

# The Free Thinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.]

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## REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

By G. W. FOOTE.

(Continued.)

MR. BRADLAUGH'S legal exploits, if properly recorded, would fill a good-sized volume. When his life is adequately written, as it will be some day, this department will have to be entrusted to a skilled lawyer. No other person could do anything like justice to a most important part of the career of one whom the Tories used to call "that litigious man," when they were trying to ruin him in the law courts and he was only defending himself against their base attacks.

Those who had only known Mr. Bradlaugh as a platform orator had some difficulty in recognising him when they first met him in one of our "halls of justice." His whole manner was changed. He was polite, insinuating, and deferential. His attitude towards the judges was admirably calculated to conciliate their favor. I do not mean that *he* calculated. He had quite a superstitious veneration for judges. It was perfectly sincere and it never wavered. He would not hear a word against them. When he pleaded before them his personal sentiments ran in a line with his best interests. Judges are above most temptations, but their vanity is often sensitive, and Mr. Bradlaugh's manner was intensely flattering.

Had he followed the legal profession, Mr. Bradlaugh would have easily mounted to the top and earned a tremendous income. I have heard some of the cleverest counsel of our time, but I never heard one to be compared with him in grasp, subtlety and agility. He could examine and cross-examine with consummate dexterity. In arguing points of law he had the tenacity of a bull-dog and the keenness of a sleuth-hound. He always fortified himself with a plethora of "cases." The table in front of him groaned with a weight of law. Here as elsewhere he was "thorough." An eminent jurist once remarked to me, "there is little gleaning to be done after Bradlaugh."

As a pleader before juries, however, I doubt whether he would have achieved a great success. He was too much of a born orator. He began well, but he soon forgot the limited audience of twelve, and spoke to a wider circle. This is not the way to humor juries. They like to feel their own importance, and he succeeds best who plays upon their weakness. "Remember," their looks say, "you are talking to us; the other gentlemen listen accidentally; we make you or damn you."

My first recollection of Mr. Bradlaugh in the law courts is twenty-two years old. How many survivors are there of the friends who filled that dingy old court at Westminster where he argued before a full bench of judges in 1869? He was prosecuted for not giving sureties in the sum of £400 against the appearance of blasphemy or sedition in his paper. The law was resuscitated in his single case to crush him. He fought, as he said he would, to the bitter end. The Gladstone Government was glad to repeal

the obsolete enactments, the Crown entered a *stet processus*, and Mr. Bradlaugh was left with the laurels—and his costs.

I obtained an hour or two's leave from my employment, and heard a portion of Mr. Bradlaugh's argument. It gave me a new conception of his powers. That is the only impression I retain. The details have dropped out of my memory, but there remains as fresh as ever the masterful figure of Charles Bradlaugh.

The best view I ever had of Mr. Bradlaugh in litigation was in the old Court of Queen's Bench on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 19 and 20, 1881, when he cross-examined poor Mr. Newdegate. For a good deal of the time I sat beside him, and could watch *him* closely as well as the case. By raising the point whether the writ against him for penalties had been issued before or after he gave his vote in the House, he was able to put all the parties to the prosecution into the witness-box and make them give an account of themselves. Mr. Newdegate was one of the victims, and the poor man made confessions that furnished Mr. Bradlaugh with ground for a successful action against him under the law of Maintenance.

Mr. Newdegate was a hard-mouthed witness, but he was saddled, bridled, and ridden to the winning-post. His lips opened laterally, making his mouth like the slit of a pillar-box. Getting evidence from him was like extracting a rotten cork from the neck of a bottle, but it all came out bit by bit, and the poor man must have left the witness-box feeling that he had delivered himself into the hands of that uncircumcised Philistine. His cross-examination lasted three hours. It was like flaying alive. Once or twice I felt qualms of pity for the old man, he was such an abject figure in the hands of that terrible antagonist. Every card he held had to be displayed. Finally he had to produce the bond of indemnity he had given the common informer Clarke against all the expenses he might incur in the suit. When this came out Mr. Bradlaugh bent down to me and said, "I have him." And he *did* have him. Despite the common notion that the old law of Maintenance was obsolete, Mr. Bradlaugh pursued him under it triumphantly, and instead of ruining "Bradlaugh," poor Newdegate was nearly ruined himself.

What a contrast to Mr. Newdegate was Mr. Bradlaugh! He was the very picture of suppressed fire, of rampant energies held in leash; the nerves of the face playing like the ripple on water, the whole frame quivering, and the eyes ablaze. It was wonderful how he managed to keep his intellect alert and his judgment steady. Six hours of such work as he had in court that day were enough to tax the greatest strength. Before it was over I saw bodeful blood-rims under his eyes. It did not surprise me, on meeting him at the Cobden Workmen's Club the next evening, to learn that he had been frightfully ill. "Mr. Bradlaugh," I wrote at the time, "is a wonderfully strong man, but the Tories and the bigots are doing their best to kill him, and if this sort of thing

is to continue very much longer they may succeed." Alas, they *did* succeed. That terrible struggle killed him. No man ever lived who could have passed through it unbroken.

Mr. Bradlaugh was clearly right on the point raised, but the jury went against him, apparently out of sheer prejudice. When he went out into Westminster Hall he was loudly cheered by a crowd of sympathisers, who, as the *Times* sneered, "applauded as lustily as though their champion had won." Precisely so. Their applause would have greeted him in the worst defeat. He was not a champion on whom they had "put their money." He represented their principles, and the *Times* forgot, if it ever knew, that men are devoted to leaders in proportion to the depth of the interests they espouse. Conviction "bears it out even to the edge of doom."

Now let me mention something that shows Mr. Bradlaugh's tact and consideration. My work on the *Freethinker* brought me no wages. I had just read the proof of an article for Mr. Bradlaugh's paper. While we were waiting for the jury's verdict he referred to the article, and guessing my need he said "Shall I give you the guinea now?" My answer was an expressive shrug and a motion of the eyebrows. Taking the two coins out of his pocket, he wrapt them in a piece of paper *under the table*, and presently slipped the packet into my hand. The whole proceeding touches me deeply as I recall it. He might well have thought only of himself in that time of suspense; but he thought of me too, and the precautions he took against being seen to pay me money were expressive of his inbred delicacy. Reader, do not say the incident is trivial. These little things reveal the man.

(To be continued.)

## NEW TESTAMENT MANUSCRIPTS.

(Concluded from page 122.)

THE Alexandrine MS., in the British Museum Library, is almost certainly of later—possibly much later—date than either the Vatican or Sinaitic. It is known as A, and was the first employed in the criticism of the New Testament text. It was presented to Charles I. in 1628 by Cyril Lucar, then patriarch of Constantinople, and previously of Alexandria Egypt. An Arabic inscription says it was written by the hands of Thecla, the mythical martyr and companion of Paul. This is a barefaced legend, since the MSS. proves its late date by containing the Eusebian Canons. A recent Latin note on the first of the fly-leaves declares it was given to the patriarchal chamber in the year of the martyrs, 814 [A.D. 1098]. It contains, in addition to the canonical books, the first epistle of Clement and a fragment of the second epistle. This in itself is sufficient for the manuscript to be challenged by the Rev. J. M. Cotterill, who considers the epistle ascribed to Clement a late forgery. It is generally assigned to the middle of the fifth century. Something is missing up to Matt. xxv., 6, and from John ii., 50 to 52.

In addition to these manuscripts must be mentioned the MS. at Cambridge, known as D and the Codex Bezae, from its having been presented by Beza in 1581. Bishop Marsh thought that of all the MSS. it was perhaps the most ancient. This view seems confirmed by its varying from the received Greek text in a greater degree. So much so that if the Cambridge University authorities would, in the interest of critical knowledge, publish a literal translation of their famous treasure, readers would be somewhat astonished at this new New Testament. This variation has been accounted for by some by supposing it to have been transcribed by some one ignorant of Greek. It gives only the Gospels and the Acts, together with a Latin version. The manu-

script, says Dr. Scrivener, its editor, "has been corrected, first by the original penman with a light stroke made by a pen nearly empty; after him by not less than eight or nine different revisers, some nearly coeval with the Codex itself, others not many centuries old. The changes they have made, especially when they employed a knife to scrape away the primitive reading, render too many places almost illegible." One instance at least of deliberate fraud appears in the Beza manuscript. In St. Luke the same names are given in the genealogy of Christ as in Matthew, only in inverted order. This shows clearly a wilful attempt to destroy the evidence of contradictions between the first and third gospels.

Next in order of importance is the Codex Ephraemi, known as C, in the Bibliotheque Nationale at Paris. It is a palimpsest—that is, this most ancient copy of the Word of God was esteemed so valuable that its vellum was written over with the works of St. Ephraem Syrus. "Three correctors," says Scrivener, "at least have been busily at work on Cod. C, greatly to the perplexity of the critical collator; they are respectively indicated by Tischendorf as C<sup>x</sup>, C<sup>xx</sup>, C<sup>xxx</sup>. Tischendorf assigns it to the fifth century."

These five codices are the only ones meriting mention, and, as we have seen, not one of them can possibly be assigned to earlier than the fourth century. How little trustworthy this makes them may be guessed when we know that the Christian fathers, Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, and Origen, no less than Celsus, the opponent of Christianity, had before this complained of the corruptions inserted in the Scriptures for sinister ends.

Dean Burgon, in his *Revision Revised*, gives an instance showing the little reliance to be placed on so-called early versions. St. Clement of Alexandria, A.D. 182, gives 15 verses of St. Mark (x., 17—31) as found in his time. "There are but 297 words in these fifteen verses, according to the traditional text, of which, in the copy which belonged to Clement Alexandrinus, thirty-nine prove to have been left out; eleven words are added; twenty-two substituted; twenty-seven transposed; thirteen varied; and the phrase has been altered at least eight times." Dr. Scrivener, in his *Introduction to Textual Criticism*, p. 343, says: "It is no less true to fact than paradoxical in sound that the worst corruptions to which the New Testament has ever been subjected originated within one hundred years after it was composed—the real meaning of which is that the boasted integrity of the Scriptures is a fiction."

It is sometimes said that, after all, the differences between the various versions of the New Testament are only trivial. As if anything in the divinely inspired Word of God could be trifling. The statement is not true. The omission of reference to Christ's ascension, and of the only passage clearly referring to a trinity, are no trifles. The substitution of *Theos* for *os* in 1 Tim. iii., 16, may, for instance, be called a trifle; but it is a trifle proving how the documents were tampered with to suit doctrinal purposes. It is noteworthy that the Church which has preserved Joseph's coat, and more than one copy of the handkerchief with which St. Veronica did not wipe Christ's face, has no original of the gospels to which it can appeal as decisive.

The number of variations are not trifling. Dr. Scrivener, one of the most conservative of critics, in his *Plain Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament*, p. 3, 1883, says: "The more numerous and venerable the documents within our reach, the more extensive is the view we obtain of the variations (or various readings, as they are called) that prevail in manuscripts. If the number of these variations was rightly computed at thirty thousand in Mill's time, a century and a half ago, they must at present amount to at least fourfold that quantity." The question arises, when manuscripts, even the oldest

and most respectable, differ, who is to decide? The Catholics have a ready answer in the voice of the Church, which decides that the most flagrant forgery—that concerning the Trinity in 1 John v., 7—is part of the Word of God. Protestants have made many attempts to gain assurance as to what actually was the Word of God. I have even heard one learned clerical declare that the greater the diversity of readings the greater the chance of getting the right one. But the candid are forced to own, with Dr. Hort, "We are obliged to come to the individual mind at last." There is not only no certainty as to what the Word of God means, but also no absolute means of deciding as to even what it actually says.

J. M. WHEELER.

#### A "CULTURED" VIEW OF CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

SOUTH PLACE INSTITUTE, Finsbury, is the chief home in England of "Ethical Culture," whereof Dr. Stanton Coit is the prophet. In all essential things the difference between the Secularist of the Hall of Science type and the cultured *habitus* of South Place is precisely the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The distinction is simply that the former is not afraid of Mrs. Grundy, while the latter fears her very much indeed.

An announcement that Dr. Stanton Coit would deliver a discourse on Charles Bradlaugh attracted me, and many other Freethinkers, to South Place on Sunday the 8th inst. I was curious to hear what the apostle of kid-gloved heresy had to say concerning him whom we have loved and lost—the dauntless warrior who bore aloft the banner of Freethought in the rough old times when scorn, misrepresentation and even personal violence were the penalties attaching to the expression of unbelief. Dr. Coit, child of a later generation, has entered into the reward of Mr. Bradlaugh's labors; how would he speak of the man who had hewn out the smooth path along which he and his cultured followers so daintily walk?

As I entered the building Dr. Coit was reading aloud—after the manner of a "lesson" in the Church services—one of the speeches of Mr. Bradlaugh at the bar of the House of Commons. Those strong, full, manly sentences were familiar to my ear; but the tone and quality of their reproduction were utterly foreign. The speech was read with the calm deliberation and the careful emphasis of a professor of elocution; but the performance was false, tame, lifeless. It was as if Robespierre were declaiming a speech of Danton's.

In due time we learned the ethical culture view of Charles Bradlaugh. Dr. Coit's opening sentences were in the nature of vague panegyric. Bradlaugh belonged to that class of heroes who require biographers as great as themselves to perpetuate their names and characters. Without Plato, Socrates would have been lost to the world. Many men were greater than their recorded words or works. In Charles Bradlaugh we were face to face with a magnificent soul; and there was deep pathos in the fact that he had left nothing to testify to the scope of his purpose and the sobriety and dignity of his principles. Had he lived to the age of seventy the laws of his country would have furnished some monument of his life's work; but he had been broken in mid-day, and there had only been given a hint of what his magnificent patience and ability might have achieved. He had, however, removed certain disabilities from Freethinkers, and his struggle with the House of Commons must be recorded in history.

Then Dr. Coit went on to develop the shortcomings of Mr. Bradlaugh's character and intellect when judged by the high standard of ethical culture. Nothing that Mr. Bradlaugh had spoken or written would live; his writings were not literature, his speeches were not oratory. It was not the matter,

but the form, that was immortal. A silly thing would live, if it was well said. But Bradlaugh's speech was rough and ready; there was no humor, no pathos; even the sarcasm was of the tamest and driest sort. His writings evinced a ceaseless craving for books and authorities; even on subjects that should have inspired him he was always sledging away—"facts, facts, facts"—striking out for "justice, justice, justice"—one monotone from beginning to end. In the speech which had been read that morning there was no metaphor, no suggestion, no simile. He had added no original thought to this century; as a thinker he had discovered no new relation of ideas. His Biblical criticism was obsolete and crude throughout.

Nor was Mr. Bradlaugh the founder of any organisation which promised to be lasting. He had done a mighty work in bringing together the Secularists of Great Britain and in unifying them. By this means he had, during his Parliamentary struggle, made arrangements in one night for the holding of 140 meetings of protest. And yet he had withdrawn from this society on account of other duties! The organisation, had it continued to exist, would have carried on his work. [From this it would appear that Dr. Coit is under the impression that the National Secular Society is already dying or dead.]

Wherein, then, lay Mr. Bradlaugh's greatness? It was in the story of his life and its struggles. When that was adequately told—and the work was one worthy of George Eliot—the world would say, not "Here is one man fighting against six hundred," but "Here is one man with the strength of six hundred." Bradlaugh had a whole nation against him; he was in opposition to the very time in which he lived; and yet he came out purified as by fire, and all admitted that he had conquered in the fight.

Why had he been so bitterly denounced, so cruelly hounded? Possibly the explanation—apart from the coarseness of the world—lay in his lack of imagination. His mind was logically exact; but it was lack of imagination that caused him to describe himself as an Atheist. He himself said that he was a follower of Spinoza; yet no one called Spinoza an Atheist. "You must choose," said Dr. Coit, "the word which, while perfectly honest, helps on your cause the most."

Now at this point—if I may for the moment sink the reporter in the critic—we touch the very pith and marrow of the "ethical culture" view of Mr. Bradlaugh's life. The thorn that rankles in the ethical side compels the bitter cry: "Why did this great and strong man describe himself by the fearsome, Grundy-hated word *Atheist*? Why did he not take heed unto his ways, and, choosing the word which, while perfectly honest, would have helped his cause the most, call himself an Agnostic, or an Ethical Culturist? O! that pitiable lack of imagination which drove him to defy the puissant tyrant-mistress of us all—Our Dread Lady of Grundy!"

Dr. Coit continued his critical analysis of Mr. Bradlaugh's character. In his relations with the problem of poverty he showed no pity, mercy or gentleness for the poor. He never stopped to speak words of sympathy for the destitute—he was always rushing to remedies. The limitation of population was his chief remedy. It was with a very fine expression of mingled pity and scorn that Dr. Coit lingered over the phrase "rushing to remedies." It indicated so neatly the prosaic, unimaginative tendency of Bradlaugh's mind. Ethical Culture, we may infer, would have taught him to rush to the rose-water bottle, and to feed the poor with fine words, instead of seeking a matter-of-fact remedy.

Mr. Bradlaugh called himself an Individualist, but he was not an Individualist in the sense of being an opponent of State Socialism as the phrase is now understood. He an Individualist? Why, his pet project as a legislator was a law to compel the cultivation of waste lands! If that was not Socialism he

(Dr. Coit) did not know what Socialism was. He would rather describe Mr. Bradlaugh as a social reformer, who would have applied remedies in harmony with Socialist principles.

Thus far I have endeavored to give an outline of the discourse which Dr. Coit delivered on that Sunday morning. It is by no means complete, but it accurately indicates the position taken up by him. Is that position a fair one—is the view taken a just one? For myself I answer, No.

I have devoted so large a measure of space to the substance of Dr. Coit's discourse that it is impossible for me to state the grounds upon which I dissent most strongly from the judgment which he has formed. That judgment is valueless, since it is based upon very incomplete data. Upon one occasion only did Dr. Coit hear Mr. Bradlaugh lecture, and it is possible that even then he took the precaution to disguise himself. His knowledge of Mr. Bradlaugh's writings has evidently been acquired hastily for the purposes of his discourse. These would be excellent reasons for not speaking upon the subject; but they furnish no excuse for an ill-considered verdict upon the life and character of a man who spent his life and energies in the service of the people. It would, of course, have been an enormous advantage if Mr. Bradlaugh could have had the benefit of Ethical Culture guidance and counsel. He might then have learned that he was a Socialist, although he knew it not; he might have acquired the fine art of expressing silly things so well that his writings would have become immortal; he might even have become eloquent in the South-place sense. These inestimable privileges were denied to him, and the judgment of Ethical Culture is sorrowfully but firmly given against his wasted life and mis-spent talents. But the memory of Charles Bradlaugh will live in the hearts of thousands when the paltry platitudes of Ethical Culture and its professors shall have been forgotten by men.

GEORGE STANDRING.

### CHRIST UP TO DATE.

(Concluded.)

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S method of dishing up Jesus Christ is certainly artful. It does credit to his *Daily Telegraph* training. Everybody knows that one of the chief difficulties of novelists is to make their wonderful heroes act and talk. Sir Edwin does not jump this difficulty. He shirks it. He takes up the story of Jesus after his death, resurrection, and ascension. Three years are allowed to elapse, to give the risen Nazarene time to get clean away, and then Sir Edwin begins business. After a preliminary section, in which the three Magi are brought upon the scene, the body of the poem opens with Mary Magdalene, who does nearly all the talking to the very end. Indeed the poem should have been called after her, for it is really "Mary Magdalene on Jesus Christ." The lady gives her reminiscences—that is, Sir Edwin gives them for her. By this method he is able to omit all mention of the cruder features of the Gospel story. When Jesus played the devil with the pigs, for instance, Mary Magdalene was absent, and the incident forms no part of her narrative. Apparently, too, she was absent, or deaf, or thinking of something else, when he preached hell-fire and "believe or be damned." And as this pretty method of Mary-Arnold selection is pursued throughout, it will easily be seen that the poem is an arbitrary piece of highly-colored fiction, in which Jesus Christ is made to serve the author's purposes. In short it is "Christ Up to Date."

Sir Edwin's second piece of strategy is still more transparent. Mary Magdalene is represented as several ladies rolled into one, and her house is a perfect museum of relics. She is Mary Magdalene, Mary of Bethany, the woman who anointed Christ's feet, and the Mary who helped to embalm him. She

keeps the famous alabaster box in her cabinet; she boards and lodges the young woman that Jesus raised from the dead; and her brother Lazarus is also on show when required. Lazarus, too, is many single gentlemen rolled into one. He is the resurrected man, the young man who was told to sell his property and give the proceeds to the poor, and the young man who fled stark naked at the arrest of Jesus, leaving his clothes in the hands of his pursuers. This is a very convenient plan. It is history made easy, or the art of poetical bam-boozling.

Mary Magdalene has a long talk with Pontius Pilate, who is haunted by the memory of the pale Galilean. Afterwards she has several days' talk with an old Indian, who turns out to be the sole survivor of those three wise men from the East, come to find out all about the King of the Jews. His two colleagues had died without satisfying their curiosity. He himself did without news for thirty-six years, and only went back to Palestine after the King of the Jews had ended his career; the visit, of course, being timed to suit Sir Edwin Arnold's convenience.

Throughout the poem Mary Magdalene talks Arnoldese. Here is a typical passage.

"It may be there shall come in after days—  
When this Good Spell is spread—some later scribes,  
Some far-off Pharisees, will take His law,—  
Written with Love's light fingers on the heart,  
Not stamped on stone 'mid glare of lightning-fork—  
Will take, and make its code incorporate;  
And from its grace write grim phylacteries  
To deck the head of dressed Authority;  
And from its golden mysteries forge keys  
To jingle in the belt of pious pride."

Can anyone imagine the seven-devilled Mary Magdalene conversing in this way?

Considered in the light of its title the poem is a mistake and a monstrous failure. It is also labored and full of "fine writing." Not only are the Gospel story and the teachings of Jesus played fast and loose with, but the simplest things are narrated in grandiose language, with a perfect glut of fanciful imagery, fetched in not to illustrate but to adorn. Here and there, however, the language of Jesus is paraphrased and damnably spoiled. What reader of the Gospels does not remember the exquisite English in which our translators have rendered the lament over Jerusalem? Sir Edwin parodies it as follows:—

How oft  
I would have gathered all thy children in  
As a hen clucks her chickens to her wings.

Surely this is perfectly ridiculous. The collecting and sheltering are put into the background by that dreadful "cluck," and the reader is forced to imagine Jesus as a clucking hen. On the whole, the Gospel writers were better artists than Sir Edwin Arnold.

To conclude. The poem contains plenty of "fine writing" and some good lines. But as a whole it is "neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring." As a picture of Jesus Christ it is a laborious absurdity; as a marketable volume it may be successful; and as a sample of Sir Edwin Arnold's powers and accomplishments it will perhaps impose on half-educated sentimentalists.

G. W. FOOTE.

### THE BRADLAUGH MEMORIAL.

COLLECTING cards are now printed. Mr. Forder is sending them out to members of the Committee and to the secretaries of Branches. A record of every card is kept, and each bears the name of the person to whom it is entrusted. As soon as these cards are filled up they should be returned to Mr. Forder with a remittance for the amount collected.

The Bradlaugh Memorial Hall Company is being formed. The articles of association, after a full discussion of all leading points, are being drawn up by a legal firm of long standing and good reputation. It is the firm to which Mr. Bradlaugh gave a good deal of his own legal business. After the final preliminary meeting of the Committee, on Thursday,

March 19, the Company will be formed by seven shareholders, elected for the purpose, who will proceed to allot shares to the applicants, a large number of whom are already waiting.

Double collecting sheets sent out unadvisedly from 32 Fleet-street must be destroyed. They are absolutely unauthorised. Only the collecting cards sent out by Mr. Forder, the secretary of the Memorial Committee, must be used in obtaining subscriptions.

It will be seen from the appeal which is printed in another column that an entirely separate fund is opened for the assistance of Mrs. Bonner in the settlement of Mr. Bradlaugh's affairs. Special collecting sheets are printed for this fund, and only these must be used by the collectors.

G. W. FOOTE.

## ACID DROPS.

Catholic priests make it a point to "be in at the death" if possible. Although the late American General Sherman was not a Catholic, they gave him extreme unction while he was unconscious, and are now hovering round Prince Jerome Napoleon, who laughed at them when well. They find it good business to say they are resorted to by the rich and great in death, even when the fact is just the other way.

As we go to press we learn that Prince Jerome is dead. He steadily refused to have anything to do with the priests while he retained any strength. On Tuesday morning the Abbé Pujol administered the last sacraments. He pretends that the Prince was in the full possession of his faculties, but the reports say he was unconscious during nearly the whole of the day. According to the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, the extreme unction was administered to enable King Humbert to give the Prince's remains a State funeral. Anyhow, it is clear that Prince Jerome kept off the carrion crows of the Church while his strength lasted. When he was helpless they took their foul repast.

The *Daily Twaddlegraph* stars on its bills "Biblical Discoveries." It appears the Rev. Wm. Hechler, chaplain to the British Embassy at Vienna, has devoted twenty-five years to the chronological difficulties and discrepancies of the Old Testament, and has come to the conclusion that he can clear them all up. This he is going to do. As he has not yet published his work, possibly the *D. T.* has found as big a mare's nest as when it started "Dethroning Shakespeare." But the *Twaddlegraph* knows its public.

The *Mid-Surrey Gazette* is apparently conducted on Christian principles. After inserting the Rev. Mr. Cunningham's sermon on Charles Bradlaugh, it declined to insert a reply from our friend Mr. J. Tomkins unless he would take 150 copies of the paper.

Mr. Tomkins has been having some correspondence with the Rev. Mr. Cunningham, who piously believes that a good deal of religion is found in the minds of dying Atheists. When they sink into unconsciousness the Lord gets the best of them in discussion. Mr. Cunningham also thinks that Socrates and Plato were not fit to tie the shoes of Jesus Christ. We think so too. They were fit for better things. We hope J. C. wasn't too lazy to tie his own shoes.

The *Law Journal*, dealing with the case of wife abduction at Blackburn, says judges have decided that a man may seize his wife wherever he finds her; that the husband has the right to all his wife's time, and to direct her manner of life and her associates, and if she refuses to submit to his order, he can legally confine her to his house; from this she cannot be released by *habeas corpus*. If this be so, it is evident our law contains many remnants of the divine times, when a wife was included among her husband's chattels and "anything which is his." It is surely time these Oriental notions were uprooted.

The editor of the *Liverpool Citizen* will know better next time. He had the temerity to ridicule Mrs. Crook, who runs a local faith-healing establishment called "Bethshan." One of the inmates, a Mrs. Cheers, made a will very much in Mrs. Crook's favor, leaving her £1,000, the bulk of the testator's

property, free of interest for ten years, during which time a good many things may happen. The poor misguided editor not only laughed at faith-healing, but demanded an inquiry into the will business. Mrs. Crook thereupon appealed to a British jury, and got £100 damages. This is a stern lesson to all sarcastic editors in this Christian country. Each jurymen prefers doctors to praying in time of sickness, but when a dozen jurymen get together they may be trusted to stand up for the good old Bible doctrine.

Talmage has made a discovery. It is this. Literary men in America are driven with whip and spur to their topmost speed, and not one brain-worker out of a hundred observes any moderation. Perhaps this is true. If so, Talmage is the one in the hundred. Nothing could be more moderate than the brain-work in his sermons.

Pious William is at it again. After turning an officer out of the army for writing a mildly heretical pamphlet, he is harrying all sorts and conditions of Germans who are disposed to do their own thinking. The director of the Berlin Gymnasium is to be tried for treason for criticising the emperor's views on education. Herr Koester, editor of a Magdeburg paper, is sentenced to six months' imprisonment for reprinting Heine's Weaver Song. And now Herr Scholl, a Nurnberg editor, is prosecuted under the Blasphemy Laws for printing quite a milk and water essay on Christianity and Education. Surely the religious societies of Europe will subscribe for a brass medal and present it to Emperor William as the true defender of the faith.

Even the Wesleyans are being forced to give up the verbal inspiration of their fetish book. Prof. Davidson, at a meeting of Wesleyan ministers at the City-road Chapel, told them plainly that some modification of the old views was necessary, and that rationalistic criticism, by the scientific precision of its method, had done more valuable work than devout commentators. All very good, but these very moderate conclusions would not have been arrived at if they had not been forced upon consideration from without.

Of course Mr. Davidson took care not to go too far. He admitted "The composite character of the Pentateuch had been practically established." "The Isaiah authorship of part of that prophecy must be abandoned." "It was not necessary to say that Solomon wrote Ecclesiastes because his name occurred in it." Well, Mr. Davidson, it is then a forgery, for it says "The words of the Preacher, the son of David, king of Jerusalem." "I, the Preacher, was king over Israel in Jerusalem."

But Prof. Davidson says they may maintain that the Bible does not contain "cunningly-devised fables." We submit the question is whether it contains fables, not whether they are cunningly devised. Some of the most stupidly-devised fables seem to us to cluster round the reports concerning Jesus, and as Mr. Davidson wishes to make Wesleyanism "Christocentric," he had better tackle Huxley on the question of those pigs.

A vigorous discussion followed Dr. Davidson's paper, as to the advisability of its publication. It was at first proposed that it should be printed for private circulation amongst ministers, but eventually an amendment that it should be published in the Methodist journals was carried by a large majority.

A little sign of the times may be instanced in the Rev. Josiah Evans, of the Eastgate Wesleyan Chapel, Brighouse, lecturing on Sunday afternoon on the subject of poverty and permitting discussion. We would not discourage so liberal a minister; but we fancy, should the discussion become open and unrestricted, his Christian remedy for poverty will be found not to hold water.

The recent blizzard resulted in many wrecks, those in Start Bay alone involving the loss of nearly 60 lives; while several deaths from exposure are reported. Something like five thousand lambs and sheep perished on the Welsh hills alone. The old barbarians, who attributed such things to evil spirits, were, after all, more logical than those who think them under the direction of a beneficent Providence.

While the S. A. is a screaming success, Primitive Christianity, of the quiet kind supported by the Plymouth Brethren,

is on the decline. A chapel belonging to this body at South Ashford, Kent, has been brought under the hammer. The Quakers are also yearly declining in numbers.

"Vera Tsartsyn," a lady who writes in the *World*, is, we presume, a pious Catholic. She tells us she was "rigid with indignation" at the waxwork crucifix and accessories to the waxwork figure of Cardinal Newman at Louis Tussaud's exhibition.

Religion is being seen in its full strength at Pleasant Plain, Indiana, where a religious revival has resulted in persons neglecting their farming business and household duties under the conviction that the Millennium is coming this Easter. The minds of several have been affected. Revivals give work to the Commissioners in Lunacy.

The Newtonian theory of gravitation has had a very narrow escape. It was debated at a meeting of the Mutual Improvement Society in connection with St. Paul's Mission Hall, Birkenhead. Mr. Thompson moved that it was "contrary to Scripture, reason, and fact." There was a lively discussion, and the question was put to the vote. Eleven voted against poor Sir Isaac, but seventeen supported him. Had four votes gone over from the majority to the minority the law of gravitation would have been lost, and the town of Birkenhead would probably have dispersed through infinite space. Happily the calamity was averted. Still, the minority may try again, and the prospect is not without danger.

Prof. E. D. Cope, in his *Origin of the Fittest*, p. 167, says "serpents prone like others, existed to both America and Europe during the Eocene epoch, five times as great a period before Adam as has elapsed since his day."

St. *Cornhill* for March has an amusing account of "Biblical Drama in South Staffordshire," where the villagers have been enacting Joseph and his Brethren. Jacob attired in a white wig and his sons with trousers under their Eastern robes, made an amusing sight. It would be more amusing still if English peasants emulated those of Bavaria and enacted the story of the gospels.

Fourteen ladies, representing "five hundred Christian women," have sent in a written protest against thirteen pictures in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, each of which contains one or more ladies in the condition of Eve before the fall. The next day, of course, the Academy was thronged. All the other Christians in Philadelphia were anxious to see the wicked pictures for themselves.

Those "Christian women" who object to an Ariadne as indelicate and immoral, should really start a crusade against the Bible. If an artist were to paint the blue scenes of Holy Writ, he would throw the Rabelais Exhibition, ay, and the famous room at Pompeii, into the shade. Yet those very scenes are put by "Christian women" before their boys and girls.

"James H. Barry, editor of the *Star*, was arguing his Contempt Bill before the Senate Judiciary Committee in Sacramento last week, when he was interrupted by the Speaker, named Sprague, who inquired if Mr. Barry gave the committee no credit for possessing intelligence. Editor Barry asked to be excused from answering immediately, as it was a leading question. The committee, he said, appeared to be lacking something, but he had not made up his mind whether it was intelligence or honesty. He then went on, and soon came to the reading of an extract from Ingersoll on the matter of contempt of court. The Speaker again interrupted him to inquire, 'Who is the man Ingersoll you are quoting?' Then Barry stopped and said he was ready to answer the preceding question concerning the intelligence of the committee. His mind was now made up. If that committee was fairly represented by its chairman, and if that chairman did not know who Ingersoll was, then the committee did not possess intelligence enough to carry thistles to a jackass."—*Freethought* (San Francisco).

Mrs. Besant complains of Mr. Foote's "believing" that Mr. Bradlaugh gave up smoking for some time under her influence. She says that she "never had the very slightest objection to his smoking." The point is hardly worth a dis-

cussion. Mr. Foote apologises for "believing" that Mrs. Besant's influence induced Mr. Bradlaugh to relinquish his cigar, and thus, as his heart was affected, helped to prolong his life. The belief was only given as such, and not as a matter of personal knowledge.

Deacon Peabody—"So, Simon, it is true that you have doubts as to the doctrine?" Simon—"Not the hull doctrine; only a part of it. For instance, I can't seem to understand how a condemned sinner can be made to spend eternity in that lake o' fire. Why, deacon, there ain't no human constitution could stand it."

Wm. Hughes, of New York, on receiving sentence for procuring fraudulent divorces addressed the court thus: "Our Lord and Savior has promised that though our sins be as scarlet they shall be made whiter than snow."

And so throughout the catalogue  
Of rogues and scoundrels all  
Preachers, laymen, sinners, saints,  
All ransomed from the fall.  
For every debt contracted here,  
However great or small,  
Expect to 'scape the just demand  
With "Jesus paid it all."

Dr. Campbell, a Presbyterian professor, of Montreal, argues that the greatest nation of antiquity was that of the Hittites. We are dubious on the subject, though quite of opinion that all the ancient nations were much given to fighting.

On Feb. 8, a great Hindu festival was held on the banks of the Ganges. It was announced that owing to a particular conjunction of the stars whoever bathed in the Ganges on that day would wash away not only their own sins but those of thirty million ancestors. Crowds from all parts of India flocked to the banks of the river, overtaxing the resources of the railway companies. Numerous accidents happened and as cholera broke out, thousands of the pilgrims will never see their homes again. Christians fancy their baptism is original, yet this superstition of washing away sins dates from long pre-Christian times.

In the *Hitopadesa*, an ancient book of Indian fables, there is a rebuke given to this superstition. As rendered by Sir Edwin Arnold it runs:—

Away with those who preach to us the washing off of sin,  
Thine own self is the stream for thee to make ablutions in.  
In self-restraint it rises pure—flows clear in tide of truth,  
By wandering banks of wisdom in waves of peace and ruth.  
Bathe there thou son of Pandu with reverence and rite,  
For never yet was water wet could wash the spirit white.

Calling attention to the funds of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the *Church News* thinks there is no falling off in missionary enterprise. It is very questionable, however, if the spread of Christianity in heathen lands compensates for the spread of heathenism at home. It looks ominous for Christianity when it retreats before science and flies to ignorance and barbarism to recover its losses. And it is very problematical if they are recovered. Mohammedanism is certainly making more headway than Christianity with the natives of Africa.

Christian advocates are fond of saying that Islam makes its way with the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other. Well, Christianity makes its way with the Bible in one hand and the gin-bottle in the other, and the gin-bottle is the more deadly weapon.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* devoted a withering article to W. R. Bradlaugh, "the Christian evangelist." It appears that W. R. B.'s publication, "One Hundred Answers to Infidel Objections," contains whole paragraphs lifted bodily out of an American book without the slightest acknowledgment. The *Pall Mall* writer prefers the morality of the Atheistic brother.

Hugh Price Hughes keeps a dignified silence again. He gave the number of Methodists as 10,000,000 more than printed in Whitaker's Almanack. Being asked for his authority the reverend infallible soothsayer is *mum*. Perhaps he is afraid of hurting someone's feelings again.

**MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.**

Sunday, March 22, Hall of Science, Old-street, London, E.C., at 7, "Christianity and Political Progress."

March 29, Hall of Science.

April 5, Birmingham; 12, Camberwell; 19, Belfast; 26, Liverpool.

May 3, Hall of Science; 10, Camberwell; 17, N. S. Conference; 24, Manchester.

June 7, Camberwell; 14 and 21, Hall of Science.

**T O C O R R E S P O N D E N T S .**

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.

THE *Freethinker* will be forwarded, direct from the office, post free to any part of Europe, America, Canada and Egypt, at the following rates, prepaid:—One Year, 6s. 6d.; Half Year, 3s. 3d.; Three Months, 1s. 7½d. Australia, China and Africa:—One Year, 8s. 8d.; Half Year, 4s. 4d.; Three Months, 2s. 2d. India:—One Year, 10s. 10d.; Half Year, 5s. 5d.; Three Months, 2s. 8½d.

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

IT being contrary to Post-office regulations to announce on the wrapper when the subscription is due, subscribers will in future receive the number when their subscription expires in a colored wrapper.

W. H. HARRIS.—Sorry we attributed your article to Major Harris. Thanks for the cutting. Ibsen's "Ghosts" is a powerful piece of work, but it seems to us rather a study than a drama.

W. HART.—It is hard to criticise that parson without having his own words before us. He seems a crank of the first water.

R. WRIGHTMAN.—We hope the distribution of the pamphlet will open the eyes of some of Price Hughes's dupes.

L. H.—Thanks for the paper. The Gould incident is somewhat "mixed." We have sympathy with Mr. Gould, and on the other hand we see there is much to be said for Mrs. Besant's view.

HOMER.—We cannot answer anonymous letters.

MILLER, newsagent, 39 Northcote-road, Bournemouth, East, sells the *Freethinker* and exposes it in his window.

F. C. PERCY.—Thanks.

J. E.—The verse is not up to the mark. Thanks for cuttings.

S. STANDRING.—Happy to receive your good report of Tottenham and the district.

J. ROWNEY.—Received.

T. BOND.—(1) The reverend gentleman does not understand the controversy. A Socinian is not "one who regards Jesus Christ as a mere man." (2) John Locke's views have been regarded as Socinian by good judges—Coleridge for one. He certainly did not hold the orthodox doctrine of three *co-equal* persons. (3) The egotism and the insolence of the reverend gentleman exclude him from personal notice.

R. H. CHAPMAN.—We said as much as we thought necessary. Your indignation is natural.

H. J. STUTON.—You do not see the difference between quoting *opinions* and quoting authorities on *matters of fact*. There are no authorities in the world of opinion. The rest of your "questions" are merely statements of your own views.

R. RICKORD.—Glad to hear that Mr. Foote's visit has resulted in the formation of a Branch at Blyth. We hope to find it in a flourishing condition at his next visit.

T. W. SMITH, who gave his address to some of the Castleford and Normanton friends at Mr. Foote's lectures in Leeds, has removed to Pullen-row, Stanley-lane-end, near Wakefield.

J. TOMKINS.—Thanks for the copies. The reverend gentleman is polite enough, but he writes like a Sunday-school teacher.

CHARLES C. CATTELL, Snow-hill, Birmingham, desires to distribute 300 copies of his *Against Christianity*, on receipt of two penny stamps per copy, and to acknowledge the aid of Mr. King, of St. Leonards, enabling him to do this.

G. ARMATAGE.—All right. We merely wanted information. Notices shall appear.

T. A. WILLIAMS.—Mr. Foote will arrange a visit to Bristol shortly, with a view to reforming the Branch.

YOUNG FREETHINKER.—There is no such passage.

J. TULLIN.—Thanks.

T. F. RYAN.—You must go to the registrar and give the legal three weeks' notice, after which the marriage can take place for a small fee. You might write to Mr. Forder about the collecting-card, giving your full address.

W. ELDER.—The book is a frightful hodge-podge.

A. ZITZER.—The substance of the lectures will be published some day. Do your best, though you are a young Freethinker, to promote the cause. All of us are old enough to do the best we can.

J.G. WARREN.—Many thanks.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Fritankaren—Liberty—Freethought—Ironclad Age—Menschenthum—Echo—Neues Frereligioses Sonntags-Blatt—Freidenker—The Liberator—Der Arme Teufel—Secular Thought—Boston Investigator—Western Figaro—La Vérité Philosophique—Progressive Thinker—Flaming Sword—Loyal American—Two Worlds—Star—De Dageraad—Open Court—Truthseeker—Schoolmaster—Watts's Literary Guide—Hull Critic—Ashton-on-Ribble Parish Magazine—Daily Telegraph—Rochdale Observer—Church Monthly—Brighton Echo—South Eastern Herald—Kentish Gazette—Western Morning News.

FRIENDS who send us newspapers would enhance the favor by marking the passages to which they wish to call our attention. 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.**

Despite the rain there was a good audience at the Hall of Science on Sunday evening, when Mr. Foote delivered the second of his special course of lectures on Christianity. One Christian opponent had two ten minutes' speeches. This evening (March 22) Mr. Foote delivers the third lecture on "Christianity and Political Progress."

In an interesting article on "Theology at Oxford" in the current number of the *Westminster Review*, Mr. A.C. Conybeare says, "In every one of our larger cities the Secularists have their halls of science; and if anyone wishes to realise the strength and widespread character of their activity, let him buy the Secularist Almanac for the current year, and count up the centres of their propaganda. Nor does the Secularist body comprise one per cent. of those among us who reject supernatural religion. It only comprises those who are fanatically opposed to it; for every one of whom there are a thousand artisans to whom a miraculous story has only to be repeated in order to be rejected. I say nothing of the richer classes, among whom we all know how widespread is the rejection of miraculous religion."

When Mr. Conybeare says Secularists are fanatically opposed to supernatural religion, we fancy he only means that they are earnest in their opposition. The temperament of Secularists is usually the reverse of fanaticism.

The *Brisbane Evening Observer* reports an oration on Charles Bradlaugh by Mr. Wallace Nelson. It was delivered to a crowded audience in the Gaiety Theatre. A resolution of condolence with Mrs. Bonner was proposed by Mr. Collins and seconded by Mr. Hardacre, the meeting testifying its approval by standing up in silence. Judging from the imperfect report, Mr. Nelson's discourse was full of eloquence.

Joseph Symes's heart is nearly as big as the rest of his body. We have just received a copy of the *Liberator* containing his long article on the death of Charles Bradlaugh. He says he took up Mr. Bradlaugh's portrait sent two years ago "to my old friend, Joseph Symes," wept over it like a child, and then wrote the article straight off in a four hours' sitting. Of course it bears traces of the fever of grief.

This is what Mr. Symes says of his own feelings on hearing of Mr. Bradlaugh's death:—"No such blow ever struck me before. I had lost relations—a father, a sister, and many a friend I could ill spare. But this is the crowning sorrow of my life. There was but one man in all the world I looked up to as my personal superior, looked up to naturally; but one man whose tremendous force I have felt to be positively irresistible; the only man that could sway me and lead me a willing captive. And that man was dead! I had felt like a pine on the mountain side, surrounded by myriads of other pines; and one next me towered in grandeur over me and seemed a shelter. The axe felled it; and now I feel exposed and bare; an empty sky stretches over me just where the giant pine stood; and now the winds and lightnings play upon me unchekked; and shelter there is none. And worse still, other people look to me for some kind of shelter; and I feel with razor keenness that the paltry shelter I can afford is nothing to the grateful shadow of the giant that has dropped to rise no more."

There is no one left like Charles Bradlaugh, but Mr. Symes bids Freethinkers fight on gallantly. Here are his words:—"Shall we give way to despair because the leader has fallen?"

What? We have his tortures and his death to avenge! How? Not with fire and sword, not by blood and slaughter; not by retaining misrepresentation and slander for those heaped upon him; but by incessant attacks upon the popular cant and creeds of the day, by the most merciless attacks we are capable of! And we must study and plan to find and invent the most powerful and destructive weapons to employ in this giant work. We must show no quarter to those horrible superstitions that tortured, slandered, and hounded Bradlaugh to a comparatively early grave. The holy curs will rejoice over their fallen foe, and please themselves with the hope that Bradlaugh's work is ended, because he is no more. We must spoil that pleasing illusion for them. We must unite. His death must be our new starting point, our new rallying ground. The noblest revenge possible to us is the emancipation of the British race from the horrid thralldom of priest and tory—the ghouls who, after a generation's chase, have run this marvellous man to his grave. O, you Freethinkers! if you have a spark of manliness in you, if you are anywise worthy to name Bradlaugh's name, then unite to avenge his death upon the sharpers in human society, the traders in death and hell, the swindlers of the poor; and vow you will never rest until mankind shall be as free from superstition and ghostly control as Bradlaugh himself was, as he hoped our race would ultimately be. There is your work. In Bradlaugh's honored name, I bid you go and do it, and "do it with your might, for there is no work, nor wisdom nor device in the grave whither we go." We have no time to lose, and we must, like Bradlaugh, crowd into our life as much of work as its moments can be made to hold. This is the grand lesson that rises up to me from my dead friend's bier. His fall nerves me to greater earnestness and effort. And as it affects me, so, I hope, will it affect Freethinkers throughout the world."

On Good Friday the Battersea Branch will have a social gathering. London Freethinkers visiting Battersea Park on that day will be welcomed on showing their cards of N. S. S. membership. Tea and refreshments on sale, profits going to the Branch. On Easter Sunday the quarterly meeting takes place at 3 o'clock. Tea and Soirée at 5.30; tickets sixpence each, which can be had at the hall, or of the secretary, 32 Stanley-street, Queen's-road, Battersea.

Tickets for the Good Friday party of the Finsbury Branch may be obtained of Mr. Anderson at the Hall of Science, or of Mr. W. G. Renn, 23 Nelson-street. There is a big programme of music and recitations.

The work at Tottenham has been so far successful that all acrimonious opposition has yielded to very fair play and sensible discussions on the part of local Christians. It has, therefore, become necessary to take further steps to develop the work, and a special meeting of local Freethinkers has been called for Saturday, March 21, at 8 p.m., in Graham's Lecture Hall, Seven Sisters-road, Tottenham.

The Good Friday party of the Newcastle Branch promises to be a great success. It is to be held at the Assembly Rooms, Royal Arcade, Pilgrim-street. There is to be a tea and a first-class entertainment. Tickets can be had (2s.) from J. Tullin, 187 Burt-terrace, Gateshead, or Peter Weston, 77 Newgate-street, Newcastle.

Mr. G. E. Conrad Naewiger is indefatigable in bringing our views before the public. The *Hull Critic* inserts a capital letter from him on "Hull Board Schools and Religious Instruction," which we hope will ensure support for secular candidates at the next School Board election.

Mr. C. C. Cattell, of Birmingham, has printed in pamphlet form his lecture on Charles Bradlaugh. The price is one penny; it is published by Shipway, 39 Moor-street. Mr. Cattell gives a few interesting recollections of our dead leader.

Mr. J. W. Benn, L.C.O., now the Liberal and Radical candidate for St. George's-in-the-East, will if returned to Parliament vote for the repeal of the Blasphemy Laws. The whole of the Liberal and Radical M.P.'s and candidates for the Tower Hamlets are now pledged to vote for this act of justice.

The Blyth correspondent of the *Morpeth Herald* takes to task the Rev. Peter Peace, who asks why the Secularists are not imitating the philanthropy of Dr. Bernardo and his like.

The reverend gentleman is reminded that Secularists are mostly poor folk, and that those who might give endowments in their wills are confronted by a Christian law which forbids Freethought societies to hold a single stick of property.

The March number of the *Freethinkers' Magazine*, of Buffalo, N.Y., gives in addition to its usual item, a frontispiece portrait of Mrs. M. A. Freeman, a Freethought lectress and editress of the *Chicago Liberal*.

On March 14 the *Ironclad Age*, of Indianapolis, entered upon its 36th year under its veteran and ever-lively editor Dr. J. R. Monroe. It is the second oldest of living Freethought journals. May its editor live to see it double its present age—always provided that he wants to.

Col. Ingersoll has been lecturing on Shakespeare at the Opera House, Helena, for the benefit of two orphan daughters of a member of the Montana Legislature. The receipts were over a thousand dollars.

Friedrich Bodenstedt, the German Oriental scholar and poet, who put out a volume of poems of his own as those of Mirza Schaffy, which were so Oriental in character as to deceive the Western world, has translated the complete Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, of which E. Fitzgerald gave such a splendid English rendering. The German translation is published at Breslau and has reached a fourth edition.

Sir Edwin Arnold unstintingly extols the universal refinement and politeness of the Japanese. Where else, he asks, is such universal restraint of the coarser impulses of speech and act; such love of nature, such tenderness for children, such reverence for parents and old persons, and such courtesy to strangers. There is said to be no oath or foul interjectionary word in the Japanese. In short, these poor heathen compare more than favorably with nations having long had the benefits of Christianity.

Freethinkers who wish to have copies of the poems of James Thomson (B.V.), or of Mr. Salt's biography of Thomson, should at once apply to Mr. B. Dobell, 56 Charing-cross-road. A fire at the bookbinder's has destroyed the whole remaining stock except the few bound copies in Mr. Dobell's shop, which will doubtless soon be disposed of. We much regret that Mr. Dobell, who showed such fine spirit in undertaking to publish these works, is uninsured.

In the report of a conversation between William Bell Scott and Carlyle, given in the *Pall Mall Budget*, occurs the following: "The subject of religion was mentioned, and I, somewhat boldly perhaps, asked him how he regarded it. 'Well,' he replied, 'I am generally speaking what is called an Agnostic—that is to say, I don't believe that God has revealed anything to us of the unseen world. Of course, people in all ages have imagined what lies beyond death, but none knows.' 'But then,' I asked, 'what would you ever say to a man like Paul, who had met the son of God, and talked with him?' 'Ah,' he replied, 'I could not say anything to him.'" Carlyle might have told Paul he saw Christ only in a vision, as "one born out of due time."

The Woolwich Branch has taken the Co-operative Hall, in Powis-street, for a few Friday evening lectures. Mr. A. B. Moss lectures on Friday, March 20, on "What do Christians Believe?" Mr. Foote delivers his oration on Charles Bradlaugh on April 10.

The West London Branch means to be very busy in the outdoor work during the summer. Mr. Foote will close the indoor season for the Branch on Thursday, April 30, when he will lecture at the Hammersmith Club hall on "Heaven and Hell." There will be a charge for admission, and the proceeds will go to the Branch funds.

The *Liberator*, noticing the N. S. S. Almanack for 1891, says "It contains a good Calendar and a number of capital articles." "The Almanac is well worth its money," adds Mr. Symes, "and ought to circulate in the colonies."

The census for New South Wales will be taken on April 5. A column will be given to registering the religion of the inhabitants. It has been decided by the Australian Secular Association to recommend that the uniform name "Freethinker" shall be used by all sharing its views.



TO THE FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS OF THE LATE  
CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

MR. CHARLES BRADLAUGH'S rather sudden death has left his affairs in a state of embarrassment. Not only is there an excess of liabilities over assets, but no kind of provision is made for his only surviving daughter, who some time ago, to meet an emergency, surrendered on his behalf the life-policy he had assigned her.

Mr. Bradlaugh's multitude of admirers in all parts of the country—and, indeed, of the world—will be glad of the opportunity to give a practical token of their respect for a great man who exhausted his Titanic strength in battling for truth and justice, and died before he could free himself from the liabilities incurred in the tremendous struggle.

None of Mr. Bradlaugh's debts are *personal*. The sum of £5,269 is owing to various investors holding debentures on his publishing business. Some of these are willing to forego their claims, in whole or in part, to the total extent of £830. There are two other business debts of £300 and £250. The total liability to be met is therefore £4,989.

The assets are chiefly of a more hypothetical character. Mr. Bradlaugh's library is officially valued at £1,000. His publishing stock might ultimately realise £3,000, but would fetch far less under a forced sale. The printing plant is valued at about £600. There are also the copyrights of his books, which it is now impossible to estimate commercially, nor can his journal, the *National Reformer*, be reckoned as saleable property. The value of the lease of 63 Fleet-street is also as yet undetermined. The total assets may therefore be fixed for the present at £4,600.

From this it will be seen that Mr. Bradlaugh was practically solvent, but his death has altered matters considerably; the liabilities remaining, while the value of the assets have undergone a change for the worse.

An appeal is now made for subscriptions to settle Mr. Bradlaugh's affairs. The first £600 or so received will be devoted to purchasing the printing-plant for Mrs. Bonner. This will afford her a moderate income. Afterwards something will be devoted to the redemption of certain copyrights. Beyond that the creditors, who will receive the forementioned sums, will be dealt with as the fund permits.

The undersigned take it upon themselves to appeal because someone *must* act and there is no time to be lost. They indulge in no superfluous rhetoric. Charles Bradlaugh requires no fresh eulogy from them. They simply ask his admirers to act generously, nay justly. He gave his life to the cause of the People, and now that he lies in an all too early grave, reformers of every shade of opinion should do for him what, had he lived, he would have done for himself.

G. W. FOOTE,

*President, National Secular Society.*

J. M. ROBERTSON,

*Editor "National Reformer," representing Mrs. Bonner.*

Mr. W. H. Reynolds, Camplin House, New Cross, London, S.E., will act as Treasurer.

"For some time we noticed a paragraph going the rounds to the effect that Colonel Ingersoll was going to meet Ignominious Donnelly to debate his fool assumption that Bacon was a poet. But the report was too silly for contradiction. The *New York Sun* of Feb. 17 says:—'Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has returned from his western excursion, and explained yesterday the report sent from Minneapolis that he was to meet Ignatius Donnelly in joint debate, Donnelly to defend his Baconian cryptogram and the Colonel to uphold the Shakesporean end of the controversy.' 'I was asked to meet Mr. Donnelly,' said the Colonel, 'and debate this question, and I declined. I did so because Mr. Donnelly claims that he has discovered a cipher for Shakespeare. Well, it is his duty to establish the truth of his cipher or theory, and not to precipitate a debate on it. I am in the world for facts and not theories.'"—*Ironclad Age.*

THE PROFESSOR, THE POLITICIAN, AND THE PIGS.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY vigorously criticises Mr. Gladstone's controversial methods in the March number of the *Nineteenth Century*. After making out what, on the face of it, seems a good case of misrepresentation, evasion, and arrogant rebuke against Mr. Gladstone, the Professor goes on to explain how it is that persons who are not politicians have such an objection to Mr. Gladstone's style of dealing with theology.

MR. GLADSTONE'S METHODS.

"Persons who, like myself," Huxley writes, "having spent their lives outside the political world, yet take a mild and philosophical concern in what goes on in it, often find it difficult to understand what our neighbors call the psychological moment of this or that party leader; and are, occasionally, loth to believe in the seeming conditions of certain kinds of success. And, when some chieftain, famous in political warfare, adventures into the region of letters or of science, in full confidence that the methods which have brought fame and honor in his own province will answer there, he is apt to forget that he will be judged by these people; on whom rhetorical artifices have long ceased to take effect; and to whom, mere dexterity in putting together cleverly ambiguous phrases and even the great art of offensive misrepresentation, are unspeakably wearisome. And, if that weariness finds its expression in sarcasm, the offender really has no right to cry out. Assuredly ridicule is no test of truth, but it is the righteous meed of some kinds of error. Nor ought the attempt to confound the expression of a revolted sense of fair dealing with arrogant impatience of contradiction, to restrain those to whom 'the extreme weapons of controversy' come handy from using them. The function of police in the intellectual, if not in the civil, economy may sometimes be legitimately discharged by volunteers."

WHO KILLED THE PIGS?

"These [synoptic] Gospels," says Huxley, "agree in stating, in the most express, and, to some extent verbally identical, terms, that the devils entered the pigs at their own request, and the third Gospel (viii., 31) tells us what the motive of the demons was in asking the singular boon: 'They intreated him that he would not command them to depart into the abyss.' From this, it would seem that the devils thought to exchange the heavy punishment of transportation to the abyss, for the lighter penalty of imprisonment in swine. And some commentators, more ingenious than respectful to the supposed chief actor in this extraordinary fable, have dwelt, with satisfaction, upon the very unpleasant quarter of an hour which the evil spirits must have had, when the headlong rush of their maddened tenements convinced them how completely they were taken in. In the whole story, there is not one solitary hint that the destruction of the pigs was intended as a punishment of their owners, or of the swineherds. On the contrary, the concurrent testimony of the three narratives is to the effect that the catastrophe was the consequence of diabolic suggestion. And, indeed, no source could be more appropriate for an act of such manifest injustice and illegality.

"I can but marvel that modern defenders of the faith should not be glad of any reasonable excuse for getting rid of a story which, if it had been invented by Voltaire, would have justly let loose floods of orthodox indignation."

THE PIGS AND CHRISTIANITY.

"Some time ago," writes Professor Huxley, "in one of the many criticisms with which I am favored, I met with the remark that, at our time of life, Mr. Gladstone and I might be better occupied than in fighting over the Gadarene pigs. And, if these too famous swine were the only parties to the suit, I, for my part, should fully admit the justice of the rebuke. But, under the beneficent rule of the Court of Chancery, in former times, it was not uncommon that a quarrel about a few perches of worthless land ended in the ruin of ancient families and the engulfing of great estates; and I think that our admonisher failed to observe the analogy—to note the momentous consequences of the judgment which may be awarded in the present apparently insignificant action *in re* the swineherds of Gadara.

"The immediate effect of such judgment will be the decision of the question whether the men of the nineteenth century are to adopt the demonology of the men of the first century as divinely revealed truth, or to reject it as degrading falsity. The reverend Principal of King's College has delivered his judgment in perfectly clear and candid terms. Two years since, Dr. Wace said that he believed the story as

it stands; and consequently he holds, as a part of divine revelation, that the spiritual world comprises devils, who, under certain circumstances, may enter men and be transferred from them to four-footed beasts. For the distinguished Anglican divine and Biblical scholar, that is part and parcel of the teachings respecting the spiritual world which we owe to the founder of Christianity. It is an inseparable part of that Christian orthodoxy which, if a man rejects, he is to be considered and called an 'infidel.' According to the ordinary rules of interpretation of language, Mr. Gladstone must hold the same view.

"If antiquity and universality are valid tests of the truth of any belief, no doubt this is one of the beliefs so certified. There are no known savages, nor people sunk in the ignorance of partial civilisation, who do not hold them. The great majority of Christians have held them and still hold them. Moreover, the oldest records we possess of the early conceptions of mankind in Egypt and in Mesopotamia prove that exactly such demonology, as is implied in the Gadaran story, formed the substratum, and, among the early Accadians, apparently the greater part, of their supposed knowledge of the spiritual world. M. Lenormant's profoundly interesting work on Babylonian magic and the magical texts given in the Appendix to Professor Sayce's *Hibbert Lectures* leave no doubt on this head. They prove that the doctrine of possession, and even the particular case of pig possession, were firmly believed in by the Egyptians and the Mesopotamians before the tribes of Israel invaded Palestine. And it is evident that these beliefs, from some time after the exile and probably much earlier, completely interpenetrated the Jewish mind and thus became inseparably interwoven with the fabric of the synoptic Gospels.

"Therefore, behind the question of the acceptance of the doctrines of the oldest heathen demonology as part of the fundamental beliefs of Christianity, there lies the question of the credibility of the Gospels, and of their claim to act as our instructors, outside that ethical province in which they appeal to the consciousness of all thoughtful men. And still, behind this problem, there lies another—how far do these ancient records give a sure foundation to the prodigious fabric of Christian dogma which has been built upon them by the continuous labors of speculative theologians during eighteen centuries?

"I submit that there are few questions before the men of the rising generation on the answer to which the future hangs more fatally than this. We are at the parting of the ways. Whether the twentieth century shall see a recrudescence of the superstitions of mediæval papistry, or whether it shall witness the severance of the living body of the ethical ideal of prophetic Israel from the carcase, foul with savage superstitions and cankered with false philosophy, to which the theologians have bound it, turns upon their final judgment of the Gadarene tale."

#### IN MY ORTHODOX DAYS.

In my orthodox days I believed on such things  
As saints and archangels, with feathers and wings,  
And beasts with ten horns who roared anthems of praise  
Around a white throne—in my orthodox days.

I believed in three gods; and that one of the three,  
(Born, hung, resurrected, to save you and me),  
Was the guest of Old Nick down in Hell's hottest blaze:  
Though I scarcely knew why—in my orthodox days.

I believed that these gods, from their throne up on high,  
Sent most of mankind to the Devil to fry,  
For "straight was the path" there, and "broad were the  
That led to the flames—in my orthodox days. [ways"

But Fancy once showed me a fair little child,  
O'er whom but a few sunny summers had smiled,  
In all its sweet innocence, hurled on the blaze  
That lighted up Hell—in my orthodox days.

I fancied the little thing uttered one groan  
That rang in wild accents around the white throne:  
Then, sick of such scenes, I stepped out of the maze,  
And that was the end of my orthodox days.

And now when they tell me of God and his love,  
And endless delights to be found up above,  
I think of these scenes, then with pity I gaze  
On those who are yet in their orthodox days. POLARIS.

#### IS IT POSSIBLE TO BE HAPPY?

By HUGH O. PENTECOST.

(From the "Twentieth Century.")

[CONTINUED.]

It is not living alone or being married, it is not wealth or poverty, it is not abstemiousness or self-indulgence, taken apart from the general conditions of life, that make people wretched underneath all their gaiety; it is that the conditions under which we live are bad from beginning to end. There are poor persons who think that if they were rich they would be happy. There are rich persons who think that if they could live more simply they would be happy. There are unmarried persons who think that if they were married they would be happy. There are married persons who think that if they were unmarried, or married to some one else, they would be happy. All these thoughts are mistaken.

That which makes happiness impossible is not any one particular fact or relation of life, it is a great general fact; it is the lack of freedom, and that is a lack which we suffer, consciously or unconsciously, in our every relation in life.

I wish to deliberately repeat: That which makes happiness impossible is the lack of personal freedom. Where persons are not free, they must and will be unhappy, and no one, to-day, is free.

Place a small rubber band, or tie a thread, about the finger tightly enough to interfere with the free flow of blood through the veins and arteries of that small member of the body, and discomfort ensues. As long as that obstruction to the circulation of the blood remains, your discomfort, perhaps pain, will remain. Bind your arm, your leg, your throat in the same manner, and your distress will be proportionately greater.

On the same principle, if your thoughts are circumscribed, if your movements are controlled, if you cannot say what you wish and to whom you wish, if you cannot do what you wish and with whom you wish, you are necessarily unhappy, you will have moments when it will seem to you better not to have been born, you will pass through hours of gloom deeper than the imagined blackness of hell. It is in such moments that men and women often shoot themselves.

Now, consider how few persons there are who are free to think, speak, and act as they please. I am supposing that in using their freedom, if they had it, they would not feloniously injure life or property. How few there are. There is not one.

We begin to interfere with personal liberty with our children. We make of their little lives a purgatory, forcing them to live according to our desires instead of according to their own. "Thou shalt" and "thou shalt not" are the sounds which ring in all our children's ears, until the joy is rasped out of their little lives. Instead of helping them as we should to the gratification of all their desires; instead of leaving them free to make what seems to us mistakes, or even actual mistakes; instead of giving them freedom, which is better than bread or learning; instead of feeling that we might almost as well kill them outright as to interfere with their liberty; instead of understanding that if there were a God and he could speak to us he would say, "Whatever else you forget, remember that the most priceless gift a God can bestow on human beings is freedom"; instead of being thus wise and good and great with our children, we teach them that they should crush out their desires, that they should deny themselves, that they should seek happiness by doing as other people wish them to do, other people who often have not half the sense they have; we scold them, and cuff them, and humiliate them until it is not at all infrequent for them to hang themselves. What is much worse, we grind this wretched education into them until they think it is the truth and eventually thank us for it, and, in turn, become the slave drivers of their children.

And, after childhood days, when our young men and women go out into the world and begin to toil for a living, in nine cases out of ten for most of their waking hours they are deprived of all freedom.

A gentleman told me last Sunday that in the machine shop where he works the men are not allowed to talk with one another during working hours. If two of the workmen are talking together and they see the foreman coming, they stop talking and bend over their work. A gentleman told me this. A gentleman who works in a machine shop. This

gentleman, this man of good education and refined instincts, during nine or ten hours a day, is not free to talk. How can such men under such circumstances, be other than unhappy. No man would endure to be watched by a foreman for a single instant if he could help himself.

In Sing Sing an overseer sits on a high chair and overlooks a whole roomful of prisoners working, to see that they do not speak to one another. It will be so in our machine shops and factories some day, for that is the tendency, and because some of the wisest among us do not shrink with horror at the thought of personal freedom being curtailed.

(To be continued.)

**NORTH-EASTERN SECULAR FEDERATION.**

The Council of the N.E.S.F. met at Newcastle on Sunday, March 15. After the minutes and financial statement had been submitted and approved, Mr. Weatherburn reported that a new Branch had been formed at Blyth. Mr. Weightman, the Sunderland delegate, was added to the sub-committee. The secretary then proposed that Mr. Foote be requested to give another date for a tour in the district before the season closed, which, being seconded by Mr. Peacock, was carried. Mr. Bowen moved, and Mr. Weightman seconded, "That we engage Mr. C. J. Hunt for a tour extending from April 1 to April 13"; carried. It was then decided that the summer picnic be held this year at South Shields. A discussion then took place on the "Bradlaugh Memorial Fund," when the following resolution was unanimously carried:—"That we, the delegates of the North-Eastern Secular Federation, approve of the action taken by Mr. Foote as regards the Bradlaugh Memorial scheme, and recommend the Branches of the Federation to give him their support." Mr. Peacock moved, and Mr. Weatherburn seconded, a vote of condolence and sympathy with Mrs. Bonner on her great bereavement through the death of her illustrious father, Mr. Bradlaugh. The Council also decided to urge on the Branches the desirability of encouraging local talent through the interchange of lectures and papers among the Branches.—JOSEPH BROWN, Hon. Secretary, 86 Durham-street, Bentinck, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

**OBITUARY.**

Prof. H. D. Garrison, of Chicago, chemist and astronomer, died on Monday, Feb. 23. The funeral took place on the following Thursday. The pall-bearers were selected from the college of pharmacy. Prof. Bastian spoke over the grave, praising Garrison as a stalwart Freethinker, and one who, had he lived in the days of Bruno, would not have flinched from the martyr's pyre. The writer of this notice met Prof. Garrison in London in 1878, and was struck by his singular mixture of manliness and modesty.

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- (6) Distribute some of our cheap tracts in your walks abroad, at public meetings, or among the audiences around street-corner preachers.

**SUNDAY MEETINGS.**

[Notices of Lectures, etc., must reach us by first post on Tuesday, and be marked "Lecture Notice," if not sent on post-card.]

**LONDON.**

Ball's Pond Secular Hall, 36 Newington Green Road, N.: 7, Mr. J. B. Coppock, F.C.S., "Fifty Years of Science."  
 Battersea Secular Hall (back of Battersea Park Station): 7.30, Mr. W. J. Ramsey, "Who is the King of Glory?" Monday, at 8, social gathering. Wednesday, at 8, Mr. T. Boias (Fabian), "Social Reform." Thursday, at 8, committee meeting. Good Friday, social evening.  
 Bethnal Green Branch N. S. S.—"The Monarch" Coffee House, 166 Bethnal Green Road, E.: 7.30, a lecture. Admission free, discussion challenged.  
 Camberwell—61 New Church Road, S.E.: 7.30, Mr. H. Snell, "Scepticism and Pessimism."  
 Hall of Science, 142 Old Street, E.C.: 7, Mr. G. W. Foote, "Christianity and Political Progress."  
 Hammersmith—Hammersmith Club, Grove House, 1 The

Grove, Broadway: Tuesday at 8, debate between Mr. C. J. Hunt and Mr. W. Drake on "Is Materialism Philosophically and Scientifically True?"

Leyton—Mr. Beadle's, 10 Daisy Villas, Manor Road: 7, Mr. W. Jenkinson, "Life of Confucius"

Milton Hall, Kentish Town Road, N.W.: 7, Orchestral Band; 7.30 Felix Volkhoviky, "Personal Experiences of a Siberian Exile's Sufferings." Monday, at 8.30 social meeting. Tuesday, at 8, singing and dramatic classes (practice).

West Ham—Secular Hall, 121 Broadway, Plaistow: 7, Mrs. Thornton Smith, "The Evolution of Conscience." Good Friday, at 7, concert and dance (tickets 6d. each).

West London—8 Norland Road North: 8, Mutual Improvement Class, Mr. J. B. Astbury, "Do the Phenomena of Spiritism Prove After-existence?"

Westminster Liberal and Radical Club, Chapter Street: 7, Mr. F. Haslam, "The Reformation: What we have Gained and Lost by it."

**OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.**

Battersea Park Gates: 11.15, Mr. W. J. Ramsey, "What must it be to be there?"

Hammersmith Bridge (Middlesex side): 3.30, Mr. A. T. Dipper, "Secularism and Social Reform."

Hyde Park, near Marble Arch: 11.30, Mr. A. T. Dipper, "Secularism and Theology."

Tottenham—Corner of West Green Road: 3.30, Mr. Sam Standing, "Secular Education."

Wood Green—Jolly Butcher's Hill: 11.30, Mr. Sam Standing, "The Tottenham School Board."

**COUNTRY.**

Birmingham—Baskerville Hall, Crescent, Cambridge Street: 7, Mr. A. Bevan, "Real Reforms and Real Reformers."

Bradford—Large Room, Albert Buildings (bottom of Horton Road): Mr. John Grange, 3, "A Reply to the Rev. Dr. Anderson's 'Scientific Theism'"; 6.30, "Religion and Morality: a Retrospect."

Crook—35 Gladstone Terrace, Sunnyside, Tow Law: 6.30, a reading by Mr. I. Roos.

Glasgow—Albion Hall, College Street: 12 noon, debating class, Mr. D. G. Lindsay, "Studies from Schopenhauer"; 6.30, Mr. Lawie (Edinburgh), "The Bible: what is it?"

Leeds—Crampton's Hotel: 7, Mrs. Agnes Sunley, "Robert Burns."

Liverpool—Camden Hall, Camden Street: 11, Tontine Society; 3, discussion class, Mr. Ellis, "Schopenhauer and Christianity"; 7, Mr. Gowland, "Can Materialism Solve all the Problems of Man's Existence?"

Manchester N. S. S., Secular Hall, Rusholme Road, Oxford Road, All Saints': Mr. John M. Robertson, 11, "An Impeachment of Christian Morality"; 6.30, "Christianity and the Social Question." Wednesday, at 8, dancing (admission sixpence).

Newcastle-on-Tyne Branch N. S. S.—4 Hall's Court, Newgate Street: 10, meeting of Sunday Music League; 3, monthly financial meeting (in preference to March 29), and to make definite arrangements for Good Friday social gathering. Debating Society: 7.30, Mr. Dawson, "Atheism and God."

Nottingham—Secular Hall, Beck Street: 7, debate between Mr. J. Hooper and Mr. W. Shepherd, on "Are the Principles of Christianity Calculated to Benefit the World?" (concluded).

Oldham—Hall of Science, Horsedegge Street: Mr. Robert Law, F.G.S., 3, "What is Light, Heat, and Color, and from Whence are they Derived?"; 6.30, "Man's Great Antiquity."

Ox Hill—J. Errington's, "Ox Inn": 6.30, important business meeting.

Plymouth—100 Union Street: 7, adjourned lecture by Mr. Proctor on "India."

Portsmouth—Wellington Hall, Wellington Street, Southsea: 3, debating class, Mr. Orion, "Socialism: what it is and what it is not"; 7, Mr. Wood (secretary of Vegetarian Society), "Would Vegetarianism, if Adopted, have an Immediate Effect upon the Present Poverty?"

Reading—Forester's Hall, West Street: Mrs. Louisa Samsom, 3, "Capital Punishment: should it be Abolished?"; 7, "Life and Work of Charles Bradlaugh."

Sheffield—Hall of Science, Rockingham Street: 7, musical and other recitals, singing, etc., by lady and gentleman friends.

Spennymoor—Victoria Hall, Dundas Street: 6, Mr. J. Rothery, a reading.

Sunderland—Albert Rooms, Coronation Street: 7, Mr. W. R. Stansell will lecture.

**OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.**

Nottingham—Sneinton Market: 11, Mr. Lord will lecture.

**LECTURERS' ENGAGEMENTS.**

ARTHUR B. MOSS, 44 Credon Road, Rotherhithe, London, S.E.—March 29, Camberwell. April 5, morning, Westminster; evening, Woolwich. May 3, morning, Clerkenwell; evening, Woolwich; 17, morning, Westminster; evening, Woolwich.

C. J. HUNT, 48 Fordingley Road, St. Peter's Park, London, W.—March 22, Woolwich; 24, Hammersmith Club; 29, Leeds. March 30 to April 14, Tour in North of England. April 19, Kilburn; 26, morning, Hyde Park; evening, Woolwich. May 3, morning, Kingsland Green; afternoon, Regent's Park; 10, morning, Pimlico; evening, Kilburn; 17, morning, Clerkenwell; evening, Battersea; 24, morning, Hyde Park; evening, Hammersmith; 31, morning, Camberwell; evening, Lambeth.

TOLEMAN-GARNER, 8 Heyworth Road, Stratford, London, E.—March 29, Reading.

H. SMITH, 3 Breck Place, Breck Road, Everton Road, Liverpool.—March 29, Liverpool. April 12, Liverpool.

STANLEY JONES, 3 Leta Street, City Road, Liverpool.—March 22, Nelson; 29, Sheffield. April 19, Liverpool. May 10, Manchester. Sept. 6, Liverpool.

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