A CHRISTIAN APOLOGUE.

A SLAVE in Barbadoes, was once on a time
Condemned to be handsomely whipped.

'Tis very indifferent what was his crime,
Perhaps it was something improper for rhyme,
In short, the poor culprit was stripped.

When just at the moment, his bacon to save
The son of the planter, who pitied the knave,
Came and asked what poor Sambo had done;
And begged the old father to pardon his slave,
When the father thus spake to the son:

"What's Sambo to you? he's of different race,
But if you'll submit to my whim,
I'll let him scot free, you must work in his place
And Sambo shall kick you till black in the face.
Thus you will be punished for him."

The son replied, "Father, thy will be done."
And he pulled off his coat and he instantly run
To work until black in the face,
While Sambo himself thought it excellent fun
To kick him from place unto place.

This tale through Barbadoes was speedily spread,
Each told it a different way.
Some said, 'tis a lie without tail, without head;
Some shrugged up their shoulders and cautiously said,
For their parts they had nothing to say.

These thought the old gentleman surely must rave;
If venial what Sambo had done,
Why not pardon freely the faults of a slave?
If not, could the sins of an obstinate knave
Be purged by his innocent son?

Those thought that the youngster's presumption was great,
In a boy, what a silly pretence,
To teach an old man how to manage the estate;
And others declared that at every rate
Both had acted without common sense.

October 17, 1828.

THE LION

A PREACHER, being requested to perform the last sad office for a young woman at the point of death, pressed her to believe that flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. "Then I am safe," replied the patient, "for I have been so long ailing, that I am nothing now but skin and bone."

CORRESPONDENCE.

BISHOP'S SECOND CHARGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR.—I am sorry my paper in the *Shield of Faith* with the above title has made you so short-tempered. A dealer in "Sugar Plums" ought not to be so sour. You say that I do not like the "Acid Drops" and "Sugar Plums" which you are supplying. If I had to swallow them I should not. But as I am keeping them to show to those I may speak to in a year or two's time what kind of pabulum you think the Secularists need at present, I am delighted with them. If I had called your friends a lot of babies you would charge me with insulting them. But you treat them as babies when you supply them with the vile sweetmeats above mentioned.

I do not care to discuss whether or not I am a Saint, or am witty, or learned, or successful in making my mark in or out of the Secular party or on the Secular platform. I do not forget that Mr. Bradlaugh said that I was "spoiled with too much praise," and that I "was a very intelligent self-taught man." (*National Reformer*, May 24th, 1874, "Rough Notes.") I only care to place this testimonial by the side of your remarks upon my ability and success while I was with your "party." Many Christian friends have remarked to me that it is strange how a man may be applauded to the skies by the Secularists as long as he remains with them, but if he should see fit to leave them, he is discovered directly to be anything but clever or honest.

It is seven years last May since I publicly renounced Secularism, and during that time I have not been inactive in dealing with the matters in dispute between Christians and Secularists. I have lectured in reply to my own objections to religion in the very places that I advocated them. Whatever charge you may choose now to insinuate, you cannot prefer that of cowardice against me. And it took a great deal of persuasion from Christian people to induce me to leave the station of what is commonly called a working man, to prepare for the position which in God's providence I now hold in the Church of England. I have never known any intellectual or moral reason for regretting the step I took in 1874, especially when I know that "sensationalism, platitude and clap-trap" (*Vide Secularist*, May 19th, 1877), are the essentials of a Secularist lecturer's success. And I sincerely express my regret that any gentleman of talent capable of conducting a logic class, if his students be regular and attentive, should find it necessary either for reputation or bread and cheese to supply the trash you are now engaged in.—I am, yours respectfully,

Great Grimsby.

GEORGE BISHOP.

[Mr. Bishop attacked us in the *Shield of Faith*, and his rejoinder should have appeared in its hospitable pages. We are not in the least "short-tempered." Mr. Bishop has no power to annoy us. We watch the performance of himself and his friends with considerable amusement, and only notice them when they seem likely to impose on the public. Our paragraphs may be regarded by Mr. Bishop as "vile sweetmeats" or as anything else. We are quite indifferent to his opinion. The dislike of all the Christians in England will not affect us so long as we retain the approbation of its Freethinkers. Mr. Bishop should not keep our back numbers; it is a needless expense; there will be current numbers "in a year or two's time," just as blasphemous as those which are now horrifying the elect. Like him, we do not care to discuss his ability, its amount and character being so obvious. Nor do we question his contentment with his "position in the Church of England," as we think it a better one than he would ever have obtained elsewhere. But we do question his right to talk about our demeaning ourselves for "bread and cheese." Blowing one's own trumpet is not a pleasant task, but we beg to tell Mr. Bishop and all whom it may concern that lucre has never prompted our advocacy or shaped our policy. Our bed has not been one of roses. We have made large sacrifices for principle. And if after ten years' hard work our efforts are being appreciated and crowned with some measure of success, there is nothing wonderful in that. We can easily understand how others, with less energy, patience and sincerity, who fled from the burden and heat of the day to the lazy coolness of the Lord's vineyard, now feel that envy of those who remained, which is the nearest approach to remorse they are capable of. In conclusion, we beg to say that when Mr. Bishop and his friends describe our pages as "vile" and "trash" and so forth, we take their language as a compliment. If they gave us praise, we should painfully wonder what we had done to deserve it.—EDITOR.]

THE ATHEISTIC PULPIT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER."

WILL you kindly insert these brief remarks on Mr. Symes' "Sermon VI." Mr. Symes' manner of thinking appears to me very free, unrestrained by reason, propriety, or reverence. He is far from being domesticated, and appears to relish wildness of thought as well as expression. Certainly, freethinking does not mean absolute freedom from all restraints. Mr. Symes professes to defend reason, but he is so utterly prejudiced that in up-

setting common beliefs and championing the *reasonable*, he becomes, as the exquisite La Rochefoucauld said of himself, very *unreasonable*.

I pass over many sweeping assertions wherein the writer disregards important facts. He repudiates things so unscrupulously. His motto is general ruin. Every creed outside his own is sheer nonsense.

"We know what we worship" is an empty boast, he says. "The only persons that really know are those who worship stocks and idols." The enlightened deist seems to me to know more really what he worships than the poor savage who disfigures himself and falls prostrate before a piece of stone or wood. As his mind develops he will betake himself to spirit-worship, and will abandon his idols. A wider knowledge of nature leads the mind to a more spiritual adoration. A sincere Christian—I beg of Mr. Symes to acknowledge the truth honestly—really knows better what he worships than a Kaffir. A man has a more perfect knowledge of things than a child. A child may know the alphabet as masterly as his father, but they are mere bare forms to the one, to the other they are fraught with thought and life. But, according to Mr. Symes's assertion, the child seems to really know better what the alphabet is than the grown-up man. In his conversation with the Samaritan woman, what Christ strove to accomplish was, to persuade her that religious worship was to be thenceforth universal and spiritual. In all ages, and among all nations, it has a tendency to become local and conventional. Now, Christ taught that God is to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, to the exclusion of all places and all rituals. Previously, according to popular notions, God could not be approached but through his ministers or priests; now, according to the teaching of Christ, the way is open. Pure Christianity dispenses with priests and priestcraft. What Mr. Symes derides is not Christianity but Christianised Paganism.

He seems to me to be ignorant of the character of Christ. He has the following: "I am right you are wrong; I am divine you are stupid; I shall be saved you will be damned." According to the Gospels, he *did* announce his righteousness; he did condemn the sins of the world; he did condemn officialdom and died its victim; but where does Mr. Symes find anything to support his assertion that Christ was lost and would be saved? A Freethinker should avoid putting his own notions into other people's mouths.

Regarding another assertion of Mr. Symes', where does he find grounds to say that a Freethinker confounding Christ would be violently treated?

We ought to congratulate ourselves on the fact that Mr. Symes did not write one of the books of the Old or New Testament, because it would be proverbially confused and abundantly incorrect. Commentators have done much to render the Bible unintelligible, but Mr. Symes seems to mix up things hopelessly. In the Bible as a whole, where does he find two Gods the Fathers and two God the Sons? Some detached texts may be pressed into the service of Trinity, but wherever does the Bible teach Quinity? I would cordially advise Mr. Symes to be more correct in his quotations and conclusions and less shocking in his style, nicely blending the *agrecable* with the *convincing*.

D. R.

JUDAS AND THE DEVIL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER."

SIR,—In your blasphemous paper of October 9th was published the first sermon from "The Orthodox Pulpit."

I wish to point out the lamentable fact that if the pulpit possesses that inestimable quality, the preacher does not, for after God's holy word has informed him that the Lord chose the Devil to be one of his apostles he does not enquire, which was the one? what saith the Scriptures? but immediately jumps to the conclusion that Judas was he. Had he been truly orthodox he would have formed no opinion of his own; but would have adhered to the opinion of Christ, which is expressed, Matt. xvi., 22.—"But he (Jesus) turned, and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan."

The sceptic will doubt the possibility of Peter entering into Judas, and will enquire if his subsequent escaping therefrom had anything to do with the gushing out of the bowels of poor Judas? and if so, how did he manage to arrive at the Palace in time to do the other little deeds narrated of him?

Thank the Lord I am orthodox, and have nought to do but believe.

RICHARD BAKER.

FREETHOUGHT PROPAGANDA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER."

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to call the attention of your readers to a means of diffusing Freethought, which has hitherto been sadly neglected.

In the course of my travels I have been repeatedly struck by the immense number of religious books, tracts, and newspapers left by zealous Christians at hotels, railway stations, and other places of public resort. How comes it that in these days of progress and propaganda one sees so few Freethought and Republican publications left in a similar manner? When I travel I invariably leave a parcel of Freethought and Republican books, journals, etc., at each hotel where I stop, and, as a general rule, these publications are speedily pounced upon by

inquisitive travellers, often, no doubt, with the pious intention of consigning them to the flames, but, as I know from personal experience, quite as often with that of *attentively reading them*.

For several years, and in the face of great opposition, I have carried on, unaided, a Freethought propaganda in Italy, translating the works of eminent English Freethinkers into Italian, and writing several others of a similar tendency myself. Now, without this system of sowing the good seed of Liberalism broadcast, I should have effected little or nothing; for few will buy literature advocating unpopular ideas.

Were every sincere Liberal to leave books and papers of a propagandist character in every place he visited whilst travelling we should soon hear more of it, and probably the first to proclaim the fact would be the orthodox.

Appropos of propaganda: why has a system of *colportage* like that pursued for years by the Christians of England, never been thought of by the Secular or other Freethought societies? A few years ago we attempted it in this country, but owing to financial and other difficulties it proved a failure.

It will be a bright day for Secularism when it produces a champion such as George Barrow once was for Protestantism. That brave and gifted, though in many respects mistaken man, rode alone and unarmed over nearly the whole of Spain (then convulsed with civil war) to spread what he sincerely believed to be the truth. Shall we, soldiers of Freethought, be less ready to fight for the Religion of Humanity?

Freethought and Freethinkers have been so constantly calumniated or ignored by the press, that most Englishmen and women of the upper and middle class sincerely believe them to be all that is wicked, violent, and, crime of crimes, vulgar!—Yours truly,

R. H. DYAS.

Pallauza, October 15th, 1881.

ATHEISTIC SONNETS.

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

X.—ANGELS.

In ancient days when gods were mighty men,
And mighty men were gods and knaves combined;
When in the vastness rolled the august mind,
Whose wondrous wisdom framed a sulphurous den;—
There lived in those fair days a race of things,
Men, women, children, birds, or what you will,—
A race of wondrous comeliness and skill,
Who hovered round this wicked earth on wings.
Their's was a mission from the land of gods,
To their earth-friends the nation-ruling priests,
Whose teachings they confirmed, that men were beasts,
And priests were holy things, whose whims and nods
Must win obedience from each trembling slave,
Who *must* believe or burn beyond the grave.

HARRY LONG'S TRICKS.

HARRY A. LONG, the notorious Glasgow anti-papist missionary, is at his old tricks. Perhaps he has had another telegram from heaven, in which case Jehovah would appear to be at his old trick of sending lying prophets. Harry has issued a pamphlet addressed to the three clergymen of Edinburgh and the two of Paisley, who sent letters of apology to the chairmen of Mr. Bradlaugh's meetings on the evenings of June 11th and 13th, 1881. He states therein "Who is the patriarch of Secularism? Is it not George Jacob Holyoake? What must Mr. Bradlaugh be when G. J. H. repudiated him? nay, what the gospel ministry in Scotland when five ministers adopt whom Mr. Holyoake repudiates? But why cast off so able a co-worker? The two acted as co-editors of the *National Reformer*. Mr. Holyoake repeatedly warned his fellow-editor that if he persisted in recommending lewd works he would throw up connection with the *National Reformer*. Mr. Holyoake, protesting against obscene choke-damp in the offices, started the *Reasoner*." In all this it is hardly necessary to say there is not one word of truth. The *Reasoner* was started many years before the *National Reformer*, nor was G. J. Holyoake ever co-editor of the latter paper. Harry A. Long continues "Mr. Holyoake was so over nice that he objected to Mr. Bradlaugh recommending 'The Elements of Social Science,' a book as to impurity bearing about the same proportion to 'The Fruits of Philosophy' that muddy water bears to vitriol. The work is, of course, anonymous. I believe its author is Dr. Aveling, who lectured in Edinburgh on 'The Wickedness of God.' This man is president of the Malthusian League, being supported by three vice-presidentesses, Mrs. Besant and Mr. Bradlaugh's two daughters." Our readers will be aware that neither the Misses Bradlaugh nor Dr. Aveling have any official connexion with the Malthusian League; and if Dr. Aveling did write "The Elements of Social Science," he must have been an infant prodigy indeed, for it was published while he was yet a child in arms. Harry Long contends that when sceptics are indignant they are compelled to use religious terms. We will, however, only say to Harry, "Almost thou persuadest us to believe in thy total depravity." LAON.

A PARSON CAUGHT.

A LEAN hungry-looking tramp was perambulating somewhere in the Whitmore Reans, when rapping at the door of a neat, comfortable, little dwelling, he asked the servant who answered to favor him with a dry crust of bread, as he had had nothing to eat now these two days. The servant at once called her master, one of the white-throated, black-coated tribe—not a regular parson—but a regular Bashi-Bazouk of the church militant. The master rolled his eyes in a sanctimonious manner, and after a few questions told Sarah to bring the poor man a piece of bread. When the girl returned with it, the Tramp proffered the deepest gratitude, till the parson was encouraged by his grateful and abject demeanour to ask him a few leading questions, with the object of improving the occasion:—

Parson.—Do you ever return thanks on high, my good man?

Tramp.—I am sorry to say, sir, I've got nothing to return thanks for.

Parson.—But all things come through prayer. Do you ever pray?

Tramp.—Don't know any prayers.

Parson.—Shall I teach you one?

Tramp.—Yes, if you like. (Both kneel down and Parson strikes the approved attitude.)

Parson.—Our Father.

Tramp.—Your Father.

Parson.—(Surprised.) No! Our Father.

Tramp.—What! Your father and mine!

Parson.—Certainly, my good man.

Tramp.—Why, then, we're brothers.

Parson.—Brothers in Christ.

Tramp.—(Showing hunk of bread.) Well, I should like to know what the ——— you think o' yourself, giving your brother a ——— piece of bread like this. A man in your position too. You ought to be ——— well ashamed of yourself.

PROFANE JOKES.

A TEACHER, trying to impress on the youthful mind of one of her scholars the sinfulness of not speaking the truth, asked him if they did not tell him in Sunday school, where bad boys went to who told falsehoods. Choking with sobs, he said: "Yes, marm; it's a place where there is a fire, but I don't know the name of the town."

A BISHOP'S "FAITH."—During a storm in the Atlantic a Bishop, who was a passenger on board one of the great steamships, went up to the captain and asked if there was any hope. The captain replied that unless the wind changed very shortly they would very soon be all in heaven. "God forbid!" ejaculated the Bishop.

OLD Mrs. Donald Macky, being nearly at the end of this life, was asked to take a message to some relations of her next door neighbor, "who had gone aloft." "O, aye," she said, "that is tae say, if I meet them; but ye needna think I'll gang clanking through heaven looking for your friends, causing a steer (a commotion) among the folks."

ANOTHER old gentleman, having lost his way on the moor, the night being stormy and wet, was at last found by a friend, who scolded him for going alone on such a night, saying he ought to have had some one with him. "Aye, mon," says old Thomas, pointing upwards, "I hae got some ane; I've got—what do you ca' him?"

DURING a sermon in a parish church on the life of Jesus, a boy in the gallery let fall into the pit a penny, which he had brought for the collection, making thereby a considerable noise. The minister had just concluded a eulogy of some acts of Jesus, and put the question to his audience in raised tones, "Was not that the carpenter's son?" A boy in the gallery, whose father was in that line of business, thinking the question personal, called out, "No sir; please sir, it was the blacksmith's son."

REVIEWS.

The Christian Religion. By COLONEL INGERSOLL. Abel Heywood. 3d.

This is Number Three of the Leek Bijou Reprints, and is very tastefully got up. It is a reprint of an article in the "North American Review." While there is nothing very novel in the matter, the manner is forcible, eloquent, and fresh. We earnestly hope that the British public will extensively read this plain statement of Freethought positions. It will do them more good than all the sermons they ever listened to.

The Vaccination Inquirer. October, 1881.

EDITED and written with admirable vigor and logic. We believe vaccination to be a detestable sham, and we heartily recommend

this organ of the Anti-Vaccinators to our readers. The price is only one penny, or eighteen-pence per annum, post free. The Secretary's address is—Mr. William Young, 114, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

A Word for Anti-Christ. Seventeen Reasons for Rejecting Christianity. By J. M. HARVEY, B.A. London: G. Standing. 1d.

FORCIBLY written, and likely to do good as a propagandist tract.

Hell. By R. G. INGERSOLL. Edinburgh: Wheeler King and Co., 14, Teviot Place.

COLONEL INGERSOLL'S bold and witty Freethought lectures are fully as popular here as "across the herring-pond." A perfect shower of them has fallen on us of late from all quarters. The latest hails from the North and is as fiery as its title. The Colonel pours his shot hell-hot into the camp of the enemy. We can safely prophecy that "Hell" will be in great demand.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

First Thirty Words	£0 1 0
Every Additional Ten, or Part of Ten Words	0 0 4
Quarter Column	0 8 0
Half a Column... ..	0 13 0
Column	1 0 0
Page	1 15 0

New and Cheap Remainders.

Essays—Scientific, Political, and Speculative. (Second Series.) By HERBERT SPENCER. (Published at 12s.) Demy 8vo, 362 pp., 3s. 6d. P. 6d. A rare opportunity.

The Classification of the Sciences; to which are added Reasons for Dissenting from the Philosophy of M. Comte. By HERBERT SPENCER. 48 pp., demy 8vo, colored wrapper, 1s. P. 1d.

The Eternal Gospel; or, the Idea of Christian Perfectibility. By N. W. MACKAY, M.A. (Published at 2s. by Thomas Scott.) In two Parts, 200 pp. in all, 6d. P. 2d.

Matter and Motion. By N. A. NICHOLSON, M.A., Trinity College Oxford. 48 pp., demy 8vo, 3s. P. 1d.

Practical Remarks on State Vaccination, addressed to the Smallpox and Vaccination Committee of the Epidemiological Society. By EDWARD J. HUGHES, M.D., Medical Officer to the Holywell Union. 32 pp., demy 8vo, 1d. P. ½d.

The Crimea and Transcaucasia; being the narrative of a journey in the Kouban, in Gouria, Georgia, Armenia, Ossety, Imeritia, Swannety, and Mingrelia, and in the Tauric Range. By Commander J. P. TELFER, R.N. With two fine Maps and numerous Illustrations; two vols. in one, splendidly bound in cloth, gilt edges, royal 8vo, 600 pp. (Published at £1 16s.) A handsome presentation book, 5s.

The Human Mind. A System of Mental Philosophy. By J. G. MURPHY, LL.D. Cloth, crown 8vo, 350 pp., 2s. P. 5d.

Brief Notes on Chemistry; with Tables on the Metallic and Non-Metallic Elements, and **Concise Tables for Chemical Analysis.** By W. GROOME, M.A., etc., Head Master of the Beds Middle Class School. Both these works, extremely useful to students, are bound in limp cloth, demy 8vo. The two 6d. P. ½d. Also by the same author,

A Concise Treatise on Music, Musical Harmony, and Thorough Bass. Illustrated, limp cloth, 30 pp., demy 8vo, 3d. P. 1d.

One Thousand Geometrical Tests. Comprising exercises in Mensuration, Euclid, Practical Geometry, and Trigonometry; specially adapted by a novel arrangement for examination purposes, but suited also for general use in schools. By THOMAS S. CAYZER, Head Master of Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Bristol. 82 pp., cloth, demy 8vo, 6d. P. 2d.

London: FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 28, Stonecutter St., E.C.

SUNDAY EVENINGS FOR THE PEOPLE.—

South Place Institute, South Place, Finsbury.—SUNDAY, OCTOBER 30th, at Seven o'clock, a LECTURE will be delivered by EDWARD B. AVELING, D.Sc., F.L.S., on "HAMLET." Followed by Selections from "ELLJAH." Miss Leonora Braham (by permission of R. D'Oyly Carte, Esq.), Miss Ellis Walton, and Mr. Franklin Clive. Full Band and Chorus. Conductor, Dr. J. W. Bernhardt. Tickets at the doors, 6d. and 1s.—Nov. 6, No Lecture, in consequence of the Building being let to the People's Concert Society. Nov. 13th, Lecture by H. J. Slack, Esq., F.G.S. Followed by Sacred Music.—National Sunday League, Office, 15, Bloomsbury Street, W.C. HENRY SAVERAUX, Secretary.

TEETH, 2s. 6d. each; a complete upper or lower set, £1. Best quality, 4s. a tooth; upper or lower set, £2. No extras. Fitted in four hours if required. Painless extraction by gas daily, inclusive fee, 6s.; without gas, 1s.; stopping, 2s. 6d.—Mr. STANTON, R.D., 128, Strand, London. Hours nine to eight.

NOW READY.

COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL'S ORATION ON THE GHOSTS.

The most brilliant and famous of all Ingersoll's noted Orations.

Printed in Large, Clear Type, and Bound in neat Colored Wrapper,
PRICE FOURPENCE.

London: FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 28, Stonecutter St., E.C.

Mr. Foote's Publications.

Secularism the True Philosophy of Life. An Exposition and a Defence	4d.
Atheism and Morality	2d.
The Futility of Prayer	2d.
Death's Test: or Christian Lies about Dying Infidels.	2d.

BIBLE ROMANCES.

I.—THE CREATION STORY	1d.
II.—NOAH'S FLOOD	1d.
III.—EVE AND THE APPLE	1d.
IV.—THE BIBLE DEVIL	1d.
V.—THE TEN PLAGUES	1d.
VI.—JONAH AND THE WHALE	1d.
VII.—THE WANDERING JEWS	1d.
VIII.—THE TOWER OF BABEL	1d.
IX.—BALAAM'S ASS	1d.
X.—GOD'S THIEVES IN CANAAN	1d.
XI.—CAIN AND ABEL	1d.
XII.—LOT'S WIFE	1d.

BIBLE ROMANCES—FIRST SERIES—Containing the above Twelve Numbers, bound in handsome wrapper, 1s.

SECOND SERIES:—

Ready next week.

I.—DANIEL AND THE LIONS	1d.
II.—THE JEW JUDGES	1d.

London: FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 28, Stonecutter St., E.C.

J. WORSTER,
WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,
"DUKE OF ORMOND,"
PRINCES STREET, WESTMINSTER.
The "National Reformer," "Freethinker," and other Freethought Journals at the Bar.

Now ready. **HELL!** Price 2d

A few Warm Words on the Cheerful and Comforting
Doctrine of
ETERNAL DAMNATION.
By R. G. INGERSOLL.

WHEELER, KING & CO., 14, TEVIOT PLACE, EDINBURGH.

Colonel Ingersoll: Portrait and Biography.
Portrait and Biography of Colonel Ingersoll.
Biography and Portrait of Colonel Ingersoll.

See

THE REPUBLICAN for November, now ready, price One Penny, containing many interesting Articles, and a
PORTRAIT and BIOGRAPHY of COLONEL INGERSOLL.

London: FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 28, Stonecutter St., E.C.
Office: 8, Finsbury Street, E.C.

JUST PUBLISHED.

"BREAKING THE FETTERS."

COLONEL INGERSOLL'S New and Powerful Lecture (with Portrait). "Full of gems," "Equal to anything he has said or written," "A series of sledge-hammers," etc. 20 pages, price 2d.; post free 2½d., or Six copies for 1s., from W. H. MORRIS, Bookseller, 18, Narrow Wine Street, Bristol, and all Freethought booksellers.

THE "MAYFLOWER" NEWSPAPER. Devoted to the Gossip, Gush, and Scandal of the world in general, Halifax in particular. Scientific and "Tooral Rooral" Serials and Religious Intelligence. A strictly moral newspaper. Circulation guaranteed larger than that of any other paper in Nova Scotia at any one issue. "No dead heads" or unpaid subscriptions on books.—Address, "Mayflower" Paper, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Dominion of Canada.

Printed by E. W. WHITILE, 170, St. John Street, Clerkenwell, E.C.; and published by THE FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 28, Stonecutter Street, E.C.