

# THE FREETHINKER.

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

Sub-Editor—J. M. WHEELER.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## PRIZE COMIC BIBLE SKETCH.



### AN INSPIRED ASS.

“And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she said unto Balaam, What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times?”—NUMBERS xxiii., 28.

## TWO PRISON PICTURES.

MR. EDMUND YATES has been released from Holloway prison by the Home Secretary, after undergoing less than half his sentence. Mr. Yates was imprisoned for publishing a gross libel on Lord Lonsdale in his paper the *World*, which Lord Coleridge very properly denounced as a purveyor of gossip and scandal. The only extenuation of the offence was that Mr. Yates did not himself write the libel, and that he allowed it to pass inadvertently, the real author being a titled lady, who was paid so much a week to furnish aristocratic eavesdropping. This fact may diminish Mr. Yates's guilt in the particular instance, but those who think it does so without reflecting on his general character must have very strange ideas of morality. Lord Lonsdale had done nothing to provoke the editor of the *World*, and Mr. Yates could not plead that he had written rashly in a fit of natural anger; he simply published the libel in the ordinary way of business, with no other motive than a desire to sell his paper. He ran a certain risk, but he secured a certain profit.

Now look at the crime for which I was sentenced to thrice Mr. Yates's term of imprisonment. He libelled a living lord, and I told the truth about a dead one. He slandered a living man, and I satirised a ghost. He got four months, and I got twelve. He served only half his term, and I served the whole of mine. He had no idea except making his paper pay, while I fought for a principle. He realised a handsome profit, while I shared with Mr. Ramsey a dead loss of five pounds on the Christmas number of the *Freethinker* for which we were prosecuted and imprisoned.

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Mr. Yates has been released on account of his health. Sir William Harcourt's bowels of compassion yearned at the poor prisoner's sufferings, and charitably came to his relief. But he showed no consideration whatever for me and my friends. He ordered absolutely no relaxation of the rules in our behalf even when we really needed it. He never noticed the “petitions” we wrote him from prison concerning our injured health, nor did he pay the slightest regard to the serious representations that were made to him from outside. Yet he knew that Mr. Ramsey was at the time very low; he knew that I had suffered six weeks' incessant diarrhoea and vomiting through coarse food and lack of fresh air; and he knew that Mr. Kemp was actually confined to his bed in hospital. Mr. Yates's health is a matter of importance to the Home Secretary, but our health was a trivial affair; Mr. Yates is released because the confinement has “told on him,” but Sir William Harcourt would not remit a single day of Mr. Kemp's sentence, although the poor young “blasphemer” was so ill that it was very doubtful whether he would be able to leave bed on the morning of his release, and he had to be assisted to the carriage sent for his conveyance. The fact is, our pious Home Secretary did not care whether we lived or died; and judging from the way he lied about us in the House of Commons, I rather think he would have been glad to see us carried home in our coffins.

Confinement “told on Mr. Yates;” seeing and hearing no one for thirteen hours was “eating out his soul.” Those thirteen hours, however, included the whole night. What was his confinement to ours? Sir William Harcourt never interfered with our being locked up all night and all day, twenty-three hours out of every twenty-four; and even when we went out to exercise with felons, no one spoke to us and we were forbidden to speak.



Mr. Yates's "nervous system was out of order." So is every man's in prison, except the lowest brutes'. It was "impossible for him to settle to work." Perhaps so. But what of our case? I know that my system was thoroughly impoverished. I lost twenty-eight pounds in weight, and as for work, I know that it took me nearly a whole day to write each of my prison letters, a task which I could easily complete in an hour outside. One of Mr. Yates's complaints, however, I certainly did not suffer from, namely "dejection." I never experienced that feeling for a single moment. Principle sustained me, and lifted me in spirit miles above the human kennel I dwelt in.

Look now at Mr. Yates's prison quarters and ours. He was on the civil side, while we were on the criminal side. He had a fine large room with two nice windows overlooking a garden, while we had a brick vault, twelve feet by six, with about three square feet of thick corrugated glass for window, looking nowhere. He had a Persian carpet, we had a blackleaded floor. His apartment was well furnished with a suite from Maple's; ours contained a plank bed and three tin pans. He had a little library; we had, for the first three months, no book except the Bible. He had plenty of writing materials, and we had nothing but a slate and pencil.

Mr. Yates lived on the fat of the land—butter, cream, eggs, game, and so forth. We had the ordinary felon's fare for the first three months, and afterwards, when our health suffered, the doctor put us on hospital fare. This sumptuous diet actually allows six ounces of dry bread for breakfast and supper, two meals out of the daily three. Mr. Yates saw his friends every day, received and answered as many letters as he pleased, transacted his business and edited his paper. I was not allowed to see my paper, I received and answered one letter every three months, and I saw my friends at similar intervals (except when a special order was procured), two at each visit, for half an hour only, the conversation going on through a narrow slit in two opposite boxes six feet apart. Finally, Mr. Yates wore his own clothes, while we were dressed like felons, with our numbers on a badge at the left breast.

Why was Mr. Yates treated so considerately, and why were we treated so disgracefully? The answer is very simple. Although he libelled a lord, Mr. Yates had plenty of upper-class friends, many of whom visited him in prison. He had also the sympathy of the general press, both Liberal and Conservative. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind, and many journalists felt that Mr. Yates's fate to-day might be theirs to-morrow. The easier, therefore, they helped to make things for him, the better it would be for the whole profession. We, however, had no upper-class friends. The thousands who petitioned for our release were mostly "poor" people, members of Workmen's Clubs and Radical Societies. The remainder were chiefly professional men, of high standing in the republic of thought, but of comparatively small account in the world of politics. As for the journalists, they nearly all reviled us with the hatred of self-contempt. We were not "in the swim" with them, like Mr. Yates. We had not sold our birthright of independence for a mess of pottage. Instead of putting ourselves unreservedly out to market, we had dared to dedicate ourselves to the service of truth, taking our risk of Gethsemanes and Golgothas.

A Liberal Government naturally paid no heed to working men and brain toilers. The question was not one that would decide the fate of the Ministry, so it was contemptuously ignored. Nay, when Sir William Harcourt erected his brazen front in Parliament, and grossly libelled us, the Government countenanced the lie, and not a single Liberal member protested against it. Fortunately the Nemesis is now dogging their steps. As for the Home Secretary, even the *Pall Mall Gazette* finds him a "distinctly evil element in English public life." This is gratifying; but that such a man should occupy an important post in a Liberal Ministry for so many years shows to what a depth of degradation Liberalism has descended.

G. W. FOOTE.

At Verona, U.S., a man crazed with religion felled a Mrs. Wade to the ground, exclaiming as he did so, "I have a mission from God to kill you!" While the inspired lunatic went to fetch some stones from a neighboring heap, the servant dragged Mrs. Wade into the house, and shut the door and ran for assistance.

## TALMAGE AGAIN.

On Sunday evening, February 1, Colonel Ingersoll delivered one of his highly popular and warmly applauded Freethought lectures at the Brooklyn Theatre, to a crowded house. As the great success of this lecture caused some excitement in Brooklyn society, it was decided to adopt means for counteracting the impression thus produced. We learn from the New York *Truthseeker* that the Rev. Mr. Mitchell accordingly volunteered to defend the cause of religion in the lecture-room of the Young Men's Christian Association. The lecture was duly announced, but when proceedings commenced there were present "one lecturer, two reporters, and an audience consisting of one lady." It was felt that this was not a very brilliant success, even if the audience, as we may charitably hope, increased a little in numbers later on. Then came the mighty Talmage to the front, and delivered from his coward's castle a counter-blow, as Christians probably deem it, to the great Freethought lecture. His sermon is duly reported, as usual, in the *Christian Herald*, and, we presume, in several other English Christian journals which print his reckless outpourings week by week as attractive food for the spiritual hungerings of their numerous, if not highly intellectual, readers.

This discourse, as might be expected, displays a plenteous lack of reasoning power, and a plenteous use of strong language and abuse in compensation. This mixture, if it may be so called, is admirably suited to the ordinary Christian hearer. Genial, humane, truth-seeking ridicule of the myth of a man-God who came on earth eighteen hundred years ago, lacerates and outrages his tender susceptibilities beyond endurance, but he is delighted to hear God's deputy from the sacred rostrum denounce Ingersoll's "outrageous utterances of last Sabbath night in Brooklyn Theatre" as the "carrion stench of leprous infidelity" which must be "fumigated from the atmosphere" by the strong hand of the law. Slanderous abuse and persecution have always been favorite weapons of Christianity; and still are, as was shown by the loud applause with which the congregation greeted Talmage's demand that the law against blasphemy should be executed or erased, and his prophecy that a municipal authority would some day do its duty and arrest blasphemers like other law-breakers.

Talmage endeavors to justify his ardent desire for the use of physical force against an opponent whose arguments he very wisely never attempts to meet, by the usual pulpit ravings about the glorious good wrought by Christianity and the degradation, ruin, brutality, etc., etc., with which Atheists desire to curse the world. "Christianity has lifted women up from the very depths of degradation almost to the skies," it appears. He tells us, as a shocking fact, that the Hindoo Bible permits a man to divorce his wife for commencing her dinner before he has finished; but, of course, he never tells us that the glorious Book that he himself upholds permits a man to divorce his wife at pleasure (Deut. xxi, 13-14; xxiv, 1; Matt. v, 31; xix, 8). He seems to suppose that he demolishes Freethought logic and criticism by wild assertions that "there has never been such a nefarious plot on earth as that which Infidelity and Atheism have planned. . . they will dynamite a world." There will be nothing left, he says, if Atheists can have their way, but a madhouse, a lazaretto and a pandemonium. If it were worth while replying in kind we would apportion the madhouse as most appropriate for Talmage, the lazaretto for his applauding, but possibly not incurable, congregation, and the pandemonium for the rest of the persecution-loving Christians, who might then practice their hateful methods upon each other only, thus leaving the rest of the world to sensible human beings who could dwell in peace and happiness. We think, however, that Talmage deserves far deeper moral reprobation for his outrageous slanders and his incitement to hatred and persecution than is conveyed by an imaginary consignment to a lunatic asylum. We will not object to his assertion that "God himself will laugh and mock" at the Atheists and Infidels. But we do condemn—and it seems to us that all honorable and humane men will condemn in the severest terms—the preacher and the congregation who demand that their otherwise unquarable opponents shall be treated as "criminals against society." This is how the popular preacher of a vaunted religion of love and brotherhood speaks of the avowed



Atheist and "Infidel," and threatens him with Christian treatment of the genuine kind :

"Society will push out the leper, and the wretch with soul gangrened and vermin-covered and rotting apart with his bestiality, will be left to die in the ditch, and be denied decent burial."

One would think that there would be sufficient human feeling left even in a Christian congregation to cause a revolt against such disgusting language and teaching. Hatred and insult are to be carried beyond the grave. The irrefutable arguments of the living man are to be met by denying him decent burial when dead. Christians are to egg on society to revive the old interdicts and excommunications. Great men like Ingersoll and Bradlaugh are to be outlawed and thrust forth to die in the ditch like dogs to gratify Christian malice and soothe the ruffled susceptibilities of pulpit blackguards like Talmage. But Christian congregations are not easily shocked by even the vilest and most infamous attacks upon the enemies whom they profess to love so earnestly. The more sensible men have already been driven out, and the process continues till only the residuum, the dregs, finally remain to applaud a Talmage's policy of wholesale vituperation and dastardly persecution.

We should like Christians to ask themselves this question: Suppose it had been Ingersoll who publicly spoke of the avowed Christian as a leper with soul gangrened and vermin-covered and rotting with bestiality who must be thrust forth from human society to die in a ditch; what opinion would they have of such teaching? If they would be horrified at such language proceeding from an Atheist against professing Christians, ought they not to be equally horrified by the utterance of similar words by a Christian champion and the circulation of them in numerous Christian journals? If Christians really desire to act justly to us—and we believe that a number of them do—let them protest against such insolence and such attempts at rousing evil passions, and let them do their best to counteract attacks so harmful to the cause of human brotherhood and truth and to Christianity which shares in the disgrace unless it openly disowns and reproves the offence.

W. P. BALL.

## ACID DROPS.

THE Queen is a very pious lady, and like all the rest of the Christians, she believes that poverty is a blessing and wealth a curse. But flesh is frail, and the royal widow (she has played that rôle for twenty-four years) finds it impossible to square her practice with her profession. She has therefore thrown prudence to the winds, and resolved to trust absolutely to the mercy of that God who, as the French lady said, will think twice before damning a person of quality. Her Majesty's latest outburst of despair, according to the *Citizen*, is the investing of a million in ground rents in the City of London. We learn, too, on the authority of Sir Thomas Brassey (who was true to his name in making such an announcement with so much complacency) that fifty-eight thousand pounds have just been expended on refitting her Majesty's yacht. The poor royal widow also contemplates asking the country for a few thousands a year to set her youngest daughter up in housekeeping like the rest of her lucky sisters. We rejoice to know that the Queen is an excellent Christian. If she were an excellent Freethinker we should seriously think of settling down in some Pacific island or in the backwoods of America.

AN old epigram by the late James Thomson (B. V.) is worth quoting here:—

When Stork succeeded Log as king  
The poor frogs fared but ill;  
We've both at once—the senseless thing,  
The damnable long bill.

It is high time that someone checked the religious fanaticism of Miss Crees, the head teacher of Poole's Park Board School. This lady seems to regard it as her chief business to thrust religion and the local missionary Whitehouse down the throats of her pupils. All sorts of slights are put upon the daughter of a local Freethinker for being withdrawn from the Bible reading and general mollycoddling, and Miss Crees has so far forgot herself as to tell the children that Mr. Bradlaugh is a vile, wicked man. Mr. Wade, the chairman of the Board, is very much her friend, or she would probably find herself rudely reminded that she is simply paid to teach the children secular knowledge, and not to turn the school into a conversion room.

A CHRISTIAN paper records a disastrous colliery explosion, in which forty lives were lost, in two lines, and gives nearly twenty

lines to the ex-empress Eugénie's carriage accident. No doubt the editor is ready to spout *ad libitum* that God is the father of all and no respecter of persons.

THE *Christian World* considers it a sign of George Eliot's leanings to piety that "she was in the habit of reading her Bible." Well, if reading the Bible is a sign of piety, Freethought lecturers are among the most pious people in the world.

THE Rev. S. F. Barnett, of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, asks the clergy to unite in making the rich "give all that they have" to the poor. A very hopeful task! Suppose Mr. Barnett gets the bishops to make a beginning. An ounce of practice is worth a pound of precept.

HARWOOD SMITH complains of being turned out of Enon Chapel, Woolwich, with three others, for doubting the doctrine of everlasting hell-fire. We congratulate instead of commiserating him. He is well out of the company of those who insist on hell-fire—for others, of course. They always have a saving clause for their precious selves.

THE Rev. Dr. Somerville, of Glasgow, has been evangelising in the East, and he has recently visited the sites of the Seven Churches of Asia. At Philadelphia an open-air meeting was held on the floor of Alexander's famous temple of Minerva. Sankey's hymns were sung in Greek (oh, shades of Pindar and Æschylus!), and instead of the worship of the God of War they had, says Dr. Somerville, "the gospel of the Prince of Peace." This is an extremely rich piece of hypocrisy when we remember what is going on in the Soudan. Every one of our invading banners has been consecrated by a minister of the Prince of Peace. If Dr. Somerville has any stomach for the contest, we are ready to prove that the cross of Christ has shone over far more bloodshed than the helmet of Minerva.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, one of our eloquent, sentimental pulpit orators and third-rate writers, is still calling upon the Christian churches to give up hell. He thinks the sky-pilots have travelled long enough in the brimstone line, and that the business is pretty well worked out. He wants them now to go in for treacle.

GOD ALMIGHTY wrote the Bible, and Dr. Parker is writing The People's Bible. We suppose the original work was meant exclusively for the upper classes.

J. J. JEZREEL has just died at Chillingham, Kent. His real name was James White, and he was once a private in the 16th regiment. In 1875 he joined a crazy religious society conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Head. A few months later he was expelled, probably because he was becoming a formidable rival to the leaders. He then went about "revivaling" with two young sisters, whom he called his virgins; and he declared that the three of them represented the Holy Trinity. He sailed for India in 1876, and on his return he assumed the name of J. J. Jezreel and was married. He then gave himself out to be God Almighty, and wrote the "Flying Roll," which his followers accept as the divine word. The name of his sect is "The New and Latter House of Israel," and it is recruited from all parts of the world. Gillingham appears to be its headquarters, where the faithful believe the hundred and forty four thousand elect will be gathered together preparatory to the end of all things.

JEZREEL is buried, but his followers say he "is not dead but sleepeth." It is quite possible that they will get up a story (in perfect good faith) about his resurrection. This sort of superstitious folly has been going on in all ages. The Christian legends of the resurrection and ascension arose just in the same way. If Jezreel, or Joseph Smith, and other semi-fanatics and semi-charlatans, can found new miraculous religions in this scientific age, how much easier must it have been to do the same thing eighteen centuries ago.

THE old lady who edits the *Rock* declares that "Nothing but the circulation of the Bible among the Irish people will ever make them loyal to the Throne and faithful to God." The Bible Society has been in existence over a century, but its efforts have not been peculiarly successful at any rate in keeping the Irish loyal to the Throne.

THE Salvationists at Halifax are putting out a theatrical bill in imitation of that originally issued by Rowland Hill. In the Theatre of the Universe, by command of the King of Kings, there will be performed, "The Great Assize; or, the Day of Judgment." This play, or, more strictly, we suppose, a rehearsal of it, will be set before the public on Sunday evening and on week-days at Stead Street Barracks. After the three acts into which the heavenly drama or parody is divided, there will be "an address by the Son of Man," who will say to the unregenerate, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels." A procession of saints will play golden harps to an accompaniment of weeping and wailing from the occupants of the pit, which is bottomless. Those who want to be admitted to the gallery must get tickets of the Salvation Army, and must be sprinkled with the blood of Christ. In our pages all this kind of thing is punishable blasphemy. On the



bills of the Salvationists and on their platforms it is glorious religion, protected by law.

WE observe that the *Sporting Chronicle* considers the blasphemy of "Major" Pearson's utterances and of his claims to miraculous faith-healing powers unequalled except by Jesus 1800 years ago, is "an infinite deal more shocking than that for which Messrs. Foote and Ramsey were imprisoned." After the "convincing exposure of 'Faith-Healing' which the *Medical Press* has just published," the *Chronicle* thinks that the "Major" ought to be prosecuted and punished.

A TRUE believer has at last found out an infallible cure for the sea sickness from which he used to suffer. He keeps "looking to him (*i.e.*, God) all the time" and God keeps the sickness away.

A CHRISTIAN contemporary rejects the popular Christian doctrine of the universal Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man as "a dangerous thing on which to build," and as "not supported by the Word of God." If God is the father of us all the editor cannot see why Christ died at all. Cannot some of the other equally infallible Christians prosecute him for heresy or blasphemy? Jesus told his Jewish opponents that they were of their father the Devil (John viii., 44). Which is the true "our father," we wonder, to whom men should pray?

LORD WOLSELEY tells his retreating troops "no greater honor is awaiting me, please God, than to lead you into Khartoum before the year is out." Please God, he will "smash the Mahdi." Please God, he will make orphans and widows by the hundred. Please God, he will fill up their wells, that the place may become uninhabitable. Please God, he will spend English blood and money for no other purpose than to gain great "honor" by slaughtering Arabs fighting for liberty. Let those who care no jot what God pleases lift their voices against this iniquity.

A MEMBER of a Baptist congregation at Cardiff has been severely censured by his chapel for joining in the godless game of football. If they would only wait till he broke his neck or had his shin bone kicked there would be a fine opportunity to point a moral and try a faith cure.

THE Exeter Town Council have decided that part of the addition to the city cemetery shall be consecrated, the payment to be made by the ratepayers. It is evident that the Burials Act has not yet provided against injustice to Dissenters.

THE Rev. Robert Anderson has been lecturing before the Young Men's Christian Association, Aldersgate Street, E.C., on "Scepticism, True and False." True scepticism is to disbelieve all other religions except the Christian, or that it can possibly have been established by human means. False scepticism is to doubt if God was born of a virgin and put to death to satisfy the wrath of his father. The worst manifestation of scepticism is doubt concerning the pretensions of the sky pilots.

A BOOK with the title, "The Mother: The Woman Clothed with the Sun"—a slip inside which informs us that this is "God's new gift to the world for 1885"—has been published by Field and Tuer. It seems that the writer has had several interviews with the mysterious lady mentioned in Rev. xii. who brought forth a man-child who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron. She is a surprising creature and ought to be secured for Barnum's museum.

A WRITER in the *Church Times* bitterly complains of the authorities appointing Easter Monday for a volunteer review, and permitting the arrangements to be made on Good Friday. He attributes our disaster in the Soudan to God's wrath at this desecration of the holy observances of the Church.

CANON TAYLOR of Liverpool has been delivering a course of five lectures on "The Prophecies of the Bible Fulfilled and Unfulfilled." For the first part a five minutes lecture would suffice, but the unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible would furnish matter for lectures from now till midsummer.

Now that spring is returning the peripatetic Salvationists are making Sunday hideous in the suburbs of all our large towns. Their method is to sally forth with drums, trumpets and tambourines, and give an entertainment of songs, prayers and short testimonies, on any spot of ground where they are unlikely to be interfered with by the police. The drum is placed in the centre, and after every song requests are made that offerings be thrown on the drum-head. This usually meets with a liberal response from an amused crowd, and what with the collections and the sale of *War Crys* and song books, the business is frequently as remunerative as it is lively. The most effective opposition to the Army is to let it severely alone.

A NEW journal with the title of *Parallax* has appeared. It pretends to give "the inspired cosmogony of the universe," and, we are not surprised to find, considers the earth flat. The frequent Bible expression "ends of the earth" signifies a termi-

nation, limit or boundary of a flat body. The inspired writing also speaks of "the four corners of the earth" (Isaiah xi., 12; Rev. vii., 1). See also Deut. xxxiii., 17; 1 Sam. ii., 10; Job. xxviii., 24; xxxvii., 3; Prov. xxx., 4; Jer. x., 13; xvi., 19; Dan. iv., 11; Acts xiii., 47; Rom. x., 18, etc.

AN account of "Faith-Healing in London" appeared in the *Daily News* for March 6. It appears that a meeting was held in a little Methodist mission chapel, John Street, Edgware Road, for the purpose of hearing testimonies to the reality of faith-cure. The chief speaker was Admiral Fishbourne, who seems a fine specimen of the credulous old salt. He declared himself to have been cured of rheumatics by going to Dr. Bordman's faith-curing establishment at Holloway. A more startling testimony was that given by one "Brother Cook," who had but one eye, the other having been pricked by a needle. "I can feel an eye comin'," declared this individual, but when asked in a friendly way if he had regained his sight sufficient to read large type, the other being covered with a handkerchief, the reply was he could not, but he "could see how many fingers were held up by his wife, if she stood between him and the gas." "May I try the experiment?" was asked, but Brother Cook's answer was angry in tone and slightly evasive. It was to the effect that his new eye had been fully tested at public meetings, and that he "wanted to get on with the business of the hevening."

THIS faith cure business though not exactly an American invention has long been worked in the States by Dr. Monck, Dr. Newton and other ex-spiritist medium magnetic healers. The Rev. Dr. S. H. Virgin has recently been strongly denouncing these "frauds" from the pulpit in Harlem. He declares the police ought to look after them as they were guilty of no less a crime than murder, and in the case of cholera the Faith-Cure Hospitals would become the worst kind of a pest-house for the spread of the epidemic.

AN Oldham correspondent says:—"In reference to the alleged faith-healing cure of Elizabeth Seddon, at a Salvation meeting at Manchester, on Monday night, an erroneous impression prevails. Major Pearson confiscated the crutch of the girl Seddon, and waved it in the face of the audience as an evidence of the cure. The girl's parents, who reside at Half Moon Street, Oldham, now state that they can perceive no improvement in their daughter, and that she could walk a little without the crutches before. The girl, however, fancies she is a little better. In either case she cannot safely dispense with the assistance of the crutch."

DR. TEMPLE having been appointed a month ago to the Bishopric of London by Mr. Gladstone, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's on Monday last assembled "to elect" a Bishop, we presume with the aid of the Holy Ghost. Of course their choice unanimously fell on Dr. Temple. This proceeding is an apt type of the relation of Christianity to Secularism. The world advances, and when the advance has been definitely made religion steps in and says, "That's exactly what I say."

THE personal estate of the late Bishop of London was only £73,000. He had a large family, and as he now has no necessity for the root of all evil, his children inherit the curse which will make difficult their entrance into heaven.

CANON WILBERFORCE will get himself into trouble if he don't mind. He is undermining Christianity by making hell into a mild sort of purgatory or training-ground for heaven. He says he cannot believe that a man after fifty or sixty years of trial on earth is to be "subject to tormentive punishment through illimitable ages." He can only regard the "terrible lesson of the flood" as consistent with God's infinite love and mercy on the supposition that those who perished "had a subsequent opportunity of making their peace with their maker." But if we can repent and believe after death when we have ocular demonstration to convince us, what need is there to believe now?

THE secretary of a London gospel society lately reported that he had gone to a hundred and forty-three towns, "every one of which the disciples of Mr. Bradlaugh had visited in order to propagate a ribald infidelity." We are not aware that Free-thought lecturers propagate "infidelity" of any kind, and as to their being "ribald," the less Christians say on this subject the better. There is no abusive epithet, however gross, which cannot be found in their writings about each other, to say nothing of the epithets they have flung at Freethinkers from apostolic times to the present age. We gave a long selection of these flowers of Christian charity and humility in our second defence before Judge North.

THE Conservative *National Review* contains a descriptive account of the Salvation Army from the pen of Leopold Katscher, who considers that the movement will probably collapse after the death of its founder.

It is stated that in some parts of Africa there is but one missionary for 2,000,000 natives. Unless the 'possum crop is very large some of the unconverted heathen must be obliged to go hungry to bed pretty often.



## SPECIAL NOTICE.

## MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

Sunday, March 15, Secular Club, Northampton; morning, "Christianity in its Cradle;" evening, "Twelve Months in a Christian Gaol."  
Tuesday, March 17, Freethought Institute, York Street, Walworth, at 8.30, on "Cheap Salvation."

MARCH 22, Grimsby; 29, Glasgow.

APRIL 5, Bolton; 12, Milton Hall; 14, Walworth; 19, Hall of Science; 26, Hall of Science.

MAY 3, Hall of Science; 6, Camberwell; 10, Milton Hall; 17, Hall of Science; 24, N. S. S. Conference; 31, Manchester.

JUNE 7, Liverpool; 14, Plymouth.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

ALL business communications to be addressed to the Manager, Mr. W. J. Ramsey, 28 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C. Literary communications to the Editor, 14 Clerkenwell Green, London, E.C.

The *Freethinker* will be forwarded, direct from the office, post free to any part of Europe, America, Canada and Egypt, at the following rates, prepaid:—One Year, 6s. 6d.; Half Year, 3s. 3s.; Three Months, 1s. 7½d.

SCALE OF ADVERTISEMENTS:—Thirty words, 1s. 6d.; every succeeding ten words, 6d. *Displayed Advertisements*:—One inch, 3s.; Half Column, 15s.; Column, £1 10s. Special terms for repetitions.

RECEIVED WITH THANKS.—G. Mason, T. D. J.

A. GROOM.—We have read your letter with great interest and pleasure. You would find Thomson's "Satires and Profanities" a book very much to your taste.

J. W. GAREY.—Glad to hear that you enjoy distributing *Freethinker* Tracts. We cannot publish the delinquencies of sky-pilots on private authority. When they get into the newspapers they are fair game—not otherwise.

OLD READER.—Yes, Mr. Bradlaugh did serve a short while in the army. He is the best person to furnish you with further information. Address, 20 Circus Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

J. B. B.—Thanks for the paper. With respect to the drawing, we really cannot be on our guard against the prurient imagination of Christians nourished on the Bible. Depraved fancy, like disordered eyes, will see filth in the cleanest picture; and there is no defence against this innate indecency, for it creates its own visions. Coleridge was once asked whether he thought Fielding's "Tom Jones" would corrupt a young man's morals. "No," he replied, "unless the young man is hopelessly prurient already." We take the same position. We write for sane, healthy men and women, and not for prudes and hypocrites.

H. CARTER.—Brewer's Dictionary would probably meet your wants.

A. T. TOWNSEND.—Our readers cannot do us a better service than by sending us reports of any matters occurring in their particular localities likely to be of interest to *Freethinkers*.

ARGUS.—Thanks. We have mislaid your address. Kindly send it on.

J. WALTERS.—We are obliged for your good wishes. If you write to Mrs. Besant, 63 Fleet Street, E.C., she will no doubt be happy to send you a list of her publications.

W. C. HART.—Glad you find *Jonah's Excursion* "immense." Part I. of "Comic Bible Sketches" is in the press, but it will not be ready for a week or two. We cannot think of raising our price to twopenny. A penny is the people's price, and we write for the people. By-and-bye, however, we shall enlarge the *Freethinker*, but we do not see our way to it just yet.

A. C. B.—Your list will doubtless be useful. We are always glad to receive suggestions.

P. DAVIS.—Hopeful signs are most discernible to hopeful minds. We fear yours is a hopeless case.

C. A. KEEBLE.—All communications for the *Freethinker* should be addressed to us direct, not to Mr. Ramsey. We shall be happy to insert your notice of a meeting to form a Branch if you send us particulars of time and place.

B. H. T.—Thanks. Cuttings are always welcome. We wish too that our readers would post us any notices of the *Freethinker* or *Progress* they may see in their local papers.

"MEPHISTO," who has won our first Comic Bible Sketch prize of one guinea, allows us to publish his name and address—D. R. Williams, 44 Barbara Street, Westbourne Road, Barnsbury, N.

E. DARE.—Cuttings received with thanks. We cannot undertake to reconcile other people, having enough to do to mind our own business. Blessed are the peace-makers. Yes, but look at their poor noses.

J. SETTLE.—Thanks. See "Acid Drops."

J. DE FRANE.—We regret the errors, but corrections a week after are of little use. You shall see a proof next time. We will bear your suggestion in mind for the next batch of Tracts. What is the other piece you refer to?

BUCKNALL.—We cannot answer purely legal questions; our opinion is that you were lucky to escape an action for libel.

ONE WHO HATES CANT.—Mr. Ball had already dealt with Talmage. Thanks for the suggestions. Your wife's opinion of Judge North is quite refreshing. We wish he could hear it in a personal interview.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Truthseeker—Women's Suffrage Journal—Daily Free Press—Kingston Parish Magazine—Sheldrake's Aldershot Gazette—Christian Herald—Rock—Protestant Standard—Wrexham Advertiser—Staffordshire Sentinel—Anarchist—Reader's Catalogue—Boston Guardian—Sporting Chronicle—Sunday Bits—Hampshire Independent—Calcutta Statesman—Clerkenwell Chronicle—Liberator.

## "FREETHINKER" PRIZES.

WE offer another *PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA* for the best Comic Bible Sketch, and a *PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA* for the best Religious Topical Sketch; the competition to close on April 1.

The drawing must be done on white cardboard or thick white paper in pure black ink. The lines should be bold and well distinct. Washes or colors must not be used. The size should be about one-third broader than our ordinary single or double column size.

## SUGAR PLUMS.

AT Milton Hall last Sunday evening a large audience listened with profound attention to Mr. Foote's lecture on "Buddha before Christ." At the conclusion there was a spontaneous burst of applause, loud and long, which the lecturer was obliged to acknowledge before the chairman could proceed.

AT last Burns has a bust in Westminster Abbey. Some day we may expect Shelley also will have a niche in Poet's corner. Darwin's burial in our national pantheon was the beginning of an innovation. The sceptic historians, Gibbon, Hume and Grote, have as much right to a place as the more reticent but no less sceptical Macaulay, and the busts of John Stuart Mill and George Eliot should find a place beside those of Carlyle, Thackeray and Dickens.

DEAN BRADLEY endeavors to smoothe over the heresy of Burns by calling him "The Prodigal Son of the Scottish Church." Unfortunately for the epithet, Burns never was a member of the Scottish Church. His father in his views was not unlike the Unitarians, and certainly Burns never made any steps towards returning to the creed he so effectively satirised in "Holy Willie's Prayer."

THE *Rock* in speaking of George Eliot's abandonment of religion acknowledges that "there is no proof, but every indication to the contrary, that she ever regretted her lost faith."

AT the commencement of a recent service in Canterbury Cathedral, there was not a single worshipper present except those officially engaged in the performance, and at the conclusion the congregation numbered only two—just one short of the blessed Trinity—who must have had some difficulty in appropriating their shares. Three in two you can't—borrow ten. Yes, but where from?

MR. SYMES, in his *Liberator*, says: "Mr. Foote went to prison for a year, just for the pleasure of devout hypocritical Christians. No doubt those defenders of God hoped to silence him by sending him to prison; but he is out, and has been for nearly a year, and the *Freethinker* is not a bit more penitent or pious than before. Indeed, if that be possible, it is more blasphemous than ever. We wish it success. There is no worse thing existing than Christianity, and it cannot be ridiculed and exposed too much."

THE "Sepher Toldoth Jeshu" (or "Jewish Life of Jesus") is now out of the editor's hands, and will be ready shortly. The work has been done once for all, and, by the aid of copious notes and an historic introduction, those who purchase this literary curiosity will have a most effective weapon with which to oppose the alleged evidences of Christianity.

THE Toronto Secular Society had a concert, supper and ball in celebration of Thomas Paine's birthday. The more Christians vilify his memory the dearer will his name become to *Freethinkers*.

FREETHOUGHT is spreading in Canada. The *Canadian Independent*, speaking of Alton, says: "Infidelity is rampant . . . In the most open and persistent manner Christianity is opposed. Balls and public amusements are carried on upon the Lord's day. Blaspheming infidels from Toronto visit here, and under the patronage of a few families of means and influence find a congenial atmosphere in which to undermine the faith of the young."

THE Rev. Charles Williams has been lecturing at Accrington on "The Liberal Programme." After one of his lectures, dealing with Religious Equality, he was asked whether he advocated the abolition of the Blasphemy Laws. Mr. Williams replied that he did, and stated that, with the President of the Baptist Union, he petitioned for our release when we were imprisoned. Mr. Williams is, in this respect, greatly superior to the general run of his profession.

OUR correspondent informs us that the local newspapers suppressed his question and Mr. Williams's answer in their reports. Just like them. The clericals are often bad enough, but for downright mean cowardice and hypocrisy commend us to the editors of so-called Liberal newspapers. They will hector fiercely enough with a crowd behind them, but to face tyranny when it oppresses an unpopular few they have usually less courage than a sheep.



THE rabbis of New York complain that although there are at least sixty thousand Hebrews in that city, the synagogues are deserted and they preach to empty benches. It is proposed to have services on the Sunday for those who neglect the synagogues on the Jewish Sabbath. Rationalism is extending among the American Jews. Even those who are most tenacious of their religion do not let it interfere with business, and those who give it up do not become Christians but Freethinkers.

THERE has been sold in Sotheby's rooms twenty-two letters of Lord Byron, one of which runs thus—"Newstead Abbey, Sep. 8rd, 1811.— . . . I will have nothing to do with your immortality . . . I am no Platonist, I am nothing at all; but I would sooner be a Paulician, Manichean, Spinozist, Gentile, Pyrrhonian, Zoroastrian, than one of the seventy-two villainous sects who are tearing each other to pieces for the love of the Lord, and hatred of each other."

MESSRS. WILLIAMS AND NORGATE have just published a "Prolegomena of the History of Religions," by M. Réville, with an introduction by Max Müller. The more Christianity is studied in reference to other religions the more it will be seen that it is like them of purely human origin and that its essential doctrines were anticipated by older regions. In fact, it may be said of Christianity that what was new isn't true, and what is true wasn't new.

THE editor of the *Liberal*, Missouri, is forming a directory of the names and addresses of avowed Freethinkers in the States. He has already received lists containing seven thousand names, and is receiving from ten to twenty lists every day.

#### THE SALVATION ARMY FAITH-CURES.

CURES by faith are no new thing in the world's history. Indeed, from the earliest dawn of savage medicine, faith has played a prominent part in healing. In early belief disease is always attributed to the agency of evil spirits. Whatever relieves the disease is supposed to drive away the spirit, and whatever expels the spirit is believed to cure the disease. Charms, spells and amulets were used to remedy and ward off diseases. Baptism, sprinkling with holy water, prayer, making the sign of the cross, and exorcisms in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost are Christian relics of early superstition. The Jews, in their "Sepher Toldoth Jeshu," say that Jesus performed his miracles by means of the sacred name of Jahveh, which he stole from the temple. In the Gospels they are recorded as saying that Jesus cast out devils by Beelzebub, prince of devils, and the answer of Jesus: "If I by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your children cast them out?" is an admission that others performed the same cures as himself, and by supernatural means. In another passage Jesus says a certain kind of spirit only goes out by prayer and fasting. Of the dependence of the cure upon faith there are numerous evidences in the Gospels, notably the statement that Jesus could do no mighty work in his own country "because of their unbelief." That every striking outbreak of religious fervor has been attended with a revival of this primitive philosophy, and consequently with alleged miracles, a writer in the current number of *Progress* gives numerous instances.

No student of anthropology can fail to observe in the antics of the Salvationists a distinct survival of savage belief and practice, and it was to be expected that, believing James was divinely inspired to declare that the prayer of faith should save the sick, they should resort to methods of cure in vogue before the birth of medical science. It was equally to be expected that, when by means of sensational descriptive reports in the press the "miraculous power" of "Major" Pearson excited general curiosity, the medical faculty should give some attention to such a threatened poaching upon their preserves. Accordingly, the *Medical Press and Circular* appointed Mr. Dunnett Spanton, F.R.C.S., surgeon to the North Staffordshire Infirmary, to carefully investigate the cases of alleged faith-healing at Hanley. His report is now published, and to some of its statements I wish to draw attention as they show that the boasted cures, so far from being supernatural, are to be attributed to the grosser forms of credulity and delusion, and they may fitly be compared to the faith cures to which prominence is given by the vendors of quack medicines.

At the outset Mr. Spanton declares that the inference from his experience is that, "so far as supernatural cures are concerned, the thing is a delusion," and his detailed report more than bears this out. In all the cases which he

investigated the relief has only been fanciful or transitory, and has vanished when the faith-healed has reached home; and there is little doubt that this will be the case with the other subjects, with the added certainty that their last state will be worse than their first.

"One woman" says Dr. Stanton, "a patient of my own, who was said to be cured of deafness, and so proclaimed at one of the meetings, tells me that 'it is all nonsense,' she 'cannot hear a bit better.' Yet she is a woman full of faith in the power to heal. Her son, who has paralysis, they would not attempt to cure.

"The same person tells me that near her was sitting a girl who was blind. She underwent the healing process, and the Major announced to the audience she was restored to sight, which was, as usual, followed by loud exclamations of thanksgiving and exultation. But when he put his watch before the child and asked her what she could see, she said: 'Mammy, what is it? I can't see anything!' This was of course drowned in the general hubbub, but my informant vouches for its accuracy."

These cases are typical of all the subjects of real diseases operated upon. But there are always a large number of persons who fancy they suffer from complaints which have no real existence. Every hospital and every private practitioner can show patients who insist that they are paralysed, rheumatic, dropsical, or suffering from some of the multi-form ailments assumed by the victims of hysteria. Such patients, under the influence of intense emotion, are readily induced to believe in the assertions made to them, and by a strong effort of will they find themselves at once able to overcome the infirmity from which they have never really suffered, and a cure is effected. A number of such cases of "neuro-mimetics" have been cured by magnetism, and a wooden magnet has proved as efficacious as a real one. In ordinary medical practice the same end is attained more slowly, because by less violent means, moral measures being more trusted to in this connection than any other resource open to the physician.

"Treating of hysterical paralysis, Dr. Briquet says: 'I have seen the wife of a workman who had been hemiplegic (paralysed on one side) several months, and who could not leave her room. In June, 1848, at the moment of the Paris insurrection, she got up, followed her husband wherever he went during the three days of the insurrection, and when peace was restored fell hemiplegic again, as before, suffering violent pain.' Professor Carpenter says: 'The want, not really of the power to move, but of belief in the possession of that power, is the characteristic of that peculiar form of paralysis which is commonly designated as hysterical, and the most effective treatment of this remarkable disorder is to work the patient up to the conviction that the power has been or will be restored.' The confident assertion that a person subject to fits will have an attack has frequently proved sufficient to produce one; and the mere mention of water will, in a hydrophobic patient, induce the recurrence of the symptoms."

Mr. Stanton gives an instance of one such case of real cure, which he says excited much triumph among the Salvationists. It is that of a young woman who was taken in a chair, said to be suffering from paralysis for two years, and unable to move herself:

"The medical man who attended her and the nurse both state that it was a case of simple hysterical hemiplegia, and the nurse had frequently told her that she could walk well enough if she would only try. That, however, was just what she would not do until, under the influence of the excitement and the physical force used to drag her out of the chair at the meeting, her will at last was made to overpower her emotional state, and she walked. But to say she was cured would seem a false assumption, inasmuch as there was no physical disease to cure. Any other shock of a mental character would probably have effected a similar cure.

"This is, indeed, the whole secret of what little success these people can lay claim to. They are generally sufficiently wide awake to decline to undertake any real physical affection, such as a club foot; and yet, even with the selection of the cases they make, the only impression I have been able to ascertain as having been made on any, is of a purely mental or emotional character."

The medical report brings home strongly the conviction of the large amount of credulity and delusion which is fostered by belief in the Bible and its miracles, into the narration of which probably even more superstition, imposture and exaggeration entered than into the stories of the Salvationist Faith-cures. Unfortunately, the Christian miracles were not investigated at the time, and as the accounts of them were not put forward until after the destruction of Jerusalem and the dispersion of the Jews, there was no opportunity for examining the original witnesses even if there had been any inclination for so doing.

J. M. WHEELER.



REVIEWS.

*To-Day*, March. Modern Press.—Opens with the first part of a vigorous paper on Communism by the Rev. Heber Newton; Frances Lord continues her translation of Ibsen's "Ghosts"; Ferdinand Freiligrath concludes an interesting account of her father's life and work; and R. P. B. Frost writes warmly on "The Unemployed."

*The Future of Marriage*. By a Respectable Woman. Modern Press.—We have no room for the discussion of the questions opened up in this pamphlet. The writer is very fearless and outspoken, and has evidently given a good deal of thought to the subject; but some of her recommendations will displease many and terrify more.

*Socialist Rhymes*. By J. L. JOYNES. Modern Press.—More Socialist literature. We cannot say that Mr. Joynes gives us much poetry, but he evinces a warm heart and writes like a scholar and a gentleman.

*The Anarchist*. Edited by HENRY SEYMOUR.—There only remains another step in the road of novelty. Perhaps someone, even younger and of less experience than Mr. Seymour, will start a paper called *Chaos*. Mr. Seymour's opinions appear to be well described by his title. He is for "abolishing the State," but he is also for "self-governing social organisation," although at the same time he considers the extension of the Franchise "a Radical mistake." Herbert Spencer is all very well and Auberon Herbert is worth reading, but this sort of thing is rather an infliction.

TWO EPIGRAMS.

THROUGH the dust of the earth Jahveh first gave men birth,  
But poor creatures they were—merely flunkeys.  
We have altered since then; now the very best men  
Evolutionists make out of monkeys.

Dear Satan, I at Spurgeon's feet have sat,  
Nor ever dodged his circulating hat;  
His brimstone sermons I have listened through,  
Attending after-meetings not a few.  
Still unrepentant, I am yours I fear;  
But don't be hard—think what I've suffered here.

PERSONNE.

BOARD SCHOOL ESSAYS.

No. 2—JACOB.

JACOB was a mitey hunter before the Lord. But Seesaw was a hairy man. One day he soled Jacob his berth right for a mess of potash. So the Lord said Jacob have I loved but Seesaw I have hated. So he rested with the Lord and nearly throo him. So the Lord got waxy and put his thi out of jint. He then went to his uncle and served him for his two dorters, but he got the rong un first and had to serve again for the other. He took his revenge by making all his sheep lay spotted lambs and speckled goats. So the Lord was with him till he brought his gray hairs in sorro to the grave.

No. 3.—MOSES.

MOSES was a grate profit. He lived in a hark of bullrushes and kept a golden calf and a brass serpent. He was very meek abuv all men on the face of the earth, so he slew an Egyptian and hid him in the sand. He also commanded the Jews to slay all the Midshipmites and give them other good laws, which he got from Mount Sinai. He went up the mount to sacrifice his only son because his strength lay in his hair, according to the scripters. But the Lord sent kwales and manner for forty years and they et nothing else; and his eye was not dim, neither was his force abated; and the Lord buried him in the mountain, and no man knows his sepulcher until this day.

TOO LITERAL FOR HIM.

A FRIEND who was once a Sunday School teacher, but is now a Freethinker sends the following:

I was once (he says) endeavoring to explain to one of my scholars, a boy of six or seven years old, the manner in which the sinner, being clothed with the righteousness of Christ, became accepted by God.

"Now Tim," said I, "what is the color of that wall?"

"White, Sir," he replied.

"But look through these green spectacles, and what color does it appear?"

"Green, Sir."

"But is the wall really green, or does it only look so because you are looking through a green glass?"

"It is white, and only looks green from the spectacles."

"Very well; now it is just so with God and man. Are not all men sinners?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And don't God hate sin?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well now if God looks at us through the perfections of Christ how will we all appear?"

"Green, Sir!"

FREETHOUGHT GLEANINGS.

DARWINISM AND DEITY.—The modern doctrine named "the struggle for existence" is the old difficulty known as "the origin of evil," presented in a new shape. It is rendered more formidable, as a stumbling-block to the benevolence of the Author of Nature, by making what was considered exceptional the rule. It gathers up into one comprehensive statement the scattered occasions of misery, and reveals a system whereby the few thrive at the expense of the many. The apologist for divine goodness has thus an aggravation of his load, and needs to be freed from all unnecessary trammels in the shape of his creed.—*Professor Alexander Bain*, "Practical Essays," p. 278; 1884.

BIBLIOLATRY.—But bibliolatriy not only paralyses the moral sense; it also corrupts the intellect, and introduces a crooked logic by setting men to the duty of abstracting absolute harmony out of discordant materials. All are familiar with the subtlety of lawyers, whose task it is to elicit a single sense out of a heap of contradictory statutes. In this case such subtlety may, indeed, excite in us impatience or contempt; but we forbear to condemn them when it is pleaded that practical convenience, not truth, is their avowed end. In the case of theological ingenuity, where truth is the professed and sacred object, a graver judgment is called for. When the biblical interpreter struggles to reconcile contradictions, or to prove that wrong is right, merely because he is bound to maintain the perfection of the Bible—when to this end he condescends to sophistry and pettifogging evasions, it is difficult to avoid disgust as well as grief.—*F. W. Newman*, "Phases of Faith," chap. vi., p. 138.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.—This story of the transfiguration, as it is called, instead of being the brightest, as the priests would fain make us believe, appears to me to be one of the darkest and blindest tales of the whole book. I can make neither head nor tail of any part of it. For what purpose was he so transfigured? What good effect had it, even upon those who were eye-witnesses? Peter afterwards denied him altogether. Where was the necessity of sending those two men out of their comfortable place (for I suppose that you imagine they came all the way from heaven) merely to inform Jesus what he already knew? A most important message, truly! But the story altogether is only on a par with the rest of the blundering nonsense which designing men or ignorant dreamers have ever been noted for foisting upon the world.—*John Clarke*, "A Critical Review of the Life, Character, Miracles and Resurrection of Jesus Christ," p. 277; 1839.

PROFANE JOKES.

"MAMMA," asked a little boy, "did God make the sun and moon?" "Yes, dear." "Well, I guess he didn't know much about 'em." "Why?" asked the astonished mother. "'Cause he made the sun for the day-time when he ought to have made it for the night-time. The moon would be bright enough for the day-time."

An old Scotch invalid, who was tended by a faithful maid servant, was constantly anticipating his speedy demise. "I am thinking, Nancy," he said one day, "that it canna be long noo. I feel as if this verra nicht the end wud cam." "Indeed," said the attendant "if it were the Lord's will it wad be real convenient, for the cco's gaon to calve, and I dinna weel see hoo I am to tend on ye baith."

THE Salvation Army have been laboring in New London, Conn. They billed the town in this way: "Hello! who is this? Why, Kansas Jack, the saved desperado, who will swoop down on us and lasso as many of the devil's braves as possible. But who is this fellow? Captain Walsh, the converted minstrel, who will speak, play and sing for the glory of God and the good of your soul. The best thing out. Take it all in."

"He is one of the finest men I ever knew," said a Toronto man. "He was one of the boys, too, and, like many another, he helped along the churches and charitable enterprises. I remember one day when we were playing a quiet game of cards, he turned to one of the party and said: 'Say X—, why don't you become a vestryman of your church? I was made one not long ago, and the very night of the election I took the rest of the vestry over to my house and won enough at poker to pay my pew rent for two years.'

THE other day down in the country, after a marriage ceremony had been performed, the bridegroom and several friends walked down to the spring. "Is he outen' hearin'?" asked the bride. "Yes," some one replied. "Wall, thank the Lord it's over. I've been er tryin' to hem that feller up for more than ten years, an' have just succeeded. I want to say to you wimmen folks, 'don't give up; recollect what the Bible says: If you don't git what you air arter at fust, keep pegg'in' away till you git thar."

A COUNTRY clergyman who, on Sundays, was more indebted to his manuscript than to his memory, called at a cottage, while its possessor, a pious parishioner, was engaged (a daily exercise) in pursuing a paragraph of the writings of an inspired prophet. "Weel, John," familiarly enquired the clerical visitant, "what's this you are about?" "I am prophesying," was the prompt reply. "Propheying!" exclaimed the astounded divine; "I doubt you are only reading a prophecy." "Weel," urged the religious rustic, "gif reading a preachin' be preachin', isna reading a prophecy prophesying?"



THE OLD PROBLEM.

I work in a shirt factory,  
And earn three dollars a week;  
My employer's a Christian,  
Rubicund, round and sleek.

He wears respectable glasses  
On his benevolent nose,  
And trots, in his meek drab gaiters,  
Into Grinder and Co.'s.

He hugs the unwilling gospel  
Into his daily affairs,  
Says grace both before and after,  
And the longest kind of prayers.

He subscribes to a score of missions,  
And enjoys the chairman's sleep  
At the annual meeting of the  
Society for Lost Sheep.

I ply the weary treadle  
From dawn till twilight grey,  
Cramped, and stifled, and hungry,  
For eighteen-pence a day.

The days to come are no brighter  
Than the evil days that were,  
And my two square inches of mirror  
Say to me I am fair.

And I must go dressed like a woman  
Out of my scanty pay.  
Mr. Grinder, you know how I manage  
On my eighteen-pence a day.

Thus I am going hollward,  
Fast as a woman can go,  
And straight from the highly moral  
Employment of Grinder and Co.

Possibly God looks out  
Over the dark, sad city.  
Does he look on me with eyes  
Of anger or infinite pity?

Inexorable before me  
Lies the life of the merciless street;  
Liquor, kicks and curses,  
Darkness and cold and sleet.

So, perhaps my first instalment  
Of the Eternal Sleep  
Will be had in that cosy refuge  
Erected for Lost Sheep.

But, O charitable Grinder,  
How much less it would cost,  
Instead of hunting for Lost Sheep,  
To save sheep from being lost.

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