

# THE FREETHINKER

EDITED BY G. W. FOOTE.  
Sub-Editor—J. M. WHEELER.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



## THE TABLES TURNED: OR, THOSE PERSECUTING INFIDELS!

"You say to me: 'There is a hell; a man advocating the opinions you advocate will go there when he dies.' I answer: 'There is no hell; the Bible that teaches that is not true.' And you say: 'How can you hurt my feelings?'"  
Colonel Ingersoll to the Rev. Dr. Field. (See *Faith and Fact*.)

## HUXLEY'S WARNING.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has a remarkable article in the *Nineteenth Century*. It is ostensibly a plea for a wider development of technical education, but it deals also with deeper questions. Its very title, "The Struggle for Existence: A Programme," is highly suggestive, and every thoughtful reader who takes up the Review will read it with the keenest interest.

So far as the Professor's plea for scientific education is concerned there is not likely to be very much difference of opinion. We are committed to a system of public instruction, whatever the arguments for or against it, and while we are doing a thing it is worth while to do it well. England is a manufacturing nation, millions of us depend for a living on her goods being bought in the world's market, and we cannot afford to be beaten by our competitors. We must therefore produce better and cheaper goods than they do, and this is only possible by means of general skill and intelligence. Evidently, then, our primary schools will not suffice. We must provide educational machinery for all who choose to go on learning after boyhood. Evening schools, and all sorts of agencies for secondary education, must be multiplied. Teaching every child something is only the beginning, the mere opening up of the field for

selection. Progress is carried on, not by the many, but by the few; and, as Professor Huxley well says, "If all our educational expenditure did nothing but pick one man of scientific or inventive genius, each year, from amidst the hewers of wood and drawers of water, and give him the chance of making the best of his inborn faculties, it would be a very good investment. If there is one such child among the hundreds of thousands of our annual increase, it would be worth any money to drag him either from the slough of misery or from the hotbed of wealth, and teach him to devote himself to the service of his people."

"Competition with other nations!" some sentimentalists will exclaim; "why cannot all nations live in amity?" Well, so they may; they may eschew war and turn with loathing from the bloody battle-field; but the struggle for existence goes on all the same, between nations as between individuals, and the strongest and shrewdest will survive. Morality is a human ideal, without the shadow of a counterpart in Nature. All she cares for is strength. Force of body, force of mind, and force of character—to these she gives the victory, and her sentence on the vanquished is "Death." To recognise this is wisdom and success; to ignore it is folly and defeat. Protection, Fair Trade, Socialism, and other nostrums, are only so many devices for evading the inevitable.



Behind the struggle for existence, in all forms of life, is the law of fecundity. Natural selection operates through multiplicity as well as through variety. The two basic instincts of all animals, including man, are self-preservation and reproduction; and indeed, as Littré observed, all our moral sentiments may be carried up under these two ultimate proclivities. Ancient nations practised all sorts of checks to population, and natural checks operated without restraint. The result was a limitation of numbers within the means of subsistence; yet the *pressure* of population never abated, and so life was a continual free fight, and "the human species, like others, plashed and floundered amid the general stream of evolution, keeping its head above water as it best might and thinking neither of whence nor whither." Modern nations, however, growing more moral, have interfered with those checks. Infanticide is called murder, pestilence is eliminated as far as possible, food is provided for the starving, and war is stigmatised as a curse. Yet, as Huxley says, so long as men increase and multiply without restraint, peace and industry necessitate a struggle for existence quite as sharp as any that ever went on under the old *régime*. England has grown immensely wealthier through industry, but the population has also increased. She numbers 36,000,000 of people, and nearly 350,000 fresh comers swell the total every year. Being civilised we make the struggle for existence stop short of open violence, we will not permit the fight to be carried out to the bitter end; but it goes on quietly under civilised forms all the same.

"So long as unlimited multiplication goes on, no social organisation which has been devised, or is likely to be devised; no fiddle-faddling with the distribution of wealth, will deliver society from the tendency to be destroyed by the reproduction within itself, in its intensest form, of that struggle for existence, the limitation of which is the object of society. And however shocking to the moral sense this eternal competition of man against man and of nation against nation may be; however revolting may be the accumulation of misery at the positive pole of society, in contrast with that of monstrous wealth at the negative pole; this state of things must abide, and grow continually worse, so long as Istar holds her way unchecked. It is the true riddle of the Sphinx; and every nation which does not solve it will sooner or later be devoured by the monster itself has generated."

Huxley does not attempt to solve the riddle, but his hint is a very broad one nevertheless. It seems identical with the sigh with which Mr. Cotter Morison ended the Preface of his *Service of Man*—"If only the devastating torrent of children could be arrested!" Meanwhile the Professor says we must gain time by attending to the physical, intellectual, and moral condition of the masses; leaving it to "the wise folk among our posterity" to see their way out of the difficulty. His conclusion is perhaps a little lacking in courage, yet he has delivered his warning plainly enough, and for that he deserves ungrudging thanks.

But there is something in Professor Huxley's article besides his warning. His remarks on natural selection and the struggle for existence, from a moral and religious standpoint, are very remarkable. Like Darwin he is bound to recognise that, if there be a God, his government of the world will not stand the test of ethical criticism.

"From the point of view of the moralist the animal world is on about the same level as a gladiators' show. The creatures are fairly well treated, and set to fight—whereby the strongest, the swiftest and the cunningest live to fight another day. The spectator has no need to turn his thumbs down, as no quarter is given. He must admit that the skill and training displayed are wonderful. But he must shut his eyes if he would not see that more or less enduring suffering is the meed of both vanquished and victor."

No doubt it is quite true that nature shows many subtle contrivances for the production of pleasure and the avoidance of pain, but if these are regarded as proofs of God's benevolence, why are not the equally numerous contrivances for the production of suffering regarded as proofs of his malevolence? The wolf chases the deer, and being averse to the infliction of pain we should assist the deer and hinder the wolf. But nature does nothing of the kind. If the deer gets away it saves its life; if not it is eaten by the wolf. We may transfer our moral notions to nature, but if so we must do it impartially; and in that case "the goodness of the right hand which helps the deer, and the wickedness of the left hand which eggs on the wolf, will neutralise one another; and the course of nature will appear to be neither moral nor immoral, but non-moral."

Theologians say that this life is a state of probation. But Professor Huxley asks them whether the countless millions of herbivorous animals who were chased, killed, and eaten by carnivorous animals before man appeared on the earth, will be "compensated by a perennial existence in clover," while the ghosts of their devourers "go to some kennel where there is neither a pan of water nor a bone with any meat on it." If so, morality would exclaim that the carnivores only did what they were expressly constructed to do. Moreover, they also suffered from old age, disease, and over-multiplication, and they might well "put in a claim for 'compensation' on that score."

Going still further, Professor Huxley tilts at the theologians who try to enlist evolution in the service of faith. These gentry, whose lines are usually cast in pleasant places, urge that the struggle for existence ends with the survival of the fittest, and therefore tends to final good; and that "the suffering of the ancestor is paid for by the increased perfection of the progeny." But, says Huxley, it is not clear "what compensation the *Bolippos* gets for his sorrows in the fact that, some millions of years afterwards, one of his descendants wins the Derby." Nor does evolution necessarily mean increased perfection. There is constant adjustment of the organism to new conditions, but it depends on the conditions whether the modification is upward or downward. Besides, our earth is cooling down, and eventually "all forms of life will die out, except such low and simple organisms as the Diatom of the arctic and antarctic ice and the *Protococcus* of the red snow." So that the course of life on this globe is "a trajectory like that of a ball fired from a mortar; and the sinking half of that course is as much a part of the general process of evolution as the rising."

Professor Huxley is a terrible controversialist. No wonder Darwin exclaimed "What a man you are!" Solid yet limber, strong yet fleet, he rushes through the ranks of theology like Achilles through the Trojans, and the dead and the dying mark his impetuous course. Who is the next theologian that will dare to confront his spear? Will another bishop oppose his devoted person to the champion's onset? Or will the task be left to the cocky little Duke of Argyll, who patronises Darwin, catechises Spencer, and thinks himself more than a match for all the Huxleys in existence?  
G. W. FOOTE.

#### THE JERUSALEM PONY.

THE "Jerusalem pony" I have in view is the particular one—or two—on which Christ rode into Jerusalem, and which hence originated this vernacular expression for a humble quadruped commonly looked upon with a quite undeserved amount of ridicule and contempt. Perhaps, too, the use of so courteous and unobjectionable a term will temporarily relieve me from the charge of desiring to hurt Christian susceptibilities—a charge which I shall inevitably have to risk before long by referring to the sacred quadruped under its proper but commonplace designation of "ass" or "donkey."

Whether Christ's entry into Jerusalem on a donkey or two is a myth or an historical fact, it is evident that in either case the story or the act was suggested by the prophecy in Zechariah ix., 9, which runs thus:

"Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee: he is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass."

There are several accounts of this most celebrated of donkey-rides. Each of the four evangelists describes it; but as their inspired testimony does not agree, it will be best to take their accounts separately.

Matthew speaks throughout of *two asses*—a she-ass and her colt; and the disciples put on them their clothes, and they sat Jesus thereon (Matt. xxi., 7). Matthew, or the Holy Ghost who inspired him, forgot that the reduplication of the Hebrew idiom used by Zechariah only applied to one and the same ass. He rashly insisted on thrusting his own individuality into the matter, and so made two asses where Zechariah only intended there should be one.

Mark has only a single animal—an ass's colt whereon man never sat, and which apparently was suitable for a God to ride on because it had never been profaned by vulgar riders. The disciples' garments were cast on



"him," and Jesus "sat upon him" (Mark xi., 7), which is the proper method of treating asses of all kinds. Luke and John also speak only of a "colt," or "an ass's colt," or a "young ass." So that on the principle that three Holy Ghosts are more trustworthy than one Holy Ghost, we must conclude there was only one ass heading the procession, unless Jesus was another—a method of reconciling the discrepancy which no reverent Christian will willingly adopt. As the ass is none too strong for carrying a full-grown man, and as this particular ass was so young a colt that it had never been ridden before—except, perhaps, surreptitiously by some of the village boys—it is to be hoped that Jesus was a light rider. Evidently the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was not in existence then, or the grand procession of the King of the Universe into his favored Zion on a juvenile "moke" would have been rudely interfered with. Let us suppose that Jesus made himself miraculously light for the occasion, and let us forget the bad example he set in inconsiderately riding so young and untrained an animal. Matthew, indeed, makes Christ's feat of assmanship less cruel if more ridiculous, by allowing him to bestride the two Jerusalem ponies at once.

Three of the inspired accounts make Jesus send disciples to bring "them" or "him" or "her," as the two-in-one-pony is variously called. But John (xii., 14) makes Jesus find a young ass and sit thereon.

John makes the triumphal entry take place on the day after the raising of Lazarus from the dead—a remarkable and widely-known miracle according to John, but not even so much as heard of or mentioned by the other evangelists, who evidently lived at somewhat too early a date for that knowledge. Mark makes the entry occur immediately after the healing of a blind man at Jericho. Matthew doubles the blind man, as he did the donkey (compare Mark x., 46—52, with Matt. xx., 30—34) and the Gadarene demoniac (Matt. viii., 28; Mark v., 1—16).<sup>1</sup> Luke makes this miracle precede Christ's entry into Jericho (xviii., 35; xix., 1), while Mark (x., 46) and Matt. (xx., 29) make it occur on Christ's leaving that town. Such discrepancies are scarcely allowable in an historical account by eye-witnesses, but they are perfectly natural in a popularly-evolved myth. If Jesus spoke of one ass and a single blind man, he did not speak of two asses and two blind men. So that Matthew must be mistaken, or else the other evangelists must have conspired to tell untruths.

The events that followed, too, are different in the four gospels. According to Matthew (xxi., 12), Jesus immediately headed a riot in the Temple and cast out the money-changers—an event which St. John (ii., 15) places at the commencement of Jesus's career, and soon after his first miracle at Cana of Galilee. The discourses which ensued differ greatly in John from those recorded in the synoptical gospels, which latter, having drawn largely from some common source, are usually less in conflict with each other than with the comparatively independent production fraudulently labelled as "according to St. John."

W. P. BALL.

(To be concluded.)

## ACID DROPS.

THE Rev. H. G. Wakefield, chaplain of the Shrewsbury prison, has made a clean breast of it and bolted. His crime was writing indescribably filthy letters to servant girls. When first accused in the *Wellington Journal* he brought an action for libel against the editor, and claimed £5,000 damages. His character turns out not to be worth a farthing. Parson Wakefield has been in the gospel line at Shrewsbury prison for fifteen years, and he leaves a wife and three children to face the world alone.

ONE of the witnesses in the recent spicy divorce case of Dunn v. Dunn and Wall was Polly Harcourt. This interesting specimen of the fair sex testified to having slept with Dunn several times in a house in George Street, Portman Square; and it appears that she shared Dunn in an amicable way with a fellow lodger, Mrs. Levy. Polly, however, is now a reformed character. The Salvation Army has taken her up, and she is in a home at Dalston. Yet she retains her free and easy manners; for, being asked by Mr. Inderwick Q.C. where she lived, she replied, "In some place belonging to the Salvation Army—a very nice home, and nice girls are there; I'll take you there if you like." Evidently converted Polly is a credit to the Army, and we hope General Booth's subscribers are proud of her.

<sup>1</sup> "Matthew the publican" apparently had a habit of seeing double when under the influence of the spirit.

"I WOULD not believe a man on his oath who said he cared nothing for himself or his own advancement. It is contrary to nature and common sense." Thus spake Mr. Justice Stephen in the recent case of *Outram v. Furnivall*, and really it is hard to see how any sensible man could quarrel with the utterance. But the *Daily News*, remembering Mr. Justice Stephen's scepticism and its own piety, fell foul of it in a leaderette informing him that there *is* such a thing in the world as disinterestedness, especially among the professors of a certain religion and the readers of a certain book. All this sound and fury, however, is occasioned by an utter perversion of Mr. Justice Stephen's remark. His lordship said he would not believe a man who said he cared nothing for his own interest; that is a very different thing from asserting that men care for nothing but their own interest. Sir James knows as well as the *Daily News* that men may care for others as well as for themselves, but he declines to believe that a man cares for everybody *but* himself, especially when the man says so himself.

THE Rev. H. R. Haweis can gush by the mile about Christian feelings and consideration for others. But in practice he is not quite so particular. A neighbor of his, a lady, has been annoyed for months by the loud and frequent crowing of a cock which he keeps. Her rest has been broken and her health impaired, but the gushing preacher has always turned a deaf ear to her repeated complaints. At last the lady has had to summon him before a magistrate, who has postponed the case in the hope that the preacher would do away with the nuisance without further proceedings. The magistrate has thus shown much more consideration for the minister than the latter has for a nervous invalid. "Thou shalt love thy neighbors as thyself" is a pretty text to preach from. Pity the preachers can't see their way to practise it without the compulsion of the law.

THERE seems to be a pretty quarrel going on between the Catholic and Protestant Churches in the United States. A Protestant journal of Boston surmises that "The time may not be far distant when, wearied with endeavors to conciliate the Catholic Church, we may at length draw the sword and repress by uncompromising measures the men who, under the cloak of religion, would disturb the peace of the world."

Now for the Catholic counterblast. "Already," says the *Catholic News*, "has Protestantism in this land proved itself a miserable failure and a soulless creed. It is a gilded corpse, and the gilt is supplied by men and women who want an easy code of morality." If a Freethinker wants to "libel" Christians, he has merely to print what they say of each other.

THE *Church Times*, advocating more bishops, asks how the Archbishop of York can reconcile it to his conscience to go on pretending to administer, unaided, a diocese with an area of 1,730,000 acres, a population of 1,287,000 souls, 630 benefices, and 250 curates. Taking an obvious test of efficiency, the Confirmation returns, we find his average for the ten years 1876—85 was only 7,752 per annum.

MARGARET ANNIE PRINCE, the sham heiress of Bolton who duped so many people, and, when they complained, referred them to Jesus, has been sentenced to twelve months' hard labor. Mr. Justice Cave, who sent her to gaol, remarked that it was astonishing people could be so imposed on. Not so very astonishing in a Christian country, where a vast army of white-chokers get a handsome living out of the theological confidence-trick.

THE unfortunate girl who became a nun in the convent at Vigo against the will of her parents was buried early on Wednesday morning by order of the Bishop to avoid demonstrations by the inhabitants, who are profoundly irritated against the ecclesiastical authorities. A large crowd, however, followed the funeral. The father of the nun appealed to the Government in order that his daughter might be buried in the family grave, but the convent refused, insisting that the body must be interred in their own ground. The Vigo papers say that the nun before she died made a will leaving a third part of her fortune to the convent. It seems hardly credible that the influence of the Church should still be so great in Spain. The Government has taken no steps in the matter, and in Parliament only one deputy has asked a question—a very timid question—about this glaring defiance of the civil law and of paternal authority.—*Daily News*.

IN this case the father of the heiress had protested against his daughter being kept in the convent, as she was a minor and in bad health. He had obtained a legal warrant to withdraw his daughter, but the Lady Abbess forestalled him by administering the vows early in the morning. As his daughter was then a nun, the warrant of the civil authorities ceased to be valid, and the father was helpless. We wonder how much trouble the priests would have taken to make the dying girl a nun if there had been no cash in the case?

BISHOP RYLE is a fervent supporter of Sunday closing. An irreverent correspondent has been writing to him, "What a rascal you are, to take your horses out on Sunday!" The Bishop replies that he is getting old and cannot get about on foot. He weighs seventeen stone, and wishes that his accuser would try to



carry him and his robes about. We should like to see the feat performed.

JUDGE NOTT, of Albany, says he has received a return from a Justice which spells God with a little j and judgment with a big G—jod and Gudgment. The Justice evidently understands which is of the most importance.

IN answer to a correspondent the *Christian Commonwealth* explains why the Bible gives no record of the long interval between the Old and New Testaments. It is because "there was no more Divine interposition until the time of John the Baptist and Jesus Christ." Did God sleep then for four hundred years and let the world go on as it chose without his interference?

THE Rev. Newman Hall has been preaching on the recent eclipse of the moon. His text was Isaiah lx., 20, "Neither shall thy moon withdraw itself." He said that this was a prediction of the glory of the Church, and it had been partly fulfilled. We suppose he must mean that the pretensions of the Church are all moonshine, and have not yet been withdrawn.

ANOTHER great spiritual lesson we learn from the eclipse is that we are reminded of the existence of God. But how or why an eclipse should certify deity is not explained. Is it the shadow and the darkening that so forcibly suggest the idea of a God? The preacher assures us that the moon and stars are all obedient to God. But how does he know? He tells us that God might not intervene in nature for millions of ages preceding the creative work recorded in Genesis. How does he, the reverend dogmatist, know that God is not refraining from interference now, and that the moon and stars are not obeying nature instead of a God who sometimes leaves nature to herself?

SAM JONES, the American Revivalist, says, "If I had one prayer only, I would say: 'Lord God, infuse into the Church of Christ more grit. Put more sand in our gizzards.'" The Lord God may not supply his church with sufficient grit, but he seems to have infused into Sam a plentiful supply of gas.

MR. CELESTINE EDWARDS, the East End black preacher, has been orating at Morley Hall on the "Nature of God," a subject on which, as he is made in his Maker's image, he is doubtless familiar. The *Eastern Argus* gives a glowing report of his oration, from which it might be inferred that he is a finer speaker than Gladstone or Bright. After the "oration" there was a characteristic display of Christian charity. Two Christian Evidence lecturers moved a resolution, which was carried, calling upon the Metropolitan Board of Works to stop the Freethought lectures in Victoria Park. By way of an answer to this resolution the Bethnal Green Branch has resolved to begin the open-air campaign in Victoria Park a month earlier than usual.

It appears from the report of the *British Weekly* census that the original head-quarters of the Salvation Army at Whitechapel is two-thirds empty. It accommodates 1,250 persons, but the number of the evening congregation was found to be only 400. Booth has got large sums of money from wealthy fanatics on the pretence that he is evangelising the East-end. Is his work completed, or is it not rather about played out in the district where it was first started?

THOMAS WAUGH, of Gateshead, is an amiable Salvationist who finds he can serve the Lord better without a wife and six children than with them. He accordingly blacked his wife's eye and sold the furniture. When ordered to pay thirteen shillings a week for the maintenance of his family, he expressed his intention of not doing so, but leaving them in the hands of the Lord—that is, the Gateshead Board of Guardians.

*La Bandera Catolica*, of Barcelona, is reported as rejoicing over the burning of a number of Protestant books in Spain and as saying: "There is but a step between this and the setting up of the Holy Inquisition. What a day of pleasure will that be for us when we see Freemasons, Spiritualists, Freethinkers and Anticlericals writhing in the flames of the Inquisition."

WE admit that our authority for the above quotation is a very poor one. It is taken from the *Protestant Echo*. Whether this journal is maligning its Spanish contemporary, or has substantial authority for its assertion, we leave others to decide; but in either case we have a fine view of the true inwardness of the religious spirit.

MR. BENJAMIN ARMITAGE, late member for Salford, has discovered that three aldermen of his borough who are conscientiously opposed to the library movement because it involves the attendance of a few employes at free libraries on Sunday evenings, are members of the committee of the municipal gasworks, where a great deal of labor of the most severe and exacting kind is done on Sundays, employing on that day eighty per cent. of the total number of hands.—*Daily News*.

THE *Aberdeen Evening Gazette* rejoices over the fact (if it be a fact) that the only agent who sells the *Freethinker* in that city is "a person who occupies the humble but useful position of a city scavenger." We daresay the *Gazette* is sold in the streets by persons of a still humbler station. The *Gazette* states that the local Secularists require no more literature on religious topics. This, however, is untrue. The fact is the Ferguson prosecution frightened Mr. Middleton, the newsagent, who had a good sale for the *Freethinker*, and ever since it has been impossible for customers to obtain it through the ordinary channels. *Gazette* please copy.

TWO brothers, Joseph and Alfred Trill, who were occupied in lighting the furnaces to warm the church of St. Matthew, Sunderland Road, Kemp Town, Brighton, were suffocated beneath the church. Joseph was found dead and his brother is in a critical position in the hospital.

THE Rev. W. Rogers, rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, gives the following specimen of juvenile accounts of the Church Catechism:—"My duty toads God is to bleed in him, to fering and to loaf withold your arts, withold my mine, withold my sold, and with my sernth, to whirchep and to give thinks, to put my old toast in him, to call upon him, to onner his old name and his world, and to save him truly all the days of my life's end."

BIBLE gallantries are a ticklish subject, but readers of Parny know what can be made of them in the absence of a Vice Society. It appears also, from Mr. Edward King's article in the *Cosmopolitan* (New York) on "Club Life in Paris," that the artists' "Noah's Ark" club once selected a Bible subject for a risky little private performance. It was called "Abraham; or, the Patriarch who Deceived his Wife." The female parts were played by studio models, but the rôle of Hagar was so free and easy that the model cast for the part refused to appear in it. Yes, there are enough wicked themes in the Bible to furnish motives for dozens of unactable dramas.

THE Rev. H. O. Pentecost, who has lately resigned a Congregational pulpit in Newark, U.S., says: "The doctrine of the brotherhood of man is dead in the Churches. I mean the Church as an institution. The Church recognises the aristocracy of money and of birth."

CHRIST'S second coming has always had a great attraction for religious cranks. The Adventists of Battle Creek, Michigan, are now expecting the Savior daily. They are selling up and handing in the proceeds to the Church. No doubt the leaders will know what to do with the cash whether Jesus Christ puts in an appearance or not.

SOME bigoted clergymen and some thoughtless persons who ought to know better, often pretend that there is practically no religion taught in the Board Schools. A correspondent in the *Daily News*, after twenty-five years' experience as scholar and teacher in a Church school, as head-master of Church and Board schools, and inspector of religious and secular instruction in all kinds of elementary schools in town and country, unhesitatingly affirms that the religious instruction in Board schools is thorough and effective, and much more so than in Church schools, or in Sunday-schools. This inspector rejoices in the fact, and like religious people generally, he never thinks of the principle involved in the compulsory taxation of the community for the endowment of religion, and the enforcement of religion (or hypocrisy) on the part of the teachers. If the enforced teaching and taxation were for Atheism, Christians could see the monstrous injustice of the case at once. As it is in their own favor they rejoice in it.

THE Rev. Mr. Martin, of New Orleans, colored, was a barber originally. After he was ordained his first duty was to baptise a child. Wetting his hand in the water bowl, he laid it on the child's head, and then, his mind reverting to his old calling, he began rubbing the head vigorously, and, turning to the astonished mother, said: "Shampoo?"

A COUNTRY editor says: "An interesting article entitled 'The Soul After Death, and What Becomes of It,' is crowded out this week to make room for more important matter."

It seems that some members of the Army of the Lord, located at Brighton, went out to the Holy Land to claim that territory for the Lord. The misfortune is they have returned. If they would only go to Jerusalem and stay there till the Lord comes for them it would be a blessing to Brighton.

THE death of Sir Henry Maine removes one of the great figures of our age. His profound work on *Ancient Law* was an epoch-making book, and his subsequent volumes have sustained the high reputation it gave him. His last work on *Popular Government*, though showing an imperfect sympathy with advanced politics, was a masterly performance, and evinced a thorough appreciation of the permanent conditions of progress. Sir Henry Maine has nowhere left a statement of his religious opinions, but it was easy to read between the lines that he was far from orthodox.



**MR. FOOTE'S LECTURES.**

Sunday, Feb. 12, Milton Hall, Hawley Crescent, Kentish Town; at 7.30, "Darwin on God."

FEB. 19, Liverpool; 26, Rochdale.

MARCH 4 & 11, Hall of Science, London; 18, Leeds; 25, Milton Hall, London.

APRIL 1, Manchester; 8, Plymouth; 15, Huddersfield.

MAY 13 and 27, Hall of Science, London.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

LITERARY communications to be addressed to the Editor, 14 Clerkenwell Green, London, E.C. All business communications to Mr. R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

W. SIMONS.—Always glad to receive jokes and cuttings.

J. SEARLE.—The Catholics are represented in Parliament by thirty-two peers, and by five English and seventy-five Irish members. There are nine Catholics on her Majesty's Privy Council, and there are forty Catholic peers, fifty-one baronets, and twenty lords with courtesy titles.

W. FROUDE.—Pleased to hear you find *Bible Immoralities*, etc., so "excellent." The work has cost the editors a great deal of trouble, but it is done thoroughly, and is not likely to be superseded. Of course we could not print the obscenities of the Bible in full, for we cannot afford to go to prison for printing Christian filth. Only the Queen's printers are allowed to do that with impunity. Yet we have given very pointed head-lines, and our references to the peccant texts are full and exact.

E. KENNET.—The Hibbert lecture by Mr. Sayce on "Babylonian Religion" is the latest. The volumes of *Records of the Past*, are also useful. Thanks for cutting.

Z. B. WOFFENDALE.—We have received your paper with "the editor's compts." Looking inside we see sundry "complimentary" references to ourselves, which amuse but do not annoy us. We simply repeat our former statement—If you want a public debate, fairly reported by a competent shorthand writer at a proper price, you can be accommodated. Meanwhile we have no time to waste in petty skirmishes.

J. NEATE.—The Bethnal Green Branch does well in taking up the open-air work in Victoria Park now the Hackney Branch is amalgamated with the Ball's Pond; and better still in promptly answering the impudent challenge of the Christian Evidence bigots.

C. ROWE.—Glad to hear that Mr. Bradlaugh had such a capital reception at Reading.

G. WEIR.—Thanks for letter and paper. Your plucky conduct deserves admiration.

H. MOORE.—Sorry we cannot oblige. Such questions are somewhat out of our line.

J. T. writes: "The *Freethinker* seems to be making good progress in Newcastle and Gateshead, as I observe it in a good many news-agent's windows." Our correspondent is thanked for the cuttings.

A. W. P. asks for the names of half a dozen scientific men who accept the Darwinian theory. It would be difficult to find half a dozen who do not. Among those who do are Huxley, Tyndall, Hooker, Newton, Grant Allen, Lubbock, Romanes, St. George Mivart, Sir William Thomson. These may suffice. All of them are our living countrymen. A list of foreign evolutionists would be a yard long.

EINGOTTLEUCHNER.—Chateaubriand's "Le Genie du Christianisme" is a rhetorical, sentimental work. The quotation from Diderot is not from one of his plays, but from a short piece of verse without a heading. We do not know if it is true that Father Malebranche imagined he had a mutton chop always at the end of his nose, but if so he probably did not so much see everything in God as a mutton chop in everything.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Lucifer—L'Union Démocratique—Le Journal du Peuple—Freidenker—L'Union des Libres-Penseurs—Jus—New York World—Liberty—Menschentum—American Idea—Star—Ironclad Age—Open Court—Women's Suffrage Journal—Scientific News—Bristol Mercury—Le Radical—Freidenker—New York Herald—La Vespa—Aberdeen Evening Journal—Reading Observer—Edinburgh Evening News—Sussex News—Berkshire Chronicle—San Francisco Weekly Chronicle—The Light of the World—Eastern Argus.

CORRESPONDENCE should reach us not later than Tuesday if a reply is desired in the current issue. Otherwise the reply stands over till the following week.

**SUGAR PLUMS.**

OUR next number will contain a reply by the Rev. G. Street, of Manchester, to our recent article on "Pooh-poohing Darwin," in which Mr. Street's sermon was criticised.

MR. FOOTE'S new lecture, "Darwin on God," drew a crowded audience to the Camberwell Secular Hall last Sunday evening, every seat being occupied and scores of persons standing at the back. Mr. Foote repeats the lecture this evening (Feb. 12) at Milton Hall.

THE London Secular Federation held its second meeting on Thursday, Feb. 2. There was a good attendance and the delegates were animated by a business-like spirit. We hope to publish next week the list of subscriptions received in aid of the Federation funds.

THE Metropolitan Radical Federation, to which nearly all the *bona fide* Radical and Workmen's Clubs in London are affiliated,

held its annual dinner on Tuesday evening at St. Paul's Café. Mr. Foote occupied the chair. It was remarked, in joke, by many in the room, that the chairman had forgotten to say grace. The usual toasts to the Queen and the House of Lords were also conspicuous by their absence. That of the House of Commons was responded to by Mr. Allanson Picton, M.P., who spoke warmly on the necessity of education being purely secular, and who gave a note of warning as to the reactionary attempts of the Royal Commission on education. Dr. Wallace, M.P., also replied for the House in a somewhat philosophical speech. Mr. Pickersgill, M.P., and Professor Stuart, M.P., responded for "Home Rule for London," Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in a bright speech for "Home Rule for Ireland," and Mr. John Murdoch (Highlander) and Dr. Pankhurst for "The Prisoners for Liberty." A vote of thanks to the chairman terminated a very enthusiastic meeting.

MR. FOOTE has been very busy with political matters lately, partly in connection with the Metropolitan Radical Federation, and still more in connection with the welcome which is to be given in London next Monday to the imprisoned Irish M.P.'s. As a consequence the activity of his pen has been abated, and the publication of the second series of *Bible Heroes* is unavoidably delayed until Feb. 15, when the first two numbers will be issued. Two further numbers will be issued on March 1, and the remainder at fortnightly intervals.

THE third edition of *Royal Paupers* is now ready. A few passages have been omitted, and extensive additions have been made, all the figures being brought up to date. A Radical Club in the Midlands has just ordered half a gross to start with, and there is every reason to believe that the new edition will be circulated as widely as the earlier ones.

MR. G. WEIR keeps the ball rolling in Edinburgh. He has been brought before the police court for causing a crowd to collect between St. Giles's Church and a boarding in Parliament Square. The bailies, who dispense what is called justice in the police court, seem to have conducted the proceedings in a very high-handed manner. Mr. Weir asked constable Lamb why he did not interfere with a meeting held further down the street by the Carrubbers Close Mission, but the constable was told by the bench not to answer such questions. Mr. Weir plainly told the court that "the whole affair was just a bit of petty persecution instigated by Christian bigotry." Bailie Turnbull said he would deliver judgment on Wednesday, but as we go to press on that day we are unable to inform our readers of his sapient decision. Whatever it be, it will not frighten Mr. Weir, who has been before the bailies on former occasions without being terrified.

THE Christian Evidence Lectures are being continued in Edinburgh, and the lecturers have a warm time of it in the discussion. The Society has been challenged to provide a champion for a set debate, but it declines to do so. Of course.

MR. BRADLAUGH lectures on behalf of the Finsbury Branch at the Hall of Science on Wednesday, Feb. 22. Subject—"The Prospects of the Session."

JOSEPH SYMES has been visited by the police, who are anxious about his Sunday lectures in defiance of an antiquated law. Joseph admits his guilt, and says he means to continue.

OUR Sketch this week is altered from the New York *Truthseeker*, to which we offer our compliments and thanks.

WE see in the *Truthseeker* that a wealthy firm of tobacconists in New York have gone to the expense of printing several thousand splendid life-size chromos of Colonel Ingersoll, which they are giving away to their customers. The chromos are in first-rate frames, and above the head are large gilt letters "Our Bob."

WHO can doubt that the world progresses after reading that the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States has, by 156 votes against 11, resolved to strike out of the Confession of Faith the clause which opposed such unions as marriage with a deceased wife's sister?

FREE Libraries, which are opposed by penny-wise and pound-foolish economists, are, as Sir John Lubbock has been telling the people at Tunbridge Wells, a very good investment. Looking over the statistics of persons committed to prison, Sir John finds that out of 157,000 only 5,000 could read and write well, the other 152,000 being illiterate. Surely, as Sir John argues, it is better to spend money on education than on prisons, for you do get some return for your outlay.

MR. J. H. DELL, the artist and poet, who died on Wednesday, Feb. 1, is described by Mr. Richard Heath as "an exquisite artist" and "a truly sincere and earnest soul." Mr. Heath, however, does not tell the readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* that Mr. Dell was an ardent Freethinker. Some of his poems in *The Dawning Grey* were strongly sceptical, and still more so one or two pieces he contributed to *Progress*. The last time we saw



Mr. Dell he spoke very earnestly on the necessity of training children in Freethought. His own children were brought up without religion, and he defied all the priests in Christendom to instil any of their nonsense in the minds he had educated.

THE Italian anti-clerical, *La Vespa* ("The Wasp"), is a four-page illustrated journal, which combines Freethought with Radicalism. The last copy before us has a strong article on the Confessional.

THE Rev. Dr. Field's letters to Colonel Ingersoll have been reprinted as a pamphlet. Dr. Field confesses that he only printed a thousand copies, and many of these must be unsold, for he announces that "any subscriber to the *Evangelist* can have a copy for nothing by calling for it." Colonel Ingersoll's letters, on the other hand, are having an immense circulation. One writer in the *Evangelist* complains that people read Ingersoll's answers who will not read Dr. Field's letters. "This fiery assailant of the orthodox faith," he adds, "has a constituency the range of which, I am now sure, is wider and higher than many of us believed."

THE *Contemporary Review* for February opens with an article on "Islam and Christianity in India." It points out that Mohammedanism is a great proselytising power in our Eastern Empire, and that it proves far more attractive to the natives than Christianity. It says "The character of Christ is not, I am convinced, as acceptable to Indians as it is to the Northern race." This is, he continues, the master difficulty of Christianity in India. "There is no Christ in Mohammedanism." He concludes with the observation, "Mahomedan proselytism succeeds in India because it leaves its converts Asiatics still; Christian proselytism fails in India because it strives to make of its converts English middle-class men. That is the truth in a nutshell, whether we choose to accept it or not." Whatever explanations may be offered the fact that Christianity, claiming to be the only divine revelation, is unable to overcome what it deems an imposture.

THE Dean of Peterborough, in his article on the "Age of the Pentateuch," continues his suicidal argument that if that work is not fundamental by Mosaic it is a forgery. It is generally allowed by modern critics that the Book of Deuteronomy was that found in the temples, as recorded in 2 Kings xxii. and was unknown previously. On this he says, "If the Book found in the Temple was not a discovery at all but a recent work, a first attempt at codifying prophetic teaching, the secret of which was in the hands of Hilkiah and Iudab, a book which they palmed off as the ancient Mosaic Law, how can we acquit the forgery? . . . If the author of Ecclesiastes, which is now generally acknowledged to be one of the latest books of the Canon, professes to speak in the name of Solomon, it may be urged, why Deuteronomy should not appear under the name of Moses." To this Dean Perowne replies, the cases are not parallel. Ecclesiastes does not impose itself as an authority, but Deuteronomy is a code—a law which demands obedience—in the name of the Lord.

#### THE FAMILY HERALD ON IMMORTALITY.

WHY the editor of the *Family Herald* should deem it necessary to write for the readers of that journal on such an abstruse subject as Life after Death is beyond our ken. In providing his readers with their quantum of pure and interesting fiction and the other features of that popular journal, he performs a useful function to the evident satisfaction of a very large constituency. Since the days of Shepherd Smith, however, the *Family Herald* has provided its readers with a weekly essay, which is sometimes lively and nearly always instructive and improving. We fancy this is the least read portion of the paper. It is little disparagement to the patrons of the *F. H.*, most of whom are of the better sex, to surmise that they do not relish the lightnings of wit and the thunders of criticism hurled from the philosophical editor's chair quite so highly as the philosophic editor himself. I have heard a lady of some culture declare she never read anything but the stories, because she had heard that the editor was an Atheist. Of course I defended him from this "odious" charge, and recommended her to undeceive herself by a glance at the answers to correspondents and leading essays.

Since, however, the editor, in his issue for Feb. 4th, felt called upon "to talk gravely about the subject that dwarfs all others," it is clear that he should have given his own views without misrepresenting those from which he differs. In pretending as he does to state "what the uncompromising iconoclasts have to tell about the universal belief in immortality," he should have let the said iconoclasts put the case in their own words. Instead of summarising in his own, doubtless honestly-meant but none the less perverted, fashion what he calls "the foggy argument" that belief in the soul sprang from the phenomena of dreams,

he should have at least mentioned the *Primitive Culture* of Dr. E. B. Tylor and the *Principles of Sociology* of Mr. Herbert Spencer, that his readers might have some idea of the authorities against whom their editor contends. To have given some quotations would not have been difficult. Thus Mr. Herbert Spencer declares that "inevitably primitive man conceives as real the dream personages we know to be ideal;" and Dr. Tylor, than whom there is no higher authority on savage belief, declares, "his friend or his enemy is dead, yet still in dream or open vision he sees the form which is to his philosophy a real objective being, carrying personality as it carries likeness." The position that dreams, together with shadows and reflections, but dreams mainly, induce the notion of a second self, is one illustrated by such a wealth of evidence that it will hardly be disputed by any competent person. Readers of Spencer will indeed find much to suggest that ghosts and gods alike are but legacies of primitive ignorance. The essayist, indeed, refers to Professor Huxley's papers on the Evolution of Theology, and says, "As we summarised the long and pretentious argument, we felt as though something must give way." It must surely have been the writer's poor brains that were in this peril, for he actually confuses the argument which accounts for the belief in an after-life by the misconceptions of savages with saying that the belief in immortality sprang up because the wish was father to the thought.

The editor's mind is just as confused in regard to the physiological argument. He represents an imaginary opponent as saying, "The soul may be called a 'function' of the body, or the body may be called a 'function' of the soul—at any rate they vary together." Did he ever hear that the stomach may as readily be called a function of digestion, as digestion a function of the stomach, we wonder? He not only assumes a soul, but makes his opponent assume it also, yet this, at any rate with "the uncompromising iconoclasts," is the very point in dispute. Why, again, did he not deal with the actual statements of writers like Buchner, Maudsley and Clifford. The first, he would have found, made the very different statement that "a spirit without body is as unintelligible as electricity or magnetism without metallic or other substances on which these forces act." From the second he might have learnt that "the burden of proving that the *Deus ex machinâ* of a spiritual entity intervenes somewhere, and where it intervenes, clearly lies upon those who make the assertion or who need the hypothesis." Professor Clifford wrote his opinion that "the consciousness of man breaks up at the same time with his brain."

The *F. H.* writer does not deny evolution, but rather seeks to draw from it an argument for immortality. But if, as evolution teaches, man is indissolubly connected with the lower animals, what room is there for the belief that man is more immortal than any other animal? Surely, no mere difference of degree can entitle him to a destiny so totally different in kind. Does he think that he himself is immortal but not the lowest human savage, or that the savage will live on without his faithful dog to bear him company? Such questions might give pause even to a *F. H.* essayist on matters "behind the veil." We are treated to the familiar illustrations of the egg and the animal, the caterpillar and the moth. Such analogies are dangerous. All eggs do not turn into animals, nor do all caterpillars become moths. Does the writer mean to suggest that the soul is only developed when the body is lost, that we shall think all the better when we have no brains, and feel all the more keenly when we have no nervous structure? "No physical force," he writes, "ever dies. It is not possible then that the soul of man, the subtlest, strongest force of all, should ever be extinguished." This is a good deal like saying the "horologicity" of the clock must exist, not only when the weight is taken off, but when the clock is broken to pieces. Force and matter do persist, but their forms are ever changing. The material of bodies has been previously employed in countless combinations of which we know little and care less. What reason have we to suppose we shall be conscious in the future?

Our essayist insists that such subjects should be treated with reverence. We think the most fitting treatment of subjects upon which no one knows, and no one, save a few cranky spiritists, pretends to know anything, is silence. Speculation only induces criticism. Life is too short to indulge in may-bes. It may be that every atom has "a soul." It may be that this life is a purgatory for deeds



done in a previous existence of which we are unconscious. It may be that an omniscient being sits in the editorial chair of the *Family Herald*. There is no more limit to speculation than to human imagination. What an earnest mind requires is fact. Until writers on immortality can produce this, their statements will only suggest difficulties. That the conduct of this life is momentous in its influence on those around us and on those who are to come after us in this world, is just one of those facts that are apt to be obscured or dwarfed into insignificance by the expectation of immortality.

J. M. WHEELER.

### COLONEL INGERSOLL INTERVIEWED. (From the New York *Truthseeker*.)

(Concluded from page 47.)

*Question.* Have you noticed the progress Catholics are making in the North-west, discontinuing public schools, and forcing people to send their children to the parochial schools; also, at Pittsburgh, Pa., a Roman Catholic priest has been elected principal of a public school, and he has appointed nuns as assistant teachers?

*Answer.* Sectarian schools ought not to be supported by public taxation. It is the very essence of religious tyranny to compel a Methodist to support a Catholic school, or to compel a Catholic to support a Baptist academy. Nothing should be taught in public schools that the teachers do not know. Nothing should be taught about any religion, and nothing should be taught that can in any way be called sectarian. The sciences are not religious. There is no such thing as Methodist mathematics or Baptist botany. In other words, no religion has anything to do with facts. The facts are all secular; the sciences are all of this world. If Catholics wish to establish their own schools for the purpose of preserving their ignorance, they have the right to do so; so has any other denomination. But in this country, the State has no right to teach any form of religion whatever. Persons of all religions have the right to become citizens, and citizens have the right to advocate and defend any religion in which they believe, or they have the right to denounce all religions. If the Catholics establish parochial schools, let them support such schools; and if they do, they will simply lessen or shorten the longevity of that particular superstition. It has often been said that nothing will repeal a bad law like its enforcement. So, in my judgment, nothing will destroy any church as certainly, and as rapidly, as for the members of that church to live squarely up to the creed. The Church is indebted to its hypocrisy to-day for its life. No orthodox Church in the United States dare meet for the purpose of revising the creed. They know that the whole thing would fall in pieces.

Nothing could be more absurd than for a Roman Catholic priest to teach a public school, assisted by nuns. The Catholic Church is the enemy of human progress; it teaches every man to throw away his reason, to deny his observation and experience.

*Question.* Your opinions have frequently been quoted with regard to the Anarchists—with regard to their trial and execution. Have you any objection to stating your real opinion in regard to the matter?

*Answer.* Not the least. I am perfectly willing that all civilised people should know my opinions on any question in which others than myself can have any interest.

I was anxious in the first place, that the Anarchists should have a fair and impartial trial. The worst form of anarchy is when a judge violates his conscience and bows to a popular demand. A court should care nothing for public opinion. An honest judge decides the law, not as it ought to be, but as it is, and the state of the public mind throws no light upon the question of what the law then is.

I thought that some of the rulings on the trial of the Anarchists were contrary to law. I think so still. I have read the opinion of the Supreme Court of Illinois, and while the conclusion reached by that tribunal is the law of the case, I was not satisfied with the reasons given, and do not regard the opinion as good law. There is no place for an Anarchist in the United States. There is no excuse for any resort to force; and it is impossible to use language too harsh or too bitter in denouncing the spirit of anarchy in this country. But no matter how bad a man is, he has the right to be fairly tried; and if he cannot be fairly tried, then there is anarchy on the bench. So I was opposed to the execution of those men. I thought it would have been far better to commute the punishment to imprisonment, and I said so; and I not only said so, but I wrote a letter to Governor Oglesby, in which I urged the commutation of the death sentence. In my judgment, a great mistake was made. I am on the side of mercy, and if I ever make mistakes, I hope they will be made on that side. I have not the slightest sympathy with the feeling of revenge. Neither have I ever admitted, and I never shall, that every citizen has not the right to give his opinion on all that may be done by any servant of the people, by any judge, or by any court, by any officer—however small or however great. Each man in the United States is a sovereign, and a king can freely speak his mind.

Words were put in my mouth that I never uttered with regard to the Anarchists. I never said that they were saints, or that

they would be martyrs. What I said was, that they would be regarded as saints and martyrs by many people if they were executed, and that has happened which I said would happen. I am, so far as I know, on the side of the right. I wish, above all things, for the preservation of human liberty. This government is the best, and we should not lose confidence in liberty. Property is of very little value in comparison with freedom. A civilisation that rests on slavery is utterly worthless. I do not believe in sacrificing all there is of value in the human heart, or in the human brain, for the preservation of what is called property, or rather, on account of the fear that what is called "property" may perish. Property is in no danger while man is free. It is the freedom of man that gives value to property. It is the happiness of the human race that creates what we call value. If we preserve liberty, the spirit of progress, the conditions of development, property will take care of itself.

*Question.* The Christian press during the past few months has been very solicitous as to your health, and has reported you weak and feeble physically, and not only so, but asserts that there is a growing disposition on your part to lay down your arms, and even to join the Church.

*Answer.* I do not think the Christian press has been very solicitous about my health. Neither do I think that my health will ever add to theirs. The fact is, I am exceedingly well, and my throat is better than it has been for years. Anyone who imagines that I am disposed to lay down my arms can read my Reply to Dr. Field, in the November number of the *North American Review*. I see no particular difference in myself, except this: that my hatred of superstition becomes a little more and more intense; on the other hand, I see more clearly that all the superstitions were naturally produced, and I am now satisfied that every man does as he must, including priests and editors of religious papers.

This gives me hope for the future. We find that certain soil, with a certain amount of moisture and heat, produces good corn, and we find when the soil is poor, or when the ground is too wet, or too dry, that no amount of care can, by any possibility, produce good corn. In other words, we find that the fruit, that is to say the result, whatever it may be, depends absolutely upon the conditions. This being so, we shall in time find out the conditions that produce good, intelligent, honest men. This is the hope for the future. We shall know better than to rely on what is called reformation, or regeneration, or a resolution born of ignorant excitement. We shall rely, then, on the eternal foundation—the fact in nature—that like causes produce like results, and that good conditions will produce good people.

*Question.* Every now and then some one challenges you to a discussion, and nearly every one who delivers lectures, or speeches, attacking you or your views, says that you are afraid to publicly debate these questions. Why do you not meet these men, and why do you not answer these attacks?

*Answer.* In the first place, it would be a physical impossibility to reply to all the attacks that have been made—to all the "answers." I receive these attacks, and these answers, and these lectures almost every day. Hundreds of them are delivered every year. A great many are put in pamphlet form, and, of course, copies are received by me. Some of them I read, at least I look them over, and I have never yet received one worthy of the slightest notice, never one in which the writer showed the slightest appreciation of the questions under discussion. All these pamphlets are about the same, and they could, for that matter, have all been produced by one person. They are impudent, shallow, abusive, illogical, and in most respects, ignorant. So far as the lecturers are concerned, I know of no one who has yet said anything that challenges a reply. I do not think a single paragraph has been produced by any of the gentlemen who have replied to me in public, that is now remembered by reason of its logic or its beauty. I do not feel called upon to answer any argument that does not at least appear to be of value. Whenever any article appears worthy of an answer, written in a kind and candid spirit, it gives me pleasure to reply.

I would like to meet some one who speaks by authority, some one who really understands his creed, but I cannot afford to waste time on little priests, or obscure parsons, or ignorant laymen.

## PROFANE JOKES.

A merchant at San Diego, Cal., recently received an order from an interior village for a Bible, bowie knife and a pack of cards.

A richly dressed lady stopped a boy trudging along with a basket, and asked, "My little boy have you got religion?" "No ma'am," said the innocent, "I've got potatoes."

"Mother have I got any children?" asked little Johnny Fizzletop. "Who? no child; what put that in your head?" "I read in the Bible about children's children. That's what put it in my head."

A young lady writing about the revision of the New Testament, says that the phrase "purple and fine linen," conveys no idea of luxury to her mind, and she suggests, as an improvement, "sealskin and black velvet."

A cabin-boy on board a ship, the captain of which was a very religious man was, called up to be whipped for some misdemeanor. Little Jack went crying and trembling to the captain. "Kind, sir," said he, "will you wait till I say my prayers?" "Yes," was the stern reply. "Well then," replied little Jack, looking up and smiling triumphantly, "I'll say them when I get ashore!"



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