

The Freethinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.]

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.

INGERSOLL AND PAINE.

It must be exceedingly gratifying to all friends of progress to recognise that the signs of the times indicate a tendency to confirm belief in the truth of the words of the poet Mackay :

Ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

For generations persistent efforts were made by theologians to vilify the names of Shelley and Paine through bigotry and fanaticism. But fortunately the genius of Freethought has enabled the facts connected with the histories of these brilliant pioneers of mental freedom to become known to the general public, and thus their characters and works have emerged from comparative obscurity, and are being presented to the present generation with some regard to accuracy and justice. No two men ever more deserved a foremost niche in the temples of political and religious liberty than Shelley and Paine. We are no hero-worshippers, for it is too much to expect that even the noblest sons of earth could be entirely free from the weaknesses common to humanity. But when contemplating the lives and labors of heroes who have bequeathed legacies of priceless value to the realms of thought, we say on behalf of each and all in the words of the Moor of Venice, "Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

It may well be said that the heresy of one age is frequently regarded as the true faith of another, and the persecuted and despised of one generation receive the recognition and the warm approval of the thinkers of succeeding ages. Many men whose names our orthodox fathers would have consigned to oblivion are by us honored, and to the memory of such martyrs monuments are now erected. Reformers, who in their time were regarded as enemies to truth, are at the present day remembered as friends of progress, and as untiring workers for the promotion of the best interests of humanity. Strange as it may appear, mankind have repeatedly mistaken their friends for their enemies, and have denounced the expounders of rational and social advancement. Whether it be for better or worse, it is a fact that the feelings that once prompted worship of God now inspire admiration for man, and the devotion that in times past was paid to the One Eternal has been transferred to "the fleeting sun of an hour." It is a consolation to know that the genius of the human race is now looked upon as the true savior of the world. This great fact is illustrated in the justice which is at last being rendered to the name of Thomas Paine. He was for years ignored and abused by the supporters of superstition and by the monopolists of political power; but his greatness is now acknowledged, and his memory is honored by the friends of religious liberty and of political freedom.

On the occasion of the recent appearance of a new *Life of Paine*, by M. D. Conway, it appeared to be a part of the fitness of things that Colonel Robert G.

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Ingersoll should pay a tribute to the author of the *Age of Reason*, a book that has never been successfully answered, and that no doubt for untold ages

Will remain the greatest pain
To priests who would our minds enchain.

The unrivalled Freethought orator and writer of the new world has rendered this tribute in the pages of the August number of the *North American Review*, and in the selection of this theme the noble Colonel finds congenial employment for his fertile pen in recounting in a unique and an eloquent manner the services of a pioneer in the army of progress, in which he himself has enlisted, and of which he is not only a brilliant ornament, but also a brave and an effective fighter. It has frequently been said, by the enemies of Col. Ingersoll, that he is only a destructionist. This is not true, and it indicates upon the part of those who urge such a statement either ignorance or malice, and possibly a little of both. We grant that he seeks to destroy the nightmare of priestly domination; but he also endeavors, and that successfully, to replace it with the wakeful consciousness of man's duty and power. In his own words, "the storm and tempest of thought must purify the dead calm of ignorance and faith." So long as men and women are held in cruel bondage by the superstitions of the Church, and offered as victims on the altars of fear, so long will the work of destruction be necessary. If theologians will keep up a senseless imposition, is it not rendering a service to society to expose such fraud and deception?

Although in the Colonel's article there is no attempt made to present any new discovery of Paine's doings, or of the principles he advocated, yet the clear and concise manner in which the events of his career are grouped together cannot fail to strike the minds of readers who were before unfamiliar with the details of what he said and did, and thus many erroneous and unjust opinions will be corrected and probably removed. To most people, trained in the school of theology, Thomas Paine is regarded only as a disbeliever, one who scoffed and sneered at all that was good, noble and true. Like many others, the present writer in the morning of his life was surrounded by orthodox influences, and he was taught to believe that Paine was everything that was bad, vile and degraded; that his writings tended to corrupt, demoralise and debase the human mind; and that his principles rendered persons unfit for the duties of this life and incurred for them eternal perdition in that "life which is to come." It need scarcely be said that a perusal of his works proved how very little those unfortunate slanderers knew of the man they libelled, or of the works they denounced. The life of Thomas Paine was one of justice, humanity and mercy; he had a generous and an affectionate heart, a mind superior to fear, to selfish interests and corruption, a mind governed by the principles of uniform rectitude and integrity, a mind the same in prosperity and adversity, which no bribe could seduce and no terror could overawe. He had a large

and benevolent heart; he was faithful to his friends, generous to his enemies, warm with compassion to the unfortunate, self-denying to his own private interest, but zealous for the public good, magnanimous without being proud, humble without being mean, just without being harsh; simple in his manners, but manly in his feelings; one whose word could be relied upon, and whose countenance never deceived. In short, his was a life spent in doing good and working for his fellow-creatures, endeavoring to raise them from the low and degraded state in which superstition and ignorance had placed them. Paine did, it is true, aspire to glory, but it was that glory which consists in doing something worth recording, and making the world better and happier for having lived in it. He recognised in society tyranny, oppression and corruption, and he worked bravely for their removal. Undauntedly he struggled on till he had established a name which became a terror to priests and tyrants, and which won for him a fame which shall carry him down to the latest posterity as a benefactor to the human race.

How great an error has been fostered by those who have honored kings and revered priests will be apparent to every one who reflects on the suggestive words of Paine written a century ago, and on the practical method adopted by him to reduce first principles to practice. The first article he wrote in 1775 was an attack on slavery, in which he pleaded for the liberty of the negro race. Four years later, an Act for the abolition of slavery had a preamble written for it by Thomas Paine. This was followed by another article against cruelty to animals, and also one in favor of the Rights of Woman. The suggestion for a Union of the Colonies came from him, and his pen first wrote the words "the United States of America." George Washington at that time was opposed to the separation of the new Continent from England, and even Franklin assured Chatham that no one desired it. But Paine's *Common Sense* and his *Crisis* called forth an appeal for "Home Rule" on the other side of the Atlantic—an appeal which soon culminated in the independence of America. In these two works he not only told the people what to do, but he showed them how to do it. The declaration of Independence which followed contained "not only the thoughts but some of the expressions of Thomas Paine." It is admitted that the American cause owed as much to the pen of Paine as it did to the sword of Washington.

The same pen that so well served America did important duty in France. "Paine was the real author of not only the draft of the Constitution, but of the Declaration of Rights." These two documents are probably the most terse and comprehensive statements that ever appeared in any political crisis in the history of time. He raised great fundamental questions that produced a revolution in political thought, in political principles, and in political practice. He was not content to skim over the surface or merely to navigate around the coasts, after the orthodox manner of too many of the politicians since his day. He preferred the solid foundations on which alone permanent political institutions can be established, and he sought outside the common path for new regions in which to promote the growth of human social felicity. He touched springs which set in motion machinery that rid society of tyranny and slavery, that abolished evil customs, and destroyed the monopoly of place, privilege and power in the corrupt governments of the world. Wherever he saw abuses and oppression he worked with his clear brain and mighty pen for their removal. As W. J. Fox remarked: "Prejudice will wear out, and in Thomas Paine there will be acknowledged an intelligence worthy of a political teacher, and of the great cause of which he was the champion by asserting the Rights of Man."

May *Common Sense* fill every human breast,
The *Rights of Man* be ne'er again suppress;
May *Public Good* be sought by age and youth,
The *Crisis* usher in the reign of truth;
May superstition from her throne be hurled,
The *Age of Reason* dawn throughout the world.

CHARLES WATTS.

(To be continued.)

JOHN MORLEY AS A FREETHINKER.

(CONCLUDED.)

MR. MORLEY is not a militant Freethinker after the fashion of Charles Bradlaugh. He is of different temperament and mental constitution. Mr. Bradlaugh, for instance, was a *popular* man in the best and fullest sense of the word. When Mr. Morley began public life he had to deliberately set himself to acquire a platform style. Popular work is not natural to him; he does it by an effort; and as he is a man of resolute intellectual training, he is achieving success in this direction; but he will never possess the electric quality of a great orator. There is, so to speak, a touch of pedantry about his writing and speaking. It is not exactly offensive, but it shows the scrupulosity of the scholar, as opposed to the audacity of the propagandist.

Nevertheless, in his own way, Mr. Morley has been an effective propagandist. He has addressed other classes than those reached by Charles Bradlaugh. His method is not that of direct attack, but of patient sapping and mining. We shall not attack you (he once said to the priests), we shall explain you. In the long run this is indispensable. It completes the work of destruction. It banishes any lurking suspicion that the falsehood may be true. When a superstition is once explained; when its origin and development, in conditions of imperfect knowledge, have been traced out; there is an absolute end to its power of imposture. Until this is done the task of criticism is only half finished, and even the first half of it may have to be done over again.

Let us not quarrel with Nature. Let us be grateful for all her gifts. There is room for both Bradlaughs and Morleys in the great temple of Humanity.

Mr. Morley has penned a noble plea for free thought, true speech, and honest action in his essay *On Compromise*, which is a valuable supplement to Mill's essay *On Liberty*. He scourges the indifferentists and hypocrites as well as the bigots. "It is justly said," he remarks, "that at the bottom of all the great discussions of modern society lie the two momentous questions, first whether there is a God, and second whether the soul is immortal." In relation to these problems, Mr. Morley is obliged to pass the following censure on modern society:—

"Now, in spite of the scientific activity of the day, nobody is likely to contend that men are pressed keenly in their souls by any poignant stress of spiritual tribulation in the face of the two supreme enigmas. Nobody will say that there is much of that striving and wrestling and bitter agonising, which whole societies of men have felt before now on questions of far less tremendous import. Ours, as has been truly said, is 'a time of loud disputes and weak convictions.' In a generation deeply impressed by a sense of intellectual responsibility this could not be. As it is, even superior men are better pleased to play about the height of these great arguments, to fly in busy intellectual sport from side to side, from aspect to aspect, than they are intent on resolving what it is, after all, that the discussion comes to, and to which solution, when everything has been said and heard, the balance of truth really seems to incline. There are too many giggling epigrams; people are too willing to look on collections of mutually hostile opinions with the same kind of curiosity which they bestow on a collection of mutually hostile beasts in a menagerie. They have very faint predilections for one rather than another. If they were

truly alive to the duty of conclusiveness, or to the inexpressible magnitude of the subjects which nominally occupy their minds, but really only exercise their tongues, this elegant Pyrrhonism would be impossible, and this lighthearted neutrality most unendurable."

Another class of culprits condemned by Mr. Morley are the "men of the world," who laugh at religious superstitionists, yet bow down before a still less respectable tyranny.

"The man of the world despises Catholics for taking their religious opinions on trust and being the slaves of tradition. As if he had himself formed his own most important opinions either in religion or anything else. He laughs at them for their superstitious awe of the Church. As if his own inward awe of the Greater Number were one whit less of a superstition. He mocks their deference for the past. As if his own absorbing deference to the present were one tittle better bottomed or a jot more respectable. The modern emancipation will profit us very little, if the *status quo* is to be fastened round our necks with the despotic authority of a heavenly dispensation, and if in the stead of ancient Scriptures we are to accept the plenary inspiration of Majorities."

This is well expressed. It states an important fact, and conveys a wholesome warning. Majority votes are not solutions; they are only compromises. They decide what shall be done at the moment. Nothing more. Counting heads is a passing expediency; in the long run they have to be weighed—which is a more difficult operation. Problems, in short, are not solved by voting, but by investigation and discussion. The man who is in a minority of one to-day may turn out to be entirely right to-morrow. Authority, therefore, especially the authority of numbers, should never be recognised in the High Court of Reason. We must give and take in the world of practice; in the world of thought every brain should be an absolute sovereign. Mr. Bumble and Mrs. Grundy should be kept off with deep moats and strong drawbridges.

Some persons say we should leave theology alone, and go on with the pursuit of science, the practice of art, and the solution of social problems. But theology cannot be left alone. It is mixed up with all the most profound, and therefore the most important, questions in politics and sociology. It *must* be reckoned with. Further, if it be *not* reckoned with, and confronted boldly, the priests are left in full control of the popular mind. Religious heterodoxy, when it justifies quietude, is really animated (in Mr. Morley's opinion) by "a desire to find a fair reason for the comforts of silence and reserve." An honorable man cannot exert a more useful influence than that of "a protester against what he counts false opinions, in the most decisive and important of all regions of thought."

"Surely if anyone is persuaded, whether rightly or wrongly, that his fellows are expending the best part of their imaginations and feelings on a dream and a delusion, and that by so doing moreover they are retarding to an indefinite degree the wider spread of light and happiness, then nothing that he can tell them about chemistry or psychology or history can in his eyes be comparable in importance to the duty of telling them this."

Mr. Morley is Pagan enough to see in veracity the root of all other positive virtues. "They who tamper with veracity," he says, "from whatever motive, are tampering with the vital force of human progress." The so-called comforts and delights of the religious imagination are dearly purchased at the cost of that love of truth on which depends our increase of light and happiness. "We have to fight and do life-long battle against the forces of darkness, and anything that turns the edge of reason blunts the surest and most potent of our weapons."

Of the hypocrites who sacrifice truth for convenience, and live a lie for the sake of comfort, Mr. Morley pens a terrible passage, which has less the note of denunciation than of doom.

"It is no light thing to have secured a livelihood on condition of going through life masked and gagged. To be compelled, week after week, and year after year, to recite the

symbols of ancient faith and lift up his voice in the echoes of old hopes, with the blighting thought in his soul that the faith is a lie, and the hope no more than the folly of the crowd; to read hundreds of times in a twelvemonth with solemn unction as the inspired word of the Supreme what to him are meaningless as the Abracadabras of the conjuror in a booth; to go on to the end of his days administering to simple folk holy rites of commemoration and solace, when he has in his mind at each phrase what dupes are these simple folk and how wearisomely counterfeit their rites: and to know through all that this is really to be the one business of his prostituted life, that so dreary and hateful a piece of play-acting will make the desperate retrospect of his last hours—of a truth here is the very abomination of desolation of the human spirit indeed."

Mr. Morley turns casuist (not in the bad sense) in discussing how far Freethinkers should keep silent in the domestic sphere. Briefly put, his view is that there should be no obtrusion, but no concealment. Before marriage a man is bound to let his opinions be known to the woman he seeks to wed; if his opinions change afterwards, it is at his peril if he plays the hypocrite. His wife has no vested interest in his insincerity. If he is weak enough to make-believe—he cannot really deceive her—he must not make the maxims of his own feebleness a rule for stronger and braver spirits. "It is a poor saying, that the world is to become void of spiritual sincerity, because Xanthippe has a turn for respectable theology."

Freethinkers are bound to save their children from the mischiefs of theology. Hand over your children to the priest, said Clifford, and he will make them enemies of the human race. There are Freethinking parents who let their children have a measure of religious education, from a fear that they would otherwise be ostracised and persecuted. Mr. Morley doubts, however, if the young would be "excluded from the companionship of their equals in age, merely because they had not been trained in some of the conventional shibboleths." For the rest he writes as follows:

"I have heard of a more interesting reason; namely, that the historic position of the young, relatively to the time in which they are placed, is in some sort falsified, unless they have gone through a training in the current beliefs of their age: unless they have undergone that, they miss, as it were, some of the normal antecedents. I do not think this plea will hold good. However desirable it may be that the young should know all sorts of erroneous beliefs and opinions as products of the past, it can hardly be in any degree desirable that they should take them for truths. If there were no other objection, there would be this, that the disturbance and waste of force involved in shaking off in their riper years the erroneous opinions which had been instilled into them in childhood, would more than counterbalance any advantages, whatever their precise nature may be, to be derived from having shared in their own proper persons the ungrounded notions of others."

We have written enough to show that Mr. Morley is a Freethinker. Those who wish to make a fuller acquaintance with him in this capacity may read his works for themselves. They will not regret the time bestowed upon the undertaking.

Mr. Morley is a Freethinker. He is also a high-placed statesman. What a sign is this of human progress! Thirty years ago, nay twenty, such a phenomenon would have been impossible. Bigots and hypocrites would have barked in chorus against such a man's occupying an eminent post in his country's service. But all that is changed. There is still a penalty for the more aggressive Freethinkers; yet even Charles Bradlaugh did not die before winning almost universal respect; and now we see another Freethinker at the very right hand of England's prime minister. Surely it is an encouraging spectacle. It shows us how far the forces of truth and progress have triumphed over those of "Chaos and old Night."

G. W. FOOTE.

THE BIBLE AND BRUTES.

"The animal world, being altogether external to the scheme of redemption, was regarded as beyond the range of duty, and the belief that we have any kind of obligation to its members has never been inculcated—has never, I believe, been even admitted—by Catholic theologians"

—W. E. H. LECKY, *History of European Morals*, vol. ii., p. 173.

My friend, Mr. H. S. Salt, the secretary of the Humanitarian League, who has lately written a little book on *The Rights of Animals*, has directed my attention to an orthodox pamphlet entitled *Our Duty Towards Animals: a Question Considered in the Light of Christian Philosophy*, by Philip Austia. London: Kegan Paul; 1885. The writer appears to be a Catholic. At any rate, he represents the traditional Church view, which put plainly, is that man has no duties towards the lower animals. The growing humanitarianism which regards kindness and consideration shown to animals as an essential part of human duty, he stigmatises as modern Manicheanism, and does not fail to point out its connection with theories of evolution and other pestilent heresies. He appeals to the Bible and the Fathers to show that this modern sentimentalism is not in accordance with the will of God, who gave man lordship over all animals, and said "Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you."

Mr. Austin observes:

"In the law of Moses there are some directions to do good to the beasts. None of these is for the sake of the beast itself. It is either because they are the property of our neighbors, the same rules applying to raiment, or else to provide a close season during the breeding-time (Deut. xxii. 1-8), or else to forbid some superstitious practice. The direction not to muzzle the ox when he treadeth over the corn (Deut. xxv. 4) we are told by S. Paul himself to be, not for the sake of oxen, but altogether for the instruction of Christians in their duties to the Christian ministry (1 Cor. ix. 9-10), just as in later times S. Anselm taught the doctrine of a judgment to come from the hunted hare."

Paul's contemptuous question, "Doth God take care for oxen?" would of itself settle the question and warrant the dictum of the last Pope Pío Nono that "it is a theological error to suppose that man has any duty to animals."* But Mr. Austin does not scruple to invoke the authority of Jesus Christ himself. Did he not come eating and drinking? Did he not requisition donkeys to ride upon? Did he not send devils into pigs, utterly regardless of the fate of those poor animals? Did he not tell Peter to cast an hook and take up a fish to get a piece of money out of its mouth, which might just as well have been found miraculously anywhere else, without torturing any animal? Did not the vision say to Peter, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat"? Mr. Austin says: "He speaks of animals as if they were unworthy of notice (St. Matt. vii. 6). He works miracles to give the apostles extraordinary draught of fishes, and chooses his disciples from those who gain their living by the destruction of animal life."

On the sea-shore of Malta a viper comes out of the heat and fastens on St. Paul's hand. It is immediately destroyed, not by a painless method. "The New Testament, therefore," continues our author, "contains nothing in favor of the modern teachings of the rights of brutes. It rather tells us, by the acts of our Lord and the teaching of St. Paul, that they have no rights which can prevail for a moment against the good or even the convenience of mankind." Saint Augustine, the great authority on all western theology, expressly says that the sixth commandment does not apply to brute animals, their life and their death being given to our use by the Creator (*De Civitate Dei*, i. xx.) It is a striking proof of what incongruous notions may form the furniture of a mind, that a number of vegetarians even profess to find their doctrines in the Bible, a book that reeks of

animal sacrifice.* Jehovah commanded daily offerings of innocent lambs on his blood-stained altars. Every Hebrew mother had to bring him a lamb and a pigeon, or two pigeons, to be slain, and of course eaten, by his priests. For man's sins he drowned the animals; and when Noah sacrificed animals in gratitude for saving his own carcass, the Lord "smelled a sweet savor" (Gen. viii. 21). He killed the Egyptian cattle several times over for Pharaoh's sin. This was his usual method; someone sinned, and some others were punished. Not only was Achan stoned, but his oxen, asses, and sheep with him (Josh. vii. 24). Job, an upright man, was afflicted by the deity, and his sheep and servants burnt.

I hold that the Pope and Mr. Austin are right and theologically man has no duties to animals. The theological doctrine is at bottom "might is right." God is the great Master. We are his creatures and virtual slaves. His first demand is obedience to his will. Some of his authority he delegates to man and gives him dominion over the brute (Ps. viii. 6-8). Paul has told us that the only regulation for their benefit was "altogether for our sakes." Paul's God cared for baptism, prayer, grace, and justification, but nothing for the feelings of living oxen. But this deity I hold is a god to be ashamed of. I would rather worship my dog. Christianity in its scheme of salvation leaves the lower animal kingdom entirely out of account. The brutes are, in the words of the Christian writer, John Foster, "incarnate absurdities gazing on an unredeemed world." Some Christian writers have held that the souls of animals are devils. But the Church has never taken them into account at all. The Brahmanists and Buddhists, with their scheme of transmigration, were more comprehensive and philosophical. And these heathens have been more humane. It is in the Hindu scriptures we find the saying of Krishna, "My servant is the friend of all living creatures." It is in the Mahabharata we read how Yudishtira refused to go to heaven unless his faithful dog might accompany him. It is in the Avesta that directions are given for the care of dogs. "For I have made the dog, I who am Ahura Mazda. It is in the Buddhist scriptures we read, "I love living things that have no feet, four-footed creatures, and things with many feet. May all creatures, all things that live, all beings of whatever kind, may they all behold good fortune." "Because he has pity upon every living creature, therefore is a man called 'holy.'" I have myself known Hindoos in England utterly shocked at the treatment daily accorded to animals in our streets. Of all people with pretence to civilisation, Christians are still the least humane. In Catholic countries especially, if men are remonstrated with for their brutality to their cattle, it is considered a sufficient reply to say, "They have no souls." Lecky, in his *History of European Morals* (ii., 187), says: "To create the notion of duties towards the animal world, has been, so far as Christian countries are concerned, one of the peculiar merits of the last century, and for the most part Protestant nations." It is still within a century since, largely through the efforts of two Freethinkers and Radicals, Jeremy Bentham and John Lawrence, the *jus animalium* was regarded by English law, and this despite much opposition from Christian statesmen. We still appoint a Master of the Buckhounds, with a salary under Government, although the sport he presides over is merely the torment of tame creatures. Indeed, "sport," in the vocabulary of our Gun-club aristocracy, is synonymous with the love of the clever destruction of living things. The last Pope refused to allow a branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to be established in Rome. Yet the best of the Pagans taught the duty of universal kindness. Plutarch, as Mr. Lecky says, urges that duty "with an emphasis and a detail which

* See *Theological Review*, Jan. 1876, p. 28.

* See the chapter on Blood Rites in my *Bible Studies*.

no adequate parallel can, I believe, be found in the Christian writings for at least seventeen hundred years." The Athenians put to death a boy because he had been accustomed to blind birds and then let them fly. What would they have done to the members of our pigeon-shooting clubs?

Bentham pointed out that the rights of animals, if without theological foundation, have their justification in utility—that is, in considerations of social well-being. As a mere matter of finance, an eminent veterinary surgeon recently observed that tramway and omnibus companies would save thousands of pounds a year if they better attended to their horses' comfort, washing their legs, etc. On higher ground, humanity to animals is simply an extension of that principle of sympathy which, as such diverse authors as Schopenhauer and Adam Smith hold, lies at the very root of human morality. Darwinism has given all animals a new claim on our consideration; for on the theory of evolution, no matter in how far off a cousinhood, they are yet our own kin, nourished by similar food, subject to similar diseases, hurt by similar injuries, and animated by similar basic passions and affections to our own. Secularism, whether accepting Darwinism or not, yet teaches consideration for animals; for Secularists hold it a prime duty to diminish the suffering and to increase the joy of the world.

J. M. WHEELER.

WHAT IS THOUGHT?

ALFRED BINET, in the *Fortnightly* for July, in giving an account of modern psychology, raises this ever-interesting and important question. At the conclusion of his article he states that the tendency of modern research is to show that all our mental operations are of a similar nature, but immense differences exist between individuals. I hope to be pardoned for saying that I arrived at that conclusion forty years ago. He mentions the case, recently before the Academy—Jacques Inaudi, the mathematical prodigy, who *hears* the figures, as it were, whispered in his ears; all previous prodigies *saw* their figures before they solved their problems. His case, for the first time, shows that mental calculations can be carried on solely by *auditive* images.

Mr. Binet states that it has been shown in the cases of children (mathematical prodigies) that they *see* the figures, as the chess-player blindfolded does the moves as reflected in a mirror. He remarks that such phenomena are confined to a limited number of persons. When a young man, mental calculations were as easy to me as reading a book. Answers to questions appeared almost as fast as they could be put. I could answer much quicker than a person with a ready-reckoner in his hand could find the information. But I found it impossible to teach others how to do it.

Taine shows that idea or image is a substitute for visual sensation. He distinguishes ideas as abstract images—a sensation recurring spontaneously, less vivid and precise than a sensation properly so called. In the first state persons declare they have seen and heard things that have no existence. The seer of visions only thinks he sees, while the sane man normally sees the mental image, and the sensation that occasions it corresponds to a real object exterior to it.

All the early psychologists compare thought to vision. Hobbes said to think was to image a thing—ideas are seen in thought as exterior things are seen by the eye. There are two principal modes of thought: one deals with objects, and the other with words. Under either of these occur different types of memory—visual and auditive.

Mr. Binet points out that it has been discovered that persons differ in their manner of thinking as greatly as they do in features or the size and form of

their bodies. He describes the difference between an ordinary idea in a normal mind from the same in the hypnotised patient. In the first, the image is only slight; in the other, it takes free possession of the mind, becomes a conviction. Sight is not the only sense that affects consciousness. There is also a memory connected with hearing, as in the cases of musicians and blind people. Some think entirely in words, while others think in writing. Words appear as symbols. "Introspection," or analysis of the process of our own thoughts, is not now the sole reliance of psychologists; they now resort to observation and experiment. It is very remarkable how we differ in what I call aptitude of mind. I knew a gentleman who could listen to a discourse by a speaker, most difficult to report, and then go home and write every word of it. As to myself, if I see a person or a scene of any kind I need no effort to remember. I often wish I could forget many of them. A friend never recognises any one till after two or three meetings. The common remark is—"Let me see, I think I have met you *somewhere*." The reply is—"Very probable, for I am often *there*." If I meet a person a hundred miles away from home, I don't think at all; I say at once, That person comes from B. I do not mean persons of my acquaintance, but persons I have noticed passing in the public streets, entire strangers even by name. It is what Mr. Binet calls visual memory.

There is a peculiarity in blind people besides their memory of hearing that has often forced itself upon my attention. They seem to have a sense of direction. I see a blind gentleman cross the road in front of my house, missing trees, gate and lamp posts, lifting his foot on to the pavement—all this he does with the greatest exactitude, never making a false move. I have seen two blind men walk arm in arm till they come to posts that divide the path so that only one person can pass at a time, but they separate and pass without touching the posts.

In the case of uneducated people, the knowledge they manifest of events, details of occurrences dating back a generation, is marvellous. I never met an educated person who could relate such incidents as they can. During my deafness I experience new sensations of sound. It appears to travel from my feet like magnetism. Passing vehicles cause a vibration which I seem to feel. If sitting on the second floor, the vibration of doors being closed varies so much that I can tell which of three doors is closed first—indicating to a certainty whether a person is entering or leaving the house. Yet we are asked to believe that our knowledge is not caused by objective existences. Why, even a knowledge of the Intuitive Philosophy has to be acquired.

Binet does not refer even by name to Herbert Spencer, who dealt very extensively with psychology twenty years ago. With regard to ideas causing sensation, Spencer says: "I cannot think of a slate rubbed with dry sponge without there running through me the same cold thrill that actually seeing it produces." He points out the difference between what we call physical changes and psychical changes, that the first are simultaneous and successive, while the other are successive only—though to follow one another. The difference between reasoning and perceiving is, one is indirect and the other direct. The sensations of an external world arise from a sense of resistance—the results of certain forms of force by which we are affected. The possibilities of thought depend on our increased and varied experiences, the accumulation of which establishes a uniformity of relations which we call cause and effect. Primitive man possessed no thought of uniformity, no conception of law. Spencer remarks that the saying of Democritus that all the senses are modifications of touch, modern science goes far to confirm. The conclusions of physicists and biologists both support it. He says: "It

is a remarkable fact that the eye and the ear are, in their types of structure, morphologically identical with the vibrissae, or most perfect organs of touch."

CHARLES C. CATTELL.

ACID DROPS.

Professor Huxley confirms the story of his being waylaid by a tract distributor at Barmouth. This person asked him "Have you got your soul saved?" Now the Professor has "sufficient respect for genuine religion to be revolted by blasphemous impertinences," so he sternly answered "That is my business," and tore the tract in pieces.

Tracts, says Professor Huxley, are "a form of literature I do not affect." We should think not, indeed. What a spongy sort of mind Mr. Drysdale, the tract-distributing Liverpool merchant, must have to fancy he might convert Huxley with two pages of goody-goody stuff—half nonsense and half lies, as a rule; sometimes all lies and sometimes all nonaense!

The *Star* is apt to be unfair in dealing with political opponents. Professor Huxley, for instance, is a Unionist, and the *Star* never loses an opportunity of sneering at him. The other evening it referred to his "somewhat truculent" answer to a tract distributor at Barmouth. Now what was the answer? The tract gentleman asked Huxley if his soul was saved, and Huxley replied "That is my business." Where is the "truculence"? We fail to see it, and doubt if anybody else can see it without party spectacles.

Professor Sanday reviews Professor Huxley's new book in the September *Contemporary*. Dr. Sanday admits the difficulties of the Gadarean swine story, but he says the evidence shows that Jesus shared the belief in demoniacal possession held by the persons he healed; and, says Dr. Sanday, "so far as he shared it, I would share it too." This is a touching fidelity. Dr. Sanday is willing to be quite as mistaken as his Savior. But how on earth can he suppose it to be any sort of answer to Professor Huxley?

The *Christian Commonwealth* has "long felt that the best answer to infidelity is a faithful translation of the Bible." Nonsense, Mr. Editor! If some parts of the Bible were translated *faithfully* every father would have to keep it under lock and key. And you know it.

A recent caller upon Colonel Ingersoll said: "You are too critical. Why, I believe you would even criticise the Lord's Prayer." "It is a subject for criticism," said the Colonel. "In what way?" was asked. "In the phrase 'lead us not into temptation,'" was the reply. "It is an insult to the power to whom it is addressed to suppose that he should want to lead anyone into temptation. Would it not be more respectful to say, 'lead us from temptation!'" Some day the Colonel's suggestion will be sworn to be the original reading.

Speaking of the many clerical attacks to which he is still subject, Pagan Bob says: "There is such a vein of snobbery that runs all through the existing systems of religion." No one, in his judgment, was so snobbish as a servant standing up for the importance of his master. The more important the master the greater the snobbishness. So what must be the feeling of the servant toward a Freethinker who has criticised the master which he regards as infinite?

Talmage has visited Plymouth, and preached of course—for the usual consideration. The next day he was entertained by "many prominent citizens and clergymen," the Mayor presiding. Afterwards the enterprising revivalist braced himself up for an excursion to the Hoe, where he walked up and down some steps that were palmed upon him as the identical steps from which the Pilgrim Fathers embarked on the *Mayflower* for America. Talmage has evidently a good stock of faith, though he doesn't let it interfere with business.

During his entertainment by the Mayor, the clergymen, and the prominent citizens, Talmage gave a long account of his visit to Russia and his reception by the Czar. The Yankee Republican evangelist can't get over his bad attack of Russomania. The Czar's politic condescension has made

him a perfect groveller. He goes about singing the praises of the "divine figure of the North." If ever there is a revolution in Russia, and the Czar gets deposed, or has to skedaddle, Talmage will doubtless find him a throne in New York. We congratulate the Czar on having gained another string to his bow. He paid nothing for it. He simply smiled, and Talmage was won—body and soul.

One of Talmage's addresses at Plymouth was "to men only." Of course there was a rush to hear it. But what disgusting sensationalism it is! Why should women be excluded from *any* public meeting? Apart from its sensationalism and prurient suggestion, this little dodge shows a survival of the old Biblical sentiment of the inferiority of females. Certain precious truths must not be disclosed to *them*; it is like casting pearls before swine. Every Christian meeting "for men only" is a sign of inherited barbarism.

Owe no man anything was the excellent advice of St. Paul. But all the churches find it good business to be well in debt. It enables them to ask for subscriptions to keep up their credit. The Wesleyan Missionary Society announces a deficiency of £21,430, and its present income is £6,000 less than it was in 1887-8.

Wesleyanism is not making way despite the sensational methods and forward movement of Price Hughes and Co. Relatively to the population it is declining, being beset on the one side by the Church of England, which takes off a share of its most socially respectable members, and on the other by the Salvation Army, which gathers in the enthusiasts.

St. Bernard is said to have drawn up a document assigning a mansion in heaven to a certain person in consideration of the donation of his property to the Church. Be this as it may, we wonder the enterprising Booth has not made an arrangement with the Automatic Company, by which one could put a penny in the slot and receive the General's invitation to heaven.

A crank who calls himself "General" Meybele has started a "Heaven-at-hand" Army at New York. He attracts recruits with a gaudy uniform.

Christians are told, if robbed, to give to the thief, William Booth, however, approves of giving them imprisonment. He recently prosecuted men for stealing a towel, which was proved to have been bought. Last week he prosecuted one of his own men who was in charge of the Food Depot for stealing. The accused had been paid at the munificent rate of 8s. a week, out of which he had to find his lodging and food. The "General" evidently means to test the honesty as well as the Christianity of his employees.

Of course the "General" makes light of the secession in Canada and the charges against his son's ministrations. The incident, however, suggests what is likely to occur when the "General's" eagle eye is for ever closed.

While the cholera scare lasts, the friends of cremation would do well to urge this as the best treatment for bodies dying of infectious diseases. Fire is the swiftest and most effective way of destroying cholera germs. Buried in the earth, they are likely to multiply, and sooner or later pollute earth, air and water.

A Christian contemporary says we must pay great attention to sanitary science. Otherwise we tempt God. Is God a microbe then? We are getting to it at last.

A correspondent of the *Pull Mall Gazette* suggests that Mr. Asquith, the new Home Secretary, should effect a compromise with regard to Trafalgar-square. Week-day meetings there should be prohibited, but Sunday meetings allowed. The writer cynically observes that it is perfectly safe to let any man talk nonsense there, because, "with the exception of John Burns, and, perhaps, two more, there is hardly a man in London whose words can be heard distinctly when he speaks in Trafalgar-square." But what on earth does this mean? Scores of men could be heard distinctly in Trafalgar-square within a reasonable distance, and no man alive could be heard all over it!

Several inmates of the Holborn Union Workhouse at Mitcham, professing sincerely or conveniently to be Roman Catholics, were allowed out the other Sunday to go to Mass. They got drunk, created a disturbance, and were brought back with an ambulance. Evidently they took the wrong sort of spirit.

"Mr. Gladstone on the Deity of Christ." "Try Onions." This is what we read side by side in an evening paper. It looked odd, not to say profane.

Mr. Gladstone looks on the deity of Christ as the one hope of "our wayward race." Why wayward? Was the G.O.M. thinking of Newcastle, and its right-about-face in five weeks?

Mr. Gladstone uses this expression in a letter to a young man in America. The young man hails from Denver, and was perplexed about the deity of Jesus Christ. He resolved to follow our Grand Old Man anyhow, so he wrote to ask him if he was ready to affirm the said doctrine. Mr. Gladstone did affirm it, and we suppose the Denver young man is satisfied. Whether Jesus Christ is a god or not, he evidently thinks Mr. Gladstone is. It is a pathetic case of discipleship. However, worse gods have been worshipped than the G.O.M.

Carlyle's reference to "Those Above," as detailed by the writer in the New York *Independent* from his interview with Mr. Froude, has been acclaimed by the religious press as a proof of his pious spirit. Are they also aware that Mr. Froude narrates as among his latest utterances, "I can believe only in a God who does something. But he does nothing"? Or have they read Mrs. Sutherland Orr's book on Browning, in which she tells how, in Paris, when the poet was walking with the philosopher, they passed an image of the crucifixion. Glancing towards the figure of Christ, Carlyle said, "Ah, poor fellow, your part is played out."

Dr. Parker is going to leave the Congregational Union—all because the Union secretary is guilty of plagiarism. The poor man was hard-pressed and in a great hurry, so he "absorbed" another preacher's sermon; and as the Union won't expel him, or ask him to resign, Parker feels he must shake off the dust of his shoes against it. He never borrowed a sentence in his life. Never! Never!

"Come to the City Temple and hear Dr. Parker" was the invitation extended to our sub. by a friend, who continued, "Capital fellow, Joseph Parker. Knows Gladstone and all the best people. Quite familiar with the Deity. If there's any man can advise the Creator how to run his universe, it's Parker. Come and hear him pray." Our friend pronounced this last word mumbly.

The High Church Party expect to have it all their own way at the Church Congress at Folkestone. There is much bitterness between High and Low at present in regard to the Lincoln judgment, and although anything relating to ritual is carefully excluded from the program, the Low Church party are likely to show their resentment to High Church speakers by their absence.

In the *Church Review* is an article on "Jesuits in Disguise," in which it states—"There are three great societies which seem to accept the fundamental doctrine attributed to the Jesuits, that the end justifies the means in religious matters. These are (1) The Salvation Army, which never scruples at means when it sees its own end; (2) The Church Association, which holds that prosecuting hard-working clergy, suborning spies, and spending vast sums in legal costs, enhances God's glory; and (3) The acknowledged Jesuits of the Italian Mission."

The *Independent* quotes the words, "I do not pray that Rome may be converted; I pray that Rome may be damned," as the utterance of an eminent Presbyterian divine only a few years ago.

At Burgos, according to *Curiosités Archeologiques*, there is a crucifix covered with human skin. This is about as suggestive as the crucifixes made to hold a dagger.

The discussion on the Catholic archbishop's cath, "*persequar et impugnabo*" still continues in the *Times*. The Catholics deny that they now want to hunt down and fight heretics.

But have they ever officially declared the principle and duty of toleration? Has the repudiation of the old views ever received the imprimatur of an infallible Pope? Since these questions must be answered in the negative, what assurance is there that the way of treating heretics which was endorsed when Christianity was everywhere triumphant would not be reverted to should circumstances favor?

In this controversy Prof. Stokes quotes from *Essays on Religion*, edited by Cardinal Manning in 1867, and read before an academy founded by Cardinal Wiseman, under papal diploma, "for the formation and spread of sound Catholic opinion" specific declarations that the civil sword may be used in defence of the Church.

A Catholic doctor has published a book on the Lourdes wonders. It contains the testimony of 300 medical men, many of them Protestants and some of them Agnostics, to marvellous cures effected among the pilgrims. A number of the doctors, however, believe that the said miracles are wrought by faith, but that any kind of faith would be equally efficacious. Exactly so. And if for "faith" you write "excitement" you have the whole miracle in a natural nutshell.

Funny advertisements appear now and then in the papers. The other day a Birmingham young man advertised himself as the discoverer of a new religion, and wanted a lady of means to assist him in propagating it. It may be feared that religion is not the only thing likely to be propagated in such affairs.

A clergyman advertises for a "priest"—of course a curate. He must be unmarried and have no moustache. Horrid! How on earth is he to mash the lady parishioners without a moustache? Perhaps the vicar wants to keep the moustache and the mashing all to himself.

The Romish clergy still hanker after temporal power, and refuse to acknowledge the rights of the Italian king. Last week the Bishop of Leghorn, Monsignor Franchi, left his diocese before the arrival of the king, so as not to have to pay him his homage. The fact has been noticed by the population, which is preparing a hostile demonstration for the day of the prelate's return to Leghorn. The government is doing its best to prevent this intended demonstration, as the king himself desires that the bishop's action should be allowed to pass unnoticed.

Mr. G. L. Fenwick, writing in the *Times*, draws attention to the bibulous state of cathedral towns. They require more pubs. for the population than less godly places. The average of cities and boroughs is one pub. for 237 inhabitants. Cathedral towns average one pub. for 157 inhabitants. Canterbury has one pub. for 126 inhabitants. Thus the archiepiscopal city appropriately heads the list.

There is another evil that flourishes in cathedral towns. There is not only more drink to the square mile, but more prostitution to the square yard, in cathedral towns than in other places. The nearer the church the worse the morality.

Rev. J. W. Triffit, chaplain of the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, has been forced to resign. His wife is said to have left him on account of his amorous dealings with other women in the jail, which are said to have commenced three weeks after his appointment.

Mr. G. Bryceson, the missing secretary to the Kent and Surrey Building Society at Woolwich, where the defalcations amount to £40,000, was a prominent member of the Presbyterian Church, and well-known for his kindness in lending flowers, etc., for charitable and religious functions. Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

A Christian pamphleteer wants to know if Teetotallers will go to heaven. If they do they will find it awkward. The Bible tells us that wine cheereth God as well as man. No doubt, therefore, the angels booze pretty freely; and the liquor isn't likely to run short while J. C. is there, with his phenomenal capacity for manufacturing it out of water.

The Rev. Stewart Headlam, of the Church and Stage Guild, is a high authority upon the ballet. It is interesting

to note that he does not approve of the "serpentine" dance. The *Church Reformer* has a note on this as "the newest eccentricity." It says: "As in the highest matters of religious worship, the best that many of us can hope to do is to keep up the old traditions, maintain the permanent sacraments, even though few take advantage of them, esteeming it our highest honor to hand them down intact to better times: so it is in this little obscure department of God's vineyard. There are a few who still maintain the best traditions, who in spite of the many temptations to be false to their art, are true to it and to themselves, knowing that these eccentricities cannot last, and that theirs will be the honor of having kept alive the traditions and rules of a beautiful art, which without them would in a few years have been lost altogether." The "twist," we presume, must be classed among "eccentricities," but the "high kick" if not among the "permanent sacraments" has at least some claim on the score of old tradition.

Dr. G. C. Lorimer, of Boston—the hub of the universe—said at the close of a recent sermon: "I am satisfied that the interest now taken by the Church in the social question, and in the wrongs that have developed with our civilisation, is of God." "I am satisfied." Well, that settles it, of course. Otherwise we might have asked *how* it was of God. We may still ask why it was not "of God" a good many centuries ago? It seems strange that God should never rouse his Church until it is flagrantly behind the age.

Some Baxterite crank has five long advertisements in the *Daily News* on "Five Astounding Events Within Eighteen Months between Oct., 1892, and April 21, 1894," beginning with the Greatest European War and winding up with Jesus Christ's long-delayed second advent "in the air." J. C. said over and over again that he would come in the lifetime of his own generation, and there were those standing there who should not taste of death until he came to his kingdom. But perhaps some of the 144,000 watchful Christians, who are to be translated alive to meet their Lord in the air, have been hanging on to this planet ever since the days of Pontius Pilate.

The one thing about which all the early Christian writers seem to have been in agreement, was the speedy burst up of human affairs. Peter, in his first preaching at Pentecost, said, "The last days had come." Paul said "The Lord is at hand," and spoke of "we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord." James says "Behold the judge standeth before the door. Be patient therefore brethren unto the coming of the Lord." John says "Even now there are many anti-christs, whereby we know it is the last time." The Revelation speaks of the things which "must shortly come to pass," and "Behold I come quickly." But probably the Lord has been unavoidably detained, perhaps investigating the canals in the planet Mars.

A writer in the *Inquirer*, signing himself "J. W. B.," has an article on "Sunday Afternoon in the Park." Although he does not say which park is referred to, we fancy Regent's Park is intended. The following passage refers to an encounter between one of our lecturers and a member of the C.E.S.: "Mark the countenance of the Christian Evidence man. See how it betrays his over-eagerness to score what he thinks a point. How emphatic that shake of his finger and side toss of his head. Overweening self-esteem sits on his face, and he evidently thinks that he is a logician of great power. But his elder and more experienced antagonist is imperturbable, smiling provokingly in the face of his agitated opponent, and anon rolling his eyes to the sky as if in affectation of surprise at his opponent's skill, before annihilating him with some crushing reply delivered in a voice of thunder. But Secularism is an inhospitable and dreary region, clever and brilliant as its advocates may be. Give me the gospel of our friend with the husky throat in preference to theirs any day. But one thing is clear, it requires abler champions of faith in God and worlds unseen to stem the tide of Secularism than any which the Christian Evidence Society can supply." Please note this Mr. Engstrom.

J. W. B. wishes the Unitarians to start a London Parks' Mission Association. Why don't they? At present they labor too much under suspicion of being merely the heretic church for the rich and respectable.

A party of "howling dervishes" from Turkey are to visit Chicago during the World's Fair. They are said to eat burning charcoal, dance on swords, take up serpents, and exhibit the other signs which Christ said should follow the true believers. The *New York Sun* says: "These picturesque Egyptian dervishes or priests who have come here to propagate the Mohammedan religion, who profess to perform wonders as evidences of the truth of that religion, who pray five times daily under the rule of one hundred and one heads, who wear the fez, the green turban, the yellow robe, and the sandals, must be brought under the American system of inspection, and their work must also be inspected." It proposes Ingersoll, Talmage and Dr. Briggs as a committee of inspection.

By the way, where are the true Christian believers who are ready to perform the wonders promised by Jesus Christ (Mark xvi. 17, 18) as a test of their faith before a committee on which there are a few hard-headed sceptics. Had such a committee been formed in Jerusalem in the time of the apostles some of their yarns might have assumed a different aspect. But all we have is the testimony of believers neither published at the time, nor in the place, nor even written in the language in which the stories could be effectually challenged and contradicted.

A French *savant* has put out the thesis that Adam and Eve were originally negroes. He contends it is more likely the whites have descended from the blacks than *vice versa*.

John Bright (says his nephew, Charles McLaren) was once at a dinner with a Highland minister of opposite political opinions and assertive tongue. John Bright turned away from him with the remark, "It's odd that a man who knows so little about this world can tell us so much about the next."

Captain Pasfield Oliver has put out a new theory of the Stonehenge monuments. From comparison with others in the Balearic Islands, he holds that the stones represent the skeleton of a roofed or vaulted building, the smaller stones of which have been utilised ages ago.

Outside Exeter Hall. Tout of the Y.M.C.A.: "Won't you come in, brother; we have a nice meeting." Passer-by: "Nice meeting, eh. Do you have any discussion?" Y.M.: "Oh dear no, sir; no discussion on Sundays." Passer-by: "Well, I think I'll go to the Hall of Science. They have discussion there."

A comparison of the Douay version of Habakkuk iii. 5 with the Authorised may suggest that the Devil is nothing worse than burning coals. The Catholic version reads, "Death shall go before his face and the Devil before his feet." The Authorised Version is "Before him went the pestilence, and burning coals went forth at his feet." This is one instance of many that anything or nothing can be made of the old book, if you know a little of Hebrew and Greek and are bent on doing it.

A minister was showing a friend an old oak chest, in which he said he kept his sermons. "Yes, I notice a lot of dry rot," was the reply.

On a cross on a church in the godly city of Brooklyn is a lightning-rod. Surely these good people cannot have much faith in their God when they fear he will strike with lightning the emblem of his son's visit to this troubled planet.

It is curious that all official ecclesiastical documents emanating from the Primate should be signed "Cant." Very significant and appropriate.

Frederick the Great used to say that theologians and metaphysicians were like well-diggers—the deeper they went, the more they were in the dark.

An illustration of the brisk competition between business and piety, which underlies a good deal of the modern American wit, is found in the following:—Pious Grocer—"John, have you sanded the sugar?" "Yes, sir." "Larded the butter?" "Yes, sir." "Floured the ginger?" "Yes, sir." "Then come into prayers."

MR. FOOTE'S ENGAGEMENTS.

Sunday, Sept. 11, Northern Friendly Society Hall, George-street, Aberdeen: at 11, "Who Wrote the Bible?"; at 3, "After Death—What?"; at 7, "Is Christianity the Friend of the People?"

Sept. 18, Hall of Science, London; 25, Bristol.
October 2, Liverpool; 7, Chatham; 9 and 16, Hall of Science, London; 23, Newcastle; 30, South Shields.
Nov. 6, Camberwell; 13 and 20, Hall of Science; 27, Manchester.
Dec. 4, Grimsby.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. CHARLES WATTS' ENGAGEMENTS.—Sept 11, Town Hall, Birmingham; 18, Birmingham; 25, Hall of Science. Oct 2, Hall of Science; 9 and 16, Birmingham; 19, 20 and 21, Aberdeen; 23, Glasgow; 25 and 26, Belfast; 30, Edinburgh. Nov. 1, Chester; 6 and 13, Birmingham; 20, Sheffield; 27, Hall of Science, London. Dec. 4, Hall of Science; 11, Manchester; 18 and 25, Birmingham.—All communications for Mr. Watts should be sent direct to him at Baskerville Hall, The Crescent, Birmingham.

R. C.—Mr. Cattell calls attention to the meeting in the Town Hall, Birmingham, in another column. We hope there will be a large attendance.

R. LEWIS.—You must apply to the Chief Librarian for a reading ticket for the British Museum Library. We do not know of any work on "the truthfulness of Jesus."

J. L. C.—We are overwhelmed with copy at present.

L. SMART.—Mr. Foote had no intention of publishing his lecture on John Morley. As a Freethinker, the right honorable gentleman's views are dealt with in the two articles in this journal.

F. A. DAVIES.—We do not remember the article you refer to. It was in Clifford's *Fortnightly Review* articles, we believe, that God was spelt with a small *g*. We are not quite sure whether it was Clifford's or Morley's name that the *Spectator* took to spelling, by way of retaliation, without a capital letter. It was one or the other, and it would be too much trouble to decide which.

C. WRIGHT.—Michelet makes the statement that the Emperor Henry VII. was poisoned at communion and died rather than refuse the Eucharist.

F. STEINER.—Your subscription is handed to our publisher. Glad to hear you think ours is "a splendid little paper." We quite understand that you miss Mr. Watts very much in America. Mr. Foote has an idea of visiting the States next year; we hope he will find the reception you predict.

F. A. DAVIES.—Your copy is under consideration.

J. HARKIS.—Pleased to learn of the success of Freethought propaganda in Aberdeen. You cannot do better than have open-air meetings during the fine weather. Mr. Heaford retains pleasant recollections of his visit.

C. H. BROWNSWORTH.—Your letter was dated Aug. 30, and it reached us the next day (Wednesday), of course too late.

R. S. W.—"I came not to send peace but a sword" (Matt. x. 34) is not easily reconciled with the Prince of Peace. But then it is something like a true prophecy. Ecclesiastical history shows that Christians have looked after the fulfilment.

F. W. C.—The "book of the wars of the Lord" (Num. xxi. 14) was probably a record of Jewish wars in which they believed they were led by Jahveh. It is one of the many lost books of Scripture.

MR. COPPOCK is asked to forward his present address to Mr. James Neate, 385 Bethnal Green-road.

W. HUNT, for Mr. Foote's use in Scotland, £1 1s.

J. WILLIAMSON, who sends a subscription for our Sustentation Fund, buys four copies of the *Freethinker* every week, sells one at a penny, gives two away uncut, and the fourth copy also when he has read it. Another Glaswegian, J. Brown, gives away two copies weekly.

A. ALLINSON.—See "Sugar Plums." Go on and prosper. Our cause can be served in many ways.

C. DENT.—Thanks for scrap. Of course the nebular theory is a theory. But is there as yet a better one?

C. E. SMITH.—Cuttings received with thanks.

J. WILSON.—Miss Robins, the lady referred to, is a member of the Finsbury Park Branch of the National Secular Society. We have not her address by us at the moment.

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

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Der Lichtfreund—Boston Investigator—Open Court—Freidenker—Two Worlds—Der Arme Teufel—Liberty—Liberator—Progressive Thinker—Flaming Sword—Secular Thought—Modern Thought—Twentieth Century—Liverpool Echo—Paisley Daily Express—South Wales Echo—Church Reformer—Truthseeker—Natural Food—Evening News and Post—Jersey Weekly Press—Open Court—Irish Times—Christian—Literary Digest—Farm, Field and Fireside—Inquirer—Ironclad Age—Birmingham Daily Mail—Burton Chronicle.

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. 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.

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.

The Freethinker will be forwarded, direct from the office, post free, at the following rates, prepaid:—One Year, 6s. 6d.; Half Year, 3s. 3d.; Three Months, 1s. 7½d.

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

SPECIAL.

THE London and General Bank suspended payment last Friday. Mr. Forder, our publisher, has an account there, and had paid in heavily for a week or two, his last penny of shop-money being deposited on Thursday afternoon. Mr. Forder had to pay us a considerable sum on Friday, on which we had calculated. Its non-receipt threw all our arrangements out of gear, and compelled us to remain in London on Saturday too late for the afternoon train; so that we had to travel by the night train (third class) to Glasgow—a poor preparation for three Sunday lectures. Mr. Forder, we hope, will not lose much on his deposit account eventually; but he is pressed for money meanwhile, and those who owe him accounts for parcels of literature should try to remit to him immediately. G. W. FOOTE.

SUGAR PLUMS.

Mr. Foote opened the autumn and winter course of lectures under the auspices of the Glasgow Branch, on Sunday. The morning and afternoon audiences were very good, but the evening audience was not so crowded as on the previous occasion. This was owing to the appearance of Mr. Keir Hardie on another platform, little more than a stone's throw from the Secular Hall. Still, the evening audience was nothing to grumble about, and the lecture was to all appearance highly relished. Mr. Foote's replies to his critics were enthusiastically applauded.

The Glasgow Branch evidently means business. For several weeks it is having special lecturers from London—including Mrs. Besant, Stanley Jones, and J. M. Robertson. Some active young members of the Branch are carrying on a propaganda of Freethought in the St. Rollox division. For some time they have been working out of doors, but for the winter season they have engaged the Toynbee Hall, 130 Parson-street. Every Tuesday evening, at 8, the hall will be used by the newly-formed St. Rollox Eclectic Society for lectures and debates. The admission is to be free. Sept. 13 is the opening night.

It is a long distance to the granite city, but Mr. Foote gives it a visit this Sunday, delivering three lectures in the Northern Friendly Society Hall, George-street. Freethought has been stirring a bit thus far north, and we hope to chronicle that the lectures have been well attended.

On Sunday Mr. Touzeau Parris takes the platform of the Hall of Science. The title of his lecture is "The Mystery of Evil Unveiled." We hope he will have a good audience.

Among the rapidly-increasing signs of the advance of Freethought opinions may be noted the facts that the Spanish-American Freethinkers have organised at Buenos Ayres, numbering 503, and have joined the Spanish Freethought Federation, Mr. Chies y Lozano being elected delegate to the International Congress at Madrid. The leading Mexican Freethought paper, *El Liberal*, published at Zacatecas, has succeeded in rousing the Mexican Freethinkers, several societies having been formed and delegates elected to the International Congress. Freemasonry has been a great means of spreading

Freethought among the Spanish-speaking peoples of Central and South America.

At the last meeting of the National Secular Society's Executive (Aug. 31), it was resolved that the President should write to M. Léon Furnemont, secretary of the International Federation of Freethinkers, expressing the best wishes of the N.S.S. for the success of the Madrid Congress, and regretting its inability to be personally represented. Owing to heavy drains during the past year the Society's exchequer has been considerably depleted, and money can hardly be spared at present to send delegates to a week's Congress at Madrid. The program of the Congress is highly theoretical, and beyond an exchange of civilities between the representatives of different nationalities (very useful in its way) it is difficult to see what practical good could be done by the English delegates if they attended.

Discussion, for instance, of the incompatibility of Catholicism with modern civilisation, is hardly worth going all the way to Madrid to take part in, when the delegates are all agreed before they leave home. Many other questions are of academic interest. The third part of the program headed "Organisation" has points of more practical interest—such as the influence of Freethought on the social organisation of the future; the organisation of Freethought festivals; and the report of the Committee of Moral Studies.

One thing, however, is beyond dispute. It is a sign of real progress to see a Freethought Congress sitting in the capital of the land of the Inquisition. We note that the Organising Committee includes a professor of the University of Madrid, a professor of the University of Barcelona, a member of parliament, and a Madrid municipal councillor.

The N.S.S. Executive also resolved to renew the tenancy of the London Hall of Science. An amendment to offer £200 rent instead of £250 was defeated by a narrow majority, the President not voting. There was much to be said for both sides of the question. But the matter is decided for another year, and no effort will be spared to make the tenancy successful. During the past year there has been a little loss entailed by the defection of some frequenters of the Hall, who were rather Bradlaughians than Secularists; but this loss is being more than covered by fresh accessions; and the new year promises to show an improvement on the old one.

The National Secular Hall Society's directors have already made a beginning with the repair and decoration of the premises. As soon as possible the whole establishment will be made more pleasant and attractive. All this, of course, involves a good deal of expenditure; and we hope, as the winter approaches, there will be a fresh run of applications for shares. The directors mean business. Final success is only a question of time. Meanwhile, those who postpone taking shares are delaying it to that extent. When the winter season fairly sets in we shall press this matter upon the attention of the Freethought party with the requisite force and persistence.

Miss Vance, having entered upon the duties of Secretary, will be glad if any members of the N.S.S. who have not yet received their certificates of membership, will send her a postcard to 28 Stonecutter-street. Branch secretaries are also requested to kindly forward the necessary information for the Society's new Prospectus as early as possible.

Mr. Forder takes the subject of "Recent Christian Evidences" for his lecture this evening at Milton Hall. Some representatives of the C.E.S. are likely to put in an appearance.

We hope that the friends throughout the Midland Counties will rally in good force this (Sunday) evening at the Town Hall, Birmingham, when Mr. Charles Watts lectures on "The Religion of the Future." The organ recital by Mr. C. W. Perkins ought to prove an additional attraction. It will take a few thousand persons to fill the hall, and we shall be pleased to read a satisfactory report of the proceedings.

The members of the Manchester Branch had a most enjoyable picnic last Sunday at Lynn, Cheshire. Providence kindly dispersed the clouds, and the happy party were photographed by Mr. Fischer, a member of the Branch.

The annual Congress of the American Secular Union will be held at Chicago on Oct. 23, and continue at least three days. Among the business will be preparing for an International Congress in 1893. Judge Waite will preside.

The farm at New Rochelle, where Thomas Paine passed the latter part of his life, is for sale. Dr. E. B. Foote and Mr. S. P. Putnam are trying to secure the house, farm and monument standing there as a permanent park for the public.

An interesting item from the *Courier de l'Europe* for 1778, reprinted in *L'Intermédiaire*, relates the proceedings at a funeral service at the death of Voltaire, conducted at Paris by the Masonic Loge des Neuf-Sœurs, of which lodge Voltaire was a member. About four hundred brethren attended. After funeral music, composed by Gluck, Rameau and Piccini, and conducted by Piccini, M. de Lalande, the Atheist astronomer, who presided, gave an address. Other speakers followed, one of whom recited some verses, in which he introduced the line—

Le tounerre captif vient mourir à ses pieds,
in honor of Benjamin Franklin, who was present.

"FREETHINKER" SUSTENTATION FUND.—W. Hunt, £1 1s.; A. Bethune, £1; A Friend, 5s.; J. W. jun., £2; J. Williamson, £1 2s.

"THE YAHOO" AND "THE GREAT DRAGON."

THE author of these satires, who lived in the first half of the present century, has been the subject of some speculation and controversy. Mr. James Watson, the Freethought publisher who issued the works, was not the man to betray secrets, and the authorship is still a little uncertain. Mr. George Jacob Holyoake—certainly the highest living authority—attributes these works to a Mr. Watts, an engraver, of Lewes, Sussex. Of this person I have not been able to discover any particulars. Whoever he was, the writer certainly displayed bold Freethought views combined with a mordant power of satire, reminding one at times of both Swift and Butler. He was evidently a well-read man, his notes being culled from a great variety of authors both English and foreign. At the same time, he betrays a grossness of taste quite Rabelaisian. Doubtless he thought this cognate to his subjects. But this, and the fact that his animating passion seems, like that of Swift, to have been sheer contempt for his fellow Yahoos, will probably prevent his productions, which are already scarce from being reprinted. Some few specimens are, however worth preserving.

The *Yahoo*, which of course takes its title from the terrible fourth part of Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*—"A Voyage to the Country of the Houyhnhnms," is a satire on man, his customs, politics, and religion. Here is a specimen of the way in which he rebukes man for making God in his own image.

Made like a god! what do they then suppose
Their God has, like themselves, mouth, eyes and nose?
The bloated biped, arrogant and blind,
Has sex and form to Nature's God assign'd;
Of gender masculine their God must be,
And in large letters written Him and He.
Sitting in the clouds upon a golden throne
In company with Holy Ghost and Son;
While twenty-thousand trumpeters set round him,
Whose blasts must surely now and then confound him.

The respectable conventional church-going Christians are his special aversion.

A gospel-poring, canting tribe, who boast
Of fellowship (God bless us) with a ghost!
A sacramental pure crawl-thumping horde,
All saved by faith through "Jesus Christ their Lord."
Who lie and trick and cozen all the week,
And on the Lord's day go the Lord to seek
At church, and tell him in a whining tone
That they have done things they should not have done.
All which he knew before; but that's no matter—
He's pestered weekly with their pious patter.

He ridicules the doctrines of Christianity as much as the practice of Christians. Here is what he says of the beautiful plan of salvation:

To make the entrance sure for rogue or thief,
As well as him who lives by honest gains,
The apostles so arranged their blind belief
That even the rogue, provided that he gains
Both faith and grace, should stand the better chance,
As all his previous sins would but enhance
His worth in heaven; for so indeed we're told
That o'er repentant sinners by the saints
There is more joy, by near a hundredfold,
Than o'er the virtuous souls of whom complaints
Have never reached to God. This was a bribe,
A fine inducement for the sinning tribe.

Some of his best satire is devoted to the precious volume.
We can only find room for a specimen.

What inspiration glows in ev'ry line!
Aby gat Iky! isn't that divine?
Then Iky begat Jacob; Jacob, Joe;
And Jos begat—read Scripture, and you'll know.
(No wonder they were dubb'd a chosen nation,
Being such dabs at holy propagation.)
Of wondrous things beside that came to pass,
Of kings turned oxen, and then turned to grass.
Then, for old women, there's a bouncing tale
Of Jonah in the belly of the whale.
With jawbone Samson, humbugg'd by his doxies,
Who fastened tail to tail three hundred foxes!
Poor Jerry's "old cast clouts" and "naughty figs";
Elisha's bears; the Devil and the pigs;
A talking jackass, next blind Balaam's neddy,
Who to the prophet's thwacks replied so ready:
Then for quack doctors what a charming prize,
There's clay and spittle salve to cure sore eyes,
Lot's rib of salt, with his two brimstone jades,
Who were so terrified at being maids,
They made their old dad groggy—how sublime!
Children should read such godly books in time.

The *Yahoo* went through at least three editions, one being printed at New York in 1830. Much scarcer is another satire by the same author, entitled *The Great Dragon Cast Out*; being a full, true, and particular account of the great and dreadful bloodless battle that was fought in the celestial regions about 6,000 years ago. Here the author's virulent satire is chiefly directed against Milton's *Paradise Lost* and biblical theology. In the preface the author vents his contempt for his fellow Yahoos. "Notwithstanding the ostentatious boast of the superior wisdom of our ancestors, they seem to have been in many respects scarcely superior to the orang-outang of the forest, and in many particulars much inferior and more irrational." He takes as the text of his satire, "And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels. . . . And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent called the Devil and Satan" (Rev. xii. 7-9). He remarks, "But this mad Jack, *alias* John the Divine, the author of the Revelation which reveals nothing—who seems to have been a fit subject for Bedlam, as well as his crackbrain readers and admirers—has, with all his fustian rubbish about the scarlet lady, and the seven thunders and trumpets and vials of wrath, and other such idiotic slaver, omitted to inform us how this great dragon or devil came into heaven, where all was purity." Such stories, he declares, are the proper subject of *ridicule*, because "ridicule will cut the pate of an ecclesiastical numbskull, on which calm and sedate reasoning will make no impression." And the author proceeds to invoke the muse:

Of our great granddad's disobedience,
In nibbling at the cursed *crab*; whose
Verjuice taste brought gripes into the world
And all our woe; sing Grub-street muse.

The Great Dragon does not like Phillip's *Splendid Shilling* burlesque *Paradise Lost* by parodying its style, but by ridiculing its ideas in Hudibrastic metre. One is reminded of Parny's *La Guerre des Dieux*, but the poem is less erotic. The description of heaven, with its seatless cherubim who continually cry, gives plenty of opportunity for fun.

The seraphs sat in "burning row"
Jews' harps to twang and trumpets blow;
While others great Jehovah bored
With "holy, holy, holy Lord!"
Which they would cry from morn to night
As if they did it out of spite.

And then the Devil rebelling among them and threatening to drive Jehovah out of kingdom come.

Had it not been a ghost that said it
No one would ever give it credit.

Satan's address to his fellow angels, inciting them to rebel, gives opportunities for some terrible blasphemy against the great I AM,

The holy *bugaboo* and *lamb*.

The old one calls out:

Where's *Mike*, with all his angel host?
And where's our *son*? and where's the ghost?
Why don't they draw up their battalions,
And come and pummel these rapscallions?

At length the great dragon is cast out and hurled into hell, exclaiming:

never fear,

We can't be frost-bit while we're here.

Then comes the description of God's six days' hard work. Satan's reflections on Adam and Eve in Paradise is thus described:

Are these the new-made Yahoos? Zoons,
They look like two poor flay'd baboons!
Surely Jehovah didn't take
Much pains such *things* as these to make.

His easy conquest of Eve and her's of Adam, and how they discovered they were naked and ashamed follow. As they mutually accuse each other and hide themselves, the fun gets fast and furious, till Jehovah, after making them coats of skin, fairly kicks them out of Paradise.

But where this paradise was placed
A thousand jolterheads have guessed;
As many nincompoops have wonder'd,
And one and all as often blunder'd.
But what of this choice tale's the worst,
We're from their pippin eating curst.
Since by *their* giving way to evil
We're sent to Nick and to the Devil.

The notes and annotations, frequently taken from Milton's own words, are to the full as amusing as the text.

LUCIANUS.

TALMAGE ON THE FLOOD.

THE great Talmage condescended to preach in Hyde Park last Sunday, and it is reported that about 5,000 persons listened to his able discourse. He took for his text the 7th chapter of Genesis, verse 1: "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." He said they needed no Bible to prove there was a Deluge. What better method could a wise and merciful God devise for destroying the creatures he had created, and who, much to his regret, turned out to be so wicked. Some carping critics might say that God should have tried to reform the people, held a few revival meetings, and warned them against a hell they had never yet heard of, and have taught them the great doctrine of salvation by faith. No, no, ye sceptical wretches, God knew best how to deal with his own creatures. He sent his lightnings, his thunders, his torrents of rain—"the great storm swept along the hills and bent the cedars until they creaked in the gale. There was a moan in the wind as of a dying world." Men, women, and children—yea, even babes at the breast—perished in the flood. And yet sceptics dare deny that our Heavenly Father is just and merciful. That he is slow to anger is proved by the fact that he took more than forty days to destroy what he had created in six. Not only did God destroy the people, but the beasts, and the creeping things, and the fowls of the air. They doubtless had done something to excite his anger, and he repented having made them; therefore these dumb creatures shared in the universal and final bath provided by their benevolent Creator.

But God in his infinite mercy had saved Noah and his family and two of every living creature. Some will wonder why an omniscient God did not create Noah and his menagerie in the beginning, instead of creating Adam and Eve to be tempted by the Devil, causing a lot of wicked people and animals to exist that he would after a while have to destroy. But, dear friends, such a question is not for us poor weak mortals to consider—God's ways are not our ways. Suffice it to say that our Heavenly Father bid Noah get in out of the rain in these words, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark"—and they were thus saved from a watery grave. Let me tell you, brethren, that "the ark was the size of four of

the biggest Atlantic liners." True it had only one window twenty-two inches square, which, thank God, was shut for forty days to keep the water out and the foul air in. The sanitary arrangements were in every way complete; no case of cholera was reported on board, at least not according to God's Holy Word.

It is estimated the ark contained 175,000 birds, 3616 beasts, 1300 reptiles, 2,000,000 insects—"the lizards crawled in, the camels walked in, the grasshoppers hopped in, the birds flew in," and God only knows how the mammoth got in—perhaps it went "down the chimney." The lion and the lamb, the cat and the mouse, the pig and the polar bear followed each other in the ark in friendly fashion. Food for all these numerous animals and insects was carefully stored on the top storey of the ark, enough to last them about a year in the ark and for six months after they got ashore as it was likely to be rather too muddy to find any provender. The proprietors of four Atlantic lines might object to carry such a cargo, or have been prosecuted for doing so, but God was with Noah, and he could pack all the food and the fresh water, and all the animals in a very small compass, and the eight persons who looked after the feeding arrangements could be heard singing "Yes, there's room for more." You might wonder how the ark was kept clean and what was done with all the filth—especially as the window and door were kept carefully closed for a considerable time. But my brethren such questions are unnecessary. God looked after all those details and we needn't worry ourselves about them.

It rained forty days and forty nights, filled every pit and valley, covered the volcanoes, filled the vast craters, extinguished all the fires, and rose above every mountain peak till the water was five and a half miles high. "Crash went the mountains, boom, boom, went the bursting heavens." It has often been said "that people fled to the housetops and the mountain tops. I believe they sat down in white horror to die, for when the mountains tottered and the sea slipped its cable there was no place to fly to, and the passengers in the ark looked out and saw the corpse of a dead world"—caused by the wise and benevolent action of a kind and merciful loving Father.

SCOFFER.

[We cannot vouch for the authenticity of all the above report, so we have quoted those parts that for certain were uttered by the Rev. T. de Witt Talmage.]

DOWN LOWER.

ACROSS a frigid mountain height,
 Wrapped in the gloom of endless night,
 A man pressed on amid the ice
 His banner bearing this device—
 Down lower.

Volcanoes cast a fitful glare
 And hideous phantoms filled the air;
 In prostrate forms on every side
 He saw his brothers and he cried—
 Down lower.

Forsake, he cried, these regions dread,
 These phantoms of the darkness bred—
 Through lovely vales bright rivers run
 And vineyards blossom in the sun—
 Down lower.

These barren rocks are chill and drear:
 No flower, no life, can flourish here.
 Once leave these dismal realms behind
 A world of sunshine you shall find—
 Down lower.

You cannot scale those starry heights,
 You cannot reach those distant lights,
 Then turn your gaze from heaven above
 To scenes of duty, hope and love—
 Down lower.

They heard him, but the mountain breath
 Had sunk them in a living death;
 They cursed him as he crossed the snow,
 They cried, Thou fool, we will not go—
 Down lower.

They fain had quenched his torch's fire
 They fain had slain him in their ire
 To spectral forms they shrieked for aid
 But still he journeyed undismayed—
 Down lower.

And answering not, alone he went,
 For them his eager steps were bent;
 Alone, that dauntless pioneer
 Pressed on to make the pathway clear—
 Down lower.

And when the mighty task was done—
 A labor all too great for one—
 He gloried though his strength was sped,
 For he had cleared the pass which led—
 Down lower.

On some his torch's blaze had leapt
 His words had roused them as they slept;
 Their death-like stupor passed away,
 They rose to seek the warmth of day—
 Down lower.

They trod the path that he had cleared,
 At length the glorious sun appeared.
 Above them lay the realms of night—
 The world was glowing in the light
 Down lower.

But in the sunshine rich and warm
 Lay stretched the hero's lifeless form.
 They wept while standing at his side,
 For they had cursed him when he cried—
 Down lower.

E. H. B. STEPHENSON.

TO THE FREETHINKERS OF BIRMINGHAM AND THE DISTRICT.

ALLOW me to call your attention to a matter of importance, in which you should not fail to be interested. Last Sunday Baskerville Hall was re-opened by Mr. T. Parris, who officiated in the place of Mr. Watts, who was fulfilling an engagement elsewhere. Next Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, Mr. Watts will lecture as usual at Baskerville Hall, but in the evening, at 7 o'clock, he will speak at the Town Hall on "The Religion of the Future." Doors will be opened at 6 o'clock, and from that till 7 o'clock there will be recitals on the magnificent organ by Mr. C. W. Perkins, the City organist. Admission free.

Our friends at Walsall, Dudley, Wolverhampton, West Bromwich and round about have now easy access to the town by rail, and they are earnestly invited to aid in making this meeting a demonstration. The speaker, the subject and the cause deserve special aid on this occasion. Those who remember the long and desperate struggle we had to obtain the hall for our late friend Mr. Bradlaugh will see the obvious duty of showing the authorities that the party appreciates being placed on a level with all other parties in the town.

Besides, there are seats for 3,000 people, which it is very desirable should be all filled on this occasion, when the press will be present and critical eyes will be upon us. I am only asking a reasonable thing—that those who profess and call themselves Secularists should, by their presence, show that they desire to maintain the advocacy of the principles they believe in.

Friends need only to be reminded that Mr. Watts is one of the most competent expounders of Secular views, and that a crowded hall will be a great encouragement to one who is so devoted to the cause we all desire to see advanced. But those who think he can succeed, and utilise for our benefit the Hall that Mr. Baker has placed at his disposal without the aid of all Freethinkers, are mistaken, and not only so, they discourage others who know it.

Once for all, show this Sunday that the cause is not dead, and that those who use all their efforts to promote it do not lack the sympathy of the party they serve. Revivals occasionally are serviceable to all movements depending on public support. To-day (Sunday, Sept. 11) is your opportunity to infuse a little enthusiasm and strengthen the zeal of the foremost party of thinking men in this thickly populated centre of progress. Need I say more? It all amounts to this—come, and bring your friends and fill the hall.

CHARLES C. CATTELL.

BOOK CHAT.

Cope's Tobacco Plant, in which appeared some characteristic contributions from James Thomson, W. Maccall, J. Fraser, etc., is to be re-issued in bound, indexed volumes. The price will be two or three guineas.

The veteran E. T. Craig, of Ralahine, has put out a pamphlet describing an aerial triangular travelling carriage, guided by sails and rudders, the employment of which as an agent to destroy armies on the battle-field would, he thinks, tend to promote peace.

Mr. Conway, whose *Life of Thomas Paine* has been reviewed in our pages, is reported to be preparing a new edition of the great Freethinker's writings, which will include some essays not found in any previous collection.

Heterodox theology sells the best. *Lux Mundi* is still in demand, and Canon Driver's *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament* has already reached a fourth edition.

In the *Albemarle Review*, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw has an outspoken article called "Shaming the Devil about Shelley." He says, "In religion, Shelley was an Atheist. There is nothing uncommon about that, but he actually called himself one, and urged others to follow his example. . . . He lived and died, professedly, almost boastfully, godless."

A sign of the times is the announcement of a new *Pagan Review*, the first number of which is to appear on Sept. 15. It is doubtful, however, if the new Pagans who conduct it would have received the esteem of the old Pagans we admire.

Mr. J. Morse Stephens, the author of the latest *History of the French Revolution*, has collected specimens of *Speeches of the Orators of the French Revolution, 1789-1795*. Naturally the virile Mirabeau leads the way and makes the greatest impression, followed by the eloquent Vergniaud. The speeches of Danton are short, vivid, and to the point, contrasting with the cold and prolix arguments of Robespierre. Their speeches indicate the contrast of character between the impassioned and energetic Atheist, and the incorruptible but unfeeling inaugurator of the festival to the Supreme Being.

PROFANE JOKES.

St. Peter—"Who are you?" Shade—"Hamlet, the Dane."
St. Peter—"You come up pretty often." Shade—"Well, I can't help it. Actors will persist in murdering me."

"What should you think, now," said a professor who was examining a class in Paley's Natural Theology in relation to the laws of cause and effect, "what should you think if you picked up a watch in the street?" "I should think," answered the student, "I was a precious lucky fellow."

St. Peter—"Why that sigh of relief?" Shade of Great Man—"I feel relieved that there are no reporters lying in wait for me here." St. Peter—"Don't be too soon. You will probably have an interesting interview with the recording angel in a few minutes."

Mother (to her boy Bobby, who has been caught fighting in the street)—"He hit you first, did he? Well, you shouldn't have struck him back. Don't you remember the Bible says, 'If he smite thee on one cheek turn to him the other, also'?" Bobby—"Yes, ma, but what's a fellow going to do when he gets hit on the nose?"

HOW TO HELP US.

- (1) Get your newsagent to exhibit the *Freethinker* in the window.
- (2) Get your newsagent to take a few copies of the *Freethinker* and try to sell them, guaranteeing to take the copies that remain unsold.
- (3) Take an extra copy (or more), and circulate it among your acquaintances.
- (4) Display, or get displayed, one of our contents-sheets, which are of a convenient size for the purpose. Mr. Forder will send them on application.
- (5) Leave a copy of the *Freethinker* now and then in the train, the car, or the omnibus.
- (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.]
Secretaries may send in a month's list of lectures in advance.

LONDON.

Battersea Secular Hall (back of Battersea Park Station): 7.30, C. J. Hunt, "History of the Inquisition"; 9, entertainment. Thursday at 8, Mr. Boy opens discussion on the "Trade Congress."

Bethnal Green—Libra Hall, 78 Libra-road, Roman-road: 8, a lecture. Monday at 8.45, C. Cohen's science class (physical geography). Saturday at 7.30, dancing.

Camberwell—61 New Church-road, S.E.: 7.30, J. M. Robertson, "Bibles and Revelations."

East London—Swaby's Coffee House, 103 Mile End-road: 8, S. H. Alison, "Soul, Spirit, Ghost."

Finsbury Park Branch: The adjourned meeting (Minor Hall, Hall of Science) is postponed until further notice.

Hall of Science, 142 Old-street, E.C.: 6.30, musical selections; 7, Touzeau Parris, "The Mystery of Evil Unveiled."

Milton Hall, Hawley-crescent, Kentish Town-road, N.W.: 7.30, R. Forder, "Recent Christian Evidences."

West Ham—Mr. Councillor Fulcher's, 33 High-street, Plaistow: 7.30, Conference of West Ham Secularists.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

Battersea Park-gates: 11.15, W. Heaford, "Religion and Insanity."

Bethnal Green (opposite St. John's Church): 11.15, H. Snell will lecture.

Camberwell—Station-road: 11.30, C. J. Hunt, "The Fallacy of Prayer."

Clerkenwell Green: 11.30, A. B. Moss, "A Search for Man's Soul."

Edmonton (corner of Angel-road): 7, J. Cook will lecture.

Finsbury Park (near the band-stand): 11.30, a lecture; 3.30, W. Heaford, "The Claims of Christ Considered."

Hammersmith (corner of The Grove): Thursday at 8, a lecture.

Hammersmith-bridge (Middlesex side): 6.30, C. Cohen, "Ethics and Theology."

Hyde Park (near Marble-arch): 11.30, J. Rowney, "The Teachings of Christ."

Kilburn—Salisbury-road (near Queen's Park Station): 6.30, L. Keen, "The Origin of Man."

Lambeth—New Cut (corner of Short-street): 11.30, S. H. Alison, "Satan's Pedigree."

Leyton (open space near Vicarage-road, High-road): 11.30, T. Thurlow, "A Grand Biblical Tableau Microscopically Examined."

Midland Arches (near Battle Bridge-road): 11.30, E. Calvert will lecture.

Mill End Waste: 11.30, F. Haslam, "Heroes and Martyrs of Freethought."

Old Pimlico Pier: 11.30, W. J. Ramsey, "The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob."

Plaistow Green: 6.30, Mr. Hubbard will lecture.

Regent's Park (near Gloucester-gate): 3.30, H. Snell will lecture.

Victoria Park (near the fountain): 11.15 and 3.15, C. Cohen will lecture.

Walthamstow—Markhouse Common: 6.30, W. Heaford, "Is the Bible True?"

Wood Green—Jolly Butchers-hill: 11.30, S. E. Easton, "Bible Celebrities."

COUNTRY.

Aberdeen—Northern Friendly Society Hall, George-street: G. W. Foote, 11, "Who Wrote the Bible?"; 3, "After Death—What?"; 7, "Is Christianity the Friend of the People?"

Birmingham—Baskerville Hall, Crescent, Cambridge-street: 11, Charles Watts, "A Plea for Freethought." Town Hall, at 7, Charles Watts, "The Religion of the Future."

Bradford—Unity Lodge Rooms, 65 Sunbridge-road: O. Trumper, 3, "How forcible are Right Words"; 6.30, "Will the Labor Party Progress With God or Without?"

Bristol—Shepherd's Hall, Old Market-street: Miss Ada Campbell, 11, "The March of the Gods"; 3, "The Real Atonement; or Man's True Savior"; 7, "Truth and Christianity."

Derby—Temperance Hall, Curzon-street: Friday, September 9, at 8, debate between C. Turner and W. Whitney on "Is Christianity Moral?" (3d. and 6d.; proceeds to Tailors Lock-out Fund.

20 Newland-street: Sunday at 7, members' meeting.

Glasgow—Albion Halls, College-street: Mrs. Annie Besant, 11.30, "The Miracles of Modern Science"; 3, "Giordano Bruno; his Life and Works"; 6.30, "Theosophy and Ethics."

Grimsby—Hall of Science, Freeman-street: Sam Standring, 3, "Those Unfortunate Jews"; 7, "Christ and Christianity."

Liverpool—Oddfellows' Hall, St. Anne-street: 11, Tontine Society; 11.30, committee meeting; 7, Mr. L. Small, B.Sc., "Kit Marlowe; Dramatist and Atheist."

Manchester N. S. S., Secular Hall, Rusholme-road, Oxford-road, All Saints: 6.30, James Hooper, "The British Association v. the Bible."

Newcastle-on-Tyne—Eldon Hall, 2 Clayton-street: 3, members' fortnightly meeting; 7, H. Keppell, "The Necessity for Secular Organisation."

Plymouth—100 Union-street: 7, a meeting.

Portsmouth—Wellington Hall, Wellington-street, Southsea: 6, committee meeting; 7, Mr. Armsden, "An Hour with Heine."

South Shields—Capt. Duncan's Navigation School, King-street; 7, business meeting.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

Grimsby—Freeman-street, Market: 11, Sam Standring, "Secular Sundays."

Manchester—Stevenson-square: James Hooper, 11, "The Book of Common Prayer"; 3, "Miracles."

LECTURERS' ENGAGEMENTS.

TOUZEAU PARRIS, 28 Rivercourt-road, Hammersmith, London, W.—Sept. 11, Hall of Science; 18, Liverpool. Oct. 2, Leicester; 23, Hall of Science.

H. SNELL, 6 Monk-street, Woolwich.—Sept. 11, m., Bethnal Green; a., Regent's Park; 18, m., Wood Green; 25, m. and e., Camberwell.

ARTHUR B. MOSS, 44 Credon-road, Rotherhithe, London, S.E.—Sept. 11, Clerkenwell; 18, Westminster; 25, Manchester. Oct. 2, Camberwell; 9, Westminster.

C. J. HUNT, 48 Fordingley-road, St. Peter's Park, London, W.—Sept. 11, m., Camberwell; e., Battersea; 18, m., Bethnal Green; a., Victoria Park; e., Walthamstow; 25, m., Westminster. Oct. 2, m., Hyde Park; e., Hammersmith; 9, m., Camberwell; a., Finsbury Park; 16, a., Hammersmith; 23, m., Westminster; e., Lambeth; 30, m., Mile End Waste; a., Finsbury Park; e., Edmonton.

C. COHEN, 154 Cannon-street-road, Commercial-road, E.—Sept. 11, m. and a., Victoria Park; e., Hammersmith; 18, m., Mile End; a., Regent's Park; e., Edmonton; 25, m., Battersea; a., Victoria Park; e., Walthamstow. Oct. 2, m., Bethnal Green; e., Edmonton; 6, Walthamstow; 7, Battersea; 9, m. and a., Victoria Park; e., Edmonton; 13, Walthamstow; 14, Battersea; 16, m., Mile End; e., Edmonton; 20, Walthamstow; 21, Battersea; 23, m., Hyde Park; a., Victoria Park; e., Libra Hall; 27, Walthamstow; 28, Battersea; 30, m., Camberwell; e., Libra Hall.

SAM STANDING, 106 Oxford-road, All Saints' Manchester.—Sept. 11, Grimsby; 18, Leicester; 25, Rochdale.

C. J. STEINBERG, 103 Mile End-road, E.—Sept. 11, a., Victoria Park; 18, m., Leyton; a., Victoria Park; 25, m. and a., Victoria Park.

S. H. ALISON, 52 Chant-street, Stratford, E.—Sept. 11, m., Lambeth; e., Swaby's; 18, m., Battersea; a., Finsbury Park; 25, m., Bethnal Green. October, all mornings booked.

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