

# THE FREETHINKER.

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.

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COMIC BIBLE SKETCH.—No. 147.



A BIBLE BEAUTY. AGE 65—90.

"And it came to pass, when he was come near to enter into Egypt, that he said unto Sarai his wife, Behold now, I know that thou art a fair woman to look upon: Therefore it shall come to pass, when the Egyptians shall see thee, that they shall say, This is his wife: and they will kill me, but they will save thee alive. Say, I pray thee thou art my sister: that it may be well with me for thy sake; and my soul shall live because of thee."—GENESIS XII., 11—13. [A comparison of Genesis xvii., 17, with Genesis xii., 4, will show that Sarah was between 65 and 90 years of age. Acts vii., 4, would make Sarah over 125.]

LAUGHING, to teach the truth, what binders? . . . Joking decides great things, stronger and better oft than earnest can.—HORACE (Milton).

## A PROTESTANT PECKSNIFF.

SOME very curious revelations have been made at Liverpool recently. There has been an official examination into the management of the Royal Liver Friendly Society, and we should say that if other affairs are worked on the same principle, it is high time that the public insisted on having a few Freethinkers on the directorate of every such association, for the sake of common honesty and veracity. Our purpose, however, is not to preach a homily on the morals of trade, although the Christian world seems greatly in need of one. We intend to deal with the revelations of this inquiry only so far as they throw light upon the morality of Christian journals.

The Royal Liver Friendly Society was of course obliged to advertise, and it did so with royal munificence. Some papers were paid the ordinary mercantile price, but others were paid excessive rates in return for *eulogiums*, or, more plainly, *puffs*; and it appears that these laudations were prepared at the Society's office, where the kind of thing wanted for the money was most accurately known. Besides paying large sums for these "leg-ups," the Society took several thousand copies of the papers in which they appeared.

With the ordinary newspapers we shall not trouble ourselves. Those who know what a farce the "free press"

of England is, and how subservient to commercialism, will not be surprised to learn that it was easy enough for the society to purchase these incorruptible guardians of English liberty. But there were two journals mentioned in the inquiry which deserve a special castigation, namely the *Catholic Times* and the *Protestant Standard*, both of them devoted to the service of the God of righteousness, and both of them evidently striving for the wages of Mammon.

Let us take the *Catholic Times* first. Mr. Taunton, the Society's late chief secretary, stated in cross-examination that he "fancied he had seen a proof of a leading article from the *Catholic Times* office come to the Society's office." After further evidence in the same direction, the Inspector (the Hon. E. Lyulph Stanley) said "he had very little doubt but those articles were written in the Liver office."

Mr. Taunton appears to have brought in the *Catholic Times* in a moment of religious spleen. After expressly stating that "large amounts were paid for advertisements in return for laudatory notices," he instanced the cases of some local journals, and added "There was also the *Protestant Standard*." Whereupon Mr. French Q.C., the Society's counsel, ejaculated "A religious newspaper!" Here the Inspector interjected "Is that surprising?" Mr. Taunton, who is probably a Protestant, seems to have felt jealous for the honor of his sect, and as it was too late to clear their reputation he hit upon the happy thought that he might at least show their religious rivals to be as bad;

so he blurted out "You ought to include the *Catholic Times*." What a delicious bit of comedy for the Freethinking spectator! Go it, gentlemen, go it; six one, and half-a-dozen the other.

According to Mr. Taunton's evidence, and the Society's books, the *Protestant Standard* inserted the Liver balance-sheet eight times at £6 each, with a further plum in the shape of 2,000 copies of the paper, taken perhaps at the trade, but for all we know, at the retail price. No doubt it was thought a safe thing to do. Who could foresee that the transaction would ever be exposed to the daylight? Of course there was a copy of the Bible in the office, but how could a poor fellow light upon "Be sure your sin will find you out" in such a desperate hurry? You might as well expect him to find a needle in a haystack.

Now the *Protestant Standard*, besides being rabidly Orange, and disposed to send all Catholics, especially Irish ones, to Hades before their time, is peculiarly pious and miraculously meral. It affects a style which is a mixture of Malachi and Jeremiah, alternately cursing and wailing. Reading it you would fancy that if the world were regulated by the *Protestant Standard*, it might perhaps be insufferably dull and priggish, but it would certainly be good and respectable. But religious sects are terribly apt to have an esoteric as well as an exoteric side. According to outward profession, they are the people and morality will die with them; but according to the principles that guide their practice, they are just like the rest of the wicked world, only a little more so.

Above all the *Protestant Standard* has been a loud abuser of Atheism, which it regards as leading straight to Sodom and Gomorrah. It has vehemently denounced Mr. Bradlaugh through his long parliamentary struggle, and prophesied the ruin, not only of the Constitution but of society, if an Atheist were once admitted within the sacred walls of Saint Stephen's; while its views as to the deserts of "blasphemers" had better be imagined than described.

Yet here is this Protestant Pecksniff dabbling behind the scenes in what we venture to think a good deal worse than theft or burglary. The man who steals one's watch or purse, or creeps into one's house at night after the plate, matches himself against society, and pays the forfeit when he loses. He violates no confidence and betrays no trust. But the man who sets up as a public monitor, and uses his influence to gull the public for a contemptible share in the plunder, is a coward as well as a rogue. He gains our confidence to violate it, and betrayal of trust is the very essence of his crime. Detecting a burglar is only like finding a viper; you suppress him and forget him. But the more respectable scoundrels, who defraud us under a mask of piety or morality, give a bitterness to our memory and weaken our faith in human nature. If the editor of the *Freethinker* deserved twelve months' imprisonment for ridiculing what he disbelieves, how many years' penal servitude does the responsible manager of the *Protestant Standard* deserve for helping to gull the public? We shrink from the calculation; but if the Christian theory of the Great Assize be true, it will be accurately worked out by a rigorous judge, against whose sentence there is no court of criminal appeal.

G. W. FOOTE.

THE annual Children's Party went off with great *eclat* at the London Hall of Science on the 14th inst. Hundreds of youngsters of all sizes were kept in high spirits and swinging enjoyment by a few devoted children of a larger growth, while the galleries were crowded with the little ones' relatives. Buns, cakes, oranges, milk and lemonade disappeared surprisingly, and the supply kept pace with the demand as though J. C. were working provision miracles behind the scenes. Mr. Fowler, who acts as chief M.C. on these occasions, must have reduced his weight by several pounds, judging from the way he perspired. Fortunately he has a voice and a presence that keep the wild swarm in something like order for the races. The rest of the Committee were as busy as bees, and Miss Bradlaugh distributed the prizes. Then ensued a terrific scene. Drums, tamborines, and other instruments of torture gave forth no uncertain sound, and the present writer beat a hasty retreat. Children are angels, of course; but how they do like a row!

WHAT many consider the most valuable relic in Italy is the sword Balaam wished he had had in his hand when the ass spoke. It is the glory of a convent at Albano.—New York *Truthseeker*.

## CHRISTIANITY AND TORTURE.

HISTORY being what it is, the record of man's development from savagery, contains many passages not to be read by any sensitive nature without a shudder. Perhaps the most horrible item is that of torture inflicted in the name of justice. The student of history finds it everywhere in the annals of ecclesiasticism, nor can he judge of many questions without having it before his mind. Did the Jews make a practice of crucifying Christian children at their Paschal feast? Did thousands of women fly through the air and have commerce with Satan? The testimony to the reality of such things is overwhelming. Its worthlessness as evidence is only recognised when we remember that it was given under torture, which was well described by La Bruyere as a device to destroy the weak innocent, and save the robust guilty.

Among both Greeks and Romans the deceitful and dangerous experiment of the criminal *question*, as the use of torture for the interrogation of criminals was termed, was admitted rather than approved. Torture was reserved only for slaves. Gibbon says: "The annals of tyranny from the reign of Tiberius to Domitian circumstantially relate the executions of many innocent victims; but, as long as the faintest remembrance was kept alive of the national freedom and honor, the last hours of a Roman were secure from the danger of ignominious torture."\*

Constantine, the brutal establisher of Christianity, introduced torture to Roman citizens for crimes of state. Although he abolished crucifixion of slaves, he employed such remedies as pouring boiling lead down the throat as the proper treatment of those who stole virgins. As the Christian theories of the depravity of human nature, the vile-ness of the body, the sin of unbelief, and the doom of everlasting torments upon unbelievers became predominant, and the clergy acquired power, the employment of torture spread. No treatment was considered too severe for those for whom God reserved perpetual torture. It is a damning fact that the barbarian nations who were subdued to Christianity were more merciful in their punishments before the introduction of that divine religion. In France and Germany torture was never applied to freemen until ecclesiastical tribunals replaced the earlier heathen justice. In Italy and Spain, the chief seats of religion, were invented the most horrible instruments of torture.

In 1252, when Pope Innocent IV. issued his bull *De Extirpando*, with its elaborate instructions for the guidance of the Inquisition, he ordered the civil magistrates of Italy to extort from all heretics by torture, not merely a confession of their own guilt, but an accusation of all others who might share their heresy. The system of the Inquisition was such as to render resort to torture inevitable. Its proceedings were secret. No advocate might appear before the tribunal. No witness was confronted with the accused, who was carefully kept in ignorance of the exact charges against him, and of the evidence upon which they were based. He was presumed to be guilty, and his judges bent all their energies to force him to confess. In the words of Dean Milman, "No falsehood was too false, no craft too crafty, no trick too base, for this calm, systematic moral torture which was to wring further confession against himself, denunciation against others."† From this to the rack and estrapade the step was easily taken, and was not long delayed. In 1301, we find even Philip the Fair protesting against the cruelty of the Inquisition, and interfering to protect his subjects from the refinements of torture to which, on simple suspicion of heresy, they were exposed. Yet when, soon after, the same monarch, in conjunction with Pope Clement V., resolved on the destruction of the Templars, he made the Inquisition his facile instrument for drawing forth the confessions which warranted him in seizing their property. In England, at the same time, the Archbishop of York proposed to Edward II. to torture the unfortunate Templars. Although Sir John Fortescue, Chief Justice of Henry VI.'s Court of King's Bench, in his book in praise of English laws, warmly denounces the law of torture as alien to the spirit of English law, it was nevertheless often resorted to for state and religious offences. Henry VIII. and Mary both used the rack vigorously. So did Elizabeth.

\* "Decline and Fall," chap. xvii.

† "History of Latin Christianity," Vol. VI., p. 312.



SIR HARDINGE GIFFARD got his peerage for baiting Bradlaugh and prosecuting Atheists. Probably if he had not been elevated to the House of Lords he would have found it very difficult to get returned again to the House of Commons. It now appears that provision is to be made for poor old Newdegate, whom Giffard and his pious but cautious friends egged into playing the part of common informer against the member for Northampton. The failure of that enterprise nearly brought the old gentleman into the bankruptcy court, all the Tory circulars for subscriptions on his behalf having been dreadfully abortive. Finally, poor Newdegate was obliged to retire from politics, as his old constituency would have no more to do with him, and it was utterly impossible for him to obtain another seat. In this extremity the Queen and Lord Salisbury come to his relief. It appears that the unfortunate common informer is to be pitchforked into the Privy Council, which is the highest seat of decorous dulness and well-paid do-nothingism.

THOMAS SAXBY, a member of the Maidstone branch of the Salvation Army, has been sentenced to twelve months' hard labor for breaking into St. Peter's Church, Ightham, and stealing several Bibles and hymn-books. His pious devotion has been heavily rewarded.

A SALVATION ARMY poster used at New London runs thus: "Hallo! 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."

#### A QUESTION.

If everything that happens is God's will,  
Both good and ill,  
Then say wherein  
Rests man's responsibility? Though sin  
Go hand in hand with him through ways of shame,  
Is man to blame?

If everything that happens is God's will,  
Both good and ill,  
What credit hath  
That man who ever shuns the evil path,  
And treads with feet that do not hesitate  
The true and straight?

GERTRUDE ALGER.

THE evil influence of Roman Catholicism and of the celibacy it enforces on its priests is strikingly shown in France, where, as the famous French statistician, M. Bertillon, has shown, the clerical teachers of schools are accused of "four times as many crimes, and twelve times as many misdemeanors" as the married teachers of the country.

THE conversion of the Baltic Christians to orthodox Russian Christianity is slackening. A deputation of converted peasants addressed itself recently to the Orthodox Archbishop at Riga, and complained that they and their brethren had not yet obtained the lands which they had expected to get as a reward for their conversion.

SEVERAL hop growers at Beddingdon, in Kent, refuse to pay the rector his extraordinary tithe of 18s. an acre. The public teacher of Christianity has shown practically his idea of Christianity by seizing 47 sheep off one of the farms, and these will (D.V.) be sold by auction. The rector should preface the sale with a gushing sermon on some such text as "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor," or "If any take thy cloak give him thy coat also." Pretty sentiment done to death would be a cheap counteractant to the harshness of religious robbery, only people might think the mixture a palpable evidence of the grossest hypocrisy.

A PUBLICATION entitled "What do Catholics Really Believe?" edited by W. H. Anderson, of the Society of Jesus, has been sent to us. Among many curious statements, it says that the Church was "the same a thousand years ago, and so it will be found a thousand years hence, if the world lasts so long." Exactly a thousand years ago the Church, by its highest representative, Pope Stephen VI., sprinkled the land with holy water as a sure protection against the plague of locusts. Do they believe in this now? A thousand years ago there was no belief in the infallibility of the Pope, for Formosus was appointed head of the holy see, although he had been formally excommunicated by his predecessor, John VIII., and in turn all his ordinations were declared invalid.\* A thousand years ago the Greek and Roman Churches began quarrelling about the procession of the Holy Ghost, and they have not settled that little matter up to date, although both profess to have the Holy Ghost on their side.

ANOTHER clergyman has committed suicide. The Rev. J. A. L. Sutton was found lying in a pool of blood and with an open

razor by his side, in his bedroom at Brixton. Although physically strong he gave way to fits of despondency.

In France a man named Francois Paul, after helping to drown his wife and his three children, resolved to survive them in order to bury them in consecrated ground. Observe the great value of the religious instinct. The poor creatures might otherwise have been buried in common earth, and then what would have become of their poor immortal souls?

THE *Saturday Review*, noticing Mr. F. Peek's paper on the Salvation Army, in the *Contemporary Review*, gives the following as extracts from the *Little Soldier*: "Emma, five years old, hopes you will pray for her unconverted parents.—Sarah, who is six, is very uneasy about mother, and seeks some token father is turning his heart to God, and is trying to soften his heart and stop him smoking." What a nice school for cant for the little soldiers!

A "MRS. WALKER" advertises in the *Medium* as Clairvoyant Business and Physical Medium. Is she the relict of the late lamented Hookey?

An old couple named Steinberg, at Indianapolis, were so pious that they permitted themselves to die by suffocation from coal gas because they would not lift a hand on the Sabbath to adjust the stove-pipe, which had fallen. Such fanaticism is the result of teaching theological dogmas instead of common-sense.

THE Rev. S. Pearson, of Liverpool, has made the wonderful discovery that benevolence did not exist in the world before Christianity. Perhaps he will be good enough to tell us who invented the word *philanthropy*, and how it was that the translator of the Vulgate found the fine Latin word *caritas* ready to his hand when translating Corinthians into the Roman vernacular?

MR. PEARSON also refers to the ancient Romans going to see "gladiators torn to pieces by beasts." We suppose there would have been no harm in seeing the beasts torn by gladiators. At any rate, that is what is done now in the bull-rings of Christian Spain, after nineteen centuries of the blessed gospel.

In praising their own religion, Christians commonly ignore all good from other sources. In the Christmas number of the *Christian Commonwealth* we thus read of "a culture in the humanities which you owe entirely to Jesus," as if no pagan and infidel writers had any share in the fair humanities and culture of our race! On another page we read that the "religion of Christ" is the "only religion which wears the morning star of hope" and "the only religion which says to man 'take courage.'" Such absolutely false statements can only proceed from a shocking ignorance, a wilful blindness, a thorough steeping of the whole mind in delusion and falsehood, or the highly respectable but thoroughly contemptible knavery of interested charlatans.

THE same Christian journal selects the following as one of its moral paragraphs: "He who foresees calamities suffers them twice over." This is good Christianity, for it agrees with Christ's teaching that we must take no thought for the morrow and must rely entirely upon Providence. But it is frightfully false in its statement of fact and frightfully mischievous in its guidance of conduct. He who foresees calamities avoids them, is the practical and useful fact upon which civilisation and happiness are built. The man who foresees starvation grows corn to prevent it, and he neither suffers hunger in reality or in imagination.

THE Rev. "Sam" Jones, a popular American preacher, recently said that the Lord will see that his children are provided for, even if he has to put the angels on half rations. As the Rev. "Sam" has so intimate a knowledge of the Lord's commissariat arrangements, perhaps he will explain why God lets millions of his children die in famines in China and India. Do the angels take only one meal a day on such occasions and send their remaining provender down below? We suspect that the angels must live on thistles, and that hence their self-denial is of little use except to creatures of their own or cognate species. We know from the story of Balaam and his donkey that asses and angels readily recognise and understand each other.

AT the beginning of the present century all Christians were rigorously excluded from the mosques except in the case of the mosque at Tunis, where a Christian workman was allowed to enter on all-fours to repair the clock, "because," as the sheik said to his co-religionists who objected, "in case of repairs, is it not true, O true believers, that a donkey enters this holy place carrying stones on his back; and is it not true that one who does not believe in the true religion is an ass, and the son of an ass? Therefore, O brothers, let this man go in as a donkey."

THE man who is ignorant of the geography of his own country is perfectly familiar with that of heaven and the other place.

"THE GRAND OLD MAN" Cigars are so named because, like the Grand Old Man himself, they have never been equalled.—Thorne, Maker, Bradford, Yorks. All Liberal and Radical Clubs should try them.—ADVT.

\* See "Crimes of Christianity" (Crimes of the Popes), p. 119.



times I am almost persuaded in my grief to exclaim: "Oh, Canon Trevor, Canon Trevor, my punishment is almost greater than I can bear!" If by one desperate assault on this carnal body of mine I could put an end to my perplexities and miseries, without by such act of *felo de se* severing my connexion with my Freethinking friends, I would do it. But I am afraid I can't. Therefore as a member—a reluctant member—of the National Church, I have earnestly inquired of the learned divines to explain to me, in as clear a manner as they can, consistent with their profession, what I am expected to believe, and what sort of moral principles are to guide my conduct, so that I may not be perpetually soliloquizing with fingers on my throat—"To be, or not to be?"

Up to the present I understand that I am to believe that right at the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. That "the beginning" was not at the beginning of God, because he never began, nor the beginning of time, because time always was—but a moment—a "mere tick or two" before both. I am to believe that when God made the world, it was void—that is, empty enough to start with, and that God filled it up with dirt afterwards. That on the fourth day he stuck a great sun in the heavens, which he allowed to revolve round and round the earth until it was converted into a sort of roast apple-dumpling. After this there was a great display of fireworks. A host of electric sparks flew up and stuck on the ceiling of heaven, which same sparks have since been called stars, and are wickedly and erroneously described as of great magnitude by modern astronomers. That God then began to manufacture all sorts of living creatures, from a sprat to a whale, and from a calf to a Christian. Then I learn that the first man and first woman were caretakers to a Zoological Garden, in which there were many rare specimens of wild, uncaged beasts—without even the regulation muzzle. That on the first day God took Adam and Eve into the orchard, and told them that they might eat of all the trees save one, but in the day they ate of that they would surely die. That the fruit they were forbidden to eat imparted the knowledge of good and evil, and that, as they did not know before they had eaten of it what evil was, they thought there could be no harm in taking just one "leetle bite." Further, they were encouraged in their belief by a certain talking serpent from the menagerie, who informed them that they would not suffer death on the day they ate of the fruit, but, on the contrary, that they would become like unto the gods, and know the difference between good and evil. That Adam and Eve ate of the fruit and became like unto the gods, and were condemned for it; the man to be an agricultural laborer for the rest of his life—which was rather a long one—the woman to be a fruitful breeder of sinners.

From the best information accessible from the learned divines with whom I have yet conferred, I find that these are among the fundamental articles of the Christian faith, and that further I must believe that four thousand years after this comedy in the Garden of Eden a baby deity was born in Bethlehem, or Nazareth, who came to save the world. It has been profoundly impressed upon me that if I consider that an infinite God could never have been born of woman, grow from babyhood into manhood, increase in wisdom and understanding, and perform some good, some bad, and some indifferent actions, it is only because I allow a stubborn and perverse reason to conquer and subdue the true prompting of the heart.

I am assured that this deity ultimately died to blot out my sins, but that he didn't do it if I cannot bring myself to believe it. It has been enforced upon me with much vigor, that when this deity died he ascended into heaven and sat on his father's right hand—not having a father, but being himself his own father, and his alleged father not having a hand to sit upon.

These things I am gravely informed I must believe, lest I should be cast out of the Church from which I cannot sever my connection by any act short of suicide; but it has been privately intimated to me by the aforesaid divines that if I, after careful consideration, find that I cannot possibly believe these things, they will regard it as a favor if I will display such reticence, prudence and tact as not to allow anybody to know of my unbelief, in which case I am confidently assured that I shall be numbered "among the elect."

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

(To be continued.)

## CHRISTIANITY AMONG AFRICANS.—II.

THE next Sunday I went again to Pademba Road in search of adventures. This time I got more than I bargained for. At a considerable distance from a Methodist chapel I fancied I heard cat-calls. On approaching the sacred edifice (a large iron shed) I stood still and listened. The congregation were bawling a hymn in chorus, the female voices largely predominating. The voices of negro women are shrill, and decidedly offensive—to musical ears. I entered. The people were all negroes, with the exception of the man in the pulpit, whose appearance reminded me of the semi-idiotic beings one meets with in the streets of London on Sundays preaching and bawling. These men and their followers make day hideous. They are an intolerable nuisance encouraged by a government of hypocrites. The preacher whined about the meek and lowly Jesus, expatiating upon the sufferings of this interesting young proletaire. At the conclusion of the sermon some negro women set up a scream. I thought they had the cramp, or their minds had become affected by the stifling heat (120 in the shade). Nothing of the kind. They were only "chasing Jesus." Shouts arose: "Me see 'um! Me feel 'um! Me catch 'um!" (*i.e.*, him). Then more screams. A sickening feeling overcame me, and I left the Christian rabble—"catching Jesus." After divine service in the evening I strolled down Oxford Street, and entered a drinking-bar kept by a European. His black wife introduced me to several of the sable beauties, who, like herself, had just returned from church. I treated them to gin, which they drank like water, "tout comme chez nous." Some became so excited as to get hold of me, exclaiming, "Gin and Jesus! Ah, massa, you love Jesus? Jesus love you!" Then came indecent proposals. Religion and lechery go hand in hand (Genesis i., 28 and 31; the only command widely obeyed by Christians of all denominations). Last year I met a gentleman from Sierra Leone. I reminded him of the disgusting scene, and asked how matters stood. "Worse than ever. Gin and Jesus is still their watchword." The heathen and Mohammedan women are chaste. They do not sell their children to white men for immoral purposes. Europeans are to blame for a state of immorality that has no parallel in any part of the world. Mr. —, a colored gentleman, a missionary and a diplomatic agent, one of the cleverest men I ever met, invited me to his residence up river. I arrived late at night, owing to a fearful tornado that nearly swamped our boat. Groping my way to the dwelling in the dark, female voices—always welcome—attracted my attention. I listened a moment, and could distinguish the voice of my reverend friend, singing in chorus with the syrens an indecent song in negro patois. I burst in upon them. There stood his reverence, among four naked negro girls, dancing the African *calanda*, or *can-can*. He was not quite sober, and remarked, on feeling my wet clothes, "Get a change of linen. Rose will help you. Have a drink, and join us!" This man had a beautiful wife in England, who moved in the best society. If he had remained a heathen he might have died a respectable man.

The heathens of the interior are sober and chaste. They become debauched under Christian influence. Wherever the English colonise they introduce newspapers, the rum-bottle, the Bible, syphilis and the gallows. Captain Cook—poor fellow!—was killed at Otahaiti, because on a former voyage his sailors had communicated a loathsome disease to the natives, many of whom perished miserably, no remedy being known against that terrible complaint. I have seen plenty of it in Africa. I heard Manghonié, a Mohammedan friend, say of a converted (perverted) negro, "He be bad man. He drinks, swears and goes with Christians." A well-deserved compliment. Millions are spent annually in sending out idlers in black to convert the heathen. Convert the heathen! The hypocrites! I call it robbing English savages in the back slums on whom all the money should be spent in order to regenerate them. I discussed these matters with the late Charles Dickens. He told me: "No English printer would dare to publish your ideas." What would he have said if he had lived to read the *Pall Mall Gazette* revelations, compared to which my utterances are comparatively innocent. Christians have introduced swearing and the oath. "A negro will swear false for a glass of rum." This is a well-known dictum. Many such cases have come under my notice. One often hears disgusting expressions and curses founded on Christian ideas,



