

# The Freethinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.]

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## WE BESEECH THEE.

"We still pray for a fine harvest; but we really consult the barometer, and believe more in the prophecies of meteorologists than in an answer to our prayers; *Te deums* for victories excite more ridicule than sympathy; and we encounter the cholera by improved systems of drainage without attributing much value to fastings and processions. In other words, the old belief in the supernatural is so far extinct that it could not be restored without encountering some of the most vigorous beliefs of the time."—*Leslie Stephen.*

THIS has not been a good year for the farmers of England. The winter was prolonged almost into "the leafy month of June," nipping frosts were too common in what we must call the spring, and there has been a great deal too much rain, and far too little sunshine, all through the summer. Of course we import a large quantity of our food from abroad, but we have not yet become so entirely a manufacturing nation, and so utterly divorced from all natural conditions of life, as to be independent of the produce of our own soil. A bad year makes a considerable difference, not only to those engaged in agricultural pursuits, but also to every other inhabitant of this country.

Last year we had too little rain, this year we have had too much. Perhaps the average quantity is all right, but it is badly distributed. There is certainly room for great improvement in the management of the weather; indeed, people have always been saying so, substantially, from time immemorial; still no alteration for the better is perceptible, yet they go on thanking the "upper powers," or "heaven," or "providence," or whatever it is called, just as though everything *were* ordered for the best, and this *were* the best of all possible worlds.

Now, if religion be true, there is no reason in the world, or anywhere else, why this state of things should continue. According to the inculcations of our religious teachers, it is not only right to thank "the Lord" for what we receive, but also right to ask him for more. The duty, as well as the usefulness, of prayer is frequently enjoined in the Bible. "Pray without ceasing," says the Apostle; and "whatsoever ye ask believing, that ye shall receive," said Jesus Christ. We are informed that one prophet, who put this teaching into heavy practice, prayed so fervently and effectually on a certain occasion that he kept the whole world without rain for the space of three years. Evidently, therefore, the weather is modifiable, if we only set about the business in the right spirit and in the proper manner. Something less than three years' drought would satisfy the English farmers. They do not require as much wet as obtained in the time of Noah, nor as much dryness as obtained in the time of Elisha. Something less extreme would be more suitable; something which, while preserving a pleasant diversity in the weather, would also secure the farmers a fair return for their labor and expenditure, and a reasonable plenty of meat, bread, vegetables, and fruit for the whole population.

This *can* be secured, if religion be true; and it *ought* to  
No. 683.]

be secured, since we keep thousands of costly praying-machines, in the shape of priests, clergymen, and ministers. They are of all sorts of denominations, and should be able to effect this object *between them*. For hundreds of years they (or their predecessors) have been carrying on this particular business, and long practice should have given them proficiency. But, somehow or other, they make no more impression upon the weather now than they did a thousand years ago. Either they do not believe, or they do not pray hard enough, or they have for some reason incurred "the Lord's" displeasure. Whatever be the explanation, the fact is certain. The prayers of our mystery-men are as efficacious as hawling into the ears of the Sphinx; or, to take an illustration from recent experiments, it may be affirmed that all the prayers of Christendom, from the first of January to the last of December, are as influential as a sixpenny rocket sent up into the sky.

It is high time that these Kingdom-Come gentlemen (they don't admit *women* into the business) were sternly told to do their work better or to clear out altogether. Certainly we have a right to issue such an order in the case of the Church of England, whose archbishops, bishops, canons, deans, rectors, vicars, and curates are all supported by national revenues. In the Prayer Book of that Church there are special forms of supplication, for rain when it is too dry, and for fine weather when it is too wet. The farmers should insist on these prayers being duly offered, and if there is no result—say in five years—the Church revenues should be applied to more practical purposes.

In the Litany of the Church of England there is a constant refrain of "We beseech thee." It is said through the nose Sunday after Sunday, but it produces not the smallest effect. Would it not be an act of prudence, just by way of a trial, to turn for once to Old Nick, and say "We beseech thee"? It might, at least, do in a climate like ours; for, if Old Nick exerted himself, he would be likely to give us more dryness and warmth.

So far as the people at large are concerned, it may be said that there is only one supplication which they should offer up in the language of the Prayer Book—"Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord." It is a wonder that such a prayer ever found its way into such a book. Were the people's *darkness* only *lightened*, they would see things as they are. It would be all over then with the men of God who subsist upon the ignorance and credulity of mankind. They would have to redeem their promises, at least as they apply to *this* world. We must die to find out the truth of what they tell us about the *next* world, but we can test them *here*, and they should be made to abide by the result. It is their universal declaration that God answers prayer; they should therefore prove it in practice to our satisfaction. But they know they cannot do it, which is the reason they fight shy of all honest enquiry. And this being the case, we hope (if there *should* be any efficacy in prayer) that the people will offer up that one appropriate supplication—"Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord."

G. W. FOOTE.



### THE STORY OF THE FALL.

THE early narratives of Genesis are so puerile that it is only by putting them before children as literally true, at a time when their critical faculties are undeveloped, that adults are restrained from universally treating them as fabulous. But who, of the inculcators of the story, really believe in a woman made from man's rib, a tree set in the midst of the Garden of Eden to entrap the man and woman, a talking serpent, and God's voice walking in the garden in the cool of the day, inquiring of Adam, "Where art thou?" then cursing his own creations, and afterwards making them coats of skin? No sane, grown-up person believes it, and yet the entire Christian scheme of Redemption is built upon it. If the story of the Fall is legendary or mythical, the whole foundation of the Atonement falls away, and the Christian scheme of Salvation appears in its true colors, as a misleading away from the path of any true salvation for man. What is the meaning of the myth? Some of it is probably lost in the mists of antiquity. But certain features indicate that the Fall was supposed to be connected with man's sexual nature. This view, put forward by Cornelius Agrippa and Adrian Beverland, is defended with much learning by Dr. Donaldson in his remarkable book, *Jashar*, which is written in Latin. Dr. Whately, also, is said to have written in Latin a treatise to the same effect, published anonymously at Stuttgart in 1849.

Sir G. B. Airy, K.C.B., the Astronomer-Royal, in his *Notes on the Earlier Hebrew Scriptures* (p. 21), says:—

"The restraints imposed by modern delicacy on the terms of critical discussion render it difficult to enter into the conjectural explanation of accounts which, even in allegory, are expressed with the freedom of ancient, and especially oriental, ideas and language. It cannot, however, escape the notice of any reader that the association in guilt of the man and the woman, and the new acquirement of the perception of nakedness and of the sense of personal modesty, point to the commission of some corresponding crime. But, even without referring to these considerations, the reflection of the most active thinkers has led them to analogous conclusions. The severe Milton, though not departing from the account of plucking and eating the fruit, has closely connected it with the yielding to lust. The profligate Byron has used the expression, 'The tree of Good and Evil is plucked to denote the effect of giving way to the tyrant passion.'"

In my essay on "Phallic Worship Among the Jews," in *Bible Studies*, I have gone more fully into this matter, and there the curious reader will find the tree of life depicted. Clement of Alexandria (*Strom.* iii.) allows that the sin of Adam consisted in a premature indulgence of the sexual appetite. Why premature is not so evident, since the use of the terms "man" and "woman" to Adam and Eve implies that they were both mature. No doubt the story was used as a warning against premature as well as abnormal indulgence.

Against this interpretation it may be urged that in the first chapter of Genesis the commission is given to increase and multiply. But that chapter, and down to verse 4 of chapter ii., is now universally allowed to be by a different author from the succeeding story of the separate creation of Adam and Eve, and their fall. This view fits in with the stress laid by the writer on the otherwise irrelevant facts that the man and woman at first were naked and not ashamed, and that afterwards they were conscious of nudity and took means to clothe themselves. It also fits in with the special curse on woman.

Evidently the writers of the story were priests. It was the woman who had to bear the brunt of the curse. Sorrow is her burden, man her ruler, and she his slave. Yet, despite themselves, the writers exhibit Adam as most contemptible in seeking to put the responsibility on to "the woman whom thou gavest me." Paul, like a confirmed misogynist, says: "Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression. Notwithstanding, she shall be saved in childbearing" (1 Tim. ii. 14, 15). This last clause seems to indicate that Paul thought the natural penalty sufficient. Paul says that by one man's sin death entered into the world. He evidently was unaware that geology would prove that destroying animals lived on the earth long prior to man, and probably never contemplated the question of how all Adam's progeny would have been disposed of if death had not entered into the world.

The doctrines of the Fall of Man, Original Sin, and Natural Depravity are essentially priestly doctrines. They were invented to answer the objection of the natural man: Why do you have power not given to me? Why does not God reveal himself directly to me as well as to you? Why do I suffer if there is an all-good God? The priest virtually said, "It is on account of your inherited fleshy lusts, from which I am redeemed." This yarn is wearing too thin. That man was originally created a perfect being, and is now only a fallen and broken remnant of what he once was, is only mythology. The fact is the very reverse. Man is a risen instead of a fallen being. The Christian, Professor Drummond, in his *Ascent of Man*, is making the fact clear even to the comprehension of Christians. The story of man's fall, ascribed to God, is the very antithesis of the story revealed in nature.

The importance, and the only importance, of the story of the Fall is that, being demonstrably untrue, the scheme of Redemption built upon it must be equally false. If there was no first Adam, no second Adam was needed four thousand years afterwards to rectify his guilt. If in Adam we did not all die, we want no Christ to make us all alive again. If the story of Genesis is mythical, so also is that of the Gospels. The whole fabric of the Christian religion, as an ecclesiastical system, rests upon the earlier stories,\* and, if that is a fable, it is no better than a fiction. If there was no Fall, there is no need of an Atonement, and no Redeemer is required.

J. M. WHEELER.

### SECULARISM AND THEISM.

As we regard Secularism as the true philosophy of life, it is desirable that its attitude towards Theism should not be misunderstood. Personally, we have always considered that in the present state of dogmatic theology what is termed destructive work is a necessary part of Secular advocacy. But we never fail to urge the important fact that, in attacking the errors of our opponents we should be dignified, and deal only with principles and opinions, not with men and personal character. Still, we must not submit to wrong, inasmuch as, unlike Christ, we do not counsel people to "resist not evil." On the contrary, we urge that to quietly submit to wrong of any kind is to offer a premium to despotism, and to sacrifice the independence of our nature. We may be compelled to listen, sometimes, to false arguments and daring assertions; but bad temper, vituperation, and imputation of inferiority should always be firmly resented. We must claim equality, and do our best to vindicate the right to hold and to express our opinions as freely as our opponents do. While paying due respect to the feelings and views of others, we claim the same justice and consideration for our own. This should be the attitude of all Secularists in their intellectual combats, whether in defending Secular principles or in attacking the assumptions of theology. We ask Theists, and all orthodox believers, to consider if this is not the correct course to pursue in this age of freedom of thought and mental discrimination.

Perhaps the most marked difference in modern times, between the exponents of Freethought and the advocates of theology, is that the former desire open and fair discussion upon all subjects of public interest, while the latter frequently condemn the debating of religious questions. To us, nothing appears more fruitful in eliciting truth, and better calculated to promote a healthy state of mind, than the practice of listening to a rational statement of both sides of a question. It was through ignoring this serviceable element in public advocacy that many of our religious predecessors repudiated the claims of all new truths, and denounced their discovery as being inimical to the welfare of mankind. On most subjects the only conclusions deserving of our serious attention are those arrived at after free and calm discussion. In fact, it does not appear to us possible to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion otherwise. It would be a different matter if all questions that are submitted to us

\* "If the Mosaic history be indeed a fable, the whole fabric of the national religion is false, since the main pillar of Christianity rests upon that important original promise, that the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent."—*Rev. Thomas Maurice, "Hist. Hindostan,"* vol. i., p. 29.



were as clear as the sun is at noonday; but they are not, and particularly the perplexed question of the existence of God; and, therefore, it is an evidence of weakness to shrink from debate, and to urge that it disturbs the serenity of the philosophic mind. In most cases we have to rely upon probable truth, and the best way to learn upon which side the probability lies is by a thorough examination of the *pros* and *cons* of any given subject. It, therefore, seems clear to us that Secularists ought to continue to question the pretensions of theologians, and to expose the errors of existing faiths, for the reason that many theological claims delude the unwary and hinder the recognition of truth.

Our desire is that the proper attitude of Secularists towards theology should be perceptible to the general public, in order that it may be known what our real position is. Too long have we been misunderstood and misrepresented, and consequently denounced, not upon our merits or demerits, but upon a false presentation of our principles and methods as set forth by those who never gave themselves the trouble to ascertain what our objects and aims really are. For instance, take the subject of what is called Supernaturalism. Secular philosophy is not concerned with what lies behind phenomena, and, therefore, it neither affirms nor denies the existence of God. And the fact that even those who profess to believe in something beyond the natural cannot make up their minds as to what that something is justifies our attitude upon the subject. Equally undecided are God believers as to their reasons for their belief. Revelation, Design, and Intuition are all advanced by different classes of Theists to prove their claims; but the particular method relied upon by one class of Theists is entirely repudiated by the others. Surely, then, when we find that Theists themselves are not agreed, either as to what their God is or the kind of evidence that is necessary to justify a belief in his existence, it is more reasonable and useful to confine our attention to what is known and knowable, and to devote our energies to what we are all agreed upon—namely, the mundane improvement of the human race, than to waste our time in dogmatising upon what can be only mere speculation.

Still, it should not be forgotten that the views of individual minds will necessarily vary upon this as upon other subjects. Secularism, therefore, leaves each person to decide for himself as to what position he shall take towards Theism, provided his views do not interfere with useful Secular conduct. We recognise the possibility of a person forming a vague conception of a Deity that would not interfere with practical work for the human welfare; but such a conception is not that of the Christians, for the God they worship cannot be obeyed, if the Bible be true, without injury to mankind. It should also be remembered that in our criticisms of Theistic pretensions it is not about a God *per se* that we discuss, for of such a person, if he exist, we can know nothing; it is rather to what people say of him, and to the dogmatic claims they urge upon his behalf, that we direct our attention. If an individual assert that, besides what can be learnt through the senses by experiment and observation, there is something more that is equally as credible and verifiable, our answer is: If the mode of verification is submitted to us, we are prepared to give the matter our attention. No one who is acquainted with the method of scientific observation can reasonably take an exception to the course we here adopt as to the unknown cause or causes of phenomena.

Superstition is belief without evidence; hence the Secularist is compelled, not only to reject it, but also to oppose it, because he deems it useless and mischievous. Whatever obstructs mental and material progress we strive to remove, as we regard its existence as injurious to society. Such an obstruction may be a belief, a custom, or a want of knowledge; but, whatever it is, the question with us is, Does its existence affect the well-being of mankind? If it does, it is the duty of all Secularists to aid, by argument, in sweeping it from the human mind. Of course, the precise mode of conducting our Secular warfare will depend upon the condition of society in which our advocacy is carried on. Hence our style of propagandism will possibly vary according to the intellectual status of the people amongst whom we work. It would be a waste of time for anyone to address an assembly of inductive philosophers on the inspiration and infallibility of the Bible, or upon the credibility of miracles; while to others it might be essential to do so before they would be in a

condition of mind to consider the claims of Secular philosophy.

The attitude of Secularism towards Theism, then, is this: Refusing to dogmatise about the existence of a Being of whom we are, and must necessarily remain, quite ignorant, Secularists confine their attention to the known and knowable facts of life. They regard all forms of Theism only as theological conjectures and vain attempts to solve problems that, with our present limited knowledge, appear to be incapable of solution. Secularists prefer endeavoring to make the most of what can be recognised by our senses, upon which reason can exercise its prerogative, and to which experience can lend its valuable aid. At the same time, Secular teachings do not preclude Theists from exercising their fullest rights in advocating their claims. With us, as Secularists, the utmost freedom of thought is welcomed. We say with Byron:—

Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base  
Abandonment of reason to resign  
Our right of thought—our last and only place  
Of refuge; this, at least, shall still be mine;  
Though from our birth the faculty divine  
Is chain'd and tortured—cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,  
And bred in darkness, lest the truth should shine  
Too brightly on the unprepared mind,  
The beams pour in, for time and skill will crouch the blind.

CHARLES WATTS.

## A FREETHINKER AT LARGE.

### NO. XVI.—“MARGATE AND BACK FOR FOUR SHILLINGS.”

THE London Secular Federation is a body in which I naturally take a lively interest, for I was one of three men who, standing upon a certain hearth-rug several years ago, hammered out the idea that has bound together the London Branches of the N.S.S. in carrying on their special metropolitan work. During the existence of the organisation it has, *inter alia*, been the means of conveying hundreds of Freethinkers to various holiday resorts, there to enjoy for a few hours the beauties of Nature and the charms of congenial companionship. Hampton Court, Epping Forest, Worthing, and other places have in successive years been thus visited; but the recent trip to Margate was the most momentous enterprise in which the Federation has engaged, and the risk of failure was one at which several more or less wise heads were gravely shaken. The (cost) price of tickets, four shillings, was the highest on record in our annals; while the length of the double journey, the prevailing depression in business, and the difficulty of reaching a central station from the outlying districts, at an early hour on Sunday morning were considerations not to be ignored in estimating the chances of a successful issue.

It is therefore in the highest degree satisfactory that the excursion of 1894, despite the difficulties referred to, was entirely successful; and in stating this fact I am not seeking to blow any trumpet of mine own, for I had no official part or responsibility in the matter.

The special train which, under Divine Providence, was destined to carry some hundreds of Freethinkers from the murky precincts of town to the breezy sands and quaint streets of Margate, started in two sections from Holborn Viaduct and Victoria stations, at a time when the bleary-eyed milkman makes his morning rounds. At Holborn there was a large contingent from the northern and eastern districts, friends from Finsbury Park and Mile End contriving, by some occult means, to reach that station at or about eight o'clock. The weather in town was not very promising, the sky being dull with heavy clouds, and in the southern district a rich fruity fog hung over the Thames. But as the train gradually left the London streets behind the more depressing atmospheric conditions disappeared, and when the Victoria friends joined us at Herne Hill the prospect was fairly bright.

The journey down presented no special feature. For the first twenty miles the train lingered long and stopped at unaccountable places, as if it were taking a heartrending farewell of every telegraph-pole by the wayside. But after we had reached Chatham, and picked up the friends from that town, the engine seemed to realise the responsibilities of its position, and we bowled along at high speed until Margate came in sight.



The individuality of three hundred Freethinkers was soon merged and lost sight of in the throngs of visitors to the cockney Paradise. The excursionists—men, women, and children—seemed determined that no part of their nine hours' sojourn at the sea-side should be wasted, and every small group went its way to enjoy itself as it listed.

They strolled along the sandy shore,  
Or promenaded on the "Drive";  
But all resolved to meet once more  
At Mr. Munns', at half-past five.\*

Soon after five o'clock an ungodly crowd assembled on the Marine Drive, outside the spacious premises of our old friend Munns, who has for many years been known in Margate as an avowed and consistent Freethinker. His civic virtues have lately received a striking recognition, for he has been appointed a Justice of the Peace. The largest and finest room in his establishment was on Sunday afternoon specially reserved for the accommodation of the Secularist excursionists, and that spacious apartment was filled to its utmost capacity by the party which gathered there for a friendly meal in common before returning to town. I will not attempt here to name any of those present, for that would involve the compilation of a *Secularist Court Guide* and a selection from the *London Directory* of active workers in the movement. One feature that particularly and most pleasantly impressed me was the large proportion of children present. Their happy faces and sparkling eyes showed how thoroughly they had enjoyed the trip; and the kind friend who placed fifty half-tickets at the disposal of the Federation would have reaped a rich reward for his thoughtful generosity had he been present to see the young ones whom his gift had so greatly blessed.

The excellent tea was soon disposed of, for the arrangements were carried out without the slightest hitch. Now, on the Thursday before I had taken tea in the same room, and there I had seen some 250 children belonging to a London parish regaled in like manner by Mr. Munns. The shepherds of that flock were parsons, and to them and to the youngsters under their care Mr. Munns was as kindly and assiduously attentive as to us. Does that show that our Margate friend spoils the Israelites and Egyptians alike? Not at all! It simply shows that an honest and candid Freethinker is respected by the "enemy" as well as by ourselves; for the numerous clerical "patrons" of Mr. Munns are under no illusions as to his heterodox views, which, indeed, are as well known in Margate as the jetty or the lighthouse.

But to return to our muttuns. No Secularist tea-fight would be complete unless a "few words" were said by somebody about something. At the end of the combat, therefore, when the tea and cake and shrimps and bread-and-butter had been disastrously routed, Mr. G. W. Foote arose and announced that Mr. Forder and Mr. Touzeau Parris had each a little something to say, and that he himself would add a few words to their few words. Mr. Forder then made a darkling reference to a tea-party of Freethinkers which had taken place in Margate thirty-two years before (one would fain know more of this), and expressed a pious hope that a like period would not elapse before the next gathering of the kind in that town; whereat the people mightily applauded. Mr. Parris made a very brief but stirring appeal to the folks to remember that they were called upon to work as well as to play. Next, and finally, Mr. Foote took up the same parable, and, after thanking Mr. Munns for his kindly attentions to the party, urged his hearers to remember that the chief purpose of such festive enterprises was to strengthen their associated efforts for the destruction of that superstition which stood in the path of all human progress.

The tea-meeting having been thus appropriately concluded, the party dispersed to roam about until the hour of departure. Need I say that the same All-seeing Eye which watched over us in the morning saw us safely bestowed at Holborn or Victoria late at night? True, some of us were even then far from home, and I heard more than one frantic inquiry whether the last boat had sailed for Victoria Park or Mile End. Probably some of the excursionists did not reach their destinations in the wilds of West London or the leafy groves of Stratford until

the wee sma' hours; but what matters it? A most enjoyable day had been spent; the sea-breezes had invigorated our frames and raised our spirits; and the philosophy of Freethinkers is surely equal to all the demands that the exigencies of a Secular Federation excursion are likely to make upon it. Let us hope that the festival of next year may be equally successful. GEORGE STANDRING.

## THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

THE giving, or making, of these commandments is shrouded in mystery; and the statements respecting them bristle with contradictions and absurdities.

Thus we read that Moses, when addressing "all Israel," said: "The Lord talked with you"—that is, with the people of Israel—"face to face, in the mount out of the midst of the fire" (Deut. v. 4). But in a subsequent portion of the same speech we are told that he said: "Ye"—that is, all the Israelites—"heard the voice out of the midst of the darkness" (Deut. v. 23).

We read: "And he (the Lord) said unto Moses, Come up unto the Lord, thou and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel; and worship ye afar off. And Moses alone shall come near the Lord" (Exodus xxiv. 1, 2). But we likewise read: "Then went up Moses and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel; and they saw the God of Israel" (Exodus xxiv. 9, 10). Further, we read: "There shall no man see me and live" (Exodus xxxiii. 20).

We read: "The Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend" (Exodus xxx. 11). But we also read that he said: "Thou canst not see my face. Behold, there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock. And it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by; and I will take away mine hand, and thou shalt see my back parts: but my face shall not be seen" (Exodus xxxiii. 20-23).

We read: "And the Lord said unto Moses, Hew thee two tables of stone like unto the first; and I will write upon these tables the words that were in the first tables, which thou breakest" (Exodus xxxiv. 1). We also read: "And the Lord said unto Moses, Write thou these words. . . . And he (Moses) wrote upon the tables the words of the covenant, the ten commandments" (Exodus xxxiv. 27, 28).

We read that Moses "went down from the mount, and the two tables of testimony were in his hand" (Exodus xxxii. 15); that when he "saw the calf and the dancing, his anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and break them beneath the mount" (Exodus xxxii. 19); that he "hewed two tables of stone like unto the first" one day, and early the next morning carried them to the top of Mount Sion (Exodus xxxiv. 2, 4); and that, after being forty days and forty nights in the mount, without eating bread or drinking water, he descended, carrying with him the two tables of stone (Exodus xxxiv. 28, 29). What a wonderful *athlete*, what a marvellous man, this Moses must have been! But, then, the statements respecting him are to be looked at in the light of *faith*—which means an unreasoning belief in that which common sense and experience declare to be untrue.

It is remarkable, but not more remarkable than true, that no penalty attaches to the breaking of any one of the ten commandments. These commandments are quite apart from the Levitical laws; for Moses assures us that "these words the Lord spake. . . and he (the Lord) added no more" (Deut. v. 22). The Levitical laws—the injustice of which is only equalled by their obscenity—abound with barbarous punishments; the principal punishment being that of "death" (Lev. xx. 9-16)—a devilish penalty had it ever been intended to enforce it, but which was simply a ludicrous bogey, seeing that no greater meaning was attached to it than was attached to the equally dreadful and barbarous threat, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die" (Gen. ii. 17).

But, remarkable as this fact is, it is still more remarkable, and yet is as absolutely true, that these commandments were rendered nugatory by the very Jewish god who, we are told, wrote or engraved them—which was it?—himself upon two tables of stone (Exodus xxxi. 18; xxxii. 16;

\* This is the first piece of poetry I have ever perpetrated; and I trust that, in consideration of my previous good character, no violence will be used towards me.—G. S.



xxxiv. 1; Deut. iv. 13; v. 22; x. iv.). Is it not so? Well, let us consider each commandment by itself, and see with whom the truth rests.

*Commandment the First:* "Thou shalt have no (none) other gods before me" (Exodus xx. 3; Deut. v. 7).—These words are represented as being a faithful translation of the exact language used by the god himself. I say "the god," because it is evident that the god referred to was the Jewish god, and not the God who "created the heaven and the earth" (Gen. i. 1). The Jewish god, as I have already shown (see the *Freethinker* for April 1), was simply a gigantic man, to whom the superstitious and ignorant multitude, misled by a crafty priesthood, ascribed supernatural powers. According to the Jewish writers, their god could be, and frequently was, swayed by human passions and feelings. It was possible, even, to make a bargain with him. Jacob—the smooth-tongued and crafty Jacob—did so; for are we not told that "Jacob vowed a vow, saying: If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then"—that is, not till then; not till these events had actually occurred—"shall the lord be my god"? (Gen. xxviii. 20, 21). And when these events had occurred, we are told that "there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day"; and Jacob said: "I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved" (Gen. xxxii. 24-30). Here is another direct contradiction of the Lord's statement to Moses that "there shall no man see me and live."

It is childish to suppose that the Creator of the heaven and the earth—even if it be true that He ever condescended to address His creatures—would have referred to "other gods," as though it were possible that gods like unto Himself should exist. As St. Paul says: "There is none other God but one. For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth (as there be gods many and lords many), to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things" (1 Cor. viii. 4-6). This commandment, then, is mere verbiage—a Mosaic ventriloquial injunction which means nothing. No penalty is attached to the breaking of it, and, consequently, its observance or non-observance—if, indeed, there be anything to observe—is of no moment.

*Commandment the Second:* "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments" (Exodus xx. 4-6; Deut. v. 8-10).—This is truly a Jewish utterance—the utterance of a mere man, and he a barbarian; for the Omniscient One could not possibly stultify Himself, could not be jealous of those whom He had created, and could not be the unjust and merciless villain which the "God of Israel" here represents himself to be.

"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image" is the command, and yet the Jewish god, in giving instructions for the making of the ceremonial Ark, spoke thus: "And thou shalt make two cherubims of gold, of beaten work shalt thou make them, in the two ends of the mercy seat. And the cherubims shall stretch forth their wings on high, covering the mercy seat with their wings, and their faces shall look one to another; towards the mercy seat shall the faces of the cherubims be" (Exodus xxv. 18-20). Here was stultification with a vengeance.

"Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them." Mere bowing, or even absolute prostration, is *not* worship. When one bows to a superior, or kneels to a king, one does not *worship* him. And when a man bows down before that which to him is a symbol or remembrance of *his* god, he does not worship the symbol which he sees, but the god whom he does not see, and of whom the symbol reminds him. Were it otherwise—did he worship the symbol, believing it to be his god—it would not be sin, because sin can be the result only of an intelligent and wilful act. When Naaman went with his master, the king, to the house of the god Rimmon, and bowed himself there with his master, he did not worship Rimmon, and was not punishable for the act (2 Kings v. 18). Ignorance is not sin; it is a misfortune to be sympathised with, not a

fault that should be punished. Even according to the Levitical law, mere ignorance was not to be punished (Numbers xv. 27, 28); and St. Paul, after describing himself as having been "a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious," adds: "But I obtained mercy because I did it ignorantly in unbelief" (1 Tim. i. 13).

"I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God." This, of course, can apply only to the Jewish god, whose surname is "Jealous." "The Lord, whose name is Jealous, is a jealous God" (Exodus xxxiv. 14). As to "visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children," the Jewish god, through the mouth of one of his prophets, stultifies himself thus: "The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son" (Ezekiel xviii. 20). No penalty attaches to the breaking of this commandment, which, moreover, can apply only to those who believe in the Jewish god. N. M. X.

(To be concluded.)

## GENESIS XIV.

UNCLE BENJAMIN has lately given us several examples of how the Bible looks in modern dress; but it is also instructive to see how it looks in its original language. The translators have got over many awkward passages by the simple method of leaving a word or phrase untranslated, and thus the puerilities of the Hebrew appear in the English version as strings of high-sounding and mysterious words. As an instance of the appearance of the Bible when the long words are properly translated, we may take the well-known fourteenth chapter of Genesis, in which many scholars are anxious to see an especially valuable piece of ancient history. As a matter of fact, the sole object of the chapter is to enforce the rightfulness and antiquity of tithes, by asserting that Abram, ancestor of the Jews, paid tithes to the priest Melchizedek; and that is the reason why the clergy attempt to prove it authentic history, although the section of the Pentateuch to which it belongs cannot possibly have been written until the time of Ezra.

This fourteenth chapter of Genesis appears to have been originally a story of the conquests of the sun-god, poetically described as "Handful of Sheaves," Chedorlaomer, who, on his rising, puts to flight the ghosts and shadows and demons of the mountains and valleys; the nations and localities mentioned therein are for the most part totally unknown, and are not referred to in other parts of the Bible. The framer of the present story endeavored to make it look like a piece of history, and he has been followed by a commentator who tried to identify some of the places by stating that the Vale of Siddim is the Salt Sea, that Hobah (the hiding-place) was near Damascus, etc. The reader will be able to judge of the likelihood of all this by studying the following version, in which only those words are left untranslated that have no meaning in Hebrew:—

"And it came to pass in the days of Amraphel king of Shinar, Your-Lion king of Ellasar, Handful-of-Sheaves king of Elam, and Renown king of Gentiles, that they made war with Evil king of Burning, Wickedness king of Depression, Coldness king of Earth, and High-flyer king of Hyenas, and the king of Swallowed-up. All these joined together in the Valley of Demons. Twelve years they served Handful-of-Sheaves, and in the thirteenth year they rebelled. And in the fourteenth year came Handful-of-Sheaves, and the kings that were with him, and smote the Ghosts in the Moon, and the Wanderers with Them, and the Terrors in the Plain-of-the-twin-cities, and the Cave-men in their Rough-Mountain, unto the Tree of Paran. And they returned, and came to the Fountain-of-Judgment, and smote all the land of the Amalekites, and also the Amorites that dwelt in the Flower-of-the-Palm-tree. And there went out the king of Burning, and the king of Depression, and the king of Earth, and the king of Hyenas, and the king of Swallowed-up; and they set the battle in array against them in the Valley of Demons: against Handful-of-Sheaves king of Elam, and Renown king of Gentiles, and Amraphel king of Shinar, and Your-Lion king of Ellasar; four kings against the five. Now the Valley of Demons was full of pits of bitumen; and the kings of Burning and Depression fled, and they fell there, and they that remained fled to the mountain. And they took all the goods of Burning and Depression, and all their victuals, and went their way. And they took the Hidden-one, the son of the brother of Exalted-



Father who dwelt in Burning, and his goods, and departed. And there came one that had escaped, and told Exalted-Father the Passer: now he dwelt by the oaks of Fatness the Amorite, brother of Bunch-of-Grapes, and brother of Aner; and these were confederate with Exalted-Father. And when Exalted-Father heard that his brother was taken captive, he led forth his trained men, born in his house, three hundred and eighteen, and pursued as far as Dan. And he divided himself against them by night, he and his slaves, and smote them, and pursued them unto the Hiding-place. And he brought back all the goods, and also brought back again his brother, the Hidden-One, and his goods, and the women also and the people. And the king of Burning went out to meet him after his return from the slaughter of Handful-of-Sheaves and the kings that were with him, at the Valley of the Plain. And My-King-is-Righteous king of Peace brought forth bread and wine: and he was priest of the Lofty God. And he blessed him, and said: 'Blessed be Exalted-Father of the Lofty God, possessor of heaven and earth; and blessed be the Lofty God, which hath delivered thine enemies into thy hand.' And he gave him a tenth of all."

According to Gen. xxxvi. 12, the Amalekites did not originate till four generations after the time of Abram; and Dan did not receive its name till after the time of Joshua, according to Judges xviii. 29, so that the mention of these two names is an anachronism. CHILPERIC.

### J. C.

Four thousand years B.C.  
A lady stole an apple;  
Hence, Sin and L. S. D.,  
The roots of church and chapel.

A certain time B.C.  
God's ghost became erratic,  
And said: "Joe's girl shall be  
God's Ghostess—morganatic."

A few short months B.C.  
A party called on Polly,  
And said to her, said he:  
"I'm God!" Said she, "Good Golly!"

A month or two B.C.  
Her Joe became unhappy,  
And felt himself to be  
A badly-used young chappy.

At just exactly C.  
The B.V.'s youngster, Jesus,  
Was born to set us free  
From—things from which he frees us.

"The Lord," said Poll, B.V.,  
"Has sent too much Messiah."  
Said Joe: "The child can be  
Reduced a bit, Mariah."

And so, eight days A.D.,  
They made the alteration,  
Says Holy Writ (*q.v.*,  
For further information).

The priest that pruned J.C.  
Deserved a sharp correction,  
Say those who disagree  
With cruel vivisection.

The youngster grew to be  
A celebrated brewer,  
A sort of quack M.D.  
And Devil's interviewer.

With imps some pigs he scared,  
And then this statute-breaker  
Despatched them, unprepared,  
To stand before their Maker.

In thirty-three A.D.  
The Roman *Pagans* beat him,  
Then took his life. (N.B.,  
Now Roman *Christians* eat him.)

God planned these things to be,  
Says Paul, the marriage-hater,  
Eternity B.C.,  
And not a moment later.

*L'envoi.*

Still, fools and knaves there be  
Who preach this childish story,  
For Heav'n and L. S. D.,  
And so on, *con amore.*

G. L. MACKENZIE.

### ACID DROPS.

WHAT an excellent flunkey is the Rev. F. Gell, chaplain to the Bishop of Worcester. "Remember," he says, "there is no essential difference between the Anarchist theories, which plunged a knife into the heart of Republican Carnot, and the theories which in this country go by the milder term of 'Liberalism.'" After this piece of fatuity, the reverend gentleman breaks into a torrent of gush over York's baby. But we spare our readers a sample.

Bishop Nelson, of Georgia, has been preaching a thanksgiving sermon. He reminded the people of that part that they had much to thank God for. The wholesale bank failures which affected other parts of the country had been lighter in their locality. They had also escaped the cyclone and the fever. Of course this is very fortunate—for them. But how about the people who did not escape the fever, the cyclone, and the bank failures? What have *they* to be thankful for? Nay, is it not rank selfishness to thank God for sparing you, although he has plagued your neighbors?

The average intelligence of Wesleyans may be judged by the success of the Rev. Peter Mackenzie, who always fills their chapels when he takes round his solo variety entertainment. The *Lowestoft Journal* gives a lively account of Peter's recent performance in that town. He described a dead man as "a candidate for the resurrection"—which immensely tickled the Lowestoft Methodists. One part of the lecture was "illustrated with a series of howls," an exercise in which Peter seems to excel the menagerie of the Apocalypse. Ahithophel was said to have "Marwooded himself." And so on, and so on. Peter is "the recognised jester of Methodism," but we wouldn't give him half a crown a column for his wit in the *Freethinker*. And as for "blasphemy"—well, we have done a bit in our time, but we are not in it with the Rev. Peter Mackenzie.

Religion is becoming more and more of an entertainment. Everywhere we find singers announced rather than preachers, and attractive sensational services are the rule. Money is raised for churches by the most worldly means. Fancy fair bazaars, with beves of beauties, sometimes posing as odalisques of the harem, and lotteries, prohibited by law, are the consecrated means of raking in the shekels to the glory of God.

According to the Rev. J. Priestley Foster, at a bazaar, held to raise funds for Trinity Church, in the town of B—, a place not difficult to recognize, when we are told that it is "one of the wealthiest of England's wealthy health-resorts," a *café chantant* was one of the attractions. "Half-a-crown a program will earn a smile; half-a-sovereign a wreath of smiles; and any member of the public, on payment of five shillings, can shake hands with a performer."

At one of these church fancy fairs a kiss and a cigar were sold for a sovereign. A young gentleman ordered a cup of tea, charged sixpence in the price-list. The waitress sipped it, and said, when he tendered the money, "Now it is half-a-guinea." He paid the money, and asked for a clean cup.

At another church bazaar the whole secret of modern religion was revealed in the motto of the program, "Money is the life-blood of our enterprise."

£ s. d., £ s. d.,  
That's the real Trinity.

The Rev. J. Priestley Foster says this fancy fair religion "emasculates the bride of Christ," which is about as funny a bull as we have seen perpetrated for some time.

Since "Cheiro" made a fortune by reading the hands of wealthy ladies in Bond-street—it is only gipsies and vulgar cattle who get run in for fortune-telling, though it is an offence at law under 9 George II., c. 5, and 5 George IV., c. 83—palmistry is all the go at church bazaars. The Daughters of Zion personate the Witch of Endor and tell your fortune for five shillings. We have heard of an Agnostic who attended a fancy fair for the conversion of the heathen, just for the fun of the thing, and now tells how he has had his fortune told by Christians as a means towards inducing the heathen to turn to Christ.

The Anti-Gambling League have solemnly warned some working men who were getting up "a draw" for the benefit of a disabled comrade that lotteries are declared illegal by 10 and 11 William III., c. 17, and 4 George III., c. 119. Would they not do better to attend to the raffles current in church bazaars and the lotteries by which nearly the whole of the Catholic edifices, both in Ireland and England, are reared?

They did not know everything down in Judee. Where is the church in which God and Mammon are not worshipped



together? Still, we must admit that Jesus was so far right that Mammon usually comes out on top, while God has to play the rôle of the underdog.

Salvationists have a way of going about in couples. It is not surprising, therefore, to read of the "grand hallelujah wedding" of one of these couples in New York. One of the items in the ceremony was singing and tambourine-playing by "ten wise virgins swathed in white robes and veils." Not five of them, but the whole ten, were left out in the cold at midnight.

Had Mrs. Eve been as fruitful as Mrs. Theoret, of St. Genevieve, Montreal, Jehovah would not have needed to tell her to multiply and replenish the earth. Mrs. Theoret has just given birth to triplets for the second time in five years, besides having twins on three other occasions. She is only thirty, and is the mother of seventeen children. We should like the theologians to explain these human litters on the theory of special creation. They are intelligible enough on the theory of evolution.

Can a man serve two masters? Well, he has to when his wife brings him boy twins.

"Darwinism," says the *Christian Commonwealth*, is "just now receiving some rude shocks." Our pious contemporary forgets that the two most important of recent books in defence of faith—Mr. Kidd's *Social Evolution* and Professor Drummond's *Ascent of Man*—are both written by out-and-out evolutionists. We do not agree with either of these writers in respect to Christianity, nor, indeed, do they agree with each other; but they have the sense to see that Evolution has triumphed. The *Christian Commonwealth* has not.

"Caesar," says this same pious contemporary of ours, "was a character such as God in his providence from time to time raises up outside the election of grace." This is very rich, considering that Julius Cæsar was an Atheist. There is also something extremely fatuous about that "from time to time." Christendom has never produced statesmen to equal the great Roman emperors, who were all "outside the election of grace."

The *Christian Commonwealth* is really a funny paper. With a great flourish of trumpets it opened a column for "Objections to Christianity." We looked into last week's issue, and what did we find? Three letters—two of them long ones—by Christians against Freethought! Yet the editor admits, in another part of the paper, that he has received many letters from non-Christians. It is quite too ridiculous.

The Rev. James Paterson, minister of Hoy, N.B., went to the general assembly at Edinburgh, and has not returned. The servant girl at the manse, who recently gave birth to a child, and would not divulge the father, is also missing, and it appears that a Mr. and Mrs. Paterson left the Clyde in the s.s. "City of Rome" for New York. Mr. Paterson has left many creditors, who are anxious as to his present whereabouts.

It is said that the priest Bruneau—the details of whose criminal career were given in our issue of July 22—has admitted that he was the author of the double murder at Livré and a murder at St. Pierre-sur-Orthe, which, up to now, have been mysteries. Yet there have been strenuous efforts made for a reprieve on the ground that he is a priest.

The Rev. Ernest Fitzroy, clerk in holy orders, pleaded guilty to having stolen a bag and other articles from the London and North-Western Railway, and was ordered to find a surety in £100, to come up for sentence if called upon.

The spirit of religion is always one of sweet reasonableness, but we notice that the Protestant preachers at Limerick had to ask for police protection last Sunday.

All the Grindelwald Conference appears to have done, beyond talking, is to issue an "Appeal to the Churches," asking them to pray for unity every Whitsuntide. If they leave the matter of Christian re-union to prayer, it must be in a parlous state. The wish for re-union is mainly a token that the religionists are becoming indifferent to the dogmas which they once believed to be of vital importance. The "Appeal to the Churches" was only signed by two Baptists, one of them being the heretical Dr. Clifford.

Uncle Ben says that the Grindelwald Conference on Christian Reunion has satisfactorily proved that there is one common ground whereon all sections of sky-pilots unite. They all enjoy an autumn picnic in Switzerland at other people's expense.

The Southern Unitarian Association recently held its

meeting at Weymouth, and hired the School of Art, which was insufficiently supplied with seats. Application was made to the Baptists, who had a school-room near by, for the loan of some seats. The reply was that it was deemed "inexpedient to grant their request." We suppose the Unitarian odor of unsanctity might remain on the seats.

Daniel is outdone at a menagerie in one of the Parisian suburbs. A barber goes through all the performances of the tonsorial art within the lions' den.

Father Ignatius, who prefers town audiences to the yokels, who, he says, "go to church on Sunday just as pigs go into the sty," has expressed his intention of turning up at the Church Congress at Exeter. He wants to re-raise the question of Bible inspiration in opposition to Canon Driver.

Father Ignatius says that many preachers are "a misery to themselves and a torture to their fellow creatures." We quite agree with him.

A few weeks ago a famous bullfighter, Espartero, was disembowelled at Madrid. Happily a number of priests were at hand, for they attend bullfights like other Spaniards, and extreme unction was administered to the dying man. Had not the mystery men been present, Espartero might have been tossed from the bull's horns into Hades. As it is, he will be able to pay his attentions to the beasts around the Throne. See St. John's Nightmare.

This is how the *New York Catholic News* speaks of Zola's latest novel: "Lourdes, the shrine at which God has frequently manifested his goodness, is held up for ridicule by a literary scavenger."

The Virgin Mary has appeared again. This time she was up a tree. She revealed herself to two children, aged eight and eleven, who saw her, or something they fancied to be her, seated in the top of a beech tree at night, near the mountain village of Szczyrk, in Austrian Silesia. The Virgin always turns up in out-of-the-way places when she wants a new church and a new cult; but this is her first appearance up a tree. Crowds visited the miraculous beech to sing and pray under it, and fasten pictures to the bark; but the danger of cholera infection has caused the authorities to interfere, and to station gendarmes to keep the visitors away. The girls, to save inconvenient questions, have been taken to Cracow and placed under the Sisters of Charity there, just as poor Bernadette Soubirous was spirited away from Lourdes to Nevers.

The tibia of God's grandmother—i.e., St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin, and, like her, immaculate, has now been placed in a chapel dedicated to St. Anne at a place also called St. Anne, Illinois. Two thousand persons went to its installation, and some miraculous cures are reported.

Calvin, in his treatise on relics, mentions the Virgin Mary's milk, but does not mention the bones of St. Anne. Mosheim tells us how in the fourth century these articles were manufactured. He says: "Some buried the bones of dead men in certain retired places, and then affirmed they were divinely admonished, by a dream, that the body of some friend of God lay there. Many, especially the monks, travelled through the different provinces and sold, with the most frontless impudence, their fictitious relics." With such facts it is easy to understand how a Catholic church, at the French village of St. Anne, chances to be endowed with the bones of the grandmother of God.

The Catholic mob that wrecked the Protestant mission-houses in Quebec appear to have been incensed by the denunciations of their religion by ex-Father Chiniqui. They first made their attack on a mission held by the Rev. Mr. Grenier, who is a son-in-law of the famous ex-priest. The police appear to have done little to protect the Protestants.

The Pope has been celebrating the feast of his patron saint, Joachim. But his elderly holiness is rather miserable. "All the States," he said (according to the *Corriere di Napoli*), "are preoccupied with the social question; the populations are surrounded with an unhealthy atmosphere, or are in a condition of alarm and discomfort, and we are in the power of the enemy without a hope in the future." The sums derived from the St. Peter's Pence are decreased, in spite of many pilgrimages; and the incomes from the Papal possessions are much diminished.

A lecturer on "Religion in Arabia" once remarked to a Scotch audience that, in the course of evolution, "the deities absorb the ginn, and the spirits disappear before the gods." It was a straightforward expression of Professor Robertson Smith's views, but the audience saw the pun some seconds before the lecturer.



Ritualism appears to be rampant in Canterbury under our High Church Primate. Many parents have recently removed their children from the local church schools, on the ground that they object to their children being taught to bow, cross themselves, and attend the confessional.

From the "Church of the Strangers," Rochester, New York, we receive a circular entitled "Truth against the World: The Lost Faith Restored, or the True Gospel of the Kingdom." It tells us that, "as at present taught by Romanists or Protestants, Christianity is no better than other religions." This we can accept, but it may be doubted whether the writer's account of Christianity, which seems to be a sort of Christadelphianism, is much of an improvement. He seems to take out the brimstone and leave the treacle, the result being a diet suited only for children.

The Philadelphia *Times*, a Christian paper, writing on the Corean war, says that "the civilised world should welcome the contest as one of the very best methods of hastening the dawn of civilisation in those countries. China is thoroughly heathen, and needs a lively war to open the door to Christian civilisation."

Lively wars have usually been the introduction of Christianity, and there is hardly a country on the face of the globe where the Bible has not been introduced by force and bloodshed.

Mr. T. Pollard, writing in *Secular Thought*, says: "I was first mate of a ship cruising through the Pacific Ocean, and visited 142 different islands in the great archipelagos. I always found the natives of the islands, where there were no missionaries, better off, more hospitable, more truly moral, and living more peaceably among themselves, than those on islands where there were mission stations. I went ashore at Ocean Island, one of the group, and asked a native if it was a missionary island. 'No,' he said, 'this island too poor for Pakeah' (white missionary). And this was the case. You could not catch a Pakeah on a poor island. The missionary would educate a Kanaka, and send him to Christianise his own people. Let the reader form his own idea of that Christian education."

"At Vavito," Mr. Pollard says, "I asked the king (Towweah) if he had a missionary. 'Yes,' said he, 'but we don't want him. It is Jesus on Sunday, Jesus on Monday, Jesus on Tuesday, and Jesus all the time, every day.' In his uneducated way he said that, if the rest of the world had as much Jesus as his people had, Jesus must be a very tired man every night. The natives told me that before the missionary came they were happy and contented, but Christianity produced strife among them. Said a chief to me: 'Why don't white man bring in tools and machines, and teach us how to make those things they make?' They feel there is something wrong, and after twelve years of missionary teaching on these two islands I have seen the supposed converts steal up to the face of the mountains where their idols were standing, and go through their form of worship."

Mr. A. de Guerville, who went to China as commissioner for the Columbian Exposition, gives the following as the view of Western proceedings by an eminent Chinese official: "Why, we have never had yet a show against you foreigners! We were living quietly in our country, not caring for what was going on outside, which, after all, is our right, when all at once the French appeared, under the pretext of sending us missionaries, who would give us a better God—the real one. The English came under some Bible pretext too, saying that the Catholic God of the French was not any better than our own; and both countries, with guns and cannon, obliged us to accept, the one its missionaries, the other its goods and its opium—which was still worse for us than the priests."

"Missionaries," the Chinese continued, "then came to us from all parts of the world; not one of them believing, altogether, in the same church or God, for you can never make us believe that the God of the Catholics, of the Jews, of the Protestants, is the same! They laughed at us because we had a God of the Sun, and gods of war; but they began to teach us that in the history of their Church a man stopped the sun in its course for several hours. They also spoke of a flood which covered the earth. Well, we can easily prove to them that such a flood never existed in China, and never destroyed the Asiatic races!"

The prosecution of Mr. J. B. Wise, of Clay Center, Kansas, for writing a verse of the Bible on a post-card, is making some stir in the States. Even the religious press see the difficulty of a legal pronouncement that a verse of the Bible is obscene according to law.

Some of the Chinese think the recent plague at Hong Kong was caused by Europeans. They say that building

the Peak Tramway let loose a number of bad spirits. The heathen Chinese is peculiar; we should say the bad spirits were introduced by rum and whisky bottles.

Mr. J. B. Dimbleby, who styles himself "Premier Chronologist to the British Chronological Association" (whoever they may be, apart from Mr. J. B. D.), has issued a pamphlet in which he calculates that the Day of Judgment will set in about Easter, 1898. Meantime Mr. Dimbleby flounders about in days of no judgment.

Sir Walter Gilbey reminds those who are preparing for harvest thanksgivings that there are over 300 candidates seeking election to the benefits of the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Association who have themselves cultivated holdings varying from 2,000 to 100 English acres, and who are now ruined. The farmers haven't so very much to be thankful to Providence for.

The spread of the cholera in Prussia and Bessarabia, a destructive cyclone in Spain, and earthquakes in Sicily are among recent examples of divine government.

Earthquakes are dreadfully irreligious and indiscriminating. The earthquake at Tokio, Japan, destroyed the Episcopal mission buildings; and the one at Constantinople knocked down the Catholic monastery.

The American *Arena* has a paper on Thibet, the home of the Mahatmas. The writer says the culture of Thibetans is inferior to that of the most semi-barbarous races, comparing unfavorably even with some of the Indian tribes of the American continent. He describes their morals as lax, and their habits as filthy.

We have received another Mahatma letter. It purports to come from *Iesous Xpwtos 0s*, and is written in Greek character in red ink. If this be indeed a revelation from heaven, it is a curious one. It appears the pater is very ill, thoroughly upset by the loss to business through the Balfour exposure. But, as a consolation, the *Freethinker* is much appreciated.

Mr. Conway Scott writes again in the *Vegetarian*, August 18, praising the masterly simplicity with which Moses solved the problem of raising the national health. How he did it is told in part in Deut. xiv. 21. This divine command ordains: "Ye shall not eat of anything that dieth of itself: thou shalt give it unto the stranger that is in thy gates, that he may eat it; or thou mayest sell it unto an alien: for thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God."

Lev. xi. 22 permitted a very mixed but unvegetarian diet. Here is the divine law: "Even these of them ye may eat: the locust after his kind, and the bald locust after his kind, and the beetle after his kind, and the grasshopper after his kind." The diet, we presume, was suited to the wilderness, and is a proof that Moses had his writing materials with him when wandering there. But Moses was hardly a vegetarian, or he would not have ordained so many sacrifices as offerings to the Lord.

The manageress of a "Private Christian Temperance Hotel," in the neighborhood of the King's Cross-road, sends out a circular to men of God, saying that her establishment is conducted "in such a way as to make it an aid to the extension of God's kingdom." Further, ministers are promised a reduction of 10 per cent. from bills of ten shillings and upwards.

"There are," says the *Methodist Times*, "a certain number of Secularists in London, but when they attempted to commit the Progressive party to their opinion they were defeated by an overwhelming majority." Our readers, who know something of the policy of the *Methodist Times*, will not be astonished to hear that this is an absolute falsehood. When the so-called Progressive party was formed, the London Secularists were not even represented. Yet a motion was made in favor of Secular Education by the Radicals, and it was only defeated by a very narrow majority; in fact, a couple of votes would have turned the scale.

At a recent church consecration in England a school procession carried a banner, on which was a lion with terrible claws and teeth, and under him the text, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

At Harwich, Mr. Kearly, M.P., has been summoned for refusing to pay a church rate. The claim was made under a special Act of George IV., and the magistrates made an order for payment. As, however, no allowance is made for costs under these private Acts, it usually costs the vestry far more to get their money than it does the ratepayers.



## SPECIAL.

Letters for the Editor of the "Freethinker" should be addressed to 28 Stonecutter-street, London, E.C.

## Mr. Foote's Engagements.

Sunday, August 26, Hall of Science, 142 Old-street, London, E.C.: 7.30, "Is Immortality a Blessing?"

September 2, Dundee; 9, Glasgow; 16, Liverpool; 30, Plymouth.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. CHARLES WATTS'S ENGAGEMENTS.—September 2, 9, and 16, Hall of Science, London; 28, York; 30, Dundee. October 3, 4, and 5, Aberdeen; 7, Edinburgh; 14, Glasgow; 21, Bradford; 28, Hall of Science, London. November 4, Hall of Science; 11, Liverpool; 18, Hall of Science, London. December 2, Newcastle-on-Tyne (Sunday Society); 9, Manchester.—All communications for Mr. Watts should be sent to him (if a reply is required, a stamped and addressed envelope must be enclosed) at 81 Effra-road, Brixton, London, S.W.

LECTURE NOTICES must reach 28 Stonecutter-street by first post Tuesday, or they will not be inserted.

L. LEVINE (Charleston).—Many thanks for your batch of cuttings.

E. HOWARD.—Your letter was too late last week, but fortunately a paragraph on the Failsworth anniversary was already in type.

F. W. T.—Thanks. See "Acid Drops."

M. H. HILTON.—We are pleased to see the extract from the Liverpool Branch's leaflet in the local *Mercury*. It is high time that the press broke through that old and foolish conspiracy of silence.

WM. BROADBELT (New York).—American papers always welcome.

MR. FOOTE is enjoying a brief and much-needed holiday in East Kent. He was therefore unable to attend the funeral of the late Mr. Trevillion, senior, on Wednesday. His absence from London has necessitated the holding over of a great deal of correspondence until next week.

J. B.—The paper shows what our opponents descend to. Let them rave.

N.S.S. BENEVOLENT FUND.—Miss E. M. Vance acknowledges: W. C. Daking, £1.

NEMO.—Mr. Samuel Storey, M.P., introduced a Bill to abolish the Blasphemy Laws, and it has been duly printed after the first reading. But there appears to be no chance of its coming up for the second reading in the present session.

H. O. SCHOFIELD.—(1) There is nothing to prevent a heretic from leaving money for a hospital or other charitable institution. A heretic's money is always welcome. What is not so welcome is his unsectarianism. It would be impossible to keep religion out of a trust, in the present state of the law and of public sentiment. Stephen Girard (for instance) endowed a great college in America, and ordered that no minister of religion should ever be allowed to enter it on any pretext whatsoever. Nevertheless the Christians have got hold of the trust, and have set up a theological chair, in defiance of the spirit of Stephen Girard's will; and the Christian courts abet them in this flagrant dishonesty. (2) The silence of the Christian writers before about A.D. 160 or 170 is sufficient evidence that the Gospels were not in existence in the first century.

D. HARDIE.—There is no reference to the Bible in ancient profane history. The Septuagint version of the Old Testament into Greek is said to have been executed about 200 B.C. This may be said to have been the first point of contact between the Jewish Scriptures and the outer world. Profane writers do not refer to the New Testament, even in substance, until considerably more than a century after the alleged date of the death of Christ.

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—Der Arme Teufel—Freidenker—Two Worlds—Liberator—Western Figaro—Ironclad Age—Truthseeker—La Verité—Dageraad—Progressive Thinker—Freedom—Fur Unsere Jugend—Crescent—Secular Thought—Isle of Man Times—Islamic World—Echo—Pall Mall Gazette—Open Court—Light of Truth—Liverpool Courier—Liver—St. James's Gazette—Toronto Globe—New York Herald—North Eastern Daily Gazette—Truth against the World—La Raison—Glasgow Herald.

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 publishing office, post free, at the following rates, prepaid:—One Year, 10s. 6d.; Half Year, 5s. 3d.; Three Months, 2s. 8d.

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.

ORDERS for literature should be sent to Mr. R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street, E.C.

SCALE OF ADVERTISEMENTS.—Thirty words, 1s. 6d.; every succeeding ten words, 6d. *Displayed Advertisements*:—(Narrow Column) one inch, 3s.; half column, 15s.; column, £1 10s. Broad Column—one inch, 4s. 6d.; half column, £1 2s. 6d.; column, £2 5s. Special terms for repetitions.

## SUGAR PLUMS.

MR. FOOTE occupies the London Hall of Science platform this evening (August 26), his subject being, "Is Immortality a Blessing?" This is a neglected aspect of the question of a future life, and what Mr. Foote has to say upon it should be interesting to believers as well as to "infidels."

Since his illness in the spring Mr. Foote has not lectured outside London. He hopes, however, to visit a good many provincial towns during the winter. On Sunday next (September 2) he opens the new lecture season at Dundee, and on the following Sunday at Glasgow. He will also lecture at Liverpool and Plymouth in September.

Mr. Charles Watts had a very large audience last Sunday evening at the Hall of Science, although many of the friends had joined the excursion to Margate. The repeated and enthusiastic applause that greeted Mr. Watts's examination of "Christian Biography as Illustrated in Bible Characters" testified to its appreciation by those present. Mr. Guest made an excellent chairman. The announcement that Mr. Watts was about to commence his fight for a seat on the London School Board met with rapturous applause, which, as the chairman remarked, indicated that the audience were all in favor of Mr. Watts's candidature. This statement was responded to by another ringing cheer.

While a desperate attempt at educational reaction is going on here, in America there is a forward movement. The Committee on Education of the Constitutional Convention at Albany, N.Y., proposes an amendment to the Constitution absolutely forbidding any sort of State aid, direct or indirect, of schools "wholly or partly under the control of any religious denomination, or in which any denominational tenet or doctrine is taught." If this is carried, it will complete the secularisation of the system of public education in the State of New York.

Mr. Standing, in another column, has described the excursion to Margate and back. Beyond the three hundred who took an excellent tea together at Mr. Munns's, a considerable number dispersed themselves at Broadstairs and Ramsgate. Forty-five friends joined us at New Brompton, and all agreed that they had spent a most enjoyable day.

The National League for the Abolition of the House of Lords holds a demonstration this afternoon (August 26) in Hyde Park. Liberals and Radicals are expected to muster in strong force, and we hope there will be a great gathering of the members and friends of the National Secular Society. Mr. G. W. Foote will speak from one of the platforms—which will be indicated in the Saturday and Sunday newspapers.

Some members of the Wood Green Branch, assisted by Tottenham friends, start a course of lectures on Tottenham Green at 3.30 this Sunday. It is desired that there should be a good muster of Freethinkers.

The Sheffield friends meet at eleven, corner of Arundel-street and Norfolk-street, for their annual excursion. They go by wagonette to Stony Middleton, Derbyshire.

The Reading Branch has started the experiment of open-air lectures, the first one passing off very successfully.

In the course of next month a statue of Shelley will be unveiled at Viareggio, where his body was washed ashore on July 8, 1822. The statue is by Professor Lucchesi.

The Eighteenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union will be held in Chicago on October 26, 27, and 28; President Waite in the chair. There will be an attempt to amalgamate with the Freethought Federation of America.

We see from *Le Raison*, which is the official organ of the Belgian Freethinkers, that their annual congress will be held this year at the Ancienne Bourse, 19 Grand-place, Brussels, on September 2.

In the Cincinnati *Light of Truth* Mr. W. E. Coleman continues his exposure of the Theosophic doctrine of Reincarnation, citing some of his arguments from Mr. Foote's *Secularism and Theosophy*. Mr. Coleman shows that the



alleged evidences of reincarnation are really the result of heredity.

Major G. O. Warren, writing in the *Echo*, says: "All Sunday legislation is tyrannical and subversive of human rights. A man has a right to do anything on Sunday that he has a right to do on any other day. If he has a right to worship, to work, to play, to give shows and entertainments, to sell liquors, or any other goods on any day in the week, he has a right to do any and all those things on a Sunday; and any law on the subject, except to keep one man from infringing another man's rights, is tyrannical and oppressive. If Sunday is God's day, let him take care of it. He is certainly able to make men keep it holy if he wishes to, and if he will not take the trouble to make men do their duty in this respect, we have no responsibility in the matter. Why should a board of aldermen make laws to maintain the honor and glory of God? Fancy God delegating his authority to the L.C.C. to see that nobody sells sugar sticks or drinks beer before one o'clock on Sunday. Faugh! the idea is too absurd! But that is what our Sunday laws mean."

### THE FOOTE TESTIMONIAL FUND.

[Fourteenth List.]

A. Fincken 10s. 6d.; West London Branch, 10s.; L. Alexander, 5s.; Mrs. Fincken, 5s.; G. Gibbon, 5s.; A. Barratt, 3s.; S. Todd, 2s. 6d.; W. Neal, 2s. 6d.; B. Munton, 2s. 6d.; D. C., 2s. 6d.; E. Johnson, 2s.; H. Strong, 1s. 6d.; W. Fincken, 1s.; W. Fincken, junr., 1s.; Mac, 1s.; J. Martin, 1s.; J. Hicks, 1s.; F. Curtis, 1s.; F. Garratt, 1s.; W. Harvey, 1s.; J. Harvey, 1s.; P. Gibson, 1s.; G. Nash, 1s.; Mr. Smith, 1s.; H. Courtney, 1s.; Wilson, 6d.; W. Strong, 6d.; C. Strong, 6d.; G. Patten, 6d.; H. Negus, 6d.; G. Deer, 6d.; A. Greenough, 6d.; A. Harvey, 6d.; J. Cannon, 6d.; G. Bowie, 6d.; G. Grattan, 6d.; R. Staton, 6d.; W. Dowsett, 6d.; B. Lee, 6d.; C. Bowie, 3d.; T. Lumer, 3d.; J. Bellingrger, 3d.; H. Pritchard, 3d.

Friends having cards are kindly requested to send in at once to Mr. Ward, so that the Fund can be closed.

GEO. ANDERSON, *Treasurer*, 35a Great George-street, S.W.  
R. FORDER, *Sub-Treasurer*, 28 Stonecutter-street, E.C.  
GEO. WARD, *Secretary*, 91 Mildmay-park, N.

### CHRIST NO CARPENTER.

ASSUMING that the four gospels were written by the men whose names are subscribed thereto, we are amazed at the entire absence of certain technicalities that could not have failed to be infused miscellaneously throughout the sayings of a public speaker who had, for over twenty years, been constantly employed in a carpenter's shop. We shall, for the present, work on this assumption of the authenticity of the gospels; merely hinting, by the way, for the benefit of such readers as are not in the *know*, that a few centuries ago a certain council assembled in conclave to deliberate upon and wade through some scores of spurious old gospels, and that, after a weary session, nearly all the silly monastic literature was doomed to comparative oblivion: four only of these fraudulent patchworks of revelation, whose harmony reminds us of the proverbial "Cock-and-Bull," were pronounced to be genuine, and palmed off upon the ignorant masses of the Dark Ages as the New Covenant. Selah!

Now, if Jesus Christ had been a joiner and carpenter, or even a jerry-builder, he would not have meddled and muddled in the tailoring business, and given such a puerile illustration as "No man putteth a new piece of cloth upon an old garment," etc., because that is the very thing that tailors most often do. Might he not as well have said, "No man putteth a stout leg to a rotten table," or "No man putteth new glue amongst burnt glue"? So also his simile is poor, that a woman sweeps the house until she finds her lost piece of silver, and sends for all the village to come in and rejoice and *keep it up*. If it were a small coin, there would be no demonstration; and if it were a large coin, there would be no garnishing, unless the house was in a sty-like state of filth. An apter illustration would have depicted the joy of a joiner on recovering his jack-plane, saw, axe, or mallet. Again, "No man putteth a lighted candle under a bushel" is exactly the thing that he allowed the "Light of the world" to be done by. For nineteen centuries the light of Christianity has not been able to penetrate the heathen gloom of more than one-fourth of the earth's inhabitants. As the son of a cabinet-maker to the king of Jerusalem (as his father is reputed to have been), J.C. ought to have instanced that "no man carveth the insides of wardrobe doors." This would have come with better grace than vague references to candlesticks, except he was desirous of posing as a tallow-chandler. Another sample of J.C.'s sheep-rot is

the plausible lie that a shepherd shows more joy over a sheep he has found than he does over ninety and nine which need no finding. The comparison would be barely tolerable if it were intended to show the Jews that one Hebrew god was worth more than ninety-nine Greek deities. Here again the timber-yard might have furnished (though we doubt it) as good material for his parallelism.

The last illustration we shall touch upon is in the bottling department: "No man putteth new wine into old bottles," etc. Here he was quite right. No wonder; his experience in that line was extensive. He had been a manufacturer; he had a liking for it. He ordered some for his last supper; he enjoined everybody else to be always *doing a little bit*. There is far more reason for dubbing him "Mine host" than in saying he was a carpenter. After three years' itinerancy—having spoken for hundreds of hours—this man's choicest sayings were faithfully reported, and we have had them dinned into our ears for forty years. We have perused them ourselves, bigotedly and critically, and we cannot find one single shred of evidence that these words were uttered by a man who had been thirty years in a joiner's shop. Not a syllable escapes his lips about anything from a grindstone to a whetstone, from a log of timber to a shaving, from a tree-saw to a fret-saw, nor from a sprig to a tenpenny nail. As regards his reputed trade, all is as silent as the tomb. If he had only said, "Behold now the axe is laid unto the root of the tree," it would have sufficed. If he had confirmed the story of Jael and Sisera, it would have dispelled our doubts; or if, in his anger at the money-changers, he had told *them* of the forty-six years the temple was in building, it would have altered our decision that Jesus Christ never was a carpenter, nor anything else except one of the thirteen lilies of the field. P. W. BALDWIN.

### The Cant of the Criminal.

One characteristic point of difference between the average Anglo-Saxon and the average Frenchman is, that the former, when caught red-handed in some rascality, pleads his godliness and his Bible; the other, on all occasions, does his level best to impress on you what a devil of a fellow he is. The one is the cant of religion, the other of vice; and of the two our respect is given to the latter. Jabez Balfour—name, biblical of course—when arrested calls for his Bible, and planks down again his trust in the Lord. Of the French criminals of the same type, the Panama swindlers, some skip the frontier, others blow their brains out; but all have the decency to leave the Bible and the "Lord" out of their rascally swindles. The Anglo-Saxon scaffold reeks with the cant of sniffing death piety, and to listen to their sermons from the dock and scaffold one would think that the whole celestial economy was devised with a special eye to the sanctification and transfiguration of debauchees and murderers. Ravaehol and Vaillant die with "Vive L'Anarchie" on their lips. Religious hysteria is fastening on the soul of Lane; he attributes his failure to want of moral force; but all his heart-rending cant about the spirit of God will not disguise the fact that his failure is due to want of common sense. Matthew Davies builds a church at Toorak, puts a £1,000 note in the plate on Hospital Sunday, skips to Colombo, and in the hour of his being found out whines about the heavy hand of the Lord. Lesseps goes to gaol, and doesn't even hint that the Lord has anything to do with such villainy. On the whole, we prefer the Frenchman, and when we dispense justice a mention of the Bible or the Lord will get ten years extra.—"*Chronicle*," Brisbane.

### Obituary.

ANOTHER of the old guard has passed away in the person of Mr. William Trevillion, who died from apoplexy at his residence in Downham-road, Islington, on the 18th inst. Mr. Trevillion was seventy-nine years of age last October. He died, as he desired, quite calmly, and, indeed, unconsciously. His sturdy figure and pleasant face were for very many years well known at the Hall of Science, in the building and decoration of which he took part. Mr. Trevillion was one of Mr. Bradlaugh's staunchest supporters, and was highly respected by the whole of the Freethought party in London. His funeral took place at Finchley Cemetery on Wednesday, too early to make it known to the many who would have otherwise paid their respects at his grave. Mr. Forder officiated.

### How to Help Us.

- (1) Get your newsagent to take a few copies of the *Freethinker* and try to sell them, guaranteeing to take the copies that remain unsold.
- (2) Take an extra copy (or more), and circulate it among your acquaintances.
- (3) Leave a copy of the *Freethinker* now and then in the train, the car, or the omnibus.



## COLONEL INGERSOLL.

COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL represents what is intellectually highest among the whole world's opponents of religion. He counts theology as the science of superstition. He decries religion as it exists, and holds that the broadest thing a man, or all human nature, can do is to acknowledge ignorance when it cannot know. He accepts nothing on faith. He is the American who is forever asking "Why?"—who demands a reason and material proof before believing.

As Christianity's cornerstone is faith, he rejects Christianity, and argues that all men who are broad enough to know when to narrow their ideas down to fact or demonstrable theory must reject it. Believe as he does or not, all Americans must be interested in him. His mind is marvellous, his tongue is silvery, his logic is invincible—as logic.

Colonel Ingersoll is a shining example of the oft-quoted fact that, given mental ability, health, and industry, a young man may make for himself whatever place in life he desires, and is fitted to fill. His early advantages were limited, for his father, a Congregational minister, whose field of labor often changed, was a man of far too small an income to send his sons to college. Whatever of mental training the young man had he was obliged to get by means of his own exertion, and his splendid triumphs as an orator and his solid achievements as a lawyer are all the result of his own efforts. The only help he had outside of that given him by his much-loved elder brother, Ebon, now deceased, was that which is the common heritage of all American young men—the chance to fight even-handed for success. It is not surprising, therefore, that Colonel Ingersoll feels a deep interest in every bright young man of his acquaintance who is struggling manfully for the glittering prize so brilliantly won by the great Agnostic himself. He does not believe, however, that the young man who goes out into the world now-a-days to seek his fortune has so easy a battle to fight as had the young man of thirty years ago. In conversation with the writer Colonel Ingersoll spoke earnestly upon this subject.

"A few years ago," he said, "there were many thousand miles of railroads to be built, a great many towns and cities to be located, constructed, and filled; vast areas of uncultivated land were waiting for the plough, vast forests the axe, and thousands of mines were longing to be opened. In those days every young man of energy and industry had a future. The professions were not overcrowded; there were more patients than doctors, more litigants than lawyers, more buyers of goods than merchants. The young man of that time who was raised on a farm got a little education, taught school, read law or medicine—some of the weaker ones read theology—and there seemed to be plenty of room, plenty of avenues to success and distinction.

"So, too, a few years ago, a political life was considered honorable, and so in politics there were many great careers. So hundreds of towns wanted newspapers, and in each of these towns there was an opening for some energetic young man. At that time the plant cost but little; a few dollars purchased the press—the young publisher could get the paper stock on credit.

"Now the railroads have all been built; the canals are finished; the cities have been located; the outside property has been cut into lots, and sold and mortgaged many times over. Now it requires great capital to go into business. The individual is counting for less and less; the corporation, the trust, for more and more. Now a great merchant employs hundreds of clerks; a few years ago most of those now clerks would have been merchants. And so it seems to be in nearly every department of life. Of course, I do not know what inventions may leap from the brains of the future; there may be millions and millions of fortunes yet to be made in that direction, but of that I am not speaking.

"So I think that a few years ago the chances were far more numerous and favorable to young men who wished to make a name for themselves, and to succeed in some department of human energy, than now.

"In savage life," he went on, "a living is very easy to get. Most any savage can hunt or fish; consequently there are few failures. But in civilized life competition becomes stronger and sharper; consequently the percentage of failures increases, and this seems to be the law. The individual is constantly counting for less. It may be that, on the average, people live better than they did formerly, that they have more to eat, drink, and wear; but the individual horizon has lessened; it is not so wide and cloudless as formerly. So I say that the chances for great fortunes, for great success, are growing less and less."

Colonel Ingersoll's views regarding the Bible and Christianity were not generally understood by the public for some time after he had become famous as an orator, although he began to diverge from orthodoxy when quite young, and was as pronounced an Agnostic when he went into the army as he is now. According to all accounts, his father's experiences with the churches, of which he was a

pastor, were not such as to give the son an exalted opinion of practical Christianity, and in this regard Rev. Mr. Ingersoll's were not unique experiences by any means. The boy, therefore, began to investigate at a very early age, especially as his father was himself a man whose liberality of belief increased with his years, and who was, therefore, several times brought up before the church tribunals for trial. On one occasion, when he was charged with "prevarication and conduct unbecoming a minister," the evidence was trivial in the extreme, and the committee decided that, while he had done "nothing inconsistent with his Christian character," his conduct had been "inconsistent with the ministerial character," and he was forbidden to preach in future. Appeal to the higher powers of the church brought about a reversal of that order; but the circumstances confirmed the young man in his sceptical inquiries, and these led him far beyond the most advanced position ever attained by his father, who was adjudged simply to be tinged with heterodoxy.

Colonel Ingersoll is an inch more than six feet tall, and weighs ten more than two hundred pounds. He is sixty-one this month, and his hair is snowy. His shoulders are broad and slightly stooped, though not with age. They were bent quite as much as now eighteen years ago, when he electrified a people and placed his own name upon the list of a nation's greatest orators with his matchless "Plumed Knight" speech in nominating James G. Blaine for the Presidency. His blue eyes look straight into yours when he speaks to you, and his sentences are punctuated by engaging little tricks of facial expression—now the brow is criss-crossed with the lines of a frown, sometimes quizzical and sometimes indignant—next the smooth-shaven lips break into a curving smile, which may grow into a broad grin if the point just made were a humorous one, and this is quite likely to be followed by a look of such intense earnestness that you wonder if he will ever smile again. And all the time his eyes flash illuminating, sometimes anticipatory, glances that add immensely to the clearness with which the thought he is expressing is set before you. He delights to tell a story, and he never tells any but good ones; but—and in this he is like Lincoln—he is apt to use his stories to drive some proposition home. This is almost invariably true, even when he sets out to spin a yarn for the story's simple sake. His mentality seems to be duplex, quadruplex, multiplex, if you please; and while his lips and tongue are effectively delivering the story, his wonderful brain is, seemingly, unconsciously applying the point of the story to the proving of a pet theory, and when the tale has been told the verbal application follows.

Though there are few who are more urbane than Mr. Ingersoll, he is never urban. No one would take him to be city born. He was a country boy; his birth-place was Dresden, N.Y. His early boyhood was passed in New York State, and his youth and young manhood in Illinois, Ohio, and Wisconsin. The provincialisms of those States cling to him; they crop out here and there in sharp accents and flat tones never heard from the lips of the born New Yorker, and in gestures that, in the want of a better term, may be said to be gracefully awkward. When he walks his progress is marked by a most engaging waddle. His clothes are always serviceable and modest in cut, but they rarely fit well, and they do not look as if they came the day before from under the smoothing iron of the tailor and presser. His hand-grasp is hearty, and his manner and words are the very essence of straightforward directness. I called at his office once when the Colonel was closeted with a person who wished to retain him in a law case involving a good deal of money. After a bit I was told that I could see him, and as I entered he was saying: "The case can't be won, for you are in the wrong. I don't want it."

"But," pleaded the would-be client, "it seems to me that a good deal can be done in such a case by the way it is handled before the jury, and I thought if you were to be the man I might get a verdict."

"No, sir," was the reply, and the words fell like the lead of a plumb line; "I won't take it. Good-morning, sir."

It has sometimes been said, indulgently, of Colonel Ingersoll that he is indolent; but no one can hold that view who is at all familiar with him or his work. As a matter of fact, his industry is phenomenal, though, indeed, it is not carried on after the fashion of less brainy men. When he has an important case ahead of him, his devotion to the mastery of its details absorbs him at once and completely. It sometimes becomes necessary for him to take up a line of chemical inquiry entirely new to him; again, to elaborate genealogical researches is necessary; still again, it may be essential for him to thoroughly inform himself concerning hitherto uninvestigated local historical records. But whatever is useful to be studied he studies, and so thoroughly that his mind becomes saturated with the knowledge required. And once acquired, no sort of information ever leaves him, for he has a memory quite as marvellous as any other of his altogether marvellous characteristics.

It is the same when he has an address to prepare. Every authority that can be consulted upon the subject to be treated in the address is consulted, and often the material



that suggests some of the most telling points is one which no one but Ingersoll himself would think of referring to. Here again his wonderful memory stands him in good stead, for he has packed away within the convolutions of his brain a lot of facts that bear upon almost every conceivable branch of human thought or investigation.

His memory is quite as retentive of the features of a man he has seen as of other matters; it retains voices also, as a war-time friend of his discovered last summer. It was a busy day with the Colonel, who had given instructions to his office boy that under no circumstances was he to be disturbed; so when his old friend called he was told that Colonel Ingersoll could not see him.

"But," said the visitor, "I am to see him. I haven't seen him for twenty years; I am going out of town this afternoon, and I wouldn't miss talking with him for a few minutes for a good deal of money."

"Well," said the boy, "he wasn't to be disturbed by anybody."

At this moment the door of the Colonel's private office opened, and the Colonel's portly form appeared upon the scene.

"Why, Major Blank," he said, "come in. I did tell the boy I wouldn't see anybody, but you are more important than the biggest law case in the world."

The Colonel's memory had retained the sound of the major's voice, and because of that the latter was not obliged to leave New York without seeing and renewing his old acquaintance.

Colonel Ingersoll's retorts are as quick as a flash light, and as searching. One of them was so startling and so effective as to give a certain famous long-drawn-out railroad suit the nickname, "The Ananias and Sapphira case." Ingersoll was speaking, and had made certain statements highly damaging to the other side, in such a way as to thoroughly anger a member of the opposing counsel, who suddenly interrupted the speaker with the abrupt and sarcastic remark:—

"I suppose the Colonel, in the nature of things, never heard of the story of Ananias and Sapphira."

There were those present who expected to witness an angry outburst on the part of Ingersoll in response to this plain implication that his statement had not the quality of veracity; but they were disappointed. Ingersoll didn't even get angry. He turned slightly, fixed his limpid blue eyes upon the speaker, and smiled cherubically. Then he gently drawled out:—

"Oh, yes, I have; yes, I have. And I've watched the gentleman who has just spoken all through the case with a curious interest. I've been expecting every once in a while to see him drop dead, but he seems to be all right down to the present moment."

Ingersoll never gets angry when he is interrupted, even if it is in the middle of an address or a lecture. A man interrupted him in Cincinnati once, cutting right into one of the lecturer's most resonant periods with a yell: "That's a lie, Bob Ingersoll, and you know it."

The audience was in an uproar in an instant, and cries of "Put him out!" "Throw him down stairs!" and the like, were heard from all parts of the house. Ingersoll stopped talking for a moment and held up his hands, smiling.

"Don't hurt the man," he said. "He thinks he is right. But let me explain this thing for his especial benefit."

Then he reasoned the matter out in language so simple and plain that no one of any intelligence whatever could fail to comprehend. The man was not ejected, but sat through the entire address, and at the close asked the privilege of begging the lecturer's pardon.

Like most men of genius, Colonel Ingersoll is a passionate lover of music, and the harmonies of Wagner seem to him to be the very acme of musical expression. In giving voice to his love for Wagnerian strains he once said:—

"There is something more in music than can be expressed in rhythmical periods, some greater joy than can be felt by hearing it simply accented in measured intervals. It struck me long ago that that music which rose and fell at precisely the same distances, with exactly the same emphasis, did not express the feelings of the heart; that there must be some splendid composition that did not have to come back to the starting place in so many beats. There is a music of the heart and of the intellect and of thought, and this I hold to be the music of Wagner. Of all the composers of the world, in my judgment, Wagner stands at the head. Shakespeare uses the same words as we do, and yet they glitter with a light that it is impossible for us to give. When we read him we wonder, 'Is it possible that this man does this in a common way?' And when I hear the music of Wagner I say, 'Is it possible that this is made with ordinary chords?' The moment the orchestra begins to play Wagner's strains, all the instruments are transfigured. They seem to utter sounds that they have been longing to utter ever since they were made. Even the drums join in the joyous riot. The old bass viol is alive with passion. The cellos throb with love, and the violins thrill with the divine feeling. When I hear this music, it seems to me that it is full of glory of color, through which the violins picture the coming of the morn-

ing, and the horns the glory of the stars gleaming above us. Color comes gradually from the other instruments, and then the orchestra floods the world with the day."

Notwithstanding his thoroughly heretical beliefs, or lack of beliefs, or, as he would say, because of them, Colonel Ingersoll is a very tender-hearted man. No one has ever made so strong an argument against vivisection in the alleged interests of science as Colonel Ingersoll did in a speech a few years ago. To the presentation of his views against the refinements of scientific cruelty he brought his most vivid imagination, his most careful thought, and his most impassioned oratory.

Colonel Ingersoll's popularity with those who know him is proverbial. The clerks in his office not only admire him for his ability and his achievements, but they esteem him for his kindness of heart and his invariable courtesy in his intercourse with them. His offices are located in one of the buildings devoted to corporations and professional men on the lower part of Nassau-street, and consist of three rooms. The one used by the head of the firm is furthest from the entrance. All are furnished in solid black walnut. In the Colonel's room there is a picture of his loved brother Elton, and hanging below the frame thereof is the tin sign that the two brothers hung out for a shingle when they went into the law business in Peoria. There are also pictures of a judge or two. The desks in all the rooms are littered with papers. Books are piled to the ceiling. Everywhere there is an air of personal freedom. Perhaps when you enter a clerk will be smoking a pipe. There is no servility either to clients or the head of the business, but there is everywhere an informal courtesy, somewhat akin to that which is told by a feeling of great comradeship.

Of the Colonel's ideal home-life the world has often been told. He lives during the winter at his town house on Fifth-avenue; in the summer at Dobbs Ferry, a charming place a few miles up the Hudson from New York.—*Boston Sunday Herald.*

## HADES UP TO DATE.

The Devil sat on a churchyard wall,  
And rubbed his hands in glee,  
While a fiendish light in his eyes shone bright,  
And his laugh rang loud and free.  
'Twas a Sabbath-day in the summer-time,  
And the sun in his golden might  
Let the shadow fall on the steeple tall,  
Where the dusty road lay white.

The steeple bells had rung a peal;  
The parson had said a prayer;  
When a cycling lad flew past like mad,  
With the look of "getting there."  
As the pedals flashed the Devil grimaced,  
And yelled with glee, "Good boy!  
You're doing well, you are bound for hell,  
And you bet I wish you joy."

Another flew by, with more behind,  
Till he counted up a score;  
And he laughed aloud as the dusty cloud  
They had raised hung low before  
Him, sitting there on the churchyard wall;  
And his laughter louder grew  
As he said, "Well! well! I am off to hell  
To meet that lively crew."

"I'll start a crowd of the damned to work  
At fixing a racing track  
From the cinder heap; it'll help to keep  
Them busy—the lazy pack.  
A few of the rest can make the spokes  
And tyres and such-like things;  
With my name at stake I must run a fake  
That'll paralyse angel wings."

So the Old Boy skipped from his perch to hell,  
And straightway he began  
To make things boom in his basement room  
With the air of a business man.  
The fires were stirred into a blaze,  
And the work went on apace;  
So that now below when cyclists go  
They can join in a bicycle race.

THE GABERLUNZIE.

MISDIRECTED PRAYER.—Sinner (praying)—"Our father who art in heaven; thou who art almighty, and who holdest us, as it were, in the hollow of thy—" Almighty (sadly)—"I am sorry, my friend, but I can do nothing for you. If you have any favors to ask, go to Mr. W. T. Stead, the Pope, or General Booth. They run the universe now."



## BOOK CHAT.

In an article by W. Graham, in the August *Fortnightly Review*, entitled "Side Lights on the Second Empire," some new views of history are given. According to Mr. Graham, Napoleon III. was no Bonaparte at all, but the son of a Dutch admiral, Charles Henri Verhuel, a paramour of Queen Hortense. Louis Bonaparte wrote of him to the Pope: "Your Holiness knows that he is no son of mine. It has been my fortune to be wedded to a Messalina." And this refers to a previous letter in which, says Mr. Graham, "Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, gives the clearest reasons why the so-called Louis Bonaparte of France could not possibly have been his son." Mr. Graham further alleges that, in establishing the Empire, "Napoleon III. was merely the tool of a band of adventurers, of whom Morny was the first and chief." Before the *coup d'état* of Dec. 2, 1851, Morny held a pistol at the head of his half-brother, Louis Napoleon, and the crime was carried out under intimidation. The "internal disease" of which De Morny died in 1865 was a stab in the abdomen from an outraged husband. All of which shows how easily the history of our own time is misread, and, therefore, how safe it is to believe all the stories recorded thousands of years ago.

\* \* \*

In the late Ivan Tourgenieff's lecture on "Hamlet" and "Don Quixote" (both of which first appeared about the same time) translated in the same number of the *Fortnightly*, the Don is taken as the ideal of faith, and Hamlet as that of scepticism. A somewhat similar criticism had previously been made by Coleridge. Hamlet is further taken as a symbol of egotism, and Don Quixote of altruism. Tourgenieff has evidently more sympathy for the knight-errant than for the prince.

\* \* \*

The *Daily News* Paris correspondent, referring to the success of Père Didon's *Life of Jesus*, says: "Father Didon is a diffuse writer, and has the style acquired by many pulpit orators, who know they may say what they like without danger of being contradicted. If Renan were not still so much hated by a vast number of orthodox and rich persons, I doubt whether Father Didon's *Vie de Jésus* would have cleared nearly £12,000.

\* \* \*

The *Scientific Chronology of the World in its Relation to the Advent of Christ* is a book "printed for private circulation." That we cannot tell readers where to obtain it is of little consequence, for we certainly should not recommend them to buy it at any price. We should rather recommend the author to study *Palmoni*, by the Rev. J. F. Hooper. He may then begin to suspect that the chronology of the Bible has been calculated backwards—that is, invented to fit the preconceived notions of Jewish cycles, just as Matthew has, in opposition both to Luke and Chronicles, made fourteen generations from Abraham to David, fourteen from David to the captivity, and fourteen from the captivity to Jesus Christ. Our author believes that Christ was born 5,320 years after the fictitious creation. We may see the influence of theory on this date in his own account of it—viz., that 5,320 years are 280 sacred cycles or sacred days, and 280 days is the period of human gestation. Our author further believes that Christian chronology is out fourteen years, this being really 1880 after the birth of Christ, and the year 7200 of the world. Dionysius, who is said to have fixed the Christian era in 526, made a mistake. Our writer thinks another 96 years will end the second great cycle of history. The matter may be safely left to those who live to see it.

\* \* \*

The *Pall Mall Gazette* gives a column to noticing a German book on the Russian Radical and Freethinker, Alexander Herzen. It says: "He rejected the schemes of Fourier and the Phalansteristes as impracticable, and turned rather to England, where Robert Owen was establishing schools, co-operative societies, and trade unions. The education of the race was to both men a fundamental thought, and attracted them to one another. With John Stuart Mill, again, as with Proudhon, Herzen had much in common."

\* \* \*

The back numbers of the *New Quarterly Review* are much sought after, chiefly for Mr. George Meredith's short stories, which, we are pleased to hear, he is going to reprint. They also contain the lecture on "Comedy" which Mr. Meredith delivered at the Royal Institution.

\* \* \*

Mr. Sidney Lee, the editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, calls attention in the *Athenæum* to his discovery of the steps taken by the Government in 1583 and 1584 to put down a society of Freethinkers and alleged Atheists in London, of whom Christopher Marlowe, T. Harriott (the mathematician), and Sir Walter Raleigh were members. He alludes to the fact of F. Kett having been burnt for heresy. The matter was dealt with long ago by Mr. W. J. Birch, in his book on *The Religion of Shakespeare*.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## CHILDREN'S EXCURSIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—Most of your readers are aware that children attending Board schools do not have an annual excursion as do those children who attend national or voluntary schools. Many Board-school children, therefore, attend Sunday schools and religious Bands of Hope merely for the sake of the "annual treat." No one can blame the juveniles for doing this; but Secularists and Democrats should try and obviate this evil by getting the London School Board to organise an annual excursion for those who attend their schools. Each school could make its own arrangements, and the children could pay their pence as is done at voluntary schools. For the poor children, whose parents cannot afford to pay, local collections could be made, and the Board might grant something towards the expenditure.

It is not much use advocating Secular education in Board schools unless something is done in this direction, for the children will be attracted to Sunday schools by the bribe of a "treat." At the last School Board election this proposal was brought before the Democratic and Secular candidate for West Lambeth, who agreed with the idea, for which he was denounced by the local papers. But it will be brought forward again at the coming election for West Lambeth, and I hope also at other divisions of the metropolis.

In the meantime something should be done by the N.S.S. Branches for Secularists' children, who never go to juvenile excursions. Some of the provincial Branches give the children an annual outing, but I believe Battersea is the only London Branch that is doing so this summer. For sixpence members' and ex-members' children will have a trip to Riddlesdown and a substantial tea. Of course, this can be done only by the help of subscriptions from members and friends. It is not too late for the other London Branches to follow the example of Battersea. A. WATKIN.

## Juvenile Religion.

Teacher—"Why don't you sing louder, Bobby?" Bobby—"Cos I don't want ter be a hangel."

Little Jennie—"Say, mamma, is this earth God's foot-stool?" Mamma—"Yes, dear." Little Jennie—"My! He must have awful big feet."

Parson (after telling the story of the Good Samaritan)—"Why did the Levite pass by on the other side?" Bright Boy—"Because the man had been robbed already."

Mother—"Children, have you said your prayers?" Tilly—"Yes, mamma." Mother: "You were very quick about it." Tilly—"I prayed one half, and Daisy the other."

Minister—"Ah, my son, I'm glad to see you in the Sunday school. Is this your first Sunday?" Son—"Yes, sir." "How do you like it?" "Oh, I think I can stand it till after the picnic."

"Huh," exclaimed the first little girl, after she had heard the story of the fall of man, "the serpent couldn't tempt me with an apple. I don't like apples." "But," argued the second girl, "s'pose somebody'd told you not to eat apples."

Tommy—"Pop, what has giraffes got such long necks for?" Fond Parent—"God gave them their long necks so that they could reach the leaves of the palm, which grow only at the top of the tree. That is the only way they can get at them." Tommy (after a pause)—"Couldn't he have made the leaves grow lower down?"

Sunday-school Teacher—"Children, do you know the house that is open to all—to the poor, the rich, the sad, the happy; to man and to woman, to the old and to the young? Do you know the house I mean?" Little Johnny—"Yeth, ma'am, I know." Sunday-school Teacher—"Well, Johnny, what house is it?" Little Johnny—"The station house."

## The Whale Story Explained?

The Rev. Mr. Jasper, of Richmond, has been smitten with rationalism. The able divine of colored visage saw the improbability of the ordinary understanding of Jonah's adventures with the whale, so he has formulated a theory more in harmony with good sense. Hear him: "Dat country war a sea shoah, an' de hotels dey was named aftah de tings ob de sea. Dah was the Sailors' Rest, de Mariners' Retreat, de Seafaring Men's Home, an' a lot ob sich places, jest as yo' kin fin' 'em at Norfolk now. Among dese places was one called de Whale's Belly. Jonah come along, an' he didn' hab no scrip in his purse. He staid dar tree days, an when de landlady found he didn' hab any money she spewed him out. It is gib to us to show how, when we don't treat a man right kase he's pore, we may be kickin' an angel unawars!"



## SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, ETC.

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

## LONDON.

HALL OF SCIENCE (142 Old-street, E.C.): 7, musical selections; 7.30, G. W. Foote, "Is Immortality a Blessing?" (Admission free; reserved seats, 3d. and 6d.)

BATTERSEA SECULAR HALL (back of Battersea Park Station): 9.15, Children's Excursion by brake to Riddlesdown (6d., including tea); adults' fare, 2s. 6d. Monday, at 8, musical and dramatic entertainment. Tuesday, at 8.30, dancing.

CAMBERWELL (North Camberwell Hall, 61 New Church-road): 7.30, C. J. Hunt, "A Creature of Circumstances."

## OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

CAMBERWELL (Station-road): 11.30, C. J. Hunt, "The Thirty-Nine Articles."

CLERKENWELL GREEN: 11.30, W. Heaford, "Science and the Bible."

EDMONTON (Angel-road): 7, a lecture.

HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE (Middlesex side): 7, A. B. Moss, "Two Revelations." Thursday, at 8, St. John, "The Curse of Superstition."

HYDE PARK (near Marble Arch): 11.30, A. B. Moss, "Design and Natural Selection"; 3.30, J. Rowney, "Bible Teaching Opposed to Science and Morality." Wednesday, at 8, J. Rowney, "Education and Theology."

KINGSLAND (Ridley-road, near Dalston Junction): 11.30, Stanley Jones, "Church and Science."

LAMBETH (Kennington-green, near Vestry Hall): 6.30, A. G. Herzfeld, "The Root of Christianity."

LEYTON (High-road, near Vicarage-road): 11.30, C. Cohen will lecture.

MILE-END WASTE: 11.30, F. Haslam, "Jesus and His Teaching."

REGENT'S PARK (near Gloucester-gate): 3, George Standring will lecture.

TOTTENHAM GREEN: 3.30, S. R. Thompson, "Cromwell in Ireland."

VICTORIA PARK (near the Fountain): 11.15, St. John will lecture; 3.15, C. Cohen will lecture.

WALTHAMSTOW (Markhouse-road): 6.30, C. Cohen will lecture.

WESTMINSTER (Old Pimlico Pier): 11, debate between W. J. Ramsey and W. Warry, "That the Bible account of the Creation of Man 6,000 years ago is in accordance with Science."

WOOD GREEN (Jolly Butchers' Hill): 11.30, S. E. Easton, "Bible Celebrities"; 7, Stanley Jones, "The Church and Science." Thursday, at 8, C. Cohen, "The Rise of Christianity."

## COUNTRY.

BIRMINGHAM (Coffee House, corner of Broad-street): Thursdays, at 8, papers, discussions, etc.

BRIGHTON (Assembly Rooms, 6 Whitecross-street): 7.30, social evening. Wednesdays, at 8, lectures, songs, recitations, etc.

CHATHAM SECULAR HALL (Queen's-road, Nelson-road, New Brompton): 2.45, Sunday school; 7, C. James, "The Religion of Humanity."

HULL (St. George's Hall, Storey-street): 7, Mr. Sketchley, "Socialism: is it Practicable? and if Practicable, will it be Just?"

JARROW: 6.30, members meet at Market-square for a ramble.

LIVERPOOL (Oddfellows' Hall, St. Ann-street): 11, Tontine Society; 7, The Secretary, "The Coming Revolution."

NEWCASTLE (Ante-Room above Good Templar Hall, 2 Clayton-street): 3, monthly meeting re new premises and library.

PORTSMOUTH (Wellington Hall, Wellington-street, Southsea): 7, a meeting.

READING (Foresters' Hall, West-street): 7, meeting of members and friends.

SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street): 11, meet in Norfolk-street, corner of Arundel-street, for excursion by wagonette to Stony Middleton, via Fox House and Padley Wood; return, after tea, via Froggatt Edge.

SOUTH SHIELDS (Captain Duncan's Navigation Schools, King-street): 7.30, business meeting.

SUNDERLAND (Lecture Room, Bridge End Vaults, Bridge-street): 7, Wm. Cook, "Miracles."

## OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

CHATHAM (near Waghorn Memorial): 11, C. James, "Christianity the Foe of Liberty and Progress."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE (Quayside): 11, Hall Nicholson, "The Church the Enemy of the People."

ROCHDALE (Town Hall-square): 11, Sam Standring, "School Boards and the Working Classes"; 2.30, debate with Mr. Laughton, "The Bible"; 6.30, "Creation Visualised: the First Day."

SUNDERLAND (The Green, Ryhope): 11, Wm. Cook, "Morality from a Freethought Standpoint."

## Lecturers' Engagements.

C. COHEN, 12 Merchant-street, Bow-road, London, E.—August 26, m. Leyton, a. Victoria Park, e. Walthamstow; 30, Wood Green. Sept. 2 to 10, Portsmouth; 13, Wood Green; 16, m. Finsbury Park, a. Victoria Park, e. Edmonton; 20, Wood Green; 23, m. and a., Victoria Park; 27, Wood Green; 30, Manchester.

ARTHUR B. MOSS, 44 Credon-road, Rotherhithe, London, S.E.—Aug. 26, m. Hyde Park, e. Hammersmith.

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